

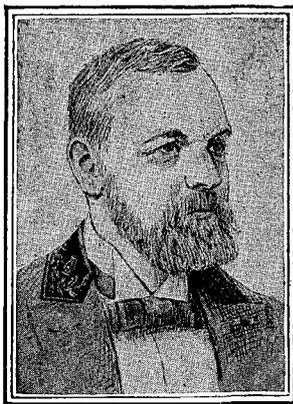
## NOTABLE BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## SCIENCE'S LATEST MARTYRDOM.

ANTARCTICA; OR, TWO YEARS AMONGST THE ICE OF THE SOUTH POLE. By Dr. Otto G. Nordenskjöld and Dr. Johan Gunnar Andersson. Illustrated, with Maps and Index. Cloth, pp. xviii, 608. Price, \$5.00. Hurst & Blackett, Limited, London. The Macmillan Company, New York.

THE scientific material collected by the ill-fated Swedish Antarctic expedition of 1901-1904 is being examined at the cost of the Swedish Government. Dr. Nordenskjöld wrote at once on his return an outline of the expedition's experience to the London *Times*; later, one to the *Deutsche Revue*; also a short sketch to the *Independent*, this year. This is the English form of the full popular account.

The *Antarctic*, it will be remembered, after cruising a month in the seas south of the South Shetland Islands, landed Dr. Nordenskjöld with



OTTO G. NORDENSKJÖLD.

a party of five on "Snow Hill Island," south of Haddington Land, to winter there. They erected their house and observatories, and began scientific work. The steamer then brought the rest of the scientists back to the waters between Tierra del Fuego and South Georgia Island, where, under Dr. Andersson, they made scientific investigations. The intention was in the spring to take off Dr. Nordenskjöld; the best possible use was to be made of the Antarctic summer of 1902-1903; and in May, 1903, they were all to be back in Sweden.

But when the *Antarctic* turned southward for Dr. Nordenskjöld, the pack-ice prevented her from reaching him. Dr. Andersson, with two

companions, left her at "Hope Bay," meaning to try to reach Nordenskjöld by sledge. They failed, however, and were forced to return to the bay and winter in an improvised stone-hut. Poorly equipped, they suffered great hardship. The *Antarctic*, nipped in the ice, sank south of the eastern extremity of Joinville Island, carrying down collections, notes, etc. Her twenty souls, after drifting about on the ice for sixteen days, landed on Paulet Island, where they led a wretched existence for nine months. One of the sailors died and was buried there.

Here lay the two relief parties during a second winter, each ignorant of the fate of, and unable to communicate with, the other, and both equally unacquainted with Nordenskjöld's condition and barred from reaching him. Yet so near to each other were the three parties, that from his island's heights Nordenskjöld could see the locality of both Andersson's and Captain Larsen's station, without, however, any of his little band's suspecting their friends' comparative nearness. Finally, Andersson and Nordenskjöld met on a sledge-trip. Soon afterward Larsen and five others set out in a whale-boat from Paulet Island and found Nordenskjöld, on the very day that he had been reached by the officers of a warship sent out for the expedition's relief by the Argentine Republic. Part I. gives the story of Dr. Nordenskjöld's party, and is written by him; Part II. tells the experiences of the two relief parties, and is written mostly by Dr. Andersson, the botanist of the expedition, and Captain Larsen.

To the general reader, the book's main interest will lie in what gave Kane's and Livingstone's and Stanley's writings their charm—its story of romantic adventure. It is as fascinating reading as Robinson Crusoe. Antarctic scenery and natural phenomena are vividly portrayed. There is abundant detail that makes the pictures clear and complete without tiring. And the ample maps and the numerous illustrations from photographs (there are a few reproductions in color from paintings by F. W. Stokes, the American Polar artist, who was with the party for a time), added to the graphic text, bring the romantic happenings so clearly before the reader that he feels himself actually going through them.

The expedition made the first comprehensive researches in the seas and lands south of South America and the Atlantic—"the land of greatest mystery the earth now owns." It has reconstructed the map, between longitude 55° and 64° W., of the southernmost land man knows. It discovered the first fossil on South Georgia Island, and further south fossils (animal and plant) that form a foundation, Dr. Nordenskjöld thinks, on which will eventually be built a knowledge of the main Antarctic geological features from the Jurassic period to our own time. It made geological, botanical, and zoological collections, and astronomical, meteorological, hydrographical, and magnetic observations, extending over two years (in collaboration with the English and German expeditions working simultaneously respectively in Victoria Land and Emperor William Land), also bacteriological investigations, the exact value of the whole of which remains to be announced. The Antarctic region it found to be practically uninhabitable—in summer as cold as the Swedish winter, and in winter still colder, with terrific, protracted hurricanes. The

expedition did not either winter or penetrate as far south as either the English or the German one.

## ANOTHER DREAM OF MAN'S BEST ESTATE.

A MODERN UTOPIA. By H. G. Wells. Cloth, 393 pp. Price, \$1.50 net. Charles Scribner's Sons.

MR. WELLS meant this work as a very serious one. Many readers of it will find its perusal trying, and will fail to realize, as proper compensation for the task of reading the same, whatever grist it offers for the mind. It would have been far better had Mr. Wells maintained throughout, both in the form and manner of his book, as well as in his attitude toward it, an unmodified seriousness. "A Modern Utopia" is the third book from him to deal with sociological and kindred topics. In a note to the reader Mr. Wells admits that he wrote the first of them, "Anticipations," in order to "clear up the muddle" in his own mind ament the subjects he therein treated. That did not accomplish the classifying process desired, so he wrote "Mankind in the Making." This he regards as "even less satisfactory, from a literary standpoint, than the former," but it was an improvement as far as his own instruction was concerned. In fact, he achieved "a certain personal certitude upon which I feel I shall go for the rest of my days." In this third book he deals with some issues left over or opened up by the others, and seeks to embody "the general picture of a Utopia . . . at once possible and more desirable than the world in which I live." He says he has written into it "the heretical metaphysical scepticism upon which all my thinking rests."

Since Mr. Wells has so successfully taken his "cure," and promises to abandon the style of work which wrought it, one might congratulate him and let it go at that. This, however, would be human and friendly, rather than critical. Certainly, Mr. Wells, in his button-holing of the reader by his foreword, suggests, by his apologetic deprecation and forestalling, not as much confidence in his work as in the result upon him, and, candidly, the work appears to warrant it! Not that the otherness of his Utopia is too bizarre, too foundationless, or not sufficiently ameliorative. But it is not Utopian enough. It is municipally very proper, clear, and reasonable, rather than alluring. It is a panacea, perhaps, for Mr. Wells's laboring mind, but not a potent lure for other mentalists with a keener demand for Happiness with a large H.

There is a wobbly bit of romance, and a thankful skein of narrative which only irritate and distract the reader. Mr. Wells places his Utopia

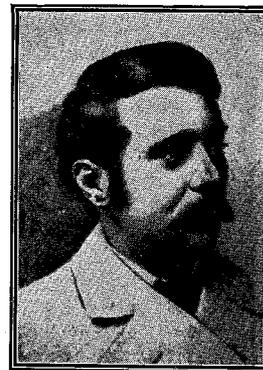
on the extreme verge of space, and then (as antidote to nostalgia?) finds it so like Switzerland and London, tho "improved," that the visible difference is not perceptible. "It would be indefinable, a change in the quality of their grouping, a change in the quality of their remote small shapes." This is not the Utopia of the human dreamer, who would fain have a palpable touch of Paradise in his.

Another unhappy "property" Mr. Wells employs is a wretched botanist who has had an unfortunate love-affair, for which Utopian wanderings are not even a distraction. He is a tiresome little creature. So that Mr. Wells's attempt to sugar-coat his pill of sociological ideality only makes it more bitter.

His Utopia suggests a "Bank Holiday" with the nicest kind of self-made men consciously ruminating on their delectation.

There is no laboring or servile class in this Happy No Land. The government of this World State is vested in a body of "Nature's Noblemen," whom, with his transliterative penchant, he styles "Samurai." There is a premium on Maternity. Mr. Wells admits that the question "of marriage is the most complicated and difficult in the whole range of Utopian problems." But the question of government is more insistent. There is no meat in this Utopia, which suggests melancholy degrees of cereal alimentation. But in the matter of drinks, there is a lovely latitude. "Under no circumstances," says Mr. Wells, robustly, "can I think of my Utopians maintaining their fine order of life on ginger-ale and lemonade. Those terrible temperance drinks fill a man with wind and self-righteousness." In this respect, his Utopians are Eu-to-per-ians.

"A Modern Utopia" has received lengthy and flattering criticism, or at all events, reading notices. The London *Athenæum* says "there has been no work of this importance published for the last thirty years." (?) The *Academy* thinks it "an advance on Mr. Wells's high level." The *Outlook* (London) thinks the main attraction of the book is its "unaccountable touch of reality," but as to real problems of Society, when Mr. Wells treats them we "feel that he is floundering in a quagmire of superficialities and impossibilities," and "immaturities of conception." The *Sun* and *Times* (New York) are laudatory, but *The Independent* scores the blend of romance and argument as "exceedingly unfortunate," and regards the



H. G. WELLS.

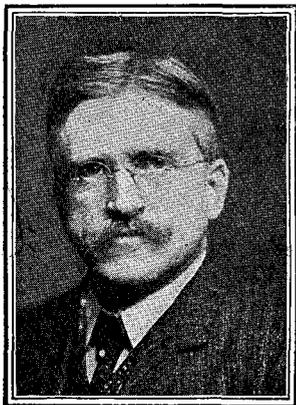
paper read before the Oxford Philosophical Society in 1903, by Mr. Wells, which figures as an Appendix to "A Modern Utopia," as "more worthy of praise than the book itself." *The Tribune* congratulates the readers of Mr. Wells's imaginative works that he has unloaded all of the "perilous stuff" of his sociological investigations. *The Evening Post* says the old-line Socialist will find in Mr. Wells a veritable Balaam—Balaam having blessed when he was called upon to curse.

All of which seems to show that Mr. Wells, in writing under the inspiration of his "heretical, metaphysical scepticism," is not as universally acceptable as when he sets the mill of his scientific fancy at work. We happily have his own statement in the "Note to the Reader" which prefaces "A Modern Utopia" that this is, "in all probability," his last excursion into such fields of thought.

### OUR NORTHWESTERN POSSESSION.

ALASKA AND THE KLONDIKE. By John Scudder McLain. Cloth, pp. xv, 339. Price, \$2.00 net. McClure, Phillips & Co.

A CLEAR picture of Alaska—its history, population, occupations, resources, and problems. The book shows what life is in that region nearly as big as the United States east of the Mississippi, a large part of it lying in the Frigid Zone, and all



JOHN S. MCLAIN.

of it for eight months each year cut off from the outside world save, at points, by telegraphic connection (recently established) and an uncertain, monthly, abridged mail; where all the year round the earth is frozen from a depth of two to one of ninety-five feet; where the buildings are wooden and without plaster, because the ground's change in height with the seasons destroys stone or brick structures, and loosens plastering; where in midwinter the sun is visible but four hours of the twenty-four, and in midsummer one who wishes to "see the town by night" finds himself guilty of an impracticable desire. The author quotes a Nome lady as saying: "From cordial friendship and real enjoyment of each other at the beginning of the 'shut-in' period, we come to tolerate and finally to feel a positive aversion for each other, till along in the spring . . . then we get over it and are friends again." All the women who can, spend the winter elsewhere—in Southern California, say, New York, or Florida.

Mr. McLain considers Alaska to be a very rich country, with a great future. Seward Peninsula, he thinks, is probably the richest gold-field of its size in the world. When reading the annual statistics of the Alaska gold output, he rightly reminds us, we should remember how few have produced it: with more mining, there will result more gold. The salmon fisheries employ more capital than the gold-mining, and produce yearly as much value (sometimes half as much more). Their average annual product alone exceeds the original cost of Alaska by a million dollars, and the total catch since Alaska became ours surpasses seven times what Mr. Seward paid for the whole district. Mr. McLain thinks that Alaska will eventually provide her own food, which, by reducing living expenses, will greatly help the mining. While the new Fairbanks diggings offer opportunities for "enterprising men—young, strong, and vigorous . . . with \$1,000 to \$5,000," he discourages any "stampede" at present by those having only their hands.

Alaska's greatest need and the key to her wealth is, in the writer's opinion, transportation—wagon roads and, eventually, railroads. He blames our Government for not having furthered the mining by building roads, as the British Klondike authorities have done. Next comes the need for amendments to the mining laws, preservation of the fisheries, better mail facilities, and a Congressional representative. Mr. McLain suggests that the country be split into two Territories, one comprising Southeast and the other Northwest Alaska, the central region remaining as it is till developments warrant a change.

As the *New York Times* notes, Mr. McLain had "an exceptional opportunity for gathering material" for this volume. He accompanied the subcommittee on the United States Senate committee on territories on its visit to Alaska in the summer of 1903. Every effort was made to show them the country, and men of all sorts and conditions flocked—often even from the outlying districts—to lay their knowledge before them. The matter of the book, with the exception of two chapters, originally appeared in Mr. McLain's paper, the *Minneapolis Journal*. These letters have been revised, and the facts and statistics now cover 1904. To the *Brooklyn Times's* adjectives "readable and compact," we add "graphic and informing." The illustrations, many of them full-page, are from photographs. There is a map showing the cable and telegraph lines, and the railroads built and proposed; also an index.

### A FRESH STORY.

THE WALKING DELEGATE. By Leroy Scott. With frontispiece. Cloth, 372 pp. Price, \$1.50. Doubleday, Page & Co.

MR. SCOTT'S name is not unknown in magazines. As preparation for writing one article, "Strike-Breaking as an Occupation," he became a scab "elevated" employee in New York. This, his first book, is a novel on the subject of that article—labor strikes. The story treats of the affairs of the New York branch of the "Structural Ironworkers' Union."

Not every novel opens, as this does, on the twenty-first story of the just-risen steel-frame of a New York hotel. The villain and the hero are respectively Buck Foley and Tom Keating, foreman of this job. Foley is the union's walking-delegate, and even Keating (who has had no cause to like him) acknowledges: "If Foley had had a fair start and had been honest, he'd have been the biggest thing that ever happened." The *Chicago Record-Herald* thinks the character is based on the devious Sam Parks. So militant a grafter, indeed, is he that the *New York Evening Post*, scenting "melodrama," hints two-edgedly that his outrages seem "too great even for a walking-delegate." Thrown on his own resources from early boyhood, formerly a Tammany heeler, originally not all bad, but finally given over to the one end of spoils; unlettered, but a born leader of men, sagacious, resourceful, quick; brutally plain-spoken at need; an artistic liar; a lurid hater; a fighter remorseless, diabolical, cool; and game even in defeat—he fairly wins a place among our mental portraits. Hardly less so Keating; bigger than his lot; tho ungrammatical, yet self-respecting, able, persevering; outcast from love; sacrificing bread to principle, and finally recognized by Foley himself as "the real article."

The character next in finish is Mr. Baxter, president of the Iron Employers' Association. Here we have the typical, able, aristocratic businessman, suave, diplomatic, fastidious, euphemistic, inscrutable, cold; grasping, of course. He is, besides, quick and deep—a rascal subtler than even Buck Foley. The most telling and satisfactory situation is where Keating (after quelling Foley and just before winning the strike) tells this artist in industry to his face: "I think you are an infernal hypocrite!—and a villain to boot!" Among the minor characters Mr. Driscoll, the "squarest" of the contractors, disappoints us by compelling our liking. The two backslidings of the grateful, slow-witted, ex-prize-fighter Swede, his Salvation-Army wife's big thrall, touch the subconscious. "Pig-iron" Pete furnishes some rather choice specimens of overalls wit. Of the women Mrs. Baxter, patroness of the working-class so long as it costs nothing, Mrs. Barry the hearty helpmate (contrast to Maggie Keating), and Mrs. Petersen, harboring a drop of unregenerate blood at the bottom of her heart, are clear transcripts from life. Possibly Tom's cheap, opinionated, and unyielding wife, with her heart in her clothes and furniture and department-store bargains, is, as *The Evening Post* thinks, a bit exaggerated. Girls like Ruth Arnold, the independent stenographer and heroine, are rarer. She develops into a noble woman. If neither she nor Tom wins happiness, they win life's first prize—character.



LEROY SCOTT.

Characters, incidents, conversations, setting are of the latest and seem impressively real. Only intimate acquaintance with laboring life could draw workmen so truthfully and give their slangy, picturesque, undraped, and nail-head talk. It is a strong story, notable even among good novels. Says the *Chicago Record-Herald*: "The book stands out in the fiction of thirty-five years—since the publication of Charles Reade's 'Put Yourself in His Place'—as the only labor story written in English with full knowledge, insight, and sympathy."

VOLUMES 1 and 2 of Mr. Charles Evans's "American Bibliography" have appeared. Volume 3 is promised for the fall of this year, and the remaining five or six volumes at yearly intervals. Mr. Evans, at one time librarian of the Chicago Historical Society, has been engaged for some twenty years upon the great undertaking of compiling a record of "all books, pamphlets, and periodical publications printed in the United States from the genesis of printing in 1639 down to and including the year 1820." The *Evening Post* remarks: "The work is in many ways unique. Its typographical appearance is striking, the body of the titles being printed in capitals and small capitals, with lower-case letters for imprints and notes only. But the most important feature of this bibliography is the chronological arrangement of the titles. By choosing a chronological rather than an alphabetical or systematic arrangement, Mr. Evans has performed a real service, directly to students of American literature and civilization, and indirectly by the example he has set for future compilers of national bibliographies."