



MARICE RUTLEDGE, AUTHOR OF THE NOVEL "CHILDREN OF FATE" AND OF THE WAR SKETCH IN THIS ISSUE OF THE BOOKMAN, "BETWEEN TRAINS"

the early nineties, he built a splendid observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, and, as if it were a sort of chrysalis, soon emerged from it a full-fledged and meteoric astronomer. He had already served as secretary to a Korean commission to the United States, but he now became, in the popular imagination, Ambassador from Mars to the Earth. As a scientist, he could erect daring edifices of speculation which earned the scorn of his more cautious fellows, or could, with equal enthusiasm, work ten or eleven hours a day for weeks at a time at the most elementary computations. As an author he could be brilliant, witty and popular, or distinctly abstruse. As a man, he was irascible and sympathetic, partisan and generous. The poet and star-gazer was bronzed and sturdy in appearance, a shrewd investor and director of several large corporations; and the author of *The Soul of the Far East*, which Lafcadio Hearn called "a marvellous book,—a book of books!

a colossal, splendid, godlike book," was passionately fond of detective stories! Genius in this country has seldom been so pyrotechnic.

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Marice Rutledge, who contributes to this month's *BOOKMAN* the striking little war sketch "Between Trains," affords an interesting example of the effect of war-relief work upon a sensitive, creative temperament. Miss Rutledge has been a writer of fiction, and under her own name is well known in literary circles in this country; but the war has so changed her point of view and creative ideas that she has chosen to begin her literary career over again with a new type of writing, and of course under a new name—"Marice Rutledge." Her first book after this change was *Children of Fate*, published a month ago, in which she tells of war life and conditions; and

her vivid sketch in this issue gives a glimpse of some of the horrors she has seen and known at first hand. At the beginning of hostilities she and the Vicomtesse de Rancougne took up supplies—food and clothing—to the Belgian soldiers and civilians near and around Ypres and Furnes. During the bombardments of Ypres and Poperingues she was under fire many times, and she was at Royes when the battle of Royes began. She also took care of the artists in Paris, fed and clothed them, during the first year of the struggle. Now she is back in America, telling us in her books and articles of the war life she has seen and taken part in. Perhaps from her picture given here some of our readers will recognise the real personality behind the name of "Marice Rutledge."

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In his introduction to the catalogue of the Zuloaga exhibition, Dr. Christian

The Art of Zuloaga Brinton remarks that the painter once confessed to him, "I realise that I belong to another age, that I have remained a sixteenth century person, like the surroundings in

which I grew up. I have a horror of every manifestation of modernism." Within a little world of art, perhaps Señor Zuloaga is not a modern, for the feverish intellectuality that radiates from Paris has turned modernism in art into a hothouse growth. But in the larger and cooler world outside, he must be ranked, whether he wishes it or not, as one of the most modern of men. For he has done for art the service which is most characteristic of our age, freed it from everything that has claimed dominion over it,—nature, stories, moods, emotions, theories, traditions, virtuosity, and even beauty itself,—and left it autonomous and self-propelling. He regards all these things not as ends in themselves, but as means to an end. He is not a worshipper, but a builder; and he will build nothing that cannot stand alone, nor build higher than he can build soundly. And, finally, no brush-stroke seems unnecessary, none is subordinate to any other, or to any group of others. One cannot read off objects as a whole, as from, say, a canvas of Fortuny's, and ignore their details. Every bit of paint demands equal attention. His pictures are democracies, not feudal states.