

Literary News and Criticism

Stories of Famous Folk in England and America.

SOME PAGES OF MY LIFE. By the Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, D. D. C. L. D. Litt. (London, W. & A. K. Paul, Strand, 12mo., pp. 322. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Dr. Carpenter some time ago reformed his bishopric, and, sitting comfortably under his quiet vine and fig tree, he has since occupied himself in taking these backward glimpses of his long, busy and useful life.

AMERICAN HUMOR

What It Is in the Colonial Days.

THE WIT AND HUMOR OF COLONIAL DAYS (1607-1800). By Carl Houlday, acting professor of English, Vanderbilt University, 12mo., pp. 220. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company.

The author of this volume has labored energetically to show that the seventeenth century colonists of these regions had the precious gift of humor and produced specimens worthy of discussion.

Often, as we drowsed over our books we would leap from his desk and with some wittily cheerful chat bid us put away our books and cease to be "muzzled."

He gave his pupils a genuine joy in work and a perfect use of their tools. When young Carpenter went up to Cambridge for his entrance examinations he found that Mr. Glynn's method had given him a thorough mastery of his subject.

The English churchman has visited America, and one of his many stories concerns Mr. La Farge, whom he met here. He was struck by something La Farge said to him—"that when he dreamed his mind discharged itself of color."

He said: "I dreamed that I was in Heaven, and I found myself walking upon a great building. The facade of the building was filled with niches, like the facade of a cathedral and it rose far above me, reaching into the vast heavens. People were flocking into the niches, but I felt as if I had often seen them before, though there was plenty of time and I should be in the sermons."

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.

MONA

A Drama By BRIAN HOOKER

This beautiful and dignified poem forms the libretto of the American Opera, already famous, which is to be produced for the second time today by the Metropolitan Opera Company.

"It is one of the things which intelligent people will feel bound to know something about."—Brooklyn Eagle.

12mo., \$1.25 net; postpaid, \$1.36

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY Publishers New York

THE PATRICIAN

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY \$1.35 Net Postage extra

In the Presidential Campaign a chief issue is "socialized democracy." THE NEW DEMOCRACY gives a clear summary of its causes and aims. Read Mr. W. E. Weyl's new work.

"THE BOOK OF THE DAY." I AM READY to buy autograph letters or documents of celebrities of any time or any kind in large or small quantities. Write me what you have. WALTER R. BENJAMIN, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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"Look! Up there!" I looked up as he pointed out a niche a long way up on the facade. "It's there, right up there, and my head won't stand a height!" There is a touch of poetic justice about this dream.

There is much that is interesting in the author's recollections of Tennyson. He does not forget to quote the poet's doubt, expressed in his last days, whether the English people had much genuine love of poetry or art. Much grave discourse churchman and poet held, and it should be noted that the religious faith apparent in the latter was as simple as it was strong.

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In the wake of the thought of the hour and not in advance of it or with a trace of originality, unless, of course, one takes once more into consideration her royal quality. Her logic is sometimes startling and occasionally amusing, and when looking out upon the lives of the masses of the lady never can lay aside the viewpoint of the palace window.

The untutored, and all people whose brains are not nourished with knowledge, need some ideal guidance and restraint. And what a powerful restraint it is, the fear of eternal punishment, what an incentive the hope of an everlasting reward!

DISTINGUISHED JAPANESE

WHO'S WHO IN JAPAN: 1912. By Shunzo Kurita. First Annual Edition. 12mo., pp. 120. Tokyo: The Who's Who in Japan Office, New York: France & Co.

Well provided with a list of abbreviations and of the meanings of Japanese words and titles, this reference book will undoubtedly be found of increasing helpfulness wherever a knowledge of "who's who" is a matter of immediate necessity.

The book is patterned on its English and American namesakes, and, like them, contains some names the reason for whose inclusion is not altogether apparent. The Japanese imperial family, with its fourteen branches, opens its pages with befitting dignity, and as for the five thousand names or so that follow, they include scientists, educators, professional men, artists, litterateurs, editors, merchants, financiers, manufacturers, statesmen, the Japanese diplomatic service abroad, and which is but not the least, is that of the daughter of the house, first to the ways of English society, and then to those of life. It is, indeed, a strange tangle that fate has woven for her almost from her birth, and she adds to it a new snarl by her marriage to the very man who has least cause to like her father. Yet the adjustment is reached in the end. The girl herself, with her simple upbringing, so at variance with the circle into which her mother's wealth must inevitably take her, is a consistent study of character.

Her point of view, her convictions, her acts are never arbitrary, never out of keeping with the traditions of her childhood; they are never forced upon her by the author, but are always her own. This makes her setting apart in the social environment of her young womanhood convincing as well as interesting, the contrasts on the side of the world being no less naturally handled. And yet, and notwithstanding the twists in a good plot, the story appears at times overlong, perhaps because the author has a marked preference for dialogue over straight narrative in the handling of her material. As always, she strikes an individual note, however, and that is a welcome achievement and a rare gift in these days.

POOR WHITES.

THE MOUNTAIN GIRL. By Payne Erskine. Pictures by J. Duncan Gleason. 12mo., pp. 312. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

This story has unexpectedly received a note of timeliness. To be sure, there is in its pages no wholesale recall, with rifles, of officers of the law, but the rifle of one white of the Blue Ridge region of North Carolina plays a decisive part in its plot. The heroine is a daughter of Nature, of simple virtues and high character, whom one expects to find in books of this kind. She is attractively drawn once more, with a certain simple strength. The hero is an Englishman, sent to the mountains for his health. This man, from being regarded with suspicion as a stranger, becomes a benefactor of the sparsely settled countryside, whose benefits are well described. Notwithstanding differences of tradition and education, the man and the woman find each other, but across their path lie the shadows—and the rifle—of primitive jealousy. There is more to the plot, however. Whatever the rights and wrongs of the Boer War, whatever its loss or gain to England, its fictional usefulness, like that of all wars, was demonstrated long ago. So there is an English episode in these pages, with a more delicate problem to be solved than that of the violent mountain wooer. Solved it is, in the name of romance, for a simple romance this story is from first to last.

OLD MONTMARTRE

Its Vapishing Charms Portrayed by a Dweller on the Butte.

"Le Vieux Montmartre," just published by Figuière, is a delightful little book about the Montmartre of yesterday and to-day, written by M. André Warnod, an artist, who lives and works there. M. Warnod has illustrated his text with upward of thirty black-and-white sketches, and has succeeded in conveying the true spirit and atmosphere of the famous Butte. For the average tourist Montmartre means a collection of bohemian cafes and cabarets, filled with hunky and thirsty impressionist painters and sculptors, with ample volutee trousers, huge black neckties, long hair and slouched felt hats. For the humdrum, commonplace bourgeois Montmartre is a terrific den of immorality and Bacchanalian orgies. But when this quaint little rustic village, perched on the northern heights of Paris, is investigated closely and impartially it appears that the noise and dissipation are almost exclusively attributable to the tourists and the "bourgeois." In fact, the little colony of Montmartre artists leads a quiet life, and the numerous employes attached to the enormous Cathedral of the Sacre-Coeur cultivate their gardens except when they don their sacerdotal vestments for church functions.

New streets are now being made at Montmartre, lined with houses containing sumptuous flats and the "latest modern improvements"; they cut the old village in two. Dozens of picturesque nooks and corners, dating from the sixteenth century, have vanished to make room for this unsentimental march of civilization. Nevertheless, "old Montmartre," as M. Warnod points out, is not dead yet. For instance, there still exists a modest studio where in cold weather one finds a blazing wood fire and gas brightly burning, and which costs the owner nothing, because the wood has been stealthily taken from the houses that are being torn down, and

the gas comes from the municipal pipes in the Rue des Saules, which have been clandestinely "tapped" so as to provide light for the "Independent" painter! M. Warnod has woven into his book a number of character studies, such as "Raymond, the rapin"; "Gilda, the professional beauty"; "Henri, the poet," and "Frédère, the patron of the cabaret of the Lapin & Gille, transformed into Lepin Agille." These personages figure in brief stories that give true notions of real Montmartre existence. It is an amusing and instructive little handbook that American tourists who care to explore the mysteries of the Butte will find useful. C. I. B.

SPRING NOVELS

Historical Romance and Tales of Modern Life.

THE TOUCHSTONE OF FORTUNE. Being the Memoir of Baron Clyde, who Lived, Thrived and Fell in the Doleful Reign of the so-called Merry Monarch, Charles II. By Charles Major. 12mo., pp. 250. The Macmillan Company.

A romance of the Merry Monarch's court should be debarred above all else, and this note Mr. Major has struck well. What is more, he has used throughout admirable judgment and good taste. His heroine is Frances Jennings, the elder sister of the more famous Sarah, first Duchess of Marlborough, whom she preceded to the court at Whitehall as maid of honor to the Duchess of York. The hero is Frances's first husband, George Hamilton; the plot is concerned with the intrigue by which Charles was induced to sell Dunkirk to Louis XIV. The stage is well set, historic personages flit across it prominently among them, of course, Nell Gwynn and Lady Castlemain, the Duke of Monmouth, Lord Berkeley and others of the King's entourage. In how far the author has used the novelist's license in assigning to Frances and her future husbands the parts they play in these pages in a historic episode need not be inquired into. Suffice it to say that the lady receives justice at his hands, that the picture he draws of her does her justice—and certainly no injustice—and that, as a story, the book is good entertainment from first to last. It has plenty of color and movement and incident.

FAMILY COMPLICATIONS.

THE ADJUSTMENT. By Marguerite Bryant. 12mo., pp. 206. Duffield & Co.

There are many complications in the relations of the Massendon family, and the first, but not the last, or the most important, is that of the daughter of the house, first to the ways of English society, and then to those of life. It is, indeed, a strange tangle that fate has woven for her almost from her birth, and she adds to it a new snarl by her marriage to the very man who has least cause to like her father. Yet the adjustment is reached in the end. The girl herself, with her simple upbringing, so at variance with the circle into which her mother's wealth must inevitably take her, is a consistent study of character.

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the man is relegated to an entirely secondary place.

PERFUME AND POISON.

THE MYSTERY QUEEN. By Fergus Hume. 12mo., pp. 311. The G. W. Dillingham Company.

How many tales of crime Mr. Hume has written since the success of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" it would be hard to say, but certain it is that he keeps on writing them with undiminished industry. Not the balance of power in Europe, or the theft of military or diplomatic secrets, but dead people's fortunes are the object of the crimes committed by the organized band whose head the "Mystery Queen" is. The clues they leave behind them may, on sober consideration, seem to be entirely unnecessary ones, but one does not stop to take this into consideration while reading the story. There is, first of all and always, a certain scent left on the body of the victim, and, in the second place, but less insistently, a fly glued to his head. Trace the scent and you will find the murderer. But how does the amateur detective trace the band to its lair from a single one of its agents? It is done, however, in a sensational manner as the murders multiply, and the threatened consequences of the discovery are more sensational still. Mr. Hume plays the game of mystery and solution according to the rules, which are the rules of puzzles rather than of literature. He entertains us to the end, which—another rule—brings about a happy marriage. We almost forgot to add that the aeroplane is made to play a part in this story. In fact, there are two, for there is no device of the detective which the criminal cannot turn to his own purpose.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Current Talk of Things Present and to Come.

In an interesting paper in "Lippincott's Magazine" there is a characteristic glimpse of the late Joel Chandler Harris. He is shown therein as closing "up like a clam" and vanishing to the seclusion of an upper room at the least mention of his "Uncle Remus." He constantly disclaimed any approach to literature and persistently declined to take himself seriously—wherein he was refreshingly remarkable.

SHAKESPEARE NOT BACON.

Mr. H. B. Irving is publishing in pamphlet form his lecture on "Hamlet." It argues against the reality of the Prince's madness, and it does much to prove—that the judicious already believe—that Bacon did not write the plays.

More Reminiscences.

Reminiscences of some of the most distinguished personages of the last century will be found in the volume which Mrs. Janet Ross is about to bring out. Mrs. Ross is already known as an author of distinction.

Starting Jungle Episodes.

The Putnams are about to issue a volume, "In the Amazon Jungle," by a Danish traveller, Mr. Algot Lange. It tells the story of many difficult and dangerous adventures in the South American wilds. Snakes, ber-ber and cannibals were at the bottom of some of these dangers.

The Montessori Book.

Signora Montessori's book on her much talked of system of primary education will be published by Stokes in April. Its appearance has been delayed for the incorporation of new material dealing with experiments made during the present school year.

Story of Two Statesmen.

A comic story of two eminent statesmen is told in the just published biography of Frank Holt, the English artist. His daughter writes:

"When my father was engaged on the portrait of Bright he incidentally mentioned that he had once met one of our countrymen in Florida in the year 1853. By Charles E. Gladstone. 'It must be a very painful thing for you, Mr. Bright,' he hazarded, 'that after all these years you should have found a cause to sever your connection.' 'Indeed it is,' replied Bright, with a sigh, 'to think that after we have trodden the same path together, shoulder to shoulder and hand in hand, we should be parted apart in the evening of our lives. And by the way, Mr. Holt, I seriously feel that my dear old friend's mind has become radically undermined.' 'When he said to me that my father's portrait of Bright was up, and that he had trodden the same path together, shoulder to shoulder and hand in hand, we should be parted apart in the evening of our lives. And by the way, Mr. Holt, I seriously feel that my dear old friend's mind has become radically undermined.' 'Indeed it is,' replied the latter, sorrowfully, 'to think that after we have trodden the same path together, shoulder to shoulder and hand in hand, we should be parted apart in the evening of our lives. And by the way, Mr. Holt, I seriously feel that my dear old friend's mind has become radically undermined.' 'Indeed it is,' replied the latter, sorrowfully, 'to think that after we have trodden the same path together, shoulder to shoulder and hand in hand, we should be parted apart in the evening of our lives. And by the way, Mr. Holt, I seriously feel that my dear old friend's mind has become radically undermined.' 'Indeed it is,' replied the latter, sorrowfully, 'to think that after we have trodden the same path together, shoulder to shoulder and hand in hand, we should be parted apart in the evening of our lives. And by the way, Mr. Holt, I seriously feel that my dear old friend's mind has become radically undermined.' 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