

declined to fix personal guilt. We had all sinned together, in providing temptation or in yielding to it; the grandees of finance had merely offended as humbler men would have done under like conditions. What he desired was a general amnesty, a proper revision of the moral and penal code, and a fresh start. He even imagined some process of personal conversion by which Trust magnates should agree to play fair, should consent to make money more slowly, and admit the expediency of working with instead of against the people. He cherished a vision of the ten or more great managers of finance meeting in committee and honestly promising to be good.

There was about him an old-fashioned plainness and integrity that led him to the heart of difficult problems. He assumed that the State had a right to regulate corporations the magnitude of whose business affected the public welfare. He assumed that if employers might combine, so might, nay, must, employees. He was a friend of the unions and of the open shop. From the simple observation that the negro of property was respected dated his zeal for Tuskegee, which he long served as trustee, and for industrial education for the negro. There was in this eminently simple and practical man much of the spirit of science, but his investigations were tinged with an extraordinary tenderness. He felt as deeply as he saw clearly. As an example of a sensitive conscience unscathed among great affairs his life is of singular value. To his friends this biography will be of absorbing interest, and even strangers may glimpse in it the traits of a sweet, resolute, and most serviceable personality.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Husband's Story. By David Graham Phillips. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Of Mr. Phillips's novels it must be said, at least, that they are never mere literary performances. He always has something "on his chest"—something that must be got off for his own comfort. He delivers his message in a tone of loud and cheerful disgust. Whatever at the moment he loathes most in modern life becomes, for that hour, the darling of his pen. If (as we have more than once suggested) his rôle is virtually that of the bull in the china-shop, it is clear that he has no suspicion of the fact. He smashes away with the solemn zeal of a prophet, and the attendant crash and jingle are sphere-music to his robust sense. His most cherished hatred, as his readers know too well, is reserved for the sins and follies of fashionable life. If for an instant, in "White Magic," he seemed inclined to look with indulgence upon certain persons born or bred under the

curse of "society," he has promptly, and let us hope, permanently, repented. For Mr. Phillips is far more amusing, as well as more profitable, when he is discharging his proper mission than when he is experimenting with the material of Robert W. Chambers.

As a piece of literary art "*The Husband's Story*" is atrocious; and experience of Mr. Phillips does not incline us to lay its atrocity altogether at the door of the supposed story-teller—a flimsy "dramatic" man of straw, if there ever was one. Godfrey Loring is intended to stand as a superior example of the American business man, brought close to ruin by contact with the accursed "American woman." We do not mean financial ruin, for Loring's business activity is able to keep pace even with his wife's extravagance. But his money is won at the expense of his moral nature—a fact of which the woman pretends to be ignorant, and to which she is really indifferent. Her father is an undertaker, and Loring's is a small grocer, in a small and dingy city. The girl, with her little soul, marries Loring out of pique. He has, by chance, the business sense, and they presently find themselves with money to spend. The woman's ambition is aroused. We follow the pair by way of a Brooklyn purgation to the glories of a New York establishment. Social supremacy for herself and her daughter becomes the woman's sole aim, and Loring contemptuously applies the golden key to New York's most exclusive set. But there is another world to conquer on the other side of the water: the upshot of it is that the daughter becomes a marchioness and the mother a princess—by virtue of Loring's money. We leave the man at the outset of a fresh matrimonial experience. The motive, it will be seen, is anything but novel: for some reason title-hunting is a pet theme of the hour. The striking thing about the book is its truculence. Under the transparent cover of Loring's authorship, Mr. Phillips hoarsely bellows his contempt for American womanhood. He is continually dropping his story to insult the "gentle reader"—"you, with the foolish, chimera-haunted brain, with the silly ideas of life, with the ignorance of human nature including your own self, with the love of sloppy and tawdry clap-trap." He has begun the tale with the admission that the American writer of fiction must "catch the women"; is he right, we wonder, in fancying that abuse will serve for bait?

The Soul of a Serf: A Romance of Love and Valor Among the Angles and Saxons. By J. Breckenridge Ellis. Chicago: Laird & Lee.

If the heaviest battalions are proverbially possessed by an ally of unmatched distinction, the beaten cause is at least reasonably certain of the ser-

vices of Romance. It is Arthur, the briefly successful leader of a forlorn hope, who lives in song and story the flower of kings; the deeds of the Germanic conquerors of his people found no lasting reflection in literature. Not till the Anglo-Saxons themselves were on the defensive do we get the fine valor of the "Battle of Maldon."

In the present romance we meet with some authentic folk: Penda, the fierce Mercian; Coifi, the heathen high-priest whose naïvely pragmatical views of religion are recorded by Bede, and a somewhat too faint-hearted Edwin of Northumbria. Antiquities, too, are not slighted; the gleeman's song is heard in the mead-hall, shields clash assent, the ethics of the *comitatus* are acted out, people talk about the folk-moot and (so hard error dies) about drinking mead from the skulls of their enemies in Valhalla. But the incredibly brave and high-minded hero and the incredibly beautiful and disdainful heroine, though they for the nonce find themselves in this Germanic museum, essentially are not of it. Their pedigree is quite other. For Usfrey, who from a ceorl becomes ealdorman, and for Cuthberga, who, like the fairy-tale princess, marries him out of spite, the course of true love is as thrillingly troubled with whirlpools and sunken rocks as for any hero and heroine between the covers of a book; who, indeed, they are. There is, besides, some good fighting.

An appendix supplies some historical background. In the main it is sensible, but it is scarcely judicious to deny to Celtic Christianity a particle of influence upon English culture or to ascribe to the Anglo-Saxon of the seventh century an unswerving faith in the entire mythology of the Norse Eddas.

The Motor Maid. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

This story of the Williamsons' differs only in the slightest degree from their other automobile novels. Having made themselves supreme in the motor-car field, they have worked with increasing industry and devotion. Incidentally, they have made most of their readers learn a good deal about European geography and history. We know of devotees of the products of this co-partnership who annually follow in the tracks of the latest Williamson heroine, and the increased sales of a certain motor-car mentioned by these authors in one volume are said to have necessitated a new factory; we are even told that where one tourist to France buys a Baedeker, two buy a Williamson. More than that, we are asked to believe that every American girl whose father is a millionaire beseeches her "Dad" to take her and a motor-car to Europe, and to hire a chauffeur abroad in the expectation that he will surely prove one

of those dukes or princes in disguise who, according to the Williamsons, form a majority of all able-bodied European motor-car drivers.

In the "Motor Maid" the two persons who occupy the front seat of the automobile are people of exquisite taste, gentle birth, and astounding historical and literary knowledge. Both are in temporarily straitened circumstances, and therefore act as maid and chauffeur to two quite unattractive *nouveaux riches* in a light blue, sixty-horsepower car. The maid is warned, against all chauffeurs, but "never was a chauffeur so long, so slim, so leathery as this one." Long and slim as he is, he slips speedily into her affections. As for the rest of the volume, the transformation of the chauffeur into the lady's protector, brother, and fiancé is rapid enough to please the most exacting maid of sixteen. Why not? A romance that takes place in a sixty-horsepower motor ought surely to move with more than lightning speed, and so the reader is transported from Cannes into Italy and then into France and up to Paris, learning all about the scenery and history of the country from the wise maid and chauffeur. As usual, the descriptions are excellent, and they afford a pleasant contrast to the human beings who ride in the car. As a whole, the volume entertains. But if we must explore so many miles of country in the course of our light reading, a road map of Europe at the end of each volume would add much to its charm—and to its usefulness as a guide-book.

The Hollow Needle. By Maurice Leblanc. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The secret of the hollow needle, which has been in the possession of Cæsar and Charlemagne and Louis XIV and Louis XV and Napoleon and has now come to the knowledge of the egregious Arsène Lupin, is so incredibly fantastic as to spoil a detective story which otherwise has many interesting qualities. How the young Parisian student wrestles with the Napoleon of crime for his secret, and the conclusion, must be left to the discovery of the reader of the book.

The Window at the White Cat. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.

One of the peculiarities of this detective story is the absence of any real detecting. The hero, a lawyer this time, and not a reporter, is busy haunting dark windows and exploring midnight corridors, but for the most part he fails to discover anything through falling down dumb-waiter shafts or bumping his nose or forgetting his shoes. And when the mystery is revealed, it is as much a surprise to him as to the read-

er. And there is a vast amount to reveal. The iniquities of politics and the eccentricities of woman never before created so complicated a series of mysterious happenings, including murder and disappearance. The best thing in the book is the description of the political club, called the White Cat; that is an invention of genius. The poorest thing is the disappearance of Aunt Jane, which does indeed darken the mystery of the plot, but only by an illegitimate trick on the reader. The author's sense of humor is at times delightful, and, oddly enough, seems not at all out of place in a story of blood and horrors.

A GREAT CATHOLIC BISHOP.

The Life and Times of Bishop Challoner. By Edwin H. Burton, D.D. Two volumes. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. \$7 net.

Those who contemplate the present strength and prosperity of the Catholic Church in England are too often apt to forget the terrors and sufferings of that dark and distressing but yet comparatively recent epoch in its history which stretches from the Revolution of 1688 to the first Relief Act of 1778. Identified in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries with the interests of a detested Spanish power, which gave way in the age of Louis XIV to an equally detested French one; coupled in men's minds with the vast majority of real rebellions and plots (not to speak of the even larger proportion of grossly exaggerated or wholly fictitious ones) in which Tudor and Stuart history abounds, it is small wonder that the cause of Roman Catholicism in England suffered at the hands of the subjects of "Dutch William" and his successors. They were debarred from the enjoyment of many privileges, disabled from holding office, and on occasions actually persecuted. That it was ninety long years after the "glorious Revolution" before this policy began to be modified, need not occasion too much surprise. The "Fifteen" and the "Forty-five" gave renewed proof that the old alliance of Catholicism with England's political foes on the Continent was not yet utterly forgotten; while the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in France, and the interpretation of "*Cujus regio, ejus religio*" by some of the less enlightened German princes, not to speak of the policy of Spain and of the majority of the Italian states, showed that, though the wars of religion were past, the embers of the old hatreds and jealousies continued to burn.

During this dark period of doubt and suffering, the foremost figure among the English Catholics was Richard Challoner; Bishop of Debra, and vicar apostolic of the Southern and most important of the four "districts" into which

the Catholic flock in England was divided, for administrative purposes, from 1688 to 1840. Born three years after the accession of William III, the son of a Puritan father, who died when he was very young, the future bishop was brought up in Catholic surroundings, and sent at the age of fourteen to be educated for the priesthood at the English college at Douay, where he remained, almost uninterruptedly, as student, priest, vice-president, and professor till 1730. In that year he finally received permission to resign his offices at the college and go as a missionary priest to London; here he devoted himself to the cause of Catholicism in England, until his death half a century later. He is best known for his theological and devotional books, which number nearly two score. "The Garden of the Soul" (1740), "The Memoirs of the Missionary Priests" (1741-2), and the "Meditations" (1754) are perhaps the most famous, and on them succeeding generations of English Catholics were brought up. But his activities were by no means limited to the authorship of these works. In addition to his difficult episcopal duties (he was consecrated bishop in 1741), he founded two Catholic schools in England which survive to-day as St. Edmund's and St. Wilfrid's Colleges, and was the benefactor of the English Catholic colleges on the Continent. He strove in every way to alleviate the sufferings of his co-religionists, and to gain for them the toleration which they began to enjoy in his last years. "He was not, indeed, a man of genius, or even of striking originality. By nature he was a stanch conservative, who loved to walk in the old paths. But he possessed marked intellectual ability and that strong practical sense which knows how to turn knowledge to daily use." It is doubtful if a more brilliant or daring man would have served the Catholic cause as successfully as he did, in that day and generation. The Catholics were in such a minority that they could not hope to gain their ends by force; they must rather suffer long and uncomplainingly, and thus prove beyond the possibility of a doubt that religious dissent no longer walked hand in hand with political rebellion. Under such circumstances, a leader of indomitable patience, absolute self-abnegation, and pre-eminent personal holiness was a priceless boon—and such a leader they possessed in Challoner.

Dr. Burton's book is a most thorough and scientific piece of work, a monument of careful, painstaking scholarship—a trifle too exhaustive, in fact, to appeal to readers who are not specialists in this particular field. It is much more than a life of Challoner; it is really a history of English Catholicism in the eighteenth century. Though frankly a panegyric, the book does not