

iron had displaced wood, and England took the lead. Her superiority in machinery building still further put us at a disadvantage when the steamship came, which rendered practically useless also the splendid seamanship of the American sailor. Mr. Spears's account of his development is a capital piece of work and a worthy tribute to his skill and daring in peace and war; a tribute also to vanished conditions of social equality combined with intelligent discipline.

He has the knack of giving a living interest to his narrative with many details of hazards and hardships, of profits and losses, of conditions of time and circumstance. There are some interesting pages on the privateering on which North Americans embarked when the struggle for South American independence offered an opportunity. The long decline of the American merchant marine since 1866 is traced step by step to its economic causes. Mr. Spears reviews our coastwise shipping and the lake fleets, making in connection with the latter a suggestion which may well be quoted in conclusion of this review. Having referred to the fleets of such corporations as the United Fruit Company, the United Steel Corporation, the Standard Oil Company, and some of the railroads, he continues:

These American enterprises are of the utmost importance to the story of the American merchant marine, because they are the most modern features of our water-borne traffic. The great corporation is doing an ever growing share of the world's work, and the growth is an economic evolution that must be forwarded as well as controlled. In spite of the prevailing fear of great aggregations of wealth, it is worth while to inquire whether a further combination of corporate interests might not help on a revival of the American merchant marine. Suppose that a ship-building "trust" were united with the steel making "trust," and the aggregation were to make a traffic agreement with a combination of railroads extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, under which special low freight rates were obtainable; is it not conceivable that this powerful corporation might solve the problem of ships able to compete on deep water? Although the law now prohibits such combinations as this, may we not hope that the American people will yet learn how to preserve themselves from oppression, and the fear of it, without hampering the men who are able and eager to do the world's work on the world's terms?

Mr. Spears certainly believes in radical measures for what is undoubtedly a desperate case.

TWO NOVELS.

Indian Blood and That of Rural New England.

THE SILENT CALL: A STORY OF THE SQUAW MAN'S SON. By Edwin Milton Royle. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 332. Charles Scribner's Sons.

OLIVIA L. CAREW. By Netta Syrett. 12mo, pp. 274. The John Lane Company.

Those who saw "The Squaw Man" on the stage, or read the novel that was made of the play, need not be told that "The Silent Call" is a sequel to that story. Those who missed both the drama and the book are herewith informed that the sequel is complete in itself, the necessary explanations being made in their proper places, clearly and succinctly. The "call," of course, is that of the race from which the son is descended on his mother's side. We find him in the opening chapter back on the reservation with a purpose that must not be divulged, since it forms part of the plot. Suffice it to say that love of an Indian maiden, a rascally Indian agent, asphalt deposits, a trust, cowboys, Indians good and bad, and very much alive, play their parts in a series of events that have a strongly melodramatic tinge.

Later the scene is transferred to England, and we do not wonder that the squaw man's son decamped. The measure of injustice and wickedness in the "hupper suckles" disclosed here would drive any noble half-breed into exile. And yet his very nobility forbids him to flee from it all a second time. The story is entertaining reading; melodrama in a book is occasionally as diverting as it can be on the stage. There is something refreshing, now and then, in strong contrasts of primary colors. A good vacation book.

The marriage complication novel has reached the stage where it is an intolerable bore. We have put up with it longer than we put up with the Kailyard School, the native "bigosh" novel, as James L. Ford called it, or the historical romance. It is time for something new. The English author of "Olivia L. Carew" apparently believes her book to be a study of the temperamental deadness, the esthetic atrophy, the cultural crudity of a rural New England woman, who is at the same time all intellect, and athirst for knowledge and fame. Miss Wilkins's or Miss Sedgwick's talent and understanding might make something of this material; in Miss Syrett's hands it becomes a raw caricature. Olivia L. Carew marries an English architect, whom her physical loveliness attracts. He, of course, after the manner of the men of the older branch of the Anglo-Saxon race, is agulver with admiration of beauty in all its forms. He has to be, to carry on the plot of the story. Now add a sympathetic, cultured Englishwoman of similar tastes, and an English novelist with a roving eye, shake them all up together, think for a moment of Miss Sinclair's "Helpmate," and the result will be a fairly correct idea of the general trend of this tale. You have read most of it before elsewhere—it is impossible that you should have escaped it all,—and what is new is hardly worth while. The genre has about run its course; the material is running out. So is our patience.

WHISTLER.

A Useful Book for the Student of His Career.

WRITINGS BY AND ABOUT JAMES ABBOTT McNEILL WHISTLER. A Bibliography. By Don C. Seitz. 12mo, pp. 181. (Edinburgh: Otto Schulze & Co.) (New York: Imported by Ernest Dressel North.)

The books that have been written about Whistler make by themselves a respectable little library, and there would seem to be but small excuse for adding to them; but the truth is that the collection would have been lamentably incomplete without the present volume. Mr. Seitz has rendered an invaluable service to the students of his subject. He says nothing about his labors, but it is plain that they must have been long and arduous. Only the most patient industry could have assembled this array of nearly eight hundred references, and Mr. Seitz has not only been unremitting in research, but has then proceeded to classify his material in just the right fashion.

In the first place, he records all of Whistler's

selected few of the earth's millions, by some well-planned scheme that accurately gauges the amount the universe can stand. This he cultivated and practised. From the West Point day, when he neglected to recall that silicon was not a gas, to his last hour he made himself the centre of interest in whatever circle he cared to affect until the world was his stage.

Theatrical, eccentric, and quarrelsome according to the common view, he had, on the other hand, a nice idea of the requirements of advertising, and quite upset the ethics of his profession by his assiduity in keeping himself before the public until his merits as an artist were so clearly recognized as no longer to need what might be called the "playing up" of his personality.

Whatever hardships may have attended his long career, they were the results of temperament rather than obscurity. His was no attic genius shivering in the shade. He lived as he pleased, liked and hated as he pleased, through the many-hued years of the last two-thirds of the nineteenth century, and stood long enough on the threshold of the twentieth to be remembered as one of the great figures clustered about its dawn.

Mr. Seitz tells anew the story of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," and his version, we gather, is definitive. Referring to the old question as to the invention of the title, which has on the one hand been attributed to Mr. Sheridan Ford, and on the other to Whistler himself, Mr. Seitz says that when Ford took the famous book to Antwerp it bore the title of "The Cor-

his malicious brilliance in controversy will still be enjoyed, but they will be put in their proper place. Always, we believe, they will move the distinterested reader to wish that every time this great artist had been moved to hurt an enemy he might have abandoned the pen for the brush or the etching needle and have produced another masterpiece.

LITERARY NOTES.

M. Rostand is engaged upon a new work about which he is maintaining strict secrecy.

An effort is being made in England to found and endow a chair of English literature at Cambridge. A committee of representative men has the work in charge.

It would be interesting to know if the book by Mrs. Wharton which is to appear during the coming season will offer the "Tales of Men," which have so far been magazine material. The new book is to bear the title of "Men, Women and Ghosts."

Mr. Frederic S. Isham has been elected president of the Michigan Authors' Association, which has been organized "for the purpose of drawing the literary people of the state into closer social acquaintance." The headquarters of the association is in Detroit. Meetings are to be held every fortnight.

An exhibition of the artistic work of George du Maurier—even more an author than an artist—is to be held soon in London. It is to cover a period of twenty-two years and will be held under the title of "Society in Late Victorian Days." It will no doubt include his illustrations for novels as well as his humorous sketches for "Punch."

Mr. Quiller-Couch has given an odd title to his forthcoming novel, "Lady Good-for-Nothing" suggests a story which is more or less quaint and whimsical, in this writer's characteristic vein.

A monograph upon the life and work of the late musician, Edward MacDowell, is announced by the Dodge Publishing Company. The author of the book is Mrs. E. F. Page.

Among the new British novels is S. R. Crockett's "Young Nick and Old Nick." Arnold Bennett's "Clayhanger" will soon be on the press.

Charlotte Brontë's first meeting with Thackeray is described by her in a letter which is soon to appear in a London auction room. It cannot be said that the meeting was tame. "He made a morning call and sat above two hours," wrote the author of "Jane Eyre." "Mr. Smith only was in the room the whole time. He described it afterwards as a queer scene, and I suppose it was. The giant sat before me. I was moved to speak to him of some of his shortcomings (literary, of course). One by one the faults came into my mind, and one by one I brought them out; and sought some explanation or defence. He did defend himself like a great Turk and heathen—that is to say, the excuses were often worse than the crime itself. The matter ended in decent amity. If all be well, I am to dine at his house this evening."

An interesting feature of the newly elected Hungarian Parliament is the number of literary men who have been returned. The three leading novelists of the country are included.

Bishop Meade's book, "Old Churches and Families of Virginia," has been much in need of a good index. This has at last been supplied by Mr. J. C. Wise, and published by the Lippincotts under the title of "Digested Index and Genealogical Guide."

A series of lectures whose aim is to teach students the right use of a library is to be given in Paris, the lecturer being M. Mortel, the curator of the Ste. Gèneviève Library. The heads of these lectures embrace "The Knowledge of Books" (papers, inks, binding, illustration, the history of books since 1750, great publishers of the nineteenth century, copyright laws); "Classification and Research" (bibliographical systems, catalogues, indexing, etc.); "The Great Libraries of France and Other Countries"; "The Public Libraries" (and the movement and its growth in England, America, Germany, etc.); finally, "The Care of Books and the Profession of Librarian."

"Ingersoll: A Biographical Appreciation," is the title of a volume by Mr. H. E. Kittredge which is to be published soon by J. F. Taylor & Co. This is the thirteenth and concluding volume of the authorized "Dresden Edition" of the works of the late Robert G. Ingersoll.

The late Sir William Butler, author of "The Great Lone Land," left a volume of reminiscences which will probably be published in the autumn. It ought to be an uncommonly entertaining book. The author had for some time been engaged upon a life of Napoleon, but it is said to be doubtful if it had reached a stage which admits of publication.

A new volume of stories for children is to be brought out by the Frederick A. Stokes Company under the title of "Stories from Old French Romance." These include such medieval delights as the tales of Aucassin and Nicolette, of Constans the Emperor, Roland and Oliver, the death of Roland, Ogier the Dane and the Castle of Montauban.

In a volume entitled "Delphine Gay (Mme. Emile de Girardin)" M. Leon Seché has discussed that clever lady's relation to the romantic movement in France. She was one of the most brilliant of journalists. Her tales for children are still read; and her comedy "La Joie fait Peur"—once produced here by Boucicault as "Kerry"—is still occasionally played.

ONLY JAPANESE.

From The London Globe.

Though to talk too much of heaven
Is not well,
Though agreeable people never
Mention hell;
Yet the woman who betrayed me,
Whom I kissed,
In that bygone summer taught me
Both exist.
I was ardent, she was always
Wisely cool;
So my lady played the traitor—
I the fool.
Oh, your pardon! but remember
If you please,
I'm translating: this is only
Japanese.



SWIFT'S STELLA.
(From the portrait by Jervas.)

own writings and then gives us a list of his illustrations and the more important reproductions that have been published from works of his. In a note he even calls attention to the three book covers designed by Whistler. The next section is devoted to biographies and the next to critical and descriptive writings. References to Whistler are separately entered, there is a voluminous catalogue of catalogues, and generous space is assigned not only to magazine articles, but to selected articles from the newspapers. In two or three further sections the compiler rounds out an exploration of Whistleriana which leaves simply nothing at all to be desired. It is a boon to have the great mass of stuff so well sifted and arranged, and, moreover, the pages of this handy little volume are beautifully printed on luxurious paper. His publishers have given perfect form to Mr. Seitz's altogether delightful labor of love.

It should be added, however, that while he has worked loyally for the good of his hero he is not by any means a sentimentalist, but discloses in his brief introduction a point of view which, for its wholesome common sense, we commend to the hysterical Whistlerian. Mr. Seitz has no illusions about the instinct which so incessantly drove the artist into print. If he shares the view of the fanatics that Whistler was a great artist, neglected, misunderstood, and abused, who was forced to defend himself against a stupidly malignant public, he does not say so, and we are inclined to think that he puts the right estimate on all that nonsense. At all events, he offers us these much more rational remarks:

Besides being a Master of the Brush, Pencil, and Etching Needle, and pretty handy with his Pen, Mr. Whistler was a Master of the great art of attracting attention which is given to a carefully

response of James McNeill Whistler," and that the printer, thinking it poor, was invited by the compiler to pick a better one if he could. He did so, choosing it from a sentence in the introduction written by Mr. Ford: "It illustrates the gentle art of making enemies." The fact is worth knowing, considering that there has been so much talk about the whole business of Whistler's book. Yet it must be confessed that perusal of this bibliography, with its testimonies to so much that was bitter and unfruitful, strongly revives the feeling of regret that we have before this expressed, that Whistler should have wasted so much time and energy with the pen.

Of course he was immensely amusing, and of course he wrote some memorable and even precious things. But Whistler's literary reputation has been absurdly overrated. "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies" has been called "The Artist's Bible." If that is what it is, then so much the worse for the artist. When he swallows "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies" whole, as a thing of wit and wisdom all compact, he is about as judicious as when he lumps all that is true in Ruskin with all that is false and ignorantly dismisses him as "The Artist's Bogey." Both these indiscriminate judgments connote, indeed, nothing more nor less than a philistine fatuity which, to be sure, it takes an artist to achieve. It would have been a good thing if Whistler could have left behind him some such little collection of inspiring fragments as the Belgian master, Alfred Stevens, contributed to the literature of art. Perhaps a golden book of his best sayings may yet be prepared, when this generation has passed and Whistler has got, once for all, out of the hands of the Whistlerians. When that day comes the souvenirs of