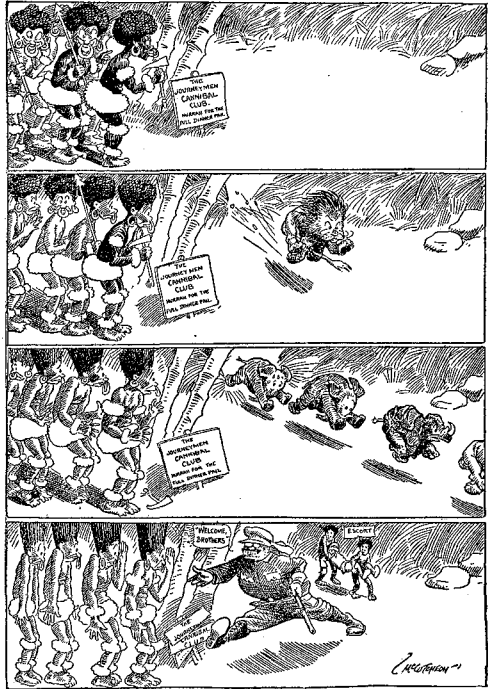


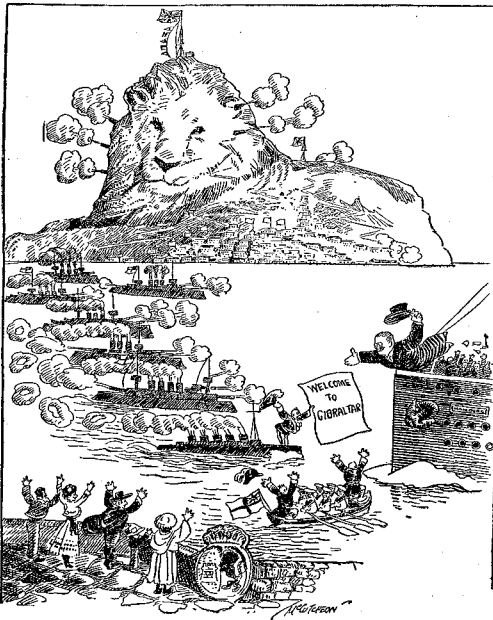
"A goodly volume of more than 150,000 words, a live narrative, a serious scientific study of the peoples and beasts he encountered, and most of all, a characteristic enlargement of the theme in which Roosevelt is perennially interested." Thus the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*. "Filled with a vivid human interest which would make it a remarkable literary achievement entirely apart from the personality of its author," says the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*. "Of course, the book of the year" according to the *New York Tribune*. We wonder whether there is any hidden meaning in the review of the *Syracuse Post-Standard*. That paper finds "a pronounced literary quality in the Colonel's writings," but ends up with the curious words: "He was after game; and in some sense or other he will continue to be after game as long as he continues to be the Colonel we know."

There will this autumn be published in England and America a translation of a book by Gerard Harry Maeterlinck on Maurice Maeterlinck at Home which appeared last year in Brussels as the first in a series entitled *Les Ecrivains Français de la Belgique*. Judging by the prospec-



SOME ONE HAS EXPRESSED THE FEAR THAT COLONEL ROOSEVELT MAY BE ATTACKED BY CANNIBALS IN AFRICA

From "McCutcheon on T. R."



HIS FIRST LION

From "McCutcheon on T. R."

tus of this series, the plan is to have every Belgian writer figure twice, once as a subject and again as the biographer of some one else. Certainly if, as M. Harry and others of his countrymen have testified, Belgian writers find little general appreciation in their own land, there is no dearth of mutual admiration among the writers themselves. The present monograph is little more than an essay. The author analyses Maeterlinck's ideas, briefly sketches his literary development and his career as a writer, and presents a discreet portrait of the man in his temperamental traits rather than in his personal characteristics. This doubtless is due to Maeterlinck's well-known aversion to the invasion of his privacy by the curious public. Now that he is married, he turns over all inquiries for his wife to answer, but years ago, when *La Princesse Maleine* appeared, and when he still had no buffer between him and the insistent interviewer, he seriously contemplated a hasty visit to London to escape the exigencies of reporters from the Paris

papers. M. Harry represents his subject as having been rather disconcerted than delighted by the sudden fame that descended upon him as a result of Octave Mirbeau's extravagant laudation, and as having characterised his first work as "Shakespeare," while he spoke of his young renown as "gloire à la Rollinat." He resented the attempts to make a lion of him, and when he accepted an invitation he insisted that he should be received and entertained without ceremony, reminding his host that he was a peasant.

The little New Hampshire town of Peterborough, the country home of the late Edward MacDowell, the composer, was a few weeks ago the scene of an experiment of real socio-

logical as well as artistic interest. An elaborate musical pageant in sixteen numbers, illustrating the history of the village, in which two hundred of the neighbourhood people took part, was carried through on a plane of unusual excellence. In a natural stage setting in the woods, on the MacDowell grounds, music, poetry, movement and colour were combined and arranged so as to suggest episodes in the life of the community from the days when the Indians peopled the place to the present time. The stage elevation presented an extensive view of the surrounding country, with Mt. Monadnock framing it in the distance—the same view that inspired the composer to his finest efforts. Entrances and exits were made from the deep glades on either side. The costumes, many of them brought out by the townspeople from their treasured presses and breathing the aroma of rose leaves and sweet lavender, were both historically correct and picturesque. The pageant was under the direction of Professor George P. Baker of Harvard. Associated with Professor Baker were Hermann Hagedorn, also of Harvard, who furnished the lyrics, and Chalmers Clifton, an undergraduate at Harvard, to whom fell the task of arranging and rehearsing the music for voices and orchestra. The members of the little art colony that has sprung up around the MacDowell home, headed by Miss Gwendolyn Valentine, who arranged the dances, also contributed

to the production, which was witnessed by almost five thousand persons.

Aside from the spirit of co-operation shown by all the participants, the vital importance of the Peterborough Pageant lies in its significance as an expression of American art impulse. Mr. MacDowell believed strongly that great good would come from a co-ordination of the arts and the creation of a centre of interest to artists in varied fields, who, living and working in close contact, would learn to appreciate the fundamental unity of art principles and establish among themselves a bond of sympathy. He planned that his Peterborough home should be dedicated to the idea of such an art centre; and upon his death, the property was transferred by Mrs. MacDowell to the MacDowell Memorial Association, formed for the purpose. It was peculiarly fitting that the performance in which the union of arts was so exemplified should be given as a tribute to his memory and in these surroundings. The idea of the pageant was Mrs. MacDowell's, and to her above all others belongs the credit for the executive as well as the artistic success of the production. The music was nearly all adapted from Mr. MacDowell's compositions.

It has always been known that Taine once tried his hand at writing a novel.

Indeed, the critic talked freely to his friends about this experiment, which never went beyond the eighth chapter, and which he said he abandoned because he found he had imitated Stendhal unconsciously. He always refused to show his manuscript, however; so, doubtless, there will be some to question the propriety of the publication of the fragmentary *Etienne Mayran*, which has just appeared. It is an account of the intellectual awakening of a boy in a school where his superior self-respect opens a gulf between him and his associates. It contains, a critic has said, "personal reminiscences mingled with memories of the youth of Julien Sorel"—the hero of Stendhal's *Rouge et Noir*, to which Taine accorded such glowing praise in his *Essais de*