Literary News and Criticism.

The New Translation of the Memoirs of Alexandre Dumas.

MY MEMOIRS. By Alexandre Dumas. Translated by E. M. Waller. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang. In six volumes. Vol. I. 12mo, pp. xxxiv, 518. The Macmillan Company.

Literature suffered a grave loss through the failure of the elder Dumas to complete his autobiography. He was well qualified to be his own Boswell, and if he had left us the full record which we may be sure he would have enjoyed writing, we may be equally sure that the world would never have tired of reading it. The "Memoirs" as they stand, bringing the narrative to a close before the best part of his career is reached, are, in their way, incomparable. "They display," says Mr. Lang, "all the humor, the goodness of heart, the overflowing joy in life, which make the charm of the novels." In them he told, on the whole, a story of youth, and told it with the true spirit. His pages fairly sparkle with vitality. Even in this first volume of Mr. Waller's excellent new translation, a volume in which many painful matters have to be touched upon, the writer's natural gayety triumphs over the gloom of his subject. After all, it was a romantic period that he had to deal with in traversing this stage of his history, and he handled it with the touch of the born romancer. No doubt he would have done this in any case. It was not in Dumas to be solemn about anything.

He was forty-five when he sat down to write his memoirs, but he was still a boy at heart and addressed himself to the task in the airiest possible mood. Unkind commentators had questioned his right to bear, if he chose, the name of Davy de la Pailleterie, and had talked cynically about the bar sinister that they belived might be found in his family record. Nothing could be more good humored than his discussion of the whole business. Did not the subject give him the best possible "copy" for his book? Confuting his enemies with some documentary evidence and more of a certain grandeur of manner, he goes on to celebrate the personality and career of his father, a Hercules who as an officer in the French army had many a stirring adventure. The son loves to tell stories of his father's physical prowess. Here is one of the first that he sets forth:

My father was one night at the theatre of la Montansier in undress, in the box of a very beautiful Creole who was the rage at the time. Whether on account of the lady's immense popularity or because of his imperfect toilet, he kept at the back of the box.

A musketeer, who had recognized the lady from the orchestra, opened the box door, and without in any way asking leave seated himself beside her and began to enter into conversation.

"Pardon me, monsieur," said the lady, interrupting him at the first words he uttered, "but I think that you are not sufficiently aware that I am not alone."

"Who, then, is with you?" asked the musketeer.

"Why, that gentleman, of course," replied the lady, indicating my father.

"Oh! pardon me," said the young man; "I took monsieur for your lackey."

This piece of impertinence was no sooner uttered than the ill mannered musketeer was shot forth as from a catapult into the middle of the pit.

This unexpected descent produced a great sensation.

It was a matter of interest both to the falling body and to the people on whom he fell.

This expeditious and potential warrior was a perfect type of the Revolutionary period, frank, courageous and resourceful. He played an honorable part in the wars of his time, and more than once attracted the favorable attention of Napoleon, with whom, indeed, he was even, at certain times, on terms of something like friendship. There is a story of Bonaparte's welcoming him after one of his exploits as a new Horatius Cocles, and clasping him in a fraternal embrace; but the time was to come when General Dumas was to exclaim, "Oh! only to think I held him in my arms and had the chance of strangling him!" This passionate outburst of regret came when Napoleon had proclaimed himself Emperor. That, in his old comrade's eyes, meant the consolidation of a selfish personal ambition which was hateful to him. With all his feeling for dramatic effect the writer of the "Memoirs" paints the episode in the Egyptian campaign in which his father was constrained to let his commander know how he distinguished between a patriot and an egotist. Napoleon had heard things which made him suspect Dumas's loyalty to himself, and, taking him to task, pointed out that if occasion warranted he would shoot a general as soon as a drummer boy. The suspected officer made no bones of explaining his position. His son thus records the conversation:

Bonaparte looked at my father for a moment, then, almost affectionately, he said:

"And so, Dumas, you make a division in your mind: you place France on one side and me on the other. You think I separate her interests and fortunes from my own."

"I think that the interests of France ought to come before those of an individual, no matter how great that man may be. . . . I do not think that the fortunes of any nation should be subordinated to those of an individual."

"So you are ready to separate from me?"

"Yes, so soon as I am convinced that you are separating yourself from France."

"You are mistaken, Dumas," Bonaparte replied coldly.

"Quite possibly," replied my father; "but I disapprove of dictatorships—whether those of Sulla or Cæsar."

"And you request"—

"Leave to return to France, the first opportunity that presents itself."

"Very good. I promise that I will raise no difficulties in the way of your departure."

"I thank you, general: it is the only favor I ask of you"; and, bowing, my father walked to the door, unbolted it and went out.

As he withdrew, he thought he overheard Bonaparte muttering these words:

"Blind fool! not to believe in my fortunes!"

This incident, so vividly illustrative of the charge levelled at Napoleon while he lived and since sternly elaborated by many an historian, is poignantly interesting because of its bearing upon the course of the novelist's life. General Dumas never regained the confidence of the master of France. When, broken by imprisonment in Southern Italy, he returned to his country, his appeals to the government for financial aid were ignored, and in enforced retirement at Villers-Cotterets, where Alexandre was born, he waited for death. There is something fine about his son's manly treatment of the events of this period. They were pathetic enough. In his childhood he was taken by General Dumas up to Paris, where the failing man wished to consult Corbisart about his health, and, at the same time, to see if he could gain interest somewhere for the family soon to be left alone. An interview with the Emperor was sought in vain, and neither Brune nor Murat, old friends of the soldier, could make very definite promises as to what they might do in the future. The bitterness of the experience is veiled in the "Memoirs" by picturesque notes on people and things seen. The two travellers saw on their way home, at the Chateau of Montgobert, the beautiful Pauline Bonaparte. There is a pretty picture of her lying indolently on her sofa, and, when a hunted stag dashes past the windows, compelling the sick but still powerful general to carry her in his arms and show her the chase, "as a nurse takes up a baby."

The young Dumas was apprised of his father's death by a mysterious knock upon the door of his room, an eerie episode of which, in his "Memoirs," he duly makes the most. He had, indeed, his share of childish terrors. Snakes froze the blood in his veins when he saw them, and once he was in agonizing fear of violent death. A grocer was scraping and spreading out chocolate on a marble slab with a long, flexible knife, and watching him, the boy got into a quarrel with a comrade and was pushed backward into a tub of honey. He recovered his feet and took flight, the infuriated tradesman pursuing him, knife in hand. Collapsing on the pavement, he waited for his throat to be cut, but, as he observes, nothing of the kind happened. "After a struggle, in which I resisted him tooth and nail, he laid me face down on his knees, and scraped the seat of my trousers with his spatula, set me on my feet, and returned perfectly content to his shop."

This touch of comedy is characteristic of practically all that follows in the first volume of the "Memoirs." The family lived in straitened circumstances, and there were still some terrifying passages to be gone through in its existence, as military events brushed the scene. Waterloo was still to be fought, and Mme. Dumas, dreading the incursions of soldiers, dreaded even more the possibility of losing her son when he reached the age of service. But he went on with his desultory education, revelling in the joys of a bird hunter and poacher, getting huge fun out of practical jokes and the humors of the people about him, and finally, in his fifteenth year, convincing himself that he is a man grown. The revelation comes with his forbidden reading of the "Adventures du Chevalier de Faublas" and with his first ball, and at this point we are left to await the second volume in the present translation of the "Memoirs."

The wait requires patience, for Dumas is a beguiling narrator, and you become as interested in the development of his schooldays as though it were framed on one of his most ingeniously invented plots. While the reader pauses in expectation of the second volume he may find good cheer in Mr. Lang's essay, which, within the limits of a brief biographical sketch, gives a delightful impression of the great Alexandre in the length and breadth of his astounding career. It is a candid introduction. Mr. Lang has no illusions as to the foibles of his hero. But with his accustomed sympathy and justice he goes to the heart of the matter, and pays the beloved romancer a tribute from which we must quote at least these words:

Dumas never writes to inflame the passions, to corrupt, or to instruct a prurient curiosity. The standard of his work is far higher than that of his model or of the age about which he writes. His motto is *sursum corda;* he has not a word to encourage pessimism, or a taste for the squalid. He and his men face fortune boldly, bearing what mortals must endure, and bearing it well and gayly. His ethics are saved by his humor, generosity, and sound-hearted humanity. These qualifications increase and become more manifest as this great cycle rolls on to its heroic culmination in the death of d'Artagnan, the death of Porthos, the unwonted tears of Aramis.

For many years "high sniffing" French critics have sneered at Dumas as a scene-painter, a dauber, a babe in psychological lore, and so forth. But of late we have seen in the success of M. Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac," that France looks lovingly back on her old ideals of a frank and healthy life in the open air—a life of gallant swordsmen, kind friends, and true lovers. In Major Marchand, of the Fashoda affair, we may recognize a gentleman and a soldier of the school of Dumas, not of Maupassant, or Flaubert, or Zola. To know his task and to do it despite the most cruel obstacles; to face every form of peril with gayety; to accept disappointment with a manly courtesy, winning the heartiest admiration from his political opponents, these are accomplishments after Dumas's own heart; and this is a morality which the study of Dumas encourages, and which our time requires.

The authors who relax, and discourage, and deprave may be thought better artists (an opinion which I do not share), but they are less of men than the author of "The Three Musketeers." Who reads it but wants to go on reading the sequel, and the sequel to that, and, were it possible, yet another sequel?

The "Memoirs," as well as the romances, inspire reflections such as these, and we are sure, therefore, that a large public will be grateful for the translation of them now going forward. The publishers were well advised in their choice of a form. The volume before us is of a convenient size, light in hand, and clearly printed on good paper; it is a book to be read. The frontispiece is a picture of the great man's birthplace. Succeeding volumes will presumably be adorned with portraits.

LORD MILNER.

A Survey of His Work in South Africa.

LORD MILNER'S WORK IN SOUTH AFRICA. From the Commencement in 1897 to the Peace of Vereeniging in 1902. By W. Basil Worsfold. 8vo, pp. viii, 620. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mr. Worsfold is plainly a partisan, one of those Imperialists who regard Lord Milner as the great pro-consul of the last half century of British history. In his opinion every dispatch that Lord Milner wrote, and every speech he made, while High Commissioner in Africa, was characterized by the most consummate statesmanship. He has no excuse to make for the Jameson raid; to him it was only an illegitimate and disastrous application of an otherwise meritorious and successful effort to strengthen the British hold on South Africa by private enterprise. It was at once, he argues, the measure of imperial inefficiency and its cure.

In his survey of conditions in South Africa before the war, Mr. Worsfold has the advantage of having lived in Cape Colony for two years in the middle eighties, and of having spent a year in Johannesburg after the war came to an end. But he can scarcely be well acquainted with other British colonies, or he would have realized that the lack of full success in British colonization in South Africa has been due to other conditions besides those to which he is disposed to attribute it. He lays great stress on the nationality problem and the native question as forces inimical to such success as has attended the settlement of Australia, New Zealand and Canada. But while he acknowledges the political difficulties he overlooks the important fact that at no time has South Africa been popularly regarded in the same light as either Canada or Australia. Englishmen who emigrate to either of those countries emigrate to establish a home and soon become Canadians or Australians. Their children are educated where they are born, and as they grow up not one in a thousand regards England as his home. On the other hand, men go out from England to South Africa to engage in trade or business or to take up government appointments, and they do not regard themselves as emigrants. Their purpose is to make money more quickly than would be possible for them in England, and they are always looking forward to the return home. It is the same with the English artisans who go out to Cape Town, Durban or Johannesburg. They have no thought of staying for good.

The native difficulty has enormously affected South African conditions, but not in the way most emphasized by Mr. Worsfold. It is due to the native that industrial emigration from England to South Africa has always been so small. There is no place in South Africa for the Englishman who must labor with his hands—no place for men of the class whom Canada to-day is receiving by the tens of thousands from Great Britain. It is for this reason that Mr. Worsfold has so little to say about Lord Milner's work after the peace at Vereeniging. Mr. Chamberlain, it will be remembered, was sanguine that when the war came to an end the stream of emigration from England to Canada and Australia would be diverted to South Africa. For a little while Canada was nervous lest this might be one result of the war. But Mr. Chamberlain was oversanguine, and Canada needlessly alarmed; for almost ever since the war came to an end the monthly bulletins of the Emigration Department at Whitehall have warned emigrants not to go to South Africa, as there is no call there for white labor.

Had economic and social conditions, like those of Canada and Australasia, ever been possible in South Africa, British success in colonization there might have been quite as well marked and as satisfactory. It is because these conditions are so different, and are likely for generations to come to remain so different, that the story of the British settlement of South Africa is so largely one of failure and of war. Englishmen have done little more than camp in the coast cities of South Africa. There are fewer people of English origin to-day in the vast territory south of the Zambesi than there are inhabitants of the city of Montreal or of Toronto. The full story of the lack of success in the British colonization of South Africa will never be written by the man who knows only South Africa. When that story is written it must be by a man who has lived long in Canada and Australia, too. In the mean time Mr. Worsfold's study of the conditions that led up to the war and of Lord Milner's momentous term as High Commissioner is, notwithstanding its one-sided point of view, a valuable contribution to the history of one grim episode in British colonization in South Africa. It is a painstaking piece of work—a study of Lord Milner at close range—and is largely based on documentary evidence that has been available only since the war came to an end.

THE WORKINGMAN.

His Traits as Revealed in American Life.

THE SPIRIT OF LABOR. By Hutchins Hapgood. 8vo, pp. 410. Duffield & Co.

You probably know how hard it is to "look pleasant" and "be natural" in front of a photographer's camera. Wouldn't this fact naturally suggest that those who take snapshots of entire social classes must be more hopeful than wise, if they fancy that the pictures they get of the American Tramp, the American Workingman and the American Millionaire look at all like the types named in the titles? You might think the photographers would have to take either a composite picture of many members of the class or else a huge picture of the group; as the former would be nobody's likeness and the latter most probably an excellent resemblance of a few persons nearest the camera and in clear focus, you would surely set small value on either photograph. But if upon these reflections you deride in advance the efforts of the social portrait artist you will have forgotten the possibilities of the "moving picture."

Mr. Hapgood's portrayal of the American workingman is a "moving picture" in two senses of this equivocal phrase. It is kinetoscopic, first of all, in its lifelikeness and the convincing reality of the actions it pictures. Then, again, it is emotionally moving; for the character of Anton, the big, honest, alert and energetic Chicago laborer, can hardly fail to arouse in the reader intense admiration, lively sympathy and not a little amusement free from all cynicism and class feeling. In "The Spirit of Labor" we are brought into living contact with the men and women we meet on the streets, the great American public with whom every business man, every pastor and every politician has daily to reckon. Teamsters, masons, unionists, saloonkeepers, policemen, washwomen, newsboys, walking delegates, waitresses, ward heelers, local bosses, anarchists—the procession seems endless and the medley beyond all hope of disentanglement. But it is real life and no parade of puppets.

Nobody is glorified, nobody needlessly reviled; Anton and all the many people with whom he came in touch during Mr. Hapgood's three months' sojourn in the labor leader's home are pictured simply by their own words and deeds. The reader alone judges and generalizes. For this reason Mr. Hapgood has given us here a fairer picture of this largest, most complex and in some respects most inaccessible of all social classes than could be drawn by either a statistician or an historian whose vision never reached beyond the pages of the reports of labor commissions and the daily stories of strikes, poverty and prejudice. It is impossible to read the adventures of Anton without a rising thrill of pride in the rugged energy, honesty, ambition, loyalty and brotherliness of our American workingmen whom Anton typifies. The reader will feel proud of his countrymen in spite of the many shortcomings Mr. Hapgood's moving picture reveals in them.

A QUESTION OF STYLE.

Professor Justin H. Smith on Vivacity in Historical Writing.

In reviewing recently Professor Justin H. Smith's admirable work on "Our Struggle for the Fourteenth Colony," we had occasion to animadivert upon the author's style in certain parts of the composition. Referring to our criticism, he writes us the following letter, which we gladly print as an interesting contribution to the subject;

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: On arrount of the important principle involved, I have concluded to offer a comment on the review of "Our Struggle for the Fourteenth Colony," which appeared in your valued paper. It is commonly understood now that a keen, alert, energetic man in a sack suit and a derby is likely to know more about his work than a superannuated clergyman however attired; but a generation ago a college professor was pronounced by public opinion no scholar unless he apparelled himself in a black frock coat and a tall hat. Somewhat in the same way a notion still prevails in many quarters that an historian must be a peculiarly sedate person and his language always broadcloth.

Now, it is very true that when an historical writer treats a subject that is essentially elevated, expounds general principles or unfolds broad views of things, he should adopt a measured, sustained and perhaps somewhat massive diction; but when (as was in large part the design of the work mentioned) he wishes to place his reader in the thick of events, enable him to catch the feelings of the day, and bring him into close contact with personalities often far from stately—in short, aid him to realize the past—the adoption of such a style would prove a serious if not a fatal handicap. Subject and object should control the diction. As Pope said:

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the verse moves slow:
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn and skims along the main.

To this principle add a practical consideration. Intelligent people demand to be told about the past. They demand also that vivacious events be described vivaciously and picturesque events picturesquely. And, if the thorough investigator does not measurably satisfy these just demands, they turn to the inaccurate historian and the "historical" novel. The consequent distortion of opinion must always be unfortunate, and—in the case of our own history—might have serious results.

It was for these reasons that I wrote as I did, and after ten days of reflection I feel that the passages quoted by your reviewer are quite right. The account of the capture of Ticonderoga (not quoted entire) was drafted critically on the spot, and it gives—in the light of all historical and topographical data—the author's answer to this question: "How can I help a reader to realize what took place here?" Very respectfully yours, JUSTIN H. SMITH.

Washington, Sept. 10, 1907.

CHANCE AND THE AUTHOR.

How Sir Thomas Browne, of "Urn Burial" Fame, Came by His Knighthood.

From The London Globe.

How did Sir Thomas Browne come by his knighthood? Was he honored as the author of the essay on "Urn Burial" and "Religio Medici"? This question, asked by a correspondent of "Notes and Queries," has elicited an interesting answer in the form of an extract from Simon Wilkins's supplementary memoir of Browne in the edition of his works published in 1836. Wilkins says that Charles II, after carousing at Newmarket, made an excursion to Norwich, where he was bent on knighting the Mayor. That gentleman, for reasons best known to himself, begged to be excused, but "the King was not content to leave the city without knighting some one, and therefore, on Mr. Mayor's declining the honor, it was thrust upon Browne." Fortunately, Sir Thomas Browne was capable of enjoying the honor all the more because it was "the accident of an accident."

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Current Talk of Things Present and to Come.

Haji A. Browne, whose book on "Bonaparte in Egypt and the Egyptians of To-day" has just been imported by the Scribners, died on the eve of its publication. He had an unusual career. This adventurous Irishman was the only man from the British islands who ever saw the throne of the Caliph Haroun Al-Raschid in the temple at Meshed. Disguised as a Turk, he made the pilgrimage to Mecca as a Mahometan among Mahometans. It was thus that he got his title of Haji. He knew Egypt well. The spirit of his book may be inferred from this note in the preface: "For over thirty years I have given of all I have had to give for the promotion of two objects—first, that Pan-Islamism, which I conceive to be the true interest of the Islamic world, and, secondly, the development of friendly relations between the Moslems of the East and the British Empire."

Lord James of Hereford has signed an appeal, just printed in England, for subscriptions toward the establishment of a library in memory of Dickens. He points out that "the memorial will be no mere monument (Mr. Dickens, in his will, objected to such tributes), but will be a most valuable aid to writers and students." Five hundred pounds are required to establish the library on an adequate basis. Something less than half this sum has already been raised by the members of the Dickens Fellowship.

It seems incredible that the founder of Harvard University should have had to wait until to-day to have his personality and career treated at length in an independent volume, but this is indeed the case. The omission is to be repaired by Mr. Henry C. Shelley, who is soon to publish through Little, Brown & Co. a work on "John Harvard and His Times." This author is very pleasantly remembered for his "Literary Bypaths in Old England."

"The Athenæum" prints some details as to the literary collection left to the French Institute by the Vicomte de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul. With three or four exceptions, we are told, it comprises all the manuscripts of Balzac's novels, some bound and others in a loose state, and many covered with coffee stains; the greater number are accompanied by the printer's "proofs." The collection of Théophile Gautier contains all of his works (except two articles dating from 1836) and eight hundred letters, with a number of drawings. No fewer than three thousand letters written by Sainte-Beuve are in this amazing gathering of documents. There are also numerous manuscript relics of Chateaubriand, George Sand, Merimée, Lamennais and others.

M. Emile Bergerat has just been telling, in "Figaro," a pretty story about M. de Lovenjoul and Gautier, which he had from the latter's own lips. It was in 1871, when the restoration of order in Paris at last permitted those whose families had been sent outside the city to rejoin their loved ones. Gautier hurried off to Brussels, burning with anxiety to see especially one infantile descendant of his. At the station he was astonished to receive a salute from certain tall Belgians, who proceeded to guide him to one of the most beautiful mansions in the city. Waiting for him there was a gentleman who introduced himself as the husband and "premier serviteur" of the Vicomtesse de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul, adding that she had decided that when Théophile Gautier was in Belgium there were but two places for him to rest, in the palace of the king or in her own house. By this time the romancer ought to have been prepared for anything, yet he confessed to M. Bergerat that there were still greater surprises in store for him. His host showed him the Gautier collection he had even then got together, and it struck him dumb. After a while, however, the sentiments of a *grand-père inédit* overcame him and he asked to be permitted to go on his way in search of the child he had come to see. The vicomtesse drew aside a curtain and there was the infant in its cradle!

There will soon come from the Scribners a new collection of short stories by James B. Connolly. It will be called "The Crested Seas," and, like its predecessors, will treat of life among the fishermen and sailors of Gloucester.

The first book written by Mr. Hall Caine was his "Recollections of Rossetti." Now, twenty-five years after its first appearance, he is going to bring it out again, having practically rewritten it. The volume will embody new letters, new biographical material, and a great deal of matter which it was thought undesirable to publish immediately after the poet's death.

Duffield & Co. have launched a capital series of booklets in their "Rubric Series," in which they have thus far issued "The Declaration of Independence," "The Constitution of the United States," Lincoln's Gettysburg Address—together with his first and second inaugural addresses, Fitz Gerald's translation of the Rubaiyat, and "The Canticle of the Sun," of St. Francis of Assisi. The heavy border used in the last mentioned volume is not at all attractive, but the borders in the other volumes are in good taste and are daintily printed. The boldly decorative covers of these booklets are also pleasing.

Style in literature is at bottom, of course, an instinctive affair, but it may be developed through study, and a good book on the subject is always welcome. Such a book has been prepared by Professor Lane Cooper, of Cornell University, and published by the Macmillans under the title of "Theories of Style, with Special Reference to Prose Composition." In a general introduction the author offers not his own theory of style, but the theory of Wilhelm Wackernagle, with whom he feels himself in agreement. In this we have an excellent definition of style, as "the mode of representation in language, conditioned partly by the psychological peculiarities of the one who represents, partly by the matter and purpose of what is represented." Of course, the idea of style has fascinated unnumbered writers, and Professor Cooper gives us some capital reading in his seventeen chapters made up of the pronouncements of as many analysts from Plato, Aristotle and Longinus down to Stevenson and Pater. German and French writers are also represented. Study of this volume will not so much teach the young author what to do as lead him into the right path and stimulate his feeling for the subject. Prefixed to the work is a most useful bibliography.

Readers who have been both informed and charmed by the Phi Beta Kappa addresses of Charles Francis Adams will be glad to learn that the more noteworthy of these have been collected in a handy little volume under the title, "Three Phi Beta Kappa Addresses." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Of overshadowing importance in this group of three long addresses and three short ones are the two well known talks on educational reform, in which Mr. Adams recounts so vividly his own college experiences of half a century ago and the observations he has since made as a member of the board of overseers of Harvard. With a large fund of recollections and first-hand information to draw upon, the writer manages to present a strong case for that party of modern educators who are seeking a return to "personal education" and all that this involves. Disgusted with the wasted years of weary, useless grinding over the classics, and with the herd method of instruction, Mr. Adams warmly advocates the total dissolution of the modern large university and the substitution therefor of a system of small colleges, each independent and with its own esprit de corps, its own master and its own methods of educating its members. He would furthermore make these colleges places where aptitudes are brought out and deficiencies corrected under the personal supervision of experienced men. Mr. Adams does not mince words; his condemnations are as lusty as are his descriptive phrases. This makes these essays as readable for the average college graduate as they are suggestive, irritating and stimulating to the teacher and professor. To those uninterested in the academic problem the address on Robert Lee will surely appeal.

The Robert Appleton Company, which publishes "The Catholic Encyclopedia," issues an interesting report of progress made in this admirable enterprise. The first volume was brought out last March. The second volume is scheduled to appear soon, the third will be out early in 1908, and it is expected that subscribers will be in possession of four volumes by the end of that year. As the work goes forward it gains in impetus, and the publishers look forward to the completion of the entire fifteen volumes in five or six years.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

BIOGRAPHY.

MY MEMOIRS. By Alexandre Dumas. Translated by E. M. Waller. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang. In Six Volumes. Vol. I. 12mo, pp. xxxiv, 518. (The Macmillan Company.)

Reviewed in another column.

COURT LIFE OF THE SECOND FRENCH EMPIRE. 1852-1870. Its Organization, Chief Personages, Splendor, Frivolity and Downfall. By Le Petit Homme Rouge. With frontispiece. 8vo, pp. xii, 429. (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

FICTION.

THE SHUTTLE. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. vi, 512. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

The story of an international marriage.

THE BLUE OCEAN'S DAUGHTER. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Illustrated by George Gibbs. 12mo, pp. vi, 336. (Moffat, Yard & Co.)

A tale of fighting, adventure and love.

THE DAUGHTER OF ANDERSON CROW. By George Barr McCutcheon. With illustrations by Martin Justice. 12mo, pp. vii, 346. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

A story of American village life.

BEAU BROCADE. By the Baroness Orczy. With illustrations in color by Clarence Underwood. 12mo, pp. 359. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.)

The romance of a chivalrous highwayman.

WINSTON OF THE PRAIRIES. By Harold Bindloss. With illustrations by Herbert Dunton. 12mo, pp. vi, 340. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

THE WEAVERS. By Sir Gilbert Parker. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. vii, 532. (Harper & Bros.)

The story of a young English Quaker in modern Egypt.

THOSE QUEER BROWNS. By Florence Morse Kingsley. With frontispiece by Harrison Fisher. 12mo, pp. 292. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

A simple little maid's love story, told in extracts from her diary.

WHEN KINGS GO FORTH TO BATTLE. By William Wallace Whitelock. Illustrated by Frank H. Desch. 12mo, pp. 362. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.)

A love story, the scenes of which are laid in a small German principality.

THE MEDIATOR. A tale of the Old World and the New. By Edward A. Steiner. 12mo, pp. 356. (Fleming H. Revell Company.)

The story of a young Jew's struggles in America.

THE HOUSE OF THE VAMPIRE. By George Sylvester Viereck. 12mo, pp. 190. (Moffat, Yard & Co.)

The story of a mad genius.

HISTORY.

BONAPARTE IN EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIANS OF TO-DAY. By Haji A. Browne. 8vo, pp. 410. (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

THE JAPANESE NATION IN EVOLUTION. Steps in the progress of a great people. By William Elliot Griffis, D. D., L. H. D. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. xii, 408. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.)

Tracing the development of the Japanese from prehistoric times, bringing out the fact that the original stock is Aryan, and not Mongolian.

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