Literary News and Criticism

Nietzsche, His Life, His Work and Its Influence.

THE LIFE OF FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE. By Daniel Halévy. Translated by J. M. Hone. With an Introduction by T. M. Kettle, M. P. Frontispiece. 8vo, pp. 268. The Macmillan Company.

There is already in existence in English a fairly comprehensive Nietzsche literature, its crown being the complete translation of his works from various able hands, issued by the publishers of the biography here under review. M. Halévy's book is worthy of an English dress, and most likely will tempt also some German translator, if, indeed, it has not already done so. The French author is friendly to his subject, but, guided no doubt by the adjustment of opinions of twenty years as well as by the keen logic of his race, he makes for the philosopher none of the extravagant claims that greeted his first appearance in the world of modern thought. In fact, it is with Nietzsche's life that he deals first of all, and with the genesis of his books, the circumstances of their conception, writing, and inauspicious publication, rather than with the value of their content. He makes informing, suggestive use of the voluminous notes made by the philosopher as his thoughts were born, took shape, and clamored for utterance. Once given to the world in print, they pass beyond the scope of his task.

It is this attitude, consistently maintained, that has made possible the publication, with this life, of Mr. Kettle's eminently sane introductory study of the Nietzschean philosophy, which, generally speaking, has borne literary and dramatic, rather than philosophic, fruit, as in Alphonse Daudet's *strug-for-lifeur* and his successor, the *arriviste*, in the works of H. G. Wells—including the higher morality of "Ann Veronica"—and in the brilliant topsy-turvydom of Mr. George Bernard Shaw. Samuel Butler was a contemporary, rather than a follower, of Nietzsche, but there is this in common between them, that they both were in love with paradox, the Englishman with much conscious humor, the German with the intense and unconscious seriousness of the Teutonic philosophic spirit. The "Will to Power," "Superman," the "Morality of the Master," these be fine words to play with, especially for youth in the arrogant self-confidence of its immaturity, and played with them it has, and still does play, generally to the irritation of its elders, and often to its own undoing. Nietzsche's evolutionary speculations, like those of others, have reached the mass of us at second hand, by hearsay from advanced literary entertainers, and generally in amazingly perverted form. The fictional supermen and superwomen built on the Nietzsche recipe have already become a literary convention. They will pass, as have the insipid heroines of revolutionary romance before them, to make place for others. Of the Nietzschean superman proper, Mr. Kettle says:

The evangel of Zarathustra dissolves into mere sound and fury for lack of what the Court of Equity calls reasonable particularity. Most notable is this in regard to two laws. Am I a Superman—or rather the potential ancestor of the Superman, for in this case hereditary privilege runs backward—with the right to found my life on pride, pleasure, and the love of power, or am I a slave with no right except to remain a slave? The test is astral, and even nebulous. If you can compel the stars to circle about you as their centre, if you have a chaos in you and are about to beget a dancing star, then you are of the seed of the Superman. Unhappily, the only people who could seriously entertain such an estimate of themselves are the very wealthy and the very mad. Zarathustra derides the mob in order to flatter the snob; he is *malgre lui* the casuist of the idle rich, the courtier of international finance.

The life of Friedrich Nietzsche is overwhelmingly a record of intellectual activity. Its outer happenings are but few, and unrelieved in their monotony of poverty and physical suffering, ending in the tragedy of a gentle madness. He was a practical optimist in the conduct of his life: "No invalid has the right to be a pessimist," he wrote; "the years in which my vitality sank to its minimum were those in which I ceased to be a pessimist." He was born on October 15, 1844, at Roecken, Prussia, the son of a Prussian Lutheran clergyman who died insane after a fall when the boy was four years old. Heredity may be traced in the father's fate, as it may be seen in the son's possession of his talent for music. In 1850 the widow, whose maiden name M. Halévy omits to give, moved with her brood of three—two boys and a girl—to Naumburg-zur-Saale, where the future philosopher, then in his seventh year, became known for his preternatural seriousness and his precocity. He composed melodies, fantasies, mazurkas, wrote verses and set them to music, drew up didactic treatises and formed an amateur theatrical company. In 1858 his mother, on the advice of his teachers, sent him to the college at Naumburg, whence, at the end of the same year, he went to the famous school of Pforta on a scholarship he had won. At seventeen Nietzsche entered in his diary a confession of his loss of faith, accompanying it by a statement of the very questions to whose solution he was in later years to devote all his intellectual energies.

In October, 1862, he entered the University of Bonn, whence he went to Leipsic to finish his course. His speculations upon the questions that interested him most deeply were carried on side by side with the prescribed studies, and entered in the diaries from which his biographer quotes so freely. His social life during this period was narrow, his friends and pleasures few. It was at this time that he discovered Schopenhauer, whose "World as Will and Idea" fired him to exaltation. His philological studies became less irksome, he even lectured with success on the subject before a student society. This new found happiness was interrupted by his year's military service in a Prussian artillery regiment in 1867. On its termination he found another joy, the music of Richard Wagner. M. Halévy traces the long friendship between these two to its very end, but throws no light upon the inwardness of its ultimate breach. When he reaches the days when Nietzsche's brain was undoubtedly already clouded he offers, however, this theory as to the impulse that drove him to write his attack, "The Case of Wagner."

Was it now that a singular and unwholesome idea fixed itself in his thought? At every moment he was picturing to himself the joys of which he was deprived: fame, love and friendship; he thought rancorously of those who possessed them, and above all of Richard Wagner. . . . How beautiful she had been when he knew her, this incomparable woman Cosima Liszt. . . . Thanks to her, Wagner had achieved the Tetralogy, reared Bayreuth, written Parsifal . . . Nietzsche recalled those fine days at Triebschen. Cosima welcomed him, listened to his ideas and projects, read his manuscripts. . . . Suffering and irritation deformed his memories; he became infatuated with the thought that he had loved Cosima Wagner, and that she, perhaps, had loved him. Nietzsche wished to believe this, and came to believe it. Yes, there had been love between them, and Cosima would have saved him, as she saved Wagner, if, by lucky chance, she had only known him a few years earlier. But here again Wagner had robbed him. He had taken all: fame, love, friendship. We can divine this strange romance in the last works of Friedrich Nietzsche.

Nietzsche had been thrown by his horse in the course of his military service, and recovered but slowly from his injury. He resumed his studies at Leipsic, and, before he had taken his degree, received an offer of a philological professorship at the University of Basle. The Leipsic faculty gave him his diploma without an examination. This was in 1869. The honor of the appointment also brought him near his new friends, the Wagners, then at Triebschen, near the Swiss town. The friendship began to wane with the composer's removal to Berlin, three years later. In 1870 Nietzsche, who had become a naturalized Swiss in order to hold his professorship, served as a volunteer nurse in the Franco-Prussian War. It was the sight of his old battery, in all the splendor of victory, that led to his progress from Schopenhauer's "will to live" to his own "will to power." Another illness followed his service of mercy in the field; thereafter his ill health grew worse, until it forced him to resign his professorate in 1879.

Now follows the period of his liberty to work, of his sufferings, his poverty—he was in receipt of a small pension—his wanderings in search of health and his disappointments at the non-success of his works; the period, also, of the devotion of his only sister. The love of man for woman appears to have played an entirely subordinate place in his life. M. Halévy records dim traces of a few tender passages in Italy, among them that of Miss Salomé, "a sort of Marie Bashkirtseff," who has written a book on the philosopher. With all his disappointments, Nietzsche never lost that abounding faith in himself which is one of his foremost traits. He ranked himself with Luther and Goethe as one of the creators of the German language. It is likely that toward the end of his intellectual activity he took to drugs; M. Halévy believes so. How long his insanity brooded in him before the outbreak it would be hard to say, but he had a presentiment of it when he was writing "Zarathustra." On January 9, 1889, the blow struck him. He lived for ten years thereafter in a mostly peaceful form of insanity, with occasional brief and no less peaceful lucid moments.

Summing up his introductory study, Mr. Kettle says:

Nietzsche never rose above a sort of philosophical cinematograph. He had the glitter, but never the hard definiteness of the diamond which he chose as his symbol. But it would be superficial to suppose that a thought so passionate could be altogether unreal. Zarathustra is a counter poison to sentimentalism, that worst ailment of our day. He brings a sort of ethical strychnine which taken in large doses is fatal, but in small doses is an incomparable tonic.

Anthropology has undertaken to solve in a different way the problem which Nietzsche propounded so strikingly, and which others before him had considered seriously, Huxley among them—the problem of the obstacle, namely, presented to evolution, to the survival of the fittest, by the humanitarian morality of modern civilization, which tends to preserve and increase the numbers of those unfitted for the struggle of existence.

AN OLDTIME TRAPPER

Tales of an American Pioneer and Showman.

THE ADVENTURES OF JAMES CAPEN ADAMS, MOUNTAINEER AND GRIZZLY BEAR HUNTER OF CALIFORNIA. By Theodore H. Hittell. Illustrated. New edition. 12mo, pp. xiii, 373. Charles Scribner's Sons.

In the early part of October, 1856, while he was in charge of the city department of "The San Francisco Daily Evening Bulletin," so Mr. Hittell tells us in his introduction, his attention was directed to "The Mountaineer Museum," opened in a basement in Clay street. It proved to be a collection of the wild animals of the Pacific Coast—elk, cougars, black bears, eagles and other birds, and, pride of the show, an enormous grizzly, weighing 1,500 pounds, named Samson. Two other grizzlies, both of more than average size, Lady Washington and Ben Franklin, were remarkable for the high degree to which they had been trained, and for their devotion to the owner of the outfit, James Capen Adams, himself the most interesting exhibit in it. He was dressed in fringed buckskins, moccasins and buckskin cap, after the most approved trapper fashion. Mr. Hittell "wrote him up" in his paper, and then proceeded to draw from him, with his consent, the tale of his adventures, which was published in 1860, just before the outbreak of the Civil War, and therefore failed to receive the slightest notice from press or reading public. It is now reissued in its original form, with the original illustrations, practically a new book, since it had remained utterly unknown.

James Capen Adams was born in Massachusetts in 1807, and destined for the shoemaker's bench, but immediately on reaching his majority abandoned it to join a company of Eastern showmen as a collector of wild beasts in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont—panthers, wolves, wildcats, foxes, moose, etc. While in the employ of these people, he was seriously injured by a Bengal tiger and returned, on his recovery, to the cobbler's bench. He saved money, invested it in a shipment of boots and shoes to St. Louis, lost all he had, and in 1849 started for the California gold fields. He had periods of prosperity and destitution, owing in part to his financial recklessness, until in 1852, weary of the struggle, he retired to the wilderness of the Sierra Nevada to lead the hunter's life.

He started with an old wagon, two oxen, two rifles, a revolver, ammunition, several bowie knives, a few tools, several pairs of blankets and a little clothing. It was all he had. A frugal brother of his proposed that he should turn his hunting to pecuniary profit, to which he consented, with the result that his first shipment of wild animals to Boston by water consisted of the following animals, which he himself took to Portland, Ore.:

In the first place, there were five horses packed with buffalo robes; next, four horses packed with bear skins and several large bear skulls; two with antelope skins; one with fox and other small skins; one with boxes containing the bear cubs, two with boxes containing wolves, untamed; a mule with badgers and otters in baskets. But the most remarkable portion of the train consisted of the animals which we drove along in a small herd: these were six bears, four wolves, four deer, four antelopes, two elks and the Indian dogs.

The difficulties of bringing this collection through the wilderness to the coast are vividly described. Adams was a professional hunter, for sustenance and profit, not for sport, though the tone of his narrative sufficiently indicates that he enjoyed that part of the life, too. He and his companions shot game for the Indians in exchange for necessary services. The dangers he ran, his perfect recklessness, are astounding. He would attack wounded grizzlies with his knife, crawl into caves after their young, take all kinds of risks, and, on the whole, escape, though he ultimately died in his New England home from an old wound in the skull, inflicted upon him by a grizzly in the Sierra Nevada. His last years he spent with his collection under contract to P. T. Barnum.

Adams lived before the days of the faunal naturalist and his animal psychology. He studied the denizens of the wild closely, none the less, especially their behavior in battle. To the prowess of the grizzly he pays glowing tribute, venturing upon a disparaging comparison with the lion and the tiger, which, however, he never hunted:

In the face of the world the lion stands noble, magnificent, magnanimous; but in private life he is rapacious, cruel, ever watchful for advantages and frequently a feeder on carrion. The grizzly bear of California in the consciousness of strength and the magnanimity of courage, alone of all animals, stands unappalled in the face of any enemy, and turns not from the sight of man. He may not seek the conflict, but he never flies from it. The lion and the tiger are like the deserts with their fiery simooms and tornadoes; the grizzly bear of California, like the mountains with their frosts and avalanches.

In a quiet way Adams had an eye for the beauties of nature, the majesty of the towering peaks among which he dwelt. He gives simple expression to it here and there in these pages. The Indians he liked, insisting that their behavior toward the whites was always conditioned by the treatment received at their hands. His hunting took him all the way from the Sierras to the Rockies and among the Mormons, whose industry he praises. He describes his adventures and misadventures with bears, wolves, pumas and jaguars, with buffalo, elk, deer and wild cattle, frequently returning to the praise of his beloved companion, Lady Washington, whom he taught to carry a pack on the trail, and even the carcasses of fresh killed game. His book is an entertaining page added to the history of the vanished West.

He lived before the days of the camera hunter and of the use of photogravure and halftone process in book illustration. The engravings that accompany the text, spirited delineations of its action and dangers, are an added delight savoring of the period.

A BRILLIANT NOVEL

Mr. H. G. Wells on the Way to His Magnum Opus.

THE NEW MACHIAVELLI. By H. G. Wells. 12mo, pp. 490. Duffield & Co.

Some years ago an English writer, impatient at what he considered the episodical and even invertebrate character of most of the fiction in vogue at the moment, rose up to plead for the type of novel tracing a man's development from the cradle to the grave. The composition of such a novel, he maintained, would make for a wholesome discipline, and might give us something better than the sketchy stuff so constantly offered in current fiction as a substitute for character. We have forgotten whether it was Mr. Wells or Mr. Arnold Bennett who advocated this exhaustive analysis, but we are quite certain it was one or the other of these novelists, and we think it was Mr. Wells. They have both shown a tendency to follow the principle suggested. The present volume, though it leaves its hero alive at the end and still in his prime, is really a full length portrait and a life history. Its interest lies largely in the fulness with which it traverses a career from its very earliest origins. If we do not call it the author's best book it is partly because, with his amazing versatility, he has written other things just as good, in their totally different ways, and partly because "The New Machiavelli" is not quite a perfect work of art. But it discloses the ability of a man who ought some day to write a great book. This has the qualities of a study for a masterpiece; it is so good that you are inclined to minimize its defects and whole-heartedly enjoy the particular powers that Mr. Wells brings to his task.

They are first and last the powers of a thinking man, and when you recall the prodigious quantities of mental *frou-frou* published in the name of fiction your gratitude for "The New Machiavelli" is doubled. The suppositious narrator is a middle class Englishman, born and bred in a suburb, but vouchsafed the enlarging experience to be had at the university—a true type of our modern democracy. Young Remington is clever and ambitious, and fermenting in his intensely egoistical nature is a passion for public affairs. This is not ungenerous, precisely, in its essence, yet he is hardly to be taken as a creature of nobly philanthropic impulses. The instinct that at bottom moves him is in a measure emotional, but even more is it intellectual, the instinct which drives impersonally at orderliness. Remington would set straight the troubles of mankind, not out of a disinterested love for his fellows, but out of a disinterested appreciation of things sane and shipshape. There is profound selfishness in him, and he has, too—though we are not sure that Mr. Wells is aware of it—what in our latter day jargon we call "a yellow streak." Obviously, he is not by the same token an altogether likable man, but that, of course, is beside the point. What is important is that Remington is true to type, a thoroughly human figure. That very fact induces some regret that Mr. Wells should have called this book "The New Machiavelli." The title sharply enforces the fact, to which we have not infrequently had occasion to refer, that while he has the virtue of always thinking he does not always think clearly. The truth is that he forces us to ask why in the world he should have dragged in Machiavelli.

The parallel which he would set up is specious in the extreme. "Niccolo Machiavelli," says Remington, "chanced to fall out of politics at very much the age I have reached, and wrote a book to engage the restlessness of his mind, very much as I have wanted to do. He wrote about the relation of the great constructive spirit in politics to individual character and weaknesses, and so far his achievement lies like a deep rut in the road of my intention." But the parallel is more apparent than real and tends, indeed, to breed confusion of thought. We expect a new Machiavelli to have his prototype's faculty for the pursuit of his subject in a dry light, and merely to claim for Remington a personal experience similar at certain points to that of the old Italian is to gain a piquant effect without carrying the essential argument much further. Perhaps we have a weakness for the sheer genius of the Florentine secretary, sinister in his moral fibre, but achieving a kind of grandeur in his political conceptions. Remembering the bleak cogency of "The Prince," its ruthless logic, as of something so dispassionately forceful as to be almost majestic, we involuntarily resent Mr. Wells's implication that his hero's reflections on government are forged of the same metal. Is it that Machiavelli, after all, belongs to the aristocracy of intellect and that Remington is an incurably "common" individual? To some extent that accounts for our feeling that the introduction of the Machiavellian idea into this book is presumptuous, and an artistic blemish into the bargain. But we are moved also by the fact that these pages are full of Mr. Wells, and he is not a Machiavelli, not by any means.

He has just fallen short of the creative affirmation which would have turned Remington into a type solely responsible for his own outpourings. Lifelike as is this politician, he is also unmistakably a stalking horse for Mr. Wells, and we are always conscious of the latter behind him. And if Mr. Wells has his constructive ideas he has also his mere discontent, which not infrequently causes him to lapse into something like peevishness. The general view of present political conditions embodied in this book has a certain largeness, but there are details which point rather to a small and fretful mind. These appear especially in those considerable parts of the book which describe the hero's boyhood and school days, his stay at Cambridge, and even his later period as a publicist and member of Parliament, working among men for the realization of a man's deeply pondered beliefs. There is too much easy scorn of things as they are, as there is too much patronage of those who keep them so. Though the author's satire is often undeniably as just as it is amusing, one cannot help feeling that it is a little out of harmony with the grave purpose of his book. Mr. Wells's inquest on British politics is an inquest on eternal human nature, and while we can watch with sympathy the use of the scalpel we find the pin prick not only trivial but irrelevant. And yet, for all its faults, this is a brilliant book.

It is brilliant in its minute and often extraordinarily vivid reproduction of the traits and emotions characteristic of Remington at the different stages of his development. It is brilliant in its working out of his political evolution, which, if sometimes rendered a little tedious by the hard glibness of Mr. Wells's preachments, is mostly well energized by the latter's sincerity, and ends by interesting us, even against our will. And the book is brilliant, too, in its analysis of passion. Remington's wife is wonderfully portrayed, and though the charms of his mistress are not made sufficiently manifest to provide a clear justification for his elopement with her, and the consequent abandonment of his career, we are not sure but that this constitutes the author's most telling stroke. Man is, to be sure, an incalculable creature, and it is not, perhaps, necessary that the reader should believe in Isabel in order to believe in the absolute naturalness of the sacrifice which Remington lays at her feet. Men, no doubt, are like that, and when they fall in love with loving are sometimes *capable de tout*. Mr. Wells might safely have made Isabel a pretty doll. She would still have served his purpose. At all events the numerous passages on the intellectual sympathy binding the lovers together seem, though terribly plausible, not at all conclusive. It is love, unquestioning love, that turns Remington from his path.

There we come back to the curious ambiguity of "The New Machiavelli" as a work of art. Mr. Wells has not fallen between two stools; he has got into difficulties with three. Starting to write the story of his hero's life, his narrative develops into a political tract, and it closes on a note of pure romance. Hence our remark that his masterpiece remains to be written, the homogeneous novel in which his ideas, his energies, his remarkable technical powers, will march evenly toward an appointed end. We can imagine this book itself rewritten and thus unified. But it does not need to be rewritten in order to be read. No book so full of thought, yeasty but eager, could fail to give pleasure to those who like to be entertained by their fiction and like also to take it seriously.

LOVE IN NAPLES

The Romance of a Lacemaker and an Antiquarian.

Paris, February 15.

"La Petite Papacoda," a novel by M. Paul Reboux, just published by Fasquelle, is the most striking portrayal of Neapolitan life and customs produced by any modern French writer. M. Reboux is the Gavarni of contemporary literature. In the "Maison de Danses" he sketched an admirable series of pictures of Spanish character—not as seen by superficial tourists—but the real, genuine sons and daughters of Andalusia and Castile. He now in his latest novel presents with marvellous truth and exactitude the life and being of the wild, impulsive people of Naples, imbued with volcanic fires of Vesuvius and utterly devoid of moral scruples, if judged from the standpoints of colder climates. We have here an intensely impressive and pathetic love story.

Luisella Papacoda, the fascinating, capricious girl who works at lacemaking is a type fully as characteristic of Neapolitan life as is Carmen of the Sevillian cigarette factories. Gennaro Visotti, the elderly sentimental artist and antiquity dealer of Naples, during the Indian summer stage of his temperament falls desperately in love with the capricious Luisella, who returns his twilight passion with feelings akin to paternal sympathy and platonic affection rather than love. The superb, radiant Lorenzo, in the prime of youth, vibrating with Vesuvian fire, vulgarity and ferocity, bursts into the scene like a thunderbolt, and the brokenhearted old antiquarian is left out in the cold. There are exquisite touches of sentiment in this little novel. The sidelights on Neapolitan customs are remarkable. For instance, Gennaro, with the enthusiastic complicity of the little lace girl, fabricates with astounding cleverness a false painting of an old master, whose forged signature is deftly covered with dark sepia, so as to enable the amateur purchaser to realize the joy of the discovery of his treasure, being thus deluded into the conviction that it is a genuine Titian.

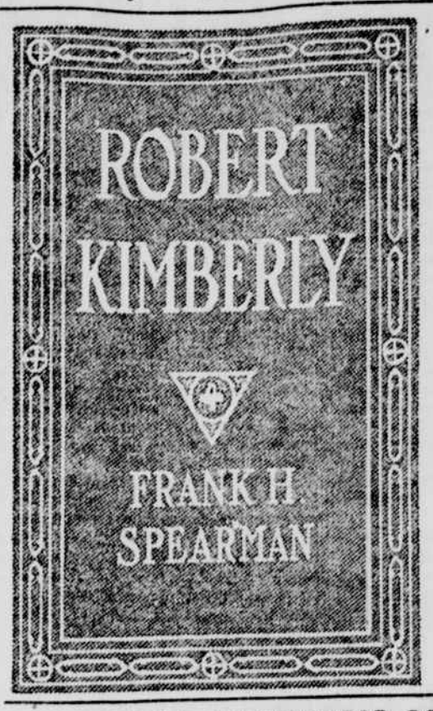
Then, note the little group of Luisella's family—her father is a pedler of fried fish, the mother repairs cane chairs, the brother is a cab driver, the elder sister, Teressella, is a flower girl and companion of the precocious Rafaelito, smuggler and brigand. The exploits of this patriarchal family—all for the time being supported by the love-stricken antiquarian—are described with delightful skill and exquisite fancy. The tale ends with the old man's philosophical forgiveness, a sentiment which is very much in the Parisian air just now, as witness, for example, the play of "The Night Watchman," which sets forth much the same theme.

C. I. B.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS. BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS. BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.

Published To-day

A NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF WHISPERING SMITH The Great Success of 1906



Robert Kimberly, head of a powerful corporation, multi-millionaire, central figure in a small clique of fashionable society, is a man of immense power and immense magnetism—this the reader feels as keenly as the people of the book are represented as feeling it. He is a character to be described accurately as a "Napoleon of business."

Against a background of wealth and extravagance, the writer shows Kimberly—once skeptical of love and religion—now deep in love with a religious woman whose husband's career he controls. Kimberly's course in this situation—the woman's struggle between her love for him and her religion—lead from one striking scene to another; from dramatic event to dramatic event, and culminate in an extraordinary climax.

Illustrations in full color by James Montgomery Flagg. $1.30 net; postage extra.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Fifth Avenue, New York

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Current Talk of Things Present and to Come.

Two works on Napoleon are to be added to the long list of the avid collector. One is a translation into English, by A. E. Adams, of M. August Fournier's notable biography of the great Emperor, the translation being made from the revised and enlarged edition of the work. This edition contains a series of hitherto unpublished letters of Napoleon found in the Vienna archives. The other new work is Captain Henry Meynell's "Conversations with Napoleon." Captain Meynell was an officer on Admiral Malcolm's flagship, stationed at St. Helena, and his diary contains many recollections of the captive Emperor. Here is the portrait of Napoleon as painted by the young Englishman:

In his appearance he struck me as resembling a picture painted by Robert Lefebvre, only considerably stouter. His face remarkably pale, a very thick neck and broad shoulders, a well made leg and foot, in height about 5 feet 5 inches (it was remarked by Lady R. a few days afterward that he had also a very handsome hand). He kept his cocked hat under his left arm, with that hand generally in his pocket; the other was occupied with a snuffbox, out of which he took a great deal of snuff. His figure, though fine, is certainly not graceful. He spoke quick, and I thought his French difficult to understand. His countenance was pleasant, and he seemed in good humor. He is irregular in his meals, but generally breakfasts at 11 and dines at 8. He remains in his apartments until 4 in the afternoon, when he walks or drives out until sunset. Bertrand has since informed me that he often gets up in the middle of the night and writes or reads for an hour or two, having contracted that habit at an early period when commanding his armies.

Another "Q" Story.

"Brother Copas" is the title of a new book by the ever delightful "Q" which the Scribners have in preparation. It tells, it is said, the amusing and whimsical adventures of some "old brothers" and a little girl.

The Macmillan Spring Novels.

A novel by the young author of "Other People's Houses" is coming this spring from the press of the Macmillans. It bears an odd title, "A Big Horse to Ride." The heroine, Rose Carson Featherly, is the greatest dancer of her time and is, we are told, a philosopher as well. What she does with her life, her beauty, and her art Miss Dewing has set forth. Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, whose reminiscences of actual life in the South before and during the Civil War are as interesting as they are historically valuable, has written a novel of life in Virginia. She calls it "The Colonel's Story," the colonel being one of the old-fashioned, ever delightful Virginian type. A new novel by Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright has the effective title of "The Love That Lasts." Its promise is one of a cheery, wholesome and optimistic story. Mrs. Mary Watts, the author of "Nathan Burke," has produced a new book entitled "The Legacy." Mr. Mark L. Luther in "The Sovereign Power" tells the story of a European prince who seeks to regain his heritage with the help of an American girl and an aeroplane. Stirring suspense is the inevitable result. In the story simply entitled "Adventure" Mr. Jack London has disported himself in his characteristic vein. Mrs. Hubert Barclay's "Trevor Lordship" is a problem story of married life. A "brave, romantic youth of twenty-four" is the hero of Mr. Hamilton Drummond's romance of the period of Louis XI. A translation of Gustave Frenssen's "Klaus Hinrich Baas," the story of a self-made man, is to be one of the earliest publications on this list.

A Professor's Travels.

Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, of Harvard, travelled around the world not long ago, and made a specially close study of men and affairs in Japan, China and the Philippines. The results of his observations he has embodied in a volume entitled "The Obvious Orient." The Appletons will publish it.

Rural Problems.

The report of the Commission on Country Life is coming from the press of the Sturgis & Walton Company. The investigations of the commission had results which ought keenly to interest fellow Americans.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

ART.

ART IN NORTHERN ITALY. By Corrado Ricci, Director General of Fine Arts and Antiquities of Italy. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. xii, 372. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

A history of North Italian art from earliest times to the present day. Published in the "Ars Una" series.

BIOGRAPHY.

INCIDENTS OF MY LIFE. Professional—Literary—Social. With Services in the Cause of Ireland. By Thomas Addis Emmet, M. D., LL. D. With twenty-seven illustrations. Crown 8vo, pp. xxx, 480. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Recollections of life before and after the war in the North and South, with many references to historical matters in connection with this country and Ireland.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD. By Edward Everett Hale, jr. Frontispiece. 12mo, pp. 288. (Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.)

A political biography, giving an account of Seward's part in the transactions and events of his time.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS. By Henry Parker Willis, Ph. D. Frontispiece. 12mo, pp. 371. (Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.)

A study of Douglas primarily as a figure in national politics rather than as one of the chief actors in the slavery struggle. This and the foregoing volume are issued in the series of "American Crisis Biographies."

DRAMA.

THE IMMORTAL LURE. By Cale Young Rice. 12mo, pp. 92. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Four one-act plays, entitled, respectively, "Giorgione," "Ardula," "O-ume's Gods" and "The Immortal Lure."

FICTION.

MOTHER. By Jules Eckert Goodman. With illustrations by John Rae. 12mo, pp. 322. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Based on the play of the same name.

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