NEW BOOKS SEEN THROUGH REVIEWS AND COMMENT

CRITICAL REVIEWS OF THE SEASON'S LATEST BOOKS

Peaceful Country Life, Eccentricity of Genius, High Nobility, Polygamy in New Fiction.

German Classics Edited for Americans—Ancient Greece and Rome and American History.

Egyptian Art and an Album of Pictures—A Kansan in the Near East—Auction—Other Books.

Dolf Wyllarde's story of "Youth Will Be Served" (John Lane Company) tells of a soldier's wife. Gillian, who was very pretty, was just out of school when Col. Joyce married her. The Colonel was valuable for his abilities in active service, and he was away a great deal in India and Africa, in the Ivory Islands and Mahaleland. It was not possible for Gillian to go with him upon his arduous and perilous expeditions. She remained at home in London with their son Clarence.

Lionel Sinister was not at all what his name might seem to imply. He was a cousin of the Colonel's, amiable, good looking, excellent company. He and Gillian met at Mrs. Radford's dinner, a quiet family affair. Mrs. Radford called her husband the House of Radford. Called upon to explain this, she said that it was because Mr. Radford was so solid and permanent. Gillian laughed aloud. "Sinister looked at her beneath level lids. He had a way of focussing his eyes upon people as others do on a distant object, and it was rather disconcerting, because nobody was ever able to read the result of his scrutiny in his expression." Little bits here and there make us gradually acquainted with these two. Gillian "was biting a salted almond, and her bright sharp teeth caught the light and sparkled more than her eyes." It is just after this that we see Sinister in his quiet way "selecting chocolates from the silver tray in front of him, his long expressive fingers hovering over the sweets until quite sure which he wished to pick out." It was still a little later that Gillian said to Sinister: "I want the right to be myself—I want to live!" In his own thought, as he was going home in a cab, Sinister called Mrs. Joyce the Princess Discontent.

Of course Gillian had admirers. Dr. Rheinhardt, a social lion and a magnetic physician, was well snubbed when he ventured to misunderstand her. "She turned her clear cold gaze upon him for an instant with the insolence that women of her class can show to lesser breeds at need, and the acquaintance was ended as far as she was concerned." Sibyl Montague too was beautifully discovered and brought to book when she stole Gillian's fur coat. But Gillian was never enabled to "live" in the sense that her desire gave to the word. Her son grew up and she had to content herself with the contemplation of his young happiness. The story is very sprightly and readable.

Some New Fiction.

They are delightful people we meet in "The Sorrow Stones," by Maud E. Williams (Longmans, Green and Company), kind, brave and clean with not a bad one among them. The old farmer and his wife, the rector, the children, the helpful girl who sees the boy she loves grow away from her, her quiet lover, the eager hero, all are attractive and natural and so are the descriptions of farm life. There is much quiet humor too that draws the reader on, but the author unfortunately inclines to be pathetic and kills off too many of her people after she has made us like them. In every case but one she might just as well have left them alive, so far as her story is concerned.

The eccentric artist is so close to lunacy in Sydney Schiff's "Concessions" (John Lane Company) that, when the elderly pianist takes charge of him in order that his much suffering wife may find her affinity in her son, the absence of morality in the transaction hardly strikes the reader. The pedigree of every one of the characters contains so many complications of nationality that anything may be expected of them. The hero falls in love with a voice and is kept from seeing the vocalist till the story is half way through; then things go swimmingly enough. Any attack on the conventions that the author may have intended is pretty well disguised by the various forms of neurasthenia he describes. The diplomat with the epileptic wife is hardly needed in the story, nor for that matter, save for the sake of amusement, is the designing Italian adventurer. The story is readable, even if it often perplexes.

The persons who appear in Meriel Buchanan's "White Witch" (Herbert Jenkins; Brentano's) belong to the very highest Austrian nobility. The reader will regret that the haughtiness and cavalier manners of the worthy prince, who is the hero, make him lose both the young women in whom he becomes interested. The advisability of marrying for love is inculcated and rather curious impressions will be derived of the feelings and motives of young German girls and of the unscrupulousness of English society women.

It is a warning to enthusiastic young women not to interfere in men's business that Frederick Watson has written in "Shallows" (E. P. Dutton and Company). To be sure his heroine is afflicted by a hereditary curse, which makes it inevitable that she should betray unwittingly her friends. She also has to deal with a prematurely besotted Prince Charlie. The detective talents she displays in France fail her in her native Scotland. The author seems to have a poor opinion of the Scots in general as well as of the Stuart cause. The style is pretentious, the story is not particularly interesting in itself notwithstanding two or three exciting incidents and the manner in which it is put makes it rather difficult to follow.

Arguments against socialism with the recital of hypothetical misdeeds of the I. W. W., accompanied by the demonstration that the Catholic Church alone is equipped to combat the evil, do not make a novel, even if a clumsy attempt at a love story is attached. That is what Francis Deming Hoyt offers in "The Coming Storm" (P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York). He has worked up his socialistic and his theological material properly enough, but the method is hardly applicable to fiction.

The merits of polygamy are extolled in Maude Annesley's "The Sphinx in the Labyrinth" (Duffield and Company) and strange views are afforded of the queer behavior of independent English girls on their travels. It is a pretty inane piece of vulgarity.

German Classics for American Readers.

The two new volumes, IV. and V., of "The German Classics of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries," edited by Prof. Kuno Francke and Prof. William Guild Howard of Harvard University, aided by a host of assistants (The German Publication Society, New York), cover between them the interesting and important period of the Romantic movement, and extracts from those authors that the older generation of English students of German pored over, translated and sought to make familiar to others. Prof. Francke announces that an effort will be made in the illustrations to bring to the readers' notice the contemporary development of German art.

In volume IV. we find the names those early Germanists used to conjure with: Jean Paul Richter, the last word in Germanic thought for Carlyle and Dr. F. H. Hedge, whose biography is written by Prof. B. W. Wells; an account of the Early Romantic School by Prof. J. T. Hatfield, followed by selections from the two Schlegels, Novalis, Hoelderlin, Tieck and Heinrich von Kleist. With these is joined Wilhelm von Humboldt. Prof. Calvin Thomas comments on Friedrich Schlegel's "Lucinda" and President J. S. Nollen writes the life of Kleist. The space devoted to quotations from this last writer may seem disproportionate, but the editors had strong temptation in being able to use Hermann Hagedorn's excellent translation of "The Prince of Homburg." In both volumes we note that the editors seem inclined to employ renderings of verse very sparingly, a wise course with poetry that can hardly be translated.

The original articles in volume V. are by Prof. F. Thilly on the romantic philosophers and by Prof. G. H. Danton on the later romanticism. The extracts are from Schleiermacher, Fichte and Schelling for philosophy, from "Des Knaben Wunderhorn" and the brothers Grimm for the folk literature, from Arndt, Koerner, Schenkendorf, Uhland, Eichendorff, Chamisso, Hoffmann, La Motte-Fouque, Hauff, Rueckert and Platen, for the poets and story tellers, who in German are conveniently included under the one term "Dichter." Where these names are unfamiliar a poem or tale known to every one who has any acquaintance with German will bring it to mind again. Here a larger number of verse renderings was unavoidable; so, considering one of the purposes of the publication, was the predominance of patriotic songs. It is a bit strange that Hauff, who is remembered chiefly for his prose tales, should appear simply as a poet. The illustrations are thoroughly German in subject and style; the artists chiefly drawn on are Moritz von Schwind and Ludwig Richter.

The prose translations, old and new, so far have been eminently satisfactory; they have conveyed the idea of the original without sacrificing the demands of good English style. The poetical renderings have been of more variable merit, though always respectable; especially where famous German poems have been translated to order for this work. "The German Classics" is certainly fulfilling the purpose of its projectors in bringing some idea of German culture and literature within the comprehension of those who have not mastered the language.

Historical.

The lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute in Boston by Prof. William Scott Ferguson of Harvard, which he publishes under the title "Greek Imperialism" (Houghton Mifflin Company) have the merit of presenting in readable form the views now held about the most important period in Hellenic development, which historians, as in the case of the Roman empire, have conspired to neglect. It has been the fashion to end the histories of Hellas with the Macedonian conquest, as the end of democratic institutions, as well as of the classic times in literature and art, relegating the spread of Hellenic culture and power over the East under Alexander and his successors to perfunctory summaries, just as the histories of Rome end with the fall of the republic and pass jejunely over the centuries of the empire, when Rome set its stamp permanently on Western civilization. The fault in Prof. Ferguson's book consists in his trying to read into the ancient civilization and frame of government modern ideas from which antiquity was happily free, there following the prevailing fashion.

Another set of lectures, which Lowell Institute audiences must have found harder to digest, is the study of local government in the Roman world by Dr. James S. Reid, professor in the University of Cambridge, "The Municipalities of the Roman Empire" (Cambridge University Press; G. P. Putnam's Sons), a subject with which German and French scholars have been wrestling for half a century, but which has not been presented in so complete or compact a form in English before. The author begins by describing the method of establishing colonies in Italy and the varying degrees of citizenship, till all were amalgamated into one form, with the end of the republic. He devotes more attention, however, to the system employed in the provinces and conquered lands chiefly under the empire, the spread of citizenship which enabled Paul and Augustine to claim its privileges, and of the institutions which held good against Teutons and feudalism and absolute monarchy, down to the French Revolution. It is a book for scholars, rather than for the ordinary reader, but it presents in very convenient form the results of modern investigation in a matter unusually complicated.

One of the strangest episodes in English history, mentioned in all the books even though dismissed in a paragraph, the general mutiny of the seamen in the fleet at the moment when England felt proudest of her sea power, an event which for the moment caused more alarm than the later fears of Napoleon's invasion, has been studied from the records by Conrad Gill of the Manchester University, who relates what he has found out in "The Naval Mutinies of 1797" (Manchester University Press; Longmans, Green and Company). The author unfortunately follows the model of the modern doctor dissertation, and is at much greater pains to be accurate than to be interesting. He tells first of the two mutinies at Spithead, then, at greater length, of the mutiny at the Nore, relying on official records, practically all the material available, for the seamen were not literary and could not appeal to the newspapers. Next he offers his inferences as to the real grievances of the sailors and the reforms the mutinies brought about, and as to the political causes for the revolt.

From the twenty-seven volumes of "The American Nation" series of historical monographs edited by Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard the chapters descriptive of "Social and Economic Forces in American History" (Harpers) have been culled and are printed in a volume by themselves. Within its limitations it offers a consecutive account of social conditions in the United States from the settlement to the present day. Less room has been found for the economic essays, which the reader will probably not regret. The book evidently fills some gap in the history curriculum of the schools.

Though their interest may be chiefly local, town and county histories have an importance of their own, and it is rare for the general historian not to find in any one of them some fact that throws light on the times or on the men they tell about which the general histories pass over. In the North the ground has been pretty well covered and we are glad to see that the task is being taken up too by Southern chroniclers. It may be that Muhlenberg county in Kentucky has been happy in having a rather uneventful history, but whatever occurred within its boundaries deserved to be recorded, and that work has been done conscientiously by Otto A. Rothert in "A History of Muhlenberg County" (John P. Morton and Company, Louisville, Ky.), a handsome volume, fully illustrated, in which the author describes minutely the topography and antiquities and supplies the many valuable genealogies and biographies which give value to books of this character. The county saw something of the civil war and in the early days was the scene of an exciting bandit hunt.

A valuable contribution to the literature of the civil war is made by Capt. Robert Goldthwaite Carter by the publication of an extensive family correspondence in "Four Brothers in Blue" (Gibson Brothers, Washington). The author with one brother served in the Twenty-second Massachusetts Regiment, another brother in the Fourteenth Massachusetts, still another, a West Point graduate, in several regiments of regulars. All wrote long letters home, and one or the other was in nearly every fight in the East from Bull Run to Appomattox. The letters therefore form an almost continuous record of the war. The author joined the regular army after the war was over and served till he was retired.

To many readers the fighting over of battles and campaigns by critics seems a bootless task except as a study in military science. Whatever polemics may have arisen about it, however, the first battle in the civil war can hardly be regarded as an example to be followed or avoided, because of the elements which were not military that were involved. Such as it was, it is studied with much diligence in "Bull Run, Its Strategy and Tactics" by R. M. Johnston (Houghton Mifflin Company). The narrative is based on the official records, and is illustrated with many maps.

Other Books.

Though addressing to a Kansas audience only what it can fully grasp, sugared with humor whenever the occasion offers, W. Y. Morgan's observations on "The Near East" (Crane and Company, Topeka, Kan.) show keenness and hard sense. The book is made up of letters to the author's home newspaper last summer and fall, recording impressions of a trip to the Mediterranean, down the Danube from Vienna to Belgrade and thence through the Balkan States. The incidents of travel are usually narrated from the point of view of Kansas, which gives a certain impression of flippancy, but the author kept his eyes open and saw some things as they are in Servia, Rumania, Constantinople, Greece, Albania, Montenegro and even Herzegovina; he prudently kept out of Bulgaria. He picks out one or two essential facts about each people, explains it clearly in homely language, avoiding all display of historical knowledge or erudition and is satisfied with making his point. His discoveries may seem trite to the learned, but they are generally right and his method seems well adapted to fixing the ideas in the mind of the average newspaper reader.

It is pleasant to notice that the foundation of most sound college scholarship in the classics, that friend in need, Bohn, is taking a new lease of life by putting on an attractive modern dress. Bohn's translations, whose beneficent influence Emerson compared to that of the railroads, have from time out of mind, at any rate for over sixty years, proved the mainstay of classical study in America. Some philologists even derive the meaning of the verb "to bone" from the student's intense application to Bohn at the last moment. The translations were not the sole contribution of H. G. Bohn to the dissemination of learning; he published other libraries of standard books at a very low price for the times, which Carlyle for one praised highly. These libraries Bohn's successors, G. Bell and Sons (Macmillans), are now issuing in the convenient cheap pocket form. The volume containing Mignet's "History of the French Revolution," still a classic, is a vast improvement on the early edition in legibility of type and attractive getup.

To those who take their card playing solemnly Milton C. Work's "Auction Developments" (Houghton Mifflin Company) will be very welcome. It deals with the higher philosophy of the game, assuming that the reader is not merely proficient with the rules but has reached the stage where he wishes to discuss the whys and wherefores. All manner of things about which auction players dispute are explained here, and many suggestions are made for the improvement or complication of the game. The author disapproves of the name "auction bridge."

Portraits, full page, half page and quarter page, of men of note at present in Arkansas, with brief biographies and with accounts of the resources and attractions of various places in the State, make up "The Book of Arkansas" (The *Arkansas Gazette*, Little Rock, Ark.). They represent chiefly business men, though some political worthies are included, and denizens of Little Rock predominate, as is perhaps natural. The book will prove useful to any one who needs a "Who's Who in Arkansas." The portraits indicate that the appearance of the present citizens of Arkansas differs in no respect from that of Americans in other parts of the country.

Art.

There was a time when on taking up a French book the reader could count on its being interesting, however much or little the author might know about his subject. The modern French in their adoration of strange idols have abjured the charm of their language, with the wit, the good sense, the ideals of fitness which once were thought essentially French or Gallic, but a few hardened writers cling to the old faith, such as Anatole France and Gaston Maspero. The distinguished Egyptologist has never disdained to make the knowledge he has acquired in his branch of research intelligible to the ordinary reader, and the papers he has contributed to journals, scientific and popular, have always been delightful. He has collected a good many of these essays and studies, written in a period of thirty years, though most of them are recent, in a volume which Elizabeth Lee translates under the title "Egyptian Art" (Appletons). The articles deal chiefly with sculpture, usually with a single specimen recently discovered at the time the paper was written, and are uniformly bright and sensible. In this edition they are illustrated with excellent pictures of the objects under discussion. It is a book that should attract the general reader as well as those who are interested in Egypt and in archæology.

An album of pictures by a young German artist, "Forty-three Drawings by Alastair," is published by the John Lane Company, with an appreciative notice by Robert Ross. The pictures show decided talent, though the art is distorted into the eccentricities of the A. Beardsley and the "poster" schools. They will interest those curious in such matters. Perhaps the artist may outgrow his present methods.

Books Received.

"The Vanishing Race." Dr. Joseph K. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page and Company.)

"Speeches." Wendell Phillips. Stafford. (Arthur F. Stone, St. Johnsbury, Vt.)

"Alone in the Wilderness." Joseph Knowles. (Small, Maynard and Company, Boston.)

"Ombres Francaises et Visions Anglaises." Comte d'Haussonville. (Bernard Grasset, Paris.)

"From the Angle of Seventeen." Eden Phillpotts. (Little, Brown and Company.)

"Idonia." Arthur E. Wallis. (Little, Brown and Company.)

"Progressive Principles." Theodore Roosevelt; edited by Elmer H. Youngman. (Progressive National Service, New York.)

"Industrial Directory of New York, 1913." (State Department of Labor, Albany.)

"Labor Laws of New York State, 1913." James M. Lynch. (J. B. Lyon Company, Albany.)

STARLINGS ON THE ROOF

(Moving House, Michaelmas.)

By THOMAS HARDY.

"No smoke spreads out of this chimney pot.
The people who lived here have left the spot.
And others are coming who knew them not.

"If you listen anon, with an ear intent,
The voices, you'll find, will be different
From the well known ones of those who went.

"Why did they go? Their tones so bland
Were quite familiar to our band;
Fresh comers we shall not understand."

"They look for a new life, strenuous, strange;
They do not know that, let them range
Wherever they may, they will get no change.

"They will drag their furniture ever so far
In their search for a home no miseries mar;
They will find that as they were they are.

"That every hearth has a ghost, alack!
And can be but the scene of a bivouac
For a painful halt till the time to pack!"

—From the London *Nation*.

LONDON VIEWED IN INTIMATE PICTURES

An illuminating record of sights and sounds and isolated picturesque fragments of London is presented by Henry James Forman in his "London—An Intimate Picture," just published by McBride, Nast & Co. The lure and the atmosphere of the huge city are commented upon, in addition to impression flavored descriptions of widely known buildings and districts—the Tower, Whitehall and Westminster, St. Paul's, the Temple and Fleet street, the galleries, Trafalgar Square and the Strand, Pall Mall and Piccadilly, Milton, Shakespeare and Dickens land, and the London of homes.

About the lure of London Mr. Forman has very pronounced things to say. For instance:

"You may love your Italy and warmth and sunlight. * * * You may know something of what is spoken of as 'the call of the East.' * * * Yet to me nothing is comparable to the romance of London. I have lived there and merely visited, absented myself for years at a time and still the call of London is stronger than any other call, and ultimately, regardless of the initial direction, London is the crowning stage of every European journey, if not its end. * * *

"Fogs and the rains have made it 'gray and glamourous,' and with all respect to the Royal Academy, the rains and the fogs are the best artists in England. That, too, is a part of London's lure.

"Subtly and indescribably thrilling it is to the wayfarer from overseas, to find reminders of Dickens in Fleet street, a reminiscence of Dr. Johnson at the Cheshire Cheese and the memory of Tennyson hovering over 'The Cock,' where Will Waterproof wrote his lyrical monologue. You may find yourself wandering in darkest Soho, in search of chianti or a foreign book and passing unaware the house in Frith street where Mozart lodged (No. 51), or where Hazlitt died (No. 6), or you may be looking for a French restaurant in Gerrard street, only to stumble upon an ancient home of the poet Dryden (at 43) or (at 37) of Edmund Burke. Yet a step away is Shaftesbury avenue, a raging, bustling theatrical district, not unlike Broadway, New York, or the Paris boulevards, where few passers doubtless think upon Hazlitt, remember Dryden, or even the philosopher of the sublime and beautiful. * * *

"To speak of the 'atmosphere' of a place has come to be tantamount to slang and there are those who will tell you irritably that you can all but eat the atmosphere of London. Putting aside, however, the purely pictorial cities of the world, like Florence or Venice, London is to me the most 'atmospheric' of them all. New York is obviously too new for comparison and Paris is too self-conscious in its beauty; as for Berlin, it might have been built by the police! But London is unconscious and that is a great point in its greatness. The best of London from the visitor's point of view, may be in an open space, free to all the winds of heaven, or tucked away in a nook that only a cabman can find. For to many of us, if not to all, Nelson's column in Trafalgar Square is no more interesting than, say, the little house at the bottom of Craven street where Heine lived in 1827, or the Carlyle house in that brief thoroughfare, Cheyne Row, or his statue in Cheyne Walk. * * *

"The charm of tradition, however, is far from being the only species of London charm. Whistler, it is said, was the first to discover the 'mysterious and fugitive' beauty of the town, and through the fog saw in every chimney a towering campanile. But it is impossible to think that Whistler was alone in his discovery. On any partially clear day you may walk along the Chelsea embankment from More's Garden and be permeated by a delicate picture composed of elements no more choice than the Thames, a few low-lying barges in midstream, and a fringe of shadowy trees marking the edge of Battersea Park beyond. The mist from the muddy waters of the river and the blue haze clinging about those trees transform the scene into a kind of mirage, captivating to the eye, fascinating to the imagination, an altogether strange and beautiful vision. Yet beyond the park lies nothing more alluring than the drab, Harlemlike region of Battersea. * * *

"The town is filled with anomalies. Go from Piccadilly through Curzon street toward the square gray palace that is the town house of the Duchess of Marlborough. A little to the south of that street you may stumble upon Shepherd's Market, one of those odd little back waters in which London abounds. Any evening in the season you may see men in evening dress losing their way and straying into this bit of Dickens land enclosed by the most costly houses in Mayfair, standing upon ground priceless per square foot. Footmen, coachmen, butlers, slip away from their grand surroundings to the bar of the Sun tavern, here to unbend and refresh themselves in their own congenial fashion. I have myself lost my way in Shepherd's Market and the man who directed me, probably a footman, seemed to have a perfect knowledge of every house in Mayfair. * * *"

But Mr. Forman considers that the realest and most significant aspect of London is that of its homes.

"The Temple might vanish to-morrow," he says, "the Abbey might crumble into dust, but London, the broad, the shapeless, the home of seven millions of people, would hardly be aware of their deletion. You cannot lie down at night without a pleasant consciousness of the miles upon miles of human habitations, and you cannot awake in the morning without a comforting sense of the solidarity that so huge a city gives you. I have felt myself an alien in Paris, and who has not experienced the feeling of living in a camp that comes to you in New York, where block after block of houses is condemned to the use of the northward creeping commerce? In London you feel that the primary business of the city is to multiply homes. Everything else is secondary. And that fact alone gives life a singular dignity."

MISS WILLCOCKS TELLS AN IMPRESSIONISTIC STORY

The desire for effects is not hidden in M. P. Willcocks's story of "The Will to Live" (The Macmillan Company). The meeting of Dr. Jonathan Revel, after the lapse of years, with his sweetheart of the Latin Quarter and the student days, makes a chapter of quick impressions. The sky is blue in Picardy. Golden and blood red flowers glow on the crumbling garden walls of a house with a mansard roof. The doctor is English. Since those early irregular days he has married and led a conventional life in the English country. He now stands before the house in Picardy and hears a clear laugh, which issues from an open window. It is a nurse who laughs. He hears the nurse say: "Madame in a nursery! But oh, how funny! Why, the bones of her would scratch the baby's skin. Ah, oui, but she is hard, hard, hard. And babies go not well with the corners of a stone image." By the expression "stone image" the nurse signifies the baby's grandmother. This grandmother, as presently appears, was the doctor's sweetheart in those earlier Latin Quarter days.

The nurse herself had the advantages of youth. She had a "privet white skin, red lips and head of coiffured bronze." Doubtless she was devoid of corners. Whatever the charms of her temporary appearance, she deserved the doctor's rebuke. He said: "Decent maidens do not concern themselves with the bones of their employers." The grandmother appeared. The declared facts concerning her cannot be said to conflict with the rude insinuations of the nurse. "She was," says the story, "meagre, resolute and spirituelle, and in youth her hair had been of Venetian red." Her flashing eyes affected the doctor as they used to do. If she was angular, what was that really but a recommendation? The story declares as much. "Although other folks might bluster, it was always she who won, she who made other, softer women look like feather beds." The baby was present at this interview. It tumbled about. It was burdened by few clothes. Sophie was its name.

There was a child who was Sophie's half-sister. The doctor had seen her the evening before at dinner in the hotel. The matter was interesting. Between her two fat parents sat this half-sister, "a rosy girl child, her crimped hair done up with pink ribbons. Every one champed stewed tripe till suddenly there fell a silence and the men paused in their eating, fork in hand. For the child had given out a cry of fright and, purple with terror, was moving her tongue round her mouth. The father looked round the ring of faces and smiled reassuringly, while the mother whipped out a folded handkerchief and held it beneath the child's chin. Varying emotions of terror, excitement and joy at finding herself the centre of things flitted across the girl's face. At last a long breath of relief went round, for a pearly milk tooth lay on madame's handkerchief, and in a few moments the heroine of the affair was smiling and blushing. Finally at a word from her mother she kissed her hand to the company. The men bowed, winked and drank the child's health in vin ordinaire, while the women chuckled and smiled knowingly. "For," says the story, "is not the first milk tooth a milestone on life's way for the jeune demoiselle?" To be sure it is, but not all these shedded things drop softly in a napkin.

The story tells how the owl swooped down and seized the mouse in the Revel home in England after the doctor had adopted Sophie. It tells a great deal of Sophie's interesting career, and the manner of the telling is very largely such as we have indicated.

"TRUST LOVE EVEN IF IT BRINGS SORROW."

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

"Trust love even if it brings sorrow.
Do not close up your heart."

"Ah, no, my friend, your words are
dark, I cannot understand them."

"The heart is only for giving away
with a tear and a song, my love."

"Ah, no, my friend, your words are
dark, I cannot understand them."

"Pleasure is frail like a dewdrop,
while it laughs and dies. But sorrow is
strong and abiding. Let sorrowful
love wake in your eyes."

"Ah, no, my friend, your words are
dark, I cannot understand them."

"The lotus blooms in the sight of the
sun, and loses all that it has. It would
not remain in bud in the eternal winter
mist."

"Ah, no, my friend, yours words are
dark, I cannot understand them."

"OVER THE GREEN AND YELLOW RICE FIELDS."

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

Over the green and yellow rice-fields
sweep the shadows of the autumn
clouds followed by the swift chasing
sun.

The bees forget to sip their honey;
drunken with light they foolishly hover
and hum.

The ducks in the islands of the river
clamor in joy for mere nothing.

Let none go back home, brothers,
this morning, let none go to work.

Let us take the blue sky by storm
and plunder space as we run.

Laughter floats in the air like foam
on the flood.

Brothers, let us squander our
morning in futile songs.

IMPRESSIONS OF "A TRAVELLER AT FORTY"

By THEODORE DREISER.

One of the things that seriously impressed me was the never failing singing air of the city [Paris] which is everywhere, and another the peculiarly moody atmosphere of the cemetery of Pere-Lachaise—that wonderful world of celebrated dead—who crowd each other like the residents of a narrow city and who make a veritable fanfare of names.

This is a furnace of desire—this Montmartre district—and it burns furiously with a hard white, hot flame until there is nothing left save black cinders and white ashes. Those who can endure its consuming heat are welcome to its wonders until emotion and feeling and beauty are no more.

St. Peter's, if I may be permitted to continue a little on that curious theme, is certainly the most amazing church in the world. It is not beautiful, I am satisfied that no true artist would grant that, but after you have been all over Europe and have seen the various edifices of importance, it still sticks in your mind as astounding, perhaps the most astounding of all.

But the five or six days I spent in Venice, how they linger. How shall one ever paint water and light and air in words?

The one thing that came home to me with great force was that Germany is in no way loose jointed or idle, but, on the contrary, strong, red blooded, avid, imaginative. Germany is a terrific nation, hopeful, courageous, enthusiastic, orderly, self-disciplining, at present anyhow, and if it can keep its place without engaging in some vast, self-destroying conflict, it can become internally so powerful that it will almost stand irresistible.

Amsterdam I should certainly include among my cities of light and charm as a place to live in. Holland is obviously a land of canals and windmills, but more than that it is a land of atmosphere.

Our boasted democracy has resulted in little more than the privilege every living, breathing American has of being rude and brutal to every other, but it is not beyond possibility that some time the nation we will sober down into something approximating human civility. Our early revolt against sham civility has, in so far as I can see, resulted in nothing save the abolition of all civility, which is sickening.

INTERESTING CONNECTIONS OF "THE ROSARY'S" AUTHOR

Florence Barclay, author of "The Rosary" and "The Broken Halo," belongs to the Charlesworth family, a family that has served the Church in an unbroken chain since the days of Elizabeth. Morley Adams recently said: "Mrs. Barclay's books proclaim the same gospel that her forebears preached, only her congregation is the world."

Mrs. Barclay is the granddaughter of the Mrs. Charlesworth whose "Ministering Children" was read with such avidity when it appeared half a century ago. She is a niece of the learned Arabic scholar Prof. Cowell, to whose persuasion it was due that Fitzgerald took up the study of Arabic. Prof. Cowell rendered valuable assistance in connection with the translation of Omar Khayyam. Mrs. Barclay's sister is Maud Ballington Booth, who is the author of several books for young people.

Much of Mrs. Barclay's writing has been done at Hereford Heath, of which her husband, the Rev. Charles Barclay, is the vicar. With its charming garden, fragrant with the season's bloom and musical with the song of birds, the vicarage is just the kind of environment that the reader associates with the production of books such as "The Rosary" and "The Broken Halo." One book from the pen of Mrs. Barclay, "Through the Postern Gate," whose garden setting carries one back to the charming homesteads embowered in green of the English countryside, was, however, strangely enough, written when the author was on shipboard crossing the Atlantic. "The Following of the Star" was partly written at the famous Villa Trollope, in Florence, where George Eliot wrote "Romola" and where Mrs. Browning, Maxwell Gray and Lord Lytton often stayed. This spot is still one beloved by authors and composers, for among the present generation of writers it has been used by Frances Hodgson Burnett, Thomas Hardy and Eden Phillpotts.

TRIALS OF YOUNG NOVELIST WHO FINALLY WON PRIZE

The novel, "The Lure of the Little Drum," just published by the Putnams, depicts life in India. The author, Miss Peterson, has described many of the scenes as she saw them, for as the daughter of a professor at Elphinstone College, Bombay, she had good opportunity for the observation of native character as well as that of the Anglo-Indian.

"When my parents died," she states, "I decided to come to London to earn my own living. I had no friends here and did not realize how hard it would be.

"I wished to be a journalist, but after a year I was obliged to seek for other work. Then followed a long search in registry offices, and I turned away from one after another disappointed. At last I obtained a post in Ireland as nursery governess, but did not like it at all. I returned to England and learned shorthand and typewriting. It did not take me very long to master them, and I held several posts until I became an editor's secretary. While I was in this position I wrote a few articles which were published.

"I wrote 'The Lure of the Little Drum' in the evenings when my work was finished, and I did it chiefly because I had no friends and it was so dull. I had written a novel before, and strangely enough submitted it to Mr. Andrew Melrose. [It was Mr. Melrose who offered the prize of $1,250 in the literary competition of which "The Lure of the Little Drum" was the winning novel.] He told me it was too cumbersome for publication, but encouraged me to continue."

AUTHOR'S WHOLESOME HAPPINESS RECIPE

Maria Thompson Daviess, author of "The Tinder Box," says that she considers a nice mothery Jersey creaming cow with a calf, about two dozen industrious hens of the interestingly mixed variety that show Minorca tails to balance Dominick wings, six bronze turkeys, at least two wabbly legged thoroughbred colts, five to seven white and spotted setter pups, unnumbered doves under the eaves in the Virginia creeper, a fresh turnip greens patch, tall old elm and locusts, wide, deep wood fire, some half marked silver as old as the United States and a good conscience about the right allowance of happiness for any American citizen, and the allowance to which everybody has a right.

AUTHOR CHARGED BY FOUR LIONS AT ONCE

The latest mail from Africa announces that Stewart Edward White, the author and explorer, has just come out of the African jungle at Nairobi, British East Africa, having completed his second trip into the wilds of the mysterious continent. The only news from Mr. White since he entered the jungle six months ago is contained in this laconic note, just received by his publishers, Doubleday, Page and Company:

"Thanks for the letters, which I was glad to get. Just out. Leave to-morrow for the forests, and sail December. Should hit New York in January and will tell you all about it. Most successful trip from every point of view and have discovered a virgin game field. One day counted—not estimated—4,623 head. One morning, while alone with my gunbearer, I was charged by four lions at once. Some stings! Managed to kill the lot. Have a photo which might be somehow available. As ever,

"STEWART EDWARD WHITE."

"NAIROBI, October 29, 1913."

The Sun Book Exchange

Advertisements of second hand books for sale, exchange or wanted will be inserted in THE SUN, Saturdays, at 20c. a line (seven words to the line, fourteen lines to the inch.)

BOOKS BOUGHT Executors, administrators and others will find it to their advantage to communicate with us before disposing of large or small collections of books, autographs, prints, or other literary property, prompt removal; cash down. HENRY MALKAN, New York's Largest Bookstore, 42 Broadway and 55 New St., N. Y. Telephone Broad 5860.

THE BEST PLACE TO SELL AUTOGRAPHS, libraries, crude old engravings of Washington and other Americans, naval and battle scenes, old views of Boston, New York and other American cities; whaling scenes, pictures of fires, files of early newspapers, American magazines printed before 1790, book plates, and all kinds of literary property and historical material is GOODSPEED'S BOOKSHOP, 5A Park st., Boston, Mass.

BOOKS—All out of print books supplied, no matter on what subject; write me stating books wanted; I can get you any book ever published, when in England call and inspect my stock of 50,000 rare books. BAKER'S GREAT BOOK SHOP, John Bright st., Birmingham, England.

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS BOUGHT & SOLD. Highest price paid for Autograph Letters of Famous People, rare books and books with Autograph Inscriptions. P. F. MADIGAN, 501 Fifth avenue, New York.