SOME NEW BOOKS.

A Vivid Picture of Things in the War Zone.

Temperate, statistical yet vivid, modest to the point of self-effacement is ERIC FISHER WOOD's volume *The Notebook of an Attaché, or Seven Months in the War Zone* (The Century Company). Here is a young student at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts at Paris who when the war storm suddenly broke over Europe became attaché at the American Embassy under the régime of Mr. Herrick, did hard clerical labor first at the embassy, taking care of interned Germans and Austrians, and was sent to the front on four different commissions, covering the territory from Vitry-le-François to Dunkirk. He was eye witness of parts of the battles of the Marne and the Aisne and the struggle for Calais, and several times carried despatches between the American embassies in France, England, Switzerland, Holland, Germany, Austria and Hungary. He had opportunity to see British, Belgian and German troops in action and French, German, Swiss, Dutch, Austrian and Hungarian troops in manœuvres. Because the author is so careful to be dispassionate and accurate in his observations his conclusions are the more weighty. Two things the reader may clearly derive from the book, the terrible setback to all civilization of an ultimate German conquest and the immediate danger of our military unpreparedness.

Few more vivid pictures have been given of Paris at the sudden declaration of war. The Chancellerie on August 4, the date of Mr. Wood's arrival, presented an astounding appearance. Compact crowds of Germans, men and women, were pressed about the entrance, while hundreds of Americans were seeking personal interviews with their Ambassador. Each S. A. C. (Sovereign American Citizen) was vociferating and remonstrating upon some separate grievance. They reiterated their sovereignty. They wished information! They needed money! They wished to know what to do with their letters of credit! They wanted to know what the Government was going to do about transportation! They wanted to know if Paris was safe; if they could deposit their jewels in the embassy vaults; if passports were necessary and why, and from the young attaché's account they were more difficult to deal with than the poor, panic stricken Germans. Many of these were unable to make use of the twenty-four hour grant of leave on account of the disarrangement of the railway service and the difficulty of getting money. They were caught like rats in a trap. The Lycée Condorcet, a great barn of a place, was set aside to house them. Practically all the furniture was removed and by 6 o'clock on the evening of August 5 the building was so crowded that the later comers could find no space even to sit down on the floor. Later they were removed to detention camps in Limoges, Gueret, Cahors, Libourne, Perigueux, Saintes, LeBlanc, La Roche-sur-Yon, Chateauroux, Saumur, Angers and Flora. They were shipped in large trainloads day by day.

As to the young attaché's own work, it began before 9 o'clock in the morning and lasted until after midnight. None of the staff, not even Mr. Herrick, left the embassy before that hour. The work was continually at high pressure and the difficulty in getting any means of conveyance necessitated going miles afoot after the day's labor. At the beginning of the war there were probably thirty thousand Germans and Austrians in and around Paris to be cared for. Interesting anecdotes of the outbreak of French temper against merchants who tried to run up the prices of food, of the wrecking of German shops, especially all the establishments of the "Bon Lait Maggi" and the really good temper and cordiality shown that Taube which dropped a bomb upon Paris each evening at 6 o'clock promptly in the early days of September are quietly but humorously related. When finally on September 4 the Taube failed to arrive one heard in the restaurants that evening Frenchmen expressing "the extraordinary hope that nothing *too* terrible had happened to brave Lieut. von Heidssen." Indeed the author states such is the generosity of the French temperament that the brave lieutenant was quite universally mourned when it was discovered that a rifle bullet had pierced his heart while flying over the Bois de Vincennes and that he had planed down a long, steep slant and landed without serious damage to the machine, though he sat stone dead strapped to his seat. The descriptions of Rheims Cathedral after the bombardment, of the deserted, burned, destroyed villages of France are vivid and yet give the reader the sense of the author's entire truthfulness and feeling for right values. One infinitely pathetic anecdote tells of an old woman near Amiens who as the writer and his fellows were motoring down a hill suddenly threw herself in front of the wheels.

> By putting on the brakes the driver managed to stop just in time to prevent her being crushed. She then tried to crawl under the car and was dragged screaming away by the villagers. It seems that some twenty years ago this woman had been left a widow, with one child, a boy. With endless labor she had brought him to manhood and given him more than an average education. When the war broke out her son was immediately called to the colors, while she remained caring for her tiny house, her chickens and her cow. When the Germans came a battle took place in her village, her house was knocked down, her cow blown up by a shell and finally her chickens disappeared down German throats. The poor old woman, refusing to leave the locality in which her life had been passed, had wandered about for days in the rain and mud, until cold, hunger and sorrow had made her light witted. Then while roaming aimlessly over the fields she had come upon the body of her dead son.

This is one of the million little tragedies that follow in the wake of war.

To German equipment and efficiency the author gives the highest praise, and despite his care to utter only impartial judgments it is quite easy to read between the lines the world's judgment on the German people verified in his accounts. They are as cruel and callous as their own machines. Only when the author reaches Berlin does he bring forth his argument for military preparedness. Our method of living with no means of protection is like abolishing physicians because we wish to be well or doing away with the fire department because we do not wish our homes to burn down. As a casual remark and beside the point he says from his artistic side: "For an architect to be in Berlin is next door to being in hell." He reports Berlin as appearing quite as if nothing were happening: restaurants, cafes, theatres and concerts in full blast. (This was December 4, 1914.) Provisions seemed ample. Military necessities like wool, lead, gasolene, nitrates, ammunition, accoutrements and hospital supplies they had in superabundance.

The descriptions of the German camps for prisoners are detailed and appalling. The German soldiers and officers are reported as having a physique unapproached by any except the Swiss. The average height and weight is much above all the others except the Russians. The French, though slight, are wiry and have good stamina. The Austrians are of medium size, most of them stockily built. The Hungarians are of medium height, well knit, possessed of good stamina, in every way fine soldiers. Among all the soldiers the Russians impressed him as having the lowest order of intelligence; the Hungarians had a keen fighting instinct; the Germans dogged courage and bravery. The French are better winners and worse losers than the Germans, and the real fighting qualities of the British are higher than those of any other nation. They are calm and cheerful under most adverse circumstances. They do not lose control of themselves in victory or defeat.

There is not a spectacular touch in this book. It is the diary of a young American, simple, self-effacing, keen of perception, accurate in accounting; the kind of American we are proud to think typical.

Dr. Macmichael's Gold Headed Cane.

In the good old times, a century or so to the rear of us, men of medicine carried canes, habitually, insomuch that a stick knobbed with precious metal or ivory came to be accepted as a badge of the profession. The knob was hollow and served as container for various aromatic preparations to be inhaled as a preventive of contagion, which in those bad old times stalked through the land with little to check its maleficent progress. Favorite with the Æsculapians was the "vinegar of the four thieves," or Marseilles vinegar. But that blessed prop, *The Gold Headed Cane*, whose history was written in 1827 by Dr. WILLIAM MACMICHAEL and is now again brought before the public (by Paul B. Hoeber, New York) with introductory notices by Sir WILLIAM OSLER and Dr. FRANCIS R. PACKARD, had a cross bar at its top instead of the customary knob: a departure from professional convention attributed to the eccentricity of Dr. Radcliffe, first carrier of the famed relic. Besides Radcliffe, the cane was swung by doctors Mead, Askew, Pitcairn and Baillie, before Mrs. Baillie presented the interesting memento to Dr. Sir Henry Halford, who gave it to the New College of Physicians, Oxford, opened in 1825. The arms of these justly celebrated doctors of medicine are engraved on the head of the cane.

The history of the cane is a rich museum of medical memorabilia. Celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of Dr. Radcliffe's death is now in order, but, as Dr. Osler says, "at present Oxford has other things to think of." The Radcliffe Camera, one of Oxford's most beautiful buildings, was designed for the accommodation of the scientific section of the Bodleian Library, but as the laboratories centred about the museum it became increasingly desirable to have the books immediately accessible, and the old Draper's Company furnished a new and more convenient building for the Radcliffe library. The Radcliffe estate supports various institutions, fellowships and "aid" funds. Of Dr. Mead, second in the list, chronologically, Johnson is said to have said that he lived more in the sunshine of life than any other man the Great Bear knew. He had a remarkable collection of books, regrettably dispersed after his death. Of Dr. Askew the memory lingers upon a library, Bibliotheca Askeviana, dispersed by sale in 1775. Eighteenth century physicians were bibliophiles. Their treasures seldom cohered once the kindly assembling hand was removed. A notable exception was Dr. William Hunter's museum of books, coins, manuscripts and specimens, preserved intact in the Hunterian Library and Museum of Glasgow.

If the other doctors made the cane precious, the cane immortalized its third possessor, Dr. Pitcairn. Even Macmichael has little specific information to give of him. "As a practitioner he appears to have picked up Sydenham's success, the free use of opium." Dr. Macmichael speaks of his "currus triumphalis opii." Baillie was a nephew of John and William Hunter, and, says Dr. Osler, "to him more than to any other man is due that close combination of pathology with clinical medicine, still the distinguishing feature of the English school, of which splendid use was made by Bright, Addison and Hodgkin." Dr. Macmichael's book is a treasure of the doctors, and of rare interest to those of their possible or actual patients who cherish the antique.

Dr. William Macmichael, to sketch the biography of the biographer, was born at Bridgenorth in Shropshire in 1784, was master of arts Oxonian in 1807 and was doctored in medicine in 1816. In 1811, on the Radcliffe travelling fellowship, he started on a long tour of Russia, Turkey, Greece and Palestine. His first published volume, 1819, was the fruit of this peregrination: "A Journey from Moscow to Constantinople, in the Years 1817 and 1818." After serving as physician to Lord Londonderry, Ambassador at Vienna, he began the practice of medicine in London, and in 1818 was elected fellow of the College of Physicians of London. He made the friendship of Sir Henry Halford, president of the college. Sir Henry (his real name was Vaughan, changed to Halford by act of Parliament in 1809) was nicknamed "the eel backed baronet," thanks to his possession of a profitably courtly manner. He has a legend: is said to have galloped from the death bed of George IV. out to Bushy Park bearing the news to the new King, William IV.; was present at the opening of the coffin of Charles I., in 1813, and published an account of the proceedings. He has been "accused" of keeping part of Charles's fourth cervical vertebra, through which the axe passed, and displaying it at his dinner table as a relic. We trust it had a better fate than the tooth (was it of Wellington?) similarly displayed by the nearsighted old gentleman in "Handy Andy" who failed to detect the substitution by a prankster of a horse's molar for his prized souvenir.

Macmichael was Sir Henry's right hand man, and the patron was sufficiently appreciative of his protégé's services to use influence, court and professional, in behalf of his faithful follower. Thanks to his favor, Dr. Macmichael became Physician Extraordinary to the King in 1829, Librarian to the King in 1830 and, in 1831, Physician in Ordinary to the King. The doctor never had a large practice, and found plenty of time for literary occupation. In 1830 he published "Lives of British Physicians," writing himself the articles on Linacre, Caius, Harvey, Sir Thomas Browne, Sydenham and Radcliffe. Dr. Packard indorses the work generously: "The lives are well written, accurate, and contain information much of which is derived from sources inaccessible to the general reader." Macmichael died in 1839. Sir Thomas Watson wrote of him:

> Dr. Macmichael was fond of society, and qualified alike to enjoy and embellish it. Having travelled long and seen many cities and the manners of many men, he possessed a large stock of general information, was fertile in various and amusing anecdotes, and was wont to mix, with certain natural ease and grace, in lively and interesting discourse, without making his own share in it unduly prominent. His cheerfulness and equanimity of temper, and kindness of heart, endeared him to a large circle of devoted friends.

The doctor's "autobiography" of the Gold Headed Cane, of which it is the second and enlarged edition, 1828, that is now reprinted, is an essay in rare old Addisonian prose which we did not suppose could have been carried on in all its stateliness to quite so near a date. Modern physicians may read it with increasing delight in the calm assurance with which the honor and dignity of their noble profession are taken for granted rather than aggressively asserted in the manner of some medical men of this day who praise themselves and their healing art with a fervor not only unnecessary but actually suggestive, no doubt erroneously, of defence against a nibbling conscience. The fees and medicines of the doctors of old London are recorded, as are the fashionable diseases and theories of the time, and the distinguished patients and healers are presented in delightfully intimate view. The pleasant fiction of the cane as narrator gives the estimable Macmichael considerable latitude for the indulgence of personal whim in lively interpolation. "When," says the Gold Headed Cane, "I was deposited in a corner closet of the Library, on the twenty-fourth of June, 1825, the day before the opening of the New College of Physicians, with the observation that I was no longer to be carried about, but to be kept among the reliques of that learned body, it was impossible to avoid secretly lamenting the obscurity which was henceforth to be my lot. * * * I had been closely connected with medicine for a century and a half; and might consequently, without vanity, look upon myself as the depositary of many important secrets, in which the dignity of the profession was nearly concerned. * * * These Memoirs are the fruit of my retirement; and should the reader feel any disposition to authenticate my narrative by reference to the records of the different periods it embraces, I feel no fear for the result of his investigation; since if the written documents be correct, they must agree with my story." It is thus that autobiographers should speak.

His Majesty William III. is the first patient: "A person of a grave and solemn aspect, apparently about forty years of age, of a thin and weak body, brown hair, and of middle stature, sitting in an arm chair, and breathing with great difficulty." The King had had smallpox, which left him with asthma, "rendering more melancholy his naturally serious character." His eyes were well lighted, his forehead both broad and high, his nose aquiline: a front of dignity which, though usually grave and phlegmatic, was in moments of stress "susceptible of the most animated expression." The doctors, after conference, succeeded so well in their treatment of the royal patient that "a few months afterward he fought the battle of the Boyne." When, five years later, the Queen died of smallpox "my master was blamed by his enemies as having caused her death, either by his negligence or unskilfulness," but he in defence "always maintained that he was called too late, and that no remedies that could then be tried had the least chance of doing her good."

Dr. Radcliffe almost got married, but:

> One evening he returned to his home, obviously much discomposed. He was no sooner alone in his chamber than he gave vent to his chagrin. "Good God," said he, as he paced up and down the room, "what a discovery! Well! hanging and marrying certainly go by destiny; and if I had been guilty of the last I should scarcely have escaped the first. What would my acquaintance have said? And my neighbor, Sir Godfrey, how would he have triumphed! He was sarcastic enough the other day about that confounded garden door—here there would have been no bounds to his mirth; I should have been the laughing stock of all who know me.
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> "Mistress Mary is a very deserving gentlewoman, no doubt; but her father must pardon me, if I think her by no means fit to be my wife, since she is or ought to be another man's already!"

This somewhat delicate (or indelicate) narration is recited here for the sake of a good story told in a footnote, from the Life of Radcliffe, about "my neighbor, Sir Godfrey," and "that confounded garden door." Sir Godfrey Kneller, "the King's chief painter," lived in Bow street, Covent Garden, in a house directly behind the doctor's, and their gardens were contiguous. The doctor proposed the cutting of a door in the wall, so that the gardens might be used in common, but "in such a manner as should not be inconvenient to either family." The door was made, but the doctor's servants "made such a havock among Sir Godfrey's hortulanary curiosities" that at last the painter sent word that if his complaints continued to prove ineffectual he should be obliged to brick up the door. Radcliffe sent a message: "That Sir Godfrey might do even what he pleased with the door, so that he did not paint it." "Did my very good friend Dr. Radcliffe say so," cried Sir Godfrey; "go you back to him, and, after presenting my service to him, tell him that I can take anything from him but physic."

Dr. Mead, second in the line, was an accomplished scholar, and a man of strong will. George I. was out of the country, in Hanover, and "the kingdom was governed by Lords Justices." Mead, having been through the plague year at Marseilles, gave advice on the strength of which an act of Parliament was passed regulating the powers of the municipal authorities in times of dangerous epidemic. The Opposition, "chiefly with the view to thwart the Ministry," caused in the following year repeal of two clauses relating to the removal of sick persons from their homes and the isolation of infected places, on the ground that such powers might be abused. Dr. Mead contended that salus populi is suprema lex, and fought for quarantine. His best achievement perhaps was in the treatment for smallpox, and he greatly simplified and improved the practice in dropsy.

In recording a long, learned and witty conversation in which Dr. Mead took a leading part, with other celebrities contributing to the symposium on scholarship among medical men and the peculiar claims of the profession to honorable public recognition, the Cane says:

> Of the names and persons of many of those present that evening I have now no recollection; but, even at this distance of time, the figure of one who leaned on the arm of Arbuthnot is distinctly present to my imagination. He was protuberant before and behind, and used humorously to compare himself to a spider; and was so feeble that he could not, as I have heard, dress or undress himself, and was always wrapped up in fur or flannel, besides wearing a bodice of stiff canvas. In this description every one will recognize the form of Pope. He took no part in the conversation; but his fine, sharp and piercing eye, directed as it was alternately to the different speakers, indicated that he felt no common concern in the subject.

The Wasp of Twickenham left the company early, pleading headache. He has a line somewhere: "I'll try what Mead and Cheselden advise." Sir Isaac Newton and Sir Hans Sloane are other notables in the record.

Dr. Askew was a bibliomaniac. He bought Mead's Greek manuscripts at a good round price of £500. "Our house in Queen Square was crammed full of books. Our passages were full; even our very garrets overflowed, and the wags of the day used to say that the half of the square itself would have done so before the book appetite of Dr. Askew would have been satiated." It is an utterly insatiable appetite. In this paragraph occurs one of those fine, full flavored old fashioned phrases that approve Dr. Macmichael's success, writing in 1825, in gaining the "style" appropriate to the ripe old age, 136, of the assumed narrator: "We could dispense with [make room for] no more." Nowadays old books are "dispensed with" quite without physical inconvenience or mental anguish. According to The Gold Headed Cane, Dr. Askew was indeed "the first who brought bibliomania into fashion." Some of his books are provokingly catalogued, Platonis Opera, apud Aldum, 2 vol. fol. 1513, Edit. Prin. on spotless vellum; Boccacio, Ferar. 1475, prima edizione, considered a "unique" copy; Ciceronis Opera omnia, Oliveti, nine volumes quarto, 1740, charta maxima. "These were amongst many others which I cannot now specify, but which were then regarded as rare, magnificent, giants, imperial, atlas, elephant, princes of editions!!"

Dr. Pitcairn was a brother of the Major Pitcairn who was killed at Bunker Hill. He is less interesting than his predecessors, and "when I passed from the hands of Pitcairn into the possession of Dr. Baillie, I ceased to be considered any longer as a necessary appendage of the professor, and consequently the opportunities I enjoyed of seeing the world, or even of knowing much about the state of physic, were very greatly abridged, and but of rare occurrence."

The "Confessions" of a Questionable Clergyman.

Here is a minister of the Gospel who should be ashamed of himself. The more interesting his book is, and it is interesting, the more ashamed he should be of it—*Confessions of a Clergyman* (McBride, Nast and Company)—and of himself, ANONYMOUS. For the qualities that make it interesting are those which are least decorous in the pulpit, least admirable in a pastor. And to say that a minister of the Gospel should be softer spoken than a "lay," perhaps a journalistic, critic of human conduct is not to say that the clerical backbone should be as the skeleton of a boiled salmon. But ministers of the Gospel assume privileges of free speech far in excess of what propriety prescribes for plain folks, and are most irreverent talkers. Dismissing the slang, the slovenly composition, the affectation, the straining after effect of these "confessions" as immaterial, the simple reader will wonder how the clergyman can justify his arraignment of his fellow clergymen, his apparent disloyalty to his employers. Anonymous authorship, travelling under protection of membership in the institution whose agents of administration it assails, is not attractive; but if the book is not a work of the imagination, the author, who presents himself as a doctor of divinity and an ornament of "Who's Who," cannot long maintain his incognito.

The variously assorted distresses of clergymen are all in this narrative of professedly personal experience: the unfitness for the profession of many who enter it as a snug harbor for mediocre intelligence or out and out incompetence, degrading their calling before the world and cutting down the mundane compensation to which intelligent, energetic and faithful practitioners are entitled; the sapless theology of the seminaries; the tyranny of rich trustees, and the sloth of congregations.

We find it exceeding hard, however, to believe: not that clergymen have such experiences as are here set forth, or even that one clergyman may have had them all—though the suggestion is decidedly that which is familiar in fiction of eclectic passages from many persons' experience concentrated in the history of some imagined superman, whether college student, business man, newspaper man or clergyman, type of a "class"—but that any minister of the Gospel could close his book with words like these: "I am not saying there is not a type of clergyman who makes sacrifices. It is the type with a large salary, a fine parsonage, a gorgeous church, and parishioners who trust their minister so implicitly that they can snore while he reads his helpless little compositions, or go golfing. There's your martyr! There's your hero! For he is denying himself his heart's one passionate, burning desire, the gentlemanly and on the whole reasonable luxury of blowing out his brains." In other words, the man who cannot succeed in a difficult task or who is not made of stern enough stuff to stick to his task even if full success is impossible, though the task in itself be of a nobility not measurable in terms of tangible success—such a man professing the special beliefs of Christianity, in addition to the common sense of the pagan world, is justified in his discouragement in committing suicide, the refuge of the detected embezzler, the confessed "failure in life" and the murderer who would avoid the chair. As to "blowing out his brains," the answer is obvious.

Would any minister of the Gospel, rural, suburban or metropolitan, say even under cover of anonymous publication, "All a minister wants or needs is leave to count on an 'irreducible minimum' and the certainty that the payment of his 'irreducible minimum' will be prompt"? These are the utterances either of a wholly unworthy ambassador of the Kingdom of Heaven or of a base impostor. A minister who in the country is too much concerned with what he shall eat and drink; in Suburbia distressed over what he shall put on, and in a middle Western "metropolis" with the reconciliation of God and Mammon is not the beau ideal of a minister.

An elder in the brotherhood seeks to settle the doubts of the scrupulous neophyte about "aid": "Take every copper you can get; it's a demand for the return you deserve for letting the church catch you young, as it insists on doing, and for facing the risk of getting awfully fleeced by and by." The discreetly anonymous author says: "To this day I feel I am doing something virtuous when I pay a bill." Who shall say that the paying of bills is not "virtuous"? Righteous claims are "jumped" by those whose virtue has no existence; too often by the ministers.

As a country preacher, we read, the prudently anonymous author contracted for $600 a year. Of this $400 was paid promptly, unfailingly, in quarterly remittances, by a church "board." The other $200, "representing the difference between debt and decency," had to be collected by the church treasurer. The people were willing to pay; the treasurer "dawdled" over his collections. If there were only seventy-five persons on the roll six cents a week from each member would have made up the deficiency. If half of them had paid $6.25 a year the account would have been squared. It is hard to believe a congregation of prosperous farmers so delinquent, unless their employee was grossly so. Did the preacher have his own hen house and garden patch? It does not take a large garden to raise vegetables worth $100 a year, and seventeen eggs a day at 20 cents a dozen would supply the other $100. Did the church provide a parish house? If so, as so it probably was, there was no rent to pay. If the parson could write, commercially, the problem is further simplified. School teachers live on such terms, in the country, not luxuriously, but in fat comfort—and raise families.

The sensation of being persecuted is no intangible reward for what the "average" parson gives his people, and being husband to a woman brave enough to marry a preacher is no inconsiderable reward for an essay and a prayer or two and a few pastoral calls a week.

After experiencing what may be called his share of the trials and tribulations of this transitory life the Reverend Doctor Anonymous becomes head of "the Church of St. Crœsus" in a Mississippi Valley metropolis. Is it not surprising to find one to whom is entrusted the cure of souls so utterly undemocratic, so hopelessly snobbish, as to think the gates of heaven more difficult for a rich man than for a "common" person? Many books may be read without coming upon anything "cheaper," sillier, nastier than this sarcastic arraignment of those who have nothing worse against them than success in the affairs of this present world. "These worldlings of mine" were mighty good material to make otherworldlings out of. Their pastor scorns, ridicules, insults them. The shepherd says: "Little by little the groups melted away, and then I caught sight of a temptress, laying for me. She had it in her eye. And when she insisted on rounding up Gertrude and the youngsters and loading us all into her automobile to drag us off to her 'camp' for a Sunday dinner, I knew she had a pet project up her sleeve. Women with pet projects always collar the new parson first thing. The temptress was the eminent Mrs. Frank Ellingwood Sears, and the pet scheme psychotherapy. She wanted our church made over into a clinic."

Was ever in the world a "newly rich" more revoltingly vulgar than this? Why notice such a book, cheap, sensational, coarse and "common"? Because, foolish as it seems and is, such books have such power to vitiate the honest thought of the multitude as prostitution has to undermine the honest structure of society, unproductive but rotten.

We don't believe that such a book was ever written by any true minister of the Gospel. The personality of its authorship is to us a matter of as complete indifference as the exact number of pounds and ounces that Vega in Lyra weighs. But a graduate of a college founded by a religious sect and retaining prenatal influence, a person of pseudo-education many of whose friends had gone into the ministry, rural, suburban, metropolitan, and had written soulful letters to their lit'ry classmate—such a person might have compiled these "Confessions." Who wrote the book is none of our business, except that if written by some one not a minister it is a betrayal of the reader's honest trust, and if written actually by an ordained minister of any of the branches of Christ's church he is an unworthy ambassador. Falseness and foolishness are here equally reprehensible.

Some Literary "Devotions."

The combination of sense and sentiment to which the lecture platform invites its dispensers of speech is well and truly exemplified in *Visions and Revisions* (G. Arnold Shaw, New York), "a book of literary devotions," by JOHN COWPER POWYS, lecturer for the Oxford "extension," for the department of education of the Free City of Hamburg, for the Verein für Neuere Philologie, Dresden and Leipsic, and for the University Lecturers' Association of this town. Mr. Powys deliberately kicks away the props of accepted literary criterion and floats on purple clouds of quite subjective "sympathy" with his seventeen chosen great:

> My object in these sketches is not to convert the reader to whatever "opinions" I may have formulated in the course of my spiritual adventures; it is to divest myself of such "opinions," and in pure, passionate humility to give myself up, absolutely and completely, to the various visions and temperaments of these great dead artists.

This pure, passionate humility is not merely noble self-abnegation, it has utilitarian qualities. It disarms criticism, for you cannot praise or blame a mirror for its reflections. If it shows you what you want to see as you want to see it, you call it a good mirror; otherwise, you send it to the scrap heap. In a word, these papers are such as will be liked very much or not at all. Mr. Powys loves what he rather unhappily calls "the grand style," and has the grace to find it in the ancients, those whom we must respect even if we do not personally like them. That is where the lecturer-essayist contradicts his dictum of impressionism. To make himself "quite clear" on the grand or great style he says, pretty trenchantly: "Hector and Andromache can talk to one another of their love, of their eternal parting, of their child, and they can do this in the great style; but if they fell into dispute over the particular sex conventions that existed in their age, they might be attractive still, but they would not be uttering words in the great style." But a style great enough to hold Rabelais, Dante, Lamb, Dickens, Pater, Poe and Walt Whitman is too great for comfort or much use.

Rabelais dealt bravely with "the Cloaca Maxima side of things," which made Swift crazy. When we read the defence of the old fellow against a trumped up charge of indecency we would be a Pantagruel, that "tears large as ostrich eggs" might roll down our cheeks. Dante is "the woman's great poet," his world centres in sex, his supreme greatness is his union "in the grand style" of romantic love and devotional religion, the very thing that has made his influence upon modern art "so morbid and evil." Milton is "a man's poet." It is a little surprising to find him described as "the incarnation of the Nietzschean ideal," even though he was "hard, cold, contemptuous." To him the universe was a battleground of opposing wills. He is "less of a Christian than any other European writer since the Gospel appeared." His Testament was the Old.

What of Avon's Bard? "The Shakespeare of the popular revivals is a fantastic caricature. The Shakespeare of the college text books is a lean scarecrow. But the Shakespeare of the philosophical moralists is a hobgoblin from whom one flees in dismay." German masters of the critical operating table forget that "Shakespeare was as profoundly the enemy of scholastic pedantry as he was the enemy of puritan squeamishness." Forget the "interpreters," read Shakespeare, and you find "the perfectly natural man confronting the universe." When you get to the bottom of his mind you find "absolute scepticism." In the drama of universal experience he forgets the "outer terror." The author philosophizes:

> Inflated moods of false optimistic hope, pragmatic self-deception, are signs of a philosophically ill bred nature. It is the indecent "gratitude" of the pig over his trough. It is the little yellow eye of sanctified bliss turned up to the God who must be "in his Heaven" if we are not so privileged. This "never doubting good will triumph" is really nothing but the inverted prostration of the helot slave, glad to have been allowed to get so totally drunk.

Shakespeare is "shameless" in the art of his drama. Poetry is the be all and end all of the plays, says Mr. Powys. Those who do not see it quite so will still unanimously indorse the protest against the wearisome (but is it not now a happily abating nuisance?) "study" of the Shakespearian grammar, history, biology, botany, geography, psychology, ethics.

Lamb "has among his admirers more uninteresting people than any great artist has ever had except Thackeray." Dickens is a "hopeless conventionalist." Matthew Arnold is "a greater poet than Tennyson or Browning." Shelley is "a most rare and invaluable thinker as well as a most exquisite poet." Keats is the "one poet of beauty, of beauty alone, of beauty and naught else," a martyr of beauty. Nietzsche is "becoming 'accepted,' the preachers are quoting him." Poor Fritz! In Thomas Hardy "there are two spirits, one infinitely sorrowful and tender, the other whimsical, elfish and malign." Jude and Tess. Pater gives "the taste of every drop" in life's cup. Dostoievsky writes what every one has felt but not dared to think, or thought but not dared to say, "all the terrible whispers from the unspeakable margins."

There is some nonsense in these pages, and not a little affectation. But Mr. Powys has the courage to say what he thinks, and to think some things that are not part of dull academic convention. Even a reader not sensitive to the fine details of typography might find the lack of proofreading in "Visions and Revisions" annoying. "De Vinci," "rythm," "abyssmal," "Lionardo," "portentious" might be pardoned as oversights, but the habitual "neither—or" and the indisputably intentional "Allen" of Edgar Poe are not so easily pardonable.

The Friends and Memories of a Musical Lady.

Those who are fond of songs, singers and song writers will find much entertainment in MAUDE VALÉRIE WHITE's chatty volume *Friends and Memories* (Longmans, Green and Company), a rambling but agreeable record of studies in music, travels, the likes and dislikes of a most vivacious personality, and interesting people. Signor Randegger started to go into the artists' room while a concert was going on, but was held up by the doorman. "But you must let me in," "Rannie" insisted; "I am taking part in the concert." The hold up man asked the gentleman's name. "Randegger." "It isn't on the programme." "Indeed it is! I am accompanying one of my own songs," and he pointed to a number beneath which was printed: "Accompanied by the composer." "Oh," said the guardian of the portal, "in that case I expect it's all right, but I thought all real composers were supposed to be dead!" Influence of the laudator temporis acti?

In 1876 the reminiscent played at a "party" at which Gladstone was present. "After my cousin had finished singing my first song she was at once surrounded and made much of. This was only natural, as she was already a well known and very popular young artist. I was perfectly unknown, and as a matter of fact had not a single acquaintance among the guests. So I remained standing by the music stool from which I had just risen, feeling rather forlorn in spite of the brilliant crowd. All of a sudden my heart went pit-a-pat. Mr. Gladstone was making his way to the piano where I stood quite alone, and was coming to speak to me. * * * He said a few kind words in the beautifully modulated voice which so many of us can still remember, and asked me some questions with the simple and charming courtesy which so often fascinated even those who hated him politically. * * * From that time forth I was an enthusiastic Liberal, firmly convinced that if one thing was more certain than another it was the fact that Mr. Disraeli was not fit to black the boots of the parish in which Mr. Gladstone lived."

Another encounter was much more embarrassing, also much more amusing. Lunching one day with a musical friend, Miss White was introduced to "a very nice looking, middle aged man" whose name she failed to catch. Victor Hugo was named:

> "Oh," said the nice looking man, "are you a great admirer of his?"
>
> The words were innocent enough, but I thought they were said in a very superior way, and felt and, I am afraid, looked slightly hostile.
>
> "I should rather think I am," I answered. "So is every one who knows anything about poetry, I should imagine."
>
> "Well," he said in a very agreeable voice, and not in the least disturbed by my rather aggressive tone, "I think he is a good deal overestimated as a poet, and I cannot share your admiration."

There was some debate, the gentleman politely but firmly maintaining that Hugo's poetry wasn't "quite first rate," the lady refusing to yield to a disputant who provoked her by "laying down the law as if he were poet laureate to the Great Panjandrum":

> It suddenly struck me Mary Wakefield was keeping very quiet; once or twice she looked quite uncomfortable — I couldn't make it out.
>
> "I suppose like all Englishmen," I said as sarcastically as possible, "you hate everything French and foreign, no matter how good it is."
>
> "Oh, no," he said, smiling indulgently, "not at all—not at all."

When at last the lady uttered her belief that the gentleman "had never read one single word Hugo wrote," "an expression of such kindly humor came into his face that I was quite taken aback. I forget what he actually said in answer to my accusation; I only remember that it seemed to amuse him a good deal, and that Mary Wakefield looked absolutely horrified." After the visitor had gone Miss White learned his name.

It was Matthew Arnold.

In 1879 Miss White "went for" the Mendelssohn scholarship. She was the first woman to win it. Sir Arthur Sullivan, its last previous holder, was one of the examiners. After playing and singing several compositions, "giddy with excitement," just as she was about to get up from the piano one of the examiners gave her a little score to read. She stumbled over it:

> A feeling of despair seized me. All of a sudden Sir Arthur snatched the music away. I didn't know what was going to happen.
>
> "Leave her alone," he said.
>
> Then, turning to the other examiners, who were sitting at the long table, he said: "Leave her alone, she's dead tired."
>
> I really loved him at that minute.

Miss White's stories are all of the friendly impulse and the kind act.

AN IDYL OF THE ALCOVES.

Told in Abbreviations Used by the Librarian Cataloguer.

Brevity is the soul of wit, and abbreviation appears too often to be the sole aim of the cataloguing librarian. The "Librarian" of the Boston *Transcript* has recently combined the two in a romantic sketch, which he entitles "Love in the Library." Even a fairly well informed frequenter of libraries and student of catalogues may need the preliminary hint that proper names are among the words ingeniously abbreviated for catalogue use. An initial followed by a colon indicates a masculine name beginning with that letter—as J: for John, G: for George; but if it is followed by two dots in horizontal order it is to be interpreted instead as a feminine name—as M.. for Mary, A.. for Anna, S.. for Sarah. The reader will surely not allow his unfamiliarity with such details to mar the charm of a sweetly simple idyl of the alcoves.

Late in the afternoon, as the sun was sinking behind the Ill. hills, C: J: son, the handsome chief of the circulation division, walked with a firm step into the cataloguing room. Would she be there? Yes, there she was, the beautiful A.. W: son, leaning negligently on the shelf list. He hastened to her side.

"A..," said he, "you are a perfect dk."

"Hush, C:," she warned him; "Mrs. B:, the assist. classifier, will hear you. Make believe to be reading this."

And she picked up a copy of "R.. of Sunnybrook Farm."

"I prefer something more serious," said he. "Have you ever read 'Progress and Poverty,' by H: G:?"

"No," replied A.., "and my brother S: says it's too hard for girls to understand."

"Your brother S:," replied C:, with great scorn, "is a cf."

"Oh, C:!"

"Well, at any rate, a hf. cf."

"That is most unfair. My mother says he resembles his grandfather, and he was the bp. of O."

"I don't care if he was G: Wash. or R: of the Lion Heart."

"And that his mind is like that of W: Ja:."

"!" exclaimed C:.

"Now I must go," replied A.. "I am on the bd. of directors of the lib. of St. M:'s parish house, and——"

"Oh, these bds.!" cried C:. "Look here, A.., I don't think you're giving me a sq. deal. I believe I have some anon. rival."

"Don't be ridiculous. Come here, C:."

And drawing him for an instant behind a bookcase, she priv. pr. a kiss upon his lips and fled like a bird.

With a little guessing, translation is not difficult. Perhaps the fair Anna was audacious to print a kiss even privately under such circumstances; but she was certainly a duck to pardon so readily the petulant Charles his insulting reference to her brother as even half calf.

A PUZZLING DISEASE.

That Chautauqua Banner Was Too Much for the Native.

In one of the little mountain towns of the South a Chautauqua meeting was held last summer for the first time. The fact was advertised for some distance round the town, but the older negroes especially did not understand what it was all about.

Across the front of the little hotel of the village was flung a banner bearing the one word, "Chautauqua."

Up to this hotel one day, says the *Youth's Companion*, drove an old negro in a one horse wagon containing a few vegetables, which he hoped to sell to the proprietor, as he had done on former occasions. But when he saw the banner with its ominous word he was seized with fright and would not go into the building, or even get out of his wagon. When the proprietor appeared, the old fellow inquired nervously, "What disease is you-all quarantined for, boss?"

Ohio Remembers Howells.

No doubt Jefferson, up in Ashtabula county, will feel a slight twinge of jealousy when it learns that William Dean Howells has given his favorite summer resort, York, on the Maine coast, a set of Encyclopedia Britannica and a bust of Tennyson.

Nevertheless, says the Cleveland *Leader*, Martins Ferry will continue to claim him as his birthplace, and Jefferson will hold fast to the honor of being his boyhood home and the sprouting bed of his early literary genius.

MEASURING A MAN.

Lloyd George Explains the Method in North Wales.

Lloyd George's wit on the platform is well known, but here is one of the neatest retorts he ever made.

He was addressing a meeting in South Wales, according to *Pearson's Weekly*, when the chairman, thinking to be witty at the Chancellor's expense, remarked to the audience that he was a little disappointed in Lloyd George's appearance.

"I had heard so much about Mr. Lloyd George," he said, "that I naturally expected to meet a big man in every sense; but, as you can see for yourselves, he is very small in stature."

Many an orator would have been grievously upset by such an unfortunate beginning to the proceedings, but not so Lloyd George.

"I am grieved to find," he said, with mock seriousness, "that your chairman is disappointed in my size, but this is owing to the way you have here of measuring a man. In North Wales we measure a man from his chin up, but you evidently measure him from his chin down!"

After that the chairman made no more personal remarks.

A COUSIN OF WHITTIER'S.

She Visits California Town Named in Honor of the Poet.

Among the visitors this week in attendance at the twenty-first annual session of California Yearly Meeting of the Friends Church is Miss Minerva F. Whittier of Newburyport, Mass., a cousin of the Quaker poet John Greenleaf Whittier, for whom this city was named, writes a Whittier correspondent of the Los Angeles *Times*.

Miss Whittier has been passing some months in southern California, at Long Beach, Pasadena and San Diego, and for the first time in her career has come to mingle with those of her own faith in the city named for her famous and beloved cousin.

To visit Whittier College campus and to see the monument erected to John Greenleaf Whittier and to read its inscription have been part of the pleasures enjoyed here by Miss Whittier.

She has had a long career as a teacher in public schools in her native State, in mission schools in Hawaii and elsewhere.

COURT CLERK 33 YEARS.

First Ever Appointed and Still in Service.

LANSING, Mich., July 10.—Charles C. Hopkins, clerk of the Supreme Court, is without a doubt the oldest employee of the State in point of continuous service, having held his present position for thirty-three years.

More than that Clerk Hopkins is the only clerk the Supreme Court has had since the people of Michigan gave the court power to appoint its own clerk, serving through Democratic as well as Republican administrations. There is probably not an attorney in Michigan who is better known.

The history of the Supreme Court clerks before the appointment of Mr. Hopkins is rather unique. Court in the old days was held in the various counties and the clerk of the particular county where court was held acted as clerk of the Supreme Court. From 1867 until 1882 the clerk of Ingham county acted in the capacity of clerk of the Supreme Court.

Mr. Hopkins in 1875 came to Lansing and was clerk of the House Judiciary Committee during that year's session of the Legislature. Completing his law course at the university in 1876, he went to Detroit, where he opened a law office. He returned to Lansing in 1877, when he was clerk of the Senate Judiciary Committee. Two years later he was a candidate for secretary of the State Senate, landing the assistant secretaryship, which position he held until 1881, his appointment of clerk of the Supreme Court following the next year.

The Supreme Court wanted its own clerk, but two elections were necessary before the Constitution was amended to permit this in the spring election of 1881.

Thirty-three years ago, when Mr. Hopkins assumed his position as clerk, the Michigan reports numbered forty-seven volumes; now they reach 180. The same office still serves as headquarters despite the increased amount of the work and the time is not far distant when some more suitable provision will have to be made to accommodate this fast increasing branch of the State government.

HOW TO KNOW MUSHROOMS.

Government Bulletin Describes Edible Species of Fungi.

WASHINGTON, July 10.—As everybody knows, a deplorable amount of good food goes to waste because the public is familiar with but few of the many edible species of fungi. It is true that the nutritive value of fungi has been much exaggerated; they are by no means comparable in dietary value to meat, as is often claimed, but, on the other hand, they are more nutritious and when properly cooked decidedly more palatable than many things that enter into the everyday menu. A desultory propaganda in behalf of mycophagy has been carried on for years, both in this country and abroad.

The latest contribution to this campaign is Bulletin No. 175, just issued by the Department of Agriculture, entitled "Mushrooms and Other Common [illegible]." In this useful manual the authors, Flora W. Patterson and Vera K. Charles, tell us, among other things, of the [illegible] which certain European Governments have made to teach their [illegible] the food value of mushrooms. [illegible] France exhibits of the more [illegible] species are held; while at Rouen [illegible] the season there are daily lectures on this subject, illustrated by fresh specimens. In Saxony systematic [illegible] tion concerning mushrooms is [illegible] the public schools.

The French have taken to [illegible] many wild mushrooms, in addition to the familiar Agaricus campestris grown in mushroom cellars, and these [illegible] exported to the United States, which [illegible] receives tons of dried wild mushrooms from China.

The new bulletin contains [illegible] in language as non-technical as circumstances admit, of more than [illegible] species of fungi, together with [illegible] photographs of at least [illegible] species described. The poisonous [illegible] are carefully pointed out, [illegible] recipes for cooking the others [illegible] appended.

Exhausting for Every One.

A case in which Sir Edward [illegible] the eminent barrister, was [illegible] came up for a hearing late in the afternoon, says the *Tatler*, and [illegible] asked the Judge to allow [illegible] over until the following day.

"I have been speaking [illegible] another court," he said, "and I [illegible] exhausted."

His request was granted.

The clerk called the next case, and immediately a young barrister rose who for some reason of his own did not want the case to be tried at that time. He also requested that his case might be postponed.

"Why?" asked the Judge coldly.

"May it please your Lordship," the barrister replied, "I, too, am in a state of exhaustion, for I have been listening the whole day to Sir Edward Clarke."