



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 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!"

The conversation drifted to King Edward's visit to the Russian Czar at Reval. That visit had caused a great ferment in Germany, and gave suspicions of British intentions. Bethmann-Hollweg voiced those suspicions in the frankest manner. "You are trying to encircle us!" he cried to Mr. Lloyd George. "You and France and Russia are attempting to strangle us!"

Mr. Lloyd George assured him of the friendliness of Great Britain toward all the great Powers; but for the moment he refused to be appeased. He thumped the table with his hand. "The Prussian Government has only to lift a finger," he cried, "and every living Prussian will die for the Fatherland!"

Mr. Lloyd George listened to all this with his characteristic calmness and good-humour. "But what about the other Germans?" he put in at this point.

A shadow passed over the face of the Prussian Minister.

"Oh! they?" he said with a gesture. "They, too, will come along!"

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Why is fiction regarded with a certain condescension? The novel is the test case for democratic literature. We cannot afford to pay its practitioners with cash merely, for cash discriminates in quantity and little more. Saul and David were judged by the numbers of their thousands slain; but the test was a crude one for them and cruder still for fiction. We cannot afford to patronise these novelists as our ancestors did before us. Not prizes of endowments or coterie worship, nor, certainly, more advertising, is what the American novelist requires, but a greater respect for his craft. The Elizabethan playwright was frequently despised of the learned world, and, if a favourite, not always respected of the vulgar. Strange that learned and vulgar alike should repeat the fallacy in dispraising the pre-eminent popular art of our own times! To Sir Francis Bacon, *Hamlet* was presumably only a play-

actor's play. If the great American story should arrive at last, would we not call it "only a novel"? The reasons for this deplorable attitude toward the novel are analysed in an article entitled *On a Certain Condescension Toward Fiction*, by Professor Henry Seidel Canby, announced for the February *Century*. The novel, according to Professor Canby, was given a bad name in its youth that has overshadowed its successful maturity.

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It is just twenty years since the book *David Harum* first saw the light. In

A "David Harum" Exhibit that time more than a million copies have been sold and the book has apparently won a permanent position as one of the classics of American country life and humour. Recognising this, the Syracuse Public Library, proud of its association with the birthplace of the author, has for the past year been collecting material for a "David Harum" exhibit, which is now in place. This includes the first type-written manuscript of the book, the manuscript which the publishing house of D. Appleton and Company used as "copy," portraits of Edward Noyes Westcott, a piece of manuscript music written with his own hand, copies of the different editions of the book, portraits of William H. Crane in the stage version of the story, both on the regular stage and in the movies, and scrap-books kept by Mrs. William H. Crane, Mr. Forbes Heermans, and Mrs. Victor Morawetz, the daughter of the author.

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A new edition calls to mind a very wonderful book that should not be forgotten by admirers of the best in fiction and of what is at the same time unusual, unconventional. *The Wonderful Adventures of Phra the Phœnician*, by Edwin Lester Arnold, is unique in its conception, and in those illusive qualities of "atmosphere" and attitude toward life it is fascinating and compelling; above all it

Our Contemporary
Deplores the
Lot of Fiction

A Great
Story