

persuades him to let her begin it with him. Mr. McKenna hides no personal propaganda and disguises no special pleading in this story which moves steadily and evenly, like the diary of an able but uninspired man. He keeps it effectively objective, even outwardly prosaic. There is no shimmer to the style, no subtle, sensuous plea for beauty. The House is visualized as a newspaper man might; there is no rhetoric in the description of those unreal five days before war actually came, or the politics and changing temper of the times. It is a clean, historical record. Of course, Mr. McKenna has chosen to write Sonia in the bald narrative vein for purely artistic purposes. By making the everyday life of an aristocratic order that is passing so homely and friendly, by avoiding any quick, hot anger at the impeccable and stupid extravagance of silly routine, Mr. McKenna can vivify O'Rane's contrasting point of view more enduringly than by dramatic rant. If it is complained that O'Rane articulates no more effective protest against the existing order than a kind of digest of the sermon on the Mount, the answer is that the war has made that philosophy less naïve than before. The new world may be no more than a rediscovery of the neglected truths of the old. And there is something genuinely moving in O'Rane's last words, "I'll go out if need be, but—but *must* we stand at street-corners to tell what we have seen? To ask the bystanders—and ourselves—whether we went to war to preserve the right of inflicting pain?" H. S.

Imaginative Science

The Story Book of Science, by Jean Henri Fabre. Translated from the 19th French Edition by Florence Constable Bicknell. New York: The Century Co. \$2.00.

M. FABRE'S famous book has often been criticized as arousing vicious anthropomorphic habits of thought in children. Of course few would question that in his scientific studies of insect life M. Fabre does suffer from an excess of his virtues. So lively and dramatic an imagination is not easily kept under by the sharp curb of logic. But what may be mere intellectual waywardness for maturity is often the compelling attraction to children. Who will doubt that children anthropomorphize everything in any case and that they will eternally continue to do so? It is better that they should read the man of science who knows how to take a holiday than the deliberate and patronizing author, "writing down." Curiosity and the love of a story are here blended in just proportions. Miss Bicknell has furnished a competent English translation for a book that has delighted thousands of French children, and the Century Company has done its share by publishing it on good paper in admirably clear type.

Contributors

to this issue

WILLIAM HARD is a graduate of Northwestern University, Illinois, and has also studied in England. He has contributed articles on economics and politics to various periodicals and is the author of *The Women of Tomorrow*.

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November	READERS' ALMANAC	
		Weather Folk Lore
24	Sat.	Early lamps burning So soon the night falls, Leaves crimson turning, Make bright the stone walls. From <i>Sea Moods and Other Poems</i> by Edward Bliss Reed (\$1.00 net.)
25	Sun.	<i>The Hostage</i> , the third of Paul Claudel's works to appear in an English translation, has but now been published, with an Introduction by Pierre Chavannes (\$1.50 net). "The Hostage" is the work of a great poet; it speaks to the noblest in us and can therefore only leave us nobler."
26	Mon.	Look to your wood-pile and your book-shelf—long evenings are upon you. Fill one shelf with the Yale Shakespeare, of which the first volumes are just done (<i>Much Ado About Nothing, Romeo and Juliet, Henry IV, Part I, Hamlet and King Lear</i>). Read in them the plays of William Shakespeare as set forth in the Craig text with notations by the Faculty of English of said University. (Pocket Edition, 50 cents net per volume.)
27	Tues.	In the year 1785 Fanny Burney wrote of one Richard Cumberland: "How has he got these two characters—one, of Sir Fretful Plagiary, detesting all works but those he owns, and all authors but himself; the other too perfect even to know or conceive the vices of the world?" Stanley T. Williams of the Faculty of English mentioned above has assembled from the neglect into which they had fallen the facts of Cumberland's life and work which make up the alluring riddle of his literary personality. (\$3.00 net.)
28	Wed.	<i>Broom Fairies</i> have been seen about since the twenty-fourth of October. They are said to have come from England, a whole troupe of them—one thousand. It is predicted that by Christmas-time they will have vanished. Catch them while you can. (<i>The Broom Fairies and Other Stories</i> , by Ethel M. Gate, \$1.00 net.)
29	Thurs.	Though 1917's Thanksgiving be turkey-less, one may be cheered by the thought that after dinner <i>There's Pippins and Cheese to Come</i> . Such savory viands as these are best relished when served in leisurely fashion to a cozy group before the fire. (By Charles S. Brooks, \$2.00 net.)
30	Fri.	"He that would live at Peace and Rest Must read and see and say the Best."* A worthy motto for the day of St. Andrew.
* Those who are heedful of the admonitions of proverbs were wise should they watch for the publication of <i>Divers Proverbs</i> , collected from the writings of one Nathan Bailey and to be issued from the Press of Yale College in this month at the price of one dollar.		
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