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#### PICTURE-WRITING

## A Shelf of Children's Books

**W**ITH the oft-forgiven indulgence practiced by modern mothers, the youngest children will be served before their elders, at the feast prepared for them by the many friends who vie with one another to meet their unappeasable appetite for stories.

Long ago—at least so it seems now—we were made familiar with the graceful, lithe child figures drawn by Reginald Birch. The famous Little Lord Fauntleroy owed no small share of his popularity to the artist, and—may we venture to say at this distance?—the public suffered much from the vogue, so charmingly begun, of little boys in velvet suits and wide collars. That his pencil has not lost its cunning, but has gained in breadth of treatment, may be seen in a new book by Robert W. Chambers, "Orchard-Land." (Harpers.) Printed in type easy for very young or very old eyes, there is nothing in the tone of the story that suggests "talking down" to children. Peter and Geraldine came very naturally into complete understanding of outdoor land, and learned there the oldest song in the world, "The Joy of Life." They talked with the woodchuck, whom at first they

took for a bear! And he, to oblige them, offered to chatter his teeth. But Peter urged that if he chattered one tooth it would be quite sufficient. This led up to a most interesting talk about sights and sounds, and woodchuck life in general. Other friends were the dragon-fly, the impudent blue jay, and the curious bat. The children grew wise and thoughtful of creatures, and had more and more fun every day, as all real children should have.

From Orchard-Land we wander with Jimmy, in "The Magic Forest," into a truly modern fairy story. Jimmy's father and mother knew he walked in his sleep, but Jimmy did not know. So, once, when he was on a Pullman sleeping-car crossing the continent, he quietly walked off the train, and awoke after a while alone in a wild Western land. Having a firm belief in the fairies, Jimmy concluded that he had come into "The Magic Forest" by their aid; and so, when a band of Ojibway Indians came along the river in their canoes, he accepted his adoption among them as quite natural. Although only nine years old, he soon learned woodcraft, and he and the Indian boys and girls became fast friends. He

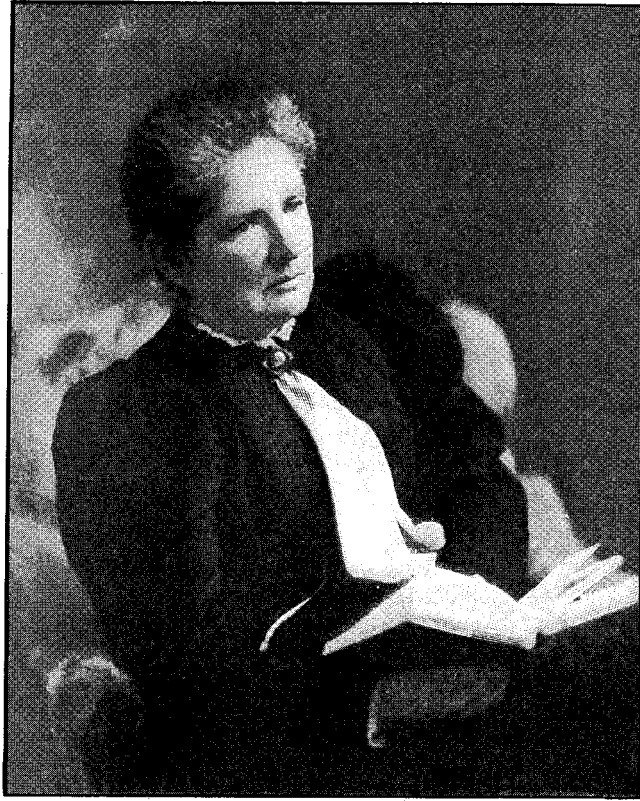
stayed several months in the Magic Forest, with the fur-traders, kindly treated, but obliged to share the work and hardships of the other boys, which developed him finely and cured him of his home habits. Mr. Stewart Edward White shows his knowledge of both outdoor and human nature in the delightful and novel scheme of his fairy tale. How Jimmy walked into his own home surroundings, and, finding no one believed that he had really been in fairyland, shut his experience up in his own memory, is a skillful touch, for it indicates all the faith and all the curious reticence of childhood. Many marginal drawings are scattered through the pages, showing quaint Indian figures and utensils. It would be a queer boy who would not enjoy Jimmy's adventures. The full-page colored plates are soft in tone and pleasing in effect. (Macmillan.)

One turns to Mr. Thomas Nelson Page with the certainty of finding evidence of that subtle gift called style. His touching story, "Two Prisoners," is entirely free from the morbid strain so apt to appear in any tale of childish suffering. (R. H. Russell.) Molly, the little cripple, left alone all day in her dreary, dark room, attended occasionally by Mrs. O'Meath, who, as all the tenement knew, was sometimes drunk, is a pathetic figure enough. But the little ray of happiness that came into her life, and grew into a flood of sunshine of love and joy, is so beautifully indicated by Mr. Page that the final impression left is one of pleasure. Far away from Molly's window, at the back of a house on another street, hung a cage with a mocking-bird in it, whose notes could not reach the little girl's ears. But from her own experience Molly understood why the caged bird drooped and ceased to sing. When her happiness came, her one desire was to own the bird and let it fly. Very naturally, through the friendship of another child in happier circumstances, her wish was gratified. Soon after she had opened the cage of the bird and rejoiced in its glad flight away off to the open fields, her own cage was opened, and her longing little heart was free to enjoy the love so long denied her. The dainty colored

plates are unusually attractive, with subdued tints and sweet child faces done by Virginia Keep.

We enter a different circle among "The Children who Ran Away," to whom Evelyn Sharp introduces us. These are of the vigorous, rugged English type, a group of school boys and girls who race over the hills on paper-chases, climb walls and trees, wade brooks, and use the most distressing slang with it all. One can feel the glow of their youthful strength, and enjoy the real nature shown in their childish moods and whimsical ideas, but why they should not be allowed to talk in ordinarily refined language one is at a loss to comprehend. It is rather melodramatic, to begin with, to find a little boy and girl, left in the care of a good, commonplace woman, who decide to run away to a young lady of whom they have heard rumors "that she likes people that nobody else wants." After some adventures they really find Miss Cecilia, and are taken in and cared for, sent to school, loved and petted. Prue, the little girl, is a regular tomboy, and finds companionship among the pupils of a neighboring boys' school much more to her taste than are the other girls at Miss Cecilia's, whom she describes variously as "awfully rum" or "beastly," and whom she enjoys "rotting," whatever that exercise may be. Yet, apart from their "langwidges," these boys and girls have a jolly time, and are kept up to the sturdy, honest English ideals of honor and courage. A love story lurks in the background, and Miss Cecilia succeeds by kindly subterfuge in reconciling the obstreperous Prue to her guardian and Miss Cecilia's lover, the man from Patagonia. The pictures by Paul Meylan are quite photographic in effect and admirably suited to the story. (Macmillan.)

In "The Golden Windows," by Laura E. Richards, young and old meet, and each finds pleasure in these beautiful and ingenious fables. The first one is a pretty tale of a boy who feasted his eyes on a palace where, in the evening glow, he beheld shining its windows of clear gold and diamonds. On a holiday he walked over the hills until he reached the dazzling palace, to find it a farm-



LAURA E. RICHARDS  
Author of "The Golden Windows."

house like his father's, in which he was made welcome with homely kindness. The little girl of the house told him she too knew of a house with windows of gold, and at sunset pointed out to him his own home far away ablaze in the light. So when he again was at home and his father asked if he had learned anything that day, he said, "Yes, I have learned our house has windows of gold and diamonds." In this same sweet spirit are all these pretty fables woven, some to teach the children and some to make older people wise. Especially good for us who are grown up are the pithy parables of "The Prominent Man," "The Blind Mother," "Anybody," and "The Scar." Untidy little children should read "The Pig Brother," quite as effective as some of the ancient Moral Tales for Youthful Minds. Some of the fables remind one of Mrs. Gatty's Parables from Nature, and yet without the least shadow of imitation. There is an original touch in Mrs. Richards's writing

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that gives fresh pleasure in this volume. It is exquisitely illustrated by full-page plates, most delicately conceived and drawn. (Little, Brown & Co.)

With the light, easy swing of a trained writer of verse, Charlton M. Lewis carries us along in his narrative poem, "Gawayne and the Green Knight." A pretty tale of the Round Table, amusingly diversified by surprising bits of modern humor or phrase, it rises frequently to noticeable beauty of thought, always simple in expression. When, in answer to the boastful challenge of the stranger Knight whose features were lighted "with a bright green smile," Gawayne lifted the ax to strike the blow agreed upon, it is, to say the least, astonishing to read this passage:

"And now,"  
Said he to Gawayne, "wheresoe'er you choose  
To strike your blow, strike on; I'll not re-  
fuse;  
Head, shoulders, chest, or waist, I little reck:  
Where shall it be?" Quoth Gawayne, "In  
the neck!"

After the blow the head dropped off and the thick, hot blood gushed forth like a flood of "*crème de menthe*"! Yet with this delightful fooling there is much more in the poem of real beauty and true sentiment. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Behind all the play lies the purpose of the fairy guardians of sweet Elfinhart to test the man of her choice. That Gawayne is proved and found worthy is as it should be, and the writer, having taken him successfully through his trials, each with its surprising little modern touch, leaves him behind the veil, "whose sacred shelter their two hearts enshrined" when Gawayne and Elfinhart were blest

"As none may be, save they who have confessed

Allegiance to that mighty spirit's law,  
And trod his holy ground with reverent awe."

"The Adventures of Dorothy," by Jocelyn Lewis, is the history of a mischievous, unconscious little girl who gets into all sorts of scrapes, just because she has not been in this world very long, and she *has* to find out about it. Her courage, good temper, and absolutely exasperating faculty for doing surprising things that no one would dream of warning her against, keep the grown-up reader in a prolonged state of delight; while a child will respond immediately to the challenge Dorothy flings down to every one. Another thing that will appeal strongly to the mature reader is the inherent refinement that pervades the simple little story. The pictures by Seymour M. Stone show Dorothy in action, all over the farm, where she sought and found adventures, perhaps more thrilling to her Aunt Sarah than to herself. (The Outlook Company.)

In "Two Little Savages" Ernest Thompson Seton mingles with his detailed knowledge of woodcraft his own interpretation of human nature; and we have more confidence in him as a forest guide than as delineator of character. The boys he really likes are convincing; the others are not to be relied on. Yan was born with a craving for wild life, and as his parents were narrow, pious folk given to quoting the Bible, he was harshly forbidden to indulge his longings. Consequently he disobeyed and

was happy ever after. With this human element left behind, Mr. Seton weaves a delightful story of wood-lore, full of exactly the sort of information all natural boys absorb without an effort. Taking this book and studying the simple sketches outlined in the margins, they can build Indian camps and revel in savage customs, and jabber the comical jargon they regard as Indian talk to their heart's content. That the example of the "Two Little Savages" has already been eagerly followed, since the story first came out, is certain. Now, with all the accessories of numberless illustrations and attractive print, it will be absolutely read to pieces. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Two books with something more in common than their titles are "The Goldenrod Fairy Book" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) and "The Outlook Fairy Book" (The Outlook Company). The first, a group of tales selected and translated by Esther Singleton, riots in colored decorations. Every page has margins filled with upright branches of goldenrod, in which are tangled fairies and strange creatures, varying in tint from pale green to the strongest orange. The effect is somewhat bewildering. The colored plates are original and striking in design. Strong winged fairies dash across the fly-leaves, and the book is bound in dark blue enlivened by gold and colors. In all, it certainly must attract a child's eye. In a pleasant preface we are told that all the stories have been tested by time in far countries, the compiler trying only to retain in the translation the quaint language and simplicity of the original. "The Outlook Fairy Book," edited by Laura Winnington, is made up of a tried group of fairy tales from many languages. The pictures by J. Conacher are many, especially suited to the style of the book. Among the score and more of stories we note the beloved Sleeping Beauty, Puss in Boots, Hansel and Gretel, and Goldielocks. Some of those classic bits of verse that should be interwoven with the thoughts of a child before he is conscious of taste are here, from "The Tempest" and "Midsummer Night's Dream."





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#### THE ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT

## New Editions and Holiday Books

**T**O speak of holiday books, nowadays, is really to use a misnomer.

It is true that publishers, to a large extent, present their most attractive wares to the public between September first and January first, as the fashion has greatly changed in what used to be termed gift-books. Books of permanent value and interest are now sought for by the publishers, and the autumn seems the best time to issue these. This season's books are no exception to the general rule; in fact, fewer than ever gift-books, strictly speaking, have come forth. One may note, in passing, that some valuable reprints of standard books are now in process of publication, notably two new editions of Lamb, one of Thackeray, and a new edition of Matthew Arnold. Of the former one need only state that Lamb is in danger of being over-edited, and Thackeray of being over-published. Mr. E. V. Lucas has added to our knowledge of Lamb, it is true, but hardly sufficiently to make a hue and cry over; while Mr. Macdonald, in his desire to outdo his rival editor, has given us some writings not by Lamb at all.

The "Works" of Matthew Arnold have been issued by the Macmillan

Company, uniform with their edition of Lamb, Pater, FitzGerald, Tennyson, and Kingsley; the paper and type being all that one need have for a fine library book. Although only four volumes are issued, it is interesting to note that Mr. Arnold's contributions to the "Pall Mall Gazette" are included for the first time, and are a distinctive addition to our critical literature. The binding, of a mixture of silk and linen, is all that can be desired.

The Outlook has already commented on the new edition of Richard Jefferies's "Wild Life in a Southern County," which bears the imprint of Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, who have taken the liberty of substituting for the original name "An English Village," which will doubtless attract a greater number of American readers. The book is well printed and contains twenty-five pictures of natural and rural life in the country which Jefferies describes, taken by Mr. Clifton Johnson, whose skill with the camera is exceptional.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, have set a high mark for themselves in their editions of Stevenson, Stockton, Tolstoy, and other standard