# NEW BOOKS SEEN THROUGH REVIEWS AND COMMENT

## CRITICAL REVIEWS OF THE SEASON'S LATEST BOOKS

### Mr. Phillpott's Realism of the Commonplace—A Social Service Heroine—Swashbuckling Romance.

### Account of an Unclothed "Return to Nature"—Dr. Dixon's Memorial to the Vanishing Indians—Mammals.

### Four New Contributions to the Literature of Advertising—Handy Volume on Customs Tariff Act.

If taken as a fragment of autobiography Eden Phillpotts's "From the Angle of Seventeen" (Little, Brown and Company) will be found interesting, for people like to hear of even trivial occurrences to popular authors. If intended as purely imaginary psychology or humor the book is puzzling, like certain other ventures into humor by clever English writers. It describes the commonplace experiences of a boy just out of school during his first year in business in London, matters that would be amusing enough if the author could really put himself into the skin of his seventeen-year-old hero. The simple events are natural enough and sometimes funny, only they are not related as the boy saw them, but as the much older philosopher regards them now, and he puts these ideas into his hero's mouth. There is plenty of irony, therefore, and sometimes bright epigram; many portraits and comments on things in general, which are those of Mr. Phillpotts and not of his good hearted nice boy. The reader is led from one inconsequential incident to another, his attention is directed to one passerby after another, but nothing comes of it after all. It is the realism of the commonplace carried to extremes.

The somewhat hysterical craving to render service to the world which affects a good many young women in society is the main theme of Rose Cullen Bryant's "Ruth Anne" (J. B. Lippincott Company). Her heorine, having a weakness for doctors, starts in to become a trained nurse, which procures us an almost technical account of hospital work, with instances of some wrong things and hints that there are many more. A question of ethics turns her away from this career and she takes up settlement work instead. The author shows strong feeling on various subjects, the bureaucratic system of hospitals, the hardships of organized charity, the social evil, the heedless management of real estate, the corruption of politicians, the lack of morals of men, but she restrains herself and leaves them aside. She is carried away by another peculiarity of the heroine, her eagerness to attract men to her because she is a woman; after experimenting on a house doctor and a somewhat unprincipled politician she finds the man she wants in a physician. Several other women in the tale love men other than their husbands, but while the author states their cases vividly and sympathetically she permits no impropriety.

With a little coherence in his plot and some hint of purpose in the villainy Arthur F. Wallis would have provided the readers of "Idonia" (Little, Brown and Company) with a fine swashbuckling romance of the old fashioned kind, with an improbable adventure and a hairbreadth escape in every chapter. He has a complete and masterful villain, with others truculent or humorous to keep things going, a rattlebrained hero with a talent for getting into trouble, a lovely maiden who pops up inexplicably in unexpected places, and a ramshackle building full of traps through which all these and others keep chasing each other. He also has fragments of an Elizabethan vocabulary and of antiquarian lore that help to confuse his narrative. The reader may derive queer impressions of Queen Bess's England from this book, but he will be kept continuously in motion and in excitement and will feel that he is ridden by a nightmare.

With the minuteness of the Dutch painters D. H. Lawrence in "Sons and Lovers" (Mitchell Kennerley, New York) describes the uncongenial life of a coal miner and his determined wife and the career of their offspring. The man on the whole seems to do his duty and can hardly be blamed for taking to drink. None of the woman's grievances are passed over; she keeps a watchful eye on her favorite son, and we are treated to every detail of her last illness. The pictures of British middle class and low life are interesting in their way, but the hero unfortunately becomes a painter and inflicts on us all the vagaries of the artistic temperament in the proper adjustment of his love affairs. We have found this book tedious, notwithstanding the meticulous care the author has taken in registering the emotions and conversation of the characters.

#### Other Books.

Among the many notions that distinguish Boston we may note the occasional abhorrence of all clothing. Some years ago an adventurous journalist started on a penniless trip around the world in the garb of Adam and last summer Joseph Knowles adopted the same costume for his demonstration of the advantages of a return to nature, an experience which he describes in "Alone in the Wilderness" (Small, Maynard and Company, Boston). Before beginning his experiment Mr. Knowles visited Dr. D. A. Sargent of Harvard, who took his measurements, as he also did after his return. Without a scrap of clothing or anything else the author went into the Maine woods, lived in them for two months and returned with health not merely unimpaired but improved. He urges others to go and do likewise; but we hardly expect to find the Maine woods henceforth peopled with naked men. A good many have found recuperation in them though burdened by the usual supply of clothing and provisions, and many more, we trust, will keep on using the same methods. Mr. Knowles had an equipment far above garments or tools, he had a thorough knowledge of woodcraft and years of experience in trapping and hunting and in roughing it. He proves nothing except that he was willing to put up with a lot of inconvenience in order to perform an eccentric feat. He ekes out the record of his experience with much more interesting tales from other periods in his life and with many remarks about things in general which could easily be spared. It is easy to believe that he suffered chiefly from having nobody to talk to. He was much gratified by the notoriety he acquired for the moment. He tells his story simply enough and illustrates it with photographs.

A superb memorial volume to mark the visit of the Indian chiefs at the dedication of the monument to their race in New York harbor is issued by Doubleday, Page and Company under the title "The Vanishing Race." It is written by Dr. Joseph K. Dixon, who carried out Mr. Rodman Wanamaker's idea. He begins with a vivid description of Indian ways, then tells the story of each chief that attended the council, with their impressions of the ceremony. He also relates the story of the Custer fight from the Indian side, with the statements of the scouts who survive. The book is illustrated with many splendid photographs and is an important addition to the literature about the North American Indian.

The fact that Dr. William B. Scott, author of "A History of Land Mammals in the Western Hemisphere" (Macmillans), is professor of geology and palæontology at Princeton University, may warn the reader that the creatures described in his book are chiefly those that flourished and vanished before man came into the world. Prof. Scott has written a systematic and authoritative account of what science has made out of the fossil remains that have been discovered on this continent, ascribing them to their proper classification and to the correct geological ages, and wherever the species has survived in any shape he continues the history down to the mammals now living. The portly volume is very fully illustrated; it is a notable contribution by the highest American scholarship to the fascinating study of palæontology. We find no reference in the index to Mr. Carnegie's diplodocus.

An interesting account of the many experiments that have been made and are now being carried on in "Copartnership and Profit-sharing," written by Aneurin Williams, an enthusiastic believer in cooperation, has been added to the useful and convenient Home University Library (Williams and Norgate; Henry Holt and Company). These efforts at solving the difficulties between capital and labor have been extremely interesting ever since the economists began to study them, all the more from the belief that in time one or the other of them will give the desired answer. Even the failures convey their lessons.

A little volume that every business man will have to consult and many travellers may save themselves trouble by inspecting, "Customs Tariff Act, October 3, 1913," is published by R. F. Downing and Company, New York. It contains the text of the new tariff law, followed by an alphabetical schedule of the duties imposed under it that fills 445 pages of small type. Summaries of the administrative provisions, sections of other acts which come into consideration, examples of forms to be filled out, useful tables of weights, measures and coinage and other matters are also given, making this valuable handbook very complete.

#### Books on Advertising.

Advertising nowadays has become a profession in which expert knowledge is highly valued and in some respects has become a science. It is the cause of an abundant literature, in which we have found books that seem practical and useful and many more that with some fair ideas held much that was foolish and even harmful. Four books of varying calibre are now before us.

An example of the best kind comes, apparently, from Australia, "The Power of Advertising," by A. O. Richardson (The Lambert Publishing Company, New York). It is a businesslike, straightforward explanation of principles based on experience, with many pertinent examples, in which whether in praise or blame the author does not hesitate to use real names, and a statement of the methods employed in the advertising business. Every page conveys information to the advertiser and his customer alike and the tone is that of plain common sense.

At the other end of the scale we might put "Advertising and Selling" (Appletons), by Harry L. Hollingsworth, perhaps the logical result of introducing business courses into the university. The author endeavors to elaborate philosophically the psychology of advertising, to establish the force of the impression made by the advertisement by statistics and experiment. We fancy that the available data on the subject are at present hardly sufficient to warrant specific inferences, as is the case with most of psychophysiological theories and the "sciences" developed from them like criminology and sociology and the rest. The author is a psychologist pondering over advertisements; his speculations may add a mite to the research side of the philosophy of advertising or of "appeal and response"; we should judge that it would be better to keep them out of the class room.

While the various "Bank Advertising Plans" (The Bankers Publishing Company, New York) collected by T. D. MacGregor are often ingenious and sometimes startling and may have proved effective in the communities where they were tried, we fear they might prove disastrous in more conservative places. The best advertisement a bank can have in the East is still, we presume, the assurance of the financial integrity and ability of its managers and frequent public statements of the condition of its business. The adoption of the methods employed to bring to notice prepared foods or theatrical performances by a bank might easily arouse suspicion among careful depositors.

Though the questions of good taste and of reverence must undoubtedly arise from the forms of "Church Publicity" (The Methodist Book Concern, New York) advocated by Christian F. Reisner, the chief thing we find to criticise is the object for which the author seeks publicity. He has made quite a complete study of the eccentric and startling forms of advertising employed by business men in the pursuit of gain. These he thinks should be used to aid the many activities in which the churches now engage, the fairs, sociables, gymnasiums, settlement work and so on, against which there is little to be said. He does not demonstrate that the methods will aid the chief purpose for which churches exist, and seems inclined to believe that so long as people are attracted to attend it matters little what the minister may preach. The methods of the Salvation Army are at least intended to make people listen to the message it has to convey; those Mr. Reisner promulgates seem directed to turn still more churches into a species of clubs or at best of civic centres.

James Branch Cabell Author of "The Soul of Milicent."

Frances Nimmo Greene Author of "The Right of the Strongest." (Scribners)

John Helston Author of "Aphrodite and Other Poems" (Macmillan)

Rachel Hayward Author of "The Hippodrome"

Antonin Dusserre the Peasant Author of "Jean and Louise"

## A SOCIALIST'S STORY OF THIS EVIL TOWN

We were bound to notice the strange attitude of the arch plutocrat in Reginald Wright Kauffman's story of "The Spider's Web" (Moffat, Yard and Company). This mighty dictator—the story describes him as "the head of a group of men virtually controlling industrial, financial and political America"—sat with two lesser plutocrats at a large mahogany table in a rear room high up in a Wall street skyscraper. His figure was rotund; we know this because it is said that "his abdomen swelled so that his shoulders were somewhat further from the table than those of his associates." Plainly he was not built like an acrobat, still less like a contortionist, and yet it is to be read in a sentence that is carefully repeated at several points in the tale, a sort of refrain to strengthen and fasten the impression: "He sat with his great hands flat upon the surface of the table, his thick fingers extended, his elbows raised at right angles to his torso and pointing ceilingward." For the life of us we can't see how he did it, with his hands flat on the table. If he had been buttoning his shirt collar behind—but we pass it by.

Luke Huber, the young hero of this story, came to this city from Pennsylvania and was made an Assistant District Attorney. Pull, the balking of justice, cocaine, heroin, the social evil, police corruption, side doors, safe homicide, political gangs, pernicious influence, a devious bar, a corrupt judiciary, follies as well as wicked faults of the law—this bald and merely partial enumeration of what young Luke found here will indicate the need of reform. He believed there should be a new party. At first he thought the Progressive party would answer, but strangely he came to relinquish this understanding. He continued, however, to believe in the recall.

The arch plutocrat wrote a letter ordering inferior rails for one of his railroads. Twenty persons were killed and 100 injured in the resulting accident. The arch plutocrat's letter was purloined and sold to the District Attorney for $2,500. The District Attorney proved devious. Luke bearded him. They scuffled. The young strength of Luke prevailed. "You're fired! Do you hear that? You're fired! Now go and try to do something. You can't do a thing but sell those letters to the people they were stolen from. If you try anything else with those people they'll bury you so deep nobody ever can dig down far enough to find you. Do you know who you're up against when you buck that crowd? They won't let you walk the same earth with them! Go on. You'll be killed and I'll be damned glad of it. Fight them, will you? You might as well draw a gun on God Almighty! Now then, get out of here. Get out, or I'll have you kicked out!" Thus the District Attorney to young Luke. It was harsh speech.

Luke presented himself to the arch plutocrat in his skyscraper lair. The dictator was seated with his two fellow plutocrats at the mahogany table. In spite of the obvious anatomical difficulty his elbows were pointed to the ceiling as usual. He showed pointed teeth when he smiled. In another place in the story his teeth are described as yellow fangs. Luke addressed the formidable company boldly. He said: "In coming here the only thing I hesitated about was whether it would be better for the people to have safe transportation immediately guaranteed or to have you three in jail." He decided to allow the plutocrats to reconstruct the entire road with rails of the first quality.

The eminent ex-Judge Stein, a corporation lawyer of the highest efficiency, was despatched to reason with the young reformer. He explained suavely the advantages that Luke would enjoy as a consequence of restoring the arch plutocrat's purloined letter, likewise the great retributive danger that would attend the obstinate retention of it. Luke amused himself for a time, treating the Judge to a series of gentle if excoriating sarcasms, then said sternly and hotly: "I don't believe they can hurt me, and I don't care a damn one way or the other! If these fellows don't do what I've ordered I'll show them up, the whole bunch of them. I'll do it—why, I'd do it if they were the seraphim and cherubim and all the Thrones, Dominions, Virtues, Powers, Principalities and Archangels rolled into one!" Upon this the Judge, bowing and retiring, set a very formidable engineery in motion.

Returning by automobile to his office in lower Broadway, he bent for a moment to smell of the two Abel Chatney roses that stood in a vase on his desk, then calmly arranged for a "frameup." The young reformer was attacked upon three points. Two of them failed; he was not caught by the police in their raid upon the house to which he was to be lured by the dissolute girl who looked like Joan of Arc and he did not lose through the plutocratic machinations the $100,000 that he had invested in the clothing business. The reach of the plutocratic meddlers was impressive; a banker, a tailor, a druggist, a police lieutenant, a police patrolman, a gunman, a mob of factory strikers—these were but a few of those that moved to the touch of the plutocratic fingers. It was no light matter when young Luke undertook to rout Big Business out of politics. There is no bank in America that is not ruled by the Money Power. The story says so, and certainly banks and money are very much mixed up.

Luke made a speech at Cooper Union in which he pictured the work of the arch plutocrat. The power of this terrible man! Its awful exercise! Luke "pointed to the bloated bodies of the suicides it had flung into rivers it had never seen, the graves it had filled in the potter's fields of distant towns, the twisted limbs of children it had enslaved, the bodies of women it had forced into the arms of lust, the muscles of men it had condemned to lifelong servitude." Luke himself fell before this power. He was "croaked" by Reddy Rawn after the factory riot. The trouble lies in the "System." It is the System that deforms the world and calls for novels of this sort. Down with the System!

### THE LOOK.

By SARA TEASDALE.

STREPHON kissed me in the spring,
Robin in the fall,
But Colin only looked at me
And never kissed at all.

Strephon's kiss was lost in jest,
Robin's lost in play,
But the kiss in Colin's eyes
Haunts me night and day.

From Harper's Magazine.

### NEWS OF AUTHORS AND THEIR WORK

The versatile and much travelled pair, A. M. and C. N. Williamson, spent last winter in Egypt and the Sudan. A new novel called "In Egypt," is the result, appearing January 3.

In connection with the recent publication of David Grayson's "The Friendly Road" comes the report from Florida of the organization of a club of open air lovers called the Graysonians.

William Dean Howells, whose "Familiar Spanish Travels" has just been issued by the Harpers, relates how one desire he had long cherished was at last realized. He once dropped some coins in the hand of a blind beggar. "I had heard and read," he said, "that in Spain people always said at parting, 'Go with God,' but up to that moment nobody had said it to me, though I had lingeringly given many the opportunity. Now at my words and at the touch of my coin this old beggar woman smiled benefiently and said, 'Go with God,' or, as she put it in her Spanish, 'Vaya usted con Dios.'"

The "Century" in regard to a recent suggestion that it would be well for each State in this country to have its own poet laureate advanced John Kendrick Bangs for that position in Maine, Whereupon further suggestions have been advanced—G. E. Woodberry for Massachusetts, Madison Cawein for Kentucky and Percy Mackaye for Vermont.

Mrs. John Clarence Lee, the Philadelphia clubwoman whose "Across Siberia Alone" has just been announced, has experienced plenty of adventure and excitement. She studied for the stage in Paris and after her marriage lived in the West and toured frontier towns which had had no entertainments of any sort for twenty years. Her dressing room was often the general store, the stage the church or school platform, and while the play progressed coyotes howled outside and the company's treasurer had gunplay with drunken cowboys.

F. Hopkinson Smith is to lecture in Chicago the second week in January on the use of charcoal. He will use the drawings which appear in his "In Thackeray's London" to illustrate his lecture.

Rex Beach has achieved a double. Recently his publishers received the following telegram sent from a town in the South: "Rex Beach has been arrested here. Is drunk. Tell us if it is Rex Beach." The reply read: "Rex Beach here. Says he is not drunk and not in Alabama." The literary activities of the impersonator took the form of four checks which he "autographed" with Rex Beach's name.

The original of the school which Lucy Furman describes in her "Mothering on Perilous" is a settlement school in the mountains of Kentucky, characters and all. Miss Furman herself is a teacher in the Hindman Settlement School, founded by Miss Pettit and Miss Stone, the pioneer of its kind of undertaking.

T. Everett Harre, author of "The Eternal Maiden," has forsaken his mountain top retreat in Pennsylvania for a Washington Square studio. His house on Round Top Mountain, overlooking the Susquehanna, has the reputation of being haunted, and while he was at work on the concluding chapter of his new book a terrific thunderstorm came on, the peak was struck twice by lightning and four farmhouses in the valley caught fire.

Frederick Samuel Dellenbaugh, the explorer and artist and librarian of the American Geographical Society, is engaged on a book which the Holts are to publish under the title of "Leaders to Our Western Sea." Detailed accounts of such explorers as Boone, Lewis and Clarke, Pike, Price Hunt and Fremont will be a feature of the book.

Gordon Arthur Smith, whose romantic story of the Middle Ages "Mascarose" is issued by the Scribners, is the son of the author of "The Monk and the Dancer." He is a Harvard graduate, class of 1908, and until recently has been studying architecture in Paris.

Lady Ritchie, Thackeray's eldest daughter, whose new volume of essays "From the Porch" is of a reminiscent character, is best known as an author as Miss Thackeray. She has written over a dozen volumes of novels, tales and biographical essays.

Arnold Bennett in the "Book News Monthly" tells of Hugh Walpole, the young author of "Fortitude," and his incurable desire to become an author. While a schoolmaster in provincial England, with several unpublished manuscripts in his possession, Walpole met Charles Marriott, the novelist, who inspired him to throw up his job. With the disapproval of his family and thirty pounds in his pocket Walpole at 23 set out to win fame in London, having to engage in various kinds of commercial enterprises in order to keep things going while he got his literary foothold.

In view of the rumor that Thomas Hardy is to receive the next Nobel prize for literature it may be of interest to recall the time when his first American publishers let him slip off their list. J. Henry Harper, author of "The House of Harper," relates that one evening at dinner "the conversation turned on the respective merits of William E. Norris and Thomas Hardy, and Holt expressed the opinion that Norris was the coming man. I stood out for Hardy, and Holt turned to me and generously offered to exchange authors—he having published for Hardy and we for Norris. I accepted his proposition, and from that time on we have published all of Hardy's novels."

### WHEN SALEM PORT WAS LARGEST IN AMERICA

A book which will be welcomed by lovers of Americana and students of Colonial history particularly is "George Nichols: Salem Shipmaster and Merchant" (the Salem Press Company), an autobiography dictated by George Nichols in his eightieth year, more than fifty years ago, and edited by his granddaughter, Martha Nichols. Nearly all that has been written of Salem has been characterized by a touch of romanticism, so that the present volume, matter of fact and written with extreme simplicity, stands apart. The narrative deals chiefly with seafaring life at the close of the eighteenth century and the opening of the nineteenth and forms an interesting contribution to the scarce material in print concerning an era when the port of Salem was one of the largest in America and when American trading vessels were a factor in the commerce of the world. An original cover design of the ship Rambler, from a painting by G. Ropes in 1911, adds charm. There are nine other Salem pictures of the same period, in addition to eight interior views of the old Nichols house, which still stands in Federal street, Salem, and which is accounted one of the best examples of Colonial architecture in New England.

### TOLSTOY'S HANDWRITING AND SPELLING OFTEN PUZZLING

In the *Revue de Paris* Count Elie Tolstoy describes his mother's experiences as his father's amanuensis. The novelist, it appears, wrote an abominable hand:

"Being very short sighted, my mother had to bring her eyes close to the paper to decipher my father's frightful scrawl. The work often took her the whole evening and kept her busy until long after the rest of the household had gone to bed. When she found a passage which was quite illegible she used to go to papa and ask him to explain it. But that seldom happened, for she was very reluctant to disturb him. When she did so he took the manuscript from her and asked, with evident irritation: 'Well? What is it that you can't understand?' Then he began to read it himself, but when he arrived at the puzzling passage he was invariably pulled up and had the greatest difficulty in even guessing what he had written."

Count Elie Tolstoy adds that the spelling was often very bad, but that the Countess never failed to put it right.

#### Books Received.

"Camping in Crete." Aubyn Trevor-Battye. (Witherby and Company, London.)

"Fifty-eight Paintings by Homer D. Martin." Described by Dana H. Carroll. (Privately printed by Frederic Fairchild Sherman, New York.)

"Julia Ward Howe and the Woman Suffrage Movement." Florence Howe Hall. (Dana Estes and Company, Boston.)

"The Story of an Outing." A. Barton Hepburn. (Harpers.)

"No Room in the Inn." The Rev. C. I. Scofield, D. D. (Oxford University Press, New York.)

"Investigating an Industry." William Kent. (John Wiley and Sons, New York.)

"Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1913." William Stanley Braithwaite. (William Stanley Braithwaite, Cambridge, Mass.)

"The Toe and Other Tales." Alexander Harvey. (Mitchell Kennerley, New York.)

"John Ward, M. D." Charles Vale. (Mitchell Kennerley.)

"The Devil's Garden." W. B. Maxwell. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

"The Gift of White Roses." James Cloyd Bowman. (The University Herald Press, Ada, Ohio.)

"Fugitive Poems and a Christmas Story." Frank F. Woodall. (The Methodist Book Concern, Cincinnati.)

"The Knight of the Chinese Dragon." James Cloyd Bowman. (The Pfeifer Press, Columbus, Ohio.)

"Life of Theodore Thornton Munger." Benjamin Wisner Bacon, D. D., LL. D. (Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn.)

"European Dramatists." Archibald Henderson. (Stewart and Kidd Company, Cincinnati.)

"Gloria Gray, Love Pirate." Pearl Doles Bell. (Roberts and Company, Chicago.)

"The Immigration Problem." Jeremiah W. Jenks, Ph. D., LL. D., and W. Jett Lauck. (Funk and Wagnalls.)

"Norris Wright Cuney, a Tribune of the Black People." Maud Cuney Hare. (Crisis Pub. Co., New York.)

"Nicht fur Jeden." A. O. Weber. (Arthur Lehmann, Berlin.)

"Boycotts and the Labor Struggle." Harry W. Laidler. (John Lane Company.)

## ANOTHER FRENCH PEASANT AUTHOR ACHIEVES SUCCESS

PARIS, Dec. 20.—Antonin Dusserre, a peasant of Auvergne, is a man of 47. He lives in a little village, Carbonnat, near Aurillac, tilling the land and watching sheep and cattle. An accident (a tree fell on him) has deprived him almost entirely of the use of one arm and of his sight, but in spite of these disabilities, or because of them, he has taught himself German, English, Spanish and Latin and has written a novel, "Jean and Louise," an idyl of peasant life.

When Dusserre had finished this story of the love of a peasant for a peasant girl he could get no publisher to look at it. One day he decided to apply to one whose history in many ways resembled his own, and he wrote to Marguerite Audoux, the author of "Marie Claire." "You read and wrote while minding sheep and cattle in Sologne," he said; "I have read and have written while minding sheep and cattle in Auvergne." His appeal was heard. Marguerite Audoux went to Carbonnat to see the writer, read his book and brought it back to Paris. She brought the author with her too and took him to an oculist. Then she went the round of the publishers, but even her reputation gained by "Marie Claire" was not sufficient to place the work of an unknown man. She then took the manuscript to John N. Raphael, who had translated her book.

He read it, liked it, translated it into English and induced Chapman & Hall to publish it. It was such a success that *Illustration*, the famous weekly, published it in three sections as a supplement, and Calman Levy is to bring it out in book form. Doran & Co. will bring out an American edition. Here is an extract from the book, a description of a thunderstorm:

"The heat became unbearable. Behind the veil of mist the sun shot great rays which flashed to earth like spurts of flame. The gadflies in enormous numbers worried the cattle and the workers in the fields. Louise's sheep went into shelter. She left them there and ran to help Jean keep his cattle together, for they had scattered everywhere. When evening drew on the mist became thicker, the horizon drew in closer and great clouds formed in the west. * * * Suddenly a great gust of wind groaned through the thickets, swept off the men's hats and blew the women's petticoats about. The wind passed and all nature seemed to remain in still expectancy. There was a pang of distress over everything. The birds, in evident uneasiness, flew low, alongside the hedges, looking for shelter in the leafiest bushes they could find. The clouds spread out across the sky like huge dark heavy cloaks, and in the distance thunder rolled like an enormous drum.

"Jean and Louise sat side by side and watched the storm come on. The clouds swept across the sky, but there was yet no drop of rain. Then underneath this dark dome of clouds an ashen colored cloud bank formed up very quickly and brought with it the buzzing sound of an enormous beehive. As it advanced over the valley of Tremailles short lightning flashes cut across it in quicker and quicker succession, till it became a plain of fire. The thunder banged and rolled, and banged again like cannon.

"'I'm frightened,' said the girl.

"She was trembling, and in her fear she looked so pretty that Jean was afraid of her. He took her by the hand, lifted her to her feet and climbed up toward the wood with her, sheltering her in the hollow of the rock where they had taken shelter once before when there had been a storm, though not so terrible a one as this.

"'Do not be frightened,' he said. 'I'm here with you.'

"'Yes, Jean,' she answered, 'and near you, with you, death won't be quite so awful. But I don't want to die yet. I believe that a great happiness awaits me.'"


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