

me that Anne Royle—a girl that never would let you spoon over her as girls do at college—stood for just one thing!”

“Well?”

“For love.”

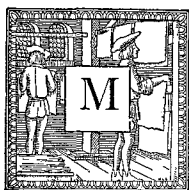
“The one thing,” said Kitty, pensively, “that the poor child has never had in all her life and that she *needed* more than any one I ever knew!”

Nothing is more thoroughly in draw-

ing than Anne’s acceptance of an unworthy suitor out of sheer loneliness, mistaking gratitude for love. She soon discovers her true feeling, however, and her “revolt” ends in a great and unselfish love. An individual solution, this, and in no way affecting the general problem; but, perhaps, in the present state of advancement, it is the only possible solution.

R. W. Kemp.

SOME NEW OUTDOOR BOOKS*



ANY good people profess an abhorrence for “bugs” of any kind, classifying them in this respect with snakes—which probably doesn’t grieve sensible members of either of those families. But that there are bugs and bugs, and interesting things that may be told in an entertaining way about many of them, Mr. Smith demonstrates very happily in his straightforward and readable volume, *Our Insect Friends and Enemies*. He is not exactly a Maeterlinck in imagination, nor is his style quite so attractive as Dr. McCook’s, but he writes clean-cut, idiomatic English, and his descriptions are gratifyingly free from the scientific terminology by which many of his scientific brethren appear to be obsessed—perhaps because they are too lazy to think up common words. For example, not until he has told you in very simple language just

**Our Insect Friends and Enemies*. By John B. Smith, Sc.D. New York: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Wild Life on the Rockies. By Enos A. Mills. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

Camping and Camp Cooking. By Frank A. Bates (Matasiso). Boston: The Ball Publishing Company.

The Home Garden. By Eben E. Rexford. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Practical Guide to the Wild Flowers and Fruits. By George L. Walton, M.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Sunset Playgrounds. By F. G. Aflalo. London: Witherby and Company. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner’s Sons.

what an insect is, does he venture to say: “We are now ready to define an insect as an articulate, anthropod, tracheate hexapod”—thereby making the reader feel proud that he really is ready for that fine mouthful—“but,” Mr. Smith very sensibly adds, “it will be equally correct and much easier to say that it is a ringed animal, with six jointed legs, breathing by means of air tubes or trachæ; this definition applying more particularly to the adult stage, and only to the adult stage of many of those having a complete metamorphosis.”

The scheme of the book, too, is one which will appeal to lay readers. The various chapters treat of insects “in their Relation to the Animal Kingdom”; “in their Relation to Plants as Benefactors”; “in their Relation to Plants as Destroyers”; “in their Relation to Each Other”; “in their Relation to Animals that Feed on them”; “in their Relation to Weather and Diseases that Affect them”; “in their Relation to Other Animals”; “in their Relation to Man: as Benefactors,” and “as Carriers of Diseases”; “in their Relation to the Household,” and “in their Relation to the Farmer and Fruit-grower,” and there is also a discussion of the “War on Insects.” There are also numerous line cuts, most of them redrawn from the Bulletins and Reports of the Division of Entomology of the United States Department of Agriculture, and all of them in keeping with the clearness and simplicity of the text. One would

have to search far in the literature of entomology to find a volume at once more readable and informing than is this book by Mr. Smith.

There is something very genuine in the manner of Mr. Mills's writing about nature, in his handsome little volume *Wild Life on the Rockies*, with its two dozen very fine half-tones of speaking photographs. Perhaps he strains the point a bit at times, as, for example, when he talks about the distracting, if not demoralising, effects of even having a firearm with you when you go into the woods; nevertheless there is truth and real eloquence in this passage from his chapter on "The Wilds without Firearms":

The camp-fire was a glory-burst in the darkness, and the small many-spired evergreen temples before me shone an illuminated cathedral in the night. All that evening I believed in fairies, and by watching the changing camp-fire kept my fancies frolicking in realms of mystery, where all the world was young. I lay down without a gun, and while the fire changed and faded to black and grey the coyotes began to howl. But their voices did not seem as lonely or menacing as when I had had a rifle by my side. As I lay listening to them, I thought I detected merriment in their tones, and in a little while their shouts rang as merrily as though they were boys at play. Never before had I realized that coyotes too had enjoyments, and I listened to their shouts with pleasure. At last the illumination faded from the cathedral grove, and its templed top stood in charcoal against the clear heavens as I fell asleep beneath the peaceful stars.

In another chapter, Mr. Mills writes interestingly and understandingly about "The Beaver and His Works," of which evidently he knows much. The literal and amply verified truth about the intelligence this animal displays makes a sufficiently wonderful story, and it is reassuring to note that Mr. Mills does not repeat the venerable fiction that beavers *always* build their dams with the curve, or angle, up-stream; also that he is at least in doubt as to whether the animal uses his tail for a trowel, though careful naturalists long ago relegated that performance to the kind of natural history which, at this writing, might cause an ex-

plosion that would astonish the natives—in Africa. But we can imagine a cloud at least as large as a man's hand appearing in the neighbourhood of "Slab-sides" should this observation be read there: "When the tree was almost cut off, the cutter usually thumped with his tail, at which signal all other cutters near by scampered away. But this warning signal was not always given, and in one instance an unwarned cutter had a narrow escape from a tree falling perilously near him." These, however, are practically the only instances of Mr. Mills's getting near the danger zone. The story about "Bob and Some Other Birds," descriptive of the friendship between a quail and a huge St. Bernard dog, makes a very pretty animal picture, and the yarn the two prospectors spin about being besieged in their cabin by three bears who were determined to dine on the fresh hams the men had just got, is a capital one, and not hard to believe, either.

Mr. Bates's pocket-size volume, *Camping and Camp Cooking*, is an excellent little treatise, presented in a spirit which will appeal to any man who really appreciates what camping means. That Mr. Bates does will be made apparent from the following excerpts from his text:

Nowhere will human nature be developed as in a camp, where quarters are limited and where there is no opportunity to get out of the way, and stamp down "that ugly feeling" that the best of us have at times. If there is a single bristle on a man's back it will rise on an uncomfortable rainy day in camp. If a man is a gentleman he keeps his coat on, and it bothers no one but his own conscience; but a surly grumbler, . . . or a selfish, lazy man will disturb the feelings of all the rest.

And again: "If [upon arriving at the place to pitch the tent] Joe or Tom grabs his rod the moment it is taken from the conveyance, unless he is so ordered by the captain, just insert your fingers under his coat collar and politely kick a little sense into him." Besides comment and advice of this character, Mr. Bates gives tabulated lists of camp outfits for a ten days' tramp, and for a ten days' camp, which show sensible selection, though doubtless the experienced camper could dispense with some of the articles with-

out great discomfort. And he has also a good chapter on camp shelters, and fifty-odd pages of receipts for camp cooking.

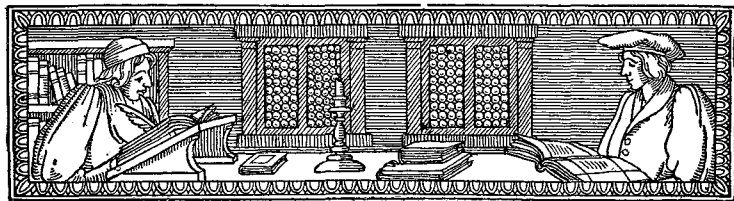
In *The Home Garden*, Mr. Rexford makes out a very plausible case for the practicability of growing vegetables and small fruits on tracts which need be no larger than many a commuter has at his disposal, and which too often are sown to tin cans, fractured crockery and crippled culinary appliances. He argues: "The old theory—which was *not* a theory, after all, but a fact—that 'a little piece of land well tilled' is a source of revenue that the wise man cannot afford to overlook, holds true in this case as much as it does when the farm is considered." As to the amount of land needed, Mr. Rexford gives a hint when he says that "an acre-garden is too large, at least by half, for the ordinary family, for it will grow a great many more vegetables than can be used." He then proceeds to describe the ideal land for a garden, and land or conditions that are not ideal, and how to make the best of what is available. All this is explained clearly, and in non-technical language. There is an enlightening chapter on the art of planning a garden, and another one which goes into the fine points about planting, while garden implements, weeding and transplanting, insecticides and fungicides are treated with sufficient detail for the purposes of small gardens. The chapters "What to Grow" describe the cultivation of twenty-odd of the common vegetables, and four chapters are devoted to berries, and one to the grape.

Dr. Walton has produced a very useful book in his *Guide to the Wild Flowers and Fruits*, thanks particularly to his

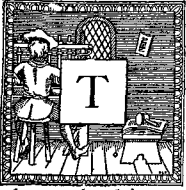
scheme of employing distinctive colours, and easily recognised structural characteristics as means of identification. In this way yellow or yellowish flowers, white or whitish flowers, green or greenish flowers, pink and rose-coloured flowers, and so on are treated, with an ingeniously arranged chart for each class, referring the reader to non-technical descriptions of the flowers in the text. This idea has been made use of before, but never, so far as we are aware, with such elaborateness as is employed in the present volume—a capital one to be taken into the country.

Mr. Aflalo gives us, in his *Sunset Playgrounds*, an exceedingly well-written account of his fishing excursion to California and Canadian waters. Like many Englishmen, he must needs pause now and then to criticise American ways and things, and sometimes his criticisms seem none too intelligent, perhaps even a bit childish. We must suspect Mr. Aflalo's sagacity, for example, when he says such things as this concerning the negro in the South: "The more you see of the emancipated negro, the nearer you are to the saddening conviction that the 'execrable sum of all villainies' could not have been so very much worse than the state of affairs that has resulted from its abolition." Nor is this a very intelligent study in contrast: "In the City of the North each good citizen demonstrates his equality, liberty and fraternity by shoving his neighbour's wife off the pavement. In the City of the South he shows it by his perfect courtesy to all and sundry." But he has little but good to say of the fishing he got, both off the Pacific coast and inland; and his description of Lake Tahoe is glowing indeed.

George Gladden.



TALES OF THE CITY ROOM



O the general public the place where the word-spinners of a great newspaper weave their close-meshed, ephemeral web of the day's news holds much of mystery. Stories about the big and little people there, those who rule or who write the tales the world reads every morning or afternoon, are many, but they are seldom told outside. Nevertheless, some of them are interesting and illuminative. Take, for example, the anecdote of the city editor who could not be scared.

This city editor, who is still one of the big men in his line in New York, has the reputation of being one of the harshest-mannered persons that ever slaughtered "copy." He still drives those under him relentlessly, and will accept no excuse if a reporter comes back empty-handed—or empty-headed—from an assignment.

Some years ago, the story goes, he sent a man uptown to ask a prominent and choleric plutocrat a lot of distressing questions about some of his troubled domestic affairs. The reporter reached the house, was admitted to the wrathful gentleman's presence, and began his disagreeable task, framing his interrogations as inoffensively as possible. The prominent person "went up in the air" at once. He heaped mountains of verbal abuse on the reporter, whose physical agility alone kept him from being kicked down the steps. Scared to death by what he had already gone through, and by the prospect of the wrath to come when he got back to the office, the reporter returned and told the city editor that the man who was having the domestic troubles had not only refused to answer his questions, but had also grievously assaulted him. He painted the dangers he had passed in words that he tried to make expressible only in red-inked letters a foot high. The city editor jumped from his chair in a towering rage.

"Go back to that man's house immediately," he roared, "and tell Mr. Blank that he cannot intimidate *me* in that way."

Here is a story that aspirants in any line of work should take to heart. About twenty years ago a man who is now a great publisher was a clerk with a commercial house. He decided that he was not cut out for a mercantile career, and that newspaper work was the field which he was particularly fitted to adorn. He called on the biggest editor he could think of, and was kindly received, listened to attentively and answered encouragingly. But "there was nothing at present." If any place opened where he could be used, he would be informed. The young man went back several times during the ensuing month, but still there was "nothing doing." One day, however, after the great editor had politely informed him of the futility of his making further calls, the boy had an inspiration, and did not rise and fade away as he had been accustomed to do after the editor had swung around in his chair and resumed his work. Two or three minutes later the editor's subconsciousness told him that the boy was still there, which he confirmed by a glance out of the corner of his eye. No man before had continued to sit in that chair after having been turned down. Possibly this one would depart soon—no matter; and he was immersed in his work again. Five minutes passed and the boy still sat there. Finally the editor swung around again, looked at him, but said nothing, and turned to his desk once more. At last the youth's presence began to get on the editor's nerves. He could stand it no longer. With what passed with him for severity he turned and inquired:

"Didn't I tell you there was no opening here?"

The young man responded huskily—he was so nervous: "Mr. Blank, a good many years ago you were in just the same position that I am in now—asking for a job. If it hadn't been given to you then, you wouldn't be where you are now. All I want is the same chance that the other fellow gave you, long ago."

The editor looked at him in silence, pivoted around to his desk and back again. Then he rose to his feet and