

to academic advancement. In giving permission to his humor he does not spare himself. It seems to us that we remember a confession much earlier than this book in which he frankly considered the difficulty of understanding the philosopher Kant. A frank anecdote here amuses us of this willingness to be amused at his own expense. Speaking of the high and conscientious scholarship of the French, he tells us: "Chancing to enter the library of a professor of Sanscrit, I noticed open on his table a book of which the characters looked so different from what I remembered of Sanscrit texts that I asked whether French scholars used a different Sanscrit alphabet from that prevalent in America. He smiled at my deplorable ignorance and explained that the text in question was not Sanscrit but Chinese. Its answer I regretted that I had not been aware that he was engaged in the teaching of Chinese as well. He was not, he said very simply; but in the course of his Sanscrit work he had touched on Buddhist doctrine. And you can no more discuss Buddhism, he went on to say, without studying the standard Chinese commentaries thereon than you can discuss Christian theology without reference to the Byzantine fathers." This surely was creditable to the French scholar. But you do not often catch a professor writing down that he did not know Sanscrit from Chinese.

Prof. Wendell was not sent to France to be a university lecturer merely. He was subject to a wide general call of a social nature. It is far from usual, we read, that an American should at once have considerable access to French society and not be confined to some particular phase of it. Yet this was precisely the case with Prof. Wendell. He tells us, "I was addressed to no one kind of French people—official, learned, artist, financial or commercial; Christian, Jewish or pagan; distinguished by the graces of fashion, or indifferent to such vanities. It was addressed equally to all"; and these impressions are gathered from all that extensive opportunity. He considers in his several chapters the structure of society in France, the family, the French temperament, the relation of literature to life, the question of religion, the revolution and its effects, and the republic and democracy. As bearing upon certain evidences thought to be particularly conspicuous in French novels he relates an anecdote. A French lady accompanied by her young daughter presented herself to him after one of his lectures at the Sorbonne. She asked for a little expert advice. The daughter had learned to read English fluently and desired to have her reading beyond the classic novels of Cooper and Sir Walter Scott. Could he name some contemporary works likely to be interesting? He named some standard writers and several popular magazines. But promptly thereupon the lady was perplexed. She thought he could hardly have understood her. She had asked for reading for a young person and he had mentioned magazines. She turned on her heel and departed. The general public were addressed in the general public. Her thought had been to learn of some literature proper for girls. The professor defended his novels and magazines. He tells us: "I tried to explain that any young girl might range securely throughout the work of the novelists in question and that our most respected magazines would not cloud the innocence of a nursery." But the lady went stonily away. "My daughter," she said, "though I am French, she has not read a French novel. I think to my obviously imperfect command of French." He adds that the public to whom French literature is addressed is always assumed to be mature. When it is mature it appears, from what we read here, to feel itself qualified to regard any novel or play with a detached interest not likely to be dangerous.

Why in France does a man entering a drawing room to make a call on a lady always wear his gloves and carry his hat? Well, it is a convention full of a reasonable meaning. It does not mean that he feels less awkward with something in his hands. Stated negatively the meaning is, that without his hat and his gloves he would have the appearance of making himself unceremoniously at home, almost to the point of scandal. Again in France there are no side seats in a company. "To talk to your neighbor in a French drawing room instead of addressing the whole company, would be almost as uncouth as if at home you should plant your chin on his shoulder and whisper in his ear." It will be seen, how much our professors venturing abroad need the blackboard and the chalk designs. It is pretty plain that Prof. Wendell came out of the ordeal very well.

Under the Jamaican Sun. Dolf Wyllarde's story of "Mafoota" (John Lamb Company) tells us, "Mrs. Hillier at the period of her arrival at Kingston, Jamaica, was not in the least in love with her husband, Eric Hillier, who in his turn was not particularly concerned as to whether she loved him or not. Mrs. Hillier sat at an open window in the Myrtle Bank Hotel in Kingston writing a letter to Eric for the purpose of letting him know that she had arrived, when her pen was arrested by a word of morning gossip borne distinctly from the veranda. An American lady sitting in a rocking chair inquired of another American lady similarly disposed: "Is Eric Hillier still at Constant Spring?" to which the reply was: "You had better ask if Mrs. Odell is still there. The one implies the other. I was having tea with them on Thursday and they were in the hall—she does make an absolute fool of him!" At this the cheeks of the young English Mrs. Hillier naturally flamed, notwithstanding that she did not love Eric. Instantly she tore up the letter that she was writing and indited another. The substitute was a coldly trenchant epistle which ran in part: "I came here alone, and had not been an hour in the hotel before I learned by chance of the way in which you are disgracing yourself—and me. I thought you were in St. Thomas looking after our joint property, for which ostensible reason you came to Jamaica, and I went to join you. I see now why you put off my coming out to you and your real reason for staying here. Of the woman who lives with you as your wife I have nothing to say—save that I, who am your wife, pity her from the depths of my heart. But for you, I think you a coward and a criminal, and I will have nothing more to do with you from this time forth."

It is remarkable how the knowledge of Eric Hillier and his affairs was diffused among American ladies visiting in Jamaica, and how these ladies talked about him as if he were a public figure. I tried to persuade him that his injured wife happened to be about. In the train on her way to Mafoota, whether she was going to seek an asylum on the extensive grating farm of Mr. Pryce, an uncommonly fine old gentleman established in the mountain country, she heard an American lady say in a sweet singing voice to another American lady: "Lynda Odell's not going home by that fruit boat after all. She's just sticking to that hotel and she's going to be with me. I tried to persuade her to go to the Pico Antonio with me, but she wanted to have him hanging round all the time and I just got mad at that. I said: 'Lynda, you've got to leave Mr.

Hillier at Kingston if you come with me! There's been too much talk.' I guess she'll be sorry she didn't agree before the season's out." Mrs. Hillier gripped the arm of her seat as she listened. The American was a large woman with golden hair and sleepy brown eyes. The story says that a certain curve to her lips indicated that she also had known her husband. The tale relates the experiences of Mrs. Hillier at the Mafoota grating farm during a period of several years. The Jamaican sun did wonders for her. The story dwells much, in the author's characteristic vein, upon the power of the Jamaican sun. It tells of Jersey King, a young farm hand, who had colored blood in his veins, and of Lily Scott, the beautiful young housekeeper at Mafoota, who also had a tinge of negro blood. Mrs. Hillier went out to the stables with Jersey King at night to minister to a sick cow. Jersey admired too much the shoen of his companion's golden hair. He kissed her rudely. In Dolf Wyllarde's fervid words: "Suddenly his hand had closed on hers again. He was speaking fast and breathlessly in her ear—a jumble of words that she did not understand. His hot face and young eyes were thrust close to her own, and through the dim lantern light she saw the veins corded on his temples and felt him push close to her, devouring her with his gaze. * * * She turned to fly, and Jersey King caught her roughly and kissed her reluctant throat, the head strained away from him. His lips brushed the white flesh before he released her." Lily Scott, the octoroon housekeeper, had fearful tantrums occasioned by jealousy. Ronald Arbuthnot, white, loved Mrs. Hillier. He was vainly married to her in the circumstances singularly shocking and painful and extraordinarily sentimental as well.

Eric Hillier came after his wife at last. His flirtation with Mrs. Odell had not been at all the thing that Mrs. Hillier suspected. If the reader will look back he will find that the several American ladies had never said that it was Mrs. Odell, in fact, was a personality upon whom the Jamaican sun beat absolutely in vain. She was that solar, that central erotic, indeed, that we doubt if Mr. Peary could have come within several hundred miles of discovering her. Such being the case it was entirely proper for Mrs. Hillier to take back Eric. Of course the Jamaican sun had something to do in the premises. That warm orb kept steadily at its business, shying only at Mrs. Odell. Eric played Romeo to his wife. That fair and lingering lady, it may be found at page 238, could not sleep. "What is the matter with me?" That is the question that she asked herself, "turning restlessly among the cool sheets." She said: "I never lie awake and think about men—it's horrible!" Then: "Suddenly she flung aside the curtains and rose. The moon was up and the rain had ceased. With careful hands she pushed back the window and stepped onto the veranda, for she had an indefinite reluctance that any one should hear her, and when leaning her soul on the wooden rail she stepped into the beauty of the scene before her."

Husband Romeo was at hand, but not quite yet did she know it. The enchantment of the scene was unmistakable. "For the moon rode high and had silvered all the loose mists which still lay in the valley, and their smooth masses were exactly like a fairy lake with the crests of the hills that rose out of them for islets. She could fancy the magic water lapping on the shores of fairyland, though the mirage lake was unreflected by a ripple." At that moment Romeo appeared below. They looked long and gravely at each other. "Apparently he had risen from sleep with the same restless impulse as herself, but for a full minute they neither of them spoke, though he came up close beneath the veranda and she bent over it toward him. Then he put his foot on the rail, as Arbuthnot had done once long ago, and swung himself up so that they were on a level, so close that their breath met and mingled while they looked into each other's faces." Each other's faces. Each into the faces of the other. But it does not matter. "Perhaps it was the intense light that made him so passion pale." We should think, however, that it was the passion. It is pleasant to behold them thus. Man and wife should adjust their differences when possible. Any trustworthy philosopher will say as much. We suppose that Mrs. Odell married Mr. Remington for his money, as she said she was going to do. A cold, unemotional woman. Fortune for Eric that she would not have him.

Wait Whitman's Boswell. While Boswell may have admired Dr. Johnson as much as Mr. Horace Traubel does his hero, he never thought of settling down with him and making daily notes of his conversation. The arrangement with his chronicler was a conscious one on the poet's part, but he probably had no idea that every hasty expression of opinion was to be put down in black and white. In the second volume of "Wait Whitman at Camden" (Appletons) Mr. Traubel covers the space from July 15 through October 31, 1888. At this rate there is no telling when he will get through. Wait Whitman's "table talk" in these months is mighty interesting. In a desultory way he expresses opinions on everything and every one under the sun, and these Mr. Traubel jots down. Unfortunately he kept a great many letters from more or less unimportant people, which he handed over to his biographer, and these his correspondents who survive will feel flattered at seeing their letters to him printed. Every admirer of Whitman will want to read his comments on men.

Pletten. The string of short stories that Mr. T. Jenkins Hains has strung together under the title "Bahama Bill" (L. C. Page and Company) has a certain cohesion from the fact that the incidents are all of the sea and that some of the characters are made use of in several incidents. They are strenuous tales, with an elaborate nautical vocabulary, with ethics suited to the exigencies of the moment and with remarkable demonstrations of physical powers. The Florida coast and the Bahama Banks provide a picturesque setting, and of the morals of wreckers no man may judge. With the aid of a guide book to the Bahama peninsula, the meddling young woman, the wide-awake American and the contemptible foreigners that belong to "adventure" stories, Mr. James Locke concocts "The Stem of the Crimson Bahalia" (Moffat, Yard and Company). His hold on the threads of his story is not as strong as it might be, but he tells it glibly and it is no more foolish than the many others of its class that have been inflicted on a suffering public. The case with which Mr. Charles Eddy relates his tale in "A Hole in the Coat" (Cassell and Company) will make the reader regret that he has not selected a more probable plot or one in which some sympathy may be felt for the characters. His heroine not only dabbles in the stock market, but has every intention of defrauding her customers. She comes to grief through trying to save her lover, a creditor she prefers, but nowhere does she regret her crooked dealings. She may represent

a new phase in English society, and so may the extraordinary young man who narrates the tale. Much sprightly dialogus with the thinnest thread of story makes up "In Pursuit of Priscilla," by Edward Altemus Field (Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia). Unfortunately it is not wholly burlesque, for the talk is that of the modern alchemist of the giggling girl. The author of "In Charge of the Conestoga" (Richard G. Badger, Boston), Miss Ella F. Pardon, apparently intends to satirize the Germans. The silliness and ill breeding of the American girls she introduces into her narrative, however, make the satire work the other way, and unluckily the Americans are truer to nature than her Germans. Secret societies, if we may believe Grace Elizabeth Gody's "Jaqueetta: A Sorcery Girl" (Duffield and Company), are raising Cain in the high schools. The evils the Greek letter associations cause, ranging from bad manners to brain fever, are described vividly, and the reader is called upon to admire the heroine's triumph over a pernicious system.

How far the accuracy of Baron Pallo Rosenkrantz's psychology of Scandinavians may be trusted in "The Man in the Basement" (Empire Book Company, New York) we are unable to tell. The eccentricity of his two Danes certainly goes beyond that of the late H. Ibsen's remarkable females. That they should consider it right to conceal from the police the discovery of a murdered man's corpse the reader will not object to; there may be something in the state of Denmark that creates suspicion of Scotland Yard. When these gentlemen, however, have taken upon themselves the detection of the criminal and judgment upon him, he may reasonably expect some skill in the solution of the mystery and some explanation of mental processes. These the author does not provide; he trusts wholly to the subjective consciousness of his uninteresting hero. All the persons concerned show an almost medical insensibility to the cadaver involved, and this is emphasized by the introduction of a cat for comic relief. Murder, or at best manslaughter, is too trifling a matter to make any impression on the amiable persons to whom we are introduced. The mystery part of the story is muddled and the psychological part is unintelligible; what the author is driving at the reader cannot make out, and we suspect that by the time he gets to the end he will not care.

Shakespeare. In the interesting sets of books called the "Shakespeare Library" (The Shakespeare Library, I. Gollancz edita (Chatto and Windus; Duffield and Company), three new volumes have appeared. A new play is published in the "Old Spelling Shakespeare," "The Taming of the Shrew," edited by the late W. G. Boswell-Stone, to which Dr. F. J. Furnivall prefixes an entertaining "foreword." The text is that of the folio of 1623, difference in type distinguishing the parts which the editor ascribes to Shakespeare himself from those which he assigns to collaborators. In the footnotes liberal quotations are given from the earlier play, "The Taming of a Shrew," from which it is intimated, and in his introduction the editor shows what portions in both plays are derived from Aristotle's "I Suppositi." An excellent piece of critical scholarship is thus set free from the library of the special student for the use and convenience of the general public.

With the two volumes of the "Lamb Shakespeare for the Young" (Chatto and Windus; Duffield and Company), which comprise "As You Like It" and "The Tempest," we think a mistake has been made. It is a pity that the edge of a child's interest in Shakespeare should be blunted by having the stories told before it is able to appreciate the original; in this case there is the excuse that Lamb is almost as much of a classic as Shakespeare. Here, however, the stories are helped out with long quotations from the text; this is an improvement in one direction, but what is left for the young reader when he comes to read his author for himself? The volumes are pretty, the illustrations are appropriate, and at the end are old musical settings for the songs. Comparative texts are offered in Mr. Appleton Morgan's "Benkeide Restoration Shakespeare" (The Shakespeare Society of New York) of "Hamlet" according to the second quarto of 1604 and, face to face with it, the conjectural text of the supposed Kyd's "Hamlet" from the German

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