

A man appeared, snatched a knife and stabbed him to the heart. "Can I be of any assistance to you, madam?" he said. "Who are you?" she asked. "I am the Governor of this province," he answered. A man fired at him. The bullet struck him in the back of the head. Feeling much refreshed, he went on to another cliff. His feet had grown again, he discarded the turtle and crab and watched them crawl wearily away.

There was a village nearby. He walked boldly into it, disguised as a druggist. He entered a house, lay down and slept. He was awakened by pressure on his chest and a shrill squealing. A rattlesnake coiled upon his bosom and two tarantulas at his feet had been biting him for some time. They had emptied all their venom into him and were signalling for fresh supplies.

He began to swell. He was so swollen he could not pass through the door. He pushed the roof off of the house and climbed over the wall. It was raining hard. "Lord pity the poor sailors at sea on a night like this," he said.

The moon had risen when he came to San Agostino. He hurried to the dock. His ship had sailed six months before. "I am late," he said.

PART II

The bells chimed for one in the morning, when Sard picked up a key from the gutter and entered a house. There, chained to a post, was a beautiful young woman.

"I can pick the padlock," he said, "if you have a hairpin."

"My hair is bobbed," said she.

He took one step forward and, with a cry of pain, he fell to the floor. He had stubbed his toe. A horde of Indians and negroes fell upon him. He could do nothing, he was so weak with pain. They chained him to another post and lay down to sleep.

"How long have you been chained to that post?" he asked.

"Ever since last Spring," she answered.

"Where did you live before that?"

"At Passion Courtenay, in Berkshire, Eng.," she said.

"Ah, indeed. Charming old-world village," he said. "I've been there."

The door opened and a man entered, dressed like Henry Irving in "Richelieu." After him came others bringing in large unwieldy objects. They laid a section of railroad track across the room, placed a locomotive engine upon it, chained Sard to the track at the further end. They erected a saw-mill and bound the girl to the log-carriage. Between the two, they placed a keg of gunpowder with a long fuse. The fuse was lighted, steam was gotten up in the engine, the circular-saw turned swiftly, with a low purring sound.

"In eleven minutes," said Richelieu, "this engine will run across the room, the log-carriage will bear its burden to the saw and the keg of powder will explode. After that you will be thrown from Brooklyn Bridge." He went out.

"You remind me," said Sard, "of Juanita de la Torre, whom I met at Passion Courtenay."

"How small the world is!" she answered. "For I am she."

"You do love me then," said he.

The fuse sputtered, with a long-drawn toot the locomotive moved along the rails, the log-carriage lurched, and started on its journey to the saw.

"Cue for the rescue!" shouted Sard.

The door burst open and a file of scene-shifters disguised as soldiers marched in, upset the engine, stopped the saw, and flooded the keg with pyrene. Behind them came a man dressed in spotless white.

"Behold," he said, "I am Don Manuel, the Dictator of this country. You are that Harker who, years ago, when I was a poor, ragged boy, gave me a pair of pants. You made me what I am, for without pants I could not be Dictator. I give you the hand of this fair lady, whose real name is, Belinda, the Beautiful Boiler-maker."

Tremendous applause from the gallery swept the stage and loud cries of "Author! author!" were heard. The man in red came forward.

"Are you, Mr. Masfield, the author of this piece?" asked Sard.

"I am," he said.

"I thought you were a poet, one of the best," said Sard.

"I used to be," said the author.

"Friends," said Sard, "at such a time, words seem in vain. We can only say, We Mourn Our

CHRISTOPHER WARD.

The BOWLING GREEN

Interiors

OF the infinite number of exciting things to write about I was wondering which to choose; and idling along a bookshelf in that mood of desperate postponement I came upon Dr. Richet's "Thirty Years of Psychical Research." This reminded me of a shrewd remark made by Walter de la Mare. He said that the transactions of the Society for Psychical Research are specially interesting reading not merely for their anecdotes of apparitions, premonitions, etc. ("cryptesthesia" is the modern term, I think) but because they are such good "interiors." By this he meant, of course, that these condensed and carefully reported little ghost tales are fascinating in their accidental details of domestic arrangement. Yes, they are indeed, thrillingly haphazard in the queer things they tell us about the way people live. It is very rarely that any avowedly imaginative writing gives so fruitful a glimpse into the incredible idiosyncrasies of domestic settings. Robert Cortes Holliday's "Peeps at People" is one of the few contemporary books I think of that explores the gorgeous material of burgess life with no romantic coloration whatever.

Stand where a bright light shines directly over a mirror and try a little experiment. (You can do it the next time you shave.) Turn off the light and stand in the dark a moment. Then switch the light on and watch the black hole in the middle of your eye (the apple of your eye, is it? the pupil, I suppose it's called) swiftly contract and accommodate itself to the sudden brightness. Well, just in that way, I am sorry to say, does the vision of a writer tend to narrow itself when he faces the wide confused brilliance of life. We are so busy reckoning our own dreams, chewing the sweet and bitter cud of our own fancies, that we are likely to miss the most rich fantastic material of all: the ungarished astonishments of what passes under our nose. I was looking at a publisher's advertisement the other day; though only flittingly, because I also have written publisher's ads; and my eye misread a half-seen title. "A History of American Privations" was how I read it, and I thought with a shock of pleasure what a delightful book that must be. Then I turned back and saw it was a "History of American Privateers." But it started me thinking about privations; and I concluded that one of ours is the scarcity of writers with just that Dickensian widening of the eyeball that would admit more of the undecorated strangeness of the human scene. First class reporting is usually better than second-rate editorializing. I mean reporting of the Pepys-Boswell class.

So I began to think, quite naturally, of some of the queer everyday things that happen. If one could put them down, in the terse manner of the Psychical Researchers, they also would be highly agreeable "interiors." Alas that good manners forbids precise identification. But rejecting indiscretion and sticking to facts, here are a few examples, detailed in the cryptesthetic manner.

Mr. B., a travelling salesman for a publishing house, has a customer in a Southern city, a lady who runs an "artistic" and highbrow bookshop. Mr. B. is particularly anxious to make a good record on this trip, and is endeavoring to sell the lady 25 copies of a novel of which she believes 10 will be enough. While she is wavering the talk turns upon X. Y., another author on the list of Mr. B's house, an author for whom Mr. B. knows she has special enthusiasm. "Speaking of X. Y.," he says, "it so happens that I have in my trunk some signed copies of his books, maybe you'd like to have 'em." She is delighted, and Mr. B. goes back to his hotel where he painstakingly fabricates some very lively "autograph" inscriptions in the name of X. Y. The lady bookseller is so enchanted that she increases her order. "That's fine," she says, gazing on the inscribed volumes. "Mr. Y. is coming here to lecture this winter, and I shall show him how nice you've been to me."

Mr. Q., a publisher, is indignant because a columnist (Mr. M.) once spoofed one of his publications in a newspaper. So indignant indeed that still, several years later, he refuses even to send any books issued by his house for review in the maga-

zine with which that columnist later allied himself. *Tantaene animis caelestibus irae?*

Mr. L., an honest and worthy citizen, was taken to Paris by his wife. While she made the round of shops and sightseeing he was hopelessly bored. Finally he discovered one place, so he admitted to me, where he could feel amused and at home. In the basement of the American Express Company's office is a shoeshining stand run by a cheerful and talkative coon. Mr. L. admitted to me that the only time he was ever happy abroad was when he was loitering in the cellar chatting with the shine artist.

Mr. Z., an accountant, augments his salary by engaging in a lively bootlegging business on the side. (Here I catch the indignant eye of the subscriber in—appropriately—Waterbury, who accused me of always writing about liquor.) Z. tells me that he can get me, if I desire, a certificate signed by a genuine parson (one of his organization) vouching under benefit of clergy that any liquor I might be found possessed of is for sacramental purposes only.

✱ ✱ ✱

I begin to perceive already that it is quite impossible to put down even the simplest memoranda of what actually happens without dangerously troubling one's readers, and that, I suppose, is exactly why the pupil does prudently narrow itself, to admit upon the retina only so much light as it finds comfortable. Newspaper editors are specially adept at this. There was a time last summer when (so at any rate I guessed) French editors were particularly anxious to have their readers believe that the United States would not be exacting in its financial dealings with France. I read a long editorial article in the most famous newspaper in Paris expounding the doctrine that the U. S. government would never be ungracious toward France because in 1909, at the Champlain celebration, Hamilton Wright Mabie had said that France was the world's protagonist of liberty. And this sentiment might be regarded as almost official, the editorial continued, because when uttered it was "consecrated" by the presence of Mr. Hughes, then governor of New York. It was a pity, I could not help thinking, to feel it necessary to hunt about in the files for such strangely tenuous evidence of our permanent affection for France. The only encouragement in it was to find that even the French can, when necessary, be just as *naïf* as ourselves. For that, if for nothing else, we love them.

I wonder where the soliloquy is leading us? It reminds me somehow of a home-made fable esteemed by the Urchin and Urchiness. There was a kitten who was very fond of herring, which his family couldn't afford to have very often. When the great morning came and herrings were on the table, he sat silent with great tears rolling from his eyes. He couldn't open his mouth. They thought he had lockjaw and sent for the doctor. When the doctor arrived he soon learned what was wrong. Our kitten had, by mistake, cleaned his teeth with library paste instead of tooth paste, the tubes being very similar. But by the time they got his mouth chipped open, the herrings were all eaten.

The point seems to be that the flavor of actual life, though sometimes fishy, is pungent and nourishing. It would be a pity to miss it on account of some library-paste adhesion. As far as we know God never autographed his work, and those travelling salesmen of doctrine who have been anxious to proxy Him are perhaps premature. But, with the aid of the scientists we're getting on gently. Perhaps, as so often happens embarrassingly in the papers, Acts and Epistles will some day be followed by Revelations.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"Details are announced," says the London *Times Literary Supplement*, "of Sir Sidney Lee's biography of King Edward VII., undertaken at the request of King George, the first volume of which will be published in England early in March. The work is based on documents in the Windsor archives or at Marlborough House, and on numerous collections of letters addressed by the late King to personal friends and men of prominence in official life. Volume I., "From Birth to Accession," throws many new sidelights on history from the struggle for Italian unity to the South African War. King Edward's love of France and suspicion of Prussia are traced from their early beginnings. The second and completing volume, covering King Edward's reign, will, it is hoped, be ready before the end of 1925."

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Books of Special Interest

Critical Traditions

ANCIENT RHETORIC AND POETIC.
By CHARLES S. BALDWIN. New York:
The Macmillan Co. 1924. \$2.10.

Reviewed by J. D. DENNISTON
Hertford College, Oxford

THE scope and purpose of Professor Baldwin's volume are indicated in the opening words of his preface: "To interpret ancient rhetoric and poetic afresh from typical theory and practice is the first step toward interpreting those traditions of criticism which were most influential in the Middle Ages. Mediæval rhetoric and poetic in turn, besides illuminating mediæval literature, prepare for clearer comprehension of the Renaissance renewal of allegiance to antiquity." To compass such a study within the limits of 250 pages, with necessary deductions for quotations from, and summaries of, the ancient texts, would be a *tour de force* of compression. And it is somewhat to be regretted that a writer of such wide learning and such originality of thought should have hampered himself by attempting an almost impossible task. The Professor begins with an interesting analysis of the terms "Rhetoric" and "Poetic." The distinction, he remarks, is not that between prose style and poetic style; indeed, the ancients laid little stress on that superficial distinction.

Rhetoric and poetic (he says) connected two fields of composition, two habits of conceiving and ordering, two typical movements. The movement of the one the ancients saw as primarily intellectual, a progress from idea to idea determined logically; that of the other, as primarily imaginative, a progress from image to image determined emotionally.

Such a distinction is no doubt of itself true and vitally important. Whether it was consciously drawn by the general run of Greeks is more questionable. It is scarcely convincing to say that it "may have been familiar enough to be tacitly assumed." After this, Professor Baldwin proceeds to give an excellent account of ancient oratorical theory, as seen in Aristotle and Cicero. He then illustrates the teaching of rhetoric from Quintilian, Seneca, Tacitus, and Pliny, and the literary criticism of rhetoric from Dionysius and Longinus. Turning to Poetic, he selects Aristotle for theory, and for practice Greek tragedy, Senecan tragedy, Roman comedy, the *Æneid*, Ovid's narrative poetry, and finally, rather strangely, Apuleius. He ends with a sketch of "Rhetoric in ancient criticism of poetic," giving extracts from Dio Chrysostom and Plutarch. In this chapter he includes an estimate of a famous treatise on which he is perhaps rather unduly hard, the "Ars Poetica" of Horace.

On the whole, Professor Baldwin is something more than kind to the ancient critics. We hear nothing from him of their besetting sin, that tendency to construct theories either *a priori* or at least on insufficient data. He gently rebukes Dionysius for his use of "statistical analysis of literature." But surely what is amiss with Dionysius is that he is not statistical enough; he will never take the trouble to collect enough statistics, and some of those which he does collect he takes unashamedly, as in his discussion of prose rhythm. Again, it is perhaps rash to state without qualification that the method of Aristotle's "Poetic" is "inductive." All through that treatise Aristotle seems more inclined to base artistic judgments on certain fundamental principles than to work back to the principles from the judgments. It is one of the greatest achievements of Longinus (to whom Professor Baldwin pays an eloquent tribute), that he, alone among Greek critics, made the considered taste of cultured individuals, and not abstract formulae, the supreme test of artistic merit.

In general, however, the course of ancient rhetoric and poetic is admirably portrayed. And the value of the treatment is enhanced, first, by full reference to modern treatises

which may be consulted by readers desirous of further information; secondly, by a wealth of illustration from all epochs of modern literature. The section of the book dealing with the practical achievements of the ancients in the field of oratory and poetry is less satisfactory. The choice of authors is not very intelligible, and in particular one is left without an account of ancient oratory in practice. There is, however, within the limits laid down by the author, much interesting criticism. "The close of the action" (in a Greek tragedy) is the issue of the characterization. Characterization in Greek tragedy, more consistently than in any other, is motivation. In some Greek plays it offers hardly anything else. The characters are drawn for the play, not for themselves. "In a word, the one-act form, for an action of some magnitude, has been called artificial. Any form may seem artificial if it is realized imperfectly; and the limits of this form impose merely a higher degree of the difficulty inherent in any dramatic form, the difficulty of focus." Such sentences are typical of the author's gift for the terse and forcible expression of fundamentals. Mention must also be made of the fine and intimate appreciation of Virgil's art.

Altogether, a book that fills a gap, and one likely to be widely read and appreciated.

Women in Industry

TRAINING FOR THE PROFESSIONS AND ALLIED OCCUPATIONS: FACILITIES AVAILABLE TO WOMEN IN THE UNITED STATES. New York: Bureau of Vocational Information. 1924.

Reviewed by AGNES L. ROGERS
Smith College

THOSE who have charge of placement or who direct educational or vocational guidance in institutions for the education of women will acclaim this excellent and comprehensive study of the professions and occupations entered by women. The fact is that vocational opportunities for women have developed in the last decade at a rate that makes it well-nigh impossible for any individual to keep abreast of all lines of growth. Ten years ago the American Association of Collegiate Alumnae published a pamphlet on Vocational Training. The vast extent of the changes that have occurred is shown by the contrast between that pioneer pamphlet and the present splendid publication.

The plan of the book is admirable. Each profession or occupation engaged in by women is analyzed. Its scope is defined and the future outlook particularly as it affects women is discussed. The status of training at present and developments likely to influence it are likewise given in detail together with a directory of institutions providing the requisite training.

The organization of the material is especially to be commended. It follows the lines of training rather than occupational content. This greatly enhances the serviceableness of the facts furnished. The care with which these have been collected is beyond praise. They have been checked by study of catalogues and similar announcements as well as verified by experts and committees of experts in the various fields.

The sections devoted to single occupational units are printed separately and can be purchased at a very low price. This adds greatly to the uses the publication will serve.

Apart from its obvious practical utility the work is of significance as an indication of the status of women in the twentieth century. It is a sociological document of interest as well as an indispensable tool for vocational direction and a guide to the woman in search of an occupation.

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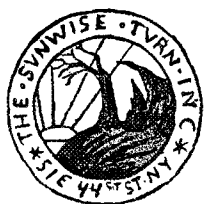
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