

there lurked such tragedy as only the Orient could conceive.

On tiptoe I was led downstairs to the third floor. Soon I found myself in a very comfortable room, spotlessly clean. There were six wooden benches fastened to the floor and to the wall, and on each bench there was a small felt mattress.

It was still evening; an evening that I shall never forget. Only five of the six benches were occupied, and perhaps I should have had an excellent night if the Bolsheviks hadn't condemned all of my companions to death.

One was a priest, who had become quite insane and would moan and shriek; while another was a poor fellow over whom tuberculosis and the Bolsheviks were fighting to determine his fate. A third was a black-bearded electrical engineer. He prayed incessantly throughout the night, without arising or lowering his hands from prayer except to make the sign of the cross.

Conversation was forbidden, but from time to time we would whisper together.

What a night we had! No one slept. There were eight paces from one end of the room to the other, and I calculated how many times I must walk in order to walk a mile.

From time to time I would kneel and pray.

Morning came. It was still dark, but we scarcely realized that another day had come. A metal shield of cylindrical shape outside the window kept out the sun, and the room was always gray. No one cared. It was Saturday, and five of my companions were to die on the following Monday. Twice that Saturday morning the door opened noiselessly. Once to bring us a loaf of bread, a second time to empty the refuse can.

Stillness which spoke of tragedy and death reigned in the room.

At noon I was led to another room and my photograph was taken.

"Try to see the number they give you," one of my companions told me. "They always change the names of the prisoners here, but if you know the num-

ber of your photograph it will help you if you have a chance to get word outside."

My prayers had been answered, and early that afternoon a soldier came for me.

I left, hardly knowing if I were on my way to liberty or death.

My comrades in the cell feared for the worst, but happily they were wrong.

After a short delay I left the Vecheka for the station, bound for Riga. I was accompanied by two soldiers to the frontier. Wherever we walked they would march behind me, the bayonets at the end of their guns so close to me that from time to time I felt them caress my back gently.

Twenty-four hours later we reached the Latvian frontier.

I was *domoi*. I could only think of the words of Shelley in his "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty:"

The awful shadow of some unseen power

Floats, though unseen, among us.

The Book Table

The Outline of Art

Reviewed by Mrs. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSLAER

THE most remarkable part of this book is its title. Why should a book be called "The Outline of Art"¹ when it deals only with the art of painting (barring a few scattered notices of sculptors' work), and with the art of painting only after Giotto's day? The "jacket" of the second volume, which appears many months after the first, explains that the work is intended "not for the critic and the expert but rather for the general public wishing for guidance to the great art treasures of the world." But, of course, it is especially unfortunate that the unlearned should be so boldly misinformed as to the meaning of the word *art* and as to the real extent of the history of painting.

In regard to this latter point misinformation does not end with the title of the book. For example, we are told that, although we may not be aware of the fact, we are "perfectly familiar with mediæval Gothic art," for "examples of it may be found in every pack of playing cards," and that we may best "realize the advance" made by the brothers van Eyck by comparing their figures, not with modern portraits or photographs,

but with the queen of spades or the jack of diamonds!

Nor elsewhere is the critical level high. We are told that van Dyck was "not only a supremely fluent master of the brush but also a profound and penetrating psychologist;" and, again, that although a child of Gainsborough's is "more of a little lady than any of Sir Joshua's," on the other hand Sir Joshua's "Age of Innocence" has more "psychological profundity." It is well that the text should not often try to be either profound, psychological, or in any way critical, but should content itself with being laudatory and, in greatest part, anecdotal.

The illustrations are numerous and

very well chosen, wisely mingling famous and less familiar masterpieces; and by reason of their size they would be valuable were they better printed. Many of the black-and-white ones are gray and misty, while the color prints are coarsely rendered and often in hot coppery tones. Especially distressing is the Botticelli that forms the frontispiece of the first volume. And surprised indeed must be any one who, after reading the statement (surprising enough in itself) that Vermeer, of Delft, "is now recognized to have been probably the greatest colorist who ever lived," turns for confirmation to the color print of the girl's head at The Hague, which is pronounced his "masterpiece in portraiture." It is a strange book to have been fathered by one who is himself a painter.

The New Books

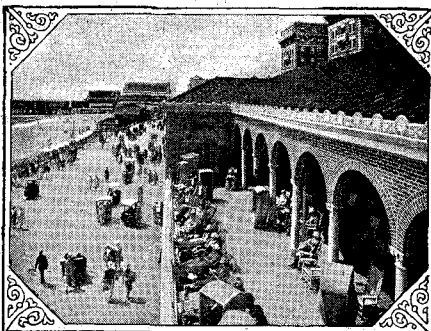
FICTION

YOU TOO. By Roger Burlingame. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.

Clever and much more. The story of Gail Winbourne, gifted, gay, and lovable, who, born for the world of letters, is pushed by force of circumstances (of which the most important is named Muriel) into the bigger, busier, and more profitable world of slogans and advertisements. Near-tragedy results; for Gail, gradually hypnotized by the bunk he

lives with and deals in, comes to take it seriously—almost the thing in him that is finest, realest, and most precious is smothered out of existence, and the creative artist lost in the advertiser of Vitapore and the Shewantsa Products. Almost, too, in losing himself he loses his neglected and uncomprehending Muriel. Why he does not do so wholly, why, sickened at last of bunk, disillusioned, and despairing, the near-tragedy enfold-

¹ The Outline of Art. Edited by Sir William Orpen. With over 300 illustrations, of which 24 are in color. 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$4.50 per vol.



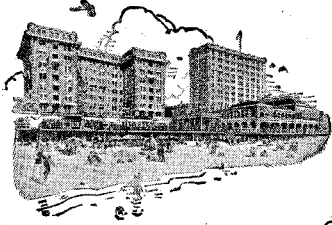
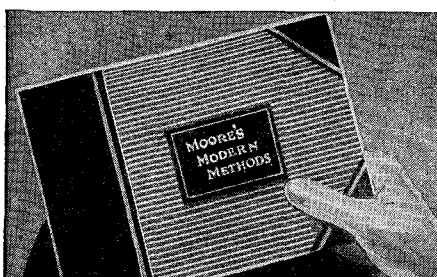
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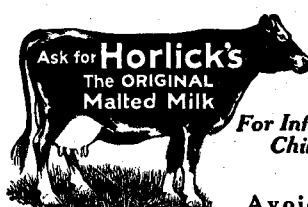
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KING WHO WENT ON STRIKE (THE). By Pearson Choate. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.75.

A King, an English King apparently, and not unlike the present Prince of Wales, refuses to serve. The rest of his adventures may be left for the reader to discover.

WRATH TO COME (THE). By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$2.

Mr. Oppenheim is to be congratulated on a distinct advance in one phase of his art: he is learning to draw Americans. It is more than half a century now since Anthony Trollope, in Isabel Boncassen, introduced to English literature its first charming American heroine, and one who, despite a few little slips on her creator's part, did no discredit to "the States." She has had many and various successors, a few good and more bad; but even the English author who can portray or evolve a believable American girl has seldom been able to draw without caricature, intentional or otherwise, an American of his own sex. Mr. Oppenheim has been trying for some years, and some of his earlier Americans were very queer indeed. Since the war he has tried even harder; he has been less unflattering, and he has managed to squeeze some of the condescension out of his careful politeness toward our Nation. Now for "The Wrath to Come" he has chosen an American hero, Mr. Grant P. Slattery—melodious name!—who is entirely the gentleman and a very good fellow indeed; so much the gentleman and so good a fellow that you could hardly tell he wasn't English. That is a long step forward; because, while no American is really as like as that to an Englishman, any American of culture is much more like it than he is like the Englishman's idea of an American.

The action of the novel occurs in 1950. America has not yet joined the "Pact of Nations;" she is therefore without guarantees to protect her, and must stand alone—if she does not join in time—against a secretly plotted joint attack by Russia, Germany, and Japan, timed to coincide with an uprising of their nationals in the United States. (Do not smile. People laughed at Mr. Oppenheim's tales of German spies and plottings until the war broke out. It is not necessary to agree with his forebodings—he is really much concerned on our account—but as a true prophet once, he is exempt from ridicule.) It is Mr. G. P.

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