

de Saint-Amand; *Autour de Robespierre: Le Conventionnel le Bas*, by Stéphane Pol; but the most important production relating to history comes to us in the outward shape of a novel. It is the second of the volumes of Paul and Victor Margueritte on the War of 1870-71, *Les Fronçons du Glaive*. It deals mainly with the efforts of Gambetta to overcome the German forces with newly created armies, and is entirely favourable to the great orator and patriot.

In fiction literature proper all that seems to deserve being mentioned is a charming collection of short stories by André Lichtenberger, *Portraits de jeunes*

Filles; a novel by Gyp, *Balances vos Dames*, soon to be followed by another, *La Fée*, and a clever modernisation of the story of *Tristan et Yseut*, by Professor Joseph Bédier.

On the stage a posthumous work by Alphonse Daudet, *La Petite Parvise*, a dramatisation, made by himself, of one of his last stories.

The readers of THE BOOKMAN will be interested to know that M. Frédéric Loliée, who contributed to this periodical an article on Jeanne Marni, has become literary editor of *Le Siècle*.

Adolphe Cohn.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES

It is a difficult matter to find out just what Mrs. Crowninshield had in mind when she wrote *The Archbishop and the Lady*. It presents a heterogeneous mass of material, which spreads over four hundred odd pages of text, and which does not make any distinct impression upon the reader's mind. The story has a foreign setting, and the characters—there are dozens of them—flit about the *Abbaye de Bref*. The *Abbaye* contains a mystery and a house party, and it is the mystery which will make the book read. One wants to know just what all these queer people are up to, and just why certain things happen, although there is no character in the book that is particularly pleasant. The women are mostly spiteful cats, with the exception of Alixe, who excels in all the virtues and who succeeds in winning the love of all the men she meets, but who, in our opinion, is tiresome and unattractive. She is also surrounded with mystery of a lachrymose nature. She has a husband, a half madman, who finally drives her from her home to a convent, at which period in the story the archbishop steps in. Alixe is a Protestant, and the archbishop is determined to make of her a nun, and to secure her fortune for the Holy Church. But there is a certain John Quentin, an American, who visits the *Abbaye*, gets mixed up in the mystery and in everybody else's business, falls in love with Alixe and—wins her

on the last page of the book. None of the characters are clearly drawn, and few of the situations are at all probable. Mrs. Crowninshield did some excellent work in her West Indian stories, but in the writing of this book, it would seem that she has wasted her time. (Messrs. McClure, Phillips and Company.)

In *Heirs of Yesterday* Miss Emma Wolf has written a story of the Jew. In Joseph May she has drawn a vivid picture of a little

German Jew, who started life with a pack on his back, and who at the opening of the story is living in affluence and awaiting the home-coming of his only son, Dr. Philip May. The meeting between father and son shows at once the struggle that is to follow. Philip May has studied and travelled and lived with cultured people—people with strong prejudices against the Jew—and he has succeeded in concealing the fact of his Jewish blood. He wanted to be successful socially as well as professionally. In a conversation with his father he says:

I should say that the Jew, *per se*, has never been given the latch-key to the American Christian heart. At best he is received with a mental reservation. Apparently, practically, we present the magnificent spectacle of a country without racial prejudices. Individually, morally, as the French say, we are very wide of the mark. Why, the mere fact of the restrictions against them at many of the summer resorts throughout the country openly

bears me out. In short, I have discovered that to be a Jew, turn wheresoever you will, is to be socially handicapped for life.

Philip flatly refuses to join a Jewish club and to mingle with his father's friends. This attitude breaks the heart of the tender old man, and his death is pathetic in the extreme. As the story goes on one sees that the false position which Philip has assumed brings dishonour upon his head and unhappiness in his life. The book is interesting as a social study and because it portrays a beautiful type in Daniel Willard, the life-long friend of Joseph May. In defending his own people, he says:

As a race we are what our religion has made us. There is a something in the roots of every one of us, a something which has got implacably mixed with our blood and is inseparable from it, which had made us what we are long before oppression came near us. We cannot separate ourselves from this ancient heredity. The ghettos were only the great storehouses in which this racial germ was preserved and forced to exotic intensity. Our ethics are our birthright. And whenever a Jew fails to be proud of this birthright it is through cowardice, or ignorance, or both. And whenever a Christian is unjust to a Jew it is through cowardice, or ignorance, or both. . . .

In a foreword to the book Miss Wolf asks this question: "If it takes six generations from the hod or pick and shovel to make a gentleman of an ordinary American, how many generations from the Ghetto does it take to make a gentleman of a Jew?" This question remains unanswered. (Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company.)

In *Poverty Knob* Sarah Warner Brooks has written seven short stories of the Maine coast and its natives. The author has shown the lack of morals that exists among these primitive people. She has not made them good simply because they live in a rural district; she has taken types as she has seen them in real life. "Among the Maine-coast islands," she remarks, "great elasticity in marital arrangements is permissible." Elkanah, the Maine philosopher and historian, says: "*Morals*, all along shore, is fair to middlin'; but if

"Poverty
Knob."

you want anything downright *pious*, you won't hit it short o' Rockland." He also says that "some sinners is paid off on the spot, an' some hain't got their come-up-ins, an' never *will* git 'em in *this* world; an' that, to my mind, is *where hell just comes in slick!*" "The Man on High Island" is the strange tale of a man who wants to get rid of his wife in order to return to another woman. He, therefore, not only ill treated her in the brute's usual way, but contrived to frighten her to death. "He raked up all the creepy stories about the pedler's ghost, an' showed her where his bones was found in Miser Grimes's cellar. . . . He rigged a loose shingle some way with wires till it worked in the wind, an' wailed all night long like a human bein' in distress." Thus, she died by inches, and the husband was beyond the pale of the law. The last story in the collection, "Flotsam of the Line Storm," is also very interesting as an evidence of the tragedies which take place in the commonplace lives of commonplace persons. The flotsam of the line storm is a young and good-looking man, rescued by a Maine fisherman, who has a pretty daughter. The man marries Lucy clandestinely and then deserts her. She keeps her secret; and in order to legalise the child, marries one of her old lovers at once. He is obliged to leave her shortly after the ceremony, and when he returns he finds a child, the wife raving in delirium. When the wife regains consciousness the deceived husband has fled. She lives for her child, and when he is also taken, the weak and erring wife becomes hopelessly insane. The husband returns from sea thirty years later to find a record of Lucy's first marriage. There is much in the story that cannot be spoken of here, but the picture that it gives of a dramatic situation in an every-day Maine atmosphere leaves a strong impression. (A. Wessels Company.)

Under this title Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam has written a collection of stories, short and simple, for young girls. Miss Daskam has an agreeable and unaffected manner of writing of the every-day life of the girl who is not yet "out." In "A Taste of Bohemia" she tells of a young country girl who spends a week in mid-summer with three "studio girls." She contrasts the

"Sister's
Vocation and
Other Girls'
Stories."