LITERARY NEWS and CRITICISM

A Realist's Romance and Some Tales of Adventure.

BYRONIC.

THE ISLE OF LIFE. A Romance. By Stephen French Whitman. 12mo, pp. 498. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Whitman made his literary début with an exceptionally able, realistic study of New York life, "Predestined." In his new book he turns over a new leaf, gives us strenuous romance, and, while interesting us most of the way,

STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN.
Author of "The Isle of Life."
(From a photograph.)

fails to convince us in the end, no doubt because, being a realist, he can knead to his own purpose far better what he has seen than what he has imagined. "The Isle of Life" is the book of a beginner; its invention, while no doubt original with the author, is insistently and persistently reminiscent to older readers. His hero is a Superman, no doubt, and in that sense modern; but Rochester, too, was of that tribe, and fiction teems with strong men who have forced noble women to turn from aversion to passionate love, to condone unavoidable pasts and to trust to true passion and a higher rebirth through it. Mr. Whitman's hero, in short, is of the Byronic tradition, a man who has drunk life's wine to the lees, about whom terrible tales have come from the ends of the earth to Rome, where we find him—tales of gallantry, but also of debauchery, of drink and cards and abductions in the face of sudden death. He is rich, of course, and handsome and gigantic, if coarsened by excesses; and he is a novelist whose stories are a miasma, corrupting the minds and the principles of weak youths. Of course, deep down he has preserved a sterling manhood. It has slumbered long, it has been drugged into silence, but it will awaken to sound the true note of the call of love when the moment comes. He is an expatriate American. He does not pose, but Mr. Whitman continually poses him, which is even worse.

Such a hero requires a heroine noble through and through, with the power within her that will deny the call, then listen, and finally answer it in an outburst of surrender, of dedication. The author provides her, of course, and does much better with her, though she, too, comes of a long line of familiar fictional women. In fact, what carries the reader really along in his perusal of the book is its adventure, after the man has abducted the woman by springing overboard with her from a steamer and they have landed on a small island off the Sicilian coast from the fishing boat that had picked them up. Here is good material, indeed, real romance among a handful of poor, ignorant, superstitious people, with a vendetta in the background and the Mafia on the horizon, and, near at hand, the ruins of a Greek temple, whose reputed spirits keep the populace at bay. For the man from the sea is suspected of having the Evil Eye, he is as much hated as feared, and an outbreak of cholera brings matters to a climax. Then the Superman rises to the heights, and carries everything before him. There is undeniable charm as well as strenuous adventure in this episode of the island, which fills the greater part of the book. The descriptions have atmosphere, and there is truth as well as imagination in the meetings of the man with little Fannino, the six-year-old Sicilian, who has the cunning of wisdom of thousands of years of a turbulent ancestry in his young-old head.

Mr. Whitman's venture, in the early pages of his book, into the cosmopolitan society of Rome is a daring one, and it is not markedly successful, because comparisons, however odious, are unavoidable in the case of a subject so intensely exploited by English and American novelists. He is still a newcomer there, his superficial observation has not sufficed him for the creation of an impression of reality, and his impressionistic employment of snatches of conversation does not mend matters. We remain on the outskirts. As already said, this is a good story of adventure in a romantic place and a romantic human environment. It is likely that women will read it with delight, but from the evidence now at hand it is clear that realism is Mr. Whitman's true genre.

THE "SWELL MOB" IN PARIS.

THE CLOSING NET. By Henry C. Rowland. Illustrations by A. C. Michael. 12mo, pp. 335. Dodd, Mead & Co.

To ring the changes on that now well worn theme, "gilt-edged crime," would seem to be an almost hopeless task. But it would also seem as if this were the one subject fitted to the writers of contemporary fiction. They are all tackling it, and a surprising number of them do their work surprisingly well. Mr. Rowland offers a case in point. He attempts to do something of what Mr. Hornung long ago appeared to have done once and for all, but his gentleman burglar, his Franco-American "Raffles," is a sympathetic character, making an appeal of his own. This American, with good blood in his veins, who enters the company of those French scoundrels who go about their villanies in good clothes and with the best of fine manners, finds good reason to amend his ways. Unfortunately, fate is stronger than he is. The past rises up to mock him, and he is actually compelled by circumstances to plunge once more into paths of wickedness. This is not to say, however, that he has himself any wicked aims. On the contrary, when he mingles with his old comrades in crime it is for purposes not unrighteously revengeful and to fight fire with fire. Thus he retains the reader's good will, and as he continues his long duel one develops more and more the hope that he may win through to the rehabilitation and happiness which he deserves. Mr. Rowland is the master of a good narrative method, he paints really distinctive and interesting portraits of his various rascals, and "The Closing Net" turns out to be a fresh, dramatic story, full of excitement, showing here and there a feeling for human nature, and altogether proving that the criminal motive is not by any means played out.

ANOTHER PENITENT.

CLEEK: THE MAN OF THE FORTY FACES. By T. W. Hanshew. 12mo, pp. 305. Cassell & Co.

The hero of "Cleek," like the hero of "The Closing Net," is a gentleman turned scamp, who decides to go in for clean living. In this tale the scene is laid in London, where the man of the forty faces fills the prologue of the book with his renown as an incredibly skilful thief. No treasure on which he has once set his heart can possibly be kept from his miraculous clutches. He gets it even after he has given warning of his fell intentions to do so, and, not content with laughing in the faces of the detectives, he sends them souvenirs of his exploits. In the course of one of these, however, he meets the one woman in the world at whose feet he would wish to lay his heart, and thenceforth the hunted is the hunter. Cleek adopts the rôle of detective, and in the successive independent stories of which this book is composed he applies his genius to the prevention of wrongs or the righting of them. The author misses a valuable opportunity in failing to show, as he goes along, any conflict between his hero's old nature and his new resolves. This penitent works out no gradual reformation. He becomes virtuous in a trice, and evidently finds no difficulty whatever in ranging himself on the side of the angels. But we cannot seriously blame Mr. Hanshew for missing the psychological chance offered to him. We get too much amusement out of his tales, some of which are devised with remarkable ingenuity. Very engaging, too, is the strain of sentiment running through the book and the wholesome atmosphere in which the latter is enveloped. "Cleek," in short, is in its modest way a book apart, a work with a certain originality.

FROM A NEW ANGLE.

THE SHADOW. By Arthur Stringer. 12mo, pp. 302. The Century Company.

This is the story of one Blake, a member of the New York police force, who is detached from his post and sent off to "get" a great criminal, Connie Binhart. From this starting point the reader would ordinarily expect nothing more than the usual battle of wits between the law and its quarry. But Mr. Stringer looks at his motive from a new angle. The chase he describes is promoted not really to vindicate the law, but to satisfy the wishes of Blake's official superiors, who desire to get rid of him. A woman once allied with Binhart is brought into the plot. She falsely gives Blake his first "clew," and thenceforth, with his pride at stake, he wanders over the world searching for the fugitive, who is always just out of his reach. But it is just here that Mr. Stringer discloses a genuinely artistic adroitness. He transforms the wild goose chase into an affair of tragic gravity. Blake, though stupid, is also dogged, and, what is more, as the author very effectively brings out, his pursuit of Binhart, begun in vainglorious mood, develops into an authentic human passion. In due course he strikes his man's trail. Again and again success is within his grasp. Again and again its eludes him. The day comes when Blake is compelled to return to New York, a disgraced and ruined man, broken in health. He winds up as a street pedler, selling glue at one of the crowded corners in this city. But Mr. Stringer is not through with him, and the reader will find it very much worth while to follow the story to the end. It contains some terminology that is a little too technical, but it is well told and the author has got hold of an excellent idea. His analysis of Blake's motive and the man's soul is above the average in current fiction.

DELECTABLE FARCE.

THE DAY OF DAYS. An Extravaganza. By Louis Joseph Vance. With illustrations by Arthur William Brown. 12mo, pp. 300. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

For sheer entertainment we would back Mr. Vance against any of his rivals. He knows how to be absurd, how to give his mind to it and carry the thing off so that the reader is inclined to believe anything. And he has a style to match his substance, spirited, slangy when need be, and exactly in harmony with the everyday movement of life in New York in 1913. It is like him to begin "The Day of Days" with a colloquy between two commonplace young clerks in a leather warehouse on Frankfort street. Obviously that is no environment for the growth of golden romance. When the scene changes, first to a department store and then to a cheap boarding house, the outlook for adventure in the vein of the Arabian Nights seems darker than ever. But not if the reader knows his Mr. Vance. These prosaic things are, with him, full of the most poetic promise, and gorgeously is that promise fulfilled. Not one smallest passage in the succession of sublime farce shall we reveal. The reader must go to the book himself, content with our assurance that in every chapter, if not on every page, he will be mystified, astonished and amused. It is a gay, preposterous, delightful bit of stuff for a lazy hour. Mr. Vance need not worry about the portentous school of "serious" novelists, who are telling us just why Mrs. Blank left her husband and how Mr. Dash flirted with a two by four emotion. Let him go on writing nonsense and giving innocent pleasure.

THE ÆSTHETIC PASSION.

THE COLLECTORS. Being Cases Mostly Under the Ninth and Tenth Commandments. By Frank Jewett Mather, jr. 12mo, pp. 193. Henry Holt & Co.

The publishers have appropriately made an exquisite little volume out of these stories of Mr. Mather's. They are stories in the exact sense of the term, but even without the graceful "Ballade" introducing them, and the essay on art collecting thrown in for good measure, this would be a book for the novel reader to put aside on that shelf dedicated to more serious hobbies. Mr. Mather's figures are the artists, amateurs, critics, antiquaries and other denizens of the world in which pictures are not merely painted, but are talked about and are bought and sold. It is especially the world where the collector roams and, if he sometimes has good luck, not infrequently suffers quaint discomfiture. In one of the best of these tales, "The Del Puente Giorgione," we have to do with one of those droll matters of "attribution" which of late have passed with peculiarly delightful effect across the æsthetic horizon. They have yielded good material to Paul Bourget, Henry James, St. John Lucas and others, and now they serve Mr. Mather to admirable purpose. He treats them with the right touch, lightly and with sufficient humor. In all his stories he deftly revives the atmosphere of his recondite yet very human subject. These are clever, readable narratives, which we commend both to those who care for fiction and to those who care for art.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

Some Historic Cases of the Last Three Centuries.

ROMANTIC TRIALS OF THREE CENTURIES. By Hugh Childers. With 24 illustrations. 8vo, pp., xvii, 263. The John Lane Company.

While of special interest to the jurist of to-day on account of the light it throws on the crudities and laxities of English legal procedure in the past, this book is a fascinating review of certain phases of the social history of England from the Restoration to the fourth decade of the nineteenth century. Only once does the author, who died shortly after the completion of these studies, cross the Channel to Continental Europe, but it is to good purpose that he makes the excursion, for he tells the story on which is based that once popular melodrama, "The Lyons Mail." The celebrated Gohier presided at the trial of Lesurgues; no less a personage than Brillat-Savarin was the public prosecutor; Josephine Bonaparte was a spectator, and so was Mme. Tallien, whose attire, or, rather, outrageous lack of it, caused Gohier to suspend the session for several hours. The lady was dressed "à la Phryne," and might have quoted classical precedent for thus appearing in a court of law.

It is this connection of historic personages with the trials here reviewed that gives the book no small part of its wider interest. We find Henry Fielding figuring both as magistrate and as counsel to the chief witness for the prosecution in a pretended kidnapping case that set all England by the ears, and received caustic comment from Voltaire. Earlier still—the arrangement of the book is not chronological, by the way—we encounter the learned author of "Religio Medici" as an expert for the prosecution in the trial of the Lowestoft witches.

He said that he clearly thought that the children had been bewitched, that the swooning fits were natural, "heightened to great excess by the subtlety of the devil," and he added that in Denmark instances of witchcraft had been recently brought to light of persons being afflicted by pins, needles and nails. Browne's great learning had not protected him from the prevailing credulity of the time, and his evidence was one of the strongest points of the prosecution, though there were not wanting people of sounder sense in court to say a word in favor of the two women.

Lord Chesterfield appears here in an unfavorable light. He might have saved the life of his old tutor, who clumsily forged his name in an effort to tide over a financial difficulty, but callously allowed "justice" to take its callous course. The ex-tutor, the Rev. Dr. William Dodd, the "Macaroni Parson," was a sort of eighteenth century Rev. Charles Honeyman, a fashionable preacher, but the founder also of several worthy charitable institutions. Walpole mentions him, and Foote caricatured him in his play "The Cozeners." The bigamous marriage of the elderly Beau Fielding and the decidedly mature Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, sheds a vivid light on the loose marriage customs of England at the end of the Restoration period. He was in dire financial straits, sought to recoup himself by a rich marriage, was deceived by a hairdresser, who acted as go-between, and married a poor woman in lieu of the rich widow he believed himself to be courting. The chaplain of one of the legations in London performed the ceremony, using the words "this woman" and "this gentleman," without mentioning their names. Thus it was not till afterward that Fielding discovered that he had married the penniless Mary Wadsworth and not the rich widow Deleau. Without troubling about a divorce he married the duchess shortly afterward, the exposure following when he began to beat her.

Only in 1819 was the mediæval institution known as "Appeal of Murder" or "Wager of Battel" legally abolished in England. It provided that in cases of murder the next of kin had the right to demand a second trial of the accused if he was pronounced innocent at the first, the accused himself having the counter right to demand the ordeal of single combat to prove his innocence a second time. The case of Jean Peltier, an émigré journalist in London, indicted for libelling Bonaparte in 1802, reveals a practically unknown attitude of conciliation on the part of the British government toward the French Republic at that time. The consulate, through its representative, demanded no less than the suppression of all English papers hostile to France, the expulsion from British territory of a number of prominent émigrés, including the Bourbon princes, the prosecution of Peltier, and also of Cobbett, the founder of the new "Weekly Register," and of the editor of the "Courrier Français de Londres." More amazing than the arrogance of these demands, says the author, is the fact that the British ministry "were by no means indisposed to concede several of them."

The trial of William Penn for an unlawful assemblage is noteworthy from the legal point of view as vindicating the right of juries to acquit without being punished for their verdict. The

FIELDING, THE NOVELIST, AND MARY SQUIRES.
(From an illustration in "Romantic Trials of Three Centuries.")

case of Elizabeth Canning, who pretended to have been kidnapped in order to explain a prolonged absence from home, was the first instance of a trial conducted on modern principles of respect for the rights of the accused. Elsewhere are other illustrations of the way of British common sense with antiquated legal precedent. There are more historic trials here, that of the Duchess of Kingston for bigamy, of the murderer of Thomas Thynne, in which a younger brother of the famous Count Donnersmarck was involved; of Disraeli for criminal libel in the House of Commons (1838) and of Lord Cardigan for duelling. The illustrations from contemporary prints deserve special mention.

AGRICULTURAL PESTS

Their Appearance, Work and Ways of Destruction.

INJURIOUS INSECTS. How to Recognize and Control Them. By Walter C. O'Kane. Illustrated with 600 original photographs. 12mo, pp. 414. The Macmillan Company.

The cost of the ravages of injurious insects among the crops of the United States amounts annually to 10 per cent of their value, or $1,000,000,000, enough to wipe out the entire bonded debt of the nation. The annual price of the boll weevil to coton planters is estimated at from $15,000,000 to $30,000,000. The chinch bug in wheat and corn has cost the country $350,000,000 in sixty years. Among our livestock, the cattle tick causes annual losses amounting to $40,000,000. A species of beetle has destroyed timber representing at least 1,000,000,000 feet of lumber in the Black Hills National Forest. No wonder, for the insect enemies of the agriculturist, the stock raiser, the fruit and truck farmer appear to be endless in number.

Mr. O'Kane, who is professor of economic entomology in New Hampshire College, and connected with that state's experiment station, deals in a thoroughly practical, popular way with the whole subject of injurious insects and the means at our command for their control in field and garden and after harvesting, and among livestock. He begins with a brief, clear, descriptive chapter on insects in general, ending this introduction with a warning against insect immigration, on the roots of imported shrubs and plants, hidden in fruits and other edibles brought from abroad, and even in the packing of manufactured products. He calculates that at least half of our agricultural pests have thus been introduced into this country. Then follows a study of the most widely spread of these insects, with the nature of the harm they do, their description for ready recognition, and the means at our command to combat them. Nature herself furnishes the most efficient of these—birds, skunks, moles, field mice, toads. Man has added to them poison and contact insecticides, repellents, fumigants, fungicides combined with poisons, and the mechanical means of applying them, spray pumps, dusting apparatus, and the like.

There is a chapter on household and storeroom pests, on the fly, mosquitoes, roaches, beetles, moths, weevils, mealworms, and the like. This is, in short, a book in which others beside agriculturists will find something of practical interest. The illustrations deserve special mention. They are all originals, each subject being presented in its natural size and enlarged many times.

PROGRESS

Studies of the Race and the World That Are To Be.

THE TASK OF SOCIAL HYGIENE. By Havelock Ellis. 8vo, pp. 414. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company.

With all its confidence in the future, with all its high hopes and expectations of the increasing results of the course in which our feet are set, this is a conservative book, for it is fully as constructive in the restraints it seeks to put upon headlong and immature enthusiasms as in its vision of the things that are to be. It is more than a vision, indeed. It is a confession of faith in the power for human good of a progressively directed and controlled evolution. The control will be that of self by the light of science; legal control will be gradually reduced, for the society of the future will increasingly combine collectivism with individual liberty.

During the last hundred years civilization has advanced from social reform, from attempts to ameliorate conditions as they occurred, without systematic extirpation of their causes, to "social hygiene," to prophylaxis, which, to use Mr. Ellis's figure of speech, seeks to purify not only the banks but the river itself. We have worked upstream to its source, we have advanced from symptoms to causes, until to-day an equal measure of preoccupation with the race and its environment, with the stream and its banks and bed, has made us all, often unconsciously, socialists and individualists both:

> At the present time two great tendencies are visible in our social organization. On the one hand, the threads of social life are growing closer, and organization, as regards the simple and common means of subsistence, is increasing. On the other hand, as regards the things that most closely concern the individual person, the sphere of freedom is being perpetually enlarged. . . . These two tendencies, so far from being antagonistic, cannot even be carried out under modern conditions of life except together. It is only by social co-operation in regard to what is commonly called the physical side of life that it becomes possible for the individual to develop his own peculiar nature. The society of the future is a reasonable anarchy founded on a broad basis of collectivism.

However great the advance of human life, the evolutionary forces that drive it have remained, and will remain the same: love and hunger. In these chapters, the results of a quarter century of study, reflection and investigation, Mr. Ellis is concerned far less with hunger, the economic side of social hygiene, than with love; less with environment than with the race that is to shape it according to its needs and aspirations. Still, this material phase is here considered as an important part of the means toward race development, and in this sense "The Task of Social Hygiene" is, as the author himself points out, an extension of his earlier work on "Sex in Relation to Society." The new book is not altogether an organic whole, made up as it is of papers written at different times, but it has close-knit continuity of thought none the less. Mr. Ellis, then, is here chiefly occupied with eugenics, with the mental, moral and physical improvement of men and women in the generations that are to succeed us. He speaks with a moderation that should be pondered by the dilettanti, so numerous in our day, who in their facile spontaneous omniscience would apply theories that are as yet far from ready for practical application, that, indeed, have not even reached the stage of scientific experimentation. These half-informed enthusiasts, leaping the obstacles and uncertainties still in the way, land on their haphazard conclusions, and thence proclaim their faith in the efficacy of the making of many new laws for evolution by compulsion, without full understanding of its processes. The acquisition and spread of knowledge, the cultivation of a sense of personal responsibility, of a realization of man's highest duty, not the enactment of measures to be enforced with a strong hand, is the means pointed out by our author, who, as a matter of course, turns to the mothers of the race as the most potent influence in the creation of ever higher types of manhood and womanhood.

The woman movement receives, therefore, a generous but in no way disproportionate share of Mr. Ellis's attention. Starting here, as elsewhere in his pages, with England, he traces the differences in form and purpose which feminism has taken in various countries. The struggle for the ballot, he holds, will retard the true woman movement, whose meaning is the higher motherhood, until the fight has been won, wherefore he would have us shorten the period of the withholding of woman suffrage. It is among the Teutonic nations, in Germany, the Scandinavian countries and Holland, that this highest aim of the cause—the rights of the mother of the race and of her children—is most steadfastly kept in view. "It is not, first and last, a cry for political rights, but for emotional rights, and for the reasonable regulation of all those social functions which are founded on the emotions." Ellen Key is the champion of this Teutonic feminism best known in this country and in England, but it has other able spokeswomen, whose arguments Mr. Ellis analyzes at length. In the increasing results of this simultaneous advance and attack from different points of view in different countries Mr. Ellis sees the greater potency, usefulness and purposefulness of feminism in the future. The dangers of well-meant but ill-considered legislation he constantly keeps in view, on the Continent and in this country as well as in England. The United States, indeed, furnishes him with a warning against the perils of hasty attempts at moral prophylaxis by law. The Raines law is in his eyes the most appalling instance of evil resulting from good intent. He finds that our Puritan ancestry inclines us far too much to confound vice with crime, one of the results being, as we all agree, that our police have alike too heavy a task and too great an authority, not to mention the opportunities for corruption we place in their way.

It is noteworthy, however, that the wave of moral house cleaning which is still rising in Continental Europe has revealed the same belief there in the efficacy of laws and the police, often with the same results as with us.

MESSAGE DECIPHERED ON A FAN.

Herbert Trench, in The London Nation.

When rings the angelus to veil
With holy dusk the nightingale,
If from known lands, my mistress pale,
Unto Cythera thou wilt sail,

O believe the summons of that note
Of the bird's, the ever-living throat,
And of thy daring little boat—
Take me for sail! Afloat! Afloat!

The rushes quake along the river.
But not a doubt in thee will quiver;
Now the night-wind begins to shiver—
It is the wind that shall deliver!

Be quick, nor let the breeze be lost!
The tot is cast, the die is tossed.
Fates must be faced and phantoms crossed,—
Ours is a far and heavenly coast!

Now from chained doors and sullen clans
Steal down, and let my shining vans
Waft thee from dull Cimmerians,
Deep Venus thrills the bay's expanse.

Now both her shrine-lit headlands glow—
Now wavelets rap the boatside—so
Now for the wide salt-scented flow
Of her moon-washed archipelago!

THE WILLOW-WREN.

J. S. Phillimore, in The Saturday Review.

'Twas in the well-beloved shire, beneath an oak,
Beside a brown eyed, shyly glancing brook, I lay
One afternoon, a-dreaming, when methought a fay
(Dryad or Naiad—who can tell these fairy folk?)
Stole forth and dipt an urn and poured.
A long slant stroke
Of light on her and on her lucent toy did play.
Nine times she stooped and dipt, and, lifting, loosed away
The little cascatelle of crystal, ere I woke—

And saw no nymph nor urn; only amongst the boughs
That little gray-brown bird they call the willow-wren.
Emptying his whole heart's peace in one quintessenced phrase,
Which, oft ingeminating, he as oft allows
The expectant ear to gather appetite again:
So pure and fine he forms each lyric flower of praise.

AUTUMN.

Arthur C. Armstrong, in The Pall Mall Gazette.

Like a sad nun who wends her quiet way
To Compline at the passing of the day,
And leaves the world upon the wings of prayer,
So passeth Summer's opulent array,

Or like a song interpreting a tear;
Like half-forgotten things for ever dear;
A long-lost face remembered in a dream,
So all the sunlit fragrance of a year!

THE RAJAH'S PRIDE.

Will H. Ogilvie, in The London Spectator.

He who ruled for the English King
Summoned the chiefs to his counseling.
Princes and governors met at his call,
East with the West, in the council hall.
Never were ranged in a room before
Such wealth of gems as the Rajah wore;
The smallest stone in the simplest ring
Was the ransom price of a captured king.

A prince there was of a petty state,
Least of them all where all were great,
Lacking, it seemed, in the pride assigned
By the gracious gods to the lords of Hind.
A ruby chanced from his chain to fall
On the paven floor of the council hall.
Forgetting his Eastern dignity,
The chief with his henchmen bent the knee,
And searched for the jewel with nervous dread,
While a smile on the English faces spread.

Beside him, impassive, a Rajah stood,
His rubies of Burmah red like blood,
His emeralds flashing a sea-green fire,
His pearls surpassing a queen's desire.
Yet his rarest jewels less brightly burned
Than the flame in his eyes when, fierce, he turned
And noted the greed of the native-born
And the English lips that curled in scorn.

With a sudden movement, light as a girl's,
He snapped a string of his priceless pearls;
Like hail they scattered; his servants came
Swift to his aid, but his eyes flashed flame—
"No!" The word fell like a blade on the air,
"What is found in the dust is the sweeper's share!"

THROUGH FRENCH EYES

M. Rene Bazin on His Visit to America.

Paris, February 21.

M. René Bazin, of the French Academy, who recently made a flying trip to the United States with the French mission to honor Champlain, has written his impressions in a delightful little volume of 350 pages, published by Calmann-Lévy, entitled "Nord-Sud"—a modest name for Parisians, for it is the popular designation of the underground metropolitan "tube" that conveys passengers from Montmartre to Montparnasse. M. Bazin's "Nord-Sud," however, describes journeys from Spitzbergen to Corsica, with casual visits to England, the United States and Canada. Just now it will be sufficient to point out that the descriptions of scenery in the United States, and especially of the banks of the Potomac River near Mount Vernon, given by the author of "Les Oberlé" and of "La Douce France," are exquisite. He contrasts the yellow tone of the river with the fanlike flowers of the dogwood bushes, which he first supposed were hawthorn shrubs; he notes a fervent, almost religious undercurrent of patriotism in the masses of the people, and he expresses his conviction that before long the United States will have its grand triumphant epoch of literature and of art.

During a brief chat on the Dolphin during the trip up the Potomac "a citizen of considerable importance" told M. Bazin that it was a hopeless, vain illusion to imagine that the United States could reach a period of pure literary and artistic glory. "Why