

account of the coroner, and real pathos, if not of a very novel order, in the secondary heroine's renunciation of the much-loved Percival. Scattered throughout the book are some clever epigrams, *e. g.*, "Friendship is the child of strong emotions"; "Marriage is sometimes the final testament of acquiescent despair"; "Love forms a small part of our lives; it makes a tremendous part of our literature."

"Elizabeth" has exchanged her name for that of Anna, and her "German Garden" for a German forest. At the opening 'The Benefactress' introduces us to the same enthusiastic sunny heroine as in the three preceding books, with the same delight in nature, the same sense of humor, the same incongruity in her German surroundings, and, above all, the same idea that Happiness and Duty are identical. The opening is by far the most attractive part. When Anna realized that "that was what one needed most, of all the gifts of the gods—not happiness—oh, foolish, childish dream! how could there be happiness so long as men were wicked?—but courage," she may have become a finer character, but she ceased to be the old Anna-Elizabeth. Whatever one may think of the moral clearly set forth on the front page in the motto, "One [*i. e.*, woman] needs guidance and the companionship of man," there is no doubt that to enforce any moral at all is quite a new development on the part of our author. Elizabeth existed beautifully, adored by her Man of Wrath and her three babies; her example was about as instructive as that of a butterfly. Anna, it is true, had from the first more unselfish yearnings. Yet nothing in the delicious humor of the opening chapters prepares us for the strenuous Spartan maiden of the close. The beginning is pure comedy, sometimes even farce; the end is tragedy or, at best, a Reconciliation-Play. The English sister-in-law, who disappears after the seventh chapter, is inimitable, perhaps next to the old parson the best character in the book. The German local color in the early descriptions is laid on with an unsparing hand by a keenly humorous artist; whether Germans would admit its truth is another question. The main idea of the home for distressed ladies is at first laid before the reader as a huge joke. It is not till the plan is actually in working that the author and reader come round to the serious and cynical views held by Axel, the unimpeachable hero. With a certain amount of impatience we realize, half way through the book, that Anna's scheme is foredoomed to failure, because the watchword, "Marriage above everything," must be proclaimed. Uncle Joachim voiced it at the beginning; the whole plot vociferates it loudly before the end. We lay the book down and cry out, Ichabod. We have gained a new "Tendenz" novelist, but we have lost the light-hearted Elizabeth, and the glory of the German garden is departed.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.—II.

Mr. Oliver Herford's 'More Animals' (Scribners) proves that this humorist can not only invent a *genre*, but maintain it. Drawings and rhymes may even be thought to surpass the first series, and it is again hard to choose which is best. Mr. Herford's subtle playing to the adult gallery

hardly diminishes the attractiveness of this book for children, who will readily listen to the reading of it in the twilight hour, and feel a fascination in its overmeanings. There is the Frog who "shows with each gymnastic spasm The convert's fresh enthusiasm"; the Camel, whose great girth mercifully forbids him to crawl through the needle's eye, else "Rich men might climb the golden stairs And so leave nothing to their heirs"; and, as for the maligned man-eater, if a list could only be made of those he might feed on, "No home, I'll venture to remark, Would be complete without a shark."

'Neighbors of Field, Wood, and Stream,' by Morton Grinnell (Frederick A. Stokes Co.), seeks to make natural history interesting to young readers by personifying animals, and letting them act out or relate in conversations their own life-histories. The author is a sportsman; consequently his best chapters are those about game animals—such, for instance, as the experience of Sora the Rail in the tide marsh where gunners are making big bags, and the exciting hunts of Rex the Setter, who tells how the delicious scent of the quail throws him into a nervous tremor, and roots him to the ground until his master comes near enough to get a shot. Outside the sportsman's province, however, Mr. Grinnell appears less at home. A book that aims to give instruction in zoölogy ought not to contain such mistakes as the statements that the raccoon cannot swim, that the house-wren's "clutch" of eggs numbers twenty, and that the toad is a reptile. In attempting, moreover, both to instruct and to entertain, he often steers a middle course between fact and fancy, losing the accuracy of one and the charm of the other. He associates the animals in unnatural groups, and makes them say and do things incongruous and even absurd. Imagine a bluejay's calling a chickadee a "black-headed bacillus." He cumbers his pages with moral lessons, many of which are unwarranted by the facts of biology, and some of which are distressingly labored; as where the tanager whose nest has been blown down comments on the gayety of an unsympathizing neighbor in the words, "Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you weep alone." Though the book contains a good deal of information about animals, it appears to be largely a compilation, and, like the subjects of some of its illustrations, is poorly stuffed.

A gay cover, bright-gold edges, plenty of Robinson pictures, and some of them colored, with a handful of the well-seasoned old stories, Andersen, Grimm, and Arabian Nights—in short, 'The Reign of King Cole,' by J. M. Gibbon (London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan)—what more could a child wish for in a holiday book? To be sure, he must come to it fresh and unsophisticated, for that *enfant terrible*, the knowing child, might think it a grievance to find the identical old stories in his new book.

The observation that there is nothing new under the sun is more tiresomely true of fairy stories than of anything else; yet Mr. Andrew Lang finds the means to provide each year a book skilfully seasoned with enough of novelty to give the well-known themes fresh zest. His many-colored volumes are now so widely appreciated that one needs to say no more of this year's

'Violet Fairy Book' (Longmans) than that it is a worthy companion to the others. Many of its tales come from the still secluded countries of eastern Europe—that home of story and song; and all, it is easy to see, owe much of their charm to the taste with which they are retold.

'The Punishment of the Stingy' (Harpers) is the title of a group of Indian stories by George Bird Grinnell, who has lived among several Western tribes, and attempts to tell their mythical tales exactly as they have been passed along from father to son for generations. It is hard to believe that Mr. Grinnell's translation has not given a smoother literary form to some of the stories; but in others, again, the terse and somewhat broken style is convincingly Indian. The thorough originality of these stories will please young people who have grown tired of every-day fairy tales; while, in reading, they cannot fail to learn something of the primitive life of tribes whose ways are so remote from ours.

'A Real Queen's Fairy Tales,' by Carmen Sylva (Chicago: Davis & Co.), are really less fairy tales than charming little essays for children put into story form. Carmen Sylva herself is not hard to recognize in "The Helpful Queen," and who so like as she to that delightful fairy with the snow-white hair whose business was to make children happy? In short, without suffering loss of interest as stories, these tales bring to a child's comprehension much of the maturer philosophy of the good Queen, whose very attractive portrait, accompanied by a biographical sketch by George J. B. Davis, forms a fitting prelude to the book. It is a pity that a volume which carries so high-bred an air in essentials should be defaced by an "eye-splitting" cover, and ugly colored borders to the pictures.

'Round the World to Wympland,' by Evelyn Sharp (John Lane), is a collection of modern fairy-stories, old-fashioned in the sense of sparing that too obvious wit or moral which so often mars the latter-day tale. That the author refrains from smartness, and is content to use the serious tone approved by sensible children, is almost recommendation enough; but besides this she has the gift of imagination, and can make a story move right along. As for the "Wymps," they are merely rechristened elves or pyxies. The road to "Wympland" will hardly be found by reading this book, and all thoughts of further search had better be given up, since we are allowed to infer that naughtiness is the key to unlock the gate of that undiscovered country.

The 'Swedish Fairy Tales' of Anna Wahlenberg (McClurg) are also modern, and make use of brownies, goblins, etc., only for adornment and to point their morals. They are a little too ingenious to make the best impression on children. One of the five titles in the book, moreover, heads a sketch which has no trace of claim to be called a fairy tale.

A dozen fanciful yarns are wound together into 'Stories of Enchantment' by Jane Pentzer Myers (McClurg). Indian lore tinges two or three; others have a touch of negro mystery; one looks backward and sees a dim vision of old Egypt, while mediæval Ireland colors yet another. So there is no monotony of scene.

Br'er Rabbit finds his analogue in the

wonderful hare of Mr. George Bateman's 'Zanzibar Tales' (McClurg). The lion and the hyena replace Br'er Fox and Br'er Wolf, but the two African stories are plainly the same, though one is told in Georgia and the other in Zanzibar. The roc of Arabian Nights fame and capable "Puss in Boots" have also their reminders among these tales. Indeed, the strong family resemblance they bear to other folk stories is the readiest assurance of their genuineness. For the rest, they are amusing and well told, and delightfully independent of any instructive purpose.

Much curious information is to be found in Mr. Cleveland Moffett's 'Careers of Danger and Daring' (The Century Co.). Tales of actual work done by real men are more thrilling than the exploits of Jack the Giant-Killer or any other hero of childish fiction, because the well-known conditions in which these feats are performed bring more vividly to one's imagination the very real risks encountered. Any child can look up at Trinity steeple and form a better notion of the difficulties to be met in climbing that dizzy height to regild the cross at its point, than of Jack's daring when he climbed his magic bean-stalk. And when one visits the menagerie and hears the lion roar, the tamer becomes a more wonderful man than the slayer of one of those giants whom none of us have ever seen. Indeed, the book, with its heaping-up of perils in sea and air and mine, among burning buildings and vast machines, is too exciting for a nervous temperament, and should be taken in small doses, like poison, if it is not to bring bad dreams.

Just opposite, and rather to be chosen as a sedative, is 'Lem, a New England Village Boy,' by Noah Brooks (Scribners). One is tempted to use a certain old-wife's phrase, and sum up the book's character in two words—"dreadful ordinary." They would describe to a nicety the hero, his surroundings, and his adventures, as well as the style in which all this humdrum is narrated.

Mr. Tudor Jenks's 'Galopoff, the Talking Pony' (Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.), is a simple little story, which children will probably enjoy. Talking horses have been popular from the days of Homer down, and the smaller the steed, the more it appeals to the childish mind. This pony is a nice pony, and the children who own it are nice children, even though the illustrator has chosen to represent them as sadly overdressed little misses. For mild, innocuous interest the book may be safely recommended.

TOLSTOY AND HIS PROBLEMS.

Tolstoy and his Problems: Essays by Aylmer Maude. London: Grant Richards; New York: A. Wessels Co.

Of the making of books, with the ever-popular name of Tolstoy neatly tucked into the title, there seems to be no end. The present venture consists of nine articles, on subjects more or less connected with the famous Russian author. A page of notes following the title-page contains Count Tolstoy's favorable opinion on three of them; and in a preface the writer states the motive for his work by explaining that Tolstoy's views are difficult to understand and to reconcile with one another; that

readers find it puzzling to discern from which side Tolstoy approaches his subject, or to make allowances for the "personal equation." Mr. Maude offers himself as the interpreter of Tolstoy's oracular utterances, and a guide to the devout wayfarer in the labyrinth. One of the articles has served as a lecture, and now appears in print for the first time; the other eight have previously appeared in various magazines, but have been revised for this volume. Mr. Maude himself is one of Count Tolstoy's most fervid "adepts"—fervid to the degree of seriously endeavoring to live the life which (as he frankly admits) Count Tolstoy advocates but does not pursue, and to the extent of pronouncing anathema and the greater excommunication (in all brotherly love) upon all persons who differ from him in his estimate of his "Master's" precepts, practice, and influence, as he understands them. Hence, the reader of this volume will feel that the best possible case is being made out for the Russian sage, and must accept Mr. Maude's admissions like the above—however unexpected—as thoroughly valid and incontrovertible.

The book opens with a biographical article on "Leo Tolstoy," accompanied by a judicious explanation of contemporaneous European history, and allusions to the Count's wife, her opinions, and views, which are illuminating as well as interesting. Mr. Maude describes how Tolstoy began to ask himself, "What is the meaning of my life?" and to read the sacred books of all ages and countries in search of an answer. Tolstoy, he says, "had always admired many passages in the Gospels, but had found much that perplexed him. He now reread them in the following way (the only way, he says, in which any books can be profitably studied): he first read them carefully through to see what they contained that was perfectly clear and simple, and that quite agreed with his own experience of life, and accorded with his reason and conscience." Mr. Maude proceeds to state and expound the "Five Commandments of Christ" which Tolstoy has deduced as the rule of life for himself and all men. A divine discontent with everything and everybody, including himself, would seem to be the keynote to Tolstoy, and nothing better illustrates it than the attitude which he is described as now assuming in regard to his splendid relief work among the peasants during the terrible famine of 1891-'92, conducted with money sent to him from America chiefly: "He felt that such activity of collecting and distributing money, 'making a pipe of one's self,' was not the best work of which he was capable. It did not satisfy him. It is not by what we get others to do for pay, but rather by what we do with our own brains, hearts, and muscles, that we can best serve God and man." Yet Count Tolstoy toiled with all his faculties, physical and intellectual and spiritual, for the famine-stricken, until he fell ill himself and had to be nursed by his wife; and unless he had been a divinity, with the power of being omnipresent and of producing miraculous food from heaven, it is difficult to see how he could have done any good at all without "making a pipe of himself" for foreign money.

The second article, "Talks with Tolstoy," is scrappy, not particularly new, important,

or interesting. The following passage is, perhaps, the most significant, as illustrating his methods and confusion of thought, when one bears in mind that he exalts Christ and the Gospels as the rule of life: "He had one day been reading a book by a learned German professor tending to show that, as an historical personage, Jesus Christ never existed. This delighted Tolstoy. 'They are attacking the last out-works,' said he, 'and if they carry it, and demonstrate that Christ was never born, it will be all the more evident that the fortress of religion is impregnable.'"

We may pass lightly over the chapter: "What is Art?" which served as a preface to an English version of that work. It is amusing to find the disciple assuming that his Master is, practically, incomprehensible, and explaining him at immense length. In fact, he makes a very just statement (p. 99), as to Tolstoy's careless and obscure style, and mentions, as a good illustration, 'Life.' He refers again to this work, on pp. 103, 139, and on the last-mentioned page says of it (he has already made the same accusation at length and with more detail elsewhere): "An American version of one of Tolstoy's philosophical works repeatedly converts the Russian double negative into an English affirmative, thus making Tolstoy affirm precisely what he wishes to deny." It is worth while to remark of this criticism, that the translation in question was made directly from a manuscript furnished by Count Tolstoy, and, at his request, submitted to a noted Russian philosopher, a friend of his, who perfectly understood both English and Tolstoy's views, in order that the latter might see whether the author's ideas had been correctly grasped and rendered. The philosopher remarked that Count Tolstoy had neither a philosophical mind nor philosophical training; but he heartily endorsed and praised the translation, and made not a single suggestion as to alteration; neither did Count Tolstoy, on receiving the book. The simple explanation of Mr. Maude's criticism is: either the copyists (members of Count Tolstoy's family), who prepared the manuscript, erred; or Tolstoy himself diametrically changed his views and his statements, in the interval which elapsed between the publication of the English version and the appearance of the Russian, some time later. In view of his habitual mental attitude of lightning change (his wife stated that it took place every two years, and that he was apt to rewrite a book, from the opposite point of view, at the last moment), it seems entirely unimportant whether he used the negative or the affirmative at any given time. Either version will suit his "adepts."

"How 'Resurrection' Was Written," and the introduction to 'The Slavery of Our Times' (showing how the principle of non-resistance is related to economic and political life), will be found mildly interesting to the members of the cult; while "After the Tsar's Coronation" and "Right and Wrong" have nothing whatever to do with Tolstoy, being merely divagations of Mr. Maude; the latter imitated at distressing length and obscurity from a passage in one of Tolstoy's books, in which the latter confesses a wrong-doing of his favorite sort publicly, and hazily denudes his soul.

The most interesting articles in the vol-