



Have you ever seen a lithe bronze-skinned boy walking up a cocoanut palm? Hawaiians singing at a *luau* (native feast) on the beach in the moonlight? The Southern Cross sparkling in a purple-velvet sky? A volcano so friendly that you can motor to its edge and peer down into its smoking depths—so awe-inspiring that you half believe the native legends of the goddess Pele who lives inside?

Then imagine yourself on these cool, enchanted islands in the South Seas this summer—with two thousand miles of dreamy ocean between you and the humdrum of home and business!

Go as you please

Sail when you like from any port you choose—San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, or Vancouver. Return another way, perhaps, and take in the famous Pacific Coast Empire Tour—at low summer fares. Your local railroad, steamer or tourist agent can book you direct from home. Mammoth modern liners; hotels of the finest; but all your steamer, hotel and sightseeing expenses for a whole month's holiday need not exceed \$400!

Ask your agent about it now, and send to us for 24-page illustrated booklet in colors describing a few of the delightful things you'll see.



223 McCANN BLDG., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
OR 352 FORT ST., HONOLULU, HAWAII, U. S. A.

with them. Even his bronzes are so full of lively action that they seem fairly to move. He seldom painted still objects. I remember that once when I carried to him a commission to paint a picture for the Montana Club at Helena, I was requested to ask him to paint us something "that was not going like the wind." He loved action. Even his illustrated letters are full of it, and whenever they are in evidence there is always a group of people gathered round them, eager to see more.

Quickly and easily impressed by speech or action, with a heart as tender as a child's, Russell felt keenly every cruelty practiced upon man or beast. I have seen him rescue a badgered mouse from a tormenting cat and carry it a hundred yards to safety, all the way commenting on cat creation in a manner wonderful to hear. "But I reckon God made them," he ended, excusing even the offending cat. He shunned all modern things, always ready to set the gauge of the past disparagingly against the present. Once at Lake McDonald

we were walking near his summer home when we discovered that several hens that had been raised by an incubator and a small chick that had been hatched in the old-fashioned way were following us. Russell stopped to drive them back. At this, one of the hens picked viciously at the toes of the little chick, and it ran to us for protection. "Did you see that?" asked Russell, throwing a small stick at the chick-eating hen. "Get out!" he said, disgustedly, stamping his foot. "Git, you unnatural hussy! Your mother was a *lamp!*"

CHARLES RUSSELL sorrowed over the passing of the old-time Northwest, and to his last day never quite forgave the seeming wantonness of the destruction which attended its settlement. There can never be another Charley Russell, any more than there can be another new Northwest; and if the men of the old days who have left us have kindled their fires in the Shadow Hills, then Russell has found them, and is happy there.

The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

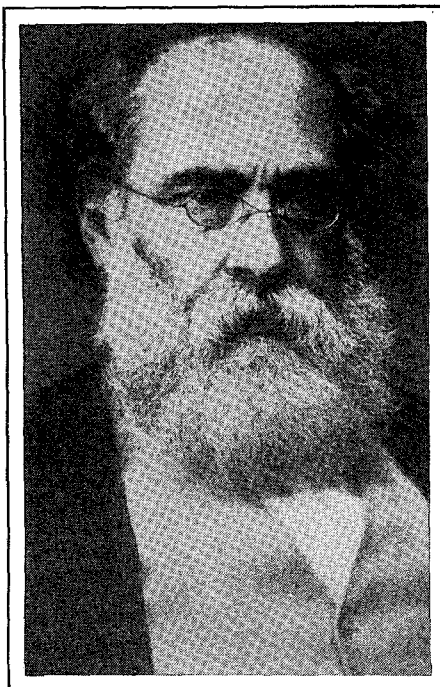
Anthony Trollope

A Review by ETHEL PARTON

IN the winter of 1872-3 the grown-ups of an American family were reading aloud two English novels, just published. The little girl of the household was not supposed to be interested, but she could listen if she wished. She was a bookish child, but her tastes at that time inclined markedly to the picaresque, to adventure, to wild Indians, to the gorillas of Mr. Paul du Chaillu, and such books by lesser authors as were hopefully sub-titled "A Story for Boys." But there was something inescapable about those novels. Long-drawn, full of desert stretches where nothing happened, she yet found herself forgetting her paper dolls and listening against her will to the steady voice that read on and on and on like a placid stream, with whose flow there soaked deep into her consciousness an abiding sense of England and the English. Of special scenes and its people she retained later but little remembrance, but the country had become as real and familiar as if she had lived there herself—as indeed, by grace of two great novelists and the responsive imagination of childhood, she had. The novels were "Middlemarch" and "The Eustace Diamonds."

It was but a few years before the child, become a young girl, was reading George Eliot for herself with passionate delight; it was many before she grew to full understanding and enjoyment of Anthony Trollope. Trollope, as Mr. Michael Sadleir points out in his delicately discerning and ardently appreciative new biography,¹ is "the supreme novelist of acquiescence." Youth is not acquiescent; it demands that life be enhanced by romantic glamour, transformed by spiritual enthusiasm, or kindled by the leaping fire of revolt. The true and tranquil work of Anthony Trollope, from which these glories are absent, suits better the less impatient mind of maturity. Especially so, one would expect, now, when flaming youth flames its fiercest; yet one can never quite tell. His dutiful Victorian heroines, even, may be tolerantly enjoyed by to-day's youngsters because of their very "quaintness" and remoteness—girls as fresh and sweet as English roses, strong too in character and common sense, loyal, loving, and lovable. Lovely girls indeed, although never touched by that ineffable

¹ Anthony Trollope: A Commentary. By Michael Sadleir. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$5.



Anthony Trollope

something which transfigures certain young women into immortal figures of delight, such as Clara Middleton, or Elizabeth Bennet, or Beatrix Esmond, or—but this is to take issue with Mr. Sadleir, who is frankly in love with Trollope's girls and wears the favor of the charming Mary Thorne stuck in his helmet.

Perhaps he indicates a doubt that all Trollopian, who are by no means of one sex only, will share his enthusiasm to the full when he admits that Trollope's ideals concerning women were old-fashioned. Anthony Trollope loathed rampant feminists (they were not called feminists yet, but the rampant ones were at their rampingest) and believed feminine power could best be exercised over the recalcitrant or admiring male from the vantage-ground of married life, or on the road to attaining it. "Such a conception is of course a masculine one, but Trollope was unashamedly masculine, and lived in an age when traces at least of a masculine civilization still remained."

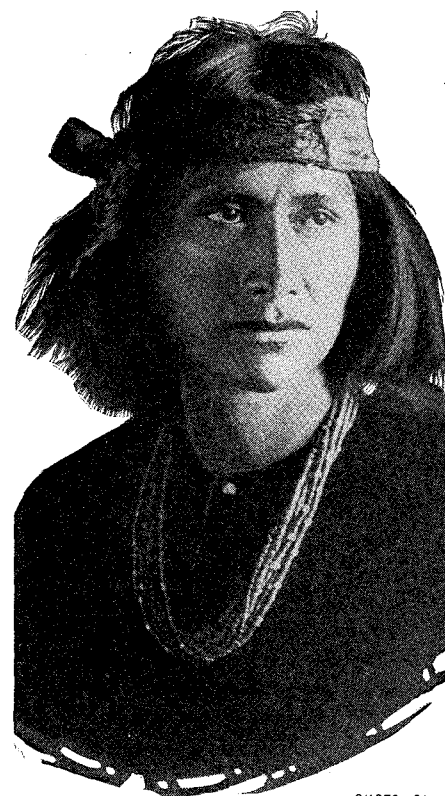
It is easy to forgive Mr. Sadleir this little fling on behalf of masculinity for the sake of the fine miniature biography of Frances Trollope to which, under the title "Anthony's Mother," his first seven chapters are devoted. Never did a braver lady wield a pen or manage and maintain a difficult family. The battle she put up against adverse fate was at times almost incredibly strenuous; as when, in a foreign country, she simultaneously nursed a sick daughter and a dying son, ran a household, and wrote the novel that must pay the bills. She was the author of that once-famous book "The Domestic Manners of the Ameri-

cans," over which our sensitive young Nation developed an attack of hysterics only less violent than those precipitated some thirty years later by the American chapters of "Martin Chuzzlewit." Both Mrs. Trollope and Dickens failed to appreciate the promise underlying our crudity; both depicted what they actually observed, honestly though caustically, and with less burlesque than modern readers are inclined to suppose. To his gallant and merry-hearted mother Anthony owed much by inheritance, and it is more than likely that it was a story of hers, "Petticoat Government," describing life in a cathedral town, which gave him the first impulse toward his crowning achievement in the Barchester novels.

He paid her his filial due in his autobiography—an autobiography which proved one of the most self-destructive ever written. When it was published shortly after his death, the taste of the time had already turned against him; with this unfortunate publication, ashes seemed to have been dumped upon an expiring flame. The æsthetic eighties would have none of an author who could write of the profession of letters as a man of business and declare that for him the great secret lay in binding himself to rules of labor such as mechanic or artisan is forced to obey. "A shoemaker when he has finished one pair of shoes does not sit down and contemplate his work in idle satisfaction, 'There is my pair of shoes finished at last. What a pair of shoes it is!' . . . I had quite accustomed myself to begin a second pair as soon as the first was out of my hands."

Time, an era of sounder criticism, and, above all, the indestructibly solid worth and vitality of the novels themselves have gradually overcome the disillusion wrought by the disastrous "Autobiography." If it were not so, Mr. Sadleir's book would almost suffice to effect a rescue. Under his disentangling touch the Anthony Trollope who emerges, sturdy, persistent, pugnacious, yet with "a lurking under-self, a timid melancholy wraith of past unhappiness"—for few men can have outlived a more wretched boyhood—is a man to command sympathy, respect, and cordial liking. The quality and characteristics of his work Mr. Sadleir discusses and illuminates with an art too thorough, too fine, and too free from superfluity to be fairly represented by condensation or quotation; it surmounts triumphantly obstacles of which a less perceptive writer might not have realized the existence.

"A smell, a pain, or a sound," he says, "is not more difficult to describe than the effect—at once soothing and excit-

PHOTO BY
FRED HARVEY

The Indian-detour

(Mail coupon for picture folder)

You can break your cross-continent rail journey on your way to and from California with the Indian-detour—three glorious days by motor about the ancient Indian pueblos, Spanish settlements and prehistoric cliff-dwellings in the New Mexico Rockies between Las Vegas, Santa Fé and Albuquerque. Personally escorted.

On the Indian-detour you are still the guest of the Santa Fe and Fred Harvey in every detail of accommodation and fine service.

The low additional cost is all-inclusive.

Lodging with bath every night.



mail coupon
for picture
folder

W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr. Santa Fe System Lines
1156-A Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me free picture folder about the "Indian-detour" and "Roads to Yesterday."

**Irving
Bacheller's**

Romance of the Time of Christ

DAWN

A good story, told simply, engrossingly
—*New York Times*

Human . . . sincere . . . readable
—*New York Herald Tribune*

Gripping romance . . . vividly real
—*Rochester Democrat & Chronicle*

AT ALL BOOKSTORES—\$2.50

The Macmillan Co. • New York

ing—produced on the readers' mind by the leisurely, nonchalant commentaries on English social life that carry the name of Anthony Trollope on their title-pages. . . . It is almost irritating that books so lustily prosaic should be so hard of definition."

All good Trollopians owe thanks to Mr. Sadleir. It may move some of them to interesting comment and comparison to learn that he thinks the three perfect novels of Anthony Trollope to be "Dr. Thorne," "The Claverings," and "Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite."

Fiction

COMRADE JILL. By Herbert Adams. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$2.

A tale of London in 1931 on the verge of a general strike, with a young labor leader, his "comrade Jill" (daughter of a press magnate), and a powerful revivalist as the chief characters. As with most stories of the economic future, its purposefulness injures its fiction value.

THE MYSTERY OF THE ASHES. By Anthony Wynne. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$2.

Mr. Wynne's amateur detective, Dr. Hailey, is fit to compare with Sherlock Holmes in his facility of deduction from slight clues. Yet he only learns the truth of these mysterious murders when he hears the villain recite the crimes before an intended victim. So that the reader's chance of guessing the solution is slight indeed! That the story is a bit too lurid (as we used to call it) is its fault, but it is otherwise a notably good crime and detection tale.

THE BAND PLAYS DIXIE. By Morris Markey. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$2.

An amateurish story of Civil War times, in which two Northern soldiers, cousins, fall in love with the same Southern maiden, and become enemies. Luckily, the right one falls in battle at the right time.

THE LONGEST SHADOW. By Jeffery E. Jeffery. Little Brown & Co., Boston. \$2.

"You have the sort of mind that's always painting pictures for itself—fanciful, exaggerated pictures," says Cathleen to Philip, "and you get more out of those pictures than you do out of the facts of your life. The grown-up person—what I mean by a grown-up person, anyway—can't do that. He's practical." Philip, however, is practical enough in mere external affairs; he is no helpless dreamer. But he is romantic, and at the end of the six determining years between twenty-four and thirty, though he

has grown up, he still remains so. His illusions vanish, blotted out by the Longest Shadow, which is Reality, and his first love and dearest hopes go with them; but he does not lose his ideals, nor that inner glow of the spirit which enables him to meet trouble gallantly, be generous to those who disappoint him, and find in life still the joy of adventure and new possibilities of happiness. Mr. Jeffery is one of the younger English novelists, and is the more to be congratulated in himself escaping that darkest threat of the shadow of reality, mere ugliness, which has marred the work of so many of his contemporaries, who seem to feel beauty, grace, and sunshine incompatible with truth. He is further to be congratulated upon a novel soundly constructed, finely finished, and as satisfying to the potentially Ungentle Critic as to the Gentle Reader.

TWILIGHT. By Count Edouard Keyserling. The Macaulay Company, New York. \$2.50.

"Twilight," a tragic love story set in a somber background of hidebound tradition which eventually claims the new generation, is remarkable for its quiet tone and its sustained mood of retired grandeur and unruffled peace. "Harmony," the second story in the book, is the tragedy of a super-aesthetic woman whose outward life as mistress of her estate is as harmonious as her separate spiritual existence, in which she secures herself against her passionately devoted husband. The first story expresses mood in environment, the second spiritual supremacy, and the third, "Kersta," is based on the entirely physical concept of life of the Lithuanian peasant girl. Each story is well done.

THE MARRIAGE BED. By Ernest Pascal. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$2.

This novel is one of the curiously mixed bag recently brought back from their moral hunt by the police authorities of

Boston. In this case, it seems hardly likely that they looked beyond the title. The book could almost elicit praise as a moral tract on the ground that it makes infidelity seem such a gloomy and forbidding pastime that no married reader in his or her senses should ever care to engage in it. Mr. Pascal rings the changes on the theme with no less than three couples, driving the parallel stories with skill and fertile invention. Of these poor squirming victims, none engages the sympathies more than George, wrested from his sensible wife and comfortable home and forced to set up light housekeeping in a Greenwich Village apartment, "almost a studio," with a lovely incompetent. The novel does not overstep the modern limits of frankness and seems in most respects an honest and sincere piece of work.

Biography

THE PASSING SHOW. By Henry Russell. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$5.

An impresario who began as a teacher of the voice and had as pupils artists like Duse, Caruso, Melba, and many other famous *prime donne* is likely to have much that is interesting to say when he comes to review his career in England, the Continent, and America. Nor will the reader be disappointed. His style is lively without being obstreperous; he has a pretty fund of humor and tells an anecdote well. People interested in songsters of the stage will enjoy the chapter on stars and their foibles; where he refrains from names they are pretty sure to guess whom the joke fits. Caruso, spoiled by success over here, trembles when he returns to Italy before the ruthless frankness of his countrymen. "The English and American peoples are kind and tolerant; but the Italians are merciless. Because I am Caruso, higher prices are charged for the seats when I sing; they expect me therefore to be perfect; they expect value for their money. Every time I sing in Italy it is a new début—it may be a triumph or it may be a failure." The frontispiece is a mild caricature of Russell by Caruso.

What Russell says of d'Annunzio is often to the point. "The attractive side of his personality is little known to the world, and it is difficult not to be prejudiced against a man who caused such unmerited suffering to a woman like Duse." It was at Porto d'Anzio, in the playwright's villa, that he came to know Eleanore Duse and began to care for her voice, which ill health had nearly ruined.

"The Passing Show" keeps the interest from first to last. A book for which to be grateful; one to recommend to one's friends.

Religion

A MODERN PLEA FOR CHRISTIANITY. By Louis De Launey. Translated by Selden P. Delaney, D.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.25.

M. De Launey is a member of the French Academy of Sciences, a mining engineer with wide technical experience, the author of numerous books on geology, travel, and philosophy, a frequent contributor to the leading French reviews. His "Plea for Christianity" is that valuable one of the man convinced of the approximate truth of modern science, but yet remembering two facts—that science itself is built on faith, and that the most it can hope to do is describe, not explain, the universe. The form of Christianity which M. De Launey knows best is, naturally, the Roman Catholic, but he sincerely sympathizes with and hopes to help what to him are more partial Protestant approaches. He wears his faith freely and winningly, smilingly assuring the reader now that he is about to fall into heresy, now into intolerance, but managing to keep his sympathy and understanding of many attitudes at their best at just such moments. Roman