NEW BOOKS.

An American Critic of His Countrymen.

A large number of letters published or rejected by Paris and New York newspapers have been collected in a volume entitled "Political X-Rays," by "An Internationalist" (Paris, Charles Eitel). The author is one of those self-expatriated Americans who profess to survey events from a cosmopolitan and an impartial viewpoint, but whose dominating motive seems to be a dislike of their native country. It is hard for stay-at-home Americans to understand how such a mental attitude can become habitual. Not, of course, that there is anything surprising in the disapproval of any given American statesman or of any particular political measure. Seldom in the United States has a law been proposed, or a man been nominated for high office without provoking protest and opposition. When, for instance, the author of this book condemns the exiling of Vallandigham during our Civil War as unconstitutional, he does but express an opinion which was held at the time with an approach to unanimity by Democrats throughout the Northern States. So, too, when our author denounces our acquisition of the Philippines and our suppression of the Tagal insurrection, he does but give utterance to views repeatedly propounded on this side of the Atlantic by Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, ex-Gov. Boutwell and other Anti-Imperialists. What segregates the self-expatriated American from the stay-at-home critic of our institutions is that the former can find absolutely nothing to approve of in the United States, unless it be the newspaper that consents to publish his lucubrations. His eye roves from Maine to Florida and finds all barren. He can see as little to admire in Mr. Roosevelt as in Mr. Croker. In his eyes Mr. John D. Rockefeller and Mr. Andrew Carnegie are classified with notorious rogues.

There is no gradation, no discrimination in his reprobation of things American. He looks at his native country through glasses that distort and blacken everything. It is a pity that this should be so: both the author himself and his fellow countrymen have reason to regret his morbid state of mind. Nobody can read his book without recognizing that the writer is a highly educated and highly intelligent man, and, moreover, a man capable of broad and generous sympathies: witness his zealous advocacy of a retrial for Dreyfus at a time and place where it took courage to defend the victim of Devil's Island. Witness, also, his fervent sympathy for the Boers throughout their struggle against overwhelming odds. Such a man might render a service to his native land if his observations and suggestions, made from a standpoint in some ways advantageous, that of a distant onlooker, were prompted by love, instead of by hatred, of his native country. Hatred is a poor medium through which to project shafts of insight and of wisdom. Then, again, the author himself, so long as he can see nothing in the United States that is not despicable, must be desperately unhappy.

It is a sad thing to hail from a country that one is ashamed of. How can an American living in Paris expect to be respected by Frenchmen if he not only professes but proclaims that his country is totally unworthy of respect. A renegade is distrusted even by those among whom he has sought refuge, and it is a matter of common experience that the consciousness of such distrust makes a renegade exceptionally bitter against the nation or religion from which he is a fugitive. When a man can find it in his heart to utter no kindly or appreciative word about his native land he is inevitably eyed with suspicion on the foreign soil which he has chosen for his domicile. Human nature is so constituted that it can hardly conceive of a deliberate desire to become "a man without a country," and instinctively impute some unavowable motive for the act of self-expatriation. We know, as a matter of fact, that such imputations would be entirely unwarranted in the case of the author of the book before us: he can hardly hope to escape them, however, on the part of strangers so long as he assumes the rôle of indiscriminate reviler of his countrymen.

Hatred springs from two causes only: men hate those whom they have injured, and those from whom they think they have suffered injury. To which of those classes does "An Internationalist" belong? He will scarcely assert that he has suffered wrong at the hands of the American community. Must he not admit, then, that his attitude of implacable hostility is due to an uneasy consciousness that, at certain conjunctures in the past—during the Spanish war, for instance—he may have done his best to lower and injure his countrymen in the eyes of Europeans? This is, of course, a mere hypothesis: we are simply trying to account for an hostility that otherwise would be inexplicable on the part of a native American. Luckily, it is never too late to mend, and nobody can read "Political X-Rays" without wishing that a man of brains and knowledge like the author may eventually awaken to the fact that a sympathetic commentary on persons and things American would be likely to prove not only more veracious and useful, but also more acceptable to European readers than a commentary prompted by a mysterious antipathy. M. W. H.

Story of a London Working Man.

In "Erb," by W. Pett Ridge (D. Appleton & Co.), the title is an abbreviation of the first name of Herbert Barnes, a young London working man, who says of himself in his first public address, delivered from a chair in Southwark Park: "I am a parcels carman on a railway I am, and I earn twenty-three shillings and sixpence a week." This is a story of realism which does not disdain to have an amusing quality. We have long suspected that there might be a measure of cheerfulness among the "working classes," and this novel supports that somewhat radical and daring view.

Erb went home to a rather comfortable dinner with his sister when the meeting was over, carrying the chair with him. Other people, plainly, were going to have dinner, too, for "women slipped along with their aprons hiding plates of well-baked joints and potatoes." There was an interchange of chaff between Erb and his sister while the rabbit pie was browning. She was very short, so he called her "young sixfoot," and when he informed her that he had addressed the Southwark Park meeting she inquired sweetly, "Did they aim straight?" The problems of the working people's condition did not seem greatly to disturb her. Indeed, they did not seem to interest her, and it was impossible for Erb to finish a single oration addressed to her, though he began many. "Nice occupation for a man of my—a man of my—" he once tried to say, when she interrupted. "Don't say 'intellect,'" she begged. "Spoils me appetite if I laugh much before dinner."

As we say, she seemed to have other concerns than the darker of the social problems. "A pleasure to watch the sister, her sleeves rolled up to the elbow, setting right the things on the table, placing, with the aid of an exact pair of eyes, the china cruet stand at the very centre, fabricating some mustard in a teacup and pouring it cleanly and carefully into the mustard pot, glancing at the oven with an encouraging "Urry up there!" to the pie, and ever a wary lookout on the lid of the saucepan on the fire; the intervals she filled by complaining of the price of coals, by dusting the mantlepiece, by asking questions about the morning speeches, and by explaining with great interest the trouble that came to a girl in her workshop consequent on accepting engagement rings from two young men at the same time."

This Louisa Barnes had a nice gift of repartee. At a servants' party in the Eaton Square house where her sister Alice was employed, the excellent-mannered footman said to her explanitorily as he placed a footstool for her convenience: "You are rather short." "I stopped growin' a purpose," replied Louisa, kicking the footstool aside. "You don't resemble your sister at all," continued the footman. "Mustn't let her hear you say that," remarked Louisa, "else she'll be mad." "It's been a very dull season in town," said the footman, looking as though he felt sorry. "Have you been away, then?" inquired Louisa. "I suppose," continued the footman, "you get a good many engagements, Miss Barnes? What I mean to say is, don't you find it a great tax? The demands of society seem to increase year by year." "It's something awful," agreed Louisa. "I shall be out again—let me see—" "To-morrow night?" suggested the footman, with arch and flattering insinuation. "In about six weeks' time," responded Louisa, "to a cantata at Maze Pond Chapel. Scarcely gives you time to breathe, does it?"

Erb became secretary of his union and editor of the *Carman*, but he gave up those occupations when he married Rosalind Danks, his teacher in elocution. The story affords a curious look into the workingman's world. It is entertaining and will make no difficulty for the reader. We dare say that to some it will not seem sufficiently serious, but to others it will rather seem not too much so.

Evangelizing the Karens.

If any one picks up "Soo Thah," by the Rev. Dr. Alonzo Bunker (Fleming H. Revell Company), under the impression that he is going to read a story he will suffer a great and melancholy disappointment. There is no story about it; it's all true, except some part which the reverend doctor admits that he doctored in order to make it more palatable. The reader may amuse himself trying to find out just where the alteration comes in and what good it did. Soo Thah was a Karen, a dweller in the hills of Burma and this book is the history of his conversion to Christianity and his subsequent courageous labors in spreading the glad tidings among his fellows.

It is not possible to discuss this book as a book at all. It is not a work of literature—far from it—but just a simple religious document. People who desire to know about the Karens and their evangelization will be able to satisfy themselves by reading this book. They will find in it much information set forth not only without literary skill, but with childish awkwardness and frequently in downright bad English. But in spite of its faults the volume will interest pious readers because of the pure and infantile faith which it discloses. Dr. Bunker is not a worldly wise Christian, and he writes naïvely sometimes. But he is undoubtedly a good man and has done good work in Burma. His book will be well placed in Sunday school libraries.

Picture Books for Children.

Christmas is coming and the publishers have their eye on the youthful public, though reviewers may believe that they have dropped all else for the sake of historical fiction. The picture books, plain and in colors, are as plentiful as ever and some are as handsome as were ever turned out.

From Little, Brown & Co. comes "The Princess Kallisto, and Other Tales of the Fairies," by William Dana Orcutt. The fairy tales are told in the right spirit and will interest their little read-tos, but the colored pictures by Harriette Amsden are above all praise. They are impressionistic, but have the real touch of children's pictures. The decorative borders are charming, and the dearest of baby mermaids in "Pattikins and the Sea Maiden" will win every one's heart.

The Golliwoggs have become nursery classics. This year they are inspired to aërial flights and their adventures are told in "The Golliwogg's Airship," by Florence K. Upton, with verses by Bertha Upton (Longmans, Green & Co.). Children who have enjoyed the earlier Golliwogg books will cry for this one.

It is a good deal more than a generation ago that Dr. Clement C. Moore's "The Night Before Christmas" delighted American children. Mr. W. W. Denslow has decorated the poem with many effective pictures in vivid colors which, under the title "Denslow's Night Before Christmas," the G. W. Dillingham Company publishes.

An attractive volume by women, called "Songs and Scissors," the words by Lora L. Holmes, the music by Jessie L. Gaynor and the silhouette pictures by Ethel Elaine Barr, is published by the Clayton F. Summy Co., Chicago. There is the proper jingle to the words, and the silhouettes are expressive.

A lot of amusing animal pictures in color with appropriate jingles are presented in "Puggery Wee, the Story of Three Elephants." The pictures are by Charles L. Bartholomew, the verses by W. A. Frisbie, and the publishers are Rand, McNally & Co.

That classic of childhood, "Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales," is presented in a new translation by Carl Siewers, illustrated with pleasing pictures by Joseph J. Mora, by Dana Estes & Co.

Miss Carolyn Wells and Mr. Oliver Herford have combined in the production of a ridiculous book, "A Phenomenal Fauna" (R. H. Russell), that will amuse young and old alike. Among the strange beasts they describe are the cricket bat, the golf lynx, the Welsh rabbit and the bumble puppy. Here is a description of the poppycock:

The Poppycock's a fowl of English breed,
And therefore many think him fine indeed,
Credulous people's ears he would regale,
And so he crows aloud and spreads his tail.
But he is stuffed with vain and worthless words;
Fine feathers do not always make fine birds.

"Jimmy Crow," by Edith Francis Foster (Dana Estes & Co.), is a sort of rebus story, or perhaps it may be the expression of the new kindergarten education. At any rate, the sentences are broken by little pictures which the little readers are expected to translate into words. There are other pictures, besides, in black and white.

The mother wrote "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," the daughter writes jingles for children. The verses in "The Hurdy Gurdy," by Laura E. Richards (Dana Estes & Co.), are charming and have the right swing to them, which children will enjoy. The pictures are unpretentious but illustrative.

Charles Lamb's "The Adventures of Ulysses" is published by R. H. Russell, with pictures by M. H. Squire and E. Mars. The text is an accepted classic of childhood; the pictures are more ambitious than successful. Of course, Calypso was pained at the hero's departure, as we all know, but why did the artist picture her as having a raging toothache?

From Blackie and Son (Charles Scribner's Sons) come two colored picture books for the very little ones. "Game and Gambols," illustrated by Harry B. Neilson, with verses by John Brymer, has droll pictures of animals in all sorts of funny complications which the rhymes explain. "Six and Twenty Boys and Girls" is a sort of alphabet book of the "Struwelpeter" order. The pictures by John Hassall are by no means bad; we wish we could say the same of Clifton Bingham's verses.

Mr. De Witt Clinton Falls's "The Mishaps of an Automobilist" (Frederick A. Stokes Company) was perhaps not intended for children. The pictures are not attractive, and the verses are flat. Such as it is it may perhaps be appreciated by those who use automobiles.

It requires audacity to attempt fairy tales nowadays, and perhaps Katherine Pyle has not been wholly unsuccessful with "In the Green Forest" (Little, Brown & Co.). There is a suspicion of instructive allegory and moralizing about the book which we view askance, and the pictures appeal more to artists than to children.

There is an old-fashioned air about "Animal Life in Rhymes and Jingles," by Elizabeth May (The Saalfield Publishing Company). The rhymes are intended to instruct. The pictures in black and white are of much greater merit, so good that the artist's name should have appeared on the title page. "Billy Whiskers, The Autobiography of a Goat," by Frances Trego Montgomery (The Saalfield Publishing Company), is a type of book that we imagine might as well be kept out of children's hands. There are small boys who will enjoy its horseplay, but the pictures are not attractive, and we believe that even in the case of small boys some reverence is due to the English language.

How many years ago is it since we first saw "Chatterbox." Here it is in the same old shape, apparently endowed with perennial youth and marked "1902" (Dana Estes & Co.)

Why won't people leave the old stories alone? Here is "In Happy Far Away Land," by Ruth Kimball Gardner (Zimmerman's), "a book of fairy tales written in accord with the most modern ideas of what a child should read or hear read." And we find Little Bopeep and Lucy Locket and Daffydown-dilly spun out into proper narratives, suggesting nothing "unlovely." The pictures by Howard Smith are good.

A harmless attempt to entertain youth is made by Mr. John W. Harrington in "The Adventures of Admiral Frog" (R. H. Russell). The pictures by Willard Bertram Price are well drawn and very funny.

The colored pictures of "Tin Tan Tales" by Gracia Kasson and E. Tschantré, Jr. (Ernest Nister; E. P. Dutton & Co.) are well drawn and amusing. Of the rhymes the less said the better.

The point of "Pictures of Paint-Box Town" by Douglas Zabriskie Doty (E. P. Dutton & Co.), we infer from the verse is to have the pictures colored by youth. At any rate the verses give elaborate directions about the colors to be used and presumably a paint box goes with the book. Neither verses nor pictures are interesting.

More of Mr. George Ade's Fables.

We have many perplexities, but we may still laugh. We are always glad, or we should be, when the invitation is extended to us. Mr. George Ade, in "The Girl Proposition" (R. H. Russell), it seems to us, invites us not in vain. This is a book of fables, with many capital letters, and with copious illustrations after the manner of the old woodcuts. There is fun in capital letters; we remember in many a fable that we would not have missed them for a good deal. For that matter, we have not forgotten the reverence with which we taught ourselves to approach the capitals in Mr. FitzGerald's "Omar." We also remember Carlyle's capitals, and the capitals in the German language. Of fables, we have been impressed particularly by those of Æsop and Mr. George Lannigan; and we recall also Mr. Lannigan's ballads, particularly the one in which we were informed that

A noise arose in the orchestra
As the leader drew across
The intestines of the agile cat
The tail of the noble horse.

In Mr. Ade's book, while we have been entertained by it all, we think we may call attention particularly to the fable of the veteran club girl who had no theories. Occasionally we tire of theories and fall back with much relief upon the offerings of experience. Mr. Ade speaks of this club as a lot of Dolly Grays who had nothing to do in the afternoon of an importance sufficient to divert them from their club duties. Occasionally, he says, they took up Man, and picked him to pieces. One week they proved that he was absolutely no good, and at the next meeting they discussed ways and means of keeping him at home. We read: "Minnie McGraw had a very hot Paper, tied with Blue Ribbon, on how to make Home so attractive that the Bread Winner would not go chasing out every evening. Min had just escaped from a School for Girls, and she had a lot of beautiful Theories that were simply waiting to be frost-bitten. She allowed that if a Wife would put tissue paper Shades on all the Lamps and surround the Old Boy with plenty of Sofa Pillows and permit him to Smoke, and then flit to the Piano and do a crooning Love Song, he would be so charmed with his own Fireside that it would never occur to him to put on his Things and go Down Town for a little while. Min had it all figured out with herself. She was for a Cheery Home with an $80 Angora on the Prayer Rug and a glowing Bed of Coals in the Grate."

There is a picture of "Min," who is very good looking; also a picture of the bread winner, treated according to her idea, who looks either insane or happy, we cannot quite determine which. Other unmarried ladies in the club had papers on the subject, including one who "had worked the thing out by algebra." Her idea was to provide an atmosphere of culture right at home. Back the provider into a corner at 7.30 P. M., she urged, and read esoteric Buddhism to him, and later on, by way of recreation, take a couple of leaves out of the dining room table and engage him in a game of authors. She was satisfied that a husband who was kept busy trying to guess the works of Mr. J. K. Bangs and Dr. Henry van Dyke "would never hanker for a stag party at the club or a social session at the lodge room." She did not, indeed, mention these particular authors, but we must all acknowledge that she might have done so.

After the unmarried members had finished "there arose a stern Woman who had been to the Mill and got her Grist." She was still married to her fourth husband. Men, she said, were roughly divided into two classes. There were those who loved home so well that they could not be dragged out after they were once curled up for the evening, and those who telephoned ahead when they were coming home, so that it would not be too much of a shock. She had tried both kinds, and if it came to a toss-up, she did not believe that she would pick either. Her preference, if she might be so bold, would be for the kind that was around when he was needed and that kept out of the way in the long intervals in between; but she had never met that kind except in her dreams.

Regarding those that she had met, she said that all of them for the first month could not be shooed beyond the front door. The new wife was likely in her mind's eye to see her husband sitting there every evening, surrounded by the wedding presents and reading a history of the United States presented to him by his fellow employees at the wholesale house. It would be just like her, deducing things from the immediate circumstances, to say that domestic life was a cinch; but there would come an evening, she would find, when he would lower the volume of history and listen for somebody to call him up on the telephone and say that Adams of Galesburg was waiting for him at the hotel. Never would it be the case that she had met or would ever meet Adams of Galesburg, but she would continue to hear about him now and then; likewise about a number of other things every bit as probable.

"Now," said the "veteran club girl" in conclusion, "I love to hear the Wise Sisters get up and do their Bits at a Club Meeting, but I am here to tell them that when the Other Half of the Sketch wants to duck away he will escape, and you can't hold him by playing on the Piano or reading Essays. I've tried everything from putting Morphine in his Coffee up to Brute Force, and now, when No. 4 begins to get restless about 7 P. M., I hand him his Hat and tell him to come in as quietly as possible."

There are twenty-six of the fables. They have amused us and we recommend them. The "wood cuts" are of the grossest and most natural character. It is a reminder and a pleasure to have them. A deserving book.

A Good Encyclopædia at Last.

At last we have the promise of soon possessing in English a trustworthy encyclopædia with the chief merits of the German "conversation-lexicons," brief, accurate statements under the heads one would naturally turn to. The first three volumes of "The New International Encyclopædia," running from A through Canada have come to us from Dodd, Mead & Co. The editors are Dr. Daniel Coit Gilman, late President of the Johns Hopkins University; Prof. Harry Thurston Peck of Columbia, and Prof. Frank Moore Colby of the University of the City of New York. They have been catholic in the choice of subjects and give the needed help in a line or two on many little things that most of the books pass over. The longer and more important articles are concise but contain full information brought to date. The biographical notices of living persons are well selected and plentiful. There are many cross-references and often repetition of matter, that saves the trouble of looking for it in another place.

The work is very fully illustrated. The pictures in the text cannot be praised too highly. They are simple, clear and do explain. For the large black and white pictures, there is the excuse that other works of this class offer them. They add to the weight of pretty heavy volumes, and are of a rather popular character. There seems to be no reason why the scientific cuts could not have been printed on the paper of the text and the portraits cut down to small cuts. The colored plates, the editors assure us, are finer than any hitherto produced in this country; that probably is true, but they will not bear comparison with those in Meyer or in Brockhaus. It is a pity that we cannot catch up with the Germans in chromolithography or in color printing.

As for the maps, it seems hopeless to ask for improvement. They are bad judged by any European scientific standard. They are better, we will admit, than those of other encyclopædias produced in this country, which seem to think that a primary school atlas will do for grown readers. But compare them with any fairly decent German

Continued on Eighth Page.

PUBLICATIONS.

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PUBLICATIONS.

"The contents of Harper's Magazine for November embraces 27 contributions of a quality to content the most exacting reader. In its illustrative features the number is superb."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

HARPER'S BOOK NEWS

THE REFLECTIONS OF AMBROSINE
There is more good news this week. Elinor Glyn, the author of "The Visits of Elizabeth," has written a new novel called *The Reflections of Ambrosine*. Its best charm is in the inimitable way of its telling—sparkling humor enlivened with keen comment and observation, with a pure, tender love story—just the qualities which made "Elizabeth" the most talked of book in England and America.

SONGS OF TWO CENTURIES
Another book of the week is Will Carleton's new volume of poems, *Songs of Two Centuries*. It is a fact worth noting that many more copies of Will Carleton's books of verse have been sold in America than of any other living poet. His verse touches the heart, appeals to primal emotions and is of the quality of which folk songs are made.
The popularity of his songs is universal and lasting.

CHRISTMAS KALENDS OF PROVENCE
In another volume of the week, *Christmas Kalends of Provence*, Thomas A. Janvier writes delightfully of the Yule-tide ceremonies and celebrations of the south of France. No one knows this picturesque country better than Mr. Janvier, and no one writes of it with more charm and sympathy. The volume is attractively illustrated.

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