

ing shelter, quickly pop under a large empty biscuit-tin." But on Sundays, "thanks to the religious proclivities of the Boers," there was an absolute cessation of hostilities on both sides, "and from early dawn to late at night the whole population thoroughly enjoyed themselves."

On the relief of Mafeking, she went to Pretoria, where she met her nephew, Winston Churchill, and the "hero of a thousand fights," Lord Roberts, of whom she says: "I shall never forget how kindly he spoke, nor the inexpressible sadness of his face." On her return home the Red Cross was awarded her, and the medal for service in South Africa. The third visit was in 1902, when she was the guest of Lord Milner at Johannesburg. The next year she went to Rhodesia, camping for a short time at Livingstone, Victoria Falls, which she describes as "one of the fairest landscapes to be seen on God's earth." The attractiveness and value of the book are increased by the twenty illustrations, which include portraits of most of the noted persons mentioned in her narrative and a humorous sketch by Col. Baden-Powell.

The author of "Wanderings Among South Sea Savages and in Borneo and the Philippines" has been a collector of birds and butterflies, and gives in this book a readable account of some of his collecting trips. Our only criticism is that he dwells too frequently and in too much detail on the revolting customs of the people among whom he travelled. It does not add to the interest of his narrative to be constantly reminded of the cannibalistic practices of the Papuans, nor to have one's attention continually directed to the ghastly trophies to be found in the house of the Borneo head-hunter. Life in the home of a Fijian prince and adventures in company with him are described in the first chapters. Then follows an account of a visit to the Philippines, evidently at the time of the Taft administration, for in his preface he acknowledges his obligations to him. The Negritos, among whom he passed most of his time, are set down as "certainly the merriest and yet the dirtiest people I have ever met." While with them he heard rumors of an extraordinary mountain tribe, named Buquils, "whose women were reported to have beards," but his journey in search of them failed because of the intertribal enmities, and he was unable to prove whether or not the story was a myth. While in North Borneo, in whose forests he spent seven months, he visited some edible birds'-nest caves, and his description of them is by far the most entertaining part of his book. After a somewhat hazardous exploration of one which was more than 500 feet in height, with an opening in the top which from below looked like a distant star, he re-

turned to his hut. About dusk he "heard a noise like the whistling of the wind, and, going outside, I saw a truly wonderful sight. The millions of small bats which share these caves with the birds [swallows] were issuing forth from the small hole in the very top of the rock. As far as the eye could see they stretched in one even, unbroken column across the sky. They issued from the cave in a compact mass and preserved the same even formation till they disappeared in the far distance. They resembled a thick line of smoke coming out of the funnel of a steamer, . . . and the thick line twisted and wriggled across the sky for all the world like a giant snake. They were still coming forth in the same manner till darkness set in, and then I could only hear the beating of myriads of wings, like the sighing of the wind in the tree-tops." They return in early morning in much the same fashion. The swallows, he was told, usually did the same thing; when the bats came out, the swallows entered the caves, and when the bats went in, the swallows came out. But he was there at their nesting season, when they went in and out of the caves irregularly all day. The book is attractively made up, and the 48 plates from photographs, some of rare beauty, give vividness to the narrative.

The most interesting part of F. B. Bradley-Birt's "Through Persia" is that descriptive of the southwestern region in which lie Shiraz and the ruins of Persepolis. It gives a vivid impression of the ancient empire of the Sassanians. His admiration for the "most fascinating city in the East" with its blue domes and golden minarets, its many gardens of cypresses and roses, is partly due to the approach through monotonous desert and over barren heights and also to the influence of its great poets, Sadi and Hafiz, whose memory is cherished at the present day, thousands of pilgrims coming to their tombs. In the garden in which Sadi lies he found the keeper holding school with half a dozen tiny scholars, from four to seven years old. They were "writing with their quaint wooden pens on square-cut plaintain leaves that serve for paper. They are copying laboriously a famous line of Sadi's, a copy of whose poems, beautifully illuminated, lies open on the old man's knees, and no line could well be more appropriate to this restful spot beside the beautiful city that Sadi loved—"If there is a Paradise on earth, it is this, it is this."

The first impression of Persepolis, with which, according to the ancient writers, "no city could be compared either in beauty or in wealth" and which was called the "Glory of the East," was its vast loneliness. "Man and every living creature seem to have deserted the fallen city." But this feeling was soon overcome by the fascination

of its marvellous remains. In striking contrast to these relics of a glorious past is a village hanging on the top of an enormous rock island, tier on tier of houses rising to a height of a hundred and thirty feet above the river-bed. The only approach is by a narrow foot-bridge to a small doorway cut in the face of the rock. So accustomed are the villagers to their exalted quarters "that they pursue their daily avocations with unconcern, while the children play in the hanging verandahs regardless of the yawning drop below." His account of the remainder of his journey through Ispahan and Teheran to the Caspian is lacking in interest. When he passed through the capital, the Mejliss, the new parliament, was holding its first sittings, and he calls attention to the part which the Indian agitator played in the revolution. A weekly paper printed in Calcutta was on sale in the streets, and "no one who saw the eagerness with which it was bought and read by the crowd, which always gathered round the palace in which the Mejliss sat, could doubt its influence. It was from its columns that the Teheranis first acquired the word 'constitution.'" Illustrations of some of the most interesting scenes described and an excellent map add to the value of the book.

E. J. Banfield, in the "Confessions of a Beachcomber," tells of his search for the "simple life" in a tropical island off the coast of Queensland. Though but three and a half square miles in area, it contains a wealth of fauna and flora, which is described with all the enthusiasm of a true lover of nature. Especial attention is paid to the birds, the number of which may be imagined from the fact that he gives a "census" of 131 different species, "all permanent residents familiar to him as well as casual visitors." He also gives a glowing description of his garden of coral. Interesting, too, is his account of the different trees, one of which, the umbrella tree, is a "distillery of nectar of crystal purity and inviting flavor." The chapters devoted to the natives, "stone-age folks," are somewhat disappointing; the persons particularly portrayed are uninteresting, and the numerous anecdotes of them are told in almost unintelligible pidgin-English. The 53 illustrations are reproductions of photographs, some of them, especially that of the coral garden, being of great beauty. The lack of an index in a book treating of so many different subjects is to be regretted.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Undesirable Governess. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Co.

For the last time, by admission of the publishers, we are called upon to com-

ment upon a new work by the most natural story-teller of his generation. When Crawford's life comes to be written, we shall no doubt find out in what order the three posthumous novels were composed. "The Undesirable Governess" belongs to Crawford's lightest mood. It is a bit of comedy well on toward the edge of farce. The setting and atmosphere are ultra-English. The Lady Jane who is at such pains to protect her susceptible husband and sons from attractive housemates is the stern, virtuous, and snobbish lady Briton of long tradition. The mainspring of the story is that indispensable consideration in English fiction—the duty of getting your money's worth when you marry. From Richardson to Trollope, and from Trollope to (though strangely not including) De Morgan, the absurdity in marrying an inferior in rank or fortune is the natural key to the romantic action. How magnanimous of Algernon to waive, though of course not ignore, the fact that Alice's grandfather was a tradesman, or that her income is a paltry thousand a year! How wonderful of Lady Edith to give herself to the younger son—with only blood, health, brains, and a heart to recommend him: she might have had the Duke! We must guess that Crawford took a sly satisfaction in playing once more upon this well-worn string. The "undesirable governess" makes herself desirable, even to the fastidious Lady Jane—as a governess. As a prospective daughter-in-law, being supposedly poor and of no social standing, she is, of course, an object of execration, a thing to be insulted and cast into outer darkness with all dispatch. The machinery by which the poor and nameless girl is shown to be a rich girl and a well-born girl need not be described. No novelty of design is striven for in its construction. Nor is subtlety employed in the framing of Lady Jane's recantation. The story is only a trifle, but a perfect trifle in its Crawfordian kind.

Cavanagh, Forest Ranger: A Romance of the Mountain West. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper & Bros.

"Author of 'The Gray-Horse Troop,' 'Main-Travelled Roads,' etc.," reads the title-page. How little of the "and so forth" has come up to the promise, or even the achievement, of those early tales! In "Main-Travelled Roads" Mr. Garland, now nearly twenty years ago, sounded a note of which his later work has given, for the most part, a series of diminishing echoes. That volume will stand, we believe, as one of the classics of American fiction. And it is because we believe this that each new book of Mr. Garland's continues to arouse in us a now rather forlorn hope. The present book is earnestly and painstakingly written. It sets forth with much detail the life and the problems of the forest

ranger in those parts of the West where the old lawless traditions still linger, and sheep and cattlemen alike are on the offensive against the national protector of the forests. "Roaring Fork," the scene of most of the narrative, is a little town sixty miles from a railway, where "the air of the reckless old-time range still clung rancidly about in the low groggeries, as a deadly gas hangs about the lower levels of a mine." To this community has come one Cavanagh, a naturalized Englishman and forest ranger. Though a subordinate even in the local forest service, he has ward over a large stretch of country, and as representative of the law, is at once unpopular among the worthies of Roaring Fork. The narrative recounts his struggles to uphold his authority almost single-handed. In the end he escapes defeat, and is recognized as harbinger of a new day and new methods. This is a good and natural plot for a novel about the new West. Unluckily, Mr. Garland has not been able to get away from his text. As fiction, the book belongs to a mediocre sort. The girl who is duly supplied for Cavanagh—the refined Eastern-bred daughter of a Roaring Fork mother—has little reality or desirability. The other persons in the tale—except perhaps the older woman—are but pale figures. The fact is, the writer has had a speech to make, not a story to tell. He has wished to express his indignation at the dismissal of the recent chief of the forestry service, and his belief in the system originated by that officer. The dismissal has its part in the story; and Mr. Pinchot himself supplies a discreet introduction.

The Adventures of an A.D.C. By Shel-land Bradley. New York: John Lane Co.

This book is delightfully light in the literal sense, and not unpleasantly so in the figurative. "Adventures" is a misnomer; the aide-de-camp has no more than the Needy Knifegrinder. As a scrap-book, however, the volume presents good entertainment, the gems of the collection being unquestionably the native letters—vouched for in a prefatory note as substantially genuine—received at Government House. What magnate could resist an appeal which closes with the benediction, "And may the Almighty (whom Your Honor much resembles) grant you long life, etc.?" Many of us have at some time the trying experience of finding that we have included the dead in our invitations, but seldom is the fact so unequivocally brought home to us as by the polite reply: "I regret to inform you that my late father is now resident at Heaven." One letter we make no apology for quoting in full; it should have been addressed to Mr. Roosevelt:

Honored Protector of the Poor: Having heard of your almighty mercy and loving-

kindness to us worms. I make bold to tell you my circumstances.

By the grace of God, your Lordship, I have seven children, all babes and sucklings.

Besides this abominable litter, I have many relations, male and female, all dependent upon me. What have I done that I should be blessed with such cursed trials?

As your Lordship is my father and my mother, I would require that you take this worm and wife and suckles and relations, both male and female, and provide for us from your bounty at a remuneration of rupees twenty per month.

I cannot read or write, and have only the suckle qualifications and male relations and feminine, but, by the grace of God and your Lordship, I look forward to years of prosperity and happiness.

We all sing loudly of your praises, your justice, and your mercy; therefore, call us all that we may fatten on your love and gentleness. Call quickly. Your faithful worm and beast, Pindari Das (despicable brute and unwilling father of babies).

Predestined: A Novel of New York Life.

By Stephen French Whitman. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Whitman has treated a dangerous theme with delicacy and strength. A rich widower, who has worshipped his wife's memory, discovers that the young man he has regarded as his only son is really the child of another father; he converts his wealth into bills which he burns; the son, brought up in luxury and with wealthy associates, is left in poverty and sets out to earn a living by his wits; from newspaper work he turns to authorship; failing in this he takes to drink, becomes entangled with women whose homes are near the Great White Way, and sinks through various stages of degradation to an ignominious death. It is a sordid subject, relieved by little humor, but in Mr. Whitman's treatment is not repulsive. The vice of the streets and of the flashy underworld is exposed with all its tragic lessons, yet the reader is neither offended by preaching and moralizing nor disgusted by nauseous details. It is realism with restraint and human sympathy, and on the whole gives a juster and more vivid picture of certain aspects of life in New York's "tenderloin" than does any other novel we can recall.

One minor point deserves mention—the psychological skill with which the degeneration is noted from the hero's father, who is a Parisian poet of a few exquisite but sterile works in his youth, to the hero himself who has all the velocity of artistic production without the effective will.

The Green Cloak. By Yorke Davis. New York: Sturgis & Walton.

Nothing is more amusing to the habitual reader of detective stories than the eagerness of the writers to seize on some method of varying the old themes. When Professor Münsterberg's articles on the detection of crime by the new instruments of the psychological laboratory were printed, it was perfectly safe to predict that we should have a flood of detective stories on the method. The-

other day we noticed "Luther Trant"; to-day we have such another, in this case, however, the Sherlock Holmes of the laboratory being an ancient professor who has lived in Australia, whereas Luther Trant was a newcomer in the field. The sleuth-minded professor's life in the East is essential to the story, for the plot is compounded of Oriental pirates, the Maori speech, and other exotic flavors, though the scene is a very modern American suburb. The story is interesting, and the psychological apparatus is worked in cleverly.

NAPOLÉON III.

The Rise of Louis Napoleon. By F. A. Simpson. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50 net.

Kinglake and Carlyle and the great throng of English and American writers who, half a century ago, denounced Louis Napoleon would rub their eyes if they could read this book. For, when Mr. Simpson closes his chronicle with the election of Louis Napoleon to the Presidency in 1848, he leaves upon the reader the impression that the spurious Bonaparte was rather a commendable person. The crime of the *coup d'état* had not been committed; and Mr. Simpson does not arrange his material with reference to that event, on which most historians have based their verdict. He simply tells the story of the first forty years of the Prince, untinged by what occurred afterward. This treatment is, we believe, both honest and correct.

The result is that we see in the Prince a youth of unusual sensibility, and a man of extraordinary tenacity of purpose. His two attempted "invasions" of France appear no longer as ridiculous fizzles, but as carefully laid schemes which, in that epoch when every proposed revolution seemed possible, had some chance of success. Mr. Simpson's account of these affairs is well done, the best we have seen in English. He puts before you the situation as the Prince saw it, not as everybody can see, and judge it, in retrospect.

Most interesting is the description of the rise of the Napoleonic legend. The main feature of the imprisonment of the great Napoleon at Saint Helena was not, as has been generally supposed, his eclipse and end; it was the opportunity it offered him—an opportunity he improved to the full—of creating the legend which was destined to produce the Second Empire, and to dazzle Frenchmen unto the third and fourth generation of those who had fought and died for the First. It was Louis Napoleon, after the death of his brother raised him to the dignity of pretender, who earliest saw the immense possibilities latent in the legend. It was he who exploited those possibilities in all directions; he whom neither failure, nor in-

difference, nor calumny, nor ridicule could cause to waver. It is startling to reflect that he, Mazzini, and Garrison, who were only three years apart in age, but as remote in ideals as one pole is from the other, showed during the thirties and forties equal inflexibility of purpose, equal readiness to stake everything to promote their respective causes. But the parallel ceases when we examine the character of the three.

After making what allowance we will, Louis Napoleon's aim was selfish; for nobody suggests that a mere philanthropical ambition to give France the best possible government sustained him during his years of ill-fortune. Garrison and Mazzini had the zeal of Jewish prophets or of Cromwellian Puritans; like Luther, they "could not otherwise"; but we cannot believe that the Bonapartist pretender would have borne and labored as he did unless he had hoped that he—and not some other member of the family—should enjoy the prize. Perhaps Mr. Simpson would have done well to epitomize his chief work, "*Les Idées Napoléoniennes*," which bears witness to his skill as a writer, to his visionary intellect, and to his remarkable ability to coin concrete phrases which soon passed current, although they had only abstractions behind them. His *L'Empire, c'est la paix*—to cite a single example—was a stroke of genius and won him more supporters than a thousand political orations could have done. As a fashioner of ringing manifestoes, both before and after he came to power, Louis Napoleon had, in our opinion, no superior, although among his contemporaries were scores of brilliant rhetoricians.

Mr. Simpson's study makes it clear that the Prince had the happy knack of seeming to be a specialist in many fields—in the science of war, in modern history, in comparative government—and of being hospitable to new ideas. But this happy knack denoted, as it often does, superficiality, and left him helpless when he was brought face to face with inexorable facts. Cobden found him ignorant of even the A B C of political economy; the battles of Magenta and Solferino showed him a tyro in generalship; Cavour and after him Bismarck made a plaything of his statecraft. But all this came later. Mr. Simpson has the pleasanter and easier task of describing the prospective despot's formative years, in which he devoted himself with might and main to self-culture in everything except character. Only a rabid anti-Bonapartist could fail to do justice to the Prince's self-reliance, which urged him to perpetual efforts. Amateurs of political dexterity must admire the way in which he worked up what we Americans would call his "boom," and glided as deftly as an eel among the complications of 1848 until he landed in the Presidency.

This part of the story Mr. Simpson treats with commendable clarity. He falls short in not sufficiently impressing on readers who have no other source of information that the Prince's habits and companions during his exile were for the most part such as to justify the popular opinion that he would not make a reputable sovereign. A libertine, a spendthrift, a borrower with nothing except his "prospects" to offer as collateral, a liker of vulgar or tainted associates, Louis Napoleon had no magnetic qualities to offset these in the eyes of his sober critics. Do what he would, he could not win the support of any respectable, much less dominant, class before 1848.

Mr. Simpson hints at this, but, as we have said, he lays hardly enough stress on it. His chief merit, and it is a high one, consists in presenting Louis Napoleon's positive side more sympathetically and more accurately than it has hitherto been presented: and yet it would have been possible at least to outline the negative side more distinctly. There are but few minor points on which we should challenge his statements. His idea that Napoleon's membership in the Carbonaria may be doubted because there is no documentary evidence to prove it, leads us to infer that he thinks the Carbonari signed their oaths at initiation—which is wholly incorrect. Nor do we agree with him that the question of the Prince's paternity is now "purely academic": we have yet to see strong presumptive evidence (much less conclusive proof) that he was the son of the King of Holland. But these, and other similar matters, are too slight to be debated here. Even if Mr. Simpson be wrong, the worth of his book cannot be doubted.

History of the Great American Fortunes. By Gustavus Myers. Vols. I and II; three parts. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. \$1.50 each.

The Economic Causes of Great Fortunes. By Anna Youngman. New York: The Bankers' Publishing Co. \$1.50.

Although the first volume of Mr. Myers's work does not deal with the most recent phase of the process of American fortune-building, it is none the less full of that kind of bitter denunciation which we are in the habit of associating with the "muck-raking" literature of the present day. Part i deals with "Conditions in Settlement and Colonial Times," part ii with "The Great Land Fortunes"; the era of Vanderbilt and Gould, not to speak of Rockefeller and Morgan and Carnegie and Harriman, accordingly, is still in the distance. But from the first the accusing finger is pointed at the accumulators of wealth; and, indeed, the implication is plain throughout that, bad as