

the careful, accurate and sympathetic sort, a knowledge of the world and a vigorous and forceful style. His works that preceded the appearance of *Ephemerica Critica* are very numerous, comprising studies of skepticism as illustrated in Bolingbroke and Voltaire, besides books on Tennyson, Dean Swift and Sir Joshua Reynolds. He has edited the poems of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, the plays and poems of Robert Greene and the satires of Dryden, and has also compiled an anthology of minor British poetry. Mr. Collins is a born controversialist and a critic endowed with the utmost accuracy, keenness and perception. He is a hard hitter, but thoroughly free from malice; and while he is unsparing in his castigation of slipshod writers, his censure is entirely impersonal, and toward individuals as men his tone is one of exquisite urbanity.

A very different type of critic is Professor George Edward Saintsbury, whose *History of Criticism* is also reviewed elsewhere in our pages. Professor Saintsbury is a man of encyclopædic learning, an omnivorous reader and an incessant worker; but he has very serious defects. His learning has not been properly assimilated; he is never quite sure of his facts; he writes in a slam-bang, heedless sort of way and in a style which is sometimes pointed and forcible, but more often both lumbering and slovenly. With him it is hit or miss; and perhaps he misses more often than he hits. He has an irritating air of dogmatism, which comes from the fact that for many years he was a teacher, and that during the years of his connection with various grammar schools and educational institutes he allowed himself to slip into that rut which so often transforms the teacher, who should, above all things, be a man of the world, into a narrow-minded pedagogue. Professor Saintsbury is always bully-ragging his readers precisely as he must have bully-ragged his pupils; and he has a self-complacency that is exasperating to the last degree. None the less, whatever he does and whatever he writes has an interest of its own, and he cannot possibly be overlooked in any enumeration of contemporary critics who really count.

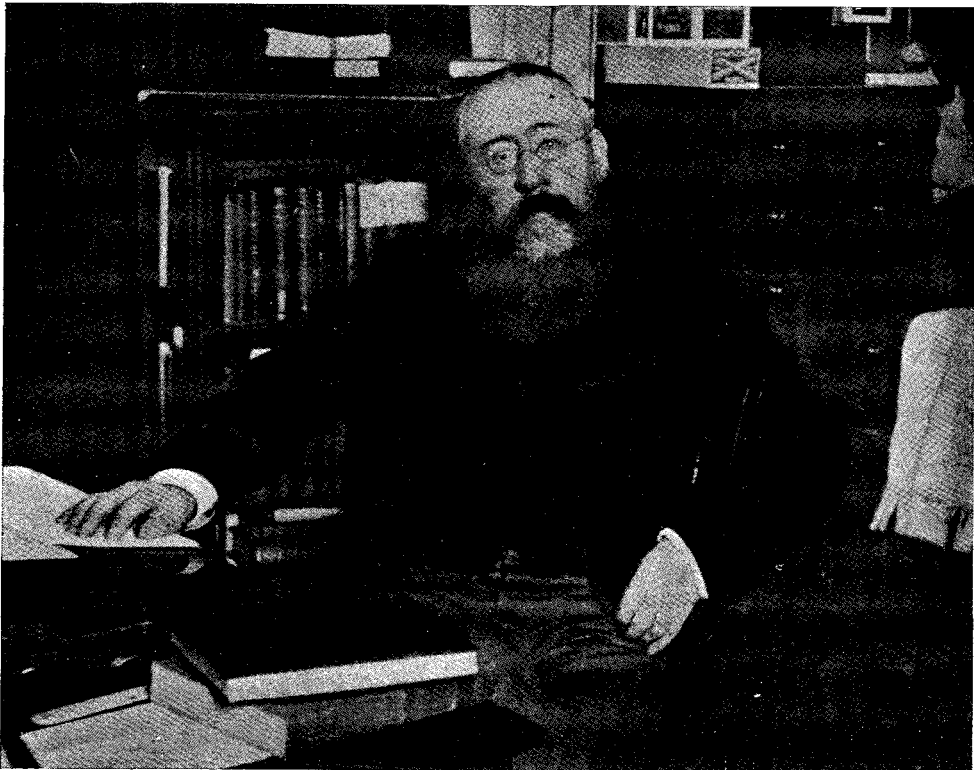
Among a large number of books dealing with outdoor life and sport which, as usual, emphasise the season of the year, there is one on *Practical Golf* by Mr. Walter J. Travis, which seems to be having an unusually wide popularity. This, of course, is entirely due to Mr. Travis's athletic eminence, for candour obliges us to say that in itself the book is nothing astonishing. Golf is, as every one knows, a mania as hopelessly irrational as it is beneficial. The "duffer" (and here we speak with authority) will go on devouring all the available literature of the game until the end of time. It may be all quite meaningless, but that does not matter in the least. A book written on the lines of Mr. Travis's book is pretty sure to differ very little from hundreds of others that have gone before. *Practical Golf* has nothing to say about the history and traditions of the Royal and Ancient Game. It has the special quality, however, of being adorned with twenty-seven handsome pictures of Mr. Travis taken in various positions. It is conventionally divided into the various departments of driving, approaching and putting, it has something to say about the laying out of a proper course, and we should estimate it, on the whole, as being just about as valuable as the few pages of "Practical Hints" which one finds in the usual catalogue exploiting the wares of a house dealing in sporting goods. Perhaps we are a little prejudiced in the matter, for throughout the book wherever an opportunity is found or can be made, Mr. Travis seems bound to persistently "foozle" his infinitives.

Francis Churchill Williams, the author of *J. Devlin—Boss*, a romance of American politics, is a Philadelphian by birth and residence. He is a son of Francis Howard Williams, the poet and playwright, and was educated at the University of Pennsylvania, from which he was graduated in 1891. This is his first novel, though his short stories and articles in *Scribner's Magazine*, *Harper's Weekly*, the *Independent*, *Lippincott's Magazine* and elsewhere brought him to favourable attention some years ago.

He has been engaged in newspaper work since leaving college, serving for a year on the staff of the *Philadelphia Times* and for eight years in various editorial capacities on that of the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*. At the beginning of the present year he took a position with a Philadelphia publishing house. He has always taken the strongest interest in men who work with their hands, and most of his stories have dealt with the life of the streets and the big manufacturing plants. He has made a special study of life in the steel mill. It is the political field, however, which has gained his most serious attention, believing, as he does, that in the American politician is presented the figure most clearly typical of the life from which it has sprung. He is of the opinion that when the great American novel is written, an American politician will have a place in the forefront of its action. *J. Devlin—Boss* is an attempt to show the humanity of the politician. The actors, as well as most of the incidents in that book, are

taken from real life and to a considerable extent from history which has come under the author's personal observation.

Mr. John Oxenham, the author of *Our Lady of Deliverance*, was born in Manchester, England, where he was educated at Old Trafford School and Owens College. After leaving college he lived in France for several years, and travelled widely about the Continent. Then he came across the Atlantic on business and remained for two years in New York City and in Canada. At one time he travelled through the Southern States with an idea of taking up sheep-farming or orange-growing. He decided against following either of these careers, and he confesses that since he has often regretted the decision. From New York he returned to England, and was for some years engaged in business. He began writing merely for his own amusement, but in time came to enjoy it more than any other work, and so he dropped his other occupations. In addition to *Our*



PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY.