

AUGUST

1. The Inner Shrine.....	329
2. Katrine .....	131
3. The White Mice.....	129
4. The White Sister.....	114
5. Mr. Opp .....	112
6. The Man in Lower Ten.....	105

SEPTEMBER

1. The Inner Shrine.....	281
2. Katrine .....	108
3. The Bride of the Mistletoe.....	94
4. Mr. Opp .....	90
5. The White Mice .....	84
6. The White Sister.....	74

OCTOBER

1. The Goose Girl.....	221
2. The Inner Shrine.....	217
3. A Certain Rich Man.....	186
4. The Bride of the Mistletoe.....	113
5. Katrine .....	80
6. The Romance of a Plain Man.....	72

NOVEMBER

1. Truxton King .....	226
2. The Goose Girl.....	218
3. The Silver Horde.....	194
4. A Certain Rich Man.....	134
5. The Danger Mark .....	101
6. The Calling of Dan Matthews.....	98

DECEMBER

1. The Silver Horde .....	240
2. Truxton King .....	161
3. A Certain Rich Man.....	149
4. The Goose Girl.....	125
5. The Danger Mark.....	120
6. Bella Donna .....	117

From the above lists the following comparisons may be made:

*Six Times Mentioned*

Katrine.

*Five Times Mentioned*

The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, Peter.

*Four Times Mentioned*

54-40 or Fight, The Man in Lower Ten, The Inner Shrine.

*Three Times Mentioned*

Septimus, Lewis Rand, Mr. Opp, The White Sister, The Goose Girl, A Certain Rich Man.

*Twice Mentioned*

The Red City, The Man from Brodney's, The Missioner, The Red Mouse, The White Mice, The Bride of the Mistletoe, Truxton King, The Silver Horde, The Danger Mark.

*Once Mentioned*

The Testing of Diana Mallory, Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land, The Bronze Bell, The Chippendales, The Story of Thyrza, The Romance of a Plain Man, The Calling of Dan Matthews, Bella Donna.

Twenty-nine books were represented in the lists for 1909 as against thirty-six titles in 1908, thirty in 1907, thirty in 1906, twenty-nine in 1905, thirty-one in 1904, thirty-two in 1903, twenty-eight in 1902, twenty-nine in 1901 and twenty-nine in 1900. In the ten years that we have been printing this annual summing up three hundred and three different books have been represented. In the lists for 1909 there appears no book that is the result of collaboration. One book, *The Inner Shrine*, was published anonymously. Of the other twenty-eight twenty-one books were written by men and seven by women. Last year the division was much more even when of the thirty-eight authors represented twenty-two were men and sixteen women. Of the twenty-eight books of 1909—*The Inner Shrine* again excluded—only four are of foreign authorship, these four representing the work of Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. W. J. Locke, Mr. Phillips Oppenheim and Mr. Robert Hichens.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton's four latest books, *Tremendous Trifles*, *Bernard Shaw*, *The Ball and the Cross*, and *Orthodoxy*, show him at anchor in the Roman Catholic Church. That he was making for that haven might have been known from his previous books, especially from *The Man Who Was Thursday*, if it had not seemed unsafe ever to infer that the direction in which he happened to be heading was the way he intended to go. Besides, to a reader of Mr. Chesterton his direction has not seemed important, so great has been the pleasure of seeing him merely go. A fine clattering pace, whether on the right track or the wrong track, has been the chief thought of readers as they bounced along with him, not caring very much whether it brought up at Rome or among the Baptists or the

Sun-worshippers. It has not been indifference to Mr. Chesterton's religion, but a disproportionate interest in Mr. Chesterton—the attitude of Milton's Eve toward Adam. Eve's eyes used to turn quite glassy when Adam talked of "fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute," not because she did not think the ideas important, but because she thought Adam more so. Perhaps the most foolish thing that has ever been said of Mr. Chesterton is the remark of a reviewer that "he has one attribute of genius—impersonality." No genius was ever impersonal, and Mr. Chesterton, apart from any question of genius, is one of the most intimately personal writers of the present day. These books of his are diaries—the first impressions of a delightful person who apparently did not think twice. They are the diversions of a man who, believing that a "yawn is a stifled yell," therefore prefers any sort of a warm half truth to a cold whole one. He is averse to all burrowing, and has always argued that truth is on the surface and that the first glance is the best. So one never forgets him in his subject, never loses sight of him dancing around getting views of it.

And being greatly amused by the personal and often irrelevant goings-on of his unrevised, unedited intellect, many are disposed to undervalue the substance of what he says. They unjustly rate higher the heavier books of slower minds. The hare and the tortoise theory is deeply ingrained, and they are not on the alert for the occasional exception. Almost any college professor of philosophy stands a better chance of breeding awe. Probably even Professor Hugo Münsterberg would be generally regarded as more profound than Mr. Chesterton. Many a good soul must have risen from the reading of Professor Münsterberg's latest book, *The Eternal Values*, with a sense of mental achievement far transcending anything he would have felt on finishing either *Orthodoxy* or *Tremendous Trifles*, which discuss many of the same themes. He would think he had accomplished more because he felt so much more tired, although, as a matter of fact, Professor Münsterberg is the more frivolous of the

two. Each attacks relativism, for example. Mr. Chesterton, in *Tremendous Trifles*, disposes of it in this easy paragraph:

The man who represents all thought as an accident of environment is simply smashing and discrediting all his own thoughts—including that one. To treat the human mind as having an ultimate authority is necessary to any kind of thinking, even free thinking. And nothing will ever be reformed in this age or country unless we realise that the moral fact comes first.

This was written for a newspaper, and it is always proper in a newspaper to assume that the enemy can be put to flight by a self-evident remark or two. But *The Eternal Values*, though respectably tedious on the subject, is not a whit more enlightening. There is the same jaunty assumption that the other men are fools, the same bland unconcern over the fact that if the affair were really so simple as all that there never could have been a debate on it. Not to imply that the author of *Tremendous Trifles* is not a trifle, but only that he is not so trivial as Professor Münsterberg and many of the professional philosophers. It is journalism of a sort, and few men in academic life would write it if they could. They would deliver a course of lectures on the points suggested in the first three pages. But it seems a pity that Mr. Chesterton himself cannot go a little more slowly in the making of books. It would be an advantage to all concerned if he would re-write one instead of writing another. By contrast with his earlier imaginative books his fancy in *The Ball and the Cross* seems at times somewhat goaded, and his defence of the Church falls more frequently into a monotonous sing-song than in *Orthodoxy*. The following passage fairly illustrates the quality of its religious discussions:

You hold that your heretics and sceptics have helped the world forward and handed on a lamp of progress. I deny it. Nothing is plainer from real history than that each of your heretics invented a complete cosmos of his own which the next heretic smashed to pieces. . . . I defy you to go back to the Freethinkers of the past and find any habita-

tion for yourself at all. I defy you to read Godwin or Shelley or the deists of the eighteenth century or the nature-worshipping humanists of the Renaissance without discovering that you differ from them twice as much as you differ from the Pope. You are a nineteenth century sceptic, and you are always telling me that I ignore the cruelty of nature. You are an atheist and you praise the deists of the eighteenth century. Read them instead of praising them and you will find that their whole universe stands or falls with the deity. You are a materialist, and you think Bruno a scientific hero. See what he said and you will think him an insane mystic. No, the great Freethinker, with his genuine ability and honesty, does not in practice destroy Christianity. What he does destroy is the Freethinker who went before. Freethought may be suggestive, it may be inspiring, it may have as much as you please of the merits that come from vivacity and variety. But there is one thing Freethought can never be—by any possibility—Freethought can never be progressive. It can never be progressive because it will accept nothing from the past; it begins every time again from the beginning; and it goes every time in a different direction. All the rational philosophers have gone along different roads, so it is impossible to say which has gone farthest. Who can discuss whether Emerson was a better optimist than Schopenhauer was pessimist? It is like asking if this corn is as yellow as that hill is steep. No; there are only two things that really progress; and they both accept accumulations of authority. They may be progressing uphill or down; they may be growing steadily better or steadily worse; but they have steadily increased in certain definable matters; they have steadily advanced in a certain definable direction; they are the only two things, it seems, that ever can progress. The first is strictly physical science. The Second is the Catholic Church. . . . Catholic virtue is often invisible because it is the normal. . . . Christianity is always out of fashion because it is always sane; and all fashions are mild insanities. When Italy is mad on art, the Church seems too Puritanical; when England is mad on Puritanism the Church seems too artistic. When you quarrel with us now you class us with kingship and despotism; but when you quarrelled with us first it was because we would not accept the divine despotism of Henry VIII. The Church always seems to be behind the times, when it is really

beyond the times waiting till the last fad shall have seen its last summer. It keeps the key of a permanent virtue.

Grieved by Meredith's unpleasant comparison of the face of George Eliot with "its long proboscis and protruding teeth," to the face of the "Apocalyptic horse," Mr. Howells has recently freed his mind on the subject of Meredith's rank among the novelists. He does not address himself to the Meredith cult, for he knows, as we all do, that the authors of the various "appreciations" of the last few years, and of the tributes that followed Meredith's death, are not to be taken seriously. He thinks Meredith himself must have taken the measure of the Meredith cult:

He must have known how many of his worshippers were of those weak souls who come in crowds to any shrine because the contiguity of others stays their feebleness, and because they hope for some reflected rays from the idol and from the high priests. When Meredith became a cult such flaccid spirits thronged to him, but they are still quite incapable of knowing the true from the false in their faith, and it is not to them that we shall address the counsel which will win us no friends.

But recent discussion of Meredith has been particularly vapid and one-sided, and he thinks it time to put in a sensible word or two:

It is time for some one to say that the divine honours now paid to George Meredith are of those preposterous obsequies with which the English try to magnify some one in death whom they have neglected in life. The Americans who have not survived their colonial dependence are like the English in this as in other simple devices, but they claim to have discovered Meredith's greatness much longer before he died than the English. It is very likely, but the fact does not count. Together they are sending up shouts of acclaim and praises comparative and positive with which they deafen one another and hush the small voices of honest inquiry which will presently make themselves heard in unanswerable question.

This seems reasonable and arouses cheerful expectations. Now for an hon-