

mon in life than in fiction. In him the offer of unconditional surrender arouses at first bewilderment, and then awe. If the woman's self-abandon is in reality pursuit, and the man's reluctance to accept is in reality the instinct to escape, the fact is indicated as subtly as it reveals itself in life. Without the strong hint conveyed in the title the average reader might perhaps fail to see the point, at all. Once the hint is given, he sees that the point has unmistakably been proven.

In Audrey Tregarthan and her lover Fielding we find a blending of the idyllic and the actual which reminds one strongly of Turgeneff. The Russian's method is suggested, too, in the absolutely simple and straightforward way the story is told. It is free from the tremendous moral crises and stresses which other contemporary novelists who have gone to the same corner of southwestern England for their people and their atmosphere, are so fond of. Without being as elemental or tragic a figure as Thomas Hardy's Tess, Audrey Tregarthan leaves the impression of being fully as real.

The Achievements of Luther Trant. By Edwin Balmer and William MacHarg. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Of late it has grown incumbent on the writer of detective stories to invent not merely a hero and a plot, but a method as well. Luther Trant is a young man who, starting from the very bottom as professor of experimental psychology in a Western college, rises to fame as an expert detector of crime by making use of the many methods for soul-measurement that have been devised from Wundt to Münsterberg. Trant's mode of procedure is, ostensibly, a simple one. The man guilty of crime or having knowledge of crime may repress all outward manifestations of the emotion that accompanies such knowledge; but he cannot hide his emotion from the galvanometer or the swinging-mirror. This method, like the best way of making rabbit pie, requires that the criminal be caught before he is tested. To effect that Luther Trant does not rely on chance, but on the classical methods of deduction as practised since Edgar Allan Poe's time. And as a matter of fact it is on this side that the present collection of stories is strongest. Before Luther Trant gets his electric machines into action, he does some very pretty puzzle-solving. With one or two exceptions these stories are far above the ordinary run of this type of fiction.

Little Aliens. By Myra Kelly. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The pleasure with which one renews friendship with these beguiling "little aliens"—or "little citizens"—is touched with keen regret as one realizes that

in this book they come among us for the last time. There are few indeed of our many clever writers of short stories whose characters have become so dear to us as have those of Myra Kelly. It is true that she has not in a high degree the distinctive qualities of the storyteller. When we compare her with such a master of the art as O. Henry, we are sure to feel that the best things in her books are exquisite sketches rather than stories. But it is largely through this very simplicity of execution, this manner of one making a careless transcript from life, that she makes her own love for her little group of Yiddish children contagious, until even that grotesque speech of theirs, intrinsically so harsh and repellent, comes to have as distinct a charm as any soft Italian patois. Unfortunately, Miss Kelly has made, in this last book, several attempts to cast her material into more conventional narrative form. In four out of the eight stories the plot turns upon very unlikely coincidences, and in no one of these is the event sufficiently interesting to compensate for the sacrifice of reality. In the other stories, however, especially in "Friends" and "The Magic Cape," the old spontaneous humor and pathos are as appealing as ever.

The Losing Game. By Will Payne. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company.

American finance and American marriages, in high places, have been heavily drawn upon of late by our serious, pragmatic novelists. The present is a story of business and marriage upon a much more sordid plane than that Robert Herrick and David Graham Phillips occupy themselves with. Mr. Payne's book is an intimate study of the technique of bucket-shop operation. His hero is a telegraph operator who attains much easily-gotten wealth through his wire-tapping abilities. The real architect of his fortunes is, however, the girl stenographer who first reveals to him the infinite possibilities of getting rich quickly. She marries him when they are still poor, and is a comfort and guide to him in his first, tottering, dishonest steps upward. As soon as he is a millionaire he forsakes her and marries a blonde woman with social aspirations. The last chapter leaves him as poor as the first chapter finds him. The book offers by no means an unfaithful picture of a very definite phase of the national life and character; only it is hard to escape the feeling that it was written for people with a sneaking admiration for the kind of rascality that it pictures so graphically and so attractively.

Over the Quicksands. By Anna Chapin Ray. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

As a picture of Quebec from the resident's point of understanding, this book is instructive and charming. The read-

er is so hospitably enrolled in the old city's inner modern circles as to become an affectionate partisan, despising the tourist and dreading the weather that brings him—and this, even though the reader himself may never have seen Quebec. Such is the coaxing power of a year spent in a set of amiable and disinterested young folk whose life is snow sport in every variety, drinking tea, and eating buttered toast. There is a brave attempt at characterization that only partially succeeds in lifting the actors out of the plane of agents in a plot. Of plot, there is not an excess, but there is an all-pervading mystery which, hovering on the edge of classic tragedy, is solved in so domestic a fashion as to suggest a Greek torso restored by Yankee additions. The interest is kept up by the haggard pallors and arrested circulation of those persons who are involved in the dark enigma, and it is not to be denied that curiosity is amply piqued. But the motive of a brother and sister, ignorant of the relationship, falling in love with each other, needs a very large treatment or none—preferably none. Such a theme must needs be stupendous, offensive, or inadequate. Miss Ray, choosing the second best, makes it inadequate.

THE STATE IN LITTLE.

The Junior Republic: Its History and Ideals. By William R. George, with an introduction by Thomas M. Osborne. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50 net.

So much ephemeral literature, some of it unbalanced and misleading, has grown about the young folks' democracy at Freeville, N. Y., that an official history is most welcome. Mr. George tells his story unaffectedly, and with a fine relish for the human nature involved. His reminiscences make the turbulent growth of this miniature commonwealth vivid and at times thrilling, yet his record is essentially a sober one, giving no effect of special pleading.

The republic rose out of the ashes of a charity. It was born in disillusion. For four years from 1890 Mr. George conducted a summer fresh air camp at Freeville, only to arrive at the bitter conviction that he was doing harm. In disgust he turned upon his wards and told them they must work for the clothes which formerly had been distributed gratis. After the first indignation, the plan worked excellently, even became popular, and resulted in a general improvement in morale. The camp became no longer a charity, but a self-supporting community, with Mr. George as its benevolent autocrat. It was again despair that forced the first step in self-government. Petty thieving at the expense of neighboring farmers naturally thrived in a community recruited from the slums. Mr. George faithfully ad-

ministered corporeal punishment without effect, until one day he realized that the daily whippings were a valued spectacle for all comers. That day he whipped no more, but turned over the two remaining culprits to the judgment of their fellows. The spectators became a tribunal which sternly voted exemplary punishment. Thus the camp took charge of its own conduct. It had reached the stage of a college senate.

From this to complete democracy was but a step. During a winter of hardship Mr. George and the pioneers planned the future state and learned to work together. Next year the republic stood full-fledged, with legislature, executive, and judiciary, token money, and diversified industries. Here was a miniature world in which, unless a boy worked, neither did he eat. It speedily produced its police and prisons; its lawyers and merchants. Laws grew and multiplied, chiefly from the need of protecting property rights. Parties developed; mobs raged and had to be quelled by the police; once something approaching a lynching was attempted. The political demoralization caused by the voting of newcomers was checked by a probationary requirement of residence—to all intents a naturalization law. Woman agitated for the ballot and eventually won it. Unfair trade by merchants commanding markets beyond the bounds was adjusted by the imposition of a customs duty. In fact, the emergencies of the greater Republic reproduced themselves in the junior republic in a most instructive fashion. There was no play about it. The boy or girl who passed from thriftlessness to vagrancy had to work under surveillance. This part of the story is thoroughly familiar and needs no comment except that Mr. George retells it with admirable clarity and humor.

The world, however, may not know so well the money crisis that befell the Junior Republic. Its fiat money, for which no means of retirement had been provided, glutted the treasury. The surplus became a source of heart-burning and corruption. It was foolishly voted away for needless improvements. Public officials batted on contracts. Wealth and intelligence rallied to meet the situation, but Bryanism was in the air, and the "invaders"—summer citizens—carried the day for "free tin." The Legislature, bound to that policy, squabbled during its short term, but did next to nothing. Cold weather drove the free-tin populace back to the city, and the republic, left a financial derelict, went into voluntary liquidation. Its affairs were reorganized by the proprietary corporation. It erected safeguards for the suffrage, and by becoming a permanent settlement ended forever the political peril of the summer influx. Since then it has steadily grown in territory, population, and material resources, and its

form of organization has been imitated elsewhere.

That the republic affords an extraordinary training in self-reliance there can be no matter of doubt. It welcomes the toughest boys from the city and makes good citizens of many of them. Except for a supreme court made up of adult friends of the Republic, it manages its own affairs, and manages them well. Since certain writers have asserted that the percentage of relapse is very large in ex-citizens we wish that Mr. George had met this point not by a general disclaimer, but statistically.

It is still too early to take definitive account of this extraordinary work. How far men like Mr. George and Mr. Osborne, the president of the corporation, are indispensable to success has not been settled. How far the democratic idea has a virtue to inspire average managers remains to be proved. Mr. George has constantly shown a tact and faith that are of the rarest. That these qualities are communicable one may only hope.

Most writers have emphasized the likenesses between the nation and the Junior Republic. The differences, which are considerable, should also be noted. No citizen owns land; it is supplied by the corporation. This means, first, an enormous subsidy to the Republic, and, next, the elimination of one of the thorniest issues from its politics. Next, the wage scale is uniform in all trades and arbitrarily divided into low, medium, and high. Thus competition is greatly reduced. Such paternalism, even though it be continued by consent of the citizens, makes the little commonwealth an imperfect copy of the economic world without. Similarly, the paid artisans, supported not by the republic, but by the corporation, introduce a special element which has no analogy in the real world. These observations are made not in a deprecatory way, but in the interest of clearness of judgment. As to the admirable spirit and general usefulness of the work, there is no doubt. The reading of this book will go far to reassure those whose faith in the democratic principle is wavering. Such doubters may find reproof and instruction in the numerous cases in which the average sense of boys and girls has issued in essential justice and even high political wisdom.

The Elizabethan People. By Henry Thew Stephenson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$2 net.

This is a work of popularization which offers in reasonable compass a great deal of information on Elizabethan life, custom, and character. For example, it contains chapters on life in London and in the country, sports and indoor amusements, popular superstitions, baptismal and bridal customs, etc.

A good part of the material is taken from modern authorities like Sidney Lee and Hubert Hall, but the author has also used to a considerable extent such sources as Harrison, Stow, and the Elizabethan plays and pamphlets. He has not altogether avoided the chief danger of works of this kind—namely, the exaggeration of what differentiates the life and modes of thought of the particular period from our own. For instance, superstitions about fairies were common in the days of Elizabeth, but surely not "every mother" felt a "thrill of fear" at the birth of her child lest the fairies should carry it off. The book, too, suffers somewhat from the want of historical perspective. The writer was under no obligation to give even a brief history of the different matters of which he treats, as they had already developed before the reign of Elizabeth, but an occasional glance backward, and, perhaps, forward, also, is necessary to set customs, etc., in their right light. As it is, Professor Stephenson describes each thing entirely severed from its historical connections, as if it had existed only in the Elizabethan age. Connected with this defect, no doubt, is his indiscriminate selection of pictures for the illustration of Elizabethan sports and customs, many of those which he reproduces from Strutt and others being really (though this is not indicated) mediæval or modern in their origin. The procedure in question is particularly unfortunate in such a book as the present one, since it is calculated to confuse (in regard to costume and such matters) the class of readers who are most likely to use it, viz., beginners in the study of Elizabethan literature.

The chapter most open to criticism is that on Elizabethan character which begins the book. The "savagery" of the age is over-emphasized and the "dislike of long and continuous mental strain" sounds peculiar, when applied to the generation of Shakespeare and Bacon. The following explanation, moreover, of the great Elizabethan literature which we find in this chapter is, we venture to say, unique:

Its lasting effect [i. e., of the destruction of the Spanish Armada in 1588] is recognized to-day in the fact that by making continental travel safe, tourists were enabled to bring home precious manuscripts and a knowledge of older and more perfect learning that, when published and coned, directly gave birth to Shakespeare and his followers.

What has become of the long and painful development of the English Renaissance, some of whose fruits were already before the world in the form of the "Shepherd's Calendar," "Tamburlaine," etc.? The new heaven must have worked with the rapidity of our modern patent medicines, for in two years—to mention just a few of its miraculous effects—it had produced the best half of