

is worth while to say thus much as to the weight properly due to the various classes of evidence relating to our civil war, because men here sometimes judge wrongly. We think that so great an historian as Rhodes falls to some extent into error, and we observe signs in this book that Major Bigelow is not entirely free. Speaking in his preface of his sources, our author has much to say of the high value of the official records, and very little as to testimony of any other kind. We are bound, however, to declare that in the citations in the text there is no neglect of testimony of any kind. The home-letters of the rank and file, newspaper waifs, the gossip of camps and cities, are utilized judiciously to throw light.

Altogether, Major Bigelow's book is masterly. We know of no more satisfactory scientific treatment of a military topic by any American writer. Shall we be thought trifling if we say that the book, while very handsome, is also very heavy? It weighs nearly five pounds and is nearly a foot square. Says Major Bigelow: "Whoever expects to follow a campaign reclining in an easy-chair, with a book in one hand and a cigar in the other, is doomed to disappointment." We should say so. Some of our young soldiers are said to need exercise, and it will perhaps be a good thing if, while perfecting themselves in their art, they can at the same time enjoy a strenuous gymnastic; but what of the discomfort of the old-timers during the many hours necessary to a proper perusal?

CURRENT FICTION.

Just Folks. By Clara E. Laughlin. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The heroine of this modern story of Chicago is a "tiny sprite of a fair-haired girl," a probation officer of the Juvenile Court. Called by the children "de p'leece lady," she resolves to level all barriers that might separate her from them, and we first meet her half-wistfully renouncing a residence in Hull House. The privileges of that "splendid institution" she meant to turn to her advantage and that of her boys and girls, but she elected to avoid the stigma of any appearance of "professional benevolence" by living in the most modest of rooms in the most modest of streets, and by turning her back on the luxury of even a settlement dwelling. The book naturally is a document of the most personal social service among "the other half," carried on under enlightened modern conditions. That any new theories are advanced is not to be said. But the book gives an account of the slums and the slum-dwellers, from the point of view of an equal, one might say, were it not rather as from that of an inferior, treating of her betters. The writer understands her Irish, her Rus-

sian, her Pole. She puts her characters through diverse paces of shiftlessness, misdemeanor, fidelity, heroism. Her heroine faces difficulties ranging from the recovery of pawned clothes to the tracing of traffickers in white slaves. She is full of tenderness and good sense, and only temporarily is tempted to defy the law in behalf of her stray lambs. The "awkward Samaritanism" of the rich is her reddest rag, and she does not always escape on her own part sentimentality for the poor. But hers is a clear ray shed upon dark questions, and her story a modest lesson in unaffected brotherhood.

The Vicar of the Marches. By Clinton Scollard. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.

For those who like to hasten with an autobiographical hero through a series of hearty adventures, tinged with hate and vengeance, and colored with love, Tiso di Camposanpiero will make a welcome companion; his struggles against the fell power of Ezzillino da Romano, "well christened by some," as Tiso himself says, "Ezzillino the Devil," are both valiant and plentiful. Indeed, Mr. Scollard has written a story thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of the rough times of the old Italian city-states, when Guelph and Ghibelline were at each other's throats, and feud and rapine were rife in the land. If the occasional clank of machinery makes a jarring note in the story, and if we find both hero and villain even more prodigious in their respective qualities than is usual in tales of the type, "The Vicar of the Marches" is, none the less, good reading enough, and the spirit of old romance is softened here and there by a poetic note, the echo of its author's familiar verse.

The Old Flute-Player. By Edward Marshall and Charles Dazey. New York: G. W. Dillingham Co.

A wealthy American woman suspects her companion, a well-bred young German girl, of stealing a diamond ring. She hastens with the accusation to the girl's father, an impecunious musician. He, instantly taking his daughter's guilt for granted, assumes the responsibility for the crime. The daughter arrives in the nick of time to prove her innocence—the ring has been given her by her employer's son, to whom she is engaged. The implacable mother will consent to the match only on condition that the shabby musician shall not attempt to see his daughter again. Everybody breathe hard! The musician, by documentary evidence, proves himself "Count Otto von Lichtenstahl." Down falls mamma at his feet and entreats his daughter's hand for her son.

To make the presence of humor more than doubly sure, the author has in-

troduced several dialects, including an alliance of German, Cockney, and Italian. Perhaps the realest thing in the book is a burlesqued Ellis Island scene, in which the faithful M'riar, an amusing specimen of the familiar "slavery" type, figures with distinction.

The Purchase Price. By Emerson Hough. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

In "The Purchase Price" Mr. Hough has given a glimpse of the troubled days of the Missouri Compromise. Politics and history are freely discussed and treated with attention to detail. The dominating character is that of a beautiful Hungarian countess, an emissary of Kossuth, who puts her heart and fortune into the abolitionist cause. Her influence is so great that the authorities at Washington have her quietly kidnapped. Here the love story begins, and it proves to be an exciting one, though not before Josephine St. Auban has lost her fortune, and, like many pioneers of reform, has been badly treated by those she tried to help.

Aside from the romance, the book should be of interest to those who are not wholly familiar with that period of our history, in which conflicting Federal and State laws complicated the issue between the advocates and opponents of slavery. "As neither of the great parties of the day filled its ranks from either section," says Mr. Hough, "so in both sections, there were many who espoused, as many denied, the right of men to own slaves. We speak of slavery as the one great question of that day. It was not and never has been the greatest. The question of democracy—that was even then, and it is now, the greatest question." The book has received a dress worthy of the theme.

The Blue Arch. By Alice Duer Miller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Most women are loved for something they give a man, for the relation, not for themselves. But you will be loved for what you are, for yourself, like some stupendous natural beauty. . . . Women who are loved like that are not easily forgotten." Such is the distinction of Nina Sinnott, who, besides, is an engaging blend of *ingenue* and *savante*. She graduates from college with an astronomical bent, and pursues her vocation in the face of family opposition and dismay. As a crotchety astronomer's secretary in a mountain observatory, and later as teacher in a college, she achieves gratifying successes; but being, by her innocence and involuntary seductiveness, quite unfitted to cope with the insidious dangers of an academic community, she is caught in the toils of a faculty scandal. Thereupon the crotchety astronomer turns human enough to extricate and marry

her. He had never made the mistake of forcing his love upon her. He had merely permitted her to carry him his luncheon, and to stay up nights recording his observations.

The atmosphere of the whole book is rather thin and cold and dry. One is oppressed by a sense of restricting conventions, and the danger of lapsing from a great height. It is difficult to believe that beings of real flesh and blood could keep alive, much less make love in it. Some of the subordinate characters, especially a likable flirtatious sister of Nina's, are graceful and distinct, but they have all to be sternly repressed in order to vindicate the attractiveness of a very special type of intellectual femininity.

Edward and I and Mrs. Honeybun. By Kate Horn. New York: Brentano's.

The pastoral adventures of Lord Edward Estcourt, second son of the Marquis of Adair and of his child-wife Gabrielle: how they endured poverty for a season at King's Cheval, a small property on the Suffolk Broads; how they were there subject to the heavy-handed ministrations of a single servant, Mrs. Honeybun; how, for a period, they were delivered from her by one Seth Cattermole, agriculturalist; how, in a dark hour of misfortune and financial stress, Mrs. Honeybun returned upon them in her true character—a blessing well disguised; how in due time, by the discovery of a hidden legacy, they were restored to happiness and abundance.

There is a delightful incongruity in pretending to introduce such exquisites as "Edward and I" to "the sordid miseries of poverty" and in picturing them involved in the complexities of the simple life. The sweet fragility of a Gabrielle was clearly never intended for rough uses; nor was Edward designed for endurance. The story is told in a whimsically artificial wording, graceful, decorous, a little stilted, like the pose of the Chelsea shepherdess on Aunt Sabitha's book-shelf, and leaves the reader with a charming impression of the idyllic, at once naïve and antiquated.

TYPES OF UNIVERSITIES.

Great American Universities. By Edwin E. Slosson. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.50 net.

Mr. Slosson has rendered a valuable service to that large proportion of the general public, with or without a tincture of letters, which is mainly dependent upon intercollegiate athletes for its ideas of the characteristics of our leading educational institutions. He has spent a week—not an afternoon on the "bleachers"—at each of the fourteen universities ranked by their annual expenditure for instruction at the

head of the list prepared by the Carnegie Foundation: Columbia, Harvard, Chicago, Michigan, Yale, Cornell, Illinois, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, California, Stanford, Princeton, Minnesota, and Johns Hopkins. The record of his brief sojourns makes without padding a volume of over five hundred pages. It is no exaggeration to say that he presents a more distinct and many-sided view of every institution considered than many an old graduate could give of his own alma mater. The amount of solid information that he conveys along with his personal impressions is surprising. He has had an eye to the picturesque aspects of undergraduate life. He has meditated on the mysteries of university architecture. He has listened to the significant gossip of students and faculty. But he has also invaded the offices of registrars and presidents and presidents' secretaries; has visited classrooms and laboratories; has studied catalogues and university annals. He presents his facts in the effective form of graphs and diagrams, and he relieves the burden of the tale by the help of a dry humor and copious illustrations. He has, furthermore, ideas enough about administration, education, and research to set up a college president. The book is therefore no mere piece of superficial impressionism; it has what Mr. Slosson likes to call "dynamic" qualities. In order to appreciate its virtues it is necessary to understand that its author is literary editor of *The Independent*, that he is from Kansas, and that he is an ex-chemist.

As a journalist he urges the universities to keep in touch with the modern world. He thinks the humanistic brethren are somewhat slow in availing themselves of mechanical appliances such as the stereopticon, the phonograph, and moving pictures to relieve the monotony of their lectures. He is struck by the inability of many of the universities to maintain literary magazines and literary interests among the undergraduates. Perhaps his boldest suggestion relates to the doctor's thesis in English literature. It touches, at any rate, upon the sterilizing influence of much of our "higher" English study. Mr. Slosson cannot understand why doctors' theses in English should be limited to linguistics or literary history. Arguing from analogy with other professional degrees he says:

It seems to me that it would be only fair to require of every candidate for Ph.D. in English literature the writing of a successful novel, a volume of good essays, a poem of distinct merit, an acceptable play, or some contribution to belles-lettres that will meet with the approval of the judicious if not of the public. . . . That is, if literature is a science, it should require original contributions to knowledge like the other sciences. If it is an art, it should require craftsmanship like the other arts. If it partakes of the character of both, it

should meet both requirements instead of dodging both by keeping between.

As a western man, Mr. Slosson is a modernist, an ardent progressive, and a believer in "the people." He feels heartily in sympathy with the dominant ideals of the State universities—their industry, their democracy, their industrial and professional education, their immediate service to the commonwealth. He experiences no academic languor in the presence of milk tests, cement tests, soil analysis, scientific cookery, and pottery. These things seem to him as legitimate curriculum material as rhyme tests, style analysis, and poetry. For he recognizes, in short, as few Eastern bred men are able to do, the "utilitarian idealism"—please accentuate "idealism"—of Martha, busy about many things.

Mr. Slosson, as we have said, is, like Mr. Eliot, an ex-chemist, and his scientific proclivities reinforce his Western modernism and progressivism. He failed to catch the enthusiasm when they talked to him at Yale about their traditions. For traditions as such he obviously does not care a snap of the fingers. On the contrary, that a thing is an innovation appears to him decidedly in its favor. If it is not an improvement, it is at least an experiment; and the experimental temper indicates that a man is looking where the West looks; where science looks—into the future. Like Mill, he believes it is important "to give the freest scope possible to uncustomary things, in order that it may in time appear which of these are fit to be considered customs." Not disposed, as some renowned educators are, to fix his eyes upon the peerless perfections of a single institution, he deplores the imitativeness of the universities, wishes them to specialize, and differentiate themselves as much as possible—each one to work upon an original plan of educational salvation.

Mr. Slosson takes what we may call the university point of view as distinguished from what he calls the point of view of the "old-fashioned college." He has the open mind, the catholic taste, and the optimism of the younger generation which believes in everything. It is interesting to compare with this spirit, the diagnosis of the present educational situation recently made by an English journalist, Mr. Chesterton. The one thing from which we are all shrinking to-day, says Mr. Chesterton, is that "ancestral responsibility to which our fathers committed us when they took the wild step of becoming men. I mean the responsibility of affirming the truth of our human tradition and handing it on with a voice of authority, an unshakable voice. That is the one eternal education; to be sure enough that something is true that you dare to tell it to a child. From this high audacious duty the moderns are fleeing on every side;