

BOOK REVIEWS

Costume in Art and History ABOUT AUTHORS

In 1751 the Italian Dandy Changed His Gold-Clasped Collars Twice a Day

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF DRESS. By Frank Alvah Parsons. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Reviewed by ALBERT STERNER.

MR. FRANK ALVAH PARSONS has written a most attractive dissertation on clothes. It is, as it were, a romance of the garb of men and women in all its phases through the centuries.

The book appeals at the outset by its simple, yet beautiful, makeup and artistic appearance. The type is admirable and of a fine black impression, a quality so rarely insisted upon by our printers.

From these illustrations, which bring one face to face with the actual presentation of the various garments that fashion has deigned through the ages, much may be gleaned. But Mr. Parsons has contrived a most happy obligation to the pictures in the shape of all kinds of interesting excerpts, often from documents of the bygone periods, together with much enlightening information regarding the reason for the appearance of such and such garments, and the environment in which they were made and worn.

In this way the reader is gradually led on to acquire, so to speak, a principle of clothes; is helped to examine and study them as an expression of an almost inevitable expression—of the times in which they occur. And so unconsciously we meander with Mr. Parsons, happily, learning about history through clothes.

A great many books of costume have been compiled, great tomes like Racinet with thousands of colored plates and numbers and references, much too ponderous to handle—volumes made for the use of craftsmen. But in "The Psychology of Dress" we take a pleasant, rambling walk through the ages, stopping to look at the modes and manners of the houses and gardens and fets, of the theatres and coffee houses in which these gallants of past ages and their fair ladies lived and loved and played and ate. We see how they were dressed! And if we are made conscious here and there of dates—so difficult to learn at school—they hardly concern us; for the gossip facts that Mr. Parsons has dug up far outweigh them and make us realize the humanness of all these people in all these times.

Here is quoted a half humorous counsel—the author says—from thirty chapters of worldly wisdom, given to a noble and polished youth, to aid him in making a brilliant

appearance at the coming fete of the patron saint of Padua, 1751:

"1. Embroidered coat to the value of about 200 sequins. 2. Two other coats in good taste and fashionable to wear during the day. 3. Breeches to match the coats or with a fastening of three gold buckles. 4. Superfine shirts with English point and superfine Flanders laces, and should be changed every day. 5. Silk stockings with two tassels from Paris, with a lead seal at two sequins a pair. 6. Belt pendants of gold embroidered silk with five gold clasps. 7. Steel sword mounted in gold, with white ribbon worked in gold, and tassels. 8. Black shoes with leather soles and gold buckles. 9. Peruke of M. su Taquel with a toupee a verze and its little ornamental bag. 10. Collars held by gold clasps, changing twice a day. 11. A plain English hat weighing three ounces. 12. Two white handkerchiefs, one for paring fruit, the other to serve the lady when she takes a sherbet, coffee or chocolate; two others for the nose, of tree bark, and all sprinkled with scents of lavender. 13. Silk sponges for wiping off the perspiration. 14. Two pairs of white gloves from Rome, one pair in the hand, the other in the pocket, with two pairs of ladies' gloves of different sizes for any contingency that might occur, making sure that they have no odor. 15. Snuff boxes, one of gold for Spanish tobacco, the other of red paper maché of M. su Marsian for tobacco of the country. 16. A case with its fittings and instruments all of gold. 17. A small gold case, with his spoon and Hanover powder. 18. A stand mounted in gold with perturbed spirits of the latest mode. 19. Another stand divided in two by Neapolitan devils and imps. 20. A mirror, memorandum book, brushes, pins of various sorts, strings, sashes, silk of various colors in two little boxes. 21. Opera glasses, with tortoise shell and gold case. 22. Repeating clock, on one side an enamel face with French time and on the other one of gold with Italian time. 23. Two packages of French and Italian paper. 24. Fans with white ribbon, which one places between the inner folds of the *velada* for protecting the lady from the sun, offering her the arm after the usage of Sinigaglia. 25. Two rings, one of ruby and the other a brilliant; two little souvenirs, one with small brilliants, and the other may be real pinchbeck, which may serve as a remembrance and as a specific. 26. A purse of silk net with gold coins and in it some large pieces of money in quite new silver to pay for anything the lady happens to need if by chance she should lose at play, and a hundred sequins more in specie of the reigning Doge. 27. He should always have in his pocket candied fruits in a gilded box, pieces of chocolate, pistachio, chestnuts, pickles, imps and other trifles pertaining to gallantry. 28. A groom and a knavish lackey, who will be skilful on occasions which might arise for fleeing the city to go to a villa.



A Madonna painted at the end of the fifteenth century, showing how the ideas of the Renaissance were modifying the severity of earlier costume.

29. Gilded cabriolet with two fine horses. 30. A box with assafoetida in reality, which will serve for the lady if she suffers a hysterical attack; this comes for the most part compounded with good scents. When the Kr fitted out in this manner he can, without any doubt, according to the expressed opinion of the most judicious, the authorized protectors of the grand mode, make his appearance in good society with a lady, and may always hope to draw the applause of the lady, it remaining only to point to him that he should often interrupt his graceful conversation with some French song; this he can learn in the famous book entitled "L'Amor de Palajo Roie."

From this truly delightful document we learn that the "dandy" has existed in all times—the man of fashion, meticulous, concerned with modes and fashions, as if they were of the vastest moment to the continu-

ance of life, when in reality they are ephemeral and change constantly for a mere whim or accident. Yet they are kaleidoscopic, these changes, many colored, adding joy and gaiety to life or when needs be demureness, severity?

"The apparel oft proclaims the man." It is this judicious blending of man and the clothes that fascinates in "The Psychology of Dress."

A New England Home Folk Story

HOMESPUN AND GOLD. By Alice Brown. Macmillan Company.

Reviewed by ELEANOR HAYDEN.

PROBABLY no one who hadn't a grandmother whose warnings consisted of "look out you don't get a h'ist" and whose vocabulary included such words as "flaxing" around and "my stars!" and "hark!" and such phrases as "up attic" and "camping down on the couch" and other delightful New England provincialisms could appreciate the full flavor of Alice Brown's "Homespun and Gold." In this collection of short stories Miss Brown goes back of the correct New Englanders who adorn her longer stories, the most recent one being "The Black Drop" and "The Wind Between the Worlds" to the simple homely folk who go to "No. 3" schools in their youth and to "Grange meetings" as they grow older. These people have a simple psychology. To flick Jess, the horse, harshly indicates male mental perturbation while going to the swamp for thoroughwort gives a woman with the female equilibrium.

These stories are human and appealing, but it is not for the story, particularly, that one reads Alice Brown as much as it is for atmosphere—to be steeped again in the quaint, curious New England turns of phrase that she knows so well how to catch. Many times the spelling of these words, that you are familiar with when spoken, "h'ist" for example, eludes you until you see and recognize it as an old friend in the pages of Miss Brown's stories. Translated "h'ist" means—

There is, of necessity, a limited appeal about these stories. Provincialisms, received by those familiar with their phrases with the feeling, "these are true—she has caught them," often mean little or nothing to the outsider who has lived beyond the pale of influence of the State of Maine of the last century. Do they still talk of "entrys" and "dress skirts" and "pindin'" children and "gettin' your death" as they do in these pages or do these idioms belong from whose lips no amount of superimposed education beyond the No. 3 stage of culture or travel beyond the grange was ever able to efface the sometimes stern, sometimes supple terminology?

Though some of these stories may be too strictly localized to mean anything to non-New Englanders (as Southern darky stories before the reviewer to tears), surely the picturesqueness of such words describing movement in a room, as "stirrin' around" "thrashing around," "traipsin' up and down the stairs," "cooped up in the house" "naked" "be wholly lost. And if you've ever heard them, "the frogs peepin' so loud" or seen the moon "as big as a cart wheel" rise over a trusted snowy New England meadow Alice Brown makes the sounds and pictures live again.

"Her people are simple hearted folk, for the most part—big, clean, inarticulate young men—girly in the first flush of youthful joy, with shy eyes and quick darting movements—older men with queerness and cantankerousness of years setting upon them and adorable old ladies with cameo pins, "for nikes" who have learned through the years how to manage men folk and to see through the sometimes harsh New England exterior the warm and faithful hearts beating beneath the breasts of Abner or William or Cyrus.

"The Return of Father" is the most simply eloquent tale in the book. It's the sort of story that leaves you with a tight throat and a smile. Few short story writers can do more than that.

Seamanship for Boys

SAILING THE SEAS. By James Baldwin and W. W. Livensgood. American Book Company.

IT must be a terrible thing to be a boy nowadays. When we ourselves were a lad, ninety years ago, we thought that the forcible feeding to which our infant brain was subjected—the amount of memory tests to which we were forced, writhing—could never be surpassed in the future history of America. But we see now that we had an easy time of it, compared with today's boy. The authors of the books we had to read early in the past century were at least stingy with facts, but the modern author of boys' books is the mouthpiece for all sorts of grownups' activities, which require the accession of new hired hands from generation to generation in order to keep themselves going; and, therefore, he is buried in facts about those businesses and he, in turn, buries his boy readers under them.

Such a book is "Sailing the Seas; or the Log of Tom Darke." The United States Shipping Board believes that America cannot retain a leading place in the world's trade unless all Americans become interested in ships, and that, therefore, the boys of America must be cultivated careful-lee until they are the rulers of our trade navy. Hence this book, the story of a boy who is anxious to become a sailor, has his ambition gratified, learns all about ships and shipping, shows himself a naval hero during the war and wins the cheers of his home folks. Any boy who wants to learn about the business of being a merchant sailor will find this book a fascinating one. But if he is obliged to memorize the facts in this book against his will we are sorry for him. There's too many of 'em!

What the American Red Cross Did

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS IN THE GREAT WAR. By Henry P. Davison. Macmillan Company.

DETAILS of a record in which the whole country takes justifiable pride are set forth by Henry P. Davison, chairman of the War Council, in his book, "The American Red Cross in the Great War." The organization is still in need of the support of the American people and few men or women, reading this record of what it did in the greatest emergency the world has yet seen, will be inclined to withhold aid hereafter.

If it had done nothing more than provide the 120,000 doses of the bacillus Welch serum for the cure and prevention of gas gangrene, which it furnished, its work would have amply justified the millions spent upon it. Another great Red Cross activity was the provision of the six types of splints developed for the confinement of injured members in cases of fracture. The long and weary journey of the wounded soldier back to health was shortened by various forms of diversion provided by the Red Cross at the base hospitals. The work of giving information of soldiers to relatives at home was organized and efficiently carried on by the Bureau of Home Communication. But Mr. Davison's book is more than a record of what was accomplished. It explains the reasons for what was done and breathes a spirit of humanity on all of its 286 pages.

Hugh Walpole Might Be a Tennis Player, a Liberal or a Naval Officer

THE CAPTIVES. By Hugh Walpole. George H. Doran and Co.

Reviewed by LOUISE CLOSSER HALE.

HE came to my dressing room—Hugh did.

I am an actress. Yes, I write, too, but the theatre is my home. I always hurry in something about acting. It pays to advertise; but more than that, it excuses my difficulties with the subjunctive.)

I was taking out my teeth as my maid opened the dressing room door. (I have no maid, I just put that in—no maid, but all my teeth.) "Taking out my teeth" means, in the parlance of the theatre, removing the black grease paint which had been covering a few of my molars during the performance. This to an audience looks like gaps, and ages the face. I have a youngish face, if oldish.

I was not embarrassed over being discovered as such an unlovely moment by Hugh, although I didn't know who this fresh-cheeked individual was. Hold on to this—it's a point; whenever a player meets one of her own kind, whatever beautiful art may be his, she is not disconcerted if she has cold cream on her nose or is braiding her switch with one end of it in her mouth. Instinctively she is sympathetic with him, and he, although he may never have seen a dressing room, is just as much at home as though he were before his cast! or easing out words from his pen. It's sweet, isn't it, the way we understand our people? Do bankers feel that relaxed way with each other, or fish dealers, or osteopaths? I don't know. This is an open question. Now if my visitor had been what the actors call "an outsider," merely one of those rich persons who support the theatre and never get in on passes, I should have regretted instantly that my teeth were not all shined up, and that the be-rouged table cover was not fresh, or at least turned over—once more.

The fresh cheeked one was flanked by two blithe spirits whose own satisfactory royalties enforce upon them a certain noblesse oblige when foreign authors come over here for a general cleanup. ("Royalties"—where did we get the word from?) They made the introduction quite casually as though it was nothing to lecture in a strange country and that any moment both of them might go to England for the same purpose.

What Should an Author Look Like?

Just the same it was a bombshell to me—because he was HUGH WALPOLE, but because HE was Hugh Walpole. Line up a lot of young Britshers carrying sticks, with this young author and ask me to pick out a tennis player, a Liberal, a jazz dancer and an English naval officer thinking of going into business and I could suitably have selected Walpole for any of these roles, but for the creator of that devilish old Duchess of Wrex, of that dear, ragged Golden Scarecrow of The Captives, raging within their little human cells No—ah! no—he was not built according to convention.

Yet, to step aside again, do authors look like authors, anyway? Actors look like actors and painters like painters, but is there in this day any definite type for the writing man? Poets of other times, yea; Tennyson looked like a poet and so did Shelley, and Byron looked like eight poets; but Charles Hanson Towne does not look like a poet, and would not though he wore a Tennysonian whisker, Shelleyan hair and a Byronic collar. Still C. H. Towne is a very complete poet. Alas! I fear that the hard bowler over there and the derby over here have done much to change the facade of the literati.

The visiting Englishman continued bombing me. He said he was happy to meet me "again." I was restoring a bicuspid at the instant, and I was so astonished that I allowed the disgusting grease paint to remain on until half way home in the subway—thereby innocently delighting a number of tired business men. But I gave no other sign. I did not say "Yes?" with that rising inflection of indifferent uncertainty that has so often reduced me to dust in England. After those crumbling occasions when I have endeavored to explain myself to some Londoner I would not be mean enough to say "Yes?" to my landlord. I did not need to—the guest modestly thought it was just possible I didn't remember. "You know," he reminded, "in the green room at the Haymarket."

Not Horace Walpole!

It was time for me to do something then. I wanted to cry out: "Hugh Walpole, if I ever had met you I would never have forgotten it," and bawled on his shoulder. But you can't do that to authors with belts to their coats and severe collars sticking up at correct angles. So I said something quite different. Never having met the man before and knowing well I had never met him I was ready to compromise. "Was that YOU?" I said. "I thought it was Horace." Not that anybody paid any attention to the flippancy.

So there was no emotional outburst from me, and Mr. Walpole will never know, unless the clipping bureau does its duty (and it only clips the roasts) that I would not have had him any different had I on reflection, taken a bit of clay and modelled him myself. For in some way that I don't believe I am going to be able to define this young man of stalwart build and business-like mien was, by being so, fully expressive of his tremendous subtleties. It doesn't make the least bit of difference what Hugh Walpole is like outside. Everything that he gives to us is from within. Not just on the other side of the cranium, but from some place that he hasn't very much to do with, that twists and shapes him, yes, and shakes him, and leaves the outside of him to sweat over properly setting down into fine paragraphs by a beautiful arrangement of words these little creatures of his inner brain.

I wonder could we wrench the truth from him, if he would not admit that it surprised him a little to have foretold the dissolution of the power of the aristocracy as in the "Duchess of Wrex," and of the mean, false pride of the upper middle classes as in "The Green Mirror." Just little puppet figures now, levelled by real shot and shell. I wonder if he had an idea of a book called "The Dark Forest" when those sprites inside of him prompted him to speak in earlier works of "dark forests," as though the mystic significance of those words were intruding him into their shadowy depths.

I wonder—since I am at the wondering business—if he or any other author would be mightily piqued if he knew that to one

reader of his—at least one—there rise pictures of her own making that have to do with her own environment as she reads his pictures of lands that are not hers. Or should he not be pleased? Is it not because he is drawing truly that as he places before our eyes the long frozen streets of the Neva, I, too, grow cold, but the picture before me is not the Neva, but myself fighting down Michigan avenue when the wind is from the lake and the long lines of light are like frozen minor constellations.

I am afraid it is the same with his characters. I don't remember much about the little boy of The Golden Scarecrow nor of the old man who passed away in the first chapter. "The thing is," as May Preston always says, the thing is that before the old man died he took off his hat to the scarecrow, which from a certain angle he had mistaken for a knight in shining armor, and he said to the shabby, fopping creature: "You were very fine, but don't forget." How many hundreds of times I have said that to myself! What does it matter—now—that a bundle of rags on a stick were those creatures who crossed our lives in early days? Once, from our angle, we saw them gleaming in the sun like King Arthur's men.

Arabella's Adventures.

I have a friend, Arabella, who was much impressed when I told her this story. Arabella always comes to me just after she has given up waiting by the telephone—it is a very definite step toward cardiac reconstruction, this admitting that he is not going to call up. After a while, when she is at the liveliest stage of the new telephonic complication, when the new one is calling up regularly, she can look back upon the earlier disconnections and take pleasure that they were shining knights once. The only trouble with the symbol, however, is the difficulty of explaining it when they meet again. Arabella says they like awfully to be thought Launcelots, but as soon as she tells them (gently): "It's quite all right, dear friend; it's what you were to me THEN that counts, it holds small weight with me that you are really just a scarecrow," that they get peevish, and the friendship sort of dies. Arabella deprecates this complete severing of earthly ties with her young men. She does not see that her application of the figure evens the score as could no method of her own devising. "A scarecrow," they must mutter, as they leap away. And again in the night, turning over: "A scarecrow!"

The pictures crowd thick in the author's latest story of "The Captives"—I think it may be so with other Americans, for many of us were chapelgoers, and those with whom I am contemporary knew the ugliness of tight, silent living, horsehair furniture, and the smell of oil lamps. Some of us rebelled, and here we are! And, parenthetically, I ask, and where is that? Well, it isn't much, but its sidights, anyway, and the golden oak covered by draperies, and the tops of the horrible mantels taken off. But Walpole is right: our religion is with us, and as we grow old, very old, we take a sort of pride in it. There is something decent about its grim claim on us. But never for an instant in our formative period did it live up to those promises that were made to us when we trailed our white robes (very conscious of toe nails, as was Martin) toward the baptismal font.

A Distinguished Baptism

My baptism, I think I may say, was a little more distinguished than the leading captive of the Walpole tale. To be sure Martin was the minister's son, but I was one of a cohort of little girl converts whose ranks boasted the minister's daughter. (Strange! We found ourselves playing in the same company last year and were two weeks recognizing each other!) It is quite fitting that she should have gone on the stage, as she committed a social error even in the baptistry. When it came time for her immersion her father, faithfully pursuing the meagre ceremonial, asked the name. It distressed Mary. "Don't you know me, papa?" bleated out the minister's daughter. What it occasioned! "Should 'a been practised," said the elders.

Nagged into it some of us were as Martin probably was, as Maggie feared to be. Too shy to rise when we were asked to give our childish testimony as to our affection for a menacing Creator; too anguished to remain seated while the choir wailed in our baby ears, "Too late! too late! ye cannot enter now." Yes, it was better to get baptized and have it over with—and wriggle our nose at the abashed devil.

For, as Walpole writes of young Warlock: "What happiness followed! God had chosen him, and there he was, forever and forever safe and happy."

I went over that page a number of times. "Safe—and happy." Happy—and safe? Do the two go together—should they not? That was what made my bed light grow dim for a little until the sensation came to me that it sounded late in the street. An old, tired, wise late.

How sure we were as we went dripping from the water that there would be no more struggles of the soul or of the body. How outraged were we when we found that they had just begun. Begun for Martin, and for me; for bleary Uncle Mathew and square Maggie—who of course had been but sprinkled into salvation. What a joke it has been on all of us! Walpole could have safely generalized in his novel, "Captives All" he could have captioned it.

Books by the Pound.

I will not go into the story nor dwell upon his skill in presenting to our reading eyes a homely, shapeless girl, then making her grow beautiful in our hearts. The book is fresh upon the counters, full measure, pressed down and running over. Once we dreaded the thick English novel; now as we pay the increased price we find an added satisfaction in bulk. Some day we may read the advertisement: "Christmas books. Weight three pounds or over, for two dollars," and there will be quite a rush.

That would astonish me no more than does young Mr. Walpole continue to astonish me—Hugh and his vast hidden talent. It is a pleasure to the eye to view him as he is, but even if he were not so broad of shoulder, so tolerant of eye, so good a "mixer"; if he snarled, as do some of our visitors, and wanted ice on his head and called our terrapin an "awful mess"; if he wore a sack coat and a silk hat, and set out his boots for our outraged hired girls to polish, still I should dwell content upon the reflections he has made for me in the mirror of his brilliant phrases, and I could truly murmur: "You were very fine, I shan't forget."

John Burroughs, the Forest Philosopher His Life Story and His Latest Book

ACCEPTING THE UNIVERSE. By John Burroughs. Houghton, Mifflin Company.

Reviewed by H. L. PANGBORN.

IN his essays on "Accepting the Universe" John Burroughs has given perhaps the clearest and certainly one of the most eloquent presentations of what, for lack of a more accurate term, may be called modern scientific pantheism. Each epoch, he recognizes, must have its own religion, and it must be a religion with a content somewhat beyond limited intellectual elements—it inevitably must have something emotional in it. His answer is a statement of the religion of science, of nature, with a determined optimism as a constituent part of it.

In fact Mr. Burroughs does more than accept the universe. He puts it on the back with full approval and assures it that it is the best possible of all conceivable universes, and that to form a part of it is "our rare good fortune." He never blinks the difficulty of reconciling this conclusion with the existence of evil, of imperfection, of what we must call militant wrong. All these are, it is true, part of the Cosmos, but merely momentary and of small import, provided you can get far enough to envisage the Thing as a whole. He finds a reconciliation, too, in the adaptability of life to its changing conditions, and believes that if we can succeed in measuring the large enough natural universal standards the contemplation of this Cosmos may become a "supreme felicity."

Of course he will have nothing to do with any anthropomorphic god, nor with any narrowly teleological scheme of things. It strikes him as insufferable conceit for man to assume that he is the centre of creation or even that he is in any sense a finality. He is unable to conceive either a beginning or an end of the universe or of any "creation" *ex nihilo*. The universe was not made; but it is. And it is growing, changing, developing, and man is but a part of it. He conceives a sort of natural providence—not a specialized affair and surely not at all personalized—as somehow a part of the Whole. God is not apart from the universe, nor a mere part of it, but the universe is God. When asked as to any solution of questions about the Ultimate, he frankly admits that the human mind (and that's the only sort of mind we have) cannot fathom it. Here we must become agnostic, in the proper sense of that word: we do not, and cannot know.

That much is fairly familiar ground. The interest in Burroughs's diagnosis of our cases lies in his reconciliations. As he admits, he is not always wholly consistent, and he is plagued with the age old difficulty of trying to approach the unknowable in language of the known. But he makes out an eloquent case for the cheerfulness of evolution as a religion. It is our chief business to "feel at home on this planet," which is so marvellously adapted to our growth. We may also realize that man himself is active and consciously, purposefully active in bettering this environment, with the material nature provides him. And "we are embosomed in the eternal beneficence, whether we desire it or not," meaning thereby the beneficent adaptations of nature.

He does not follow out fully the consequences of admitting that man himself is a biological legislator, evolving new laws, and that the emergence of moral (and still more) aesthetic concepts in the process of evolution is the introduction of really new—and thus inexplicable—factors. To do so would lead one into what he would call dubiously teleological fields. It is possible to adjust moral ideas to evolution, as they have a biological

"survival value." But the case of aesthetics is not so simple.

Burroughs's thought is curiously Greek—pre-Socratic Greek. His universe is much what a modern Empedocles might make of it—the One growing from the Many into being, *Monon . . . ek pleonon*.

It is a most courageous book, and one that will bring down upon him the dislike of thousands of admirers of his earlier "nature" books, but it is absolutely sincere with the inviolable sincerity of a scientist. And it is immensely interesting—the most stimulating experiment of the day in religious thought.

JOHN BURROUGHS, BOY AND MAN. By Clara Barrus, M. D. Doubleday, Page & Co.

ALL that I ever had, and still have, may be yours by stretching forth your hand and taking it." This is the invitation to a life worth living, printed at the beginning of the biography of the man who extends it. But the whole book is an invitation, particularly to young readers, to comradeship in the joyous company of nature. For many, John Burroughs has opened the doors of nature's house, where he is very much at home.

Dr. Barrus has at once given a detailed account of the slow, steady progress of this life that grows like a tree, and picked out with dramatic emphasis the burning moments that mark the crises of character. John was only four when the housemaid brought in a dead scarlet tanager. "Tears filled his eyes as he turned away to his corner on the hearth; a queer ache came into his throat—love and sympathy for the little bird were born together in his heart; but curiosity was born also, and he soon turned back, and taking the dead bird in his hand stroked its scarlet plumage."

Sympathy and curiosity—the best equipment for a seeker after nature's truth.

A few years later he saw a small bluish bird with a white spot on each wing. He asked his brothers what it was, but they did not know. And it was twenty years before he found out that it was the black throated blue warbler. As Dr. Barrus said, the interest then stimulated was to lead him to be a pioneer in the preparation of such books that no child of our day need ask in vain for bird knowledge.

Burroughs grew to manhood and went through many experiences, learning in school and out, teaching school himself, before the event that crystallized his latent interest. In the mid-year of the civil war he saw for the first time a copy of Audubon's "Birds of America," with its colored illustrations. "It was like bringing together fire and powder," declares his biographer, and Burroughs himself says:

"How eagerly and joyously I took up the study! It fitted in so well with my country tastes and breeding; it turned my enthusiasm as a sportsman into a new channel; it gave to my walks a new delight; it made me look upon every grove and wood as a new storehouse of possible treasures. I could go fishing or camping or picnicking now with my resources for enjoyment doubled."

And that is just what he has done for others—passed on Audubon's gift with something of his own added.

This book is for everybody that is alive—that has any power to respond to the impulse of life. It is full of every kind of interest, from the stories of old country customs, from the memory of Burroughs's boyhood to the new anecdotes of Walt Whitman and contributions to civil war history.