BOOKS AND AUTHORS—REVIEWS AND COMMENT

LITERARY CRITICISM AND BOOK NEWS

Dr. Trudeau's Autobiography—And a Tribute to His Memory—Rupert Brooke's Book of Travel—Preparedness.

THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN

The Man and the Scientist, His Work and His Friends.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Edward Livingston Trudeau, M. D. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 322. Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN: EDWARD LIVINGSTON TRUDEAU. By Stephen Chalmers. With illustrations. Houghton Mifflin Company.

"The physician," wrote Robert Louis Stevenson, "is the flower (such as it is) of our civilization; and when that stage of man is done with, and only remembered to be marvelled at in history, he will be thought to have shared as little as any in the defects of the period, and most notably exhibited the virtues of the race."

No two men ever differed more radically in temperament than Edward Livingston Trudeau and his illustrious patient Stevenson's optimism, his unconquerable cheerfulness and courage through lingering illness and suffering, has been sufficiently celebrated by many of his friends and admirers, but in quality it was distinct from Trudeau's. The distinction is worth dwelling upon, for optimism was unquestionably the most powerful motive force in Trudeau's useful, almost unexampled, career. In his last public address, quoted in part by way of preface to Mr. Stephen Chalmers's admirable little memoir, he said: "As I look back on my medical life the one thing that stands out as having been most helpful to me and which has enabled me more than anything else to accomplish whatever I have been able to do seems to me to have been that I was ever possessed of a fund of optimism; indeed, at times optimism was about the only resource I had left with which to face most unfavorable conditions and overcome serious obstacles."

It would not be just to say that Stevenson evaded the obstacles, but he would fain have shut his eyes to them. It was by a kind of denial of difficulties that he surmounted them; he shrank instinctively from what was repellent or uncomfortable in life, whereas Trudeau faced it steadfastly, learned to accept it and with unfailing perseverance achieved a mastery over it. There is no more illuminating passage in Trudeau's fascinating autobiography than that in which he describes Stevenson's visit to Saranac Lake in 1887-'88. "It is hardly to be wondered at," he writes, "that we did not agree on many topics, for our interests and our points of view on many subjects were utterly at variance. My life interests were bound up in the study of facts, and in the Laboratory I bowed daily to the majesty of fact, wherever it might lead. Mr. Stevenson's view was to ignore or avoid as much as possible unpleasant facts and live in a beautiful, strenuous and ideal world of fancy. He didn't care to go to the Sanitarium with me or see the Laboratory, because to him these were unpleasant things." When at last he was persuaded his uneasiness was apparent, and as he left hastily he said: "Trudeau, your light may be very bright to you, but to me it smells of oil like the Devil!"

There is no smell of oil in the history of Dr. Trudeau's life as he tells it. His outlook on the world was too steady, too comprehensive to be disconcerted by unpleasant circumstances, even by his own sufferings. For more than twoscore years he struggled against the foe he had devoted his life to conquer; living constantly among the sick, himself disabled frequently for long periods, he never lost courage, never for a moment failed to follow the light. A quality of idealism denied to Stevenson carried him through all difficulties and taught him to forget his own troubles. "I have been in the grip of the tiger and in bed now for five weeks," he wrote to Sir William Osler on one occasion, "but if my body is harassed and shrivelled by disease my soul is full of hope."

That was characteristic of the man. His faith never failed him. "I know you hate sentiment," he wrote again in his last letter to the same correspondent, "but with some of us sentiment stands for a good deal, and is a real factor in the problems of life; it is often the very spirit of that mysterious ego which governs our actions and shapes our lives after certain ideals; and to my mind no field offers such possibilities for the development of high ideals as does the medical profession." If ever there was a physician who lived up to the highest ideals of his profession it was Trudeau. In his own story we find nothing but gratitude and recognition of those who helped him in his great work. There is no conscious repression, but a complete absence of vanity. A genuine indifference to fame and popular applause tends to obscure the genius and originality of the man himself.

For Trudeau was a pioneer. The story of his life is essentially the story of what has been done in this country to fight the most destructive of infectious diseases. It is difficult for a younger generation to realize that the commonplaces of to-day were heresies in Trudeau's youth. When Trudeau as a boy was nursing his tuberculous brother in his last illness he was warned especially "never to open the windows, as it would aggravate the cough." When, years after, he first ventured to speak to one of his elder colleagues of Koch's great discovery, it was only to learn that he "didn't believe much in germs." Through all the changes and revolutions that have been witnessed in the last thirty years Trudeau's conception of the problem has still held good. It is difficult to estimate the good that has come of the trip he made to the Adirondacks in 1872 after what was at that time regarded as little better than a sentence of death. But, "it was not many years before a new hope, a hope which it was part of my life's work to help develop and demonstrate, could honestly be held out to patients; for the diagnosis of tuberculosis does not now carry the sinister meaning that attached to it in the early seventies."

The autobiography is much more than a narrative of Dr. Trudeau's great work. It is an absorbingly interesting revelation of a remarkable personality with an extraordinary capacity for securing the friendship and confidence of his colleagues, his patients and all he encountered in his career. He touches in his prefatory remarks on the danger of approaching "the fatal precipice of egoism" but never does he come near the edge. Indeed, we want something like his letters to Osler and other intimates or Mr. Chalmers's little estimate of "the beloved physician" to amplify and fill it out. Trudeau was singularly fortunate in his friendships and dwells repeatedly on the contributions of others toward the great work he did so well. But while he speaks at all times with wonder and gratitude of the help given him by his friends, it was no lucky accident that secured their support. It was the power and the sincerity and the faith of the man himself, whose rare qualities are so wonderfully if unconsciously revealed in his delightful and instructive account of his own life.

A POET'S TRAVELS

Rupert Brooke's Impressions of Us and Others.

LETTERS FROM AMERICA. By Rupert Brooke. With a preface by Henry James. Portrait. 12mo, pp. xliii, 168. Charles Scribner's Sons.

It is only natural that the romance of Rupert Brooke's brief life, linking him on the one hand to Shelley and Keats and Chatterton, and on the other to Byron, should have led to the erection to his memory of a pedestal somewhat out of proportion to the slender, though beautiful, figure of his achievement. Time will allot him his more modest place on the scroll of English poetry, but for the moment, and not by mere contrast with prevalent mediocrity alone, he was England's one true poet of the war.

No wonder that we are to have all his literary output in book form. It is not, it could not have been, large. There are his two volumes of verse; a study of John Webster and a one-act play are still to come; this volume of newspaper correspondence completes the tale.

Brooke started on his visit to this country, Canada and Samoa in 1913, a very young man—a very young Englishman fresh from Cambridge, solemn rather than bumptious, convinced that the only possible standard of comparison was that of his own country and people, and ingenuously ready to render snapshot judgments accordingly. It does not matter. All he saw of us was New York and Boston and Cambridge. New York bewildered him, Boston made him feel at home—it looked English and had a Tory atmosphere—and Harvard, while new when compared with Cambridge and Oxford, appeared to him to have already assumed in this crude, new country an analogous position of age, tradition and authority. A Boston lady told him that "what is wrong with America is this *democracy*," and he thought so, too. What is more, when he reached Canada he perceived the same blight doing its fell work. Only Ontario won his approbation because it is so stanchly English. Toronto calls itself T'ranto; and Sault Ste. Marie is almost impertinent, going the land of Cholmondeley-Chumley one better in calling itself "'Soo,' abruptly." The further West one travels in Canada the more pronounced becomes the evidence of American influences, the looser the bond that binds the Commonwealth to the Mother Country. It was well for English literature that Brooke did not linger long in Samoa. The island cast its spell over his poet's soul. He might easily have become one of its lotos eaters.

But though the civilization of the northen half of our continent failed to win Brooke's immature approval, he had a sensitively receptive eye for the beauties among which that civilization lives and the beauties it has already created. If the phantasmagoria of Broadway's electric advertising appalled him, he saw the grandeur of the American architect's solution of the skyscraper problem. He saw those structures in the softening haze of early morning from the Bay; he saw them at twilight and in their dim, towering aloofness at night.

> Their strength, almost severity, of line and the lightness of their color gave a kind of classical feeling, classical, and yet not of Europe. It had the air, this block of masonry, of edifices built to satisfy some faith, for more than immediate ends. Only, the faith was unfamiliar. . . . It came upon me, at that moment, that they could not have been dreamed and made without some nobility. Perhaps the hour lent them sanctity. For I have often noticed since that in the early morning, and again for a little about sunset, the skyscrapers are no longer merely the means and local convenience for men to pursue their purposes, but acquire that characteristic of the great buildings of the world, an existence and meaning of their own.

This is admirable writing, and the book is full of it. There is a memorable picture of a sunset seen through the vista of one of our cross streets. The lithe grace of our college athletes captivated this young, eager searcher after beauty: "Mr. Nijinsky would find them repay study." On his way to the wilderness on Lake Superior he for a moment became one of the democratic crowd. It was on a Sunday excursion steamer. Bathers and picknickers on the shore gayly waved towels, garments, lunch napkins at the passengers, who responded with zest. "A man in a red shirt and a bronzed girl with flowing hair slid past in a canoe. We whistled, sang and cried 'Snooky-ookums!' and other words of occult meaning, which imputed love to them, and foolishness. They replied suitably, grinned and were gone. The human race seemed a jolly bunch, and the world a pleasant, open air affair—'some world,' in fact." On by train, ever further away from civilization. A figure staggering between the rails. "We slowed up, shouted, and finally stopped. He was very drunk. The driver and the doctor helped him into the van. There he stood, and looking around said very distinctly, 'I do not wish to travel on your —— train.' So we put him off again, and proceeded. Such is the West."

The American wilderness revealed itself to this exquisitely sensitive temperament, and conquered him. It gives sensations which tamed, groomed Nature in Europe lost ages ago—the virgin forest where man has never trodden, whose whispering silence has never been broken, a majesty that soothes while it awes.

> It is that feeling of fresh loveliness that impresses itself before any detail of the wild. The soul—or the personality—seems to have indefinite room to expand. There is no one else within reach, there never has been any one; no one else *is thinking* of the lakes and hills you see before you. They have no tradition, no names even; they are only pools of water and lumps of earth, some day, perhaps, to be clothed with loves and memories and the comings and goings of men, but now dumbly awaiting their Wordsworth. In such country as this there is rarified, clean sweetness. The air is unbreathed, and the earth untrodden. All things share this childlike loveliness, the gray whispering reeds, the pure blue of the sky, the birches and thin fir trees that make up these forests. There are the wrinkled, gray-blue lake, sliding ever sideways, and the gray rocks, and the cliffs and hills, covered with birch trees, and the fresh wind among the birches, and quiet, and that unseizable virginity. Dawn is always a pearly glow in the ashen skies, and sunset a multitude of softly tinted mists sliding before a remotely golden West. They follow one another with an infinite loneliness. And there is a far and solitary beach of dark golden sand, where, if you drift quietly round the corner in a canoe, you may see a bear stumbling along, or a great caribou, or a little red deer coming down to the water to drink, treading the wild edge of lake and forest with a light, secret and melancholy grace.

This is literature. This is the book at its best. What matters it that Brooke failed to see below the surface of our civilization, that he despaired of Canada's future as Britain's daughter? The war has answered that doubt, at least. The rapidity, the surety with which these pages progress from the immaturity of their beginning to the superb quality of their end are the measure of the talent which we have lost. This volume was as well worth preserving as is the slender sheaf of Brooke's verse.

On board the steamer out from Liverpool he made the acquaintance of an American youth. "That simplicity that is not far down in any American was very beautifully on the delightful surface of him." Said this ingenuous young countryman of Mark Twain demurely "Would you like to hear me re-cite to you the Declaration of Independence?" He did, leaving his hearer with "a fairly blank mind." It is cause for regret that the guileless one's version of the historic document was not jotted down by his sophisticated English listener.

THE ALCOTTS

Transcendentalism in the Family Circle.

ALCOTT MEMOIRS. Posthumously compiled from Papers, Journals and Memoranda of the late Dr. Frederick L. H. Willis by F. B., W. L. and H. B. 8vo, pp. 195. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

The late Dr. Willis delayed too long his plans to write his autobiography. From the material left by him the two editors of this volume have gathered whatever they judged worthy of preservation of his reminiscences of the Alcott family, with which he was on terms of intimacy from his fourteenth to his twenty-fourth year. There is little here that is new, but occasional striking corroboration of what we already know—that Mrs. Alcott was a heroine and the victim of the most lovable of philosophers. "As much as I reverenced and admired Dr. Alcott," wrote Dr. Willis, "I remember feeling a burning sense of indignation at his seeming indifference to the domestic burden that was resting upon his devoted wife and the actual poverty that enshrouded the little family." Said Mrs. Alcott of her transcendentalist in a moment of exasperation: "I do wish people who carry their heads in the clouds would occasionally take their bodies with them." And again, in her usual even mood: "If I should send him for a quart of milk, I should fully expect him to come back with a cow."

The story of Fruitlands we have in full. Dr. Willis adds nothing to the tale, except Mrs. Alcott's saying to him: "I worked like a galley slave, Llewellyn, but mercifully the crash came in a few months, or I should have died." And Louise, being asked in later years if there had really been no beasts of burden at the farm, replied bitterly: "There was one, and she a woman." Her definition of a philosopher was: "A man up in a balloon with his family at the strings tugging to pull him down."

Dr. Willis was the original of Laurie in "LittleWomen." He has something to say of Louise's early struggles as an author, driven by her desire to help the family, and of her success, and of Alcott's simple acceptance of his later fame as the father of the book's author. His reminiscences of Emerson, Thoreau, Margaret Fuller, Hawthorne and Thomas Starr King are unimportant.

PREPAREDNESS

A Veteran on the Volunteer System—Civilian Control.

WEST POINT IN OUR NEXT WAR. The only Way to Create and to Maintain an Army. By Maxwell Van Baudt Woodhull, A. M., late Major-General Commanding Second Division National Guard, 15th Army Corps and Army of the Tennessee, Brevet Brigadier-General United States Volunteers. Illus. pp. xvii, 206. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE WRITING ON THE WALL. The Nation on Trial. By Eric Fisher Wood, author of "The Note Book of an Attache." With Photographs and Maps. Illus. pp. xi, 208. The Century Company.

General Woodhull was educated at Miami, a "fresh water" civilian institution; yet he believes supremely in West Point training. He was a volunteer officer in the Civil War, and as such had a successful and honorable career; yet he believes that the volunteer is "played out." Such convictions, cherished by such a man, in the face of such experience, challenge curiosity; to which efficient response is made in the volume before us.

Full credit is given to the value of the volunteer as he was in the Civil War and as he might be in any future war if time were afforded for his training. After two or three years of actual military experience in camp and on battlefield the volunteer is equal to the regular. Why not? By that time he is a regular, in all but name. But that very statement of the conditions of volunteer efficiency condemns the system. What foe is going to give us two or three years of preparatory and disciplinary time? When we fight again the decisive blows will be struck speedily. We shall face an army, not of volunteers, but of veteran troops, largely tried in battle, and led by officers who received their education in the school of actual war. What would have happened at the Marne if the French army had been composed of volunteers led by volunteer officers? What would have happened in 1861 if either army had been composed of seasoned veterans? Nay, what will happen in our next war if to an army such as now is battling on either side in Northern France we oppose such a force—we will not call it army—as we sent "Forward to Richmond" at Bull Run?

This, then, is the argument of General Woodhull's timely and lucid little volume. The volunteer system requires too much time for preparation. We must abandon it and have a regular army, of trained and disciplined men, always ready for instant action, strong enough when mobilized for war to meet and repel any invading army which can be landed upon our shores. It need not all be kept in the condition of a standing army. A part of it must be active, but the major part may be a reserve force.

It must have officers, too, and they must be experts. The day of the volunteer officer, brilliant as has been his record in some cases hitherto, is past. West Point men are needed. In order to supply them General Woodhull would at once increase the number of cadets at West Point from 700 to 3,600. Then he would radically revise the curriculum. The course should be two years. Those who are then graduated and go no further should become officers of the reserve army. But there should be a post-graduate course of two years more, entry to which should not be optional, but should be conditioned upon excellence in the former course. The honor men would be chosen for it, and these, at its end, would become the officers of the active army. Thus the famous school on the Hudson would be made to provide expert officers for an army of a million men.

Finally, and this is the controversial crux of the whole matter, General Woodhull would adopt conscription. That is, of course, the logical corollary to the abandonment of the volunteer system. Nor will the author concede that it is contrary to the American ideal. Upon what principle does conscription rest? "The natural obligation of every citizen to serve his country in peace or in war." Indeed, he insists that conscription is the most democratic, the fairest, the most equal and the only logical method of raising and maintaining modern armies. It draws more equally and more evenly upon the manhood of the nation than does the system of voluntary enlistment. It would have, moreover, a mighty influence for developing loyalty among all classes of the people. General Woodhull cites the recently reported declaration of a prominent citizen of New York, born in this country, to the effect that he would not volunteer for service in a war between the United States and a certain foreign country. "Should this man be conscripted, one of two things would surely happen. He would either be compelled to fight, or else he would be shot. My own impression is that he would decide to fight rather than be shot in the back with his face to the wall."

Eric Wood is a civilian, and he frankly commits himself to the verdict that no civilian is competent to give decisions in military matters. In this little volume, it is true, there are many opinions and decisions upon military matters. But they are those of military experts, with whom the writer has been in close touch in his singularly intimate and detailed studies of armies, battles and campaigns during the early part of the present war. In the wars of this country we have invariably suffered from too much civilian control, or participation, or meddling, in military affairs, and we have been saved and made victorious through fortunate circumstances rather than through military merit.

We won the Revolution and the War of 1812, he maintains, at least as easily as we did because Great Britain at those times had other and more powerful adversaries commanding the major part of her attention, and we won the wars of 1848 and 1898 because we were pitted against weak antagonists. These are, of course, historic facts which it is more pleasant than prudent to ignore. To count upon the repetition of such conditions in the next war would be folly, and the year 1916 is not a good time for a fool's paradise.

In his demand for military control of military affairs Mr. Wood logically begins at the top. The Attorney General of the United States is a lawyer, supposedly chosen because of his legal knowledge and experience. The Secretary of the Treasury is generally a banker, or at least a man with banking experience and with approved knowledge of finance. Why should not the same sane rule be applied to those other two departments which are perhaps the most professional and technical of all? He would have, therefore, at the head of the War Department an army officer and at the head of the Navy Department a naval officer, selected for their special fitness and because of their proved ability.

It will be recalled that in France, before he could begin the battle of the Marne, General Joffre went so far as to threaten to resign his command in order to compel the retirement of an incompetent and meddlesome civilian war minister. After fifteen months of unsuccessful campaigning France realized that her difficulties had largely been due to civilian interference, and therefore filled the war and marine offices with expert members of those services. If such a policy is necessary amid the strenuous exigencies of war, the logical corollary is that it is highly desirable for efficient preparedness in time of peace. Such are the views of a shrewd observer who was in close touch with the French government and army during the period of which he speaks.

Mr. Wood favors, with an increasing number of thoughtful Americans, adoption of a universal military service system in this country resembling that of Switzerland, or of Australia. It would, however, take several years to develop such a system to a degree of efficiency calculated to assure the security of the United States, and during that preparatory period we shall have to depend upon our navy and upon good luck to keep us out of war. He urges, therefore, the speediest possible increase of our navy to a strength equal to that of any other nation in the world, save perhaps one. Whether such naval increase could be effected more expeditiously than the development of army strength is, however, a problem to which he does not afford convincing answer. If not, the course of prudence is obvious. It is to push both army and navy at the same time, with all the might of the nation.

EDWARD LIVINGSTON TRUDEAU, M. D.
("An Autobiography": Doubleday, Page & Co.)

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER.
("The Real Adventure": Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

RUPERT BROOKE.
("Letters from America": Charles Scribner's Sons.)

NEWS AND GOSSIP OF BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Shakespeare's Epitaph: Another Problem—New Books to Come—A Definition of "Kultur"—Frank R. Stockton's Enduring Popularity.

Still another Shakespearian discovery is impending. It is heralded by a neat little folder showing side by side the original "Mystic Shakespeare Stone" of 1616 and the "Present False Shakespeare Epitaph." The original inscription on Shakespeare's grave is an "anagram telling of the unacknowledged royal Tudor parentage of Shakespeare, not his dummy Shax-spur, of Stratford-on-Avon. It states the authorship of the plays and poems, and reveals the secret of the tomb. After three centuries this anagram has at last been perfectly deciphered. Why, when, and by whom was the original mystic stone removed, and where is it now?" All this is to be revealed in a forthcoming book, the names of whose author and publisher are not revealed.

Shakespeare's England.

In recognition of the approaching Shakespeare Tercentenary Commemoration, Moffat, Yard & Co. announce a special limited edition of William Winter's "Shakespeare's England." Each copy is to be signed by the author.

"The Tragedy of Nan."

The Macmillan Company has assumed the publication in this country of this tragedy by John Masefield. The volume is uniform with the firm's edition of his other plays and contains, in addition to "Nan," two other dramas, "The Camden Wonder" and "Mrs. Harrison."

New Books to Come.

The George H. Doran Company announces for publication in the course of the present month "Gossamer," by G. A. Birmingham; "The Oakleyites," by E. F. Benson; "The Kennedy People," by W. Pett Ridge; "The Immortal Gymnasts," by a new author, Marie Cher; "Beggars on Horseback," a volume of "love tales of primitive women," by Miss F. Tennyson Jesse, and "The Beloved Traitor," by Frank L. Packard, author of "The Miracle Man." Mr. Birmingham's novel deals with the complicated affairs of a British banker of German parentage when the war breaks out—a new field for this author. Mr. Benson's new book is a study of the first love of a woman of forty. The Doran Company announces one non-fiction book for this month, "What Germany Thinks," by Thomas F. A. Smith, Ph. D., the author of "The Soul of Germany."

A New Hewlett Novel.

Maurice Hewlett's new book is announced for this spring by Robert McBride & Co. It is called "Frey and His Wife," and is a tale of Norway in the ninth century. Other new fiction in the press of this firm includes "The Return of Fu-Manchu," "The Bridge of Desire," by Warwick Deeping, and "Traumerei," by Leona Dalrymple. "Japan and America: A Contrast," by Carl Crow, formerly of the editorial staff of the "Japanese Advertiser," is the firm's second non-fiction book of the year, the first being the still missing Mr. Lincoln's "Revelations of an International Spy."

Kultur.

"The Making of Germany," by Professor Ferdinand Schevill, of the University of Chicago, will be published in the course of the month by A. C. McClurg & Co. The author's definition of "Kultur" is worth quoting: "Kultur means the national progress, and when the Germans declare that in this war they are defending their Kultur they are affirming nothing more or less than that they are dedicated heart and soul to the peculiar collectivist form of progress and civilization which their past has evolved."

Stockton.

It is welcome news that the delightful books of Frank R. Stockton continue to be read. The Century Company announces the tenth edition of "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine." What of its sequel?

Madero.

In his novel of the Mexican border, "Heart of the Sunset" (Harper), Rex Beach makes his hero, an American adventurer, say: "I believed he was honest and would give the peons land. An honest Mexican is worth fightin' for, anywhere. The 'pelados' are still struggling for their land—for that and a chance to live and work and be happy." Then, when some one suggested that they had no patriotism and only fought because they were told to fight, he asserted: "I think the majority feel something big and vague and powerful stirring inside them. They don't know exactly what it is, perhaps, but it is there. Mexico has outgrown her dictators. They have been overthrown by the same causes that brought on the French Revolution."

The Citizen-Soldier.

Two army officers, Captain James A. Moss of the 29th Infantry and Captain Merch B. Stewart of the 5th, have written an abundantly illustrated popular explanation of things military, "Self-Helps for the Citizen-Soldier." It is published by the George A. Banta Publishing Company, Menasha, Wis.

Our Literary Conservatism.

That the American mind, generally speaking, is more conservative than the English mind is one of the assertions of A. C. Benson in his recent book, "Escape and Other Essays." Mr. Benson denies that the spirit of American literature has been the spirit of democracy. "It has not," he says, "except in the case of Walt Whitman, shown any strong tendency to invent new forms or to ventilate new ideas. It has not broken out into crude, fresh, immature experiments. It has rather worked as the Romans did, who anxiously adopted and imitated Greek models, admiring the form, but not comprehending the spirit. A revolt in literary art, such as the Romantic movement in England, has no time to concern itself with the old forms and traditions. Writers like Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Byron and Walter Scott had far too much to say for themselves to care how the old classical schools had worked. They used the past as a quarry, not as a model. But the famous American writers have not originated new forms or invented a different use of language; they have widened and freshened traditions; they have not thrown them overboard."

Scandinavian History.

"Sweden and Denmark, with Finland and Iceland," by Jon Stefanson, is the latest addition to the Messrs. Putnam's Stories of the Nations Series.

The Journal of Social Sciences.

The first number of the quarterly "Journal of the National Institute of Social Sciences," just issued (225 Fifth Avenue) contains, among others, articles on "Art Exhibits in America," by Miss Cornelia B. Sage; "Magna Charta," by Elihu Root; "The Menace of Racial Deterioration," by Irving Fisher; "Street Traffic Regulation," by William Phelps Eno; "The Brooklyn Botanic Garden," by C. Stuart Gager; "The City and the Flag," by John H. Finley; "Work of the American Red Cross Since August 1, 1915," by Mabel T. Boardman; "The Russell Sage Foundation," by F. Schneider, jr., and "The Automatic Drama," by Otis Skinner.

Fielding's "Covent-Garden Journal."

In "The Covent-Garden Journal, by Henry Fielding" (2 vols., Yale University Press), the editor, Gerard E. Jensen, Ph. D., has reprinted all the leading articles, seventy-two in number, of "The Covent-Garden Journal," the last and best of the four periodicals that were edited by the great novelist. Many of these articles are of unusual literary quality. Taken altogether, they throw new light upon the life and work of Fielding at this period. Besides the leading articles, Mr. Jensen has included other articles and detached paragraphs clearly from Fielding's pen. The work is completed by extensive notes and an introduction dealing with Fielding's varied activities and controversies.

Ireland and Germany.

"What Could Germany Do for Ireland?" is the title of a new book by James K. McGuire, author of "The King, the Kaiser and Irish Freedom," published last year. Mr. McGuire advocates an independent Ireland, the ally of the German Empire, for the reduction of Great Britain to the rank of a second-class power. This is, in the language of the day, a "large order." The book has an introduction by Dr. Thomas Emmett, and is published by the Wolfe Tone Company, of this city.

The Apocrypha.

A recent discussion of the practical suppression of the Apocrypha by our Bible societies directs attention to the Fleming H. Revell Company's recent publication of the Rev. Dr. W. W. E. Oesterley's study of "The Books of the Apocrypha," their origin, history and rich contents.

Central Park.

A neat little illustrated pamphlet guide to Central Park is published by the Fifth Avenue Coach Company, and sold at 10 cents a copy, the net proceeds to be devoted to the purposes of the Public Schools Athletic League. New Yorkers, notoriously ignorant of their own city, will find in the booklet a great deal of interesting information. So will all visitors to the city.

BOOKS AT AUCTION

Rare Books in Special Bindings—Americana.

The largest and finest collection of rare books in beautiful bindings that has been seen in this country since the dispersal of the Robert Hoe Library has been consigned to the Anderson Galleries, New York, for unrestricted sale by Robert Riviere & Son, the famous London binders. It will be placed on exhibition Monday, February 7, and will be sold on the evening of Friday, February 18. The collection includes illuminated manuscripts, rare first editions of famous books, Cosway bindings, jewelled bindings, Kelmscott Press publications, colored plate books, extra illustrated works, collected sets and rare engravings, and represents some of the finest work that these binders have ever produced. War conditions in England led to the shipment of these books to America.

Among the great rarities are the following: Works of Chaucer, edition of 1561, and a superb copy of "The Canterbury Tales"; first folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher; first edition of Keats's "Endymion"; a collected set of the first editions of the Waverley novels; original drawings by Thackeray, Tenniel and others; books from the Kelmscott Press, including the Chaucer and books on vellum; first editions of Lamb, Tennyson, Thackeray and Swinburne, and two of Swinburne's original manuscripts; the first issue of the first edition of "The Vicar of Wakefield"; first edition of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy"; Jerrold's "Life of Dickens" and "The Letters of Dickens," extra illustrated with more than a thousand portraits, views, autograph letters, etc., and extended to eighteen volumes, and complete sets of first editions of George Eliot, Fielding, Blackmore, Jesse and Thomas Hardy. All of these books are bound in the finest style.

Poe's beautiful poem "Annabel Lee" has been written on vellum by Alberto Sangorski, and with five full-page, hand-painted miniatures has been bound in a truly magnificent manner in blue crushed levant, with borders, corners and centre of amethysts, pearls and garnets. There are several other beautiful jewelled bindings in the sale and six very fine bindings, with miniatures executed in the highest style of the art by Miss Currie. Lot 31 is a most remarkable collection of original works by the great masters of engravings in France, all of whom are represented by some of their finest productions. This work, in forty volumes, bound in crushed levant, will be offered at $9,000, and if there is no starting bid the volumes will be sold separately as catalogued. Among the great engravers represented are Gravelot, Marillier, Eisen, Caylus, Oudry, Freundeburg, Duncker, Picard, Boucher, Philippe d'Orleans, Monnet, Baxan, Soyer and Bouchardon.

Victor H. Paltsits, formerly historian of New York State and now keeper of manuscripts in the Public Library of New York City, has consigned to the Anderson Galleries from his private library a valuable bibliographical collection, including works on incunabula, topography, cartography and other subjects, and catalogues of famous sales, books on Canada and the Indians and other valuable Americana. These books, which are of particular interest to collectors, cataloguers, librarians and bibliographers generally, will be on exhibition on Monday, February 7, and will be sold on the afternoons of Monday and Tuesday, February 14 and 15.

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