Literary News and Criticism

Recent Fiction by Mr. Maurice Hewlett and Some Others.

REST HARROW. A Comedy of Resolution. By Maurice Hewlett. With illustrations by Frank Craig. 12mo, pp. 400. Charles Scribner's Sons.

STORM AND TREASURE. By H. C. Bailey. 12mo, pp. vii, 312. Brentano's.

THE WINDOW AT THE WHITE CAT. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. With illustrations by Arthur I. Keller. 12mo, pp. 378. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

THE DOCTOR'S LASS. By Edward C. Booth. 12mo, pp. 370. The Century Company.

ENCHANTED GROUND. An Episode in the Life of a Young Man. By Harry James Smith. 12mo, pp. 345. The Houghton-Mifflin Company.

ONCE UPON A TIME. By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 280. Charles Scribner's Sons.

If Mr. Hewlett's heroine is a girl who has thrown her cap over the windmill, the reader at least cannot complain of not having been warned to expect just such company in "Rest Harrow." The Sancie Percival of this book is the same Sancie we left, in "Open Country," in the arms of her lover, whose deplorable wife still cumbered the earth. Meeting her again we find that she has had some eight years in which to make the best of her very doubtful bargain, and as we resume her companionship she is on the verge of new adventures. Senhouse, the gentleman vagabond and planter of flowers, is in the background as before, and in this book, as in the other, we have to reckon with his influence. It was his teaching that had sanctioned Miss Percival's impulse to satisfy Neville Ingram's selfish pleadings, and it is still toward the realization of his ideals of freedom that she gropes in the present volume. We are curious now, as we were curious then, to observe her in the working out of her destiny, and Mr. Hewlett holds us with all the arts of a practised story teller. "Rest Harrow" is an interesting romance, interesting as so much vivid comedy and as a study of the emotions by which a woman is beset when she finds that she cannot settle her own problem out of hand, but must strive against all kinds of difficulties in her own heart and in the world about her. Mr. Hewlett excites admiration by the skill and spirit with which he carries her story forward and at the same time he inspires some doubts.

These have their origin in the tendency to draw away from mere human nature which has marked Mr. Hewlett's work, more or less, ever since he turned Meredithian. Almost involuntarily one compares this novel with the masterpiece in which Thomas Hardy demonstrates that a woman may stray from the straight and narrow path and yet keep unspotted by the world. "Rest Harrow" develops a very similar motive. But Hardy's "Pure Woman Faithfully Presented" was convincing because she remained a woman. Hewlett's heroine fails to secure our confidence because he would fain have her a goddess, and all the time, therefore, she hovers just beyond the reach of our sympathies, instead of walking ingratiatingly beside us. We may note in passing that Mr. Craig's delightful illustrations, delightful in themselves and well calculated to adorn the average novel, are a curious source of disillusion in this prose rhapsody—they substitute a pretty girl, of the earth earthy, for the author's dithyrambically belauded divinity. But that is a detail on which one may resolutely turn his back, like the author's quite needless reiteration of the ecstatic note on the subject of his heroine's bare knees. What will not down is the air of unreality enveloping the book as a whole. Sancie is no more plausible as a goddess than she is as a woman, but falls pathetically between the two stools, and, though Senhouse is not so verbose in this book as in its predecessor, his talk, like his personality, still has the taint of self-consciousness. It is rather a sad commentary on Mr. Hewlett's gifts that the figures in which it is easiest to believe in "Rest Harrow" are those such as Lady Maria, Bill Chevenix, and Morosine, the Pole, and they come dangerously near to being *clichés* of the sort encountered in almost any clever novel. It is distasteful to talk of "arrested development" in the presence of such abilities as are disclosed in "Rest Harrow," such fervor, such poetic feeling, such forthright idealism. But something like it seems to have befallen Mr. Hewlett. He does not weave the old spells.

Mr. Bailey is the jauntiest of romancers. His "Storm and Treasure" is quite in the Stevensonian vein, brimful of adventure, with a plot that never ceases to twist and turn, and the author's diction is as gay as his rapid succession of incidents. These last, to be sure, are also grim enough, as befits the stuff of a tale of Revolutionary days in France; but though the young Victorne de Jan goes steadily in peril of his life, his gait and demeanor invariably reveal the gallant gentleman. Now and then the tide of war in the Vendee pretty nearly engulfs him and his comrades in sheer despair, but there is always Jerry Wild to cry "Courage!" and then Mr. Bailey himself is behind every episode, giving it the right romantic touch, flinging a glamour over it, making the reader's pulse to beat bravely even when he is breathlessly sorrowful over what looks like unavoidable disaster. Altogether, this is an absorbing and an inspiriting book.

"The Window at the White Cat" has in its opening chapter one which is typical of all the rest. "Sentiment and Clues" it is called, and the book is full of these things. Of course, this is one way of saying that Mrs. Rinehart has written another story of mystery, of love and crime and repeatedly baffled pursuit. She is a resourceful deviser of the really bewildering plot, and she most adroitly enhances her effect by setting forth her narrative in such wise as to preserve the everyday familiar atmosphere of a typical American town. Astounding things occur, but they are part and parcel of such normal conditions as only make murder and the like the more thrilling ingredients of a man's experience. Political elements count in the tale, but they are not overdone. On the contrary, they fit very naturally into the dramatic fabric. Mrs. Rinehart is not concerned to write a tract on good government. Her aim is simply to tell a puzzling story, and this she does with facility and with a humorous lightness that is perhaps her best trait.

The pleasant impression left by "The Post Girl" is confirmed, in a measure, by Mr. Booth's new novel, "The Doctor's Lass." He has a pretty turn for sentiment, and there is something touching about the experience of his Dr. Humphrey Bentham, who begins by trying to drink himself into forgetfulness of the woman who has wickedly wronged him, but ends by living a new life under the influence of the child she confides to him as she sinks into the grave. One follows his regeneration with a certain interest and looks sympathetically for some better termination of the slender plot than the author seems to promise. On the other hand, we wish that Mr. Booth might have asked his hero to perform some other deed than that of sucking a breathway in the throat of a child lying at the point of death from diphtheria—it is a bit of claptrap of which we seem to have heard before—and we wish also that he might have shortened his story. "The Doctor's Lass" is grievously overwritten, trifling matters being much exaggerated through the author's descriptive particularity. He has an inordinate fondness for figurative expressions, and evidently dotes upon adjectives. All this goes but awkwardly with a little love story.

"Enchanted Ground," a familiar narrative of life in New York, is also a story with a lesson. The hero is a young architect whose readiness in quieting a couple of troublesome horses brings him within the lure of their owner, an unscrupulous beauty who presently betrays his fidelity to the one really possessed of his heart. He succumbs, we are to understand, to a temptation essentially characteristic of a great city, and the tale relates to a conflict between good and evil, in which external events and the inborn qualities of Philip Wetherell play in diverting fashion about the question of his destiny. The hero is not the only one in the book who sins and must win forgiveness. There is another victim of remorse, and Mr. Smith shrewdly places him in a relation to Philip promoting a piquant climax. The story is, in fact, very neatly framed and diffused through it is a sweet, wholesome spirit.

A good bundle of short stories is gathered together in Mr. Davis's "Once Upon a Time," and one or two of the pieces in it are of exceptional merit. The first story, for example, "A Question of Latitude," in which the effect of African conditions upon an impeccable young Bostonian is ruthlessly illustrated, has a positively Kiplingesque vigor and point. "The Spy," too, is a clever study in characterization, besides having an admirable dramatic touch, and there is an unexpected streak of poetic imagination in the love story called "The Messengers." Mr. Davis almost, but not quite, carries conviction in "A Wasted Day," a tale of a millionaire who discovered that he had a heart. The remaining compositions are of the texture of thistledown, amusing, but only that.

THE REAL BOHEMIA

Pleasant Travels There and in the Black Forest.

BOHEMIA AND THE CECHS. The History, People, Institutions and the Geography of the Kingdom, together with Accounts of Moravia and Silesia. By Will S. Monroe. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. xxvi, 488. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

A BOOK OF THE BLACK FOREST. By C. E. Hughes. With twenty-one illustrations and two maps by the author. 8vo, pp. xvii, 329. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mr. Monroe furnishes us with what he declares to be the first general work of travel and description on Bohemia in English. There are several books in our language dealing with different phases of the subject, chiefly the historical. An occasional English or American traveller has described the natural beauties of the ancient kingdom and the life and customs of its inhabitants. It is the scene of several of our historical novels, the best known of which are Marion Crawford's "The Witch of Prague" and the Castles' "Pride of Jennico." Its national heroes have been dealt with repeatedly, especially John Hus. But Mr. Monroe is the first to give us in a single volume a survey of the geography, ethnography, history, language, literature, music, architecture and printing, agricultural conditions, industry and commerce of the country, laying particular stress upon the national renaissance of Bohemia since the middle of the last century, and on what it has achieved in the matter of autonomy, the revival of its language and economic and cultural progress. In a series of five closing chapters he gives us also a helpful guide for tourists and a glimpse of Moravia and Silesia.

It is a useful and informing work, containing all that the average foreigner will ever need or desire to know, and much besides. Especially helpful is its clear, connected exposition of the inner national meaning of the vigorous campaign waged by the Czechs in the Reichsrath of the Dual Monarchy and the halls of the University of Prague, whose incidental but purposeful disturbances formed part of the day's foreign news some years ago. The author has freely drawn upon all the material available in Bohemian, English, French and German, and acknowledges his indebtedness; but the core of his book is the result of repeated visits to the country itself and of residence among its people.

As in Macedonia, the observer is forced to take sides, and become either pro-Greek and anti-Bulgarian, or the reverse, so in Bohemia one cannot be pro-Bohemian without becoming anti-German as well, which in that country means also anti-Semitic, since the two intruding races offer a united front to the native majority. Mr. Monroe is a hearty partisan, an enthusiast even. The picture he draws of the Czechs has hardly a shadow; among the peasantry alone he finds conditions that hark back to mediæval times, which, it may be added, is the case everywhere among the peasants of Southeastern Europe:

> More than a third of the agricultural lands belongs to the nobility. The Emperor and the Church are also large land holders. Five families—the Schwarzenbergs, the Lichtensteins, the Lobkovics, the Schoenborns and the Thuns—own nearly 80 per cent of the area of the kingdom, and 776 landlords, constituting less than one-tenth of 1 per cent of the population, own more than 26 per cent of the area of the country. The state is still the tool of the noble. Yet the big estates yield about only one-half in proportion to the acreage of the small holdings, which means that they are less intensively cultivated.

The number of farm laborers is steadily decreasing, notwithstanding the progressive amelioration of agricultural conditions. The drift to the cities is constant, and migration claims its share. Mr. Monroe, by the way, praises the Bohemian highly as an American immigrant.

His chapters on Bohemian arts and literature attempt too much, being crowded with the names of local celebrities whose claim to wider fame is not made apparent. Smetana we know, and Dvorak; beyond that, in painting, sculpture and architecture, Bohemia has produced no man of international standing. The only contemporary Bohemian man of letters who counts among us is Count Lützow, to whom the author is greatly indebted for much of his material, especially in his picture of John Hus as a national hero as well as one of the forerunners of the Reformation.

This first general survey of its subject in English is so serviceable that it is not likely to be superseded soon. The illustrations are numerous and well chosen.

The prospective visitor to the Black Forest, who intends to "do" it as it should be done, leisurely and largely on foot, cannot afford to neglect Mr. Hughes's "Book of the Black Forest." It is not, perhaps, of the handiest size for a travelling companion, but its bulk consists entirely of sound information, which, notwithstanding the author's modest disclaimer, neglects but little of what is most worth seeing in one of the loveliest regions of Germany. Furthermore, it is not didactic; it leads the tourist from spot to spot, but leaves him to use his own eyes and follow his own inclinations. It is a sort of guide book raisonné, with Strassburg as its point of departure and Constance as its objective.

Mr. Hughes is deeply interested in folklore and mediæval tradition. No ruin, no castle, no chapel in the Black Forest but has its tradition, and he tells them all, generally with a touch of humor. His first surprise came at Offenburg, at the very beginning of his journey, for there, on the market place, he, an Englishman, feasted his eyes on a statue of Drake, erected not to the Elizabethan naval hero, but to the benefactor who first introduced potatoes into Europe.

The cathedral of Freiburg is treated with all the respectful admiration which one of the finest and yet least known of Gothic structures in Continental Europe deserves. Mr. Hughes looks around him here, as elsewhere, with eyes that are wide open to what is picturesque and quaint, but how is it that so thorough an explorer who found the Kandelhof and the Hoellenthal, missed the Kopf, one of the city's traditional institutions, and makes no mention of the Hirschsprung and its legend, commemorated by a statuesque bronze buck? Near Freiburg, by the way, he says:

> I was reminded of one of the numerous little German societies which carry on unostentatious work in the forest. There is a diminutive wooden shed erected on a post under one of the trees, and one wonders what it can be until one sees the name of the association which placed it there—the Birds' Protection Society. To appreciate the society's work at its true value one must be in the Black Forest during the winter. Then it really does, by sprinkling feed, save a great number of birds from dying of starvation. But in the summer, when birds can conceivably shift for themselves, the society's little wooden shelters look—shall we say—a little babyish.

It is just possible that the shelters are intended for the birds' protection in winter. It is so much simpler to leave them standing through the summer than to take them down in spring and put them up again in the autumn.

"Froehlich Pfalz, Gott erhalt's." Mr. Hughes's conjecture that the Black Forest folk owe their humor, their intense joy of living, to Austrian and French influences, is somewhat far-fetched. It is their own native temperament that makes them the cheerful optimists they are; if anything, the French would have taught them to weep.

At the proper moment our author suggests Scheffel's "Ekkehard" as capital collateral reading. In short, he knows his subject thoroughly, he has made the most of it in his own peregrinations and he gives the best of this in his book. His itinerary can hardly be improved on, and may be easily extended at will. Last, but not least, he will prove a delightfully reminiscent friend in these pages after one has returned home and looks back upon a most enjoyable tour.

THE JESUITS

M. Monod's Translation of Professor Boehmer's Book.

Paris, September 2.

A new book about the Jesuits is sure to arouse partisan passions and secular sensitiveness. No subject of religious history excites more violent discussion than the work of Ignace de Loyola and the Society of Jesus, which has seldom been dealt with impartially, conscientiously and with the sole motive of search for truth. M. Gabriel Monod, the French Protestant historian, editor of the "Revue Historique" and member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, after reading Professor Boehmer's book about the Jesuits, came to the conclusion that it is the most thorough, most scholarly and most fair minded work on the subject that has yet appeared. M. Monod forthwith translated the book into French, edited it with skill and erudition and wrote a remarkable introduction to it, which is itself a treatise of historical interest and value. The volume is now published by the Librairie Armand Colin, under the title "Les Jesuites."

M. Monod traces a curious parallel between Luther, Calvin and Ignace de Loyola. All three devoted their lives to what they honestly believed to be the struggle for religious truth against evil and error. Moreover, all underwent analogous moral crises. They were all masterful organizers and leaders of men. Their points of departure, amid tragic conceptions of sin and moral anguish, are similar. But the roads by which they sought to attain peace and salvation of the soul were radically different. Luther and Calvin tore themselves away from doubts and misgivings by abandoning themselves wholly to the will of God, unhindered by the intervention of priests or Church. Loyola felt that doubts and conscientious torments were the persecutions of the devil and sought peace of soul under the shield of the absolution of the priest and the authority of Rome. Calvin, notwithstanding his iron hand of authority and his rule of what we might to-day call the "big stick," made reason, free thought and conscience the bases of his doctrines, which became the most solid foundations of republican and democratic ideas that the world has known. Loyola, by concentrating and subordinating all human will to the rigid discipline of Rome and the Society of Jesus and to principles of absolute monarchy as the personification of divine will, made the Jesuits the apostles and defenders of absolutism.

Calvin and Loyola both saw that education must become the cornerstone of the religious edifice. Loyola founded the Roman College and the Germanic College. Calvin established the College and Academy of Geneva. But if one compares what the academy of Calvin and the institutions of learning that sprang from it have accomplished for the development of thought and science with the results attained by all the Jesuit universities and colleges combined, a touchstone may be found by which the two opposing systems may be measured. M. Monod defends Loyola against the unjust diatribes of parliamentarians and Jansenists and against the fallacies and false charges made popular by many modern French writers, including Michelet, Mérimée and Théophile Gautier. M. Monod and Professor Boehmer both accord ample justice to the Jesuits for the wonderful results they have obtained in spreading education and enlightenment among uncivilized and among non-Christian peoples.

An interesting chapter deals with the principles and sophistry, casuistry, mental restrictions and quibbling reservations, the treatises and catechisms of which are popularly attributed to the Jesuits, but which the authors show originated during the thirteenth century—the Society of Jesus was not founded until 1534—and were developed, at least according to Professor Boehmer and M. Monod, by practices of the confessional. The causes of the world-wide power and subsequent decadence of the Jesuits, who at one moment nearly succeeded in becoming masters of European civilization, are set forth in this small but substantial book clearly, concisely and on the whole impartially.

C. I. B.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Current Talk of Things Present and to Come.

It is understood that the general feeling among English authors and publishers is that the prospects of the autumn publishing season are hopeful. The two-shilling novel, it is said, has thus far justified itself without injuring its rival, the six-shilling story.

Under the title of "The Lady" Miss Emily James Putnam has composed a book sketching the feminine types of different times and nations, their ideas and habits, the kind of men they have preferred to marry and many of the other points which they have developed in social history. The Sturgis & Walton Company have the book in press.

Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham's new love story, "Clever Betsy," is announced for publication by the Houghton-Mifflin Company on September 17. The scenes are laid in Yellowstone Park and on the Maine coast.

George Meredith's grave in Dorking Cemetery has been inclosed with a simple marble border. At the head of the grave is a representation in marble of an open book, and on this, following the usual dates, is this quotation from "Vittoria": "Life is but a little holding, lent to do a mighty labor."

The Harpers publish to-day "My Mark Twain," by Mr. Howells, a book gathering together the reminiscences of his old friend recently published in two or three numbers of "Harper's Magazine." These pages are full of loving characterization and amusing anecdote, and the biographical matter in them is followed by reprinted criticisms of Mark Twain's books, written by Mr. Howells as far back as 1869 and at much later dates. There are numerous interesting portraits and other illustrations. For warmth of feeling, delicacy of touch and charm of literary form this is one of the happiest volumes Mr. Howells has ever produced. We quote this fragment on the subject of his friend's autobiography:

> He meant that it should be a perfectly veracious record of his life and period; for the first time in literature there should be a true history of a man and a true presentation of the men the man had known. As we talked it over the scheme enlarged itself in our riotous fancy. We said it should be not only a book, it should be a library, not only a library but a literature. It should make good the world's loss through Omar's barbarity at Alexandria; there was no image so grotesque, so extravagant that we did not play with it; and the work so far as he carried it was really done on a colossal scale. But one day he said that as to veracity it was a failure; he had begun to lie, and that if no man ever yet told the truth about himself it was because no man ever could. How far he had carried his autobiography I cannot say; he dictated the matter several hours each day; and the public has already seen long passages from it, and can judge, probably, of the make and matter of the whole from these. It is immensely inclusive, and it observes no order or sequence. Whether now, after his death, it will be published soon or late, I have no means of knowing. Once or twice he said in a vague way that it was not to be published for twenty years, so that the discomfort of publicity might be minimized for all the survivors. Suddenly he told me he was not working at it; but I did not understand whether he had finished it, or merely dropped it; I never asked.

It will not be possible hereafter for people desirous of evading copyright laws to print unauthorized editions in Holland. The Dutch government has signified its intention to join the Berne Convention. This was a welcome piece of news communicated to the recent International Congress of Publishers held at Amsterdam.

"The Pilgrim of Pleasure," a morality play by Swinburne, which is known to few readers, is to be republished. It will be included in "The Children of the Chapel," a story written under his auspices by his friend, Mrs. Disney Leith.

Mr. Charles A. Hanna's book, "The Wilderness Trail; or, the Ventures and Adventures of the Pennsylvania Traders on the Allegheny Path," is to be published this autumn by the Putnams. This history of the Indians and the Indian traders covers those eventful years between the landing of Captain John Smith and the beginning of the Revolution. Mr. Hanna points out that six New York traders were the first white men to travel over an Allegheny path; and he holds that there has been no satisfactory establishment of the claim that La Salle descended the Ohio in 1669. Many journals and itineraries of the eighteenth century, hitherto unpublished, are to be included in the work.

Was the unhappy young Chatterton as great a genius as many unthinking persons have been accustomed to consider him? His actual achievements were, in truth, small. The author of a clever paper in the London "Globe" justly says that if he had lived "he might have written immortal verse; or he might have become a useful journalist of the not very high type that flourished in the eighteenth century." That the latter would have been his fate this critic thinks, on the ground that the boy's verse, though good, was not great, "and Keats," he adds, "under better auspices, it is true, was a great poet and writing great poetry at eighteen." In considering Chatterton's tragedy, the first thing, remarks this writer, is obviously to determine whether the person who takes the last desperate remedy is in fact the genius he thinks himself.

Every one who is engaged in literary pursuits has come across, and perhaps wasted time enough on, many cases where a very ordinary gift, or perhaps a mere facility for stringing words together, has been mistaken by its owner for genius. Every publisher's office and every editor's room could deliver up its secrets of this kind; a merciful oblivion generally hides them from the cruel light of day. But not always. We remember an unfortunate case a few years back where a young woman, whose novel had been refused by one publisher after another, committed suicide, leaving behind her a letter in which she gave as her reason that her gifts as a writer had not been appreciated. There was a mild sensation; one or two tender consciences probably had a sleepless night; those of tougher fibre who had rejected the book told themselves that their adverse judgment was not affected by the author's act. The book, as was inevitable after such an event, was published; and the dead author's work came before the world for the verdict. It was reviewed with considerable reticence, and in every case reference was made to the tragedy which had preceded its appearance. But neither with the critics nor the public was the book a success; the author had mistaken a mere rushlight for the star of genius, and, like the moth, had sacrificed her life for the mistake.

We have forgotten the name both of the author and of her book; but the episode, painful as it was, has always seemed to us a warning to those who allow the fate or the personal circumstances of the author to weigh with their verdict on his work. There may be relative values in literature; but the positive merit of the work that is produced is the only real test.

A volume which ought to contain passages amusing to readers on this side of the Atlantic is announced for early publication under the title of "Home Life in America." Its author is Katherine E. Busbey.

Works of fiction which will shortly be published by the Scribners include Mr. Henry James's collection of short stories, entitled "The Finer Grain"; Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch's "Lady Good-for-Nothing," an eighteenth century romance, whose scene is laid in this country; Mrs. Edith Wharton's "Tales of Men," and Mr. James B. Connolly's "Open Water."

Mr. Augustus Post, who, with another American, dropped a third of a mile in an exploded balloon, has set forth the story of that perilous experience for the October "Century." This was the accident that stirred the spectators of the Gordon Bennett international balloon race at Berlin in the autumn of 1908.

"Democracy and the Overman" is the title of a forthcoming book by Professor Zueblin, who was once on the staff of the University of Chicago, and who published a much discussed volume called "The Religion of a Democrat."

American pilgrims to the historical and literary precincts of London will no longer be able to trace Tabard street, that road which Chaucer knew, which led forth to Canterbury, and up which swarmed the peasants who followed Wat Tyler, and later those who rioted at the heels of Jack Cade. It was the chief highway into London, even in the days of the Black Prince, who rode through it with his captive, the French King. It was never a street to be admired. "As long ago as the thirteenth century," the London "Chronicle" says, "it was a haunt of depravity and poverty. In Shakespeare's time it was shunned by all respectable folk. For centuries it was deplored that distinguished foreigners coming from the Continent should get their first impression of London from Tabard street, and sometimes they used to be hurried through by night, so that they should see as little of it as possible." The region is now to be cleared and the houses torn down, as hopelessly unsanitary. With them will go the associations of the place with Dickens's most lovable heroine, Little Dorrit. The grimy old walls of the Marshalsea still stand.

Without defending those ill judging Americans who address postal cards during service in the church which holds Shakespeare's tomb, we may gently suggest that this is a case of the proverbial pot and kettle. The behavior of British tourists in Continental cathedrals has for generations been a subject of complaint by those who hold those edifices sacred. Let us be lenient all around to the thoughtless traveller.

Apropos of Shakespeare's tomb, it must be admitted that there is good foundation for the regret of one Englishman that the church authorities exact a small charge for viewing it. To such a shrine pilgrims from all over the world should be allowed to come in a spirit free from thought of lucre. It is a pity that money cannot be raised otherwise for the church purposes, to which this fee is said to be devoted. Is it not probable that Stratford reaps a rich harvest in other directions from its many foreign visitors?

HENRI PILLE

Droll Memories of a Parisian Bohemian in the Seventies.

From The London Globe.

Pille has been all his life long the worst dressed man in Paris; he looks the shabbiest of all the shabby artists, poets and songsters who people that ideal resort of bohemian life, Montmartre. He used for many years to live in a fine four storied house on the Boulevard de Rochechouart. There he occupied on the second floor an immense front room with four windows, two of which opened on a balcony, wherefrom a really fine view was obtainable to the left and right on the boulevard. When the quadruple range of trees were in foliage it was his favorite recreation to lean on the balustrade of the balcony, and, smoking his eternal cigar, to observe the bustle and hustle of the passing people and vehicles. I myself had been at the time dwelling just opposite. One hot July morning I left my den and came down to the boulevard in search of a companion for a drink. Pille was on the balcony.

"Alloah!" he shouted. "What are you looking for?"

"For a companion and a drink!" I shouted back.

"I'm coming!"

He came down, wearing a reefer jacket of threadbare frieze, a stain-covered, scarlet red Bretonish waistcoat, color besmeared canvas trousers, slippers of an indefinite stuff and color, and a hat—well, a hat a ragpicker would have refused to pick up with his hook.

"You do look a beauty!" I exclaimed in shaking hands.

"Where shall we go?" he asked.

"Wherever you like," I replied.

"Then let's go to the Mille Colonnes," he said.

The Mille Colonnes was the most respectable café of Montmartre. Well-to-do tradesmen, employes, rentiers and such kind of people used to play there their game of cards or dominos. No Bohemians frequented this trysting place of the Philistines.

We alighted at one of the marble tables of the terrasse, Pille shouting:

"Garcon! Deux Pernodes!" (absinthe).

Slowly the waiter advanced to our table and said:

"Messieurs, I have to remind you that we charge 30 centimes for a Pernod."

"Is that so?" replied Pille. "Then," he added in a stentorian voice, throwing a five-franc piece on the table so that it sounded like a gong, "garcon, bring two of them for each of us."

The noise brought the boss of the show forward, who at once recognized Pille, and, advancing rapidly, rubbing his hands—every Parisian cafétier rubs his hands when he sees a distinguished guest in his establishment—smiling, courtesying:

"Ah, cher maitre, what honor for my humble house! What can I do for you?"

A week or two later a heat wave went over Paris. After a sleepless night, at 5 o'clock in the morning I went down on the boulevard for a breeze of fresh air. Pille was already on his balcony, leaning on the balustrade, a cigar in his mouth.

"What brought you out so early?" he asked me.

"The heat," I replied.

"Come up. It's cooler here."

"I will."

"But ring gently, not to startle the old housekeeper."

Gently I did ring, noiselessly the door sprang open and quietly I went up the two flights of stairs. At the landing place Pille received me. I lit my pipe, he relit his cigar, together we went on the balcony, leaned on the balustrade and breathed the balmy morning air. Suddenly the braying of a donkey could be heard. "My friend is coming," said Pille, and left the balcony. A ragpicker's donkey cart stopped before the house. The donkey looked up and

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS. BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.

Just Out — A New Novel — Just Out

BY

Maurice Hewlett

If the writer is not yet universally rated among the masters of English fiction this extraordinary new book

Rest Harrow

will surely place him on their level. Here he deals with modern English life, centers about the modern marriage problem and tells the stories of those two fascinating characters—Sanchia and Senhouse—with marvelous skill and insight.

Illustrated. $1.50

Charles Scribner's Sons

A NEW DOOLEY BOOK

Mr. Dooley Says

By the Author of

"Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen"

"Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War"

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