

inheritance tax, and there is no reason to doubt that it will be so as well with Lloyd-George's taxes on wealth and favors to labor. Mr. Balfour will be able to reconcile his opposition to them when out of office with his adoption of them when in power. "There were grave objections to these measures, but now that they are enacted, and the people are used to them, and even seem to like them, it is not expedient to expunge them."

RESEARCH AND RESULTS.

The trustees of the Carnegie Trust, at their annual meeting held in London recently, discussed at some length the results of the effort to encourage original research in the universities of Scotland. Mr. Balfour, for example, was amazed to find that the number of failures was so small. It was not an easy task, he declared, to catch the right man, and the number of men worth catching was not very large. He divided these eligible persons into two classes: those who had the gift and ambition, but not "the rare and overmastering" desire which forces one into this career. Such men must be taken early before they are absorbed in the necessary occupations of life. There was also a higher class, "those who seem born for research," to whom the penetration of the secrets of nature and history seems an overwhelming passion, from which they are scarcely to be diverted. To these men, said Mr. Balfour, it was all important, "not for the sake of the men but for the sake of the community, that they should have a chance of devoting their talents to that great work for which God undoubtedly intended them."

Mr. Balfour thus emphasized an idea to which Americans have hitherto paid but little attention. Before the Carnegie Institution of Washington was established, there was scarcely any organized effort to promote research. A few of our better equipped universities maintained chairs of research, and a few others tried to afford some leisure to those teachers who displayed special aptitude in this line; but with a growing population pressing hard on our educational resources, most colleges have been forced to lay on their faculties too heavy a burden of instruction. An occasional professor has deliberately slighted his classes in order to do work

which has seemed more important, but such cases are exceptional. The average professor has stuck doggedly to his assigned tasks and relinquished one ambition after another, till failing strength has forced upon him the bitter truth that his *magnum opus*, his monument more enduring than bronze, has been a dream. Such failures contain a large element of the tragic; for, in proportion as the aim has been high, so must the consciousness of failure be galling. And this is one reason why every college faculty contains men who carry the scars of the balked and the disappointed. In many instances, doubtless, these men might have come far short of success even had they been offered an opportunity to become authors, to edit important historical documents, or to penetrate the secrets of nature; but most of them can justly complain that they have never had a fair chance.

The effect on our institutions of higher learning has also been depressing. The tendency has been to stiffen the traditions of intellectual mediocrity which are already too strong, to maintain a faculty which is content merely to go through the motions of teaching without actually inspiring our youth. We would not be thought to urge a faculty made up of investigators, for successful investigators may be poor teachers, especially of young undergraduates; but a faculty which contains few or no men of eager and inquiring mind inevitably stagnates. In far too many of our small colleges, East and West, teachers and students are doing nothing but whirl round in their squirrel-cages, with immense outward activity, but no actual progress. We complain that our undergraduates are absorbed in athletics, in social affairs, and in everything but study. Such diversions offer a peculiarly strong temptation to youth, and the only way to draw the undergraduate in the other direction is to make study itself attractive. This is not the same thing as making courses slipshod and easy; quite the contrary. The real method is to rouse ambition, to quicken, to energize; and for this task men of force and ambition are needed, men who, while they discharge their daily duties faithfully, still look forward and aspire to something beyond the routine of the classroom, and thus give their pupils an outlook into the world that lies outside the shaded streets of the college town.

We have been using the words "research" and "investigation," but they are too narrow in scope. In all fields, much interesting and stimulating work is always to be done that cannot, strictly speaking, extend the boundaries of our knowledge. In the natural sciences, there must be constant reorganization of data, and restatement of principles in the light of new experimentation—constant popularizing, not vulgarizing, of the results obtained in our laboratories. This, which was what Huxley undertook, is no dry mechanical process, but a challenge to the most ingenious of minds, a sure means of intellectual development. And in history and economics, in philosophy, and literature in all its branches, the same labor awaits the skilled hand. The classics of all tongues must be edited and criticised from the point of view of men and women of to-day, reinterpreted in the terms of modern speech. History must be rewritten for every generation. To these important undertakings, America could and would lend far more help, to the great advantage of the cause of education and our higher life generally, if we could entertain a larger conception of the function of a college.

THE NEW STAGE OF PRAGMATISM.

I.

It is one of the difficulties of coping with a philosophy of the flux, that no sooner have you come to grips with it than it flows into another form and eludes your grasp. To read the bold frontal attacks of Messrs. Schinz and Pratt* and then to find that the adversary in a simultaneous publication† has already slipped to one side, is to recall the Homeric wrestling match with the wily old man of the sea. No doubt he is Proteus still, and the contest is with the same foe, but the weapons must be changed and the grip altered. The chief concern of Professor Schinz is to lay bare the social *milieu* out of which Pragmatism has grown, and his conclusions touch the problem of democracy and aristocracy. His criticism of American life and literature from this point of view is extraordinarily keen. Professor Pratt is concerned more with the religious outcome of the movement

**Anti-Pragmatisme*. Par Albert Schinz, Professeur à l'Université de Bryn Mawr. Paris: Félix Alcan.

What is Pragmatism? By James Bissett Pratt, Assistant Professor of Philosophy in Williams College. New York: The Macmillan Co.

†*A Pluralistic Universe*: Hibbert Lectures at Manchester College on the Present Situation in Philosophy. By William James. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

than with its social meaning. The new philosophy is to him a part of the scientific tendency of thought which, in the words of a distinguished biologist, describes the Moral Imperative as a "psychic correlate of a reflective, cerebro-spinal, ideomotor process, the efficient end of which is organized into motor tracts coördinated for a specific action." Whereof Mr. Pratt remarks gravely that this method "has pressed its splendidly useful and illuminating formulæ too far, it has attempted to simplify too much, and in doing so it has become somewhat narrow, somewhat blind, and somewhat unempirical." And he adds: "To my thinking, the pendulum has now swung too far in the anti-intellectualistic direction." Both writers make easy work with the equivocations of Mr. James's last book on "Pragmatism." And indeed it needs no profound study to see the weak joints in a logic which undertakes to determine the inmost nature of things by what we regard as pragmatically useful in our own lives, and to prove that truth is actually created by what we think it expedient to believe.

There is something like the hilarity of sport in dragging out the inconsistencies, if not insincerities, of a philosopher who has tried to defend rationally a system which is professedly an attack on rationalism. For just that, and nothing more, is Pragmatism. It is easy to show that such a philosopher ought, so far as the correspondence of logic and reality goes, to be a complete skeptic. Well and good. But what will you do if, before the ink is fairly dry on your book, this Proteus of the lecture hall is before the world with a recantation of his errors and a frank retreat to just such logical skepticism as you denounced him for not confessing. In one sense, Professor James's Hibbert Lectures are consistent with his past; they are in the right line of development from that temperamental impetus which by his own theory is the source of every philosophy, however he may have sloughed off various inconsistencies to attain this position. As a matter of fact, the word Pragmatism scarcely occurs in these lectures, and the attempt at their end to tack on a theory of creating, or even discovering, truth by the "practical reason" is purely perfunctory. Their central point, their crisis, so to speak, is the magnificent repudiation of the whole process of metaphysics:

I saw (he says) that philosophy had been on a false scent ever since the days of Socrates and Plato, that an intellectual answer to the intellectualist's difficulties will never come, and that the real way out of them, far from consisting in the discovery of such an answer, consists in simply closing one's ears to the question. When conceptualism summons life to justify itself in conceptual terms, it is like a challenge addressed in a foreign language to some

one who is absorbed in his own business; it is irrelevant to him altogether—he may let it lie unnoticed. I went thus through the "inner catastrophe"; . . . I had literally come to the end of my conceptual stock-in-trade, I was bankrupt intellectually, and had to change my base.

II.

To such an inner catastrophe, not unlike one of the conversions he has described so luminously in his "Varieties of Religious Experience," he was brought after long struggling with the problem of reason and covering hundreds of sheets of paper with memoranda of his self-questioning. As the worldling under the stroke of heaven forswears the world, so now he is "compelled to give up logic, fairly, squarely, and irrevocably." The apostle to him in this agony was the young sage of Paris, Henri Bergson, to whom many others, indeed, in these times of perplexity are turning inquisitive eyes, and to whom Mr. James devotes one of the most brilliant of his lectures. To that lecture itself, or to G.-H. Luquet's "Idées générales de psychologie," the questioner must be referred who hesitates to plunge into M. Bergson's own uncoördinated works. Mr. James centres his exposition about the hoary and awful paradox which sets Achilles forever approaching and never overtaking a tortoise, since by the time he reaches the tortoise's first starting-point, the tortoise has already got beyond that starting-point to another, and so on *ad infinitum*, the interval between the two being endlessly subdivided but never obliterated—just as $\frac{1}{2}$ plus $\frac{1}{4}$ plus $\frac{1}{8}$ may be prolonged into an infinite series without equalling unity. The solution is a statement of the absolute divorce between reason and sensuous experience; the one is discrete, the other is concrete and continuous. To analyze actual experience into the terms of the intellect is simply to use words without meaning:

You cannot explain [by abstract concepts] what makes any single phenomenon be or go—you merely dot out the path of appearances which it traverses. For you cannot make continuous being out of discontinuities, and your concepts are discontinuous. The stages into which you analyze a change are *states*, the change itself goes on between them. It lies along their intervals, inhabits what your definition fails to gather up, and thus eludes conceptual explanation altogether.

With this sling of metaphysical negation he attacks Mr. Bradley, the champion of monism, or abstract idealism, or pantheism, or whatever you choose to call it; and, believe me, he makes good sport with the doughty Goliath of Oxford. I confess that to me monism has always been merely another word for monomania, and I have followed Mr. James's sallies into the madhouse with a kind of gay amusement. The attempt to catch and hold the universe in a syllogism, denying thereby all our con-

crete experience, all our sense of multiplicity and change, all our knowledge of evil, denying life itself for an abstract unity of the reason, has been one of the tyrannous obsessions of metaphysics. Common sense might protest against monism as a madness, but common sense is apt to shrivel away under the frown of a supercilious Reason, and Reason declares there shall be no contradiction in the sum of our experiences. The only escape is to deny the validity of reason itself as the sole criterion of reality. To this liberation Mr. James has been guided, or has at least been confirmed therein, by the new luminary of Paris, and now proclaims his gratitude. His protest against the whole school of German intellectualism will find an exultant echo in many laboring breasts. It is in a very literal sense the "psychological moment" for such an authoritative utterance as this:

The English mind, thank heaven, and the French mind, are still kept, by their aversion to crude technique and barbarism, closer to truth's natural probabilities. Their literatures show fewer obvious falsities and monstrosities than that of Germany. Think of the German literature of æsthetics, with the preposterousness of such an unæsthetic personage as Immanuel Kant enthroned in its centre! Think of German books on *Religionsphilosophie*, with the heart's battles translated into conceptual jargon and made dialectic.

III.

Macte virtute! we cry, and toss hats into the air. There is no hope in Kant or any of his followers, for, as Mr. James rightly asserts, both wings of modern philosophy rest on intellectualist logic, "the absolutists smashing the world of sense by its means, the empiricists smashing the absolute—for the absolute, they say, is the quintessence of all logical contradictions. . . . Neither impugns in principle its general theoretic authority." I, for one, am ready to follow any leader out of the Egypt of Kantian metaphysics, and I would not belittle the honor due to M. Bergson and to Mr. James as the Moses and the Aaron of this exodus. Yet a word of demur must be entered against so extreme a statement as that "rationalism has never [before] been seriously questioned . . . and Bergson alone has been radical." Such an avowal rouses the suspicion that Mr. James himself has not really looked beyond the circle drawn by the wizard of Königsberg, that he too stands entranced in the illusion of the present. Sometimes as I consider with myself how this illusion daily more and more entralls and impoverishes our mental life by cutting off from it all the rich experience of the past, it is as though we were at sea in a vessel, while a fog was settling upon the water, gradually, as it thickened, closing in upon our vision with ever narrower circle, blotting out the far-flashing lights of the horizon and

the depths of the sky, throwing a pall upon the very waves about us, until we move forward through a sullen obscurity, unaware of any other traveller upon that sea, save when through the fog the sound of a threatening alarm beats upon the ear. Mr. James, who has pondered so well Bergson's analysis of the individual consciousness as a summing up of all the past, should have seen the application of the same definition to the general consciousness of mankind. He should have seen that Bergson's rejection of reason as the arbiter of reality was no new thing, but the old insight re-defined in the terms of modern psychology. Had he been more completely freed from the vicious circle of the present, he would have known that in denouncing Platonism as the type and source of rationalistic metaphysics, he had in mind not the Greek Plato, but a Plato viewed through Teutonic spectacles. The doctrine of reminiscence, and indeed of ideas themselves if properly understood, should have taught him that Plato's instrument of truth was an intuition far closer to the facts of consciousness than is any canon of discrete logic, and at one with the faculty of religious insight wherever and whenever this is found. The Neo-Platonists developed this method—while denuding it of vitality, making it "thin," as Mr. James would say—in their distinction between intelligence (*voûs*) and the non-intelligible One or the First Good. Henry More, in his tantalizing obscure rhymes, sought to unite this higher skepticism with Christian theology, as, for instance, in his "Life of the Soul" (ii, 98):

How then, said Graco, is the spirit known
If not by reason? To this I replied,
Only the spirit can the spirit own.
But this, said he, is back again to slide
And in an idle Circle round to ride.
Why so, said I, is not light seen by light?
Straight Graculo did skilfully divide
All knowledge into sense and reason right.
Be 't so, said I, Don Graco, what's this
reason's might?

If then, said he, the spirit may not be
Right reason, surely we must deem it sense.
Yes, sense it is, this was my short reply.

And Pascal meant the same thing when he declared that "there is nothing so conformable to reason as this disavowal of reason," and that "the heart has its reasons, which the reason does not know." To this extent the insight of faith is in agreement with the common-sense of the street, in so far as to both the meaning of the world is given by immediate experience rather than by any metaphysical system; and they are both in agreement with the complete skeptic in so far as they all hold their judgment in a state of suspension (*ἐποχή*) toward the pretensions of reason to act as the final arbiter of reality: "The truth is Pyrrhonism," said Pascal. In this contrast to rationalism, saint

and man of the world and skeptic are at one; they diverge on other lines. It has seemed worth while to point, in passing, to this kinship of Bergson's psychological superrationalism with the constant attitude of faith, because the aspect of Mr. James's work which most deserves censure is the encouragement afforded therein to the particular vanity of our age—a smart contemporaneity. He should have pondered the scope of his own pregnant sentence: "If we do not feel both past and present in one field of feeling, we feel them not at all."

IV.

With this reserve, we may regard the call from metaphysics to a philosophy of immediate experience as altogether wholesome. Abstract reason is not in its own field a false thing, nor is it without indispensable usefulness in the application of experience to life; nevertheless, not through it shall we come into intimate touch with reality, but through life itself; the truth for us is not what we have defined logically, but what we actually feel and will. It does not follow, however, that in accepting heartily this method we must equally accept Mr. James's statement of the relative values of what he reports as obtained by the method; we may even suspect that in his evaluation he slips into the very error from which he is so eager to save us. Consciousness, he says, is not discrete, or divided into discontinuous moments, as it is presented to us by the reason, but is continuous; nor has it any conformity with the static void of monism. Time and change are of its essence, and if we wish to know reality we must "dive back into the flux itself." His cry is like the command of Faust to leave the musty cell and throw one's self into the stream of the world—*Hinaus ins Freie!* There is a splendid exhilaration in the call. There is grave irony as well as stirring exhortation in Mr. James's personal appeal to his audience:

If Oxford men could be ignorant of anything, it might almost seem that they had remained ignorant of the great empirical movement towards a pluralistic panpsychic view of the universe, into which our own generation has been drawn, and which threatens to short-circuit their methods [of monistic dogmatism] entirely and become their religious rival unless they are willing to make themselves its allies. Yet, wedded as they seem to be to the logical machinery and technical apparatus of absolutism, I cannot but believe that their fidelity to the religious ideal in general is deeper still. . . . Let empiricism once become associated with religion, as hitherto, through some strange misunderstanding, it has been associated with irreligion, and I believe that a new era of religion as well as of philosophy will be ready to begin. That great awakening of a new popular interest in philosophy, which is so striking a phenomenon at the present day

in all countries, is undoubtedly due in part to religious demands.

A pluralistic panpsychic view of the universe. That is to say: as our only knowledge is experience and our experience is an inner consciousness flowing with ceaseless change about endlessly differing sensations presented to it from without, so the truth of the world for us is not monism, but pluralism. We are *du réel dans le réel*, but this reality is an infinite group of interacting, interpenetrating forces, over which no absolute law can be found to govern. And as these forces, like our states of consciousness, are in a constant mutation, so, like ourselves, they may very well be, in part at least, other streams of consciousness, meeting and embracing and repelling one another. How else, indeed, can they have any meaning or reality to us? The universe may thus be panpsychic, and one of the most interesting of Mr. James's lectures is a revival of Fechner's animism, with his vision of the world-soul enveloping and nourishing the souls of men. For the proof of such a theory Mr. James goes to what he deems the facts of experience:

In a word, the believer is continuous, to his own consciousness, at any rate, with a wider self from which saving experiences flow in. Those who have such experiences distinctly enough and often enough to live in the light of them remain quite unmoved by criticism, from whatever quarter it may come, be it academic or scientific, or be it merely the voice of logical common sense. They have had their vision and they know—that is enough—that we inhabit an invisible spiritual environment from which help comes, our soul being mysteriously one with a larger soul whose instruments we are.

By such steps the pragmatist, now rather choosing to be called the radical empiricist, arrives at the belief in a deity, who is by no means the static timeless absolute of the monist, with its foreignness from all things human, but a mighty God above other gods, "having an environment, being in time, and working out a history just like ourselves."

V.

It is a seductive theory and has at least that quality of "thickness" which Mr. James, with his genius for phrase-making, contrasts with the "thinness" of idealism. It is charming, but then the dog that trails always at the heels of the pragmatist will have his bark: Is it true? Somehow one cannot be quite at ease in this new Zion, and, reading M. Luquet's analysis of Bergsonism, I seem to divine where the trouble lies. When we enter upon the study of psychology, says that expositor, we must begin by discarding the logic which we used in the sciences. In this field contradictories no longer exclude each other. Every state of conscious-

ness is at once an existence and a knowledge, the thing known and the knower, a part and the whole. Here identity and change, past and present, are simultaneous attributes of the same subject. And he continues:

Hence we explain at once the existence and the falseness, at least relative, of the two opposed psychological doctrines called phenomenalism and spiritism. The latter sees in the ego an immutable substance which looks on with indifference at the unrolling states of consciousness; the former sees in the ego only a succession, a collection of isolated states of consciousness, of which the first has ceased when the second is produced.

This truth explains, I surmise, something more than the two present modes of psychology. Is not this irreconcilable dualism of consciousness the source of the two opposing schools of philosophy, which, ever since Parmenides and Heraclitus set forth the paradox of absolute rest and absolute motion, unity and multiplicity, identity and change, have been at each other's throats? Logic demands the rejection of a contradictory; and as the temperament of a man leads him to dwell on one or the other phase of his inner experience, so, if he is a metaphysician, he forthwith sets out to build a rational theory of the universe on that phase to the exclusion of the other. What, at bottom, is this Pluralism of Mr. James, but the same ancient presumption of the reason which he has himself so shrewdly denounced. His feeling for flux and change and multiplicity is a reality, a great and desirable reality, set over against the monist's exclusive sense of unity; but is it the whole of reality? How can one recall the innumerable witnesses of religion, or hearken to the self-revelation of the poets, how can one look into the mirror of one's own life, and not perceive that the sense of something immutable and undivided exists in some way side by side with the sense of everlasting flux, that there is within us some

... central peace subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation?

Mr. James does, indeed, throw out hints that he has caught the meaning of this dualistic reality of experience, but, like other philosophers, he soon cowers at the imperious command of reason, and tries to hide the nature of his own submission to one horn of the dilemma by merriment over the writhing of Mr. Bradley on the other; meanwhile common sense stands like *das Weltkind in der Mitte*.

And if the Pluralism of Mr. James is no true substitute for dualism, but a rejection of the one for the many, so his Panpsychism commits the other error of metaphysics in translating a fact of inner experience into a theory of the universe at large. The comfortable belief in these world-souls and commin-

gled spirits and finite Jehovahs is even a projection of our consciousness of personal change into the void, just as the monist's absolute abstraction is born of his consciousness of personal unity. No doubt we are not alone in the universe. Forces beat upon us from every side and are as really existent to us as ourselves; their influence upon ourselves we know, but their own secret name and nature we have not yet heard—not from Mr. James, or Mr. Bradley, or another. Until that prophet has appeared, I do not see what better thing we can do than to hold our judgment in a state of complete skepticism, or suspension, in regard to the correspondence of our inner experience with the world at large, neither affirming nor denying; while we accept honestly the dualism of consciousness as the illogical fact. Reason, I should suppose, may be our guide in determining the relative values to us of our opposed phases of consciousness. The will may be no Will to Believe—for we know—but a power to make of this choice of values the motive of contemplative and practical life. And, if I have read correctly the lesson of the past and of the present, faith, I dare avow, is something that strikes deeper than the mythologies of religion, or the imaginings of a fevered Pragmatism; it is the voice from our own centre of calm, asserting through all the noise of contradiction: "I am the better self and the higher value, the stronger life and the finer joy." To many who have looked steadfastly into the meaning of their inner life, that "wider self from which saving experiences flow in" will seem to be indeed a *wider self* rather than any environment of ghosts; and they will feel that in this belief they have a firmer assurance of reality than is offered to them by the new mythology of Pragmatism or Panpsychic Pluralism. They will think that John Woolman uttered the truth of dualism and of religion when he said: "The necessity of an inward stillness hath appeared clear to my mind; in true silence strength is renewed." P. E. M.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In 1906 the directors of the Virginia State Library made provision for the preparation of a Bibliography of Virginia. The period first taken up was Colonial Virginia and the report of the bibliographer, William Clayton-Torrence, covering the period 1607 to 1754, has just been printed. This is sent out as a pamphlet with the modest title "A Trial Bibliography," but an examination of the 154 pages, describing 219 books, pamphlets, and broadsides shows it to be a careful, accurate, and scholarly piece of work, hard to improve upon. The collations are moderately full; copies are located, so far as possible, in several public libraries, and references are given to earlier bibliographical works. Reprints are also referred to, and references are made to certain en-

tries in the Stationers' Registers which, if ever printed, are not now known to exist. When we consider how many of the known pamphlets exist in one or two or three examples only it would be folly to say that those which have not been found were never printed. The historical, biographical, and bibliographical notes appended to many titles are especially interesting. The "Bibliography" as now printed ends with 1754. A note at the end says that descriptions of 230 additional titles, bringing the record down to 1776, had been prepared and that by a fire in the printing office the manuscript was destroyed. There is one early broadside, important because it is so early, which Mr. Clayton-Torrence seems to have overlooked and of which there is a copy in the British Museum, described as follows in the Fourth Series of William Carew Hazlitt's "Collections and Notes" (1903):

Fort the Plantation in Virginia. Or Nova Britannia. London: Printed by John Windet. 1609. A broadside. B.M.

An advertisement of an intended and approaching Voyage thither, and an invitation and encouragement to practical emigrants.

The late Dr. Alexander Brown discovered a transcript of this document in the Spanish archives, but was unable to locate a printed copy.

On May 12, 13, and 14 the Anderson Auction Co. of this city will sell the library of Mrs. Constance C. Poor of Tuxedo Park. The collection is chiefly notable for books on gardening and botany. Among the older works are Dodoe's "Newe Herball" (1578), Cook's "Manner of Raising, Ordering, and Improving Forest Trees" (1676), Cotton's "Planter's Manual" (1675), Gervase Markham's "Cheape and good Husbandry" (1631), Barnaby Googe's "Art and Trade of Husbandry" (1614). Important modern volumes are Sowerby's "English Botany," 13 vols.; Michaux's "North American Sylva," 3 vols.; Sargent's "Silva of North America," 3 vols.; Curtis's *Botanical Magazine*, 1787 to 1867, 93 vols.; and Paxton's *Magazine of Botany*, 1843 to 1849, 16 vols. A collection of fifteen autograph letters of Carlyle; Chaucer's Works, Kele's undated edition, also Islip's edition of 1602; and the Kelmscott Press Shakespeare, are other notable lots.

On May 11, 12, and 13 the Merwin-Clayton Sales Co. of this city will offer the libraries of Dr. E. C. Williams of Chicago and R. N. Oakman, Jr., of Brooklyn. Among the items are the first edition of Pope's translation of the *Iliad* (1715-20), with autograph receipt for the first payment, signed by Pope, inserted; Burns's "Correspondence with Clarinda" (1843), first edition; the first portion of the Catalogue of Robert Hoe's library, Early English Books, 5 vols.; and books from the Kelmscott Press.

On May 12 and 13 C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston sell the library and autograph collection of Franklin Webster Smith of Washington. Extra illustrated copies of Betterton's "History of the English Stage," and Charles James Fox's "History of the Early Part of the Reign of James the Second"; and a set of the Dunlap Society Publications are worthy of mention.

On May 10 and 11 Stan. V. Henkels will sell at Freeman's Auction Rooms in Philadelphia the library of the late John McAlister, Jr., including a long series of Philadelphia directories, American almanacs and magazines, and a large collection of