

## Their May Moving

By C. F. Holder

The first of May, especially in the Middle States, is moving-day. It is then that rents expire and there is a very general movement among large numbers of persons.

The lower animals also have their moving-day, and while it is not necessarily upon the first of May, it generally occurs within a few days, or even hours, of a certain time, year after year.

One of the most remarkable illustrations of this is found among fur-seals, which are so common on the Priblov Islands in our Alaskan possessions. When first discovered, their numbers were beyond all computation. They seemed to fairly blacken the shores of the islands of St. Paul, St. George, and others, and the intrepid mariners were amazed at the spectacle. An elaborate account of the discovery was sent to the home Government, which ordered a scientific official to report upon the same. To the astonishment of the officer, he failed to find the seals, while the original discoverer, who had accompanied him, could only point to the places where he had seen them, and reaffirm his statement.

The seals had merely moved in a body, and it was many years before it was definitely ascertained where they went. Since the discovery of the fur-seals at least three millions have been killed, and a very large herd is still found on the island. But when autumn approaches they move, passing out of Behring's Sea, spreading over an area of one hundred or two hundred miles in width, and forming in their migration a perfect horseshoe of swimming seals, the extreme southern portion of which reaches nearly to the Santa Barbara Islands off the coast of southern California. This point is reached in midwinter or February, when the seals turn inshore, swimming on the edge of the Japanese current, reaching their rookeries again in early spring; thus having passed the winter drifting south in the warm current of Japan, that sweeps down the Pacific coast of North America, modifying its climate.

During all this time the seals do not land, living a life in the open sea, and making one of the most remarkable migrations known.

Explorers in the Southern Ocean have made extraordinary discoveries among the birds of that region. Here is the home of the auk, that lives in rookeries so vast that men have been lost in them and nearly killed by the concerted attacks of the birds. One breeding-ground or rookery contains at certain times millions of birds which are incapable of flight and resemble seals in their mode of progression, using their long, narrow wings as fins. A man-of-war once touched at Inaccessible Island in March, and found the rookeries covered with birds; returning in May, the island appeared to be deserted, and to this day where this conspicuous body of birds spends the months of April, May, June, and July is one of the mysteries of the sea. The flock of penguins, which must cover many square miles in its movements, has never been sighted at sea by any vessel. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of this moving is the return of the birds to this rock over the trackless ocean, where there are no landmarks.

A number of years ago the writer was fortunate in observing a curious migration in the Gulf of Mexico. A small island called Bird Key was visited, and as there was not a bird to be seen, the question why the island was given so misleading a name was asked; to which an islander replied that the following month, or in May, it was a bird key in every sense of the word; this was found to be true. One morning the writer saw what he supposed was a cloud hovering over the island, but upon approaching the latter it proved to be an enormous flock of birds that had come from no one could tell where. There were six or seven islands in the group, but the birds alighted upon but two, and when on the ground almost covered it; indeed, it was almost impossible to walk without stepping on the speckled eggs. In a few weeks the birds, which were gulls, mysteriously disappeared. The nearest points were Cuba and Yucatan, but the birds could not be traced to either.

That fishes move on an extended scale is well known. The writer has observed the effect of the sudden arrival of a vast school of small sharks on the Maine coast. They evidently came in from the deep sea, and were as ravenous as wolves, in a single night completely stopping the fishing. The water was alive with them, so that it was far from safe to fall overboard.

The movements of the shad and salmon are familiar, and on the Pacific vast schools of barracuda and yellow-tails move up and down the coast with the coming and going of the seasons. Some migrate to well-defined regions; others mysteriously disappear.

The writer has observed an interesting movement of a vast swarm of yellow butterflies in southern California. They covered an area three or four miles wide and one hundred or more in length, and were following the general course of the coast, though thirty miles inland. Where they were going, or for what purpose, was equally a mystery. They flew near the ground and quite rapidly, with a peculiar fluttering motion. Extraordinary movements among butterflies are not rare. A swarm mentioned by a South American traveler was ten miles in width, and was all day in crossing a wide river; the mass of insects being so thick that at a distance they resembled smoke blowing from a conflagration with the wind.

## Puzzles and Riddles

By Anna M. Pratt

I.

Spelled right to left or left to right,  
My name is honored far and near,  
And every day, 'tis safe to say,  
A hundred strangers call me dear.

Beheaded, I at once become  
The oldest person known to fame.  
Curtailing this, a little miss  
Perchance will answer to the name.

Beheaded and curtailed again,  
And what is left you for your pains?  
If you are keen, you've doubtless seen  
That ten times fifty still remains.

II.

I'm your faithful friend indeed,  
Always offering what you need;  
If you wish to see me, look  
In the garden or the brook.

For the wretch who knows not me  
There are depths of misery;  
Anguish, too, and bitter tears  
For those who keep me many years.

III.

I have the power, if used aright,  
To rouse a nation in its might,  
And all may see  
Who look in me  
Where many creatures rest at night.  
My name shall unforgotten be  
In the country of the brave and free.

IV.

I'm at the market, I'm on the sea,  
And many objects are found in me;  
I call for exchange, and some can tell  
Of pleasure and pain when they see me swell.

V.

'Twould be, if one should lose me,  
A double loss indeed,  
Yet most would gladly choose me  
To give to those in need.

Though deadly my direction  
When bitter foemen meet,  
A child in my protection  
May find its slumber sweet.

VI.—ANAGRAM

*A wry thing seen.*

I'm the oldest born  
Of a dusky race;  
The blessed light of morn  
Never shone upon my face;  
And to my grave, where'er it be,  
My brothers soon will follow me.

## Books and Authors

### New Books

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending October 2. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

*Constitutional History of the United States*, by George Ticknor Curtis. Vol. II. (Harper & Brothers, New York.) This volume brings Mr. Curtis's history of our constitutional development down to the struggle by which the Republican party managers secured the electoral votes of South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana in the exciting contest of 1876. No man, perhaps, has described our constitutional history with such an absorbing and infectious interest. Mr. Curtis's life was in this theme, and it was perhaps because of the bias given him by his studies, rather than because of any narrowness of his sympathy due to his social position, that he was unmoved by the moral agitation against slavery, which was the great event in our constitutional history. His position upon the slavery question in no way destroys the value of his work, but rather lends to it an additional interest. We are amused rather than misinformed when told that the anti-slavery agitation at the North, and not the quadrupled value of the slaves, led to the waning of abolition sentiment at the South after the invention of the cotton-gin. Mr. Curtis does not defend slavery, but urges that if the Republicans, instead of conducting a moral agitation against it, had used economic arguments, slavery would have disappeared without the war by 1865! Now that slavery is no longer a burning issue, and the classes which formerly applauded Mr. Curtis's sentiments now build sepulchers to such men as Garrison, such positions do not provoke argument, but merely suggest once more how often the wisdom of one generation becomes foolishness to the next.

*The Problems of Modern Democracy*, by Edwin Lawrence Godkin (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), consists of eleven articles reprinted from the American periodical press, and dealing with political and economic topics. In one of these articles Mr. Godkin defines very clearly his point of view: "The truth is that the business of man in this world is to make himself as happy and comfortable as liability to death and disease will let him, and not to carry out the theories of 'schools' or doctrinaires." If Mr. Godkin were logical, this would make him a hedonist in ethics and an opportunist in politics. This narrowness of view is the defect in such articles as "Who will Pay the Bills of Socialism," "The Political Situation," "The Real Problems of Democracy," etc. The author is brilliant, suggestive, and in his consideration of immediate effects of proposed policies on certain classes is often valuable; he holds his principles with great pertinacity and he has the courage of his convictions, but he is not wide in the range of his sympathies.

*The Power of Thought*, by John Douglas Sterrett (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), might be characterized in a sentence as a popular treatise on psychology. Professor Baldwin in his introduction rightly describes it: "Mr. Sterrett seems to have done what many professed psychologists would like to be able to do, i.e., to write a book which interests people generally, without repelling them by scientific terms and phrases unfamiliar to the lay mind; and at the same time not to fall into that other pit of popular scientific writers, the condemnation of having cheapened science by watering it."

*The Law of Civilization and Decay*, by Brooks Adams, covers the history of Western civilization from the founding of Rome, and contains as much interesting material relating to politics, morals, religion, architecture, and economics—especially usury and the free coinage of silver—as could easily be compressed into the same compass. The author has, however, covered too wide a field to give the impression of thoroughness, and seems rather to find a historical basis for the support of preconceptions than to furnish a historical argument which would compel others to accept the same conclusions. In Mr. Adams's view, the economic developments now going on throughout Christendom are similar to those which led to the decay of the Roman civilization. We are, he thinks, developing a distinctively economic type of manhood, and this type, he believes, is fatal to the higher qualities which have distinguished healthier states of society. Much that he has to say about the paralyses of industry and the distress to the poorer sections of society caused by the scarcity of the currency in different generations is likely to prove effective material for the free-coinage propaganda now carried on. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

*American Highways*, by Professor N. S. Shaler, of the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard, is a book written not for engineers, but for all who are seriously interested in the bettering of our roadways. It presents a popular review of the history of roadmaking from the Roman period to our own. It concerns itself rather with country roads than with city streets. It describes the most instructive and interesting experiments in road-making in various European countries, and the methods by which our own roads may be brought gradually into a better condition. (The Century Company, New York.)

To the "Myths of Greece and Rome" and the "Myths of Northern Lands" The American Book Company (New York) has now added the *Legends of the Middle Ages*, by H. A. Guerber, the writer's object in this, as in the earlier books, being to familiarize young students with the different groups of legends and myths. In this volume the legends which are described or narrated at length are those which form the substance of mediæval literature—the story told by Beowulf, and the tales of Gudrun, of Charlemagne, of the Holy Grail, the Cid, and other legends of the same class. In this volume they are condensed and simply told so as to present in a compact and readable form the

substance of the epics and romances which once formed not only the food for entertainment, but the material for culture of large masses of people, and which have entered so largely into modern literature, music, sculpture, and painting.—A work like Villari's *Life and Times of Savonarola* deserves as wide reading as low-priced editions can secure for it. It is now published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons (New York), in one substantial volume, at a moderate price, with portraits and illustrations, Bartolommeo's striking head and face of Savonarola serving as a frontispiece. This Popular Edition is printed from large and very clear type, and although, in order to put so much matter within the covers of a single book, it has been necessary to use very thin paper, the clearness of the type largely compensates.—The same publishers have carried their new edition of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, which is to be completed in six volumes, as far as the fifth volume, which contains examples of the most notable work in this series, the lives of Swift and Pope.—Mr. Joseph Jacobs's *Literary Studies*, of which the Scribners send us a new and enlarged edition, comprises essays on George Eliot, Matthew Arnold, Browning, Newman, Stevenson, and Seeley. Mr. Jacobs has attempted in each case to give a careful and intelligent analysis and estimate of the work of the writer about whom he speaks. He is a conscientious critic, with a good deal of felicity of expression, rather than a critic of deep insight and constructive power.

Alphonse Daudet has given the world his impressions of the terrible crisis in French history through which he passed in *Robert Helmont: The Diary of a Recluse (1870-1871)*. It is not, as its author tells us, a story or a continued narrative; "it is a succession of landscapes portraying the melancholy of our invaded summer haunts." It is a book of delicate impressions, of subtle changes of feeling, of those inward happenings to a sensitive mind which reflect the outward happenings of a disturbed and tragic period. One feels almost for the first time in reading this book what the German invasion of Paris meant. Like its predecessors in this attractive new edition, it is profusely, though not always successfully, illustrated. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)—In *The Education of the Central Nervous System* Mr. Reuben K. Halleck suggests methods by which the central nervous system may be educated while its stage of plasticity lasts. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)—Part X. of *Bibliographica* presents the usual selection of articles and illustrations of interest to book lovers and collectors, and maintains the high level of mechanical execution which has stamped it from the start. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

There will be considerable differences of opinion about the little volume of essays by Mrs. Alice Meynell which bears the rather striking title *The Color of Life, and Other Essays on Things Seen and Heard* (Way & Williams, Chicago), but there will also be substantial agreement that it is neither hackneyed nor commonplace. Mrs. Meynell, who has already made some reputation by a volume of poems and another volume of essays, has a sensitive mind, capable of perceiving shades of difference and conveying what may be called atmospheric effects. She is suggestive rather than conclusive; she gives us glimpses rather than visions; but she has a way of hinting, in her half-thoughts and her detached moods, at central truths. This is well brought out in her very striking essays on "Symmetry and Incident" and "Interpretation of Japanese Art." She sees the things which are not obvious, she puts them in an order which is not formal, and she expresses them in a style which is not conventional. This is saying a good deal in this day of rushing presses and overlaid bookshelves.

The *Robert Browning Phrase-Book*, by Marie Ada Molineux, (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston), is as accurately described by its title as it can be by fuller description. That title suggests a collection of the striking, significant, and characteristic phrases of Browning, both in his poetic and dramatic works, a key to the thought and phrase of one of the most richly endowed of modern English minds. To these are added an index containing significant words not elsewhere noted, so that the volume practically opens up the whole of Browning's work and makes his thought on all subjects readily accessible. The volume is bound in the handsome style of the Cambridge Browning, with wide margins for individual annotation.

The dainty little volumes printed by The Century Company (New York) last year under the title "Thumb-Nail Sketches" and "The Rivalries of Long and Short Kodiac," are succeeded this year by another miniature book with the same tiny page, the same beautiful printing, and the same effective leather binding. And again it is Mr. George Wharton Edwards who furnishes the text, taking this year as an effective title *Break O' Day and Other Stories*. There are seven of these stories of character study and incident among the fisherfolk on the islands off the coast of Maine.—*Good Cheer for a Year* (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York) contains selections from the writings of Bishop Brooks for every day in the year. It contains also selections of verse from a great number of writers. The richness of the material upon which it draws makes such a book, carefully selected, a treasury of stimulus and consolation.

The First Series of Miss Lilian Whiting's *The World Beautiful* met with such warm appreciation, and seemed to strike a responsive chord in the hearts of so many readers, that it has been fitly followed by a *Second Series* (Roberts Brothers, Boston), a small book of short essays and meditations in the vein in which Miss Whiting has shown so much insight and suggestiveness. This volume, like its predecessor, treats of the common relations and the uncommon aspects of human life; it has to do with social relations, with conversation, with the care of friends, with self-control and pleasant speech, and with such subjects also as True Realities, Death, Miracles, and the Peace which is Eternal. Miss Whiting is both practical and spiritual; she sees life as it is, but she interprets it as a true idealist—that is, as one who sees everything in a spiritual order. There are points in which all her readers will not agree with her, but she has a fine gift at lifting common