

CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOKS

BY MARGARET ASHMUN

THE business of printing books has become, so we hear, a perilous enterprise, what with the high cost of white paper and the scandalous wages of printers' (and other) devils, to say nothing of the preference of the public for silk hosiery and flamboyant head-gear rather than chaste volumes of prose and verse. But since we have gone out searching for the signs of Christmas in the lairs of the publishers, we have decided that this scare-head talk about the decline of publishing is all nonsense, or that the makers of books are the most self-sacrificing people in the world. For there is no lack of books—new, tempting, luscious books, just off the press, books that one's fingers burn to take hold of, that one palpitates to read, to run away with, and to own.

And so you who have begun to jot down lists of expectant friends and relations need put off no longer your yearly excursion to the bookshops. You have wavered, perhaps, as we all have done, between a brocaded work-bag and a pair of bedroom slippers for one relative; and between a red silk muffler and a silver pencil for another. But as you nose about in the bookshop, your burden of indecision will shrink away. It is to be a book, after all, you sigh gratefully. And well may it be; for a book will last on, giving ungrudgingly of its pleasures, when the bedroom slippers and the silk muf-

fler have degenerated into rags and gone to make paper—to print more books!

This year, if ever, one has a choice array from which to select the absolutely right volume. In our survey of the fall publications, it is wise perhaps to make a distinction between Christmas books, as such, and books which are given at Christmas. The holiday season would not seem complete without the gift-book *per se*, which lends its lure of color to the windows and the shelves.

A gorgeous volume of this jocund sort is a new "Westward Ho!" illustrated in color by N. C. Wyeth. A galleon with bulging sails against a yellow sunset is displayed upon the cover; and within are swashbuckling figures in the costumes of the good old days when sea-dogs and even stay-at-homes could not if they tried be less than picturesque. Mr. Wyeth has another notable piece of work in the new "Robinson Crusoe", a boon for childish hearts and for older ones as well. The original drawings in color may be seen at the New York Public Library. "The Courtship of Miles Standish" is newly reprinted, too, with full plate color-pictures by Mr. Wyeth, and a brief introduction by Ernest W. Longfellow, the poet's son. The plates are brilliant of tint, with that realistic atmosphere which Mr. Wyeth knows so well how to give to his pictures of the

past. This book will be a treasure to any young person becoming acquainted with American history and literature, or to any older person to whom they have already become endeared.

The folk-lore element is never wanting at Christmas time; and we have it at its best in the noble book of British Ballads, illustrated by Arthur Rackham. Everybody knows the drawings in color with which Mr. Rackham is wont to embellish the classics; and he embellishes all that he touches, so that if the text be not a classic it becomes so in his hands. This new volume is, if possible, more exquisite than those preceding. It is all that heart could wish,—a book to be pored upon beside the fire, and read and read again. The fortunate recipient will find herself saying over and over,

Binnorie, oh, Binnorie!

as she turns the toast for breakfast, and

This ae night, this ae night,
Every night and all,

as she draws the shades and lights the lamps at evening. And she will see the pictures with her inward eye at all times and seasons as the year goes on.

Then there is "Grimm's Fairy Tales", which no one ever gets too old to read, illustrated delightfully this time by Elenore Abbott. And there is "Aladdin in Rhyme", by Arthur Ransome, with pictures and decorations by Mackenzie. This is in reality a "grownup" book, with an emphasis on design which enriches the fancy of all who gaze and ponder. "Tytyl", a Maeterlinck book for young people, is illustrated by Herbert Paus with color-drawings which the children's elders should not miss.

The tercentenary of the Pilgrims doubtless inspired the publisher who

has issued the striking new edition of "The Scarlet Letter" in an unusually handsome binding, with color-prints by Hugh Thomson. Not the least of the attractions of the book are the pictures in which Hawthorne himself appears. The elfin quality of the child Pearl is significantly expressed, as well as the sad dignity of Hester Prynne.

"Great Artists and Their Works", by A. Mansfield Brooks, has come out in an illustrated edition, with sixteen half-tone prints representing the best pictorial art of the world.

A book which will find great favor as long as its limited edition lasts is "The Tiger in the House", by Carl Van Vechten. The cat receives here the apotheosis which is her due, and cat-lovers will take immense satisfaction in the thoroughness with which Mr. Van Vechten has exploited the domestic tiger. This is a book to relish with much perusal; unique; a triumph of the printer-persons who toil so wholeheartedly to make books beautiful as well as readable.

An entirely different sort of thing is "The Good Cheer Book", compiled by Blanche E. Herbert. It will no doubt be a popular gift at Christmas. It has a bright cover of blue and gold, symbolic of its content of selections embodying hope and encouragement and incentive. Its persistent iteration of the fact that life is well worth living should bring a year's happiness to many, and soften the harsh contacts of the world.

A story which has a real Christmas flavor, and which would warm the heart of anybody whatever is "The Little House", by Coningsby Dawson. It is simply and quietly bound, as becomes the simple and quiet story of the lady who needed to be loved, as all

ladies do, and of the American officer who needed rest. The old house in an obscure street in London tells the tale in a whimsical way, taking no very great number of pages to relate anew the miracle of fireside and lamplight and child-voices and gentle woman-kindness. We see the end from the beginning; but it is a happy Christmas-y ending, and it leaves us gratified that two war-weary mortals have found rest and love.

So much for the "really truly" Christmas books. The greater number on the publishers' holiday lists are just especially fine books which will be reread and savored and quoted and treasured throughout the year.

Books of travel and the out-of-doors appeal to almost everyone in this day and age. There is a plentiful, almost confusing, supply. "The Sea and the Jungle" is a fresh tingling book, which makes the blood of the landlubber flow faster, and his heart yearn for some personal insight into the life of the sailor—the sort of thing which those who endure the polite restrictions of passenger ships can never know. There is a richness of living which the unadventurous shrivel away without having the courage to acquire. We see it here in the record of an unexpected voyage taken by a scrivening soul whom the city has caught and caged. Persuaded by the acrid instigations of the skipper, he ships as purser on the cargo-boat "Capella", bound from Swansea to Para, thence eight hundred miles up the Amazon. The rigors of the trip constitute rashness for an indoor man. The author tells his story with unflagging vivacity, with the quip and anecdote which appropriately enliven the pages of travel. There is a sea-savor in the book, and there is the fragrance of tropic shores, mixed with less salubri-

ous odors of cooking and cattle and swamps and other things. The book, indeed, becomes at times a bit too realistic for the squeamish reader. It is reading for the man, and for the woman with a vigorous taste.

"South Sea Foam" is the alluring title of a new book by A. Safroni-Middleton who has written other volumes detailing curious or lurid or poetic experiences in the southern hemisphere. In this new book he combines the annals of his adventures with the tales told him by Samoan or Tahitian *raconteurs*. Not the least stimulating portions are those devoted to the sailing vessels in which the author has pursued his study of man and nature. Here appear the real old "shellbacks" of the sea, tough and seasoned tars, bearded and tattooed, grim and pathetic figures that are comic or epic, as one chooses to view them. Here, too, are the natives of coral islands, and beachcombers, and cannibal kings, and flower-crowned queens, and what not. This again is the man's book; and it would be strange if some sober householder should not succumb to its seductions and slip away (during spring housecleaning, or the moving season, perhaps) to ship stealthily on a freighter bound for the South Seas.

It is difficult to speak adequately of the almost indescribable charm of Rockwell Kent's "Wilderness", in which the starkest simplicity mingles with the purest poetic feeling. The author-artist spent six months, in company with his nine-year-old son and an ancient fox-breeder, on Fox Island, in Resurrection Bay, Alaska. "Wilderness" is the journal of that sojourn, "a record of quiet adventure", and of primitive household events. The sense of isolation enhances the loveliness of white ice-bound peaks,

and of lapis-blue Arctic seas. The book holds that exalted beauty which comes when a reverence of spirit pervades the humblest activities which preserve the physical life. The drawings are of a Blake-like solemnity and wonder. Never give this book to a small-souled person. Choose it for the most discerning person you know, who can feel perfection in the seemingly effortless art of the true artist.

A somewhat puzzling book is "Alaska Man's Luck", by one Hjalmar Rutzebeck. It purports to be the diary of a young Dane's experience in Alaska, where he suffers incredible hardships and humiliations, including various terms in jail and consequent pursuit by officers of the law when he escapes to the wilds. Whatever its origin, the book is assuredly written in the vernacular of the unschooled rover whose desire for self-expression impels him to put down, in the minutest detail, the record of his miseries and of his ultimate triumph. It must be confessed that the tale is fascinating, in spite of, or perhaps because of its naïveté.

"Seeing the Far West", by John T. Faris, is a thick volume finely illustrated from photographs, which combines, for the general reader, the history and the geography of the Far Western States. Those who have been in the regions which it describes will enjoy revisiting the scenes of their enchantment; and those who have not will like to go through the book, planning the trip which they are going to take when railroad rates go down. In these well-printed pages are cliffs and canyons and gold mines, ranches, waterfalls, glaciers, and snow-covered ranges, and all the other wonders of the West, accompanied by fragments of history which make the book diverting as well as instructive. "Seeing the

Far West" is a desirable addition to any home library.

Travel in foreign lands is well represented, for those who like the attractions of distant climes. Edith Wharton's "In Morocco" is a model of restrained and rounded prose, as well as a vivid picture of Oriental richness. It is, we may say, a perfectly well-bred book, dignified, beautiful in form and content, failing in no lure of intellect or vivacity.

Another novelist turned traveler is Archibald Marshall, whose "A Spring Walk in Provence" is a volume of finished excellence, written without affectation, but with due regard for the stateliness of English prose. The book is the chronicle of a tramp through Southern France. Scenery, history, and legend combine to give the text the right variety and interest, and there are numbers of pictures. This and the preceding volume would make an ideal gift for a cultivated person who has "traveled", and who has an appreciation of the wayfarer's narrative well told.

Still another book of travel by another novelist is "A West Country Pilgrimage", by Eden Phillpotts. It is without doubt one of the most distinctive books of the season. The text consists of sixteen short sketches descriptive of scenes in Devon, written by an accomplished *littérateur* who knows and loves the West Country landscape and character. Every sketch is a clear-cut picture in itself, in which a bit of moor, a castle, or a tiny wind-swept town is painted with swift strokes of words. But this is not all. There are sixteen corresponding full-page illustrations in color, by A. T. Benthall, all of them rich and warm of hue and beautiful of design. The book represents the happiest combining of language, printing, and art. What

more could one look for on the Christmas tree!

"By-Paths in Sicily", by Eliza Putnam Heaton, is a scholarly and yet not lustreless book, devoted largely to the superstitions of an elemental people, for whom the evil eye and the doorway charm are more real than the enlightenments of modern civilization.

"The Spell of Brittany", by Ange M. Mosher, has an introduction by Anatole le Braz. Mrs. Mosher was an American woman who gave her later years to the country of her affection, bent on understanding and interpreting the soul of this small but potently individual corner of the earth. She, too, has drawn upon the legends and the poetry of the peasants, and has depicted with honest friendliness the simple souls who live and die in daily contact with their saints and heroes.

An out-of-door book which is not concerned with travels is "Casting Tackle and Methods", by O. W. Smith, the angling editor of "Outdoor Life". This is a free and easy book, full of authentic information given with the jocular assurance of the long-experienced angler. It could become a reference manual to the beginner in the subtle art of casting; and it could not fail to be a delight to the enthusiast of the sort who, like one whom the present writer knows, practises with his casting rod among the snowdrifts of the back yard, in the dead vast and middle of the winter. Scattered among the pages of shrewd advice and technical instruction are yarns and fish-stories, presumably true; and tales and parables of deep significance to the sportsman. There are few men who would not be overjoyed to see this volume among their holiday gifts.

Peculiarly appropriate to the season of 1920 is the new book by Mary Caroline Crawford, "In the Days of the

Pilgrim Fathers". This is a plump volume bearing upon its cover the figure of Saint Gaudens's "The Pilgrim". It begins with the formative years in England, when the Pilgrims were coalescing in spirit and planning a dash for freedom; and then it describes the great adventure on the shores of a new land, its perils and deprivations, its social and religious life. The book gives an inspiring portrayal of the harsh and tender characteristics which made up the Plymouth Pilgrim, intent upon saving his soul and preserving his faith, regardless of the inconveniences and afflictions of the flesh.

Another book pertaining to early American history is "The Crooked and Narrow Streets of the Town of Boston", a piece of work filled with the results of long and careful research. It traces the historic course of lanes and byways which have in these later times become the streets of a great city. It is replete with accurate and minute information, and yet it does not lack the anecdotal vivacity which makes this kind of book good reading. The volume is admirably put together, and the engravings and old maps are especially interesting. A real labor of love on the part of both author and publisher, this volume ought to be welcomed by any American of the old stock who cherishes the traditions and ideals which the new waves of immigration threaten to obliterate.

Good books of biography are always in demand for the serious-minded at Christmas time. One of the most notable works of the season is, of course, Joseph Bucklin Bishop's "Theodore Roosevelt". Anyone who cares at all for good government and prosperity in America should read this. The author has used the letters and speeches of Mr. Roosevelt, so that, as far as possible, the authentic utter-

ances of the great man himself are made to convey his message; and Mr. Bishop's own comment, though unpretentious, carries the reader along willingly from page to page of the two large volumes. This imposing memorial to the most famous of latter-day Americans will surely find its way into great numbers of family circles, regardless of the political creeds which are nurtured there.

A less ambitious witness to the fame of Roosevelt is "Leader of Men", by Robert Gordon Anderson, surprisingly adequate in spite of its small compass. The author has avoided equally the danger of sentimentalism and that of over-analysis; his fine sanity of tone gives to his little book the qualities of lasting excellence.

Another important life story recently published is the autobiography, "Steeplejack", by James Gibbons Huneker, well known as a critic of music and art. A man who has known everybody of note in the fields of art and literature for the last quarter-century, and who has developed an easy and stimulating prose style cannot fail of interest when he comes to write the chronicle of his years. Mr. Huneker is seen in his confessions as a very human being, rich in experience and mellow in philosophy. His narrative becomes by turns merry, stinging, meditative, instructive; but never dull, hypocritical, or self-laudatory. He has performed a difficult task with the utmost skill, albeit with no dainty hand. All musicians will, as a matter of course, want to read this story of "Steeplejack", all critics, all writers, all artists, and all students of human nature.

"Letters of a Javanese Princess" may sound somewhat remote from the present interests of American life, but the book is astonishingly fresh and fas-

cinating. It should be given to the woman who rejoices in every sign of the liberation of the woman-soul from the bondage of tradition and masculine domination. Kartini, a young aristocrat of Java, broke away at an early age from the iron conventions of her native island, and in spite of all opposition succeeded in communicating her ideals to other restive young Javanese women. This gentle and tender and eager creature died pathetically early, but she lives on in these spontaneous letters to some of her Dutch friends. The book is beautifully bound, so that it has a form appropriate for a dignified holiday offering. The translation is by Agnes Louise Symmers, and there is a most sympathetic foreword by the Dutch novelist, Louis Couperus.

"London Days", by Arthur Warren, gives intimate glimpses of celebrated men and women living in England,—close-up views not to be found in the biographies. "An English Wife in Berlin", by Evelyn, Princess Blücher, is a record of the hard realities of German life during the war. This extraordinary volume contains the journal of an English woman married to a German of high rank, and, of course, banished from her own country. There is nothing stale or war-worn in this account. It gives an unvarnished statement of the hardships to which the German people were reduced, and the succession of emotions through which they passed as their armies came closer and closer to certain defeat.

An anonymous book which leaves us pleased but perplexed is "In the Mountains", a bit of biography, if you like, though it may be fiction; it is hard to tell. In the form of a diary it bears witness to the recovery of the hurt heart, after the anguish of the war. In the mountains of Switzer-

land, the author, a woman, enjoys the balm of solitude and then of the soothing companionship of "Dolly" and her sister. An odd romance follows, and when the book closes, we are smiling and wondering,—a fact which proves that it is a successful book, skilfully written.

As ever, drama, poetry, and belles-lettres find a prominent place on the Christmas list. Anyone who has had the good fortune to see Tony Sarg's marionettes performing in "The Rose and the Ring" will realize the possibilities in the theme of the puppet-actors. Helen Haiman Joseph has written "A Book of Marionettes" in which she celebrates the wooden heroes inspired by string and pulley. Her work illumines a little-known phase of the drama, the more completely since she goes back into the early history of puppet-shows and traces their progress and influence. In print and cover and illustrations, her book is a happy creation of the printer's art.

"The Geste of Duke Jocelyn", by Jeffery Farnol, is a mediæval romance. The author in his preface confesses that he is

For critics, schools,
And cramping rules
Heedless and caring not a pin.

And so he proceeds in a truly refreshing manner to write his book exactly as he pleases, jumping informally from poetry to prose, and from the story itself to the remarks made upon it by a real or imaginary daughter (surely she is real) who follows the course of the tale with sprightly commentary. The poetry is right swinging verse, with the thumping echo of knightly scrimmage and all-but-mortal combat. This is a good Christmas book for the incorrigibly romantic, young or old.

For those who like the exotic fancy and mysticism of the East, there is a slender new volume, "The Forerunner", by Kahlil Gibran, the Persian poet, who illustrates his own writings with a series of symbolic drawings. The present group of prose poems consists of short parables concerning man and his destiny, expressed in language which finds its strength in the utmost condensed simplicity.

"Walking-Stick Papers" and "Broome Street Straws" are familiar to readers of good literature; but now those two volumes have become doubly attractive in an edition de luxe, distinguished by quite unimpeachable print, by a quietly handsome binding, and by engraved portraits of the author, Robert Cortes Holliday. The short conversational essays which form Mr. Holliday's *métier* are always robust, always genuine, without attenuations and without platitudes. There is not a line of padding in them, not a malicious word, though there is satire in profusion and wit a-plenty. The life of the boarding-house, the publishing office, the restaurant, the open street is hit off with a combined sympathy and cleverness which puts this collection of papers among the best that has been written in the essay form. The test of a work of this nature is the question as to whether it can be read the second time and the third. "Walking-Stick Papers" and "Broome Street Straws" triumphantly pass this test.

Of the same general type is the new book "Adventures and Enthusiasms", by the well-known English essayist and compiler, E. V. Lucas. Mr. Lucas is not so daring nor so humorous as Mr. Holliday, not so close, one may say, to the common man; but his work is invariably diverting, delicate, sparkling, adapted to the subtlest apprecia-

tions. The new collection of his short essays will be prized by those who delight in the polished phrases of this prolific satirist.

A book appropriate for the man's Christmas is "Pipefuls", by Christopher Morley,—short crisp amusing papers with the mellowness and pungency which are characteristic of this other fluent author's work.

"Gypsy and Ginger", by Eleanor Farjeon, must go to someone who loves glittering fragile nonsense, light and tricky as moonshine. The hard commonplace person who wants his London with a guide-book and his

Fairyland with a geography and foot-notes, will not like this book; but the other sort will.

The skilfully ludicrous is not half plentiful enough in this sad world of printed pages. "Scrambled Eggs", however, is just that. This "barnyard burlesque", written by Lawton Mackall and illustrated by Oliver Herford, will set many Christmas receivers to "quackling" with merriment.

In closing a list not by any means long enough to include a tithe of what the publishers are offering this fall, we must not fail to make further record of some exceedingly beautiful re-

Westward Ho! By Charles Kingsley. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Robinson Crusoe. By Daniel Defoe. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. Cosmopolitan Book Corp.

The Courtship of Miles Standish. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. With an Introduction by Ernest W. Longfellow. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Some British Ballads. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. Dodd, Mead and Co.

Grimm's Fairy Tales. Illustrated by Elenore Abbott. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Aladdin in Rhyme. By Arthur Ransome. Illustrated by Mackenzie Brentano's.

Tytlil. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexandra Teixeira de Mattos. Illustrated by Herbert Paus. Dodd, Mead and Co.

The Scarlet Letter. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. With illustrations by Hugh Thomson. George H. Doran Company.

Great Artists and Their Works. By A. Mansfield Brooks. Marshall Jones Co.

The Tiger in the House. By Carl Van Vechten. Alfred A. Knopf.

The Good Cheer Book. Selected and arranged by Blanche E. Herbert. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Co.

The Little House. By Coningsby Dawson. John Lane Co.

The Sea and the Jungle. By H. M. Tomlinson. E. P. Dutton and Co.

South Sea Foam. By A. Safroni-Middleton. George H. Doran Company.

Wilderness. A Journal of Quiet Adventure in Alaska. By Rockwell Kent. With Drawings by the Author and with an Introduction by Dorothy Canfield. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Alaska Man's Luck. By Hjalmar Rutzebeck. Boni and Liveright.

Seeing the Far West. By John T. Faris. J. B. Lippincott Co.

In Morocco. By Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Spring Walk in Provence. By Archibald Marshall. Dodd, Mead and Co.

A West Country Pilgrimage. By Eden Phillpotts. Illustrated by A. T. Benthall. The Macmillan Co.

By-Paths in Sicily. By Eliza Putnam Heaton. E. P. Dutton and Co.

The Spell of Brittany. By Ange M. Mosher. With an Introduction by Anatole le Braz. Duffield and Co.

Casting Tackle and Methods. By O. W. Smith. Stewart and Kidd Co.

In the Days of the Pilgrim Fathers. By

Mary Caroline Crawford. Little, Brown and Co.

The Crooked and Narrow Streets of the Town of Boston. 1630—1822. By Annie Haven Thwing. Marshall Jones Co.

Theodore Roosevelt and His Time. By Joseph Bucklin Bishop. Two volumes. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Leader of Men. By Robert Gordon Anderson. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Steeplejack. By James Gibbons Huneker. Two volumes. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Letters of a Javanese Princess. By Raden Adjeng Kartini. Translated from the original Dutch by Agnes Louise Symmers. With a Foreword by Louis Couperus. Alfred A. Knopf.

London Days. A Book of Reminiscences. By Arthur Warren. Little, Brown and Co.

An English Wife in Berlin. By Evelyn, Princess Blücher. E. P. Dutton and Co.

In the Mountains. Doubleday, Page and Co.

A Book of Marionettes. By Helen Halman Joseph. B. W. Huebsch.

The Geste of Duke Jocelyn. By Jeffery Farnol. Illustrated by Eric Pape. Little, Brown and Co.

The Forerunner. His Parables and Poems. By Kahili Gibrán. Alfred A. Knopf.

Walking-Stick Papers. Broome Street Straws. By Robert Cortes Holliday. Edition de luxe. George H. Doran Company.

Adventures and Enthusiasms. By E. V. Lucas. George H. Doran Company.

Pipefuls. By Christopher Morley. Illustrated by Walter Jack Duncan. Doubleday, Page and Co.

Gypsy and Ginger. By Eleanor Farjeon. E. P. Dutton and Co.

Scrambled Eggs. By Lawton Mackall. Illustrated by Oliver Herford. Stewart and Kidd Co.

A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy. By Laurence Sterne. Illustrated by Maurice Leloir. Brentano's.

History of Manon Lescaut and of the Chevalier des Grieux. By the Abbé Prevost. With a preface by Guy de Maupassant. Illustrated by Maurice Leloir. Brentano's.

Mademoiselle de Maupin. By Théophile Gautier. Translated with an introduction by Burton Rascoe. Alfred A. Knopf.

Lorna Doone. A Romance of Exmoor. By R. D. Blackmore. Illustrated by Rowland Wheelwright and William Sewell. Dodd, Mead and Co.

The Three Musketeers. By Alexandre Dumas. Illustrated by Rowland Wheelwright. Dodd, Mead and Co.

prints. One is a highly perfected edition of "A Sentimental Journey", with numerous and exquisite drawings by Maurice Leloir. This is a small but clearly printed volume, and moderately priced withal. A companion volume as profusely illustrated but with smaller print is another old favorite, "Manon Lescaut". "Mademoiselle de Maupin" has also appeared anew in a scandalously alluring edition. "Lorna

Doone" has acquired an adornment of sixteen fine colored plates by Rowland Wheelwright and William Sewell; and "The Three Musketeers" has received the same generous embellishment. Still other admirable reprints elude us for lack of space. For all the books not mentioned may we be forgiven, and may the eager purchaser ferret them out in the bewildering fastnesses of the bookshops!

MURRAY HILL ON HIS TRAVELS

SAN FRANCISCO, *November, 1920.*

I OBSERVED one thing in the landscape, during that several thousand miles of travel from Chicago, worthy of remark. We climbed and climbed, and climbed, until the man who sells souvenir booklets descriptive of the "wonders" along the route informed us that we were at a place called "the top of the world". I don't know the "elevation"; you may find that "given" in his books. But, at any rate, the habitable world, as it dropped sheer from the side of the track, looked very far away, and we were in a region of snow. A wild and desolate place. And there, a few feet from the rails, we passed a tiny cabin embowered with roses. Shortly after this, after those mammoth stretches of rocky wildness, those days of rolling plain, from that black ridge we began this mighty descent, and soon were rolling through that wondrous garden-land—California.

In one of those extremely handsome ferries that they have there we went across the Bay, that noble bay, sea-

gulls wheeling (with their wild cries) above us as we went.

Among the pleasantest things in the world to the senses are the public squares, garnished with greenery, of a first-rate city. More delightful by far (to me) than that city's imposing parks. Well, when I would come out of my hotel of a morning Union Square was there at the door to blow me a welcome to the day. Semi-tropical Union Square with its dress-parade row of sturdy date-palms before me. And as I would go home at night I'd see the lights across the little way strung like lanterns through the trees.

First, I'd take a turn about the square, and its neighborhood, looking up those streets to the north and west of it, those broad, shining, speckless San Francisco streets. Streets descending their steep hills, in a series of terraces, block by block, their gleaming car-tracks coming like a cascade down the middle. Then I'd turn, through that sparkling city, toward Market Street. At "newspaper corners" I'd pause to revel in the Picca-