

have the actual leaves from the notebooks of the master sculptor, and his meditations on his art, on modelling, on flowers, on portraiture, on nature, and on the great works of the past, are expressed in lucid language and with the simplicity and veracity of profound experience and observation. Perhaps in no better way could the average reader gain a knowledge of the heroic mould in which this giant among men was cast than through this carefully compiled collection of Rodin's views. In it we hear the master chat, now in his atelier about some piece of antique sculpture that has come into his possession, or about a work he has in hand, now while he rambles in his garden or through the museums or the old streets of Paris. And through it all runs the golden strain of personality that aids the mind to grasp the lofty nature of the greatest of modern sculptors. Last month *THE BOOKMAN* presented a short sketch of Rodin by one of his friends in the literary world, M. Jules Bois.

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Louis Raemakers, the famous Dutch cartoonist, now in this country, whom the London *Times* has called "the only great The Making of a Cartoonist genius brought out by the war," was unheard

of before the war began. On August 1, 1914, he was living quietly with his family, contentedly painting the tulip-fields, waterways, cattle, and windmills of his native Holland. Four days later he drew the first cartoon, *Christendom After Twenty Centuries*, of a series that was to reveal him as a champion of civilisation and make his name a household word in every country. Raemakers personally investigated the Belgian horror, and though a hundred of his early cartoons bear witness to the burning impression made upon his mind, he has only once brought himself to speak publicly of this experience. It was at a dinner given the artist at the Savage Club, London, that, pointing to the portraits of Peary, Scott, Nansen, and Shackleton, Raemakers said: "I, too,

have been an explorer, gentlemen. I have explored a hell, and it was terror unspeakable."

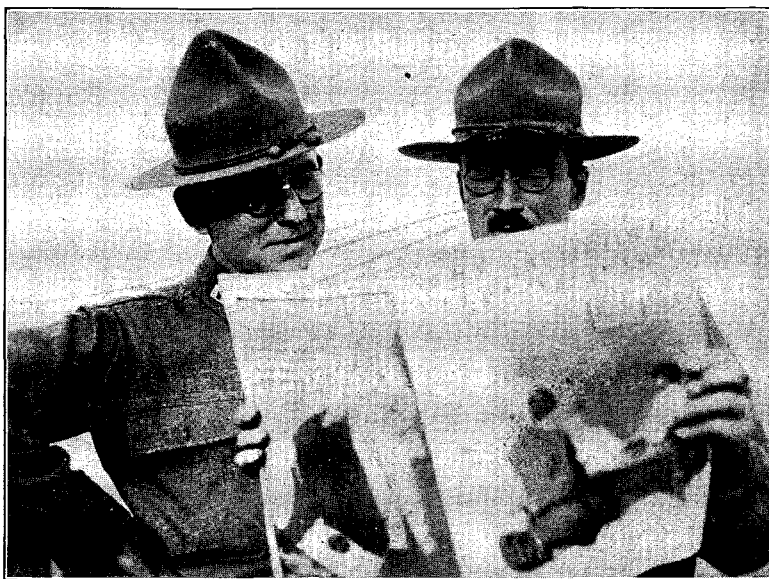
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Raemakers is in his forty-eighth year. He is of medium height and build, with the fair beard and hair, light blue eyes and ruddy complexion of the typical Hollander. With his wife and three children he lives modestly in a suburb of London, think-



SHOLOM ASCH, THE "MOST VIGOROUSLY EFFECTIVE" YIDDISH WRITER, ACCORDING TO DR. GOLDBERG'S ARTICLE IN THIS ISSUE

ing always and only of the war and planning pictures to aid the Allies' cause. He is a quick worker—scarcely one of his black and white drawings takes more than a couple of hours to execute—wielding his crayon in swift, vigorous lines. He scarcely changes a line once it is down, and never uses a model. As a mere material record of industry, Raemakers is probably unique in the world's history. Since the beginning of the war



MAJOR STEWART EDWARD WHITE (LEFT) AND CAPTAIN PETER B. KYNE, FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THESE TWO CALIFORNIA AUTHORS IN MILITARY SERVICE. CAPTAIN KYNE'S LAST NOVEL WAS "WEBSTER—MAN'S MAN"; MAJOR WHITE'S NEW BOOK, "SIMBA," WILL BE PUBLISHED IN MARCH

he has drawn over six hundred cartoons. There is not a single phase of the war, military, naval, or political, that has not formed a basis for his artistic comment, and the cream of his later work has been gathered between the covers of *Kultur in Cartoons*, with explanatory text by such well-known writers as Eden Phillpotts, Sidney Lee, Edmund Gosse.

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In the late summer of 1908, at the end of the parliamentary session, Mr. Lloyd

Lloyd George in Germany

George traversed Germany many from west to east and from north to south. It was a very systematic motor-tour. The object of the tour was to investigate the German system of National Insurance. Harold Spender, who was a member of the Lloyd George party, has written a highly interesting account of Lloyd George's experiences in Germany in his biography, *The Prime Minister*, soon to be published in this country. He says:

Bethmann-Hollweg was at that time "Home Secretary," a vigorous, amiable Min-

ister of the official kind, sincerely keen on social reforms; a Junker of the better type. He treated Mr. Lloyd George with great courtesy. He returned from his holiday, and specially entertained him and his party in the famous restaurant at the Zoological Gardens at Berlin. He invited many eminent members of the German Civil Service to meet us. Every one was very gracious and polite—almost too polite for comfort. After dinner we went into a large reception room, and there we remained standing all the evening, talking and looking at one another. Toward the end of the evening we began to feel very fatigued. I ventured to ask one of the German officials whether it would be the correct thing to sit down. "Oh!" he said, "we have all been waiting for you to sit down! We, too, are very tired!"

In the middle of this rivalry in fatigue, they brought round great glasses of foaming beer in Prussian fashion. Mr. Lloyd George, who is almost a teetotaler, looked at the glasses with a scared expression. Then suddenly his face grew resolute. "We must show that Great Britain is not to be left behind!"