

changed and if the two children grow up, each in its arbitrarily selected and changed environment?

It is not proper to reveal the entire contents of a tale, but we may remark that after some 800 pages we find the husband of Joan, who was the daughter of Sarah Munnings, complaining of his coffee. He speaks of it as "filthy muck," to which gross charge she replies that the ground of his disturbance "is only saccharin." This she explains. "You are getting far too stout," she says. "We know of course the sugar is fattening and that saccharin is recommended by physicians as a substitute. Of course further we know that starch and alcohol are matters to be omitted when it is the object of anybody to become lean."

But Joan had queer green eyes, the pupils of which contracted to the size of pinpoints when her husband complained of internal pains such as some poisons are known to occasion. Whether he was really poisoned or not, she made no concealment of her satisfaction when he writhed and screamed and sweated precisely as though arsenic or strychnine had been indeed the cause. With him she shall be cautious with our revelations, and a man is unskillful at shaving and habitually wounds himself in the operation there are likely to be horrible consequences if the wife of the man has smeared his razor with anthrax bacilli.

Has heredity an influence that environment is powerless to obviate? The story has plenty of very vivid illustrations bearing upon this question. It is an interesting and vigorous story, and we have indicated perhaps that it has a tendency to be disturbing.

As Good as Mr. Major.
A publisher's notice sent with May Wynne's story of "The Gypsy Count" (the John McBride Company) says in effect that this is the greatest tale since Mr. Major's romance of imperishable wonder. "When Knighthood Was in Flower." It seems to us that May Wynne and Mr. Major run pretty closely together. This Count was a handsome, dark, melancholy youth who for some time did not know that he was noble. He lived in a forest hut with his demented mother and was deeply in love with Rosalys de Fougeray. Maurice de Bernay was also in love with that sprightly young lady, but it was of his own sister, equally fair, that he spoke when he said to Alain de Fougeray, the brother of Rosalys: "Nay, bluish not, my friend; the path of love shines clear and straight enough before thee. Art thou not already betrothed, and draws not the time sufficiently near when thou shalt carry Yvonne herself away to thy forest castle and stay her foolish sighs with thy kisses?"

That has the right sound, or else we know nothing of these knightly and flowery matters. But it is no more genuine and delightful than De Bernay's observation to the Gypsy Count when he cried, as recorded at page 84: "By the beard of St. Eftan, it was thou who but yesterday saved me from a dog's death in your 'vine.'" There is a touch in the expression "it was" that is full of archaic and beautiful language. The abundant and entirely satisfactory incidents related in the tale are supposed to have taken place in Brittany, beginning in the year 1483.

New York's Canals.
An extraordinary amount of valuable material has been collected by Henry Wayland Hill, LL. D. in "A Historical Review of Waterways and Canal Construction in New York State" (Buffalo Historical Society, Buffalo), which the student who uses the index and who sifts it for his special purpose will find very useful. Pretty nearly everything that relates to the canals will be found somewhere or other in the volume, but the chronological arrangement which the author has followed, while excellently adapted to the early history of the waterways and to the beginnings of the canals, becomes confusing in the later sections.

The author's interest is not so much in the canals themselves and in the engineering problems solved as in the difficulties put in the way of their construction and particularly in the political and legislative action for or against them. This is described with great fulness and must have involved patient research in the dustiest of all records. Senator Hill took an active part in putting through the barge canal scheme, and describes the maneuver for that measure at very great length. This arouses his interest in the legislative and political manipulation for the earlier canal schemes, on which he puts the chief stress in his book.

The facts he has brought together are interesting. They present a side of the canal history which historians are likely to pass over and which should be put on record. The story of the canals, of their construction, of their importance, suffers somewhat, although it is all readable, will all be found in the book. Perhaps some day Senator Hill will sift and digest his material into the history which he seems so well qualified to write.

Andrew Jackson's State Papers.
The statement of the editor, Prof. Francis Newton Thorpe, Ph. D., LL. D., of "The State Papers of Andrew Jackson" (The Tandy-Thomas Company, New York) that the papers in the volume have been collected for the first time would seem incredible if experience did not show that many obvious tasks are left undone in history, as in other things. The editor leaves Jackson to speak for himself, restricting his own additions to a careful revision of the text, to a brief introduction and to a bibliography and index.

The papers belong entirely to the years of Jackson's Presidency. They include seven private letters on nullification contained in the Poinsett collection of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, printed now for the first time; the two inaugural and the farewell addresses, and the official messages to Congress, votes and proclamations. Even if these can be found in other collections, it is extremely convenient to have them put together in a single volume. It may be difficult to judge a man from his official papers alone, but these certainly serve to give his measure.

The volume is very handsomely printed in clear type on good paper, and the promise is given of similar books to follow.

Dissecting the Butterfly.
For academic purposes, for the attainment of a doctor's degree or for keeping a class busy threshing chaff through a college year the scientific analyses of literature which have become a fashion may have a use. Miscellaneous assortments of books are put together, classified in all manner of artificial sub-divisions, and out of his arbitrary classification the author usually evolves fanciful theories. Fiction seems to be a favorite field for this kind of sport. There are

books on "the novel" and on various forms of it; not long ago a conscientious and heavy book in two volumes tackled the romance of roguery. The short story, a popular and profitable form of literary expression at present, has a whole library of analytical literature devoted to it, to which must now be added Dr. J. Berg Esenwein's "Writing the Short Story" (Hinds, Noble and Eldredge, New York).

The book seems designed for classroom use. At any rate each chapter contains an "outline summary" and "questions and exercises for class or individual study." The author has a complete method for the manufacture of short stories—but fancy classes busy in writing them. Accepting his method, much that he says is plausible. It is so easy to point out the merits of good stories already written, and the plant student will acquiesce in the criticism. How the model will help him in writing his own story it is not easy to see. We imagine that the young author who really has a story to tell will tell it regardless of "don'ts" and "do's"; if the story is not in him he cannot write anything of value from formulas even if the magazines accept it.

Dr. Esenwein supplies also excellent advice about the methods of putting short stories on the market. Perhaps the ordinary empirical methods work as well. He adds some curious appendices to his book, which might arouse doubts as to his critical faculty if taste in literature, as in other matters, were not a subject about which it is useless to dispute.

The Romance of the Harem.

A remarkable description of the life and manner of thinking of Turkish women will be found in "Haremlik" (Houghton Mifflin Company), by Demetra Vaka, who is Mrs. Kenneth Brown, a Greek lady brought up in Turkey, now married to an American. Her book is a record of impressions and inquiries made on a visit home after living six years in America. There is an advantage of course in being able to express Oriental ideas in terms of comparison with Western conditions, but the reader cannot help regretting that the author was not old enough to recall her original impressions of Eastern life before she had received the foreign influence.

To attain clearness she condenses in single chapters the information obtained at different times. This often gives them the form of stories, and while adding to the interest creates the impression of fiction. While the reader is ready to accept the declaration that only real facts are narrated, he cannot help feeling that they are touched up now and then to fit the dramatic requirements inspired by the author's American reading.

She offers wholly new pictures of Turkish home life, nevertheless, and presents fairly the Turkish woman's views of polygamy, of subjection to man and of religious duty. Her stories show that sentimental romance can exist among the Turks as strongly as among Western people. If her translation of Oriental thought into terms of the West is not too strong, it appears that in the essentials human nature and ideas of humor are the same with them as with us. It is gratifying, particularly now, to obtain a sympathetic view of the Turks from which religious bias is wholly absent.

A Batch of New Stories.

The sameness which is the common fault of collections of short stories by one author does not afflict Mr. O. Henry's "Roads of Destiny" (Doubleday, Page and Company). The twenty-two tales in the book have been spread over several years and the author has tried his hand at different styles. The title story is an ingenious and poetic fantasy on the suggestion of French influence. The touch is perhaps not as light as it might be, but the idea is worked out satisfactorily. In some of the stories the author reverts to the vigorous Western life and dialect in which he has been most successful; in others he touches the humor and adventure of other wild lands, in still others he displays his virtuosity in ringing the changes on the slang of the moment. There is plenty of variety, therefore, and point to each story, though it may be safe to look some of them over before reading them aloud to mixed audiences.

An intelligent parrot in Mr. Richard Harding Davis's "The White Mice" (Charles Scribner's Sons) sums up the hero's character admirably when he says to him, "You talk too much." Being a polite parrot he omitted the well deserved epithets. It is a tale of adventure of the old-fashioned kind in which Anglo-Saxon valor, in spite of consistent blundering, gets the better of the effete intriguing Latins. Here the Latins are Venezuelans and therefore can attract no sympathy. There is much superfluous darning, there is much love making, there is the contrast between the primitive virtues of rebellious youth and the tainted wealth of an oppressive parent, and it is all readable enough. Mr. Davis, however, seems to have given up all artistic ideals he may have had.

On a small scale and in Vancouver waters Mr. Harold Bindloss describes in "Trice Armed" (Frederick A. Stokes Company) the struggle between rapacious and unscrupulous capital with worthy but impecunious labor. He tells his story in a leisurely manner which is very pleasant to the reader and which enables him to describe scenery and rough



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life. His people stand out vividly. His hero is an excellent young man who seems unable to forget the fact that he once held the exalted post of an officer on a small boat. He has a tartar for a sister, while a level headed and equable tempered American supplies sense for them all. The story is entertaining and well written and the social problems will be pardoned, apparently intended in Rose O'Neill's "The Lady in the White Veil" (Harpers). The incidents are startling and unexpected and the attention of the puzzled reader is kept to the end. He will soon suspect lunacy in some one, and as he progresses will suspect it in all, and perhaps begin to doubt his own sanity. The hero is fortunately endowed with a thick skull, which enables him to hold up against the blows he receives on it. The dialogue is smart and sprightly in season and out, which adds to the confusion. The author's illustrations at any rate depict her characters.

In "The Hawk" (The John McBride Company, New York) Mr. Rowland Legge tries to stir up England to hysterical terror, just as Major du Maurier attempted in his play. There is an airship, held up by a mysterious chemical concoction, in the story, but the interest is chiefly in the schemes of French spies to steal valuable secrets and in the danger to England from the projected tunnel under the Channel. The dangers from the completed tunnel are demonstrated graphically; the British fleet seems powerless to ward off a German invasion by sea and the combined French and Germans work painful havoc until they are checked by bombs dropped from airships. The story is told with much brightness; the intrigues take up most of it and the imaginary and rather absurd warfare is fortunately very much condensed.

There is a needless amount of deception, vulgarity and blackguardism in the framework devised by C. N. and A. M. Williamson to contain the description of an automobile tour through England called "Set in Silver" (L. C. Page and Company, Boston). The tour is a delightful and is illustrated with excellent pictures. It is a pity that the reader's pleasure should be spoiled by having the heroine by an insufferable cad held before his eyes through it all.

A juvenile mystery tale is related by Mr. Burton E. Stevenson in "The Quest of the Rose of Sharon" (L. C. Page and Company). The clumsiness of the plot may be a realistic sacrifice to the youth of the investigators. Mr. Stevenson has done much better work in this line.

It is painful to find Mr. Cleveland Moffett joining the band of authors who "novelize" their own plays. In "The Battle" (G. W. Dillingham Company) he turns a play which has been very successful into a story, which will be enjoyed like a libretto by those who have seen the play. The illustrations are from photographs of scenes in the play and show the usual unnatural staginess. It is not pleasant to see the manufacture of this debased form of literature spreading to authors of some repute.

Kipling for the Nursery.

Parents who admire Mr. Kipling's talent and who are not squeamish may yet doubt whether much of his writing should be put in the hands of children. Attractive as the "Just So" stories are, it is perhaps grown up people who can understand them best, while the "Jungle Book" can stand expurgation. It is conceivable that a good anthology might be made from Kipling's writings by some one who should have the child constantly in mind; it certainly has not been made

Continued on Eighth Page.

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By Rose O'Neill.

This sprightly and mirthful American novel has all the dash of a detective story. It begins with the landing of the hero from Europe. He is seized with longing to have a look at the empty family house, and is astonished to see coming out of it a young woman in a white veil. She asks him to call a cab, and he enters with her. From this point on the story never stops. The author herself has made the illustrations.

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By Elinor McCartney Lane.

In "Katrine" a new heroine has come into her own, the most beautiful and compelling figure that the author has given us. The romance opens amid his toric surroundings in North Carolina, where Francis Ravenel meets Katrine and idyllic scenes pass before the reader among the roses of the South. The action changes to Paris and an atmosphere of art and intrigue, and again to New York, with the echoes of a great business battle in the background. It is a great romance that Mrs. Lane has presented, a man awakened to realities by a woman's power, but most of all the romance not only of a woman's triumph but of an all conquering love.

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