

Readers who are disturbed whenever an author's values are not theirs will find in this volume many occasions of disturbance and not a few of perplexity. "A Daughter of Eve" is a case in point. I suspect Mr. Harris of intentions I am not perspicacious enough to detect. A "woman scorned" has a vague wish to show the man the worth of what he refused. She puts herself where he cannot help seeing other men's desire focussed upon her. To my mind the story is remarkable as a series of sharp, bright pictures of desire and desirability. So vivid are they that I am tolerant of my failure to see anything else in the story.

The variety of Mr. Harris's methods is extraordinary. On a small scale this variety may be seen by comparing "A Fool's Paradise" with "A Prostitute." Both are stories with explicit morals. Both are criticisms of life. But "A Fool's Paradise" is an ingenious special case, invented to give Mr. Harris's criticism point. "A Prostitute" is something that might have been observed, one supposes, by anybody familiar with French life. All the ingenuity is in the moral, which is stated in aesthetic terms, and which one is sure to remember when confronted with an imitation of love. It is a moral capable of altering a man's point of view.

Of course there are poor stories in the volume. Mr. Frank Harris has always been an in-and-out performer. But nobody need read the poor stories more than once. The good ones are not harmed by their associates. They are there to read and re-read, in gratitude for Mr. Harris's originality and talent.

P. L.

## Huneker Images

*New Cosmopolis, a Book of Images, by James Huneker.*  
New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

**F**IRST impressions: Why did Mr. Huneker collect and republish the articles which make up this book? Why did he ever publish them in magazines and newspapers? How came such a clever man as Mr. Huneker to write them at all?

Unforgettable and unforgivable are some of the things Mr. Huneker says about beer. He calls it "the cool brew," "the amber brew," "foaming nectar," "the wet blond masterpiece." A man who will write like that is a man without shame. Mr. Huneker knows better, ever so much better. He can also do worse, ever so much worse. Listen to him at his worst of all: "Bargain day is a marrow bone sweet to woman; sweeter even than the Votiform Appendix." Reader, did you ever yearn to make quiet, strong men weep? Call them to you and read aloud that sentence.

Second impression: Mr. Huneker is the most catholic liker in the world. He likes New York, Stendhal, beer, Ernest Lawson, shipping, Bach, Pelham Parkway, the Karlskirche in Vienna, fried oysters, Saint Gaudens' Farragut, Memling, Rupert Hughes, veal chops, Von Vondel's Luzifer, bean soup, Shelley, Jules Laforgue, Vance Thompson, locomotives, Piranesi, Berlin hotels and Cornelia van Oosterzee. Mr. Huneker is the only living man who likes both Rembrandt and Zuloaga, and Vermeer and Defregger and Van Gogh.

Not only catholic but indiscriminating? Not so indiscriminating as you might suppose. Take any one of the above items and collect Mr. Huneker's scattered dicta. Take beer. He doesn't like all beer. He likes beer at a certain temperature, Pilsner better than other beers, Pils-

Pilsen Urquell—and you can't go to Prague without drinking its chief beverage—I can only say as a humble admirer of the liquid that makes pleased the palate but does not fatten, that not in Pilsen, its home, is the brew so artfully presented."

Third impression: A similar examination of Mr. Huneker upon all the items in the above list would establish this astounding fact: He has actually read the books of all the authors, seen the pictures of all the painters, heard the music of all the composers, slept in the hotels of all the towns, whose names he tosses off. At first his easy familiarity with these proper names appears unwarranted, but if you read enough of him you discover that it is nothing of the sort. In Mr. Huneker the habit of multifarious reference is neither the pretentiousness nor the affectation it sounds like. If he made up his mind not to talk shop he would have to stop writing. Everything is his shop.

Fourth impression: Impossible to guess in what degree Mr. Huneker is a perceiver. Signs of perceptiveness, appearing here and there on the flood of reference, soon sink out of sight. They sink, but he swims. Every temptation to throw him a life-preserver should be resisted. He doesn't need one. This flood is his native element, in which he can keep afloat indefinitely, swimming with unwearied energy at high speed.

Fifth impression and last: This book is a space-filler, written without sign of fatigue, written by a very energetic and omnivorous man, in a devil of a hurry, by a man who doesn't care what stuff the curtains are made of that he hangs between you and his cleverness and ability.

Not an impression but an objective truth: "New Cosmopolis" is a useful guide about many of the places it treats—about New York, Vienna, Prague, Madrid, Bruges, Rotterdam.

M. F.

## To the Anglo-American

*Still Jim, by Honoré Willsie. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.35 net.*

**M**RS. WILLSIE is grappling with American misconceptions, and her book comes to us marked with the intensity of her struggle. It is the product of her desire to speak, and she has spoken in a parable. The story is square-cut and crude, it proceeds one foot after the other, like the ungraceful New Englander it tells of. Like most American novels it is worked from the outside in, not from the inside out. We can find in it few delicacies, few flashes of uncontrollable insight, few realistic inconsistencies. Yet there is about it an air of honest thinking and deliberate strength which makes criticism of literary method seem ungracious in view of what Mrs. Willsie is trying to say. What she does say is not in the least the sort of sentimental convention which is the burden of most novels having the same faults. She has seen American life freshly and vividly even if she has not seen individual lives so.

Jim Manning was born into one of the unlovely New England towns where the old homesteads have been divided up into tenements, with piles of potatoes and coal on the front verandas, where the hills are scarred with quarries and the rivers dirtied with factories, and the dwindling remnants of American-born stock, left behind when their more enterprising relatives emigrated to the West or the big cities, are struggling in hopeless competition with Italians, Poles, and other South-Europeans. Such towns have ceased to offer homes, places where a man can find a

fathers, but communities debased by the scramble for quick profit, by a sense of impermanency—soulless places where there is no time for the cultures either of the vanishing race or of the prevailing ones.

Jim's father, who came of old New England stock and worked in the quarry as a day laborer, was bitterly conscious of this spiritual discomfort. He laid it all to the foreigners, whom he despised. Next him was a likable enough Italian, who, having been lured to America by dreams of wealth stimulated by steamship company agents, worked all the time he could, had innumerable children whom he set to work as soon as he could, and lived on next to nothing so that he could go back to Italy a rich man. Jim's father, on the other hand, had set his heart on sending Jim to college and bringing him up in decent surroundings. He couldn't afford any more children, could hardly afford to be married at all, in fact. Naturally, he hated and feared the kind of competition the Italian furnished. He hated the dirty smutches the Italians were making in his fathers' town, and he hated to think that the foreigners were contributing to the population ten children to his one. Nevertheless, he tried to impress on Jim his fathers' values of life. He told him to build solidly, not to make excuses, not to be a quitter. He told him to marry young and have a big family. This was all he left to Jim when he was crushed under a faulty derrick which the boss had thought "would do."

Jim took the situation very much to heart. Certain resolutions grew into him, the kind of resolutions that make a boy clench his fists and breathe deep when he is alone. He was proud of his father and proud of his race. He wanted to make the mark of the New Englander on the country. He wanted to do something big and honest that would prove to all posterity that the New Englander was worth something.

By luck Jim found the opportunity to be educated as a civil engineer. As he grew up, his liking for silence and work grew with him, and he lost neither his pride nor his sense of hostility to the "foreigner"—even in New York. He came to have almost a religious faith in what he was to do, unaided. Once he decided a thing, it seemed to him settled. It was for this reason that after he had kissed Penelope, and told her the kiss was his "sign and seal" on her, he went West alone and left her to be won by Saradokis, the warm-blooded Greek.

It was the United States Reclamation Service that entangled his imagination. Building great concrete dams in the mountains so that the desert might flower for succeeding generations seemed to him supremely worth doing. He was a good engineer, and he loved his dams as a father loves his son. He liked the wide spaces, the purple buttes, the gold-brown floods. He liked to work for his country's government. And after Penelope married Saradokis he "married his job."

It did not bother him much when the farmers who were to pay for the dam objected because he was putting too much money into the construction, or because he did not not run his irrigation canals to suit them. When they accused him of graft, he maintained a contemptuous silence, because he knew the water power trust was stirring them up. His job was engineering, not politics. He proposed to build the "best he knew how," without stooping to explain. The dam was his business, and he resented interference. He intended to make it his thumb-print on eternity. Even the astute Secretary of the Interior could not make him see that a man can't even do his own job

It was Irish Penelope who punctured his vanity. "You are just like all the rest of what you call the Anglo-Americans. You go about feeling superior and abused and calling the immigrants hard names. You are just a lot of quitters . . . After you Anglo-Americans founded the government most of you went to money-making and left it to be administered by people who were racially and traditionally different from you. You left your immigration problems to sentimentalists and money-makers. You left the law-making to money-makers. You refused to serve the nation in a disinterested, future-seeing way which was your duty if you wanted your institutions to live. You descendants of New England are quitters. And you are going to lose your dam because of that simple fact."

Jim found out that social salvation is the bed-rock on which individual salvation must be built. He remembered that there had been Anglo-American employers as well as Italian laborers. He learned that the genius for dealing with human beings is the one necessary genius in any democratic experiment. It was pure luck that gave to Jim the chance of winning back Penelope and the dam. But the book leaves one with the sense that no mere luck will give back to other Anglo-Americans a chance for sharing in the culture of America.

GEORGE SOULE.

## The Exotic in Prose

*Fantastics and Other Fancies*, by Lafcadio Hearn. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5.00 net.

"FANTASTICS" is the name Hearn gave to a series of romantic sketches he wrote for the *Item*, the first newspaper which employed him in New Orleans. In a letter he refers to one of them as belonging to his "period of gush." They are partly literary exercises, for he was engaged at the time in translating and adapting from strange literatures; and partly they are the product of his absorption in love and death as themes for romantic narrative. The ink of Théophile Gautier flows in his veins, and he is touched with the spirit of Edgar Allan Poe. The mysterious, the unhuman and the haunting are made to seem real as they can only be for one who shudders at the images of his own imagination. Like Gautier's, his literary taste is exquisite. His delight, even more than Poe's, is in the richness of his sense impressions, but there is less fascination for him in the perplexities of narrative than in perfection of phrase. Romance is in the air of the old Spanish streets through which he wanders, and it lives in the enameled lord and lady on an old French snuff-box. That "A Kiss Fantastical," "When I Was a Flower," "The Bird and the Girl," and "The Fountain of Gold" should have represented to Hearn himself the story of the life about him, shows that his New Orleans was a world of legend and of exotic suggestion rather than of human beings.

In New Orleans he found again the warm skies and the voluptuous nature from which he had been banished since his Leucadian childhood. His earliest impressions persisted through the uncongenial years in commercial, progressive Cincinnati, and the "Fantastics" are at once rediscoveries of moods and sensations and a novitiate in the service of the mysterious suggestions of exquisite language. With the product of the mature Hearn who wrote "Kokoro" and "Japan, an attempt at Interpretation," the volume has this in common, that here as always Hearn was interpreting his impressions. In "Fantastics and Other Fancies" they are redeemed by the perfection of such