

ly to the one university involved; on the contrary, it is illustrative of the ascendancy which Kultur had ac-

quired in all our institutions of learning and in our entire educational system.

CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOKS

BY MARGARET ASHMUN

Somebody has hinted darkly to Somebody Else that there are not going to be any Christmas presents this year; but we shall see what we shall see when Christmas morning comes. It is true that we must feed the hungry peoples—sinners and sinned-against alike—and rebuild what has been so ruthlessly torn down. On the other hand, we cannot forget that this is the most glorious Christmas the world has known since the first Christmas of all; and that no celebration can be too beautiful to usher in the peace of nations.

Certainly the publishers are anticipating no decrease in the demand for books. There is even greater busyness than usual in the tall new lodges where they ply their trade. One who enters, seeking information, catches tantalizing glimpses of bright cover-jackets and multicolored posters, and feels the burgeoning of Christmas—days before it begins to spread its flowering in the shop-windows down below.

A visit to the offices of the purveyors of good literature reveals the fact that at the present season there is no large preparation in the way of gift-books strictly so-called. There are not many of the old and solemn classics decked out in holiday garb, to weigh down the green branch of a Christmas tree, and then to lie unread upon a table throughout the

year. Rather are there many books of rich rind and fresh inner sustenance, which are so various and so alluring that no taste in the slightest degree literary need go ungratified. These are distinctly times of unwonted mental stimulation, when the mere flummeries of the material life seem to have shrunk to less importance than ever before; when the things that are unseen begin to acquire a stronger reality than the things that are seen. To a thinking person—and who can now avoid the effort of thinking, indolent though he be?—a frilled collar or a brass ash-tray may possibly be an acceptable gift; but how much more so a book which gives him new insight into other men's lives, which enriches the treasures of his own spirit, or consoles him with the vividness of joy!

At the present time, then, though the gift-book *per se* appears to have but a small place upon the shelves, there is instead a plenteous choice of books suitable for gifts. They are in no sense lacking the outer attractions which hint of worth within. As to color and proportion, and the touch upon the fingers—loved of all book-lovers—they do not fail in charm; nor do they lack the beauty of that honest upstanding print which makes a clean figure before the world. And in pictures they abound.

Fairy-tales and folk-lore have a particular appropriateness at Christmas, when we all return to the simplicities which we like to think prevailed in the childhood of the race. We give ourselves without reluctance to the imagination which overleaps our problems of meat and money, war and peace; and floats in the realms of magic and romance.

A noteworthy group of fairy and folk-lore books is being brought out for the holiday trade. These books are by no means juveniles, though one may be sure that the children will beg to be shown them, as a special treat on Sunday afternoons; and that the pages will be turned even then by careful grown-up hands. The bindings and the illustrations are too choice to be surrendered to smeary fingers; they are things to be cherished for years to come. Among the books of this sort is the "English Fairy Tales", retold by Flora Annie Steel, with pictures by Arthur Rackham. The language is of the simplest, as befits these tales of old time; not an unnecessary word cumbers the telling. Each story is a compact little unit, with its gnomes and goblins, its talking beasts and voluble pancakes astutely characterized. The pictures by Rackham are quaintly original and fanciful, as his work always is, with a delicate feeling for the faërie and grotesque. "Dream Boats, Portraits and Histories of Fauns, Fairies, and Fishes" is written and illustrated by Dugald Stewart Walker. This whimsical artist has beforetime demonstrated his power to figure forth the oddnesses of faun and pixy; and here he has done no less than his best. Text and drawing tinkle with elfish laughter and scintillate with flitting wings.

An important contribution to folk-

lore literature is an English translation of the ancient rogueries of Tyl Eulenspiegel, the legendary hero of Flanders. The present version of the "Owl-Glass" legends as they have long flourished in the Low Countries is by Charles de Coster, with an introduction by Maurice Maeterlinck, and the most delightful of woodcuts by M. Delstanche. The Rabelasian hilarities of Tyl are not only diverting in themselves but significant of the unquenchable vigor of the Flemish race. "Canadian Wonder Tales", by Cyrus Macmillan, with a foreword by Sir William Peterson of McGill University, is a volume which will be analyzed, no doubt, by folk-lore students; but equally will it give pleasure to the ordinary reader. These stories of porcupines and bears and caribou and warriors and beautiful maidens are authentic legends, still current among the Indians of Canada, and not altered in their new relating. The pictures are by George Sheringham, who has given to the colored plates a decorative quality at once unusual and satisfying. Hans Andersen's "Fairy Tales" are freshly bound, with a luxury of color- and pen-drawings by Harry Clarke. Lafcadio Hearn's "Japanese Fairy Tales" have also been prepared for this season's children of all ages.

Some of us are so prosaic that we cannot dwell for long in fairy-land, but prefer the solid ground and salt wet sea. For such of us there is no end of books, by means of which we may travel to the far corners of the earth, or discover new enchantment in the paths of every day. Travel by proxy seems almost compulsory at present; and after all it is not the least edifying of methods. The high cost of railroad and steamship

tickets, the prohibitive price of lodgings, and the terrors of the tipping system combine to make us well content to do our journeying in books.

A volume which carries us into the green of the tropics, and yet delivers us from both landlord and crocodile is "In the Wilds of South America", by Leo E. Miller, of the American Museum of Natural History. It may sound a bit formidable, but emphatically it is not—except perhaps in the matter of avoirdupois; one wishes that it might be more easily held before the eyes, while one lies back among pillows, enjoying the freshness of its pages. This notable work, which is a model of what a good book of travels should be, represents six years of exploration in the northern half of South America, especially in Colombia, Venezuela, and Bolivia—regions as remote as Mars to most stay-at-home travelers. It gives to us the sweep of great rivers, the splash of waterfalls, the mystery of hot labyrinthine jungles, the wonder of brilliant birds and hitherto unknown races of animals and men. The author's style imparts a peculiar vivacity to the book. Another record of travels in South America is William Beebe's "Jungle Peace", in which the savage places of Guiana are made to buzz and blossom for the reader as for the naturalist-author. Mr. Beebe, it seems, after seeing service in France and returning with a broken wrist, fled to the jungle for refuge from the clamors of these latter days. Birds and beasts and Colonel Roosevelt enliven the pages of his book: one wonders whether he really found peace and quiet, after all!

"Camps and Trails in China" is still another tale of adventure in strange lands. The authors, Roy and

Yvette Andrews, penetrated into Central Asia, where they camped above the clouds, hunted the blue tiger (whatever sort of creature that may be), and had the narrowest of escapes from rebels and plunderers and cutthroats. Incidentally, they made collections of flora and fauna for scientific purposes. Their thrilling experiences stir the envy of less eager spirits; yet what happiness to share the thrills and still be safe within home walls. A second Celestial volume, by Gulielma Alsop, is called "My Chinese Days". Coming back to our own land, we find that the "See America First" Series has had added to it "Colorado, the Queen Jewel of the Rockies", with the text by Mae Lacy Baggs. The illustrations are from photographs, with a sprinkling of colored plates. The book is valuable for its carefully collected details of geography and history, and it would be useful as a preliminary to a visit, for whatever purpose, to the State of Colorado. In the same series is "Florida, the Land of Enchantment", written, appropriately, by Mr. Winter. Another "glorified guide-book" is T. M. Longstreth's "The Catskills". The golden sky and purple mountains upon the cover afford a hint of what the very ably written text contains.

Three books about cities are included in our Christmas list. Who that has ever had a glimpse of little old New York, to say nothing of those super-fortunates who live within its wide embrace, would not be overjoyed to receive a copy of Mr. Maurice's "Fifth Avenue"? Here the very life of the great thoroughfare pulses before us: its history, its chief events, its gaieties and solemnities. A long procession of distinction files down the vista from Central

Park to Washington Square: General Grant, and Edgar Allan Poe, flamboyant millionaires and leaders of the "four hundred", fire-eyed philanthropists and saunterers in cabarets, and others and still others, concluding gloriously with the heroes of Verdun. The book may be read through consecutively for its literary and human interest, or used as a basis for observing rambles. "The Romance of Old Philadelphia", by John T. Faris, recreates the scenes and personages of the earlier days in the city of Quaker charm. A book about many cities is "Historic Shrines of America", also by John T. Faris. It is a scholarly piece of work, with much of history and biography within it, and yet it is lively and readable, as well. As the title indicates, it tells of homes and haunts and public buildings associated in some striking way with the development of our nation.

To many readers, a story of real life gives a pleasure beyond that of fiction, and for such there is a seducing array of new biographies. Of these, one which can scarcely fail to become a classic of self-revelation is Mr. W. H. Hudson's "Far Away and Long Ago". There is witchery in the very title. This narrative is of a boy—"a common little boy", the author says, "just a little wild animal, running about on its hind legs, amazingly interested in the world in which it found itself". The deep impressions made upon the lad in his home land of Argentina are transferred to the reader, who finds his own heart beating faster with the strangeness of it all—the shifting vision of the pampas, clear open sky and lashing tempests of hail, serpents and bright birds, wild horses, negroes, Spaniards, and greedy ad-

venturers who range at large over the plantations and plains. The tale is told with the art which is so much instinct that it appears mere effortless ease.

An autobiography which concerns itself with as different a life as can be imagined is Kathleen Howard's "Confessions of an Opera Singer". This has not, to be sure, the literary perfection of Mr. Hudson's work, but the spell of personality in it is very real. It tells, too, precisely the things which one wants to know about an opera singer studying and performing in Europe—where she got her money, and how she lived, and what she wore, and how much she earned, and who planned her costumes, and how she acquired her languages, and who her teachers were, and how she made her engagements, and what life meant to her, generally and specifically. All this and much more is frankly revealed by Miss Howard, with a colloquial style and a frequently humorous turn. But in reading "Out of the Shadow", by Rose Cohen, one finds himself with a lump in the throat; not because there is any attempt to play upon the emotions, but because the book is so infinitely sincere, and so saturated with honest courage. This is the self-told story of a Russian immigrant girl and how she made her way here in America. The life of the family (East Side Jewish people) was of the hardest and bitterest, with sorrow as a daily portion. "I wonder how it seems to be happy", says the little sister. Then, long after, money comes, and friends come, and love comes, too; and so the heart is out of its shadow and knows how it feels to be happy. Lilian Whiting, traveler, literary woman, and lover

of the beautiful, has written a book of reminiscences called "The Golden Road", a delightfully rambling narrative which will be eagerly read by the author's admirers. "Over the Seas for Uncle Sam", by Elaine Sterne, is a succession of tales of valor as the author heard them from the officers and men in the American navy. Miss Sterne has related them in the first person, with the picturesque directness of the men from whom they came.

From autobiography to biography in the third person is an easy leap. "Shelley's Elopement", by Alexander Harvey, is for those who have a cynical taste for the sordid details in high romance. It is the dash of condiment in our Christmas feast of books. Here we see Shelley eating raisins while he discourses of philosophy and marriage; Jane Clairmont (whom "Bysshe" called his "dearest Claire") exclaiming, "La, now Ma, how you talk"; and the statuesque Mary flinging a wet dishcloth at Mrs. Godwin, who breaks her glasses in the fray. The publishers have done a fine bit of work in the craftsmanship of the book, where the poem of "Adonais" runs, a thread of gold, from margin to margin, and the print and paper are of a gratifying excellence.

Absolutely different in tone is Lytton Strachey's dignified but always clever collection of biographies called "Eminent Victorians". Two of the most vital are those which concern themselves with the tremendous energy of Florence Nightingale and the martyrdom of that great general, Gordon. The scholarly and rather acrid method will please the trained reader; and he will enjoy this new illumination cast upon the fading splendor of the Victorian Age.

The man who transcribed the wisdom of Uncle Remus has long been known and loved; so that the biography of Joel Chandler Harris is assured of a welcome. It has been written with as much good judgment as affection, by his daughter-in-law, Julia Collier Harris. The biographies which have just been mentioned are all worth commending for their attractiveness and interest; but it is difficult to restrain the extravagance of praise for the two beautiful volumes of "The Private Life of Marie Antoinette", personal recollections of Madame Campan, First Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen. To the sophisticated mind, the reading of these memoirs is a sprightly enough diversion, but the owner of the books would love them most for the flawless art of printer and binder, who have given the volumes such a permanent grace of paper, engraving, and tooling. Extremely handsome, too, are the six volumes of the "Memoirs of the Duke de Saint-Simon", newly translated and edited by Francis Arkwright. They would form an imposing acquisition to any library, public or private.

The shelves of the publishers offer a true Christmas bewilderment to the seeker for a book of poetry or belles-lettres which he may give away. Here is a book with a wine-dark cover, which bears the words "Gitanjali and Fruit Gathering", by Rabindranath Tagore. The pictures are Oriental prints of exotic beauty. The pages hold the almost intolerable sweetness of East Indian poesy, which confuses or delights the Occidental reader, according to his temperament and his demand for a moral stimulus. And here is the very antithesis of "Gitanjali"—the "Ardours and Endurances" of the

young English poet, Robert Nichols; full of the passionate action, the rending endeavors, the sickening griefs of the battle-line. It is lofty and lovely poetry, but stern in its deeper moods—not to be read by the faint-hearted. It should be given with meticulous selection, not with random generosity.

There is still more poetry: John Gould Fletcher's "Japanese Prints", brief bits of unrhymed verse, with the delicacy of cherry blossoms on rice paper; Judd Mortimer Lewis's "Christmas Days", full of children and cheer, home and humanity—a capital gift for the perennially young; Walter Prichard Eaton's exhilarating out-of-door verses, "Echoes and Realities"; the "Vita Nuova" of Rossetti taking new life from a gorgeousness of silver and vellum. Lola Ridge has made some poetic pictures of "The Ghetto", expressed in modern verse, with sincerity and freshness. James Joyce's "Chamber Music" is a slender book of lyrics sweetly turned. Of a dowager-plumpness beside it are two volumes which ought to make every household happy. These are Carolyn Wells Houghton's "Such Nonsense", an anthology of the best humorous verse; and the new edition of Burton Stevenson's "The Home Book of Verse", with its four thousand pages of pure poetry.

A book such as nearly everybody has been looking for is "Songs of Men", compiled by Robert Frothingham. It is a collection of verse for men, with a swinging range of the gamut of emotions; it sings of camping and seafaring, of mining and mountain-climbing, of cow-punching and horse-wrangling, of prospecting, pioneering, loving, and fighting. From the woodsman to the col-

lege professor, every man will read this small volume with keen delight. It is bound in orange-colored boards, of a size that will slip easily into a valise or an overcoat pocket.

"Walking-Stick Papers" is the name of a book of familiar essays by Robert Cortes Holliday. There is plenty of good talk in the world, but this is good talk with a tang to it, a very special flavor which it would be impossible to imitate. The book has all the ingredients of the best conversation—a large deal of fun-making, wit with a thrust of satire in it, friendly humor, not a little serious contemplation, and a touch of tenderness in unexpected places. A reprinted prose work shows Oscar Wilde at his best, in perfect restraint and superb smooth polish of phrase and word; this is "A House of Pomegranates", with a foreword by H. L. Mencken, and Beardsley-ish illustrations by the young Russian, Ben Kutcher. "The Blue Bird", also, appears in a new guise—an edition illustrated with photographs from the motion pictures of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation; and beside it is "The Betrothal", a sequel to "The Blue Bird", translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Tytyl and Mytyl appear again, with a great company of Ancestors; though we miss Sugar and Bread, as well as dear Dog and spiteful Cat.

A book which may be classified either as fiction or religion is "Abraham's Bosom", by Basil King. Of small size and attractively bound, it could safely be given to one of serious inclination. It is concerned, as many books are at present, with the Hereafter, and the view which it presents is consoling and even inspiring, since it insists upon the literalness of what we all more or less

figuratively believe: that there is no death, and that all real life is spiritual. Three "picture books" of violently differing types complete our holiday list. One which would be a source of perpetual joy to its possessor is "Modern Art", an assembling of pictures by artists of the Allied nations. The wonderful colored plates are very modern indeed, but not too bizarre. Merely to turn the pages on a gloomy day would exhilarate the most jaded misanthrope. A pretty penny the book costs; but not too much if one wishes to give a really choice present to a discerning spirit. The scathing satires of Louis Raemaekers are collected in the new volume "America in the War"—"each cartoon faced with a page of comment by a distinguished American, the text forming an anthology of public opinion". These drawings will long retain their interest as a record of the outraged sentiment of a free nation. The third and last of our picture-books is E. Boyd Smith's "After they Came out of the Ark", being the merry adventures of Mr. Noah as the somewhat unwilling curator of the only original menagerie.

Having gone back to the Flood, we have found a good place to stop in our pursuit of Christmas books. We have discovered that all varieties and prices await the Christmas shopper; and that the only embarrassment he can suffer is an empty purse or an undecided mind—assuredly not any dearth of gift-books; that is to say, of books for gifts.

English Fairy Tales. By Flora Annie Steel. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. The Macmillan Co.

Dream Boats. By Dugald Stewart Walker. Illustrated by the author. Doubleday Page and Co.

Tyl Eulenspiegel. By Charles de Coster. With an Introduction by Maurice Maeterlinck. Woodcuts by M. Delstanche. Robert M. McBride and Co.

Canadian Wonder Tales. By Cyrus Macmillan. Foreword by Sir William Peterson. John Lane Co.

Fairy Tales. By Hans Andersen. Illustrated by Harry Clarke. Brentano's.

Japanese Fairy Tales. By Lafcadio Hearn. Boni and Liveright.

In the Wilds of South America. By Leo E. Miller. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Jungle Peace. By William Beebe. Henry Holt and Co.

Camps and Trails in China. By Roy Chapman Andrews and Yvette Borup Andrews. D. Appleton and Co.

My Chinese Days. By Gulielma Alsop. Little, Brown and Co.

Colorado, the Queen Jewel of the Rockies. By Mae Lacy Baggs. The Page Co.

Florida, the Land of Enchantment. By Nevin O. Winter. The Page Co.

The Catskills. By T. Morris Longstreth. The Century Co.

Fifth Avenue. By Arthur Bartlett Maurice. Illustrated by Allan G. Cram. Dodd, Mead and Co.

The Romance of Old Philadelphia. By John T. Faris. J. B. Lippincott Co.

Historic Shrines of America. By John T. Faris. George H. Doran Company.

Far Away and Long Ago. By W. H. Hudson. E. P. Dutton and Co.

Confessions of an Opera Singer. By Kathleen Howard. Alfred A. Knopf.

Out of the Shadow. By Rose Cohen. George H. Doran Company.

The Golden Road. By Lillian Whiting. Little, Brown and Co.

Over the Seas for Uncle Sam. By Elaine Sterne. Britton Pub. Co.

Shelly's Elopement. By Alexander Harvey. Alfred A. Knopf.

Eminent Victorians. By Lytton Strachey. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Life and Letters of Joel Chandler Harris. By Julia Collier Harris. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Private Life of Marie Antoinette. By Madame Campan. Memoir of Madame Campan. By F. Barrière. Revised by F. M. Graves. Introduction and notes by J. Holland Rose. Brentano's.

Memoirs of the Duke de Saint-Simon. Translated and edited by Francis Arkwright. Brentano's.

Gitanjali and Fruit Gathering. By Rabindranath Tagore. Illustrated by Nandalal Bose, Surendranath Kar, and Others. The Macmillan Co.

Ardours and Endurances. By Robert Nichols. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Japanese Prints. By John Gould Fletcher. The Four Seas Company.

Christmas Days. By Judd Mortimer Lewis. The Robert J. Shores Corporation.

Echoes and Realities. By Walter Prichard Eaton. George H. Doran Company.

La Vita Nuova—The New Life of Dante. Translated by D. G. Rossetti. Illustrated by Evelyn Paul. Brentano's.

The Ghetto and Other Poems. By Lola Ridge. B. W. Huebsch.

Chamber Music. By James Joyce. B. W. Huebsch.

Such Nonsense. Compiled by Carolyn Wells. George H. Doran Company.

The Home Book of Verse. Compiled by Burton E. Stevenson. Henry Holt and Co.

Songs of Men. Compiled by Robert Frothingham. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Walking-Stick Papers. By Robert Cortes Holliday. George H. Doran Company.

A House of Pomegranates. By Oscar Wilde. Foreword by H. L. Mencken. Illustrations by Ben Kitcher. Moffat, Yard and Co.

The Blue Bird. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Dodd, Mead and Co.

The Betrothal. By Maurice Maeterlinck.

Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Dodd, Mead and Co.

Abraham's Bosom. By Basil King. Harper and Bros.

Modern Art. Text by Charles Marriott and "Tis". Frederick A. Stokes Co.

America in the War. Cartoons by Louis Raemaekers. The Century Co.

After They Came Out of the Ark. By E. Boyd Smith. Illustrated by the author. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE RUSSIAN THEATRE UNDER THE REVOLUTION: PLAYS WITHIN A PLAY

BY OLIVER M. SAYLER

It wasn't a promising prospect for a winter of calm consideration of the Russian Theatre, as I sat one morning in November, 1917, in the Yaroslavl station in Moscow on the bench which had been my couch the preceding night. Down by the Kremlin the big guns had been booming ever since my journey across Siberia had come to an end the previous afternoon. Out on the street in front of the station the rattle of small arms rose and fell with all the realism of a well-staged Western melodrama. Evidently I was to have my fill of drama *à la nature* and out of doors, if not within the confines of Aristotle and the four walls of a theatre.

Somewhat in the spirit of the defeated candidate who buys the cold grey newspapers the dawn of the morning after election, I had counted out my postage-stamp copecks at the station news-stand in payment for the latest copies of "The Theatrical Gazette" and "The Theatre and Art", weekly journalistic records respectively of the stages of Moscow and Petrograd. It didn't help much to turn the pages and figure out what plays I could have seen if the Bolsheviks hadn't been so prompt in starting their

revolution. I could have heard Shalopin sing in Petrograd. I could have seen "The Blue Bird" and "The Cherry Orchard" and "The Village Stepanchikovo", a play made from untranslated Dostoyevsky, at the Moscow Art Theatre. I could have seen Oscar Wilde's "Salome" in cubist dress at the Kamerny. I could have seen Mordkin dance at the Theatre of the Soviet of Workmen's Deputies. But the Soviet had decided to produce an impromptu pageant of its own in the streets of Moscow. And the Soviet brooks no competition!

I had only myself to blame if I was not satisfied with my lot. There was no evidence in distant America that the Russian theatre had survived three years of war and six months of half-revolution. It had not survived significantly in orderly England or in sobered France or even in neutral New York. With us and with the western Europeans, war revealed our theatre only too clearly as a luxury, a pastime and an industry. But I thought I knew the Russians and the fundamental demand of the Russian spirit for artistic expression. I knew from the testimony of Gordon Craig and others that Moscow and Petrograd