

THE BOOKMAN

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

ALMOST thirty-five years after the writing of *The Breadwinners* comes the first edition of the book authoritatively bearing the name of John Hay as the author. In a brief introduction Clarence Leonard Hay tells of his father's reason for writing the story. In the year 1877 there occurred in several of the large cities of the United States strikes that led to riots and serious assaults on property. Cleveland was one of the cities thus visited. There was no army that could be called upon, and the State militia was inefficient. A panic prevailed in the city for days, many residents sending their families out of town to places of safety. John Hay, who was living in Cleveland at that time, felt that "a profound misfortune and disgrace had fallen upon the country." In a letter dated July 27, 1877, he wrote, "There is a mob in every city ready to join with the strikers, and get their pay in robbery, and there is no means of enforcing the law in case of a sudden attack on private property. We are not Mexicans yet—but that is about the only advantage we have over Mexico." *The Breadwinners*, the only novel John Hay ever attempted, was written in 1882. It was first published anonymously in *The Century Magazine* in 1883-84, and aroused a good deal of curious com-

ment as to its authorship. In book form it was issued by Harper and Brothers, and went through several editions.

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In his *Reveries Over Childhood and Youth* William Butler Yeats has told of the effect of certain books upon his young mind. When he was eight or nine years old his father read to him for the first time. One selection was *The Lays of Ancient Rome*. It first opened the boy's eyes to poetry. Later came *Ivanhoe* and *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and the poet records that they are still vivid in his memory. He reread *Ivanhoe* recently, but it had all vanished except Gurth, the swineherd, at the outset, and Friar Tuck and his venison pasty, the two scenes that laid hold of him in childhood. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* gave him a wish to turn magician that competed for years with the dream of being killed upon the seashore. Later, at school, young Yeats read endless stories that he had forgotten as completely as he had forgotten *Grimm's Fairy Tales* and all of Hans Andersen except the Ugly Duckling. He remembers vaguely that he liked Andersen better than Grimm because he was less homely, but even he never gave him the knights and dragons and beautiful ladies that he longed for.

Among the tributes that have been paid to Lord Kitchener, none perhaps is more touching than that of O. Henry, who made Lord Kitchener, or at least a portrait of Lord Kitchener's stern and uncompromising

countenance, the God in the Machine in one of his stories. That story is "An Unfinished Story," which has been called by many critics his best, and which led all others in *THE BOOKMAN* Symposium of two years ago. Here is O. Henry's tribute:



KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM. FROM THE NICHOLSON PORTRAIT

"DULCIE HAD FORGOTTEN ONE THAT WAS WATCHING HER WITH SAD, BEAUTIFUL, STERN EYES—THE ONLY ONE THERE WAS TO APPROVE OR CONDEMN WHAT SHE DID. STRAIGHT AND SLENDER AND TALL, WITH A LOOK OF SORROWFUL REPROACH ON HIS HANDSOME, MELANCHOLY FACE, GENERAL KITCHENER FIXED HIS WONDERFUL EYES ON HER." O. HENRY'S "AN UNFINISHED STORY."