Is "Under Sail" another "Two Years Before the Mast"? Not quite. Dana dropped many Back Bay traditions with the longshore swash that he threw overboard as he sailed out of Boston harbor in 1834, but he could not get rid of an inherited bent for poetry and philosophic reflection, which helped to make the book what it is. "Under Sail" is without much poetry, but it is if anything a more convincingly accurate transcription of forec's'le life and talk.

The story, too, of the long, grueling voyage to Honolulu and back is well told and worth telling, if only to show how little life on a sailing vessel in 1898 had changed since sixty years before. The same characters and incidents recur—the bucko mate, the human derelict with his wild yarn of the South Seas, the man overboard, setting up and tarring down rigging, glorious days of steady running before the trades—in short, such matter as has formed the warp and woof of deep-sea voyaging since ships and sails were known.

In Dana's time the primacy of sail was still unthreatened. But twenty years ago crews were already cut down to the lowest limit in vain economic struggle with steam. "The A. J. Fuller" (1,848 tons), in which the author of "Under Sail" shipped before the mast, carried three officers, eighteen A. B.'s, a Japanese steward and a Chinese cook, hardly a quarter of the complement formerly taken in a ship of her size. The palmy days of sail are doubtless gone forever, but we now have good prospect of a great American merchant marine again afloat on the Seven Seas. With it will come an opportunity for writers who can picture life on plodding tramp and swift liner with imagination such as Dana's, or with the complete, sympathetic, inside knowledge of this later chronicler of sail.

Under Sail. By Captain Felix Reisinger. George H. Doran Company.

MOSTLY ABOUT BIRDS

By Walter Prichard Eaton

Mankind may be roughly divided into two classes—those who want to shoot birds and those who want to save them. Each class regards the other with hostility and contempt. The one is "brutal", the other "sentimental". To the latter class, a book like Roosevelt's account of his game hunting in Africa is objectionable. Yet, on the other hand, Roosevelt himself would probably have highly approved of Dr. Charles Wendell Townsend's "In Audubon's Labrador", because our hearty ex-President paradoxically preached conservation with a gun in his hands, and would have considered anything less than an elephant as too small fry, anyhow. Besides, he was a naturalist of no small knowledge, though, like Dr. Townsend, an amateur. This Boston physician and ornithologist, fleeing the war and its problems for a vacation, recently followed the track Audubon took in 1833, along the so-called Newfoundland coast of Labrador, and his book, after a preliminary résumé of Audubon's journey, with quotations from the great man's journal, is a record of the conditions he found there nearly a century later, the ornithological conditions primarily, of course, but not ignoring other sides as well—botanical, animal, mineral, and human. He writes simply, easily, without any affectation of a "style" which he does not naturally possess, and above all he doesn't overcrowd his pages with those ecstatic bird notes which may bring

pleasure to a fellow ornithologist, but which afflict the ordinary reader with an acute pain. The result is a quietly vivid picture of the Labrador coast and its summer life, with a shifting foreground of rocky islands where the shore-birds breed and man in his selfishness and thoughtlessness works unceasingly to exterminate them.

Think for a moment of what we have already exterminated on this continent, to our great detriment—the passenger-pigeon, the buffalo, the great auk, the heath-hen (practically), the wild turkey (practically), and we are doing our best by the ruffed grouse, the woodcock, etc. In Alaska, we have about finished the caribou. It is hardly for us, then, to point accusingly at the "eggers" from Newfoundland and the Labrador coast inhabitants themselves, who are still at their "sport" which Audubon condemned so bitterly, and which Dr. Townsend shows is already resulting in the sad diminution of many shore-birds, and the approaching extinction of others, especially of the eider-duck. It has been a long, hard fight even in the United States, and in the magic name of Audubon, to bring about decent protective laws, and to get them obeyed by the pot-hunters, the "sportsmen", the pioneer descendants who think only of their own "right" to kill, and not at all of the right of society to protect itself and its future. Dr. Townsend foresees even more difficulty in such a remote frontier as the Labrador coast, where policing is hard and the natural conditions offer special temptations, because this shore is the great North American breeding-ground for vast species of birds. His solution would be reservations, which could be policed, and which could be made educational to the natives, not antagonistic. As that has proved the best solution even in our more "civilized" United States, he is probably right, and may the day of these reservations come speedily.

Education, of course, is essential to any proper enforcement of game preservation laws, and it must begin young. You can teach a boy to study, not to kill. But you cannot teach his father. That is the true reason for three other books before us. They all aim to inspire in the youthful mind an interest in birds or animals, a closer, more intimate knowledge of them, and hence in later years a love for them which will result in an understanding of why it is both desirable and more nobly civilized to protect and cherish them.

Two of these books go about it in the same way, by means of stories. T. Gilbert Pearson, Secretary of the National Association of Audubon Societies, in his little book "Tales from Birdland", narrates the life adventures of a herring-gull, a king bird, a robin, a crow, and so forth, with less than the dramatic excitement of a Seton-Thompson animal story, but with a pleasant simplicity suited to young minds, and a great deal of useful information and bird-lore concealed by the way.

H. Waddingham Sears, in "Nature Stories to Tell to Children", doesn't confine himself to birds. He roams from hermit-crabs to bull moose. His stories are brief, almost handy, helps to parents. But they can also be read verbatim with good effect. Perhaps that would be better. When the average parent departs from the text for such matters, some weird natural history may usually be expected.

"A Year with the Birds", by Alice E. Ball, is illustrated in full color by Robert Bruce Horsfall, who, like Louis Fuertes, is as careful that his backgrounds are correct as that his birds themselves are rightly colored. These plates are mostly excellent, far better than in the average bird guide. Indeed, they almost constitute a bird guide. We wish we could say as much for the author's share in the work, which was, apparently, to compose a poem for each bird, on the theory that children remember rhymes better than prose. Possibly they do, but we should hate to think, then, of the effect on their poetic taste of some of this verse, however much it increased their love of birds. Here, for instance, begins "The Legend of the Kingfisher":

Bold Æolus was King of the winds,
And he dwelt on a wondrous isle;
His palace rose high from a rocky cliff—
'Twas visible many a mile.

We can only regret that the Sweet Singer of Michigan lived before the days of juvenile nature study. After all, she was the real master of this particular poetic manner, and if our children are to be taught by it, why not have the best?

In Audubon's Labrador. By Charles Wendell Townsend, M. D. Houghton Mifflin Co.
Tales from Birdland. By T. Gilbert Pearson. Doubleday, Page and Co.
Nature Stories to Tell to Children. By H. Waddingham Sears. Dodd, Mead and Co.
A Year with the Birds. By Alice E. Ball. Dodd, Mead and Co.

GOLF FOR THE LITERARY

BY JOHN SEYMOUR WOOD

Thackeray took no exercise, and advised his brother authors to put shoemaker's wax on their chairs and stick to their last—(novel). Dickens avoided sleep and indigestion by taking long walks at night; while Anthony Trollope rose at five, wrote till eight, then after working a few hours in the post-office, spent his afternoons riding to hounds. H. G. Wells, as he gets on in years and discretion, has discarded his favorite youthful lacrosse for more sober golf; he says he is "a sapper and a miner at the game and finds that it has as many traps as life has". Arnold Bennett plays at golf irregularly, at a club within easy distance of the Five Towns. He steps along very cocky and jaunty on the links, and wears a loud red plaid and gallant knee breeches. He never has to shout "fore!" when he plays—everyone hears him coming afar off. Andrew Lang, like every true Scot, enjoyed the national game, kept bags of clubs at different country houses of friends, particularly hated all caddies, but played very seldom. Balfour could always give him five strokes or more. This Admirable Crichton appears to be good at everything he undertakes—spiritualism, philosophy, moral essays, statesmanship,—he is besides an excellent golfer among statesmen of his own years and, one may add, according to the old saw, an excellent statesman among golfers. Balfour is now past the age of entering tournaments, but rarely misses a rainless afternoon on the links. He wrote to a friend the other day that he sizes up men accord-