

vanished dream, and she was crowned only with sorrow's crown of sorrow, the memory of happier things.

Yes, there is romance in all this, but he who hopes to find it in the two volumes of the "Memoirs of the Empress Eugénie" will be disappointed. What are we to say of a writer who omits both the drama of her rise and the pathos of her closing years, who robs the history of all its picturesque character and concentrates his attention upon her official routine? What are we to say of him? We are to say, of course, that he is an "official" biographer and that, as such, is so anxious to present nothing which will detract from an impression of perfect propriety and dull royal respectability, that he has deprived her of all character.

"The king," wrote Daisy Ashford, "wore a small but costly crown",—and the reader of these memoirs will find no equally piquant bit in the endless descriptions of what dresses the Empress, and what jewels the Emperor, wore at this or that ball or levee. From the endless accounts of her official tours and visits one gets about as much insight into royal character as was secured by those crowds who recently crushed themselves into unconsciousness in an attempt to see the Prince of Wales. Cat-like we look at a king and come away none the wiser. In the case of those whose only claim to prominence is the accident of birth, such memoirs are inevitable, but it is really too bad to make Eugénie as much a nonentity as any puppet-Empress. The effect of the narrative is to reduce a fascinating figure to utter commonplace and eliminate all the glamour which might naturally be expected to invest a heroine of romance.

A fair idea of the spiritual level of the anecdotes related might be gath-

ered from the elaborate account of the fact that a certain military gentleman dreamed that he was being murdered and cried out in his sleep. Eugénie, says the writer, was much delighted with this incident. We can only hope that his readers will be as easily amused as the Empress.

Memoirs of the Empress Eugénie. Edited by Comte Fleury. D. Appleton and Co.

## THE WILD WEST AND "BUFFALO BILL"

By John Bunker

THE trouble with most readers nowadays is that they have read too much and experienced too little, with the result that they approach a book through a fog of literary sophistication in which all their reactions are abnormal and awry. Moreover, it is perfectly true that one takes away from a book exactly what one brings to it. These things being so, how,—if you have never as a boy (supposing you *were* a boy) smoked corn-silk cigarettes in the back lot or hankered for a gun or chased pirates on the Spanish Main,—how can you expect to get the requisite thrill from the exploits of such characters as Diamond Dick, Jr. or Old Cap Collier or Frank Merriwell or the other sublime heroes of juvenile romance? It can't be done; your education has been sadly mismanaged, and you might as well go back to the morbidities of Freud and Havelock Ellis and Samuel Butler and the other prophets of our sick generation. As for ourselves we prefer the healthier activities of Jesse James and the Bidle Brothers.

So with the account of the career of

William Frederick Cody, "Buffalo Bill". Here we have the life story of a man of action, a man with natural gifts of hand and eye, who shot straight and rode superbly and took daring chances as a matter of course; a man, too, who, as the phrase goes, was "all man", with a booming voice (there is frequent mention of this trait throughout the book), great simplicity, love of adventure, fundamental courage, and a sense of humor which if primitive at times—(witness his sending his wife by express and without warning a box containing the tuft of a newly scalped Indian!—she fainted dead away at the sight)—was at any rate in keeping with his environment.

Cody's education in hardship began at the age of seven as a member of a pioneering western family moving in hostile country; and he killed his first Indian when only eleven years old. Thence we follow him through his different phases—as private in the army, pony-express rider, "bull-whacker", army Indian scout, scout for the Kansas Pacific Railroad (it was in this employment he acquired his sobriquet, being hired by the railroad contractors to furnish twelve buffaloes a day to feed the laborers), back in the army again scouting in various Indian campaigns, dispatch-bearer, and finally chief of army scouts with the rank of colonel. About this time

he fell in with Elmo Judson, the novelist ("Ned Buntline"), who induced him to go on the stage in a series of extravagant western dramas, and from these it was only a step to his Wild West Show and his tour of the globe and world-wide fame.

Being the man he was, frank, brave, kind, and generous, Cody naturally had the power of winning and holding friends, and these "Memories" are a noble record of them—running from "Wild Bill" Hickok to Johnny Baker, "the champion trick rifle shot of the world". But the most enduring and touching friendship of all was the devotion to him of Major John M. Burke, his press representative, who in half a century of whole-hearted service and admiration could never be induced by reporters to talk on any other subject but Colonel Cody, least of all on himself, and who died only six weeks after the death of his chief. The book under review may not be a literary masterpiece, but it has a merit which many so-called literary masterpieces lack—the merit of presenting a real man and an admirable character. It is written in a lively and entertaining style, with restraint, and in good taste, and it has the full value of an authentic human document concerning one whose career was peculiarly American.

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Memories of Buffalo Bill. By his Wife. D. Appleton and Co.

## LOOKING AHEAD WITH THE PUBLISHERS

THE appearance next month of the remaining essays and journal entries of the late W. N. P. Barbellion may clear up the mystery surrounding the identity of that ill-fated young man. It will be remembered that "The Journal of a Disappointed Man" was accredited by many reviewers to H. G. Wells, who wrote the introduction, and few readers placed any faith in the book's authenticity. It is now open to anyone who reads "Enjoying Life, and Other Literary Remains", to refer to the magazines in which several of the essays appeared—surely a simple and prosaic method of uncovering the man behind the pseudonym. I, for one, am glad to find that such a man existed. What bombast the Journal would have been otherwise! Its beautiful passages, its pæans of joy and pages of dark despair would have been an insult to the intelligence without the basis of actuality. Incontrovertible proof of Barbellion's existence, of his tragic death by creeping paralysis, irrevocably adds another journal of self-chroniclings to literature.

Barbellion was a connoisseur—a collector—of sensations, impressions. His insatiable desire for knowledge led him to attempt one day a complete reading of the Encyclopædia Britannica; the next found him greedily devouring a room full of miscellaneous periodicals; the third he spent on the seashore envying the gulls. He wanted to "be everyone, do everything, go

everywhere". With remarkable insight he says of himself: "Like a little London gamin, I run about the great city of the mind, and hang on behind the big motor lorries of thought."

The temptation to quote from "Enjoying life" is almost overwhelming. But I yield only for this one, leaving the rest for others to discover. Under the date of June, 1914, he writes:

I once sought refuge in a deserted country churchyard, where the grave-stones stood high-gledy-piggledy among the long grass, their inscriptions almost obliterated by moss and time. "Here," said I, "it will be cold and lifeless and I can rest." I wanted to be miserable, dull, and unresponsive. With difficulty I read an inscription expressing the sorrow of a father and mother in 1701 for the loss of their beautiful daughter Joan, aged 21. I read others, but the most pathetic barely amused me. I was satisfactorily indifferent. These people, I said sardonically, had lived and suffered so long ago that even their sorrows were petrified. Parents' grief in 1701 is simply a piece of palæontology. So I passed on, content to be unmolested, thinking I had escaped. But beside the old graves were a few recent ones with fresh flowers upon them; across the road in the schoolroom the children began to sing, and up at the farm, I then recalled, the old folk, Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, were waiting for the call; all of them beneath the shadow of the church tower whose clock-face watched the generations come and go and come again to lie beneath the shadow of the yews. I saw the procession of human life, generation after generation, pass through the village down through the ages, and though all had been silent before, I heard now the roar of existence sweeping through the churchyard as loudly as in Piccadilly.

"Enjoying Life, and Other Literary Remains" will be published by George H. Doran Company late in September.

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W. L. George has added his name to the long list of English authors who