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DEAR READERS:

Well he came back—yes, I mean the Phœnician, and I know what I think of him if he doesn't print this. Because it is a steamer letter, because when he came back I lost my job and overcame by the bitterness of life I decided to go on a vacation. In fact I have now become a marine mouse entirely and I am not sure but what I shall stick to the sea. . . .

It's all right to say that it was the Phœnician's job in the first place, but any fair-minded person will have to admit that I had done remarkably well in the short time I had at my disposal. In fact I challenge anyone to produce a mouse who can do as well in the literary line in as short a space of time. I had just got into the swing of things and would have made my mark if I had only been let alone. Of that I am very sure. But the Phœnician with his strained intelligence decided otherwise. So I have gone down to the sea in ships or to be exact have just passed the Scilly Islands on the *Berengaria* and we ought to get to Cherbourg about seven o'clock tomorrow morning. . . .

It has been a good trip so far. I am in the second class as that was where I eventually located after climbing up a hawser down at the dock and making my way along these many iron or steel wainscoats which are so hard on a mouse offering as they do no concealment. I am located behind the washbasin thing in a cabin occupied only by one man attracted as I was to it because he seemed to have some books around. He has Wells's "Meanwhile," and a book of poetry called "Requiem," by *Humbert Wolfe*, and a book I see is older, "On the Margin," by *Aldous Huxley*, and he has the *Sketch* and the *Tatler* and the *Royal Magazine*, so I guess he must be an Englishman. He smokes a pipe and takes a cold bath in the morning. . . .

Of course I have been up in the first class where they call them Salon Passengers. And I have seen the English women tennis players who are aboard and was present the other evening at the concert where they auctioned off a snapshot of these young ladies for the sum of £20. It was only an ordinary glazed photograph not even mounted and even though the players were all going to sign it, it seemed to me a bit excessive as I thought what I could do with that much money when I got to Paris if I could only get it changed into small enough French coins for me to carry around. One of the English tennis players, *Miss Sterry*, played the violin and was accompanied by the daughter of *George M. Cohan*. . . .

I am sorry to say that there is a black and white cat aboard but travel is certainly not what it used to be when you think that they let cats aboard such magnificent ships as this and do not even put them in the steerage. This cat has got some intimation that I am present and yesterday came into the cabin when my man was out and I was behind the water bottle. I have also got up since on the pushed-up framework of the upper berth which is not now in use and there I feel safer. I have been out on the deck also though, from one coign of vantage enjoying seeing the passengers at their silly amusements of shovel board and rubber quoits and deck tennis. I have had no beef tea or real tea but got hold of a very good piece of biscuit the other day that fell from a steward's tray, and in the dining room at night I have foraged successfully. . . .

I have heard of rats on board ship, but here, certainly, there do not seem to be any, though I travel ever shadowily and warily. The seagulls I have recently seen since we sighted Bishop's Light are certainly awful creatures with quite a swoop to them. There are dogs aboard but they are kept in kennels up on the highest sun deck. . . .

Well, I am quite a fine sailor and bid fair to become as great a success in this occupation as I was in the literary line if tyranny and injustice had not removed my occupation and nipped in the bud my bright light of genius. But I am keeping up my reading by perusal of the *Daily Mail Atlantic Edition* which my man leaves in the cabin. I was sorry to read of *Mr. Marcus Loew's* death and that *Tilden* and *Hunter* won the doubles because I am fond of *Billy Johnston* whom I have cleverly dubbed, myself, the Fighting Mouse of the Courts. . . .

Yes, I shall be very traveled by the time I get back and hope that all will go well with my dear wife and family whom I left, I must admit in some dejection at my departure. But then the opportunity does not often offer for a mouse thus to advance

himself and increase his general knowledge by reading the various interesting items in the *Daily Mail Atlantic Edition* and the answers to the list of puzzling questions they set their readers every day which are in the back part. . . .

I have also come across an article in a recent *Scribner's* on the late *Amy Lowell* which interested me particularly the pictures and I have perused many reproduced photographs of the English nobility at fashionable watering places. Also in the *Royal* is an instalment of a new story by *Margaret Kennedy*, the author of "The Constant Nymph," which is called "Red in the Morning" or something like that. I read several lines of it but have so far got no distinct impression of its style. . . .

So you see that I have been well occupied beside walks on deck, mostly in the scuppers as we sailors term them and climbing ropes and things. The funnels are frightful into one of which I nearly fell and the engine rooms are a labyrinth of iron stairs terrible to behold where the turbines and oil fires and all that are as I heard an engineer say if I am not misquoting him. The swimming pool in the first class I have seen and the water is a beautiful color but I am not a swimming mouse and do not even care to venture into the canvas tank aft in the tourist class. . . .

I think I shall go on to Southampton anyway. I must see England. One of my ancestors, I believe, came from England. He was a fieldmouse or a dormouse, I have forgotten which, but he had lived at one time in the New Forest which he told my father was somewhere near Southampton. They say there are wild ponies there which I should not care for, but it is well to visit the haunts of one's ancestors. . . .

I am not likely, I think, to come back with an English accent, though I shall get together what souvenirs I can carry in small compass. Whether I shall eventually push on to France by airplane I do not know, but at this writing it does not look as though I should settle in England permanently. . . .

I hope to keep up my writing and reading and shall perhaps favor the poor old desk-ridden and overwrought Phœnician with examples of my skill at correspondence, couched in my neat, cursory style. To my many warm friends and hearty admirers I send this somewhat *ennuyé* adieu; but you are sure to hear from a mouse as clever and accomplished as I in no long space of time. I am acquiring even more polish and background than I demonstrated from the first and have already adapted myself to deep-water voyaging in a fashion I believe to be unique among rodents. . . .

Well, cheery-ho, as we say in England. I am glad to have done my little best. . . . Help! There comes that confounded cat again! . . .

O'REILLEY.

Edmond Jaloux, writing in *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* of "Le Barrage" (Paris: Plon), Henry Bordeaux's new novel, asserts that it is the finest romance to have come from the pen of its author. It is a work that in the guise of a story depicts the struggle between material and spiritual forces that goes on constantly in human society. Its scene is laid in the Savoie Alps where an engineering company has established a village around its works, and where it harnesses nature for material ends and takes no count of moral or spiritual values. The contending points of view are presented through the two leading characters, one an engineer and the other a hunter of chamois. The book is a satire that is full of pathos.

Henry Miller Rideout, who died last week at the age of fifty, was a prolific and versatile writer. He was graduated from Harvard in 1899, and the same year published his "Letters of Thomas Gray," and a new edition of Tennyson's "Princess," which he edited with Professor Charles T. Copeland. He spent five years on the Harvard Faculty as an instructor in English, one product of this period being the book, "Freshman English and Theme Correcting at Harvard College," in which Professor Copeland again collaborated, as he did in a third volume, "Selections from Wordsworth, Byron, &c.," issued in 1909, after Mr. Rideout had abandoned teaching for fiction-writing.

Mr. Rideout wrote numerous short stories and novels, many of which appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* before publication in book form. Among them were "The Siamese Cat," "The Twisted Foot," "White Tiger," and "Man Eater."

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With cables and wireless messages crackling and sputtering their way to WILL DURANT at Geneva, to ARTHUR SCHNITZLER and FRANZ WERFEL at Vienna, and to ALFRED ALOYSIUS HORN and ETHELREDA LEWIS at Johannesburg, Transvaal, and with the racy installments of the WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST biography fluttering in chapter by chapter, the decorous and monastic atmosphere of *The Inner Sanctum* seems charged with an electric atmosphere.

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Wherever books are read, they are storming the stalls for *Trader Horn*, *The Story of Philosophy*, WILL DURANT's new book, *Transition*, *A Mental Autobiography*, and—we salute the house of Stokes and the house of Holt for showing that eminent fiction can sell in competition with glamorous fact—*A Good Woman*, by LOUIS BROMFIELD and *Dusty Answer*, by ROSAMOND LEHMAN.

—ESSANDESS

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