

(centred at Tyre, but with factories at Antioch and Ephesus) suddenly became bankrupt; a strike among the Phœnician workmen and the embezzlements of a trusted freedman manager being the direct causes of the disaster. Presently it became evident that the great Roman banking house of Quintus Maximus and Lucius Vibo had loaned largely to both Scuthes and Malchus. The depositors, fearing for their money, commenced a run on the bank, and distrust spread because of men, experienced on the Via Sacra (the first century Wall Street), who said that the still larger house of the Brothers Pettius was also involved with Maximus and Vibo. The two threatened establishments might still have escaped disaster had they been able to realise on their other securities. Unfortunately the Pettii had placed much of their depositors' capital in loans among the noblemen of the Belgæ in North Gaul. In quiet times such investments commanded very profitable interest; but an outbreak among that semi-civilised people caused the government to decree a temporary suspension of processes for debt. The Pettii were therefore left with inadequate resources. Maximus and Vibo closed their doors first; but that same afternoon the Pettii did likewise. Grave rumours obtained that, owing to the interlacing of credits, many other banks were affected. Still the crisis might have been localised, had not a new and more serious factor been introduced.

Mr. Allen Upward, whose *New Word*

and whose latest book,

Mr. Allen Upward *Lord Alistair's Rebellion*, is reviewed in the

present number, has

had an unusually varied and adventurous career. He was born at Worcester, England, in 1863, distinguished himself at his university, practised law in Ireland and England, and was an unsuccessful candidate for Parliament. Two years later he became a volunteer in the Greek army in the war with Turkey, ran the blockade of Crete, and accompanied the Greek army of invasion into Turkish territory. He became British Resident of Northern Nigeria in 1901, and in 1907 he was in charge of the Mission to Macedonia. He has besides traversed the world from one end to the other, encountering a great variety of racial

types and meeting with many adventures. He has lately visited Constantinople for the study of the Young Turk movement and the new régime, passing thence to Athens, where he has been received as a guest of the nation in recognition of his services during the war. The eccentric, half-mystical philosophy of the *New Word* did not appeal to the publishers, and in spite of its witty, invigorating style and keen and amusing criticism of current fallacies, they refused it, one after another, and Mr. Upward was obliged to bring it out at his own expense. This he did about five years ago, and it was not long in making its way to the public for whom it was intended—the public who value books for their differences from their immediate predecessors, and not, according to the usual publisher's rule, for their resemblances. But though the book, when it was later offered to American publishers, had already gained considerable prestige most of them refused it in their turn. The present publisher shared the distrust so far as to print at first an edition of one thousand, but the first edition was sold before he could distribute the type, and in the short interval that has since passed the sales have been unusually large for a book of that class. Before he wrote the *New Word* Mr. Upward had written chiefly romantic fiction. *Lord Alistair's Rebellion*, written two years ago, is a novel of London politics and society, tinged with some of the philosophic speculations of the *New Word*.

It was not so many years ago that the football games to be found in American fiction were affairs to be regarded with huge and contemptuous amusement by any one possessed of even a good side line knowledge of the sport. Estimable ladies invaded the gridiron for heroic situations with dire results. A Yale or Princeton or Harvard team that had just won the championship would rush straight from the chalk lines to take afternoon tea with the heroine, which we all know to be strictly in accordance with custom and tradition. The

late Archibald Clavering Gunter, in *Miss Nobody of Nowhere*, began the tale with a description of the game between Yale and Harvard at Cambridge in 1878. It was in Mr. Gunter's best vein; consequently exciting and dramatic. But it was not football. English fiction seemed much better off in this respect. To begin with, there was that famous account of the football struggle in *Tom Brown at Rugby*. Then, for the more modern game, there is Conan Doyle's *The Firm of Girdlestone*. While our knowledge of the sport as played under British rules is more or less superficial, we should say unhesitatingly that the account of the battle between Scotland and England is as accurate as it is stirring. It rings true and did not Doyle once play in the "scrum" at Edinburgh University?

In recent American fiction, however, there is a new and very emphatic note. If Mr. Ralph D. Paine, or Mr. Walter Camp, or Mr. Arthur Alden Knipe, or Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams, or Mr. Arthur Stanwood Pier, or Mr. James Barnes writes a football yarn, we expect the yarn to be good, but we know that the football will be. A very striking example of combined inside knowledge and real dramatic power is to be found in the description of the game between the Lawrenceville and Andover School elevens in Mr. Owen Johnson's *The Varmint*. "I never realised you knew so much football," was the abrupt and candid comment of an astonished friend. "That chapter is a text-book on the game." Both Mr. Walter Camp and Police Commissioner William H. Edwards, certainly very sound authorities, wrote to Mr. Johnson, expressing like amusement and delight. Mr. Camp himself, when writing about football, is always entertaining. His fund of knowledge and reminiscence is so rich (despite some inaccuracies in his *Book of Football*, which has been just published by the Century Company) that it is a great pity that he does not write well. This is a charge that certainly cannot be brought against another football and literary product of Mr. Camp's Alma Mater, Mr. Ralph D. Paine.

A few years ago the conventions were such that no general magazine would even have considered an article on sport. But what a change. During the last four and twenty months it has been almost impossible to pick up a magazine that did not contain some kind of an article on baseball. The papers of Mr. Hugh Fullerton in the *American Magazine* were really excellent, although toward the end the writer showed signs of taking himself and his theories with smile-provoking seriousness. About three years ago, when *Everybody's* printed a prize-ring article by Mr. Rex Beach on "The Fight at Tonopah," it was thought expedient to preface it with an editorial note of semi-apology. Since then prize-ring articles in the magazines have become too commonplace to call for comment. There was, by the way, a recent one of unusual cleverness, entitled "In Reno Riotous." The *Century* has been running a series of football papers, and some sort of a "gridiron" special seems to be now as much a necessary feature of a November issue as the Thanksgiving turkey on the cover. By all odds the most extraordinary of these appeared in the *American*, and was from the pen of Mr. Reid, the Harvard coach. It was constructed upon the Fullerton method, and couched in the rich and rhetorical prose which marks the writings of the lyrical gentleman who conducts the football department of the New York *Evening Post*. Mr. Reid's article initiated the reader into vast and awful secrets. The moment that Kennard ran out from the side lines and took his place behind the Harvard eleven for the purpose of kicking the goal-from-field against Yale in 1908, was no chance moment, mark you! It was the result of a deep and cunning scheme, worked out months and months before. Otherwise, would the Harvard coaches have given Kennard that football the previous June, and told him to practise drop-kicking during the summer? Formerly, we were of the opinion that similar footballs and instructions were generally given to promising back field men. But Mr. Reid has impressively convinced us of our mistake.

A year or two ago the writer of a very excellent book about President Lincoln told us of a dream. She had been working very hard on the book and had been particularly absorbed in the events leading up to the assassination in Ford's Theatre. One night she went to bed thoroughly exhausted, and, in the words of John Bunyan, "while she slept, she dreamed a dream." She was walking with John Wilkes Booth and questioning him about his motives. Finally Booth said to her: "Miss —, I am going to tell you something I have never told any one else in the world. I did not kill Mr. Lincoln. The President committed suicide in that box."

We recall this story when taking up *Through Five Administrations*, being the reminiscences of Colonel William H. Crook, who was body guard to President Lincoln, and who served in a similar capacity through the administrations of Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield and Arthur. Colonel Crook was on duty near President Lincoln the day after the return from City Point. There were many visitors who had come to advise the course to be pursued toward the conquered Confederacy, and one man was bold enough to ask aloud what every one was thinking.

"Mr. President, what will you do with Jeff Davis when he is caught?"

Mr. Lincoln sat up straight and crossed his legs, as he always did when he was going to tell a story.

"Gentlemen," he said, "that reminds me of an incident which occurred in a little town in Illinois where I once practised law. One morning I was on my way to the office, when I saw a boy on the street corner crying. So I stopped and questioned him as to the cause of his grief. He looked into my face, the tears running down his cheeks, and said: 'Mister, do you see that coon?'—pointing to a very poor specimen of the coon family which glared at us from the end of a string. 'Well, sir, that coon has given me a heap of trouble. He has nearly gnawed the string in two—I just wish he would finish it. Then I could go home and say he got away.'"

Everybody laughed. They all knew quite well what the President would like to do with Jeff Davis—when Jeff Davis was caught.

We cannot put aside *Through Five Administrations* without an allusion to the case of Winnie Monroe. Winnie was a fat old woman as black as a crow who followed the honoured profession of the immortal Vatel. In other words she was the cook that Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes brought from Ohio to preside over the kitchen of the White House. When in the course of events the Hayes family went back to Ohio and private life, Winnie went with them, but not for long. She was soon back in Washington. "Law, chile," she remarked in explanation, "I cain't stay in no Ohio—not aftah I been de fust cullud lady in de land."

If we are to accept the testimony of the historian of Mr. Arthur Pendennis, the literary nobleman or noblewoman of the first half of the last century

#### Marie Hay

was generally to be regarded with a certain amount of derision. Mr. Bungay, the publisher of Paternoster Row, experimented with titled authors with unfortunate results, and Captain Shandon, in discussing the first number of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, said, "Then we have a Lord or two but the less they do the better." While times have not changed to the point that a patent of nobility necessarily means a patent of talent, there is no reason to believe that a man or a woman to-day is able to publish inferior books just because he or she happens to possess a title. Indeed, the literary noblemen and noblewomen of the past few years seem, on the whole, to be exceedingly dignified members of the community.

We have in mind, among others, Marie Hay, who outside of her books is known as Baroness Hindenburg. A few months ago we were reviewing her *A German Pompadour*. Her latest book, *The Winter Queen*, tells the story of Elizabeth Stuart, Electress of the Palatine, and Queen of Bohemia. It is cast in the form of a romance, but the details and