

Valparaiso by the Spaniards. Later he was one of the shipwrecked crew when the Suwanee was lost in Johnson's Straits inside of Vancouver Island. Smoother sailing then ensued for him in various cruises, although at one time his vessel, the monitor Dictator, joined our fleet assembled in the Gulf of Mexico when certain events presaged possible hostilities with Spain—an episode known in naval circles as the First Cubic War. It may be remarked that the Dictator had a serious time of it on her way, being caught in a heavy gale of wind with her wheel ropes parted.

Clark was sent in 1894 to Bering Sea as senior officer of a small squadron charged with the duty of protecting the seal herd there. In this position he showed such sound judgment, so high a sense of justice, and such a faculty of inspiring his subordinates as to impress them with the feeling that he was peculiarly fitted for larger responsibilities.

What he did, four years later, when in command of the Oregon, is too well known to need repetition. The details of her famous trip from the Pacific to the Atlantic are given in the delicious diary of one of his cabin orderlies printed *verbatim et literatim* at the close of this fascinating volume.

The author is a prince of *raconteurs*, so that his autobiography was bound to contain many amusing yarns. Indeed, it may fairly be said to bristle with them. Those of the dog that levied toll on all American officers who landed at the quay in Valparaiso (p. 158), of the ignominious disappearance of the guns christened George Washington and Thomas Jefferson (p. 78), are by no means the best of his collection. Quite apropos of certain happenings to-day is General Butler's order, as Military Governor of New Orleans (p. 118), when a local orchestra refused to play the national anthem: "The orchestra of the Varieties Theatre will henceforth open with the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' close with 'Hail Columbia,' and 'Yankee Doodle' must be played at least once during the evening." But the great temptation to cite further must be resisted.

The style is simple and direct. The book is well made up; the illustrations few, but good; its index fairly complete. It should be read by all who seek to comprehend the spirit of our navy during the transition from sail to steam and during the first of our wars in which the battleship played a part.

Echoes and Inventions

Finished. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green & Company.

His Last Bow. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Four Corners of the World. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Grim Thirteen. Edited by Frederick Stuart Greene. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.

Barbarians. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

A Change of Air. By Katharine Fullerton Gerould. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

ONE pleasant thing about theatrical stars and heroes of popular fiction is that we need never take them too seriously when they advertise farewell tours and positively last

appearances. We have been saying good-by to our old friends Allan Quatermain and Sherlock Holmes for years, and though from the titles of their latest performances we might suppose the one to be finished and the other to have made (or drawn?) his last bow, experience teaches us that there is yet hope. As for doughty little Allan, Sir Rider has thus far resisted the temptation to do what should be easy for the creator of "She"—to resuscitate him in the flesh, with renewed youth and energy for fresh achievements under the conditions of to-day. Aviation, perhaps? Here we merely take up the thread of another early episode in his experience as champion shot and top-hole adventurer of a past generation. Already he has the quaintness of a "Deerslayer." Quaint also has become the flavor of Sherlock Holmes and his faithful, fatuous satellite, Watson. In his Preface to the present collection of Sherlockian yarns, the good doctor reports his idol as "still alive and well, though crippled by occasional attacks of rheumatism." Living quietly in the country, he has, it seemed, persistently refused various "princely offers" to take up his old trade of polite sleuth. Most of the exploits here recounted, therefore, have to do with earlier years, and are in the old line of deduction and intuition—with Scotland Yard gaping at their elbow. Once, however, the great man has yielded to pressure, and this is the incident related in "The Last Bow," which brings our man very much up to date. Here, in the rôle of one Altamont, an Irish-American who has turned German spy, he confuses Berlin with false information, and confounds a high German official who, at the moment when the war breaks, is about to leave England with, as he supposes, England in his pocket. It is a good curtain for our hero, and we are not sure that Sir Conan would not be wise to leave him "at that."

England has no more ingenious or versatile tale-maker than the author of "The Four Corners of the World." He is well up in the trade, in so far as story-telling is a trade; knows all its tricks and does not abuse them, and deals in general merchandise of excellent quality. He can do you a very creditable detective story, as witness "The Affair of the Semiramis Hotel," in the present collection, with its Sherlock-Watson pair, ironical Hanaud and ingenuous Ricardo. He can turn you out an amusing and atmospheric romance of Latin America, as in "Green Paint." He can tell a crisp Kiplingish war-tale as in "One of Them" and "Peiffer"; or in the Maupassant manner as in "The Ebony Box." Or he can trouble your spine and marrow with stories of mystery and horror in divers keys, from the rather mechanical wonder of "The Clock" to the sophisticated and Jacobite psychism of "The Refuge," or the bolder Stevensonian ghastliness of "The House of Horror." We do not imply that Mr. Mason's work is feebly imitative, but it is derivative and representative and, rarely, individual, rather than ever really original. There are no dull or ill-written stories in this volume, and they should satisfy that very large constituency which responds to the short story as a clever contrivance. As such they should satisfy that insatiable devourer and tolerably complacent judge of the American short story, Mr. Edward J. O'Brien, who contributes an Introduction to certain feats of literary frightfulness assembled under the title "The Grim Thirteen." We are to take the collection as an exhibit in the supposititious case of the public (or the story-writer) against the American magazine editor, with his prejudice against "the unhappy ending." To qualify, each of these stories must be by an author

whose work of another sort has been acceptable, and must have been rejected by some prominent magazine, on the sole ground of its grimness or unpleasantness. Mr. O'Brien thinks it very sad that there should be any such principle or practice of rejection, and shudders at the thought of what Poe's fate might have been had he been born a generation too late. This is of a piece with his assumption not only that the American short story is our great contribution to literature, but that its masterpieces are now being produced in bulk. We agree that the magazines are over-squeamish and over-timid about work of this sort. But we think they would be right in exacting of it far higher qualities of sincerity and force than of the amiable, more or less heartening product with which it must compete. The day of artificial horrors—the day from which the genius of Poe flowered—we are well enough done with. Writers of talent and ingenuity may safely play upon our good-humored interest and easy sentiment: let them beware of trying to rouse our pity and terror with a penny whistle. There is not a story in this group which can be fairly laid up against the editors who rejected them, not one with the indubitable touch of genius to lift it from the "grim" to the tragic. Half of them are written in the same style, the *American Magazine* or, let us say, *Saturday Evening Post* style, and might have been written by the same brisk, ingenious hand.

"Barbarians" shows at his best a writer whom there have been many to read and few to praise. For years Mr. Chambers has gone his well-paid way as idol of the vulgar-genteel—that unlisted constituency of *Town Topics* and the society column—and as punching-bag for criticism. Most of the time he has seemed content to be merely a clever fellow giving a certain public what it wants. Here he escapes from the musky atmosphere of the pseudo-smart, with its prostitutes of both sexes, into the brain-clearing male world of war. He begins with what appears to be good practice among American novelists, from the doughtiest masculine fire-eater to Miss Alice Brown—shying a brick at the American policy during the early years of the war. "There was treachery in the Senate, treason in the House. A plague of liars infested the republic; the land was rotting with plots. But if the authorities at Washington remained incredulous, stunned into impotency, while the din of murder filled the world, a few mere men, fed up on the mess, sickened while awaiting executive galvanization, and started east to purge their souls." Hence the personnel of the supercargo aboard a certain mule transport, bound for France: a soldier of fortune, a big-game hunter, a convalescent of the Foreign Legion, an American painter, and three American muleteers, besides several French and Belgian waiters returning, of their own choice, for service. The story that follows is really a series of tales tracing their fortunes, mainly tragic, "on the other side"; tales that, if not inspired, are honestly felt and written, and not merely manufactured for an audience or an effect. "A Change of Air" is another group of stories springing from a single situation. The world offers itself to Mrs. Gerould's fancy chiefly in its ironic aspects, smaller or greater. Cordelia Wheaton's division of most of her fortune among needy friends and relatives, and the effect upon each of them of the unexpected windfall, give full play for this writer's somewhat sardonic humor. Only one of them fully stands the test of this eccentric benevolence, and he is a figure of wistful romance very gently and charmingly rendered. Walter Leaven has in youth wished to marry the maiden who

is now the shapeless and feebly mystical Cordelia, and her idea still represents to him, however dimly, the dream of youth and love. He keeps the money she has given him as a trust, and when chance strips her of the pittance she has kept, and her other beneficiaries by one sophistry or another evade the burden of her, he takes her to himself, for her closing days, in the only way possible, as a sacred charge until the end. There is no cheapening of the situation by a sentimental warming-up of the old romance, only the pure if faded beauty of a devotion and trust that need no words. Here, at least, one feels that the irony of life has been defeated on its own ground.

A Variorum Edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets

The Sonnets of Shakespeare. Edited by Raymond Macdonald Alden. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

SHAKESPEARE'S Sonnets were first issued in a volume in 1609 with a dedication from the piratical publisher, Thomas Thorpe, "To the onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets Mr. W. H." There is no evidence that Shakespeare prepared the poems for the press; and we do not know what he thought of the volume, if indeed he ever saw it. Another arrangement of the sonnets, also without authority, appeared in the "Poems" of 1640. During the eighteenth century the sonnets suffered something of an eclipse in reputation; but since the beginning of the nineteenth they have evoked an admiration scarcely surpassed by that for Shakespeare's greatest dramas, and a curiosity rivalled only by that excited by "Hamlet."

Prof. Raymond M. Alden has now brought out what is virtually the first variorum edition, containing all the variant readings proposed by a long succession of editors and synopses of all the accumulated comment and interpretation. The time was ripe for such an edition, for recently Sir Sidney Lee, the late Mr. George Wyndham, Dean Beeching, and others have made important additions to the understanding of the sonnets, and the need was being felt for an adequate survey of the state of criticism. The extremely laborious task of collection and collation has been carried through by Professor Alden with care and accuracy; and he has shown unusual tact in summarizing the opinions of others with an occasional tincture of a sound judgment of his own. In the case of the line—

My sinful earth these rebel powers that thee array

(146, 1), where the corruption, though obvious, baffles emendation, Professor Alden is content to print three full pages of critical comment without expressing his own opinion. On the other hand, in the difficult line—

My most true minde thus maketh mine untrue

(113, 14), he supplements the summary by a strong argument for Malone's conjectural "mine eye untrue." He summarizes with great lucidity the rival arguments for Southampton and Pembroke, though he remains unpersuaded by either. On the question of the arrangement of the sonnets, he adds his own arguments against a sequence, although he does not conceal the difficulties of reaching a decision. In short, an admirable fairness in statement combined with a most painstaking labor makes this volume a worthy contribution to the memorial that scholarship and