

story is told in the metre of Gilbert's "Yarn of the Nancy Bell":

For you'll never know in that land of snow
how lonesome a man can feel;
So I made a fuss of the little cuss, and I
christened it "Lucille".
But the longest winter has its end, and the ice
went out to sea,
And I saw one day a ship in the bay, and there
was the Nancy Lee.

"The Pencil Seller" (beginning, "A pencil, sir; a penny—won't you buy?") and others of the same parlor genre are told in the rich declamatory idiom of "The Face on the Bar-room Floor". And when he leaves the Parisian background, Service's adaptability grows even more varied. He can be as lyrical as Noyes imploring one to come down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time. Thus:

Hurrah! I'm off to Finistere, to Finistere, to
Finistere....

He can play the "Danny Deever"
Dead March in Kipling's own key:

We're taking Marie Toro to her home in Pere-
La-Chaise;

We're taking Marie Toro to her last resting-
place.

Eugene Field? Why not? The little toy soldier placed on a shelf by Little Boy Blue becomes:

I'll put you away, little Teddy Bear,
In the cupboard far from my sight;
Maybe he'll come and he'll kiss you there,
A wee white ghost in the night.

Naturally, Mr. Service, living in petulant Paris, lacks Edgar A. Guest's unflagging buoyancy. But he can also cheer his (according to the sales sheets) great army of readers by writing verses like "The Joy of Little Things", "The Contented Man", and "The Joy of Being Poor". Technically, Service is incalculably Guest's superior even though he tries to rhyme such ill-mated pairs as "lyric—hysterical" and "rondel—respond well". But it is his pæans of Paris that will win him the admiration of all those

who found his other verses so restrained and true to life. This is the life!—here amid the tinkling patter of the Boul' Mich', the Café de la Paix, the imbibing of countless Pernods, the plashing of the Fontaine de Medicis, the ever-fascinating poet's garret—this is the life of the true bohemian! We recognize it at once, we who have read "The Parisienne", who have seen a dozen ateliers in comic operas, we who find Merrick so much more effective than Murger. It is a rapidly growing gallery that Service is filling. Pictures of the Yukon, the War, the Red Cross, the Latin Quarter. It is almost time for the American laureate to rediscover his (and our) America.

When Day is Done. By Edgar A. Guest.
Reilly and Lee.

Ballads of a Bohemian. By Robert W. Service.
Barse and Hopkins.

LITERARY SNAPSHOTS

By Arthur Bartlett Maurice

IT was for another generation that, more than a quarter of a century ago, James L. Ford wrote the chapters (originally appearing in the pages of old "Truth") which were collected in book form under the title of "The Literary Shop". This book, aiming to lash pretense and castigate humbug, was at times pitilessly savage in its method of attack. It is a kindlier and mellowed James L. Ford who has penned these reminiscences of nearly half a century. The old fire is still there, and the undying spirit of rebellion, but the tempering years have brought many a revision of judgment, and softened many an ephemeral prejudice.

The title of the book was inevitable and is amply justified. But the range of observation extends far beyond the

confines of the literary shop. It is forty odd years of the human history of New York, its artistic, literary, and theatrical life, its changing ideas and manners, its great men and the singular characters of its underworld. Mr. Ford not only knew Frank R. Stockton and H. C. Bunner and Mark Twain and W. D. Howells of the world of letters, and similarly distinguished men and women of the stage, but he also knew and found equally interesting the Red Countess, who was responsible for the death of Ferdinand Lassalle, Steve Brodie, of bridge jumping fame, "Silver Dollar" Smith, "Dry Dollar" Sullivan, and John Y. McKane, the Czar of Coney Island. First knowing the city of his adoption in what he calls its "Flash Age", a period of crime, reckless extravagance, political corruption, and false prosperity engendered by the Civil War, he has followed its tortuous history through to these days of the "keen set" and the "swift push".

The New York that Mr. Ford found in the 'seventies was aiming to displace Boston as the literary centre of the country. Henry James and W. D. Howells were laying the foundation of their fame and Mark Twain and Bret Harte were looming up in the far west. Relics of a still earlier period were the salons of Mrs. Botta, née Anne Lynch, and the Cary sisters, Alice and Phoebe. Conspicuous literary figures of the 'seventies were William Cullen Bryant, R. H. Stoddard, George William Curtis, Edmund Clarence Stedman, George Bancroft, and Bayard Taylor. Mr. Ford had glimpses of them, and also saw something of the "Pfaff crowd" which gathered nightly in a cellar on Broadway, near Bleecker Street. The "Pfaff crowd" styled themselves the Bohemians, taking the title from Murger's

famous book. When that circle was in its prime Henry Clapp was known as its king, and Ada Clare as its queen, and the gifted Fitz-James O'Brien was a leading spirit.

It was in the early 'eighties that Mr. Ford, through H. C. Bunner, was introduced to the "Puck" staff, which was in a way the successor to the "Pfaff crowd". "Puck" was a power in those days. Frederick Burr Oppen, James A. Wales, and Keppler were its chief artists, and Bunner, B. B. Valentine, and R. K. Munkittrick formed its literary staff. Bunner has been finding new admirers every year, but Munkittrick is almost forgotten. Munkittrick possessed an extraordinary facility in rhyming. Underlying his verse was a fine, serious quality, but if he failed to dispose of it in this form he would change it by the addition of what he called a "comic snapper" and contribute it to "Puck". When Robert Louis Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verse" reached the "Puck" office, Munkittrick read it through and then remarked:

Austin, Austin, Austin, Dobby, Dobby, Dobby;
Although writing verses seems to be your
hobby,
Stevenson can take you, with Gosse and Andy
Lang,
And knock your heads together with a bang,
bang, bang.

A friend of Mr. Ford's told him that he once repeated these lines to Austin Dobson but that the latter did not seem to think them very funny.

Forty Odd Years in the Literary Shop. By James L. Ford. E. P. Dutton and Co.

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES

By Ruth Hale

A STARTLING effect is obtained by the editor of "A Young Girl's Diary" in prefacing it with a letter of