

United States." More than one-half of the book is given over to notes, citations, and appendices; and not only this, but the text proper is largely a narrative compiled from memoirs, letters, state papers, and the like. In this way Mr. Hazelton presents in turn the conditions antecedent to the Declaration, the initial steps that led up to the Declaration, the story of its adoption and signing, and an account of its consequences and the way in which it was received both in the colonies and in the mother country. On the many moot questions connected with it he is precise and sound. We notice, however, that his discussion of the much-debated Mecklenburg Declaration proceeds without the aid of the evidence which has so recently been discovered in North Carolina, and which would seem to indicate the necessity for a modification of the opinions held by Mr. Hazelton in common with most historians. Still, until the matter is explored further, there cannot be room for legitimate criticism of his position, and his monumental treatise will remain our most detailed and satisfactory history of the Declaration of 1776. (The Declaration of Independence. By John H. Hazelton. Doda, Mead & Co., New York. \$4.50, net.)

*The Doctor* There is a vein of directness and humanity in the writing of Mr. Connor which has a tendency to disarm criticism, and the character of the doctor in the present novel has so many of the nobler attributes that it is difficult to express its limitation. Yet there is an artistic weakness, and it lies in the reiterated appeal to the reader's finest sentiment. The sympathies are called into play so constantly that the truly pathetic moment loses in quality, for want of that emotional reserve so finely understood by Thackeray. "The Doctor" is called a story of the Rockies, but there is little sense of definite locality in the first half of the book, and the reader is left in some confusion as to places. The second half is more consistent in every way, and the atmosphere of a Western camp is well suggested. The book is quite worth reading, but not so direct in its appeal as "The Sky Pilot." (The Doctor: A Tale of the Rockies. By Ralph Connor. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. \$1.50.)

*Domestic Science* A strong point is made in this sensible book by Professor Lucy Maynard Salmon, that we cannot dignify labor from the kitchen end. All true reform must begin at the top, she says. As long as women undertake housekeeping "hating" it and regarding it as mere unskilled labor, so long will it be a problem.

But another necessity to secure reform is the cultivation of simple business sense in both mistress and maid. While the author does not offer any universal agent for a lighting change, she does write with knowledge and ability, and her opinion should have weight with thoughtful women. (Progress in the Household. By Lucy Maynard Salmon. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.10, net.)

*The Dragon Painter* "The Dragon Painter" is picturesque in a loosely decorative way. The characters of the romance belong to screens or fans; it is the Japan of the popular imagination, and the scenes are effective in a sense, but there is nothing fine or interpretative about the writer's touch. (The Dragon Painter. By Mary McNeil Fenollosa. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1 50.)

*English History and English Historians* An interesting experiment is embodied in Professor Charles A. Beard's "Introduction to the English Historians." In common with other teachers of history, Professor Beard has been impressed with the great difficulty of controlling the student's collateral reading and of obtaining satisfactory evidence that such reading has been faithfully done, and he has hit upon the idea of compiling a volume that shall serve at once as a bibliography and as a topical handbook. Time alone can demonstrate the success of his experiment from the pedagogical point of view, but there can be no doubt as to the value of his work to the general reader of history. It covers, in brief compass and in the words of the highest authorities on each special topic, the most salient facts in the institutional and political development of England from the earliest times to the present day, and, supplied as it is with connecting links written by Professor Beard, it forms a consecutive and readable whole. Gardiner, Froude, Macaulay, Freeman, Stubbs, Maitland, McKechnie, and a host of other writers of first-rate importance are represented by long quotations; and as a rule Professor Beard shows himself abreast of the discoveries of the most recent research. Of course there is room for criticism, as there needs must be where the field is so large and the workers are so many, but on the whole the book reflects the greatest credit on its author, and it is to be hoped that the idea inspiring it will be crowned with success. (Introduction to the English Historians. By Charles A. Beard, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.60, net.)

*G. Bernard Shaw* Much diversion may be found within the two volumes that contain selections from the dramatic opinions and essays of Mr. Shaw which appeared in the London Saturday Review. Having deserted the "chain-gang" of criticism, he now demonstrates the fact that he possesses the creative faculty himself. As is well known, he is a strong partisan of Ibsen, an irreverent scoffer at much of Shakespeare, and full of unmitigated scorn for the Elizabethans beloved of Lamb. Mr. James Huneker, who writes an introduction for the book, declares the Shaw of these pages to be that rare bird, a perfectly honest man, whimsical and grimacing as he is at times. Certainly it is quite impossible to ignore him; he is provokingly quotable. His daring paradoxes are tremendously entertaining, and when he is gravely analyzing his reasons for admiring anything, his opinion is really impressive. In a brief essay upon "Morris as Actor and Dramatist" he is at his serious best in thought, though, as usual, brilliantly witty in expression. The paragraph upon why Morris did not go to the theater is perfect. He says no one would ever dream of asking why Morris did not read penny novelettes, or hang his room with Christmas-Number chromolithographs. Morris did not go to the theater simply because there was no reason why he should go; and there follows a scathing criticism of the modern stage in England. Yet Shaw believes that if Morris had started a Kelmescott Theater instead of a Kelmescott Press he would have produced work that would in a decade have affected every theater all over the world. If any one finds himself dull, let him read some of these brilliant iconoclastic utterances. (*Dramatic Opinions and Essays*. By G. Bernard Shaw. In 2 vols. Brentano's, New York. \$2.50, net.)

*The Heart of Music* An attractive book for all passionate lovers of the violin, and yet one that, by reason of the great mass of facts collected, will hold the attention of students. The style of the author reminds one of gracefully woven fragrant garlands looped about the really romantic history of the instrument that moves men most profoundly. Beginning far back in the region of legend, the story of this most ancient of all stringed instruments grows from the turtle-shell to the marvel of Stradivarius, and is enthroned as the one Perfect Thing—"the heart of music incarnate and triumphant." (*The Heart of Music*. By Anna Alice Chapin. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.60, net.)

*Half a Rogue* A bright, entertaining story of a successful dramatic writer who became a defeated candidate for mayor of his native town. The other man and the two principal women in the romance are well drawn. We confess our stupidity, but, really, which one is half a rogue? Perhaps rogue is not properly defined in the dictionary as an "idle, disreputable person." Can the author mean pretty, innocent Patty whose portrait is printed beneath the title of the book? Not one of the actors is both idle and disreputable. (*Half a Rogue*. By Harold MacGrath. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

*In the Fire of the Heart* Ralph Waldo Trine has collected a vast quantity of statistics and quotable facts upon social conditions in America and woven them together in the web of his own enthusiasm for humanity. His aim is to review and deal with certain patent facts and forces in connection with each one of us and our community. He apprehends adverse criticism from several sources, but his ideas and opinions are not sufficiently novel to arouse bitterness. He paints a dark picture of our economical situation, and arraigns in fervid periods the careless wealth of our country. The laboring man has a complete advocate in him, and his appeal is primarily to "that splendid, great 'common people' that has made our Nation of importance." He has firm faith in governmental ownership, and warns us against the evil of forgetting that we are the government and can control things if we will. The "joint agreement" and "direct legislation," with the added good of the excellent type of young men now taking part in politics, will in the end, with other improvements already begun, cure our present social crimes. A characteristic note is struck in the final chapter, reminding us that the writer is the author of "In Tune with the Infinite." (*In the Fire of the Heart*. By Ralph Waldo Trine. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1, net.)

*The Men Whom Sir Joshua Knew* We are living in the midst of an English revival in the world of art. Only within the past few years have men realized that Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney, and Constable have never been appreciated at their true worth personally, nor has their influence on succeeding ages and schools of art been properly taken into account. It is not surprising that one of the most attractive characters in the whole history of English art, Sir Joshua Reynolds, should have become the subject of several recent biogra-