

M. Oster has added a number of notes for the benefit of his French readers, and these notes will not have the weird character of most notes which Frenchmen write about American affairs, since M. Oster has several times visited this country, and has studied our politics and our political leaders at close range and with great thoroughness.

When that excellent sensational story, *The Man Without a Head*, appeared two

**H. de Vere  
Stacpoole**

or three years ago, the title page gave as the author the name of Tyler de Saix. It was generally

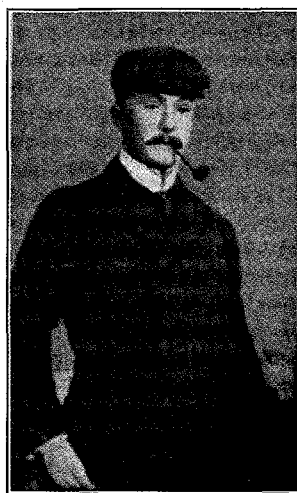
understood that this was a pseudonym, but the American publishers were exceedingly reticent in their attitude toward those seeking more definite information. It has since been admitted, however, that Tyler de Saix is Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole, who, although not widely known in this country, has for years had an excellent standing in England as a man of letters.

Count Tolstoy is virtually an exile in Siberia by proxy. Recently his secretary,

**Siberia by  
Proxy**

M. Guseff, was arrested and exiled for disseminating revolutionary literature. According to

Tolstoy, this literature was nothing but



H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

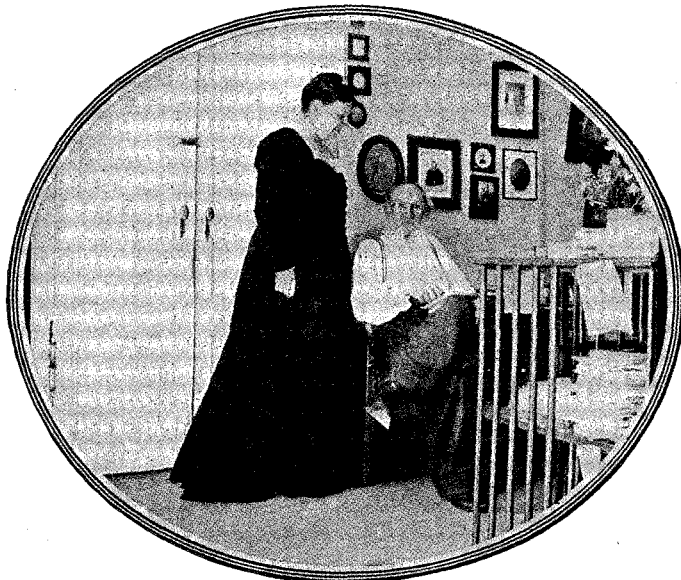
Tolstoy's own works. The Count has been violently denouncing the Russian Government in the newspapers for attacking him through his friends, asking why they scruple to prosecute the author himself.

The recent award of the Nobel prize to Selma Lagerlöf not only definitely en-

**Selma Lagerlöf**

rolls her in the small group of modern authors of cosmopolitan interest, but also rounds

out a series of public honours such as



COUNT TOLSTOY AND HIS WIFE



MRS. CAWEIN

MR. CAWEIN

MRS. PAPE

MR. PAPE

Mr. Madison Cawein's *The Giant and the Star* was reviewed in the January issue. This picture shows Mr. and Mrs. Cawein with Mr. Eric Pape, whose paintings illustrate the complete edition of Mr. Cawein's works, and Mrs. Pape, on board the *Viva*, in Annisquam River, near Gloucester

have rarely fallen to the lot of a woman novelist. In May, 1907, on the occasion of the Linnæan Jubilee, she was presented during an impressive ceremony, held in the cathedral of Upsala, with the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy, conferred by the university of that city. And a year later, on the eleventh of November, she celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of her birth, on which occasion she received a host of congratulations from writers of distinction, among others the following highly characteristic telegram from Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania:

I salute the great and well-beloved poet with all my soul and with all gratitude for the hours of flawless pleasure which I owe to her beautiful books. Her personages remain as ineffaceable types; her scenes are those of a master hand, as, for instance, that of the aged enthusiast, playing Beethoven on a table, in order to console the despair of his friend. I could go on citing them endlessly. All glory to the creative genius of my beloved Sweden, "Thou ancient, thou stalwart, thou mountain-crowned north, thou silent, thou radiant beauty!"\*

CARMEN SYLVA.

\*Quoted from the Swedish national hymn.

The mention of Selma Lagerlöf as a candidate for the Nobel prize came somewhat as a surprise to the majority of American readers, to whom the naïve simplicity of her materials, the atmosphere of legendary remoteness, and to some extent the suggestion of the gloom and chill of northern nights form a barrier against widespread popularity. It is to be hoped that her new honours will call attention to the fact that she is an author we can no longer afford to overlook, and that we may well take the time to become acquainted with the slim array of volumes on which her fame is founded. At first sight it seems rather surprising that a woman of such unusual gifts should, in her fifty-second year, have produced only nine volumes, including some brief collections of short stories. The reason, however, is not difficult to understand when we realise that she had nearly reached the age of thirty-five before the publication of her first work, *Gosta Berling's Saga*. The history of this first volume, from its genesis in her mind when a mere school girl, to its completion nearly twenty years later, has recently been told in a charming and thoroughly characteristic manner by the