NEW BOOKS.

Free Trade and Holland.

The strongest plea for the abandonment of England's free trade policy which has yet been made will be found set forth in a book called "The Coming Reaction" by an author who signs himself "Legislator" (London, John Milne). We believe the question here discussed to be essentially academic, for the reason that the non-agricultural population of Great Britain constitute a large majority of the voters; that they are consequently able to turn out a Ministry when the opportunity is given them, and that they will be certain to use the opportunity when provoked by a rise in the price of bread. The small registration duty recently reimposed on grain and flour has not raised the price of bread, but such a result would inevitably follow an imposition of such duties as would impart any material stimulus to the growth of breadstuffs in Great Britain, or as would permit the concession of any substantial preference to colonial products. We hold, therefore, that, whatever consequences may be threatened by England's adherence to free trade, she cannot escape them. How serious those consequences are likely to be has never been more clearly indicated than in the book before us. It is patent, indeed, to every one that Great Britain has already lost the monopoly of certain foreign markets which she at one time controlled, and that with every year she has more cause to dread the competition of German and American manufacturers. Until about a twelvemonth ago, however, most British economists have assumed that at least their country's carrying trade was safe. How would it be possible, they have asked, for any rival in the distributive function to make head against the tremendous preponderance of the British merchant navy? It is just this assumption which our author undertakes to refute, and the refutation forms the most striking feature of his book. He points out that the virtual monopoly of the ocean-borne carrying trade which England might until very lately claim was long enjoyed by Holland; that Holland gained it by a free-trade policy, and that, although she clung up to the last to free-trade principles, these did not avail to stay the loss of her maritime ascendancy. It is in the fate of Holland that our author would have England read her own.

There is no doubt that throughout the history of Dutch commerce the attitude of the Seven United Provinces toward foreign trade was liberal to an extent that for the epoch was astonishing and unique, and that it continued to characterize the commercial policy of the Republic long after her control of the distributive function had passed away. The ports of Holland and Zealand were open to the shipping of all countries, and it was on this traditional usage that the Dutch built their doctrine of the freedom of the seas (*mare liberum*) as against the English claim of the sovereignty of the seas (*mare clausum*). How important a part this doctrine played in the commercial development of the Netherlands will be grasped in a moment when we call to mind that the immunity of neutrals' goods depended entirely on the ability of the Dutch to maintain their doctrine of the freedom of the sea. There is no doubt that, in the days of their greatness the Dutch were the carriers of Europe, as the English are to-day, or, at all events, were yesterday. They owned at one time from 15,000 to 16,000 vessels out of a total European mercantile marine of 20,000 of them. They began by wresting from the Hanse towns the trade of the North Sea and the Baltic, and, subsequently, they ousted the Portuguese from the carrying trade with the East. It is generally asserted that their commerce reached its acme about 1670. Between 1643 and 1669 De Witt estimated that the trade of the Dutch had increased about 50 per cent. Almost the whole carrying trade of Europe—that of Spain and France as well as of the Northern countries—was in their hands. Even as late as 1690, Sir William Petty computed that, out of a total European mercantile marine of 2,000,000 tons, the United Provinces possessed 900,000 tons. In 1701 the English mercantile marine was less than 262,000 tons, so that the Dutch merchant navy was almost four times as large as England's. Not until 1725 was the decay of Dutch commerce unmistakable. Before the close of the eighteenth century, however, it had collapsed. In the trade with the Baltic and in the trade with the East the English had completely distanced the Dutch. For example, in 1783 the ships which passed the Sound were as follows: English, 2,840; Dutch, 519.

In the Portuguese trade in 1784 there were 252 English ships employed as against seventy-seven Dutch. The decline was not due to any departure from the principles of free trade. On the contrary, in 1725 the relatively small duties which had previously been levied were materially reduced, and in 1752-54 they were almost extinguished. It is, therefore, not true, as has been asserted by some of the Dutch historians who have tried to account for their country's commercial decadence, that the variety of imposts practically amounted to a prohibitive tariff. Compared with the commerce of other European nations, Dutch commerce was unhampered by tariffs, and their imposts, even before they were cut down, were as nothing by the side of the prohibitive duties levied in England and France. Other Dutch historians have attributed Holland's loss of the carrying trade to the expensive wars in which the republic had engaged and to the resultant financial burdens. But, as the author of this book points out, if we bear in mind the aggregate of Dutch capitalistic wealth, the financial burdens of the country were as nothing compared with those which lay upon France and England as a consequence of the very same wars in which the Dutch had been engaged.

The truth seems to be that Dutch trade fell from external, not from internal, reasons; from the organized, efficient competition of neighboring nations, not from any vice inherent in its own system.

The competition to which the Dutch succumbed was a competition of national units, each rendered by a protectionist policy efficient in its own particular sphere. It is a proof of trade efficiency when the distributing function of an intermediary is abolished, and when direct trade between producer and consumer supersedes indirect. So swiftly and irresistibly does such trade efficiency tell as a factor in competition that the moment direct trade emerges between a producing and a consuming nation the indirect trade of the merely distributing agency is swept off the seas. England has reached this stage already in the matter of German goods. It is no longer necessary for Germany to bring her goods to London in order to have them distributed among the British colonies. She is trading direct with those colonies. Nor does there appear to be any remedy attainable by British manufacturers, except the simple one of underselling their German rivals with their own industrial products. Of course, the situation of England to-day differs materially from that of Holland in the seventeenth century, because the former is not only a carrier of other people's goods, but an exporter of her own manufactures. So far as she can undersell foreign manufacturers, England is secure. So far, on the other hand, as England's merchant navy is engaged in the carrying trade between foreign countries it cannot hope to retain the distributive function after those countries begin to effect economies by trading directly with each other. M. W. H.

Northern Illinois in a Good Novel.

We consider that Mr. Elmore Elliott. Peake is one of the most interesting of the American realists. Mr. Hamlin Garland's name has been more strenuously pronounced, but we think not quite justly It must be that Mr. Howells can approve Mr. Peake with a better conscience than he was able to bring to bear in the case either of Mr. Garland or the Chevalier Fuller. Mr. Peake's new story, "The Pride of Tellfair" (Harper & Bros.), will repay the reader. This is a story of northern Illinois. Tellfair is a village of some 2,600 people. Perhaps the uttered revery of Mr. Lucius Shaw, president of the Tellfair Bank, on the occasion of the last concert of the season of the Tellfair Brass Band in the Court House Square, will indicate as well as anything the sort of place that Tellfair was: "Gentlemen," said Mr. Shaw to the group who were eating ice cream with him, "I have been sitting here taking in the scene before me. There is a sight not to be seen in any other country on God's footstool. Here we are, a little community of 2,000 souls, set down on the prairie here like a raisin on a plum pudding. In any other age or any other country we would be steeped in provincialism, and the happenings of the great outside world would be merely belated echoes in our ears. Yet here we sit listening to a first-class band discoursing first-class music—good, respectable music. Instead of candles or kerosene lamps, the stand is lit with electric lights. If they should go out, you could step into the court house, where you would find a telephone, another great invention, and in less than a minute Horace Mann [the local electrician] would be on his way to repair them. * * * If we should be wiped out by fire to-night, every city, town and village from Maine to California would know it by to-morrow's breakfast, and before noon they would have provided us with dinner. This is a great country."

He tilted his stove-pipe hat well back on his head as he concluded, and exposed his broad brow to the full refreshment of the Tellfair evening breeze. This is a love story, and a story of law, commercial business, fast trotting horses, domestic economy, county fairs, and much else as well. It is well told, and salted with philosophy and humor. It was an ingenious and attractive scheme to set down in Tellfair the suddenly impoverished daughter of a once wealthy and exclusive New Orleans family, to introduce her there to the open and somewhat glaring society of the Presbyterian church, and make her earn her own living by giving music lessons. A strong and commendable character is Morris Davenport, the young Tellfair lawyer, and we do not wonder that he troubled the rather shallow heart of his blue-eyed typewriter. Especially interesting have we found the chapter on "Old Settlers' Day," but the whole story is very readable and well worth while.

We Reduce Our Monument of Verse.

We have explained before that we can do but scant justice to the poets. They are so many, and so admirably operative, and time and space are so inexorably limited and opposed to a lingering consideration of them. Some day, when the miracle happens to us to be left alone with one poet, we are going to follow him line by line; and we trust that he will be grateful. But with forty poets we can do no more than skim. It is a case of "step lively" and "both gates," if you please. Should it seem to them that they ought to indict us, we trust that they will remember how many they are. We assure them that they are a yard high, piled one upon another. Our whole experience has been that this is a crowded and hurried life. When we used to hunt May flowers we said to ourselves that it was proper to leave some for those who were to come after us. The same with chestnuts. Sophistry, perhaps, but something may be pardoned to those whose knees quiver under the burden of full hands. Mr. Madison Cawein publishes "A Voice on the Wind and Other Poems" (John P. Morton & Co., Louisville.) He sings of the winter wind:

> The Winter Wind, the wind of death,
> Who knocked upon my door
> Now through the keyhole entereth,
> Invisible and hoar;
> He breathes around his icy breath
> And treads the flickering floor.

But was he invisible? He may have been at first, but certainly we have ocular proof of him in the sixth stanza, where we read:

> Again I hear him, imp-like, whine—
> Cramped in the gusty flue;
> Or knotted in the resinous pine
> Raise goblin cry and hue,
> While through the smoke his eyeballs shine,
> A sooty red and blue.

We should be superficial indeed if we did not notice the variation from "hue and cry" to "cry and hue" and the logical advance to the perception of the color of the apparition's eyeballs. Still he was noisy rather than spectacular. The concluding stanza says:

> At last I hear him, nearing dawn,
> Take up his roaring broom,
> And sweep wild leaves from wood and lawn,
> And from the heavens the gloom,
> To show the gaunt world lying wan,
> And morn's cold rose a-bloom.

Poets have their own ears, and rhyme as they please, and far be it from us to say that "wan" does not rhyme with "lawn" or "dawn." We remember a charming English gentleman from Nottingham who made "gone" rhyme with "John," and it was a pleasure to hear him. It was what is called, we believe, "crisp" English. We have always tried to follow the English in their pronunciations, because we know that England was the cradle of the language. They manage to mix us up, notwithstanding their geographical limitations. America, which has a wide sweep, puzzles us less, but is not for that reason to be exonerated. She does pretty well. We allow for the fervor of poets. In "When the Birds Go North Again," by Ella Higginson (The Macmillan Company), we read:

> If hate be unforgivable,
> Then must I unforgiven be,
> For I shall hate one woman, Lord,
> For all eternity.
>
> Forgiven or not, I hate her so
> That did she, burnt with fever, lie,
> I'd spill the ice cup that she craved
> And laugh to see her die.
>
> Yea, Lord, yea, Lord—I hate her so
> That, were she sent to deepest hell,
> I'd pray the awful fires might do
> Their part slow-slow and well.

We do not know, of course, of what this objectionable woman was guilty, but we would trust the disposal of her to the poet, if it came to the pinch of real punishment. We believe that her offence would be found to be condonable. In the very next poem we find something pleasant of April, the encouraging month:

> Oh who is this with twinkling feet,
> With glad young eyes and laughter sweet,
> Who tosses back her strong, wild hair,
> And saucy kisses flings to Care,
> The while she laughs at her? Beware—
> You who this winsome maiden meet!

We have lent our own umbrella, and it is not yet returned, and we know that April is upon us, and we hate a warning that is nothing better than a reminder and a reproach. We can see April, the winsome maiden, copiously washing the streets and the unsolicited people. But let the tulips grow; let the ground be fructified. Your poet may go in an unavailing round, and we dare say that we all have been poets to that extent. In "Westwind Songs," by Arthur Upson (Edmund D. Brooks, Minneapolis), we read:

> He used to fret the night out with his lay
> Half finished and, forestalling the faint day,
> Creep from his couch, while slipt the wan moon low,
> For some poetic glimmer, sweet and slow,
> O'er which he hovered till the East was gray,
> Such light was his—and then he used to wait
> Long nights in darkness at the very gate
> Against whose far side beat the utmost light,
> Till, wearied, straining at these bars in vain,
> He fell on dreams of light that went again
> To leave him starting in the empty night.

Curiously there is nothing to tell us where "Peter Von Duikelspiel and Othe Moods More Serious," by John Campbell Haywood, is published. The art of cookery in these days is widely disseminated, and it is with slender enlightenment that we read the poem of "The Passionate Chef," here included:

> Breath of my life—look deep within mine eyes
> And cool the fever of my heart a desire.
> (H'm, where a the pepper), so my soul shall tell
> Its meed of love. (That pot's too near the fire.)
>
> (Where's the chopped meat). If now, my precious one
> Could but entwine her arms about my neck
> (Pete, pass the butter), then all paradise
> Would count as naught (garlic, too much makes wreck).
>
> (Cook fifteen minutes.) Ah, my pulses boil.
> Lips pressed to lips, as like the honey bee
> Feeds on its love. (I'd better take it off,
> 'Tis done.) My priceless, yes my priceless (fricassee).

An entire book of 186 pages is devoted to "Joe's Place; a Life Story," by John Rosslyn (George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia); and yet we must ask the reader to be satisfied with the reproduction erch of the twelve concluding lines:

> O, Annie's perfectly content;
> Quite sure she sees what mother meant.
> An' Joe, he says his mother's face
> Beams frequent now and lights "his place."
> I'm glad to think 'tis even so,
> There ain't a buster man than Joe,
> Nor yet a happier to be found
> Outside of heaven!—life full an' round.
> This, Annie says, is proof for me
> That he is where he'd ought to be—
> Right in the "large place" mother meant.
> Like Annie dear, I'm full content!

A selection from the poems of Sir Rennell Rodd is published under the title of "Myrtle and Oak" (Forbes & Co., Boston and Chicago). These are poems of gentle sentiment, reflective and optimistic. A portrait of the author, from a drawing by the Marchioness of Granby, makes a handsome frontispiece. The selection was made for American readers. The poet says in greeting:

> Song sung for island England,
> Go! Every wind's way take!
> Are there not kindred voices
> Wherever blue waves break?
> Go forth to all the Englands
> That edge the hundred seas,
> And shake their virgin tresses out
> To every ocean breeze!
> Go through that greater England
> The years have reconciled,
> And touch the kindred blood that flows
> Through mother as through child!
> And say to that new England
> For you, too, were we sung,
> And in your heart the note must be
> To which our strain is strung!
> And greet me that great England
> My feet have never trod,
> Whose heroes are our heroes
> And whose God must be our God.

Mr. Clarence E. Eddy of Idaho is the author of the poems grouped under the title of "The Pinnacle of Parnassus" (The Tribune Printing Company, Salt Lake).

An extract from the Challis, Idaho, *Messenger*, printed with the poems under the heading "Apropos," says of the author "Clarence E Eddy, Poet Prospector and Newspaper Man, was born Sept. 18, 1874, at Bridgeport, Ore., in that portion of the beautiful Willamette Valley which was the home of Homer Davenport, the great cartoonist; Edwin Markham, the immortal poet; Lieut. Schwatka, the Arctic explorer, and Samuel L. Simpson, who sang the song of the Willamette." Recommendation enough, and we hardly needed the frontispiece portrait of the poet, though it is altogether agreeable to have it. The venerable idea that money makes the mare go is newly expressed here in two poems, entitled respectively, "Poverty's Portion" and "No Show Without the Dough." We must be satisfied with the briefest extracts:

> If you've got the legal tender
> You can live in regal splendor,
> And everywhere be honored and admired,
> But if you haven't got it,
> There are no two ways about it,
> Your presence, sir, is really not desired.
>
> A wandering Weary Willie
> Who was feeling mighty gaunt,
> And was longing for a fill,
> He went into a restaurant,
> And he ate up all the orders over twice—
> But a "copper" with his billy
> Knocked that Weary Willie silly,
> When they found out that he didn't have the price.

There is a picture of the efficient policeman with his club, and of the stars issuing from the defaulter's head. We will only add that the immortal Mr. Edwin Markham had better look out for himself. In "Love, Laurels and Laughter" (Frederick A. Stokes Company), Beatrice Hanscom celebrates among other things the simplicity of man. Under the title of "Strategy" we read:

> Whene'er he saw the gay gallants,
> Who danced like puppets at her whim,
> He smiled to think no turn of chance
> Could e'er reserve such fate for him.
> He married her. She seemed to view
> All things in lights that pleased him best;
> So well she planned, he never knew
> He was a puppet like the rest!

We still have twenty-four books of poems in our unconsidered and considerable pile.

Killing the Mandarin.

In the world of imaginative fiction all things are possible. Mr. Vance Thompson writes entertainingly and always with imagination. He tells us in "Spinners of Life" (Lippincott's) that at midnight on Feb. 1, 1901, Mr. John Gaffney touched a red spot on his library wall, and as a result of that touch an old gentleman on an Altantic liner in midocean suddenly fell dead. Further, the old gentleman thoughtfully left to Mr. Gaffney a fortune of the approximate value of one million dollars in stocks, shares, bonds, Chinese 4 per cents., Brazilian obligations and American industrials. Gaffney's friend, Dr. Rose, the celebrated alienist, had a curious and interesting psychologic theory to account for the old gentleman's death as the result of the pressure on the wall—which may or may not satisfy the reader. On the title page of the book is set forth Rousseau's problem, which he stated thus:

"If, in order that you might inherit a good fortune from a Mandarin, living in some far-away China, whom you had never seen, nor heard of, it were necessary for you merely to touch a spot on your wall—would you touch it and kill the Mandarin?"

Gaffney is an extravagant young chap of about 30. Amiable and not bad looking, but with a Princeton record of having had a streak of the "yellow dog" in him. In Mr. Thompson's phrase he was a man who "fattened himself at smart tables and fed his veins with rare wines, knew the right people, paid his gambling debts, did not tell blackguardly stories about women until well on after midnight, dressed well and rode a decent horse." Further we are told that he had been stayed with flagons and comforted with the apples of good and evil—whatever they may be. But his expenditure had for years been outrunning his income and he had reached that point at which he was, in classic phrase, dead broke. The opening chapter finds him seated in his handsome and well-appointed library with a book in his hand and a brandy and soda at his side. By chance his eye fell on the passage from Rousseau quoted above, and having read it he decided that the question was a decidedly silly one. Said he, "If I could come into a fortune by touching a certain spot on the wall—even though I knew it would kill some bounder I had never heard of, some chap over in China—why I'd touch it twice for luck. So would any fellow."

Then he lit a cigar. Thinking it over, he came to the conclusion that killing the Mandarin was the basis of modern life—that all big fortunes were built up by killing unknown people at long range. Then when the candles had gone out one by one and the room was entirely dark save for a tiny point of red light in the grate, Gaffney got up to go to bed. In the centre of the blank space of wall between the bookcase and the portière that hid the entrance to the bed room he saw a hard red glittering spot. And he touched the spot with his forefinger. "I'll kill that Mandarin anyway," he said, and added, "I'll kill that one for luck." Now it is a strange thing that old Stephen Sayre, sitting in his steamer chair

Continued on Eighth Page.

PUBLICATIONS. PUBLICATIONS.

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LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER.

There are plenty of writers nowadays who can turn out interesting stories of incident and adventure, but few who have the genius to produce novels depending for their interest largely on the charm of the characters they create. This is where Mrs. Humphry Ward is supreme. Take as an example Mrs. Ward's new novel *Lady Rose's Daughter*. The scene of the story is laid in London of about twenty years ago. The people are, for the most part, society folk surrounded by the usual conventionalities. Among these people Julie Le Breton—the heroine—is introduced. Despite the fact that you may not like Mlle. Le Breton, you are fascinated by her. You may not approve of her, but she interests you intensely. Yet the happenings of her life are not extraordinary. Once having started the book you can not put it down. When you have finished you realize the bigness of the story as a piece of literary art, and you place Mlle. Le Breton where she belongs, among the really great heroines of fiction.

IN THE GARDEN OF CHARITY.

Since the publication of his new novel, *In the Garden of Charity*, Basil King has been likened to George Eliot by more than one critic, and a well-known writer has started his review by calling Mr. King "a little brother to Thomas Hardy." The story deals almost wholly with two women of contrasting types, and one man, a handsome, care-free soldier, who brings a tragedy into their lives. The quality of humor in the story, says one reviewer, "is of the kind that is almost suggestive of the Shakesperean type."

SIX TREES.

It is a curious fact about *Six Trees*, Mary E. Wilkins' latest book, that although its scenes are laid in New England, the characters are brought from all over the country. There are two Southerners, a Westerner, some people from the Middle West, a sailor, as well as people from the North and East. But they all fit equally well in the environment in which Miss Wilkins has placed them.

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