SOME NEW BOOKS.

A British Traveller in Russian Central Asia.

The more the mind of an Englishman is ruled by the war the greater the credit that is his if in writing a book not directly concerned with the many fronted conflict he refrains from making the allusions prompted by the constant consciousness of its presence. In *Through Russian Central Asia* (Macmillans) STEPHEN GRAHAM effects a compromise between inclination and literary conscience by keeping out of his pages until an appendix the events in Europe subsequent to the time, the spring of 1914, when he made the journey they describe.

The eastward development of the Russian Empire, stimulated and directed by the colonizing enterprise of the imperial Government, is shown by Mr. Graham's record to be proceeding at a pace and with a thoroughness that indicate great changes shaping in the European-Asiatic border regions. While considering abundantly the political aspect, the British traveller invests his pages with much of the narrative and subjective charm that makes so rich the record of Stevenson's "Travels With a Donkey in the Cevennes."

Taking steamer at Baku, the traveller crossed the Caspian Sea to Krasnovodsk, which he calls "one of the hottest, most desert and miserable places in the world." Thence he went by railroad over the desert, wondering the while at the peculiar preference of the Russian Government for political rather than commercial routes. The "fast" trains out of Krasnovodsk average seventeen miles an hour, as much speed, seemingly, as the rather insubstantial roadbed will permit. The ride to Askhabad, 390 miles, takes twenty-three hours, but some inexplicably long stops are included in the calculation, ranging from twelve minutes to thirty spent at desert stations.

As the train proceeded eastward the character of the country traversed improved, and green patches of growing wheat appeared. Irrigation is bringing out the fertility latent in the soil, the desert dust of ages. This is not the sterile sand of the seaside, but the accumulation of centuries and centuries of settlement of atmospheric dust, needing only moisture to develop its richness under the hot sun.

But after leaving Askhabad the promise of that corner of Persia was not fulfilled. For 100 miles the train ran through the waterless waste of Karakum, where the air was so charged with fine desert dust that, no matter how the mercury aspired in the tube and the passengers perspired in the car, doors and windows had to be kept shut tight. Yellow, wind ribbed sand hills all the way to the Amu-Darya, ancient Oxus; a fair, broad stream at Chardzui, where the traveller came upon it, but looking more like a channel filled with red size than a river of water. And so to "wonderful Bokhara."

New Bokhara, the Russian town, has white houses, avenues of trees, broad streets, and shops. In old Bokhara, "with its toothed walls, a gray Kremlin eight miles around," live in their own way, undisturbed, 150,000 Mohammedans. At Jerusalem or Constantinople British goods are on sale, but here, since the Russians reared their customs wall, such commodities are scarce. Western goods come through Russia; German and Scandinavian exports, principally. The Bokharese are a gentle people, carrying no weapons and liking to sit in the market place and chatter over basins of tea. "The Russians," Mr. Graham noted at the time of his journey, "at present hold Bokhara very lightly, but will no doubt tighten their hands on it later, as they are taking the solidification of their central Asian empire very seriously."

On the mosque towers are the nests of storks. What may we suppose the wise old birds to be thinking as they gaze solemnly down upon the ancient Eastern city and see people going to be entertained by "the cinema"? Can they read the poster announcing that "the Tango will be shown after the presentation of a striking comedy called 'The Suffragette' "? They look wise enough to understand it all, and perhaps it would be as interesting to establish communication with them as with the not more unresponsive inhabitants of Mars.

Through Samarkand the route led to Tashkent, the capital of Russian Central Asia. While Mr. Graham was in Bokhara and Samarkand work was begun on the railway running into Chinese Tartary. Tashkent is a city built in an oasis. Streams of water diverted from the river run through all its streets. The native population of 200,000 is dirty and disorderly, but the city seems less romantically Oriental than Bokhara. The Russians have established six moving picture houses, two theatres, an open air theatre and a skating rink. Here as elsewhere in this region the Russians are building and running schools. There are two newspapers, and on the day of the British correspondent's arrival the *Courier of Turkestan* printed an editorial article on "The State of Affairs in Ulster." And how few years ago it was that neither of the two, Ulster and Turkestan, knew, much less cared, anything at all about the other. Now Turkestan and Russian Central Asia are "extremely loyal, peaceful and happy colonies."

And now we are in Sirdaria, "the land of the little horde of the Kirghiz," a wide, dusty plain, where nomads roam and camp, and the European traveller puts up over night in a Kirghiz caravanserai, where accommodations are emphatically crude. Then you come into a well watered land, where people are more settled and prosperous, because cattle thrive. Here is a Kirghiz village, where in the morning the children drive the herds to pasture: "Not till twilight did they return, and then there was one of the prettiest sights. All the children came in riding bareback on calves or sheep and driving them forward with kicks of their little bare feet. The little dusky girl sat astride of a golden brown lamb and her brother on an unwilling brown calf. Following the lamb came the anxious mother ewe, and following the calf a bellowing old black cow." The children and the young cattle grow up together.

> We journeyed from village to village, and each was an artificial oasis made by the Russian colonists and irrigation engineers. Every ten, fifteen or twenty miles there was a substantial Russian village; the further I went the more distance there was between these settlements, but still the actual chain was kept up unbroken to the far east of the colony, and the maps which we have of these deserts are unrepresentative in that they show blank spaces with a scattering of Tatar names of places.

The remotest of the Czar's dominions because cut off from communication by rail or navigable river is the Semirietchenskaya Oblast, Seven Rivers Land. Yet this region has a number of fairly large, busy and important towns. Chimkent, sixty-four versts from the railroad, has a population of 15,756; Aulie Ata, 242 versts, 19,052; Pishpek, 505 versts, 16,419; Verney, 743 versts, 31,317; Kopal, 1,102 versts, 3,966, and Sergiopol, 1,352 versts, 2,261. In this region provincialism is most pronounced, but local patriotism is strong.

The pioneer colonists here possess in marked degree the roving "move on" spirit that may be recognized as a relic of the "instinctive movements" of the old Russians. They take up land, build villages and till the soil for a few years; then they get restless and push on to new sites. And in spite of the well organized colonizing system which the Government is operating, these people are apt to overlook or scorn geographical boundaries and migrate into Persia, Mongolia and Chinese Tartary. The information for colonists published by the Russian authorities for 1914 is summarised quite fully, and is admirable in the completeness of its provisions.

Mr. Graham urges England to shake hands with Russia on the east and America on the west.

Mythology of Greece and Rome.

Recognition for courage must be given to Prof. WILLIAM SHERWOOD FOX, who writes Volume I. of "The Mythology of All Races," *Greek and Roman* (Marshall Jones Company, Boston). The mythologies of the Greeks and the Romans have been printed so often, in texts both popular and scientific, and with comment so diversified and abundant, that even the honor of having assigned to his work the place of prominence at the head of the thirteen large volumes of this excellent series can hardly have balanced the professor's burden of authorship. We think the gentlemen who deal with such mythologies as those of Finland and Siberia, Armenia, Africa and the South Sea Islands are in better luck than their colleagues who work over the old ground of "classical," Egyptian and East Indian mythology; but that may be only a matter of taste, and Prof. Fox maintains the standard set by the editor in chief, Mr. Louis Herbert Gray, in this paragraph:

> We have not attempted to make an encyclopædia of mythology, nor have we planned a mere reference book, which would have been in many ways an easier task. We have had constantly in mind not only the technical student—though he too, if the editor's own experience be any criterion, will learn much—but the more general reader who desires breadth of understanding and who would know what the childhood of our race has thought of the mysteries of nature and of life and how it has endeavored to solve them. We have sought to be scientific—in the best sense of the term—but we have also sought to present a book that shall be eminently readable, that shall set forth myths as living entities and that—because each writer knows and loves the mythology of which he treats—will fill the reader with enthusiasm for them.

The editors and authors have accomplished this without imposing upon the material or the writers any rigidly schematic plan; each volume is complete by itself. Assembled they will constitute a museum of antiquities of great value and variegated interest. Prof. Fox, for example, presents the typical myths of Greece and Rome "as vehicles of religious thought, that is to say, in the discharge of their original function." Also instead of beginning with the divinities and then taking up the stories of local heroes he reverses this customary order of procedure: "The descriptions of the gods contained in the second part of the book are in reality composite portraits largely made up of individual characteristics casually revealed by the gods themselves as they play their parts on the stage of the local myths." First, the myths of beginning, creation of the world and its inhabitants; then the hero stories, of Arcadia, Laconia, Argos, Corinth, the northern mainland and the islands—of Herakles, Theseus, the Argonauts, the tale of Troy; and then the stories of the after world. The chapters on the greater and the lesser gods are so full that most users of the book will read it eclectically rather than consecutively. When the index volume appears these books will presumably be found to constitute as complete an encyclopædia of the world's mythology as any student might desire or reasonably expect.

Prof. Fox seems to us to save his best wine for the end of the feast. His appended papers on modern folklore, survivals of the elder mythology, are particularly interesting. In Ætolia, for example, the story of Artemis paidotrophos has been fastened upon a St. Artemidorus, the special patron of weakling children. At Eleusis Aphrodite has become the beautiful daughter of St. Demetra.

> The grim, gray ferryman Charon is now known as Charos, or, less frequently, Charondas, but in the process of centuries he has been almost despoiled of his craft and oar, and as the god of death has assumed the sceptre of the under world, Hades being no longer a person but a place whither Charos receives the souls of the departed. Associated with Charos are his wife, Charissa, or Charondissa, a merely nominal female counterpart, and a three headed snake, although, according to a Macedonian story, his animal companion is a three headed dog, which can be none other than the hell hound Cerberus.

The prominence of Charos in modern thought, says the professor, may fairly be taken as an indication that the part played by his prototype in the old mythology may have been greater than its literature would give reason to believe, and "among the rank and file of the people Charon, rather than Hades, may have been the Lord of the Dead."

Problems of Science.

We do not skate on ice, but on water. We could not skate on ice any more than we could on glass. Ice is not slippery. For these interesting statements we are indebted to Prof. J. JOLY, geologist and mineralogist of the University of Dublin, in a collection of learned essays called, after the first paper in the series, *The Birth Time of the World* (Dutton). The chapters, in their original form lectures or review articles, treat of matters recently prominent in the attention of scientists, such as the age of the world, the building of earth and the prospect of its decay; life on Mars, photographic phenomena and the use of radium in medicine. College graduates of the years, not so long past, when Lucretius used to be read, will enjoy the author's references to the Latin scientist-poet. Sometimes, recalling our readings in Lucretius, we almost believe he "has something on" the modern doctors of science. Have they more to learn from him than he might learn from them? He could teach them as much, in the way of fellowship with the spirit that animates creation, as they could teach him in physics and chemistry. But he would probably, redivivus, appreciate their achievements better than they commonly appreciate his. It is not the least of Prof. Joly's claims to credit that he quotes Titus Lucretius Carus with appreciation, carefully measured.

The skating chapter holds us. The impetus came from recollection of a student's query to a professor: "How is it we can skate on ice and on no other substance?" The professor was prompt, but unprofessionally superficial, in his reply: "Because the ice is so smooth." The alert student inquisitor retorted: "But you can skate on ice which is not smooth." And polished plate glass is smoother than a skate tracked sheet of ice, but it would not furnish a proper surface for the sport.

A brass weight of 250 grammes will slide down a sheet of ice inclined at only four or five degrees, but on a sheet of glass the slant must be at least twelve and a half degrees. If the glass had such rugosities as are caused in the ice by bubbles and imperfections, the angle of friction would be considerably greater. But an object of the same material, but less weight, as a small brass ring, will not slide down the ice surface unless the angle is increased from four or five to ten or twelve degrees. On glass the angle of friction varies little with weight.

Water expands when it freezes. Pressure on the surface of ice, causing contraction, is attended by some liquefaction. The weight of the human body concentrates into great pressure on the edge of the skate blade; there is instantaneous melting, and the film of water under the blade facilitates its progress. And glaciers skate; or, rather, reverse the relation, in that the skate is fixed, the ice moves.

In the first essay, on "The Birth Time of the World," Lucretius is quoted: "For lack of power to solve the question troubles the mind with doubts, whether there ever was a birth time of the world and whether likewise there is to be any end. If there was no birth time of earth and heaven and they have been from everlasting, why before the Theban war and the destruction of Troy have not other poets as well sung other themes? Whither have so many deeds of men so often passed away, why live they nowhere embodied in lasting records of fame? The truth methinks is that the sum has but a recent date, and the nature of the world is new and has but lately had its commencement."

No man ever had a more eager and nipping ambition to penetrate the secrets of "The Nature of Things" than that of Lucretius. What would he think of Prof. Joly's conclusion, reached by scientific methods so far beyond those of the old Roman philosopher: "Our study of the birth time of the world has led us a long way from Lucretius. We do not ask if other Iliads have perished; or if poets before Homer have vainly sung, becoming a prey to all consuming time. We move in a greater history, the landmarks of which are not the birth and death of kings and poets, but of species, genera, orders. And we set out these organic events not according to the passing generations of man, but over scores or hundreds of millions of years."

Why do men puzzle their wits about the age of the earth? The Irish professor answers the question as nearly satisfactorily as, we suppose, it can be done. He says that the geological age plays the same part in our conception of the universe's duration in time as our knowledge of earth's orbital radius does in our efforts to realize the immensity of space. The ancients measured time with the life of a man or a generation as the unit, and space with terrestrial units. May it be said that the gain consists in a clearer recognition of the profundity of our ignorance as to the universal constitution? Whether you measure the age of our tiny planet by measuring its stony structure and calculating the ages they represent, or by calculating the amount of sodium in the oceans, the rate of accession by deposit, and so determining the æons that have passed since all the waters were sweet, how much real knowledge have you acquired when your scientist guides carry you back anywhere from a paltry reach of ninety millions to a grand maximum of 1,000 millions? The consensus nowadays fixes extremes of ninety millions and 150 millions. On the scale of common apprehension there is not a very distinct disparity.

In a chapter called "Other Minds Than Ours?" Prof. Joly considers the canals of Mars. His careful exposition leads to the conclusion that these are channels caused by the passage over the planet's surface, at ever increasing proximity, of satellites that have "fallen into" Mars. They are "physical surface features," tracks of astronomical history.

International Relations Leading Up to the War.

Early appearance in the field is not the only nor the chief claim to recognition of *England and Germany, 1740-1914* (Princeton University Press), by BERNADOTTE EVERLY SCHMITT, professor of history in Western Reserve University. The author has searched well the records, has weighed his evidence judicially, and has fused his conclusions into a text that progresses logically and fruitfully. It can hardly be called impartial. Can a truly impartial history be written? If it can, how interesting is it? While recognizing certain British errors and acts of provocation, Prof. Schmitt's book is in cumulative effect an arraignment of German policies in international affairs. Whether that is the fault of the historian or of German diplomats and rulers each reader must decide for himself.

The book separates into a major first part dealing with ancient Teuto-British rivalries and a lesser second part which is written too soon after the event to stand upon an equal footing with the other. The line is to be drawn between the eleventh and twelfth of the fifteen chapters, on "Agadir and Its Aftermath" and "The End of the War."

The author's name on the title page of an essentially pro-British book is bound to attract attention. He is native born, and his German looking patronym comes through Switzerland, having belonged to a forebear antedating the American Revolution. Prof. Schmitt's "given" names are more correctly indicative of his attachments. His own record is more interesting than his descent. He is a graduate of only a dozen years standing of the University of Tennessee, and only eight years ago took his "first class" in the honor school of modern history of Merton College, Oxford, whither he went as a Rhodes scholar in 1905. If our colleges are turning out men with this author's talent for the writing of history and other scholarly "lines" of literary composition it is reasonably to be supposed that American writers will play a respectable part in the production of thoughtful and useful books in the coming decades. And if Prof. Schmitt's achievement is typical of the performances of American Rhodes scholarships the foundation that supports them in their studies is indisputably successful.

In such a work the list of chapter headings is significant. In this volume they are, in order, after the unnamed introductory one, "Modern England," "The German Empire," "German Expansion," "Commercial Rivalry," "Anglo-German Relations to 1890," "The Quarrel" in the last decade of the nineteenth century, "The Admiralty of the Atlantic," "The Triple Entente," "The Near East," "Agadir and Its Aftermath," "The Eve of the War," "The Crisis of 1914," "Armageddon" and "The Anglo-German Rupture."

By way of illustrating the historian's manner and matter we select a passage of most pronounced character, rather than one representative of the bulk of the book, letting the historian stand by his most challenging utterances. Discussing an address in the Reichstag by Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg, in which he finds it admitted that Germany aims at "world dominion," he says:

> When he claimed that England had engineered the Entente to serve the balance of power, he forgot that in the documents published by the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* England was represented as the dupe of France and Russia. Once again, Germany cannot have it both ways. England could not engineer the Entente and at the same time be the dupe of her partners. Nor can Germany, with complete freedom of action, make an agreement with England, and then, when it leads to unexpected results, blame England that it did not go far enough.

Thus arriving at the conclusion that Germany's name is inconsistency, the author is not writing history but is pamphleteering. It is this that marks the contrast between his first eleven and last four chapters. We suppose Prof. Schmitt's book, especially in these latter chapters, will be read with not less interest by pro-Germans than by the friends of the Allies.

Poetry of the Day.

In a book of college verse published in 1897 and made up of selections from the literary magazines and the "comics" of forty colleges representative of all types, large and small, men's and women's, endowed or maintained by the State, such topics are exhibited in the list of contents as "After the Game," "At the Race," "Bed During Exams," "Be Thou a Bird, My Soul," "Continuity and Differentiation," "Drinking Song," "Her Little Glove," "Love Laughs," "My Pipe Is Out," "That Sweet Girl Graduate," "To the Faculty," "Two of a Kind," "With a Copy of Keats." Rondels and triolets, saccharine love ditties; girls and football, pipes and mugs and poker chips, lectures, puns and parodies; verse at its lightest. After skimming through such a volume, to take up *A Book of Princeton Verse: 1916* (Princeton University Press), edited by ALFRED NOYES, is to experience a shock of surprise, pleasant or unpleasant according as temperament varies between the extremes of conservatism and radicalism.

The verses are selected from the writings of undergraduates in the past six years. The young contributors are much more seriously literary than the earlier academic generation. Compare the present topics with the earlier: "Broadway and Tenth Street," "To Francis Thompson," "The Thief," "The Bubble Blower," "Newspaper Values and the Cub," "The Canal Boat Pilot, Retired," "In Memory of the Bandsmen, S.S. Titanic," "Venezia," "The Knights at Rhodes," "A Rose Found in a Greek Dictionary." Collegians no longer picket Pegasus on the campus. Four, twelve or twenty lines is no longer enough; these compositions run pages long. There is not so much fun, so much gayety and gallantry in them. As one of the poets cries, "My spirit calls out in anguish, 'Why, oh, why?'" No answer. The "cub" cannot get his city editor to give more than a paragraph "in an obscure corner" to the story of a mangled child of the poor, while another of a "Society Woman in Auto Crash" was run under heavy headlines, though "she had escaped with a scratch on the cheek," a truly poetic line. What newspapers do college boys read?

Undergraduate poets have adopted the style of the day, and, whether the style be good or bad, they wear it as those who are to the manner born.

Recent additions to the "New Poetry Series" (Houghton Mifflin) are *Roads*, by GRACE FALLOW NORTON; *A Song of the Guns*, by GILBERT FRANKAU; *Some Imagist Poets*, the 1916 anthology; *Goblins and Pagodas*, by JOHN GOULD FLETCHER. The Imagist anthology, second of its kind, comprises poems written by Richard Aldington, "H. D.," J. G. Fletcher, F. S. Flint, D. H. Lawrence and Miss Amy Lowell in exposition of their pet theory. The imagists are skilful with words, they make pictures that stick in the mind; but we wish they might be happier. They say: "We are experimentalists, but we ask to be judged by our own standards." What they have set out to do they have done, and have done to perfection. Mr. Aldington's "Sunsets":

> The white body of the evening
> Is torn into scarlet,
> Slashed and gouged and seared
> Into crimson,
> And hung ironically
> With garlands of mist.
> And the wind
> Blowing over London from Flanders
> Has a bitter taste.

Mr. Frankau's war verses were written in part while their author was serving in the field. The title poem was begun with notes jotted down in a lull in the fighting at Loos, and was finished in the trenches about Ypres. "The last three stanzas," he says, "were written at midnight in brigade headquarters with the German shells screaming over into the ruined town":

> We have bartered our souls to the guns;
> Every fibre of body and brain
> Have we trained to them, chained to them. Serfs?
> Aye! but proud of the weight of our chain,
> Of our backs that are bowed to their workings,
> To hide them and guard and disguise,
> Of our ears that are deafened with service,
> Of hands that are scarred, and of eyes
> Grown hawklike with marking their prey,
> Of wings that are slashed as with swords
> When we hover, the turn of a blade
> From the death that is sweet to our lords.

Rainbow roads, cross roads and "the red road" of war are in the verses by Miss Norton. It is odd to find included in the first section, "Rainbow Roads," a poem entitled "The Plumes Upon the Hearse of My Heart," but the plumes are bright in the sun, they are "stately and high," and

> The plumes upon the hearse of my heart
> Came tossing back to the town.
> Then seized them there my soul's wild art
> For wings and for a crown.

"Goblins and Pagodas" carries a preface in which Mr. Fletcher is not a bit less interesting than he is in his verses. A book (he says) lies on his desk. It is bound in red and printed on cheap paper. He has had it several years. He wants to write a poem about it. How shall it be handled?

If he followed the Victorian tradition (he says) he would speak only of the book's contents and its author. He would compose a poetic criticism of the book's text, and tell how it had affected him. "In short, what the reader would obtain from this sort of poem would be my sentimental reaction toward certain ideas and tendencies in the work of another." Is Mr. Fletcher a good judge of the Victorian mind, manner and method?

But (he says) if he were a realist he would write about the book's physique. He would expatiate on the red binding—and scold it roundly, we trust, for red bindings are an eyesore on the shelves, screeching at the quieter casings and raving at their fellows in other shades of red—and would expose the faults of the typing and record the ink stain in the southeast corner of the sixteenth page. "I should complain, perhaps, of my poverty at not being able to buy a better edition, and conclude with a jibe at the author for not having realized the sufferings of the poor." But, being neither Victorian nor realist, he outlines for us the method he would employ:

> I should select out of my life the important events connected with my ownership of this book, and strive to write of them in terms of the volume itself, both as regards subject matter and appearance. In other words, I should link up my personality and the personality of the book, and make each a part of the other. In this way I should strive to evoke a soul out of this piece of inanimate matter, a something characteristic and structural inherent in this inorganic form which is friendly to me and responds to my mood.

Theory till applied is nothing. Mr. Fletcher boldly exemplifies his theory in "Ghosts of an Old House," the opening group of poems in the collection. When he says "I have tried to evoke out of the furniture and surroundings of a certain old house definite emotions which I have had concerning them" he reminds us clearly of a certain Victorian definition of poetry in terms of "emotion recollected in tranquillity." From this material presentation the poet passes on to subtler themes, "symphonies" in blue, in black and gold, in green, white, orange, red, violet and gray. We are invited to learn a lesson in "the emotional relations that exist between form, color and sound." These symphonies would be most "effective" printed in inks of their "key" colors.

The colors are carried kaleidoscopically through the life of an artist. His first episode is Blue: not because he is waiting for the patron to appear, but because blue "suggests depth, mystery and distance." Alone, next, in the great city, he has a period of Black and Gold—but the gold is in "specks, the illusory bliss of life." He goes afield and becomes a pagan worshipping nature: Green. The flaming struggle for unattainable perfection forms the White symphony. Temptations beset him: they are White and Blue. War shakes the world, and life becomes Orange. After years of struggle and neglect he begins to see Red, and in old age his spectacles are tinted Violet, "the color of remembrance and regret," fading at the end into Gray.

Even with this load to carry "Goblins and Pagodas" is packed with poetry that lives and lingers in the mind. But we wonder why "The House" has everything, from cellar to attic, except a kitchen. Does the muse live on colors alone?

WHO OWNS COLLEGE SONGS?

Seniors of Michigan University Face Suit Under Copyright Law.

Students in the senior class of the engineering college of the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, face a suit as a result of the action of Mrs. M. M. Root, proprietor of an Ann Arbor music store, who says that the students are infringing on her copyrights of several Michigan songs, among them "The Yellow and the Blue," in a song book which has just been issued by the class.

In an effort to promote the attendance of the members of the class at the senior sings, says the *Detroit Free Press*, a class committee was appointed some time ago to draw up a list of the most familiar Michigan songs and publish them in a collection to be known as "The Engineers' Song Book." The copy was prepared and placed in the hands of a local printer and the books were to be issued to the class in preparation for the first senior sing.

When Mrs. Root heard of the plan she threatened to ask an injunction against the printer if he delivered any of the books.

Officers of the class said that the books would be distributed gratis to the class, thus obviating the copyright difficulty. However, Mrs. Root said that since she owns all right to the majority of the songs which have been included in the book she will take steps to see that none are distributed, gratis or otherwise.

Among the songs are many which have been regarded as common property for several years.

LIVED UNDER SIX SOVEREIGNS.

But Man of 106 Failed to See One Hope Realised.

After posing for his picture on his 105th birthday anniversary, Levi W. Richardson, said to be the oldest man in New Brunswick, died before he had fairly started his 106th year. He had been ill for only about ten days.

Mr. Richardson ascribed his long life and remarkable preservation of his faculties to going to bed early and being active. He had followed the operations of the war with the most careful attention, and his own ambition for the last year, says the *Mutual Star*, had been to live long enough to see Great Britain and its allies successful, for he had lived under six sovereigns and had watched with interest the expansion of the empire. More than eighty children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren survive him.

Not Rich Enough to Be Rude.

Newspaper readers have all been told that the one requisite for being very much "in society" in New York is to be very rich. And the view finds support, it is said, inside the charmed circle itself. At an evening party with songbirds from the Metropolitan one of the proudest queens left in the middle of the programme, says *Harper's Magazine*. A rival, whose dislike of music was equally genuine, rose to follow her, but was detained by the gentleman by her side, himself a wit and a noted arbiter of the elegancies.

"No, my dear lady," he said, "you aren't rich enough to leave early. Mrs. A. has ten times your money—it's all right for her, but you must be polite and stay till the end!"

POEMS WORTH READING.

A London Remembrance.

To A. S., a young American poet recently fallen in battle:

> I see your faunlike face, your great, dark hair,
> Your eyes, like torches in a pirate's lair.
>
> As from the night club, in the still, gray light,
> We saunter home before the world grows bright,
> You argue with intense and solemn heat.
>
> And many a dawn you kneel down in the street,
> Greeting the day as pagans used to do,
> While loitering taxi drivers laughed at you.
>
> But with the war you change, my dear, dead Pan:
> The great hour fills the measure of the man:
> The faded green carnation falls, at last,
> With all the sick things of an outworn past.
>
> As with each battle fought I scan each name
> Of those who have gone out with thunder and flame,
> Your life seems under some protecting hand
> While from Fate's hour glass sand on human sand
> Spills ceaseless over Death's increasing heap.
>
> And now you too have gone to that dark sleep.
> Brave singer, can it be your dreams are dust
> Stilled by the roaring shell, the bayonet thrust?
>
> No, your young death, your dreams, your high endeavor
> Will blossom in the love of France forever!

HARRY KEMP.

All in One.

> Sunset melts in the sky
> While its glories still entice;
> But you find it again
> In a watermelon slice.
>
> Rainbow fades from your sight
> When the promise you would bind,
> But you find it again
> In a watermelon rind.
>
> Earth will slip from your grasp
> When you want it badly here,
> But you find it again
> In a watermelon sphere.

MCLANDBURGH WILSON.

Quest of the Golden Fleece.

> The swift wind moves across the growing grain,
> Which ripples softly, like a sleeping sea;
> To the horizon sweep the billows free,
> Moving, yet anchored to the level plain.
> So move the waves across the landlocked bay
> Beneath the unveiled glory of the sun,
> While eastward flitting shadows lightly run,
> And warm winds pass upon their seaward way.
>
> Dreaming, I seem to hear the cordage groan
> Which binds the sail upon the straining mast;
> I wake, to hear the whirling windmill's moan,
> Like some toil weary Titan of the past;
> Ye who have sought the Fleece without avail,
> This is the sea whereon ye should set sail.

NINETTE M. LOWATER.

The Lawyer's Rewards.

From Case and Comment.

> Sometimes if discouraged
> Our efforts may seem
> Like nightmares of errors
> Or ghost troubled dream.
> But why be downhearted
> And weakness display,
> Or shirk like the coward
> And fall by the way?
>
> The lawyer who bravely
> His work will pursue,
> And ever endeavors
> His duty to do,
> And nobly the cause of
> His client shall keep,
> The highest of honors
> Shall joyfully reap.
>
> Take courage, dear brothers,
> When burdens distress;
> In time just rewards all
> Your labors shall bless;
> And if there's a heaven
> Where lawyers may go,
> The Lord shall reward
> You for goodness below.

WILLIAM D. TOTTEN.

Sonnet to a Piece of Toast.

From Life.

> Thou brilliant piece of ruddy visaged bread,
> Dowered with foresight far beyond thy kind,
> Who knew enough to fall, not on thy head,
> Golden with butter, but, as if a mind
> Did animate thy crisped pulp and rind,
> Refused to gratify the kitchen floor,
> And bravely didst relieve my anxious mind
> By falling back behind and front before!
>
> How sweet thy virgin front to me appeared!
> How more than clean that visage, how endeared!
> That sad misfortune's ravages did brave,
> And in its peril knew itself to save!
> Thou art a treasure far too rare to sup;
> Take comfort, Toast! for none shall eat thee up!

SULAMITH ISH-KISHOR.

Of the Night.

From the Quarterly Notebook.

> The war lord rides where the road runs safe
> When shrieking shell cut the trenches' banks,
> And issues his "Vorwärts" (flesh and blood,
> On the belching guns and the steel set ranks).
>
> Ambition rides hard though the dead lie wan!
>
> The war lord glories in stalwart sons
> Who smile at the hostile fire and fling
> Choice brands to the burning—youth of the land—
> Clutch ye dead hands! To your bayonets cling!
>
> In parting soft arms clasped those necks, torn, red!
>
> Pale mothers a-crouch by blackened hearths
> As winter winds shriek through shattered wall;
> Each gust a voice—wierd echo of fears—
> Each lull a harking; fond lips might call
>
> When God's night, and blackness and cold are there.
>
> Hark! Wail of the man child, gently clasped
> To a warm young breast. Oh, happy heart!
> Hark! Sob of the urchin bruised in play,
> Hark! Shout of the schoolboy winning his part.
>
> Ah, the blast brings voices of long ago!
>
> Drift clouds! Beat rain! Howl ye winter winds!
> Ye cannot muffle to-night's dread cry—
> Child voices that wail through man's deep groans
> When pawns of the war lord sink to die.
>
> Rides hard the ambition that springs from hell!

C. I. RAYN.

Revised.

From the Richmond Times-Dispatch.

> "Mother, may I go out to swim?"
> "Yes, my darling daughter,
> But don't display your shapely limb—
> You know you hadn't oughter.
> Besides, a shark that limb may trim
> As you play in the water."

Whimsies.

> Let others pen their tragic tales,
> Convulse the world with laughter's gales;
> Leave me a little space to hymn,
> When I so choose, some passing whim.
>
> Who makes his reader roar with glee
> Strains hard at plausibility;
> The tragedies are built by art,
> But whims spring full blown from the heart.
>
> Away with those who make us cry,
> Who raise guffaws that pain the sky;
> The smile, the chuckle, soft and low—
> These give the soul its cosmic glow!

C. B. B.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

I have seen a reference to the Atlantic Gardens, but am not certain whether it was not an error of print for the Atlantic Garden on the Bowery. J. J. C.

It will depend on the context. The Atlantic Garden, next door to the Thalia Theatre, which has just ended its history of fifty-eight years, should not be confused with the earlier historic resort, the Atlantic Gardens in Bowling Green. This was built on the first lot granted on Broadway, then De Heere straat, and the site is now identified as 9 Broadway. This lot was granted in 1643 to Martin Krigler, who built there a tavern which bore his name. Under English rule it became the King's Arms and Gen. Gage there had his headquarters in the Revolutionary War. Fifty years ago it was a popular pleasure resort.

Please give the titles of several books upon astronomy that would be of aid to an amateur in studying the subject. M. B. C.

Astronomy has too many sides to be covered satisfactorily in any one treatise. If you pursue the subject as a branch of mathematics one of the best works will be Chauvenet's "Manual of Spherical and Practical Astronomy," but it has the misfortune that Chauvenet's manner is particularly hard. If you have a small telescope you will find the American Book Company's star atlas a convenience in learning what and how to observe. The great progress in modern astronomy has been made along the line of astrophysics. That phase is interestingly treated in Prof. S. P. Langley's "The New Astronomy." Other books are Newcomb's "Astronomy for Everybody" and "Elements of Astronomy."

When and under what circumstances were the Bahamas in the possession of the United States? W. E. F.

On two occasions in the Revolution the Bahamas, or at least their principal island, New Providence, were captured by the Americans. In March, 1776, the fleet under Commodore Esek Hopkins cruised to the south, the principal object being to stop Lord Dunmore's depredations on American commerce in the fairway south of Hatteras. In this cruise Commodore Hopkins put in at the Bahamas and found New Providence disposed to dispute his presence. A landing party of 300 under command of Capt. Samuel Nichols of the marines carried the fort. But as the retention of the fort had no part in the objects of his cruise as set forth in his commission, Commodore Hopkins soon withdrew. He carried away eighty cannon, fifteen barrels of gunpowder and all the stores. As hostages he took Gov. Brown and a number of citizens. Gov. Brown was afterward exchanged for Gen. Lord Stirling.

After this incident the Bahamas seem to have reverted to their former owners, the Lords Proprietors, holding on a loose tenure from the British Crown.

Early in 1778 Capt. John P. Rathbourne in the twelve gun ship Providence appeared off the Bahamas and on January 27 New Providence was captured again by the Americans, with a landing force of only twenty-five men. In the course of a few days Capt. Rathbourne beat off the British sloop of war Grayton. He in turn retired. It was not until 1783 that the ownership of the islands was definitely assigned to Great Britain.

In what magazine and when was Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion" printed? A. L. S.

In *Everybody's* for November, 1914.

I have seen two children, boys, under four years, who could neither read nor write and were without any knowledge of letters or figures, call off the name correctly of every phonograph disk shown to them. The disks had been in use in their homes for a long period. These children were not related and the episodes took place ten years apart. F. S.

Do you mean to ask how it was done? It seems possible that the children found some distinguishing mark on each disk or that the disks were shown to them in a certain order. In the first case there need not have been any connivance by the parents, who may well have been as puzzled by the boys' precocity as anybody.

Has the United States ruled that the German submarine Deutschland is a merchant ship? E. H.

Yes.

What is international law in regard to the provisioning and coaling of war vessels of nations at war in neutral ports? Has Secretary Lansing forbidden the provisioning and coaling of German war vessels at American ports? J. B. C.

The general rule of neutrals is that war vessels of the warring countries may remain twenty-four hours, taking on enough coal and provisions to get them to the nearest home port; if they stay longer they are interned. Where repairs are necessary an extension of time in port may be granted. This course has been followed by the United States in the present war. German sea fighters are at exactly as much liberty to coal and provision here as British or French warships.

Can some of your readers tell me where the words of "The Dandy Fifth" may be found? They appeared in some of the school readers of the last generation. J. W. D.

Where was Charles Chaplin born? E. McC.

Near London, England, he records in "Who's Who."

Is there a Government assayer who assays ores for prospectors? G. W. L.

The assay offices at the mints assay the bullion offered for coinage, but the person who wishes to find out the value of samples of ore will have to deal with a commercial assayer.

Please give the date of the wreck of the Atlantic? C. H.

April 1, 1873. She was a White Star liner. Running short of coal, she headed for Halifax to replenish her bunkers and struck on Meagher Rock, near Sambro, Nova Scotia. Five hundred lives were lost. Earlier, on August 20, 1852, a steamer named the Atlantic and a vessel named the Ogdensburg collided on Lake Erie. One hundred lost their lives.

I should like information concerning the Bransfield family.
HELEN V. BRANSFIELD.

We find no published record of the family.

THE WAYS OF THE EAST.

Soldiers in Training—Changing From Barrack to Hotel.

From morning till night it was drill, drill and again drill. We were divided into groups of fifty, each of which was put in charge of a young non-commissioned officer from the Military School of Constantinople or Damascus, or of some Arab who had seen several years service, says Alexander Aaronsohn in the *Atlantic Monthly*. These instructors had a hard time of it; the German military system, which had only recently been introduced, was too much for them. They kept mixing up the old and the new methods of training, with the result that it was ofen hopeless to try and make out their orders.

Whole weeks were spent in grinding into the Arabs the names of the different parts of the rifle; weeks more went to teaching them to clean it—although it must be said that, once they had mastered these technicalities, they were excellent shots. Their efficiency would have been considerably greater if there had been more target shooting. From the very first, however, we felt that there was a scarcity of ammunition. This shortage the drill masters, in a spirit of compensation, attempted to make up by abundant severity.

The whip of soft, flexible, stinging leather, which seldom leaves the Turkish officer's hand, was never idle. This was not surprising, for the Arab is a cunning fellow, whose only respect is for brute force. He exercises it himself over every possible victim, and expects the same treatment from his superiors.

I had had experience with corruptible Turkish officers, and one day when barrack conditions became unendurable I went to the officer commanding our division—an old Arab from Latakieh, who had been called from retirement at the time of the mobilization. He lived in a little tent near the mosque, where I found him squatting on the floor, nodding drowsily over his comfortable paunch. As he was an officer of the old regime, I entered boldly, squatted beside him and told him my troubles. The answer came with an enormous shrug of the shoulders.

"You are serving the Sultan. Hardship should be sweet!"

"I should be more fit to serve him if I got more sleep and rest."

He waved a fat hand about the tent.

"Look at me! Here I am, an officer of rank and"—shooting a knowing look at me—"I have not even a nice blanket."

"A crime! A crime!" I interrupted. "To think of it, when I, a humble soldier, have dozens of them at home! I should be honored if you would allow me——" My voice trailed off suggestively.

"How could you get one?" he asked.

"Oh, I have friends here in Saffed; but I *must* be able to sleep in a nice place."

"Of course; certainly. What would you suggest?"

"That hotel kept by the Jewish widow might do," I replied.

More amenities were exchanged, the upshot of which was that my four friends and I were given permission to sleep at the inn—a humble place, but infinitely better than the mosque. It was all perfectly simple.

EATING PAPER IS EASY.

How Fanny Murray Outdid a German Spy's Feat.

It is with a mitigated commiseration that one reads the story of how Von der Goltz, the German spy, finding himself recognized in Petrograd, "spent some hours eating two parcels of incriminating papers which he dare not burn in the grate."

As a feat of mastication, says the London *Observer*, Von der Goltz by no means holds the record. Paper is easily reduced to a pulp and swallowed (the ink acting as an appetizer), and the only difficulty in this case was the quantity. Leather is another matter, but apart from meals of hard pressed explorers there are authenticated instances of meals of the kind.

What may be described as a paper meal de luxe was that of the famous Fanny Murray mentioned by Horace Walpole: "I liked her spirit in an instance I heard of t'other night. She was complaining of want of money. Sir Richard Atkins immediately gave her a £20 note. She said: 'D—— your £20! What does it signify?' clapped it between two pieces of bread and butter and ate it."

INDIAN NABOB'S RICH GIFTS.

Remembers Japanese Who Accompanied Him on His Travels.

In all the countries of the Far East rich men abound of whom little is heard outside their home provinces. Latterly they have been more in evidence as luxurious tourists for whom nothing was too good. India has her share. Sir Ratan Tata, the Indian merchant prince who had been touring Japan for eleven weeks, and Lady Tata left Kobe for India last month.

During his stay Sir Ratan purchased Japanese and Chinese curios and objets d'art to the value of $90,000, says the *East and West News*. Just before his departure Sir Ratan made a gift of $5,000 to Mr. Nomura of Yokohama, who accompanied him throughout his stay in Japan and acted as companion and adviser to the Indian magnate during his travels. Lady Tata sent Mrs. Nomura and Miss Nomura each a handsome gift of beautiful and valuable emeralds. It is said that the knighthood which was bestowed upon Sir Ratan during his stay in Japan was not to his liking. He had previously requested that his name should not be presented for knighthood.

Famous Literary Fraud.

One hundred and fifty-two years ago died the most famous literary impostor in history. George Psalmanazar appeared successively in the guise of Frenchman, Irishman, a Japanese convert to Christianity, then an unconverted Jap living on raw flesh, roots and herbs, and finally as a Formosan, until he acknowledged his many deceptions.

He was a clever man, with a remarkable aptitude for languages, says the London *Chronicle*, and was the concocter of an imaginary religion, which he produced as the religion of the Formosans. He deceived the archbishops and the bishops of England, as well as the fellows of the Royal Society. When his forgeries and impostures were discovered he earned his living as a hack writer and assisted in compiling the "Universal History," to which he contributed several important items.

During the latter years of his life he was the friend of Dr. Johnson. He died on May 3, 1763, at the age of 84, in Ironmonger row, St. Lukes.

A Whistler Story by George Moore.

"Whistler was walking with me, and he said, says John Lloyd Balderston, writing of a conversation with George Moore, 'Ugly boots—boots pointed toes—how can you?' They were new and rather expensive boots, and I asked in great surprise what was wrong with them. 'Pointed toes—pointed toes—dreadful, dreadful looking things!' Whistler went on. 'Are they really very ugly?' I asked, and Jimmie rapped out, 'Ugly?—well, of course—how can you, Moore?' I had not thought pointed toes ugly, but I supposed of course Whistler must be right, and I determined not to wear out that pair of pointed toes. Then, a little time afterward I met Mrs. Whistler, happened to say something about her husband's views on pointed toes, and she said: 'Of course Jimmie has to wear square toes! He has a deformed foot.'

"In everything Whistler's extraordinary egoism was manifested. Because of his foot, you see, he evolved a theory that square toes were beautiful and pointed toes ugly, and tried to make other people accept it."