

cate touches of observation which we have welcomed before in the work of this writer. The chapter entitled "The Mothers of Edward" is a gem. The idea of the "Mothers-play-study-Problem Class" is too good not to be true. It is one of those situations which we feel must have happened, no literary imagination is lucky enough to have invented it. The adventures of Elizabeth Alvord, the heroine of the book, in this "Mothers' Class" are amusing, but are the smallest part of the fun. The class itself, its composition and its exercises are too delicious for mere criticism to follow. We must simply laugh and enjoy.

Possibly because she talks too much about her, Miss Kelly has not succeeded in interesting us as much in her heroine as in the minor characters she introduces to us. She tells us so much about Elizabeth's originality, and all her other wonderful qualities, that the young lady has considerable difficulty in living up to the expectations aroused. Also we are but mildly interested in Marion Blake, Elizabeth's "Boswell," who is telling the stories. The personal equation, which Miss Kelly has not yet learned to handle skilfully, interferes in this case also. But there are a host of minor characters who are delightfully amusing, or gently pathetic figures, finely drawn, alive and true. They are of more value than the incidents, amusing though some of these last be, and of far more value than the principals. Little Miss Petersen, with

her desire for learning, and her belated love, is a true artistic creation; the Pearsons and Professor Blaisdell are real, and the author is successful in making us feel Billy Blight's personal charm. Miss Kelly is certainly a good press agent for her Alma Mater. Although it must be confessed that it is somewhat of a stretch for the imagination to conceive of this delightful young man, Billy Blight, becoming a great and famous painter with no further instruction, apparently, than that given in the Art Department of a Teacher's College. The types among the Old Guard are delightful, and the college spirit illumines most of the stories with its irresponsible joyousness and the pleasure of youthful comradeship. There is much to laugh at, and a half hour spent with this book is an enjoyable one. But there is a subjectiveness in Miss Kelly's style which has always been characteristic of her work, but which is now growing into a mannerism it would be wise to check. It would show a little more confidence on her part in the creations of her imagination if she would send them out into the world without standing all too protectingly over them, without impressing too strongly upon us what she thinks about them herself. This attitude amounts at times to an interference which the reader instinctively resents, and which mitigates the pleasure he might otherwise take in her pleasant, chatty, humorous tales.

*J. Marchand.*

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## FINIS

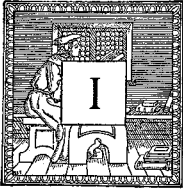
O Earth! Our lives are but a day;  
About thy mother-feet we creep,  
Till tired at last of all our play,  
We nestle in thy breast and sleep.

*Benjamin F. Leggett.*

# THE NEW BAEDEKER

## CASUAL NOTES OF AN IRRESPONSIBLE TRAVELLER

### XI—BOSTON



It is not given to every one to write of Boston with a true conception of its essential inwardness, —its *anima* or perhaps one ought to say its *animula*. Foreigners who visit it are very apt to admire it more than they admire any other American city; but their admiration is neither unbiased nor intelligent; because Boston lionises foreigners. It sets them up on pedestals, and wreathes their brows with cranberries, and concentrates upon them the whole intensity of a provincial admiration. Naturally foreigners like this, and they go away and say nice things of Boston in return. Yet what they say is not to be read or pondered save with an amusement that is best when it is esoteric.

A pure product of New York City cannot write of Boston with detachment, for the place gets frightfully upon his nerves, simply for the reason that he is a New Yorker and therefore temperamentally anti-Bostonian. And the same may be said of a chronicler from Chicago. People from Philadelphia or San Francisco or New Orleans would not write of it at all—each, however, for a different reason which it would be tedious to explain at length and which cannot be explained with brevity. It is one of my vanities to think that I am peculiarly fitted to see Boston as it really is. This is not mere boastful self-assertion, but is based upon the fact that, having in my early years drunk in the atmosphere of Boston and its tributary province, I have subsequently, like Odysseus, beheld many other cities and many other kinds of men and have, therefore, at once a certain underlying sympathy with Boston and also a true standard of comparison by which to judge it.

Of course, a native of that city possesses only a Bostonian standard, of which, if he lives there very long, he will

be quite unable to divest himself. Take, for example, Professor Barrett Wendell—a conspicuous and melancholy instance. Mr. Wendell, as his name implies, is by birth and training thoroughly Bostonian. Nevertheless, he does not wish to be considered so, but would rather be taken for a cosmopolite, and a somewhat *rusé* citizen of the world. When he wrote his *Literary History of America*, he tried with great care to view the New England writers as he would view the French writers of the eighteenth century, or the British writers of the early nineteenth. He even patronised them now and then and indulged in little pleasantries at their expense. But the spirit of Boston breathed through his words in his own despite, and led to the following delicious little sentence *à propos* of a stanza by Lowell:

You feel a note to which Boston hearts will vibrate so long as Boston hearts are beating.

*Nempe hoc assidue!* There you have it cropping up. Boston hearts! Think of that. They will beat and they will vibrate, and this matters much to the world beyond. The passage is the more memorable because Lowell's lines did not refer to Boston at all, but to Massachusetts. It is a peculiar sign of the true Bostonian that he regards all Massachusetts as merely a suburb of the City of the Three Hills.

Professor Wendell reminds us of that *blasé* Muhammadan gentleman, Wali Dad, of whom Kipling has much to say in his story *On the City Wall*. Wali Dad had become thoroughly Anglicised. He had given up his religion and his racial customs. He lolled in the boudoir of Lalun, and criticised alike the British government and his own people. When the feast of Mohurram came on and there was trouble with the Hindus, Wali Dad looked out upon the turmoil and emitted a few epigrams. The fight grew some-