

picture of the siege of Londonderry (same publishers).—Mark Twain's *Prince and Pauper* (same publishers) has been very widely read in this country, and is especially popular with Mr. Clemens's younger readers.—*Artists' Wives*, the latest addition to the new edition of Daudet's works now coming from the press of Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co., but with the imprint in this country of the Macmillan Company, contains a group of brilliant character-studies from the hand of a man who understands with peculiar thoroughness the field of observation from which the women who appear in this book are taken.

Sir Walter Besant's latest story is called *The Master Craftsman*, and the title leads one to say that the author is himself notably a master craftsman in the art of fiction. The story is put together with Sir Walter's wonted skill, and though it will not take its place as one of the most important of his novels, it is pleasant reading throughout. The contrast between the two chief characters in the book, who are cousins, and who in the end exchange places in social life—the one leaving the West End of London and his place in fashionable clubs and fashionable society to become a boat-builder, and the other (a boat-builder by trade) plunging into the active life of politics and society—is extremely well carried out. (F. A. Stokes Company, New York.)—The same firm sends us a very clever short story by Robert Barr called *From Whose Bourn*. A disembodied spirit learns that his widow is accused of murdering him, and takes the greatest interest in the investigation which follows, trying, with the assistance of an ex-newspaper reporter of Chicago, who is now also in the spirit land, to lead those investigations into the right path. The complications are curious, and the real truth is well concealed up to the very end of the story.—Among other stories of the week which require but slight attention are Mr. L. McManus's *The Silk of the Kine* (Harper & Brothers, New York), the scene of which is laid in Ireland at the time of the conquest by Cromwell; and J. R. Cocke's *Blind Leaders of the Blind*, which purports to tell the romance of a blind lawyer, and which deals with mysticism and the impossible. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.)—*The Finding of Lot's Wife*, by Alfred Clark (F. A. Stokes Company, New York), also deals with the impossible, and reminds one in some ways of Rider Haggard's "She." The heroine of the story, after many wonderful adventures, actually discovers the cave in which the salt statue into which Lot's wife was turned is still standing. This culmination of the plot will give an indication of the character of the book.

A story which opens with the frank avowal by a penniless vagabond of good blood that he is going to rob the ancestral home of jewels secreted by his father, who sacrifices not only his property but his character to Prince Charlie, which ends after one hundred and fifty-nine pages with a pledge of allegiance to the United States made to Washington, and which has a strong infusion of midnight encounters and conspiracies, and a pretty love story, cannot be charged with lack of incident. *Sir Mark*, by Anna Robeson Brown (D. Appleton & Co., New York), embodies this quick-moving plot. It is a stirring romance.

The second and concluding volume of the *History of the Hebrews*, by Professor Kittel, of the University of Breslau, covers the period from the age of the Judges to the Babylonian exile. It is a history of the civilization of the Jewish people, hardly more remarkable for its scholarship than for its philosophic insight and literary power. The work of translation has been admirably performed by H. W. Hogg and E. B. Spiers. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)—A new edition of the *Babylonian Talmud*, edited and translated by Michael L. Rodkinson, brings before English readers that storehouse of Jewish thought in a systematized and intelligible form. The editor is a warm defender of the Talmud, and urges that ignorance of its literature has been the cause of its continued arraignment, and that translation furnishes the sure means of defense. Translation, however, has been the smallest part of his work. He has tried to free the original text from the interpolations and annotations that have accumulated during the centuries, and bring order out of chaotic mass. Volume one covers the regulations concerning the observance of the Sabbath. The work of Mr. Rodkinson has been revised by the Rev. Dr. Isaac M. Wise, President of Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati, Ohio. (New Amsterdam Book Company, New York.)—Dr. Frederic L. Luqueer's monograph upon *Hegel as an Educator* (The Macmillan Company, New York) presents the life of the man before examining his thoughts upon education. The method pursued is the interpretative one, and the study of Hegel as a man and Hegel as an educator forms an excellent introduction to the study of Hegel's philosophy. The monograph is one of the "Columbia University Contributions to Philosophy, Psychology, and Education."

The brilliant young Englishman whose first volume of poems bears the title of "*Lapsus Calami*" was the son of Mr. Justice Stephen, who at Eton, and later at Cambridge, distinguished himself by his unusually promising literary performances. His early death put an end to what promised to be a career worthy of the name he bore. His work in verse has now been collected and issued in a single volume under the title *Lapsus Calami and Other Verses*. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Mr. Henry A. Jones, author of "*The Middleman*" and other successful dramas, has put into book form his *Michael and His Lost Angel*, a play which had a moderate success on the stage. It is undoubtedly effective as a reading play. The story is that of the temptation and fall of a high-minded, spiritual man—a clergyman—of his public confession, and struggle towards expiation. The power of passion is forcibly presented. The style is strong though monotonous. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Sportsmen and travelers alike will find much to interest them in Mr. E. D. T. Chambers's *The Ouananiche and Its Canadian Environment*. The book is admirably illustrated, and contains a great deal of hitherto inaccessible information about the great "land-locked salmon,"

its natural history, and the right way of fishing for it. It also contains much other valuable information about Canadian sport and travel. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

The dedication of the new buildings of Columbia University, of New York City, was an event in the history of education in this country. There are hundreds of people who will be glad to know that the eloquent address of the Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, LL.D., delivered on that occasion, has been published under the title *Liberty, Learning, and Property*.

To know God is the cry of many souls. *The Gospel of Experience*, by W. C. E. Newbolt, M.A., Canon and Chancellor of St. Paul's Cathedral, London (Longmans, Green & Co., New York), is an attempt to show men how they may know God. The chapters were prepared for the Boyle Lectures for 1895, and are in the modern spirit.

The idea of familiarizing a child with plant life and development, by bringing to its attention, through investigation, the plants with which it is familiar, is thoroughly pedagogical. This is the theory of *Seed-Babies*, by Margaret Morley. (Ginn & Co., Boston.) It is to be regretted that the writer lacks dignity in her method of presenting her subjects. The illustrations are accurate and beautiful.—To the Library of Useful Stories has been added *The Story of a Piece of Coal*, by Edward A. Martin. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) The book is technical, and not intended as a primer for young readers. It will be of especial value to those studying without a teacher.

Literary Notes

—M. Paul Bourget has won his case against his publisher, M. Lemerre. The judgment forms a precedent, according to French authors the power of having their publishers' books examined.

—"Captain Courageous" is to be the title of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new story; it will run as a serial in "McClure's Magazine" for six or eight months. It will appear in "The New Review" in England. It is a story of fishing adventure on the Banks of Newfoundland.

—Although the greatest of French philosophers, Descartes, was born three hundred years ago, there is no complete, satisfactory edition of his works. To remedy this defect, a subscription has been started in France and Germany by eminent metaphysicians and psychologists.

—The proceedings of the Baltimore Conference for Good City Government will be shortly published in a single volume by the National Municipal League (Philadelphia). Like its predecessors, the proceedings of the Philadelphia, Minneapolis, and Cleveland Conferences, it forms an important and substantial addition to the literature of municipal reform.

—Mr. Gladstone has written to Kenyon West, of whose book, "*The Laureates*," we lately spoke, in praise of that work. He says also:

I appreciate the honor you do the "old country" in taking literary notice of the curious subject of the Laureateship. . . . There is much history connected with it. It seems always to have been a difficulty. I declined to advise filling it up. Yet Salisbury has done otherwise. . . .

—Some English newspaper critics have found a promising "boy poet" in the person of Edmund Curtis, a youth who works in an india-rubber factory where golf-balls are made. His verses attracted public attention, and a philanthropic gentleman agreed to educate him for three years. There was a touching scene when he said good-by to his fellow-employees. They shook him by the hand, shed tears, and said: "Don't forget that you came from the people; don't forget Silvertown and the miseries we suffer, and the things we have to put up with."

Books Received

For Week ending July 3

- AMERICAN BOOK CO., NEW YORK
Quackenbos, John D. *Practical Rhetoric*. \$1.
GINN & CO., BOSTON
Morley, Margaret W. *Seed-Babies*.
HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK
Chambers, E. D. T. *The Ouananiche and Its Canadian Environment*. \$2.
Twain, Mark. *The Prince and the Pauper*. \$1.75.
Keightley, S. R. *The Crimson Sign*. \$1.50.
Matthews, Brander. *Tales of Fantasy and Fact*. \$1.25.
McManus, L. *The Silk of the Kine*. \$1.
LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON
Cocke, James R., M.D. *Blind Leaders of the Blind*. \$1.50.
LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK
Newbolt, W. C. E. *The Gospel of Experience*. \$1.50.
THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK
Daudet, Alphonse. *Artists' Wives*. Translated by Laura Ensor. \$1.
Cornish, C. J. *Animals at Work and Play*. \$1.75.
Jones, Henry Arthur. *Michael and His Lost Angel*. 75 cts.
James, Henry. *Embarrassments*. \$1.50.
Dictionary of National Biography. Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. XLVII. Puckle-Reidford. \$3.75.
A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Edited by Dr. J. A. H. Murray. Difficult—Disburden. Vol. III. 60 cts.
Stephen, James Kenneth. *Lapsus Calami and Other Verses*. \$2.
Luqueer, Frederic Ludlow. *Hegel as Educator*. \$1.
WILLIAM J. MEYERS, FORT COLLINS, COLO.
Meyers, William J. *Inductive Manual of the Straight Line and the Circle*. 60 cts.
NEW AMSTERDAM BOOK CO., NEW YORK
New Edition of the *Babylonian Talmud*. (English Translation.) Edited by Michael L. Rodkinson, and Revised by the Rev. Dr. Isaac M. Wise. Vol. I.
THE PETER PAUL BOOK CO., BUFFALO
Woodward, George Austin. *The Diary of a "Peculiar" Girl*. 50 cts.
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK
Kittel, R. A. *History of the Hebrews*. Translated by Hope W. Hogg and E. B. Spiers. Vol. II. \$4.20.
FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., NEW YORK
Clark, Alfred. *The Finding of Lot's Wife*. \$1.
Barr, Robert. *From Whose Bourn*. 75 cts.
Besant, Sir Walter. *The Master Craftsman*. \$1.50.

The Spectator

The Spectator has respectful admiration for the wisdom and self-control of the man who left a witty story untold because, as he afterwards explained, he knew that if he told it every long-winded chap in the party would have one to cap it; and yet at the same time the Spectator looks back on a certain evening spent in thus capping stories as one of his most delightful experiences. It is without shame that the Spectator makes this statement, for though the delights of that evening were something of a commentary on human enjoyments, the Spectator has never claimed to be less mortal than his kind, and mortal man, however disapproving, could not have failed to find profound interest in the amusement suggested by the hostess of the occasion.

It was after a little dinner where choice spirits only were assembled, and the company had drawn into a pleasant, confidential cluster in the drawing-room, when one of the number exclaimed, in response to some remark, "That reminds me of poor Mr. Jones. What an unfortunate affair it has been!" As it happened, no one present had heard of poor Mr. Jones's affair, and the little woman who had spoken—the most good-natured soul in the world—finding that she was a newsmonger, flatly refused to explain her remark. It was then that the genius of our hostess showed itself. She made the proposition that to keep the last speaker in countenance each member of the company should retail some titbit of harmless gossip which had come to his or her ears—nothing malicious, nor which could possibly create trouble, but some little piece of information concerning the affairs of our neighbors that good breeding would otherwise bid us ignore.

Amid much laughter our hostess led the way. She told, if memory serves, a little tale of her next-door neighbor, whose children were the despair of the other mothers, so neat were they always, so daintily dressed. It had just been accidentally discovered that the lady had arranged a set of signals with her nurse. If she said, "Sarah, bring the children down to see Mrs. C.; don't stop to dress them; bring them just as they are," that meant, Hurry clean garments on the babies as soon as possible; while if she said simply, "Sarah, bring the children down," that meant, Let them really appear as they are. With this little tale as a start, the ball spun merrily around the circle. Zone of the stories had a grain more of malice than the one recorded, but they all showed up some little absurdity which our friends would fain have concealed. The company broke up at a late hour and the evening was a brilliant success, but the Spectator would like to advise that no one else play this capping game. He never will again.

There are any number of such dangerous games, and, while he would like to refer to these briefly, the Spectator would have it clearly understood that he stands on this question as a lighthouse to warn, not to allure; though he sees himself in a position somewhat analogous to that of the anxious woman who, on leaving home, warned her children of the danger of thrusting beans into their nostrils, which piece of naughtiness, before unthought of by the young ones, was immediately put into practice.

At one time and all over the country there seemed to be a perfect epidemic of abnormal kinds of games for grown people to play. The Spectator went to informal entertainments in those days with fear in his soul. A game called "Auction" was much in vogue, and for that unholy invention the Spectator had then, as now, no words of reprobation too strong. The manner of playing Auction was simple. Bids were allowed to all, ranging in a scale from a penny to one hundred dollars. The auctioneer chosen called out the name of some individual known to all the company, and the bidding began, the individual going to the highest bidder. Without any exception, the

Spectator knows of no other game so exciting or so wholly mischievous. Its dangers are too manifest for comment, and its only legitimate interest lies in the study it affords of the bidders. The Spectator has often stood by during this favorite pastime and noted with amusement how the bidders threw unconscious sidelights on their own characters. "I'll bid fifty for her," cries one, "but not a cent more. She never has been decently civil to me." And another, "I'll bid ninety down for him. I don't like him, and he has been very rude to me, but I know he's fine," and so on, until it is easy for an onlooker to differentiate between those who have the power to form impersonal judgments and those who have no touchstone of worth outside the eternal ego.

There is a certain fascination in such a game, because it calls out conflicting views and stimulates the players to entire frankness as to their position of mind towards the "lot" put up for sale. The Spectator, for instance, vowed repeatedly that nothing should ever tempt him to play so pernicious a game—nothing; and yet once, when a mere onlooker, he was, before he knew it, plunging in recklessly because he could not endure hearing the bids rising sixty—seventy—eighty on a man whom he knew to be a hypocrite deep-dyed. "What!" thundered the Spectator; "eighty for that fellow! You don't know anything about him. He's not worth two cents." So fell the Spectator. In passing, the Spectator would like to add that he has sometimes insisted on substituting the names of celebrities for those of personal friends, but he is forced to confess that "Auction," under these safe conditions, languished and died.

Another game called "Truth" introduces some of the same elements of danger as "Auction," but here the victims have a chance of defense, even retaliation, and there may be merit, too, in for once seeing "ourselves as others see us," which is the point of the game. At the same time the Spectator has known old friendships dissolve and melt away under the test, and again he shakes a disapproving head. "Truth," as the Spectator has had the doubtful courage to play it, means that two friends shall sit down together and each write out exactly, without fear or favor, a description of the supposed character of the other—good points and bad. As may be imagined, the described and the describer do not always agree when the papers are read, for John as he knows himself and as his neighbor knows him has been always two distinct individuals, while John and the neighbor are equally likely to be mistaken in summing up the character of the veritable John. All sorts of proverbs as to playing with fire and edged tools are in the Spectator's mind, but he lets them stay there. If any of his readers want to play "Truth," he only hopes they may enjoy it. The Spectator played the game but once. Perhaps he was unfortunate in the friend he played with—he would like to think so.

There are some people who love games of any kind, and others who loathe them. When these two elements meet, it is the latter which suffers, for the passion of playing games burns higher than the passion for not playing, and so the unwilling set their teeth and go through with it—suffering. In every company where games are being played one is sure to recognize here and there among the gay players a set, miserable face, wearing a fixed smile; for man is never so acutely unhappy as when feeling that he is being made a fool of, and those unwilling souls who have been made to "play" feel (and we must add look) something of that nature, their position being not unlike that of the boy whose father took him out into the fields for a holiday, bidding him enjoy himself, with the warning, "If you don't play and enjoy yourself, I'll whip you." To play games with enjoyment one must be an enthusiast, otherwise the torture is extreme.

If such psychological pastimes as have been here quoted were all that was demanded

of game-haters, it might not be so bad; but there are also a number of games which smack a little of horse-play, and yet have been popular in the extreme. Among them there is a certain "Jones Family," to whom the unwary were at one time introduced. Those who went through that ordeal will remember being sent from the room for a moment, then led in again to be presented to all the company lined up in a row. "The Jones Family, Mr. So-and-so—the Jones Family." To this day the Spectator feels all arms and legs as he remembers his introduction to this charming circle. For a comparatively modest being it is little short of agony to find a whole company of people mimicking one's every gesture of face, figure, to hear every word that is uttered repeated in chorus; and, to add insult to injury, the promoter of such personal attacks (so-called games) almost invariably remarks in a casual way that this particular trick played upon a witty man is to open opportunity for unlimited display of flashing humor—a remark calculated to stimulate the victim!

So much against games; on the other side and for them the Spectator could say as much again, time and space permitting. One delightful evening of games he must recall in passing. Who could have failed to enjoy a game of "Twenty Questions" played with minds who could choose as subject "The stile that Mary sat on," and in describing it say that its use was for "the reception and detention of foreign males"?

Reproductive Powers of Forests

At the present time, writes Mr. L. C. Corbett, of West Virginia Agricultural Station, in "Garden and Forest," the guard ranges of the Alleghany Mountains, which extend into Monongahela County, West Virginia, are covered with a mixed deciduous forest of second-growth trees. This is one of the best examples that have come under my personal observation of the natural power of forest reconstruction. During the early half of the present century this region, embracing several thousand acres lying along the north bank of the Cheat River, was the seat of an active iron-making industry. The mountains afforded a bog ore which was accessible and of great value. The mountain slopes were then heavily wooded, and as the iron industry became established a demand for charcoal was created, and to meet this demand the woods were harvested and converted into charcoal. This industry began about 1789, and was most active from 1822 to about 1852, and continued in a small way until 1868. The largest proportion of the timber removed for charcoal purposes was cut during the most active period of the industry, and before the middle of the century.

As soon as the charcoal-burning became unremunerative from the exhaustion of the timber supply and the substitution of coke for charcoal in the reduction of ore, these lands, which are too steep and rugged for profitable agriculture or grazing, were allowed again to fall into the hands of Mother Nature. It is true that fire has done much injury from time to time, but even with the adverse conditions of soil, exposure, and frequent fires, there is to-day upon these mountains a forest of second-growth chestnut, poplar, and oak worth many times the value of the land at the time the iron furnaces closed—a convincing example that our forests will reproduce themselves. This, we are told, is all well enough for the moist mountain districts of the Alleghanies, but will not hold in the deforested areas of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. There is no ground for this argument, for when the forests were removed no rational system of reforestation was attempted. Even the protection of the area from fire has usually been neglected, and this alone will suffice to explain why the land stripped of its forest cover still remains bare. Natural reproductive powers have not been allowed an opportunity to assert themselves. Trees cannot grow so long as fires are allowed to run periodically over the exploited tracts.