BOOK PAGE OF THE SUNDAY CALL

CONDUCTED BY
UNA H. H. COOL

From "Memories and Impressions of HELENA MODJESKA

MME. MODJESKA AS "PORTIA"

MADAME MODJESKA'S CALIFORNIA HOME

MME. MODJESKA IN "HEARTS-EASE"

MME. MODJESKA

MME. MODJESKA AS "VIOLA"

MME. MODJESKA AS "OPHELIA" (1871)

"Memories and Impressions of Helena Modjeska"

An autobiography. Illustrated. The Macmillan company, New York. Price $4.

The most notable addition to the literature of the stage is found in the "Memoirs and Impressions of Helena Modjeska." For the most part the book is written in a simple narrative style, but now and again the author shows her emotional temperament by some characteristic enthusiastic utterance like this written on her first visit to America:

"Heavens! what color! what a maze of emeralds, sapphires and topazes! The sea is one immense treasury of gems! and the air! the air! What a delicious cool, fresh breath! I feel so light that I imagine, lifting myself on my toes, I might start upward and fly! Is there no regret for my country left in me? Or is it that the ocean, with its immortal beauty, has filled my soul to the very brim, leaving no room for anything else? I do not care to analyze the present state of my mind; I only know it is made of happiness and peace."

Every page of this book is of peculiar interest. Mme. Modjeska tells enough of her intimate personal history for the public, but has wisely chosen those parts of her life and associations which have been of worldwide interest to make up the bulk of her work.

The book is divided into three parts—the first, "Childhood and Youth," takes us as far as her first marriage; the second, "Poland," is perhaps the most interesting to American readers, for it gives a splendid picture of the literary and artistic life of that country and also shows us how hard was the climb from obscurity to fame for this ambitious and wonderful woman. The third part is entitled the "New World" and occupies more than half of the space in the book. It tells of the actress' life in this country, of her difficulty in obtaining recognition in the theatrical world here, of her final success, her love for this country and her happy home life in California.

Mme. Modjeska's maiden name was Helena Opid and she was a native of Cracow, Poland. Her father was a man of culture and refinement, a student of philosophy and also a musician of more than ordinary ability. In Helena's early youth—1848-50—came the terrible revolution and burning of Cracow, of which she was an eye witness. These early tragedies doubtless had a powerful influence on her character, for she refers to them often in her memoirs.

In the autumn of 1850 her brother, Joseph, introduced to the family Gustave Linnmayer Modrzejewski (the full name, afterward in this country shortened to Modjeska at the suggestion of John McCullough, so that Americans could pronounce it). At this time Helena was 10 and Gustave nearly 30. He taught the children German and became a friend of the family and later, as a result of the attachment, he and Helena were married. In 1861 Helena appeared in some amateur theatricals for the benefit of some of the sufferers of a mine disaster and this was really her first step toward a professional career. In two years she was accepted everywhere in Poland as a rising star of the theatrical world. Political troubles and private worries, which she mentions with much reserve, crowded in upon her, and the death of her little daughter was followed by a separation from her husband, whom she never saw again.

She continued on the stage and in 1868 married Karol Bozenta Chlapowski. For eight years they remained in Poland, but the surveillance to which they were subjected was so wearisome that they decided to come to America.

The world knows of the community plan on which the first settlement in California was founded. It failed and Helena acquired English and made her debut in San Francisco with John McCullough in 1878. The book is by no means a record of Mme. Modjeska's triumphs and failures. She tells us of all the famous actors and actresses of the day. Artists, musicians, poets, critics and famous travelers are also brought in, all of whom worshiped at the shrine of this great woman, about whom no breath of scandal ever blew. The book is a wonderful picture album, containing plates of the author as "Portia," "Ophelia," "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "Mary Stuart," "Sapho," "Cleopatra," "Lady Macbeth," "Marie Antoinette," and in "Heartsease," "Les Chouans" and "Measure for Measure." A reproduction is also given of Carolus Duran's portrait of her. Beside these there are 87 illustrations, comprising portraits of famous contemporaries, various scenes mentioned in the text and her home in southern California.

BOOKS REVIEWED

"Memories and Impressions of Helena Modjeska."

"The Root of Evil," by Thomas Dixon.

"Bi-Literal Cipher of Francis Bacon," by Mrs. Elizabeth Wells Gallup.

"Berenice," by E. Phillips Oppenheim.

"Berenice"

By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price $1.25.

By the use of wide margins, thick paper, large print and many illustrations, "Berenice," the latest offering from the pen of E. Phillips Oppenheim, assumes the appearance of a real novel. It is exceedingly short, however, and is easily read in an hour. Readers who enjoy an Oppenheim book for mystery or adventure will be surprised with this tale, for here neither of these characteristics is to be found. This is a tragic tale of thwarted love and the two characters hold the center of the stage from start to finish. A few others appear for a moment or two now and then, but they fail to distract our attention from the one absorbing love theme.

Of course, we should like to find two such remarkable characters in real life as Berenice and Matravers, but barring their exaggerated genius the tale is plausible enough. Berenice is an actress who is also a successful novelist. Matravers is a journalist and poet and is sent to write a dramatic criticism of the play in which she is performing. This is his first attempt at dramatic criticism and he flays it unmercifully. The paper prints it, notwithstanding the fact that it is a play by Ibsen, whom Oppenheim designates as "the great Norwegian Istein." So powerful is Matraver's criticism that it ruins the business of the theater, which promptly closes its doors and Berenice loses her position. Matravers writes a play for her, for he has fallen desperately in love and though he knows nothing of the stage, the new play is an instantaneous success. The author says: "* * * For certainly as a play it was a brilliant exception to any thing which had lately been produced upon the English stage. The wornout methods and motives of most living playwrights were rigorously avoided; everything about it was fresh and spontaneous. Its sentiment was relieved by the most delicate vein of humor. It was everywhere tender and human. The dialogue, to which Matravers had devoted his usual fastidious care, was polished and sprightly; there was not anywhere a single dull or unmusical line. It was a classic, the critics declared—the first literary play by a living author which London had witnessed for many years."

The love which comes to Berenice and Matravers when they are both past their earliest youth is resistless and it is a dreadful thing when Berenice is obliged to confess that she has been forced into a loveless marriage when little more than a child. Then comes a struggle between passion and conscience and Matravers, though he loves her and fights against her, is about to yield when fate in the shape of husband and little son intervenes. The tragedy hastens from this point, but the melodramatic climax is unnecessary. Matravers is about to commit suicide when he dies of heart failure. Berenice discovers him—reads his last letter and so learns his intent—seizes the glass of poisoned wine still untouched and is about to join him when her little boy appears upon the scene needing some one to take care of him. It is cheap and forced and makes us forget the many really good points in the story. The illustrations by Christy and Somerville are not quite up to their standards, but are still not bad.

Brief Reviews of New Books

Mr. Layton's newest number is "The Airship Boys in the Barren Land, or the Secret of the White Eskimos." In this he tells of immense stretches of ice beyond Herschel island and the strange adventures of a survivor of the Franklin expedition, who had spent a half century in this desolate country. The book is entertaining, but rather exaggerated, and not calculated to give young readers a perfectly correct idea of the airship, at least in its present stage of development. Some good illustrations add to the interest of the book. ($1.00.)

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"Theroid Archer Knowlton, Poet; A Love Story of Violet and Violets," by Frederick Ziegen, is the poorest stuff we have encountered for some time. The author pretends that he has found some poems which he has sandwiched in between the chapters of a novel and it is difficult to say whether the novel or the verse bears the palm of dullness and bad writing. The book is utterly worthless. The publishers have put a fine dress on it, but even that will not save it. (W. B. Conkey company, Chicago.)

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Masuji Miyakawa has revised his "Life of Japan," which first appeared three years ago, and was a much talked of publication. The author is a Japanese and has so perfected his education in this country that he writes with as much ease, apparently, as though he had known English all his life. In his book he tries to explain the most striking features of Japanese life and wherein their customs and ideas differ from our own. The author hopes to bring the two nations into greater harmony with each other and much of his book shows too plainly his efforts in this cause. There is much, though, which is new and interesting, and it is worth reading. (Neale publishing company, New York, $1.50.)

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Charles Elmer Jenney of Fresno has gathered a number of his poems from magazines and papers, all devoted to the praise of California, and these bound in a trim book are entitled "California Nights Entertainment." Much of the work from this poet is in sonnet form and he has proved himself a master of this difficult style. He shows no favoritism in his selection of subjects, for all California is represented from the high Sierras to the hot yellow plains of the San Joaquin. The book is bound in the clan tartan silks of Scotland and contains many illustrations in halftone of familiar California scenes. It is an exquisite little souvenir of California. (Valentine & Anderson, Ltd., of Edinburgh, Scotland.)

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Leila France, the composer of "Old Flag Forever," has a new publication on the market dedicated to the school children of California. It is entitled "Five Little Song Pictures," and all are charming. In only one are the words and music by the popular composer, the words of the others being by Charles F. Nash, Nellie M. Garabrant, Jean Ingelow and Mrs. C. F. Montague. A reprint of the "Seven Heart Songs," also by Leila France, is just issued and these also will appeal to children. ($1.00.) The first folio is illustrated by Elizabeth McDermott, making it very attractive. (50 cents.) (The Elite publishing company, Los Altos, California.)

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The little pamphlet published under the title "Social Economy or the Economics of Social Production" is best explained by a few words from the preface of the author, Cornele B. Adams: "Differing profoundly * * * from socialist writers, as to character and extent of the changes implied in socially controlled production, I have attempted to indicate briefly what I apprehend to be the elementary principles naturally evolved from the economic premise of socialism. I have used the title suggested, though the following pages are not to be regarded as an attempt at a formal treatise on the subject; they are intended only as a suggestive outline." The brochure is of real interest and all readers interested in the subject should possess it. (Published by author, P. O. Box 1565, New Orleans, La.)

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"Makers and Defenders of America," by Anna Elizabeth Foote and Avery Warner Skinner, is a collection of historical biographies which begins with the close of the French and Indian war, and treats characters typical of a movement or period up to the present time. The book traces the growth of our nation through the lives of its great leaders, men of thought, whose ideas shaped the policies and laid the foundation for the present prosperity of our country. Although, in the main, the emphasis is placed on the personal element, some narrative of events has made a continuous story possible without losing the idea of personality which attracts the youthful mind. The sketches include great statesmen, military heroes, philanthropists and inventors. (American Book Co. New York; 60 cents.)

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There is no better reading for young people nor, when it is done well, none out of which they get more satisfaction than biographical narratives of the lives of great and good men and women. Prof. Abram S. Isaacs of the University of New York makes a worthy addition to this kind of literature in "Step by Step," which pictures the early life of Moses Mendelssohn. It is intended especially for the reading of Jewish children, but other young people and through them the whole world would profit by the reading of such works, since they make for the lessening of racial antagonism. (Jewish Publication Society of America. Philadelphia.)

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"The Story of Modern France," by H. A. Guerber, is a new historical reader for the upper grammar grades, which may also be used as a text book. It gives the story of France from the death of Louis XIV. to the present time, laying special stress upon the many interesting and picturesque episodes in which the period abounds, as they are presented in literature and art. The book is supplied with maps and illustrations, largely from photographs of famous paintings, statues and buildings, regarding which useful data are given. The style is attractive, and the work will hold the student's attention and give him a good knowledge of history. (American Book Co. New York; 65 cents.)

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In "The Teddysee," Wallace Irwin tells the story of our former president's trip into the wilds. Homeric verse, interspersed with comic opera rhymes and crowded with the latest slang, makes Mr. Irwin's work irresistibly comic and friends and enemies alike of the strenuous traveler can laugh with great good humor over it. Other prominent political lights are found in the verses, Aldrich, Cannon, Pinchot, Loeb, Tillman, Foraker and many others, not omitting Taft. Appropriate illustrations by N. L. Blumenthal accompany the text. (B. N. Huetsch, New York; 75 cents.)

* * *

"The Christ of the Human Heart" is the title of a Christmas gift book, by William Day Simonds, minister of the First Unitarian church, Oakland. It reached the reviewer too late for Christmas notice, but readers who see it now will agree that it is an all the year round gift book. In this little pamphlet are collected a number of uplifting talks, with such titles as "The Old, Old Story," "The Mother and the Babe," "The Consecrated Young Man," "The Tempted Christ," "The Teaching Christ," "The Healing Christ," "The Suffering Christ" and two especially fine ones, "Jesus and the Modern World" and "The World's Prophetic Day." This is a gift for people of all sects written straight to the hearts of reverent readers. (The Unity club of Oakland; 50 cents.)

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"Maui—The Demi God," is the title of a book of legends of Polynesia written by W. D. Westervelt, who has done so much toward preserving the traditions of Hawaii and its people. This latest book is not only interesting in itself but it traces the relationship of the various South sea islanders to each other; the similarity of the languages and the slight changes found in the various legends of each race. The book contains many illustrations of scenes in Hawaii from photographs, which add much to its interest. It is entertainingly written. (Hawaiian Gazette Co. Honolulu.)

GOSSIP OF BOOKS AND THEIR WRITERS

George Macaulay Trevelyan is to write the life of John Bright. Trevelyan is a grand nephew of Lord Macaulay and the son of the Rt. Hon. Sir George Otto Trevelyan. He married Miss Janet Penrose Ward, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Humphry Ward.

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Don C. Seitz, in "Elba and Elsewhere," complains of Italian carelessness in the matter of spelling proper names. "Genoa is 'Genova,' 'Genva' and 'Genes,'" he says: "Venice is 'Venezia' or 'Venetia,' Florence is 'Firenze,' Spezia has one 'z' at home and two abroad, and then is pronounced 'Spetsia.' Rome is 'Roma' and Naples 'Napoli' and 'Napolis.' Traces of meaning are visible in all these, but the transformation of Leghorn to 'Livorno' is bewildering."

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In the passing of John la Farge America has lost not only one of its greatest painters, but also its foremost art critic. People will ever be glad that he remained long enough to complete a magnificent new volume, called "One Hundred Masterpieces," which Doubleday, Page & Co. will bring out in a few months. In his earlier volume, "The Higher Life in Art" he produced a notable resume of the work of Delacroix, Daubigny, Decamps, Rousseau, Corot and Millet; while in "Great Masters" he analyzed with his fine skill Michael Angelo, Raphael, Rembrandt, Rubens, Velasquez, Durer and Hokusai. Coming as they did from the pen of a master workman, these two volumes at once took their places as standard contributions to art criticism.

In the forthcoming volume La Farge has given a key to the art beauties of all time by opening to the average reader the door to the storehouse of the ages—the gallery of immortal paintings. This volume does not treat of any special group or school, but of those imperishable achievements of the greatest painters of the world. Enforcing his words with exquisite illustrations, La Farge has made his pages quick with the very spirit of the masters and has interpreted to us their finest works in a manner which is not only understandable but truly inspiring. Art lovers far and wide, at home and abroad, will await this new volume with eager expectancy.

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Arthur Rackham, the English artist, who makes such fantastic, delightful illustrations, plays hard during leisure moments—lawn tennis, golf, fishing, cycling and gardening. He travels abroad and sketches; he enjoys music and the opera and is a member of the Langham sketch club, the Art workers' guild, Arts club and other clubs and societies. Moreover he has a little daughter who, he declares, takes up as much of his time as all his art put together. At one time Rackham was an insurance agent. Doubleday, Page & Co. have already brought out several beautiful holiday books illustrated by Rackham. This year they have a beautiful edition newly translated of Wagner's "Rhinegold and Valkyrie" in the "Song of the Neibelungen," containing 20 color illustrations done in his most characteristic vein. Rackham makes his home in London. His wife is Irish and an artist, too.

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Sidney Lee, author of "The French Renaissance in England," just published by the Scribners, is one of the foremost Shakespearean scholars of the day. He is the author of "Shakespeare and the Modern Stage" and "Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century."

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At one of Victor Hugo's small and intimate dinners the guests had just drunk the host's health. Then Hugo turned to Francois Coppee, who was sitting on his right.

"What do you say," he asked, "to the two poets drinking each other's health?"

"Oh, master," Coppee modestly exclaimed, "there can be but one poet here!"

"And what about me, then?" Hugo demanded, with his fascinating smile. "Do I count for nothing?"

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Dr. Emil Reich, who died recently in London, was remarkable as a historian who really lived. In his thirtieth year he made up his mind that the study of books and documents gave no satisfactory comprehension of history, and he went out into the world to learn history from life. He traveled widely, spending five years in the United States, four in France and thirteen in England. What he thought of America is indicated in one of his most popular books, "Success Among the Nations." Of success in America he wrote: "The Americans have of all modern nations the greatest chance of success, economic or material, provided the far east will be ready to undergo a process of Europeanization. Intellectual success in the highest sense is less likely in America. American women have by overmentalization weakened their power for good. What a nation wants consists mainly of two factors—real women who do not want to be men, and real men who do not try to be women."

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Sir Hubert von Herkomer has written an autobiographical record of his family which will be published with illustrations. He says that such a book can not "escape a note of egotism; a note the more pronounced in these pages by the rather unusual course I have followed of putting myself under the microscope for temperamental analysis."

"The Root of Evil"

By Thomas Dixon. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, New York.

The greatest, most ambitious, and sure to be the most successful of the novels of Thomas Dixon is "The Root of Evil," just published. On the paper cover we read: "Has the woman who turns from a great love to marry for money a soul? If she can deliberately break the heart of a lover will she not commit murder when put to the test? What is the true source of crime? These are some of the questions asked in my story.—Thomas Dixon."

The author sets out logically to answer his questions, and makes a strong case, but the ultra esthetic will wish to skip his melodramatic diatribes against the evil influences of trusts and their consequences, accumulated wealth. These and political graft are responsible for that part of the story which will appeal to reformers throughout the country. The exaggerations for the purposes of fiction are slight—the more rabid reformers will say that they are understated, but some of the author's arguments are very convincing, and at the same time depressing.

The scene of the story is New York, but the characters are transplanted southerners, and much of the fine old chivalric southern feeling is felt throughout the story. James Stuart, the hero, is a lawyer with high ideals, to whom the principles of socialism make a strong appeal. He sticks to his principles almost throughout the book, and even when he swerves aside a little it is not for long, nor does he do anything criminal. Before leaving the south he and Nan Primrose have become engaged, but Nan's mother will not permit an announcement. She is a worldly and extremely deceitful woman, and while professing friendship for Jim is playing her cards for advancement in the social and financial world. Nan and her mother follow Jim to New York, where the mother encourages the attentions of Birens, a millionaire, who is such an offensive character that even for the purposes of fiction it is difficult to fancy him in the role given to him. Nan marries Birens, loving Jim, and for nine long years they do not meet. Chance brings them together again, and Jim can not resist her charms. This, too, is different to understand, for her selfishness has been so plainly shown that one wonders at the vulnerability of Jim. After a long time she tells Jim of her love, and he begs her to elope with him; she refuses, planning to await her husband's death, which the attending physicians predict as a near event. She even discusses the sick man's will, she is so brazenly sure of Jim. But here is her mistake, for Jim has been fighting for his honor and principles all his life, and he will not allow her to have one penny of this tainted money. So they part again, for she can't give it up! Then the husband dies, and Jim is summoned to be present at the deathbed. From some indications and certain of Nan's actions he suspects all is not right, and forces a confession from Nan that she has given her husband two of the pain quieting powders instead of one. To be sure he had asked for them, but she knew that more than one would be dangerous. She is morally guilty of his murder, and so Jim leaves her, this time for ever. There is consolation waiting for him in Harriet, who has loved him since childhood, and who, with her father, a physician of the old school, who spends his life in healing and fighting the trust which will adulterate pure drugs, is always ready to care for and comfort him in time of stress and trouble.

The love story binds all the rest of the book together, but some readers (especially the lovers of straight fiction) will resent so much political and financial discussion. This part is well done, however, and if read carefully will convert many a lukewarm onlooker.

"Bi-Literal Cipher of Francis Bacon"

By Mrs. Elizabeth Wells Gallup. Howard publishing company, Detroit.

Whether chance has made this last year so prolific in volumes on the Bacon - Shakespeare controversy or whether there has been a revival of interest in the ridiculous question is difficult to say; but several new exponents of the Bacon theory have appeared in the field with a demand on the public to be taken seriously. The latest claimant to the honor in this field is Mrs. Elizabeth Wells Gallup and her treatise on the subject is entitled "Bi-literal Cipher of Francis Bacon." Mrs. Gallup proves to her own complete satisfaction that Francis Bacon wrote all of William Shakespeare's works. And she also finds that Bacon utilized the names of Robert Burton, Edmund Spenser, George Peele, Ben Jonson, Robert Green and Christopher Marlowe to screen himself on occasions. Not content with this, she has discovered—through the cipher—that Bacon was the son of Queen Elizabeth by Robert, Earl of Leicester!

It is difficult to take this poor lady seriously, for she is evidently one of those puzzle fiends so enthusiastic in her search for solutions of cryptograms that even when none is available on which to try her skill she can invent one, put it in and work out her solution backward.

Mrs. Gallup has also unearthed "The Tragedy of Ann Boleyn," which she assures us is a drama in cipher found in the works of Francis Bacon. If it is true, Bacon will haunt her for giving to the world such a poor piece of work—so poor, indeed, that he hid it, he fancied, in a safe place. It is extraordinary that so many people can take all this stuff seriously, but the fact that they do is shown by the many books published on the question; but of them all this is the dreariest and the most destitute of rhyme or reason ever encountered by the unfortunate reviewer. If only all the labor of this energetic writer could have gone toward something real!

"The Spendthrift"

By Porter Emerson Brown, a story of American life, novelized from the play by Edward Marshall. Published by G. W. Dillingham company, New York.

It has never been settled yet whether a play can be novelized to advantage or not. If "The Spendthrift" is an example, we should say emphatically not; for all the cheapest of the melodramatic effects loom large in the novel, while on the stage they passed us by with scarce a word of protest. This play by Porter Emerson Brown was a great success. Novelized by Edward Marshall it belongs in the "shilling shocker" class, a joy to the newsboy. The theme is too well known to require more than passing notice. The heroine is a type of woman, unfortunately not rare, who has no idea of the value of money. She loses her husband, but it is extremely doubtful if she would have married him had he been poor. Then begins a career of extravagance which the husband half wished and half feared to curb, until at last ruin stares them in the face. She refuses to understand even then, and the melodrama, perhaps necessary on the stage, but entirely out of place in the book, is brought in. She borrows money of a cold blooded man who has long desired her husband's ruin and hoped to win her after the smash. This loan will, of course, put her in his clutches. The husband contrives to spoil the whole thing, and the "big scene" in the bedroom is the result. Then the "spendthrift" runs away and reforms herself, and soon the family discovers her and all ends happily.

David Graham Phillips

MR. DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, the author of "The Husband's Story," "The Second Generation," and many other popular novels, was shot by a lunatic in Gramercy park, New York city, the other day, and died of his wounds.

An article in last month's Smart Set hailed him as "the greatest living American novelist"; and it so happens that the February Bookman, which appeared the same week that Mr. Phillips died, contains an elaborate critical estimate of all his books, and of his place in the ranks of American novelists.

The writer of this article, which of course, was written long before Mr. Phillips' death, says, in part:

"In the first place, let us frankly recognize that Mr. Phillips is a rather important factor in the development of American fiction at the present day. We could name on the fingers of one hand the contemporary novelists, who, like Mr. Phillips, are devoting themselves to depicting and studying the big ethical and social problems of their own country and generation, and doing it in a big, bold, comprehensive way, with a certain epic sweep and magnitude. And among these few none is more earnest than Mr. Phillips, none striving more patiently to do the thing in the best, most forceful, most craftsmanlike manner. A few of his novels are of a quality which no serious student of present day fiction can afford to neglect.

"The broad, Zolaesque sweep of phrase and action, the sense of jostling crowds and ceaseless activity, the endless panorama of city streets, the whole trick of treating humanity in the mass—these are things which Mr. Phillips has learned to do as very few American writers have done them.

"He sees every human story as a cross section of life; and by a cross section of life he does not mean a little local slice carefully measured to fit the dimensions of the particular story he is telling. On the contrary, if he is narrating the simple love affair of a boy and girl in some small town of the middle west, he is always conscious, even though he has no need of bringing this out in the story, that there is between that boy and girl and all the other people in that town an inevitable, an all pervading human relationship; that that town is not an isolated community, but is itself one of the links in the vast network of social and industrial life stretching over a huge continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific with endless miles of railroad intersecting it, with a centralized government, a president and congress at Washington, and with countless lines of steamers keeping it in touch with the other world powers. All this helps in a way to show what to Mr. Phillips is a very vivid actuality. And, of course, the writer who always sees each little human happening, not as an isolated incident, but as a detail of a tremendous and universal scheme, necessarily has a bigger outlook upon life and necessarily communicates to his readers a similar impression of bigness and of vitality.

"Mr. Phillips in his methods of work reverses the usual process followed by writers of the epic type by finding his germ idea in a single character or incident and building from these. Such books as 'Old Wives for New' and 'Light-Fingered Gentry,' and even 'The Hungry Heart,' make us feel that there is in the background, behind the specific story of individuals, a certain general and widespread principle, just as there must be in any story that lays claim to epic breath. The Zolaesque method is not necessarily the best method of arriving at this double interest, the individual and the universal, which just a few big novels have achieved; it is simply one of the best methods and the one most easily grasped by the layman. Phillips is always stimulating; he sets us thinking deeply over big problems—most deeply, perhaps, when he most strongly antagonizes us. Take, for instance, the best and strongest of all his books, 'The Husband's Story.'"

In closing his article, the writer above quoted says: "Mr. Phillips is a writer with many qualities and some defects—like all men who have it in them to do big things. But it would be easy to forgive more serious faults than his in anyone possessing his breadth and depth of interest in the serious problems of life and his outspoken fearlessness in handling them. There are, unfortunately, few in this country today who are even trying to do the sort of work that he is doing. And the fact that he does it with apparent ease, and has reached the point where he is doing it with triumphal strength, promises well for the future."

Books Received

"Fundamentals in Education, Art and Civics," by George Lansing Raymond. Funk & Wagnalls company, New York.

"Maui, a Demigod," by W. D. Westervelt. The Hawaiian Gazette company, Honolulu.

"The Feet of the Years," by John Dallison Hyde. Metropolitan press, New York.

"When Cattle Kingdom Fell," by J. R. Stafford. B. W. Dodge & Co., New York.

"The Gift of the Grass," by John Trotwood Moore. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

"Interpreters of Life," by Archibald Henderson. Mitchell Kennerly, New York.

"We Young Men," by Hans Wegener. Vir publishing company, Philadelphia.

"Our Western Wonderland," by Felix J. Koch. A. Flanagan company, Chicago.

"One Way Out," by William Carleton. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

"The Seekers," by Jessie E. Sampter. Mitchell Kennerly, New York.

"Poems," by Muriel Rice. Mitchell Kennerly, New York.