

forces of the world, possessed of potentialities for harmony and understanding, but speaking in foreign tongue to uncomprehending ears. One feels that perhaps in these seemingly irreconcilable forces that bring upon us everlasting war the author discerns, as in these two characters of hers, unsuspected potentialities of union. Somewhere out of the ages we may discover the lost key of harmony and find that our racial differences are not conflicting, but complementary as are the two halves of the human race. Mysticism? Perhaps. But Zona Gale has the power of making the mystic real, and the so-called real mystic.

*Fola La Follette.*

# XI

## EDEN PHILLPOTTS'S "OLD DELABOLE"\*

It is not the wide reaches of Dartmoor, with serried ranks of young trees on the hillside growing green in the spring and flushing redly in the autumn, to which Eden Phillpotts now leads us in this latest book. It is instead the bleak Cornish coast, the home of the west wind, "bared for his welcome, preserved in primal simplicity by the impact of his landing," which furnishes the background for a quiet, subdued story of simple people in whose character there is a quaint mingling of pietistic severity and Celtic passion. It is also, we may remark in passing, a background which gives Mr. Phillpotts an opportunity for as superb pictorial writing as any of his Dartmoor stories can show, also for glimpses of philosophic speculation not so familiar. But necessary here, for on a philosophic understanding of the character of the people in Delabole the interest of the story must hinge.

Delabole is a town perched on a height of the Cornish coast dependent

entirely on its great slate quarries. This industry is Delabole's sole reason for existence, the heart and centre of the town's life. The slate, shining and hard to the surface yet brittle and slicing apart to the proper touch, is typical of the nature of the people. They have lived with it and on it and from it for so long that they think in terms of slate. Conditions in the quarry are very patriarchal and echoes of the industrial conflict of the world beyond penetrate only faintly. More important than any labour and capital conflict is the conflict of man with nature. This alone can disrupt the quarries and bring anxiety and trouble into the lives of those who live therefrom. Of actual plot or action there is very little in this story; the sliding of the cliff side is the most sensational thing that happens. It is a story of intimate glimpses into the characters of men and women, of fine understanding of such qualities in them as are universal and such as belong particularly to the soil and the place. Edith Retallack and her sister Julitta; their father, a foreman at the quarry; the young manager, Thomas Hawkey; and the miller, Wesley Bake, might be termed the chief protagonists, as it is around their relations to one another that the plot hinges. But there are a dozen minor characters who are really far more interesting than these chief actors and in whose destinies we have fully as much concern. Again, as in other Phillpotts novels, the author's line of greatest power stands out. In fact we might say it stands out more clearly in this book than in some others, for he has not succeeded in interesting us to any very great extent in his chief characters. But again, with the delight with which one always greets really artistic work, we read the marvellous descriptions of nature's varying aspects and we read the delightful philosophy of idle old men gathered together in the tavern or by the garden gate.

*J. Marchand.*

\*Old Delabole. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company.

## SOME BOOKMAN CONTRIBUTORS OF 1915

BEGINNING with our January issue we shall print, in the advertising pages of the magazine, certain information about the contributors whose names will be found on the title page of that number. Meanwhile, as a summing up of the year we are publishing these brief notes about the men and women who have written for THE BOOKMAN during the past twelve months. There are many cases in which any kind of an introduction will appear entirely superfluous. This list is not quite a complete list. Some names have been intentionally left out, and there are a few contributors whom we have not been able to reach since this little feature was first suggested.

James Lane Allen, who contributed the article on "War and Literature" to our issue of February last, is probably known to as many Americans as have heard of the Blue Grass region of Kentucky. Before he laid definite claim to that section of our land with such books as *The Choir Invisible*, *The Kentucky Cardinal*, *Aftermath*, *Flute and Violin*, and *The Mettle of the Pasture*, Mr. Allen studied at Transylvania University, which has bestowed upon him the LL.D. degree, and taught Latin and higher English in public and private schools, in Kentucky University, and in Bethany College, West Virginia.

Charlton Andrews, who contributed "A Ballade of Blythe Romance" to the March issue, is an Indiana writer, newspaper man, and teacher. He is the author of *A Parfit Gentil Knight*, an historical romance, *The Drama of Today*, *The Technique of Play Writing*, *His Majesty the Fool*, a four-act dramatisation of a book by Dumas, and *The Interrupted Revels*, a Christmas Masque. Mr. Andrews is now an instructor in New York University and Stuyvesant High School, and a lecturer in the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute.

Ralph Armstrong, author of "Bayard Taylor's Romance" in the November issue, has worked on several newspapers in the East, and has contributed from time to time to New York publications. At present he is taking fourth year work in the Columbia School of Journalism. In his home town, Kokomo, Indiana, he had early experience on the *Tribune* and *Despatch*, papers, which, by the way, discovered James Whitcomb Riley and printed many of his first poems.

Albion Fellows Bacon, who contributed to the October number the first of the series of papers on "What the Day's Work Means to Me," was born in Evansville, Indiana. Her work in the cause of social reform is too well known to need exposition. She is the author of a book of poems (in collaboration) and of *What Bad Housekeeping Means to the Community*, and *The Awakening of a State*. She is also the author of *Beauty for Ashes* in which she relates her struggle and final success in obtaining model housing laws for Indiana.

Louis Baury, who contributed the articles "Wanted—an American Salon of Humourists" and "Grub Street Organised" to the issues for January and July respectively, has been writing for this magazine for several years. In 1911 Mr. Baury wrote "The Message of Manhattan," "The Message of Bohemia," and "The Message of Proletaire," and in 1912 "The Story of the Tile Club." At present he is in Europe trying to get as near as possible to the front.

Jules Bois, who contributed the article "French Literature and the War" in the September BOOKMAN, is a former Vice-President of the Society of Men of Letters, and of the Association of Literary Critics, the President of the Félibres Idealistic Society of Paris, and of the French Society of Psychical Research. He is Chevalier of the Legion