

the school into an assured position upon the professional stage. The educated actor should be familiar with every adjunct of his profession: the history of costumes, the science of stagecraft, and the various mechanical adjuncts of the theater."

THE CHILDREN'S ARTIST.

FEW lovers of children have forgotten the delight with which they looked upon the first pictures of little boys and girls which Kate Greenaway published twenty years ago. The death recently of this artist has evoked much comment about her personality and her work. The *Brooklyn Eagle* (November 8) says:

"In some way she got the charm of childhood into the simple lines that she used. She was so different and so good that she attracted instant attention. And there was a Kate Greenaway



KATE GREENAWAY.

craze. Mothers made gowns for their babes modeled on those worn in the pictures, and there were Kate Greenaway parties at which the grown people dressed themselves in artistic frocks copied from those worn by the children. And the children themselves, the wisest critics of child art, were delighted with her picture books. . . . Before her day the publishers thought that any kind of pictures were good enough for children's books, but she proved that work that was really artistic was appreciated by the youngsters, and since then the standard of juvenile illustration has been raised until some of the best and most capable artists are now engaged in that work."

The *Philadelphia Inquirer* (November 9) says:

"There are those who have ridiculed her work and all of its kind, claiming that it was mere clap-trap. We do not think so. There have been great painters who died in poverty and there are comic artists who live in splendor. What Kate Greenaway did was to make children happy, and that is certainly worthy of all commendation. What is more, she created clothes for children, particularly for little girls, which were picturesque and pleasing. She may not rank high on the roll of the world's great artists, but she had a following greater than any of them."

The death of Miss Greenaway is an international loss, says the *Manchester* (England, *Guardian*):

"Miss Greenaway did much to revolutionize the character of

children's books, and it is largely to her example that modern nursery literature owes its superiority over that of a generation ago. She may be said also to have set a new and better fashion in children's dress, for the pretty costumes that she designed for the children of her pictures have been very generally adopted, both in England and abroad."

She dressed the children of two countries, says M. H. Spielmann, in a character sketch which appears in the *London Graphic*. He continues:

"Her name was known all the world over; but never did woman bear her triumph more modestly, more timidly. She was a *tête d'école*; her imitators were many, and in time almost routed her from the notice of the people; but the credit was hers, and the fame will be hers also. A dark little lady, whose face would not strike the spectator, dressed quietly in black, with a passionate fear of personal publicity, and a gentleness and faith that rendered her a prey to more than one 'smart' person of business; yet a woman of strong and noble character, and generous among the most generous—of melting kindness yet of firm and lofty principle—such was Kate Greenaway. As such her friends all knew her—for all that and more; and because this great artist was so fine a character they the more deeply deplore her loss."

Mr. E. V. Lucas, writing in *London Academy* (November 16), says:

"Drama was beyond her capacity, and her want of sympathy with anything unhappy or forceful also unfitted her. Her pictures prove her the soul of gentleness. Had she set out to draw a tiger it would have purred like the friendliest tabby; nothing could induce her pencil to abandon its natural bent for soft contours and grave kindlinesses. Hence her cronies were merely good-natured young women doing their best—and doing it very badly—to look old; her witches were benevolent grandmothers. To illustrate was not her *métier*. But to create—that she did to perfection. She literally made a new world where sorrow never entered—nothing but the momentary sadness of a little child—where the sun always shone, where ugliness had no place, and life was always young. No poet has done more than this. It seems to me that among the sweet influences of the nineteenth century Kate Greenaway stands very high."

NOTES.

M. JARIS KARL HUYSMANS has spent the past three years with the Benedictine friars in the Abbey of Ligugé. Here, in a little cell which he built alongside the Abbey, says the *London Academy*, he wrote the story of the "Saint of Schiedam" and prepared his forthcoming novel, "L'Oblat." Now, owing to the Associations bills, the Benedictines are to migrate to Belgium and Huysmans must leave his literary retreat. "Next month," he said to a correspondent, writing in September, "I return to Paris. I hate the hum of the automobile, and will get into the remotest corner on the right bank of the Seine. Paris is preferable to Ligugé once the monks have gone. I can always take refuge in Saint Severin or Notre Dame, and the chants will make me forget the motor-cars."

THE statement is made by Mr. A. M. Friedenberg that some of the Antisemitic leaders in Germany, by their unjust discrimination, "have changed the entire course of modern literary criticism" and that "their influence reverses, in several important particulars, the older judgments." To quote further from his statement, which appeared in *Jewish Comment* (September 20): "Notably is this the case with Heinrich Heine, who may be mentioned after Goethe and Schiller as among the greatest German poets, and whom the Antisemitic critics have antagonized on account of his Jewish origin. . . . The Antisemitic criticism of Heine strikes a false note; it even colors saner judgments by an improper insistence on the darker side of Heine, which should not affect his literary reputation. Goethe's excesses are excused, but for Heine, who represents the baneful influence of the Jews on German literary ideals, there can be no pardon."

IGNACE J. PADEREWSKI, in talking recently about state or municipal aid for opera, is reported by *The Music Trade Review* (October 5) to have said to a London journalist: "It is painful to think that in the two greatest cities in the world, London and New York, the musical theater is not on the same level as in some of the small towns in Germany. Let me instance Saxony. The King of Saxony has only a small private fortune. Yet he devotes 600,000 marks (\$150,000) a year to opera. If he can give \$150,000, could not the city corporation or the London county council easily set aside, say, \$100,000? That would probably be quite sufficient for the purpose, for, you see, you have so many more people to go to the opera here than the comparatively few there are in Dresden. Nowadays art is a necessity of life. It ought to be looked upon by your public bodies as being within their necessary care in much the same way as they look upon the provision of pure water and fresh air. It is an element of cultured life."

NOTABLE BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE RISE AND FALL OF A DICTATOR.

AGUINALDO: A NARRATIVE OF FILIPINO AMBITION. By Edwin Wildman. 12mo, cloth, 374 pp. Price, \$1.20 net. Lothrop Publishing Company.

MR. EDWIN WILDMAN, it will be remembered, was Vice-Consul-General at Hongkong, before and during our war with Spain, and in his official capacity took part in the negotiations with the exiled insurgent leaders which finally led to their return to Manila under American protection. Accordingly he has the right to be considered one of the best authorities on that particular phase of our dealings with the Filipinos.



EDWIN WILDMAN.

Passing over his description of the revolution of '97, which was terminated by the banishment of Aguinaldo and his forty-two associates, we find that he paints the little Malay chieftain in rather commonplace colors, as a man of overestimated abilities, but wise enough to know his own limitations. The real organizers and leaders of the insurrection, the author believes, were Paterno, de Tavera, Arellano, Mabini, and Luna, who acted under cover of Aguinaldo's popularity with the people, using his name as a means by which to gain their support. Mr. Wildman is but one of many who hold this opinion.

He denies that any promises of independence were made to the insurgent leaders in Hongkong, but admits that Dewey's flag-lieutenant, Mr. Brumby, "in the enthusiasm of the moment fired their ambitions more than he intended."

In speaking of the period directly before the outbreak of February 4, the author expresses his belief that trouble might have been averted had diplomats instead of soldiers represented us in dealing with the Malolos Government. "Our diplomacy," he says, "was not equal to the occasion. It was of an order below that exercised by the Filipinos themselves."

Later, Mr. Wildman accompanied our army of invasion as war correspondent for a home paper, so here again, in his description of marches and fights, he speaks with the authority of a participant. The gallantry of our soldiers seems to have duly impressed him, for that forms a very important and conspicuous part of his narrative. Of the Filipinos he says: "They showed a great deal of grit, and, considering the odds they fought against, made a hard fight."

The general tone of impartiality is slightly marred by the story of Gen. Antonio Luna's assassination, in which Aguinaldo is made responsible for the murder of his commander-in-chief. Aguinaldo's bodyguards shot Luna by order of the President, Mr. Wildman informs us, with the calm assurance of an eye-witness. Whence does he get his information? Certainly not from the insurgent organ, *La Independencia*, so freely quoted on other occasions. This story does not correspond with the one told by the young insurgent lieutenant, Bernardo Villamor, who, as reported in Sonnichsen's "Ten Months a Captive Among Filipinos," exonerates Aguinaldo from all blame. Villamor was, like Luna, an Ilocano, was one of that general's staunchest adherents, and, moreover, was within hearing of the shots that killed him.

In summing up the situation, the author tells us that "The freedom that he [the Filipino] has clamored for, bled and suffered for, during three centuries will be granted him, for wherever floats the American flag, these attributes of human progress have always triumphed. If, in the future, they do not follow the flag, the fault will be ours, not theirs."

This reminds one of the Red Gulch lynchings, who, apologizing to the widow of the man they hung by mistake, allowed that she had the laugh on them. From Mr. Wildman's words we may infer that if a good government does not follow our conquest, the Filipinos may laugh at our expense—if they feel that way inclined.

THE PATHOS OF THE TOILER'S LOT.

THE PORTION OF LABOR. By Mary E. Wilkins. 12mo, cloth, 563 pp. Price, \$1.50. Harper & Brothers.

IN "The Portion of Labor," Miss Wilkins convinces the reader that her art in revealing what potentiality of color there is in drab tones has not "gone off." She can take a "Cranford" for her theme, and charge it with cerebral voltage till it rocks with the force of its pulsations. She gets down to the jumping nerves and throbbing heart of the humbler stratum of humanity and holds the spectator absorbed by baring them before his eyes with the merciless pity of a master surgeon. Her sphere of vision is a limited one, but she sees with microscopic accuracy all it contains.

"The Portion of Labor" is a block of common New England life with

a story interest and the character study of a young girl, Ellen Brewer, who stands forth from the grim unpicturesqueness of a shoe-making community like a beaming star in a dun firmament. It is to Miss Wilkins's great merit that she evolves a book out of this prosaic material as vivid in interest as the most opulent of romantic novels, or a tale of the most breathless invention. There is no working up to a masterly climax. In fact, her tying-up of the several ends is a slight jar to the content with which an appreciative reader will have followed her till then. It ends almost too happily to be concordant. There is little to be said in favor of poverty or cancers; but too much can not be said of the sweet patience, simple pluck, and inherent nobility with which those afflictions are sometimes sustained. Miss Wilkins's grim portrayal of bitterness and soul-writhings wrought in honest, blameless toilers in "The Portion of Labor" should make the smuggest of capitalists breathe hard.



MARY E. WILKINS.

She lays on her color and probes with her scalpel with the undistracted reserve of the artist who is wholly concerned with his aim and scope.

She is chary of personal comment, and her heart does not flutter at her pen-point to its disturbance. Yet you feel that the poignant truth of her portraiture of poverty and its toilers is not solely the result of artistic intuition. The thoughts and judgments of her mind are filtered through her heart. Yet when, at the very end of her book, she reveals through the mouth of one of the most pathetic characters of her story a *precis* of her attitude toward her theme, it is not all satisfying. At least, her avowal of the outcome of it all to the laborer will not impress every reader as plenary. She says:

"Andrew quoted again from the old King of Wisdom. 'I withheld not my hand from any joy, for my heart rejoiced in all my labor.' Then Andrew thought of the hard winter which had passed, as all hard things must pass, of the toilsome lives of those beside him, of all the work they had done with their poor knotty hands, of the tracks which they had worn on the earth toward their graves, with their weary feet, and suddenly he seemed to grasp a new and further meaning for that verse of Ecclesiastes.

"He seemed to see that labor is not alone for itself, not for what it accomplishes for the task of the world, not for its equivalent in silver or gold, not even for the end of human happiness and love, but for the growth of character in the laborer.

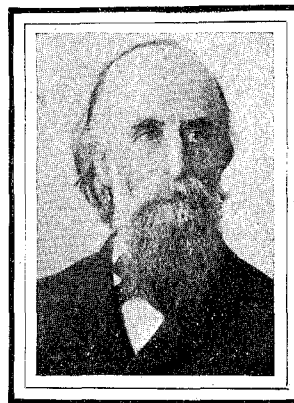
"That is the portion of labor," he said.

The Scriptural statement about man's affiliation with labor is that it was imposed as a punishment! Miss Wilkins' picture of it, in its hardest phase, gives it very much that appearance.

AN ECLECTIC PHILOSOPHER.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN. A STUDY IN TWENTIETH-CENTURY PROBLEMS. By Lyman Abbott. Crown 8vo, cloth, 370 pp. Price, \$1.30 net. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT is a writer with whom it is difficult either wholly to agree or totally to differ. Beware of him most when he is commending your favorite theory. Restrain your denunciation while he advocates what is your pet aversion in the way of heresy. His next statement may reveal that the foundation of his belief is totally different from yours in the first case, and exactly the same in the second.



REV. DR. LYMAN ABBOTT.

The reason for this is that Dr. Abbott considers each subject from an independent standpoint. He has no general hard-and-fast philosophy. If general philosophy of any sort he does possess, it is of a very composite order of architecture. It represents all stages of the builder's intellectual development—the influences, each separate and distinct, of various masters. He seems, even, to have incorporated some scaffolding of his own in the structure.

Thus in the dedication of the present volume, which is a compilation of lectures delivered last winter before the Lowell Institute of Boston, we have an illustration of the character of Dr. Abbott's catholicity. It reads: "To Augustus Lowell, at once a Conservative and a Liberal." So, too, the bibliography given for each lecture is an index of the diverse sources from which have been derived the author's conclusions.

Lecture III. is on "Political Rights." It is suggestive of the famous