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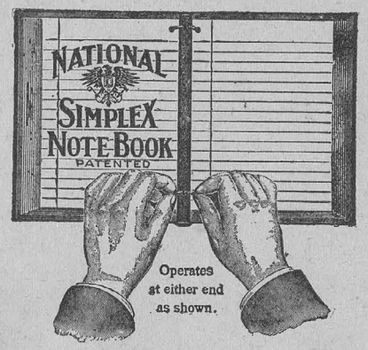

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CUTLER

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March 12. 1913.

Montessori. a Lecture by Prof. Swift of the U. of Minn.

Mr. Swift was some 30 minutes late in arriving from Minneapolis; and even then, he delayed a while longer in spreading out the Montessori "didactic material" on the table. We were rather impatient from having waited so long, and when we saw a bald-headed, middle-aged man step up into the platform we settled into our chairs with a feeling of resignation. The first impression he made in speaking was mediocre and dry — but before the afternoon had ended we were roaring with laughter.

In order to present the significant features of the M. method, he crowed, in a rather lengthy introduction, many points on Italy's situation and condition as a background for those who had not read M.'s book. He had evidently been making a tour of various schools all over Europe, and it was, with relief that he visited the Casa de Bambini in Rome (of the Franciscan Nuns) for here, he said, he found something new and refreshing. It seems that some time ago — to go back — women had studied both medicine and law and were allowed to practice these professions — but that later the privilege of practicing medicine had been withdrawn. Nevertheless M. had studied medicine, psychology, pedagogy etc. and was consulted by various bodies upon relevant matters. After connections with various societies etc. she came to study the education of backward or idiotic children; and set in

practise a method with such remarkable success that she was persuaded to give a series of lectures describing her opinions and practises. Meanwhile in Rome (about 1884 I think) there had been a building "boom" — and speculators in tenements were numerous. A panic soon followed. Yet here was an increased population of poor attracted to the city, — and no place — or worse — to house them. The tenements were seven or eight roomed, and as, of course, no one family could afford such rent, they would sub-let rooms which they themselves did not need. The result of course — here as elsewhere — is well known: overcrowding and indecencies, of which the children as well as others were constant witnesses. The Good Building Association realized the deplorable state of affairs and determined to erect what we might call "model tenements" — one of these tenements over each, a block and open internally on a large central court. Thus many families are housed in a single block. But the children of these poor — what becomes of them in the day time while the parents are at work? It occurred to the G. B. A. to have a Kindergarten in each tenement, and knowing Miss M.'s achievements, invited her to organize schools. This she did.

Children up to six years of age are admitted and attend the school from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. The teacher must be a resident of the tenement — i.e she must live there.

So much by way of introduction. It was to one of these Cases that Mr. Swift paid a visit. As he entered he heard great commotion and loud beat, and felt, at first, that this must be an "off day" — when the rule of "liberty" was not running smoothly. But no one seemed worried at all (as any American school teacher would have been!) It was the commotion of useful occupation rather than one of idleness and fretting. Every child — and there were some thirty or forty here — was employing himself with something, and as Mr. Swift remarked, you can't expect 30 busy children to be active in perfect silence — that is, not if they are healthy children.

Here then is the first principle of the school — liberty. The child is not to be silenced and suppressed till his individuality is annihilated. He is to be surrounded with an educative atmosphere, and then he feels "moved" he will educate himself under the guidance of the "Directress" (not "teacher") One boy astonished in three weeks without manifesting any desire to do what the other children were doing. It didn't bother Mme. M. at all. At the

need of that time he set himself to work, and from the manner in which he entered into the occupations, showed that he had really been learning things during those 3 apparently idle weeks. The principle, then, is the same as that regarding a child's eating. Give him wholesome food, to eat or not as he chooses — but don't set over him and thereby not command to eat which your entire force could carry out. As Spencer said, if you know what a child has eaten at a previous meal — how well he digested it, what his capacity is for a certain kind of food — then you can dictate what and how much he shall eat. Otherwise, leave it to the child. (In this connection, it may be well to add: a doctor is connected with the school in the same relation as a family physician to a family. When they want him they send for him. Measurements of the child are made frequently, and his health carefully watched. For it is impossible to conduct a sound mind on an unsound body.) The evident result of this liberty in choosing employment — or choosing none — is naturalness and openness. Mr. S., who had in other schools been rather a subject of curiosity & interest — being a foreigner — was paid

no head here .. except as the children naturally turned to them for assistance as they did to the directress. He was another friend — not a carrion stranger.

The second feature of the school was the element of responsibility placed upon the children — a characteristic lacking in our schools and even in high school and college students with the exception of a very small minority. The children helped each other and helped the directress. Especially was this noticeable at the noon meal. While the others went into the court yard to play, four would stay in to set the tables and prepare the meal. They would pass the big bowls of soup, and after the meal was ended — would wash the dishes under the supervision of the directress. They were learning how to be of actual help. There, in the home. Moreover they were not trained to interfere with each other. Their liberty — like Mill's idea — was limited to what affected themselves only; but this gave them no right to infringe on the liberty of another. Once a small girl dumped her "insets" onto those of a small boy. Mr. S. expected a "scrap" — but either the boy was good natured or the M. system deserves credit, for the boy instead of making a fuss, helped the girl put the insets back!

The third special feature besides liberty and responsibility is "no forcing" (really a sort head of liberty), and a fourth - the didactic material. The school is simply a large room homely furnished with tables and chairs (no American school desks!) The children are free to wander about at will - work on the floor or at the tables. The work consists of manipulating this didactic material to train the senses. The thermic sense, the tactile sense etc etc. are all "trained" with special exercises. When the child is 5½ he is given sand papered letters of the alphabet mounted on smooth card board. By tracing these with his finger - repeating the sound of the letter etc. he gradually learns the alphabet and its combinations — and in a month can write simple words, & in two months, any dictation !! He is then allowed to try & read — which he usually succeeds in doing by the time he is 6. There is no forcing. Time is tided until the child shows an inclination to learn — and he really teaches himself - in recognition of his accumulating powers gradually dawns upon him. There are frames with cloth stretched on them on which are holes eyes — buttons buttonholes clasps — so that the child soon learns to hook and button his own

clothing. In This way the child is made independent — for just as the more servants a person has the more slave he is, just so independent is the person who can do without such aid.

This is but a brief summary of his remarks, but the point over which he caused the greatest amusement was his description of his visit to school in Munich, as showing that the same principle cannot be applied to Holland and German alike because of their different natures. The Holland is an individualist — while the German conforms to authority; and grows up under strict obedience to Father & Kaiser. His description of the school where the teacher was telling the story of the wolf and sheep — the children were whispering to each other — the teacher talking increasingly louder so as to make himself heard — and the children .·. having to whisper louder to make themselves heard — was rare. Mr S. finally asked him if the children had ever heard the story before. "Oh yes" he answered "I've told it to them every morning for two months." When Mrs S. showed surprise and inquired the reason, he answered "They seem to like it." !! There was one small girl who evidently didn't like it, and she

would march up to the platform — ~~pummel~~ the man's huge legs until exhausted - retreat + recuperate, and then at it again. Three times did the performer this belaboring work while Mr. S. was there, and about to commence on her fourth attack when he left. Another instance of this german idea of "waking the children up" (They considered the children not stimulated enough. While many people criticize Kindergartens as "over-stimulating") was when a class drew up their chairs about the teacher. "Attention" (cheered by teacher) "Hands chest - overhead - out - in - up - down" accompanied by energetic motions. each commands louder and more peremptory than the last, The teacher was summoned away shortly after — and the substitute — not knowing what had occurred, commanded in the same tones "attention! Hands chest - overhead - out - in" &c. The poor children looked exhausted and rather frightened — but only we had spunk enough to decline to follow the mandates. This was particularly ironical as the principle professed was — like the Mr. one — latent. Evidently what proves successful among the Hebrews may fail among the Germans -

In summing up, Mr. Swift gave her fundamental objections to the whole system. While approving of much of it, he felt it would be a mistake to adopt it in its entirety.

First the system is founded upon what is now admitted to be a false psychology — that is, the faculty psychology theory, which maintains that each sense can be exercised and trained separately — as gymnastics develops the muscles.

Second, he did not agree with its purpose — viz. the training of the senses pure and simple. Froebel believed in training the senses for the sake of introducing the child to nature, to life: Children are interested in learning how dandelions grow — how "a cat can spit" — and though we outgrow such interests in the course of time, perhaps, he steps into others through having first experienced these. It is more vital a thing to familiarize oneself with colors so that we may say, there is in the fields, in the woods, in the sky, in shadows — in fact, everywhere — than it is to leave them so as to be able to grade 640 their number from shades to tones! This is his most fundamental objection to the didactic material with which the children are dosed from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. It's narrowing. The value of the kultur[illegible] frames &c. & the value of some [illegible]

the didactic material if used as a means rather than an end would be helpful.

These were his two chief criticisms. The fundamental principle of liberty and no-coercion to pervert however, to appear of — and the success which the schools have in Rome is undisputed — however they might fare in another country.

Mar. 15, 1913. "The Training of Memory in Art"

by Lecoq de Boisbaudran. transl. by L. D. Luard. 1911.

The Book is really a collection of 3 works by M. Boisbaudran:— "The Training of the memory in Art"; "A Survey of Art Teaching" and "Letters to a Young Professor — Summary of a Method of Teaching Drawing and Painting." — and Preface, notes and Introduction &c.

From the "Note on the Author's Life" we learn that M. B. was born in Paris in 1802 & died in 1897: that tho' he studied art & exhibited, his pictures were nevertheless cold & hard. He felt he was on the wrong road. His sheer force of will, exercised his powers in the direction which he believed right — namely that of teaching. While he was teaching it was that he worked out the ideas and method which he develops in the following works. Yet with these very ideas he stood for liberty of Thought in religion & art — and as a "teacher" he aimed to guide rather than train — to help the individual to express his individuality. His pupils say that he spoke no more than was necessary & that he was chary of advice for this very reason, (not to destroy individuality) Even tho' advocating a systematic training of the memory, he nevertheless insists that this is not the whole but only a part of artistic education, & it was this conception which fitted him for the calling which he chose & prevented him from being warped & inconsistent on any no small theory. "If only people could understand the enormous self-denial, devotion, knowledge & breadth of mind that is demanded by his Office, they could not fail to hold the teacher in the honour he deserves."

In the Introduction Mrs. Selwyn Image besides summing up a few of M.B.'s traits, makes a strong plea that public School teachers read the book. He feels that since children are given lessons in drawing as a part of their course, the suggestions they would gain from M.B.'s treatises would be of great value, for just because the children are not all expected to develop into artists from their School-drawing that is no reason for teaching them poorly. One is taught mathematics as Secondly even though he goes no further than decimals as is another who continues and applies his higher mathematics in astronomy. Because he stops short is no reason for slackness in what he is taught.

The first of M.B.'s treatises* Themselves, is divided into four parts - viz (1) memory of form (2) memory of color (3) advanced study and (4) Appendix. The distinction between (one) & (two) is sharply and insistently made, for training in each is distinct, & people's aptitude for one or the other is usually more marked. And by practice can they approach equally. It is necessary to understand what follows, to know that he uses the word memory in the sense of close observation. He argues that only by training can the mental eye accurately picture and recall at will the form of an object — and that this faculty for strong observation is of immense value to all - whether artists or not — in appreciating what is seen both at the time of seeing & later. To an artist it is especially valuable because he can "catch fleeting nature"

* Written in 1847.

and put it on canvas at his leisure - He can also portray movement far better than would otherwise be possible. The method of training this faculty is by close observation of the object - drawing it, at first, until proficiency is gained - repeatedly drawing the object from memory - just as in learning poetry one sometimes says it over & over - Having conceived this idea he obtained the necessary permission to put it in practice at the École Impériale de Dessin where he was teaching - & his pupils - undertaking the plan voluntarily - enthusiastically entered into its exercises. These consisted of straight line copies - to give skill in drawing lines estimating their length; then curved lines were "memorized"; and finally parts of the profile, & later heads & gradually more intricate objects. All this training, however, concerned itself simply with form - not with tone or color. M. B. was entirely flexible in his exercises, & altered them as experience dictated. Questions & answers which the pupils asked spare also were of great help to him. He anticipated several objections which people would immediately raise. e.g. This will spoil the pupil's naïveté - M.B. answers that this danger is only possible if memory drawing is allowed to supplant ordinary drawing - & such it should not be: it should only supplement it. Moreover it must not get me into drawing objects for - for accuracy of observation & the object & fidelity to the model is absolutely necessary.

Others will say that too many people have already overloaded memories - they are walking dictionaries. But the trouble with these people is not balance of unassimilated facts & want of judgment & taste. Memory is a servant, not a master & as such it is to be used & regarded in his system. In summing

p.15 up he says "as a general reply to other objections, let us state that it is precisely when the memory is left entirely to itself that it runs the risk of becoming disastrously overcrowded with masses of incoherent matter; that is to say, if it does not just die of atrophy. Whereas, under scientific leading, there is every hope of safeguard of keeping it in a state of efficiency & directing it to the acquisition of useful knowledge." In concluding, he has shown how the training of the memory is of importance in industry, general education & cultivation. It is of use to the artist whether he be painter, designer or cartoonist; it helps me observe more closely & retain impressions more accurately, at the same time being objective; it helps me appreciate nature, and painting - art in general.

p.23 Miss Burt sketches the possibilities of the subject for he writes "as I make this hurried survey of the question, its horizons widen & give me glimpses of fresh fields of discovery full of promise."

In training the memory of color the same method is adopted. Copies of the complementary colors are given the pupils to be studied & memorized." Gradually the flat tone - contrasts are made more complicated, & finally, shaded colors

are introduced. M.B. feels that this faculty is not so well developed as that of memory of form - but that there is great possibility in increasing it. He contrasts here this method to that generally adopted in art schools — of plunging the pupil into copying areas of color, & believes that the logical way is to introduce him into it gradually. This faculty when developed is also of use in industry — "in the manufacture of carpets, stuffs, wall-papers, & decorative painting" — as well as to the artist & the amateur by way.

p.27

Pupils having acquired proficiency in these two directions are now progressed to a more advanced study, where they put their skill to practical application. M.B. took them to a grove in which his models moved about naked. Here was combined natural setting & motion, & M.B. felt that it could not be compared to the inferior method of models posed in schools where the natural setting was lacking & where the muscles were relaxed & dead. By close observation on these excursions the pupils were able to go home & reproduce some phase of what they saw idealize it as they pleased. Such exercises were required after every trip. They were also admitted to the Palais de Justice before this building was thrown open to the public. Here the models, appropriately robed in flowing garments - wandered about at leisure thro' the spacious halls. The pupils here could catch the folds of the dress in motion — with a

resulting naturalness which a draped model could not approach. N.B. here saw an opportunity for securing historic scenes -- of more artistic charm than modern "commonplaces"

p.40 "We must create a place apart, a place of serious study outside the commonness realities of life, filled with an atmosphere of charm and poetry, which shall unite all that can help to foster genius & lift it towards the ideal. N But to be surrounded by life & plastic beauty is not enough. In if we are to express their life & deeper meaning, we must learn how to observe & to remember. And consequently this advanced course of higher teaching, with all the practical applications that follow from it, complete it, must be preceded by systematic cultivation of the artistic memory."

The Appendices give more detailed directions as to the working out of his system in response to many enquiries. Yet N.B. reiterates that while he gives his students ways of working, he never forces them nor interferes with their individual mental processes, but allows them full liberty to follow their natural procedure. He is afraid of having his advice taken as "rules of thumb" & hence retracts it. Hence he can give only general ideas rather than minutely detailed instructions. He also tells of the tests which he made for a Commission of the Academie des Beaux-Arts, this' his pupils, & the success with which they met -- which pupils of other schools could not achieve -- i.e. in the line of memory drawing. The rest is occupied with letters of approval & encouragement.

The second treatise "A Survey of Art Teaching" (written in 1872) is simply what its name implies. It discusses the relative merits of private, city, and state art schools, and criticizes the methods employed in each — laying special stress upon the deplorability of tendencies to mechanism and loss of individuality resulting both from method and from the pernicious system of competition & prizes which starts the student on the wrong path & makes him feel that to be successful in winning the Grand Prix, he must tread in the steps of former winners. The details of his criticism — tho' applying in part to present day art, are not of particular importance now, for they discussed conditions which existed in Paris 41 years ago which are changed now. He does, however, lay down a few general principles which, he believes, should be the basis of all artistic education: —

p. 76. "Art, in the sense in which we are discussing it, is the expression by form & color of the artists' feeling.

"An artist, in the highest sense of the word, is inspired with a passionate love of beauty; he is a true lover of nature, & does not see her imperfections, but discovers beauties which escape the eye of the ordinary observer. These he combines & idealizes in his work, impressing them with the stamp of his own personality.

"Artistic feeling, like any other true feeling, is essentially personal - It varies as the nature of the man that feels it. Hence the immense variety of styles in art. ---- "

p 77 "Art, then, when understood in its widest sense, consists not only of higher manifestations, but of all manifestations that bear

the mark of passionate & individual conviction. And unmeasurable & magnificent as such manifestations have been in the past, there is yet an inexhaustible store of them in the future, in the shades & variety of human feeling from which they spring are infinite in number & always fresh & new.

"From this we may, I think, logically deduce the following maxims:-

"Art is essentially individual. - It is individuality which makes the artist.

"All Teaching, that is real teaching, based upon reason & good sense, must make it its aim to keep the artists' individual feeling pure & unspoiled, to cultivate it & bring it to perfection."

His method - described in the first treatise, he believes would bring the desired results, but he does not advise their hasty adoption, for the methods then in vogue are so contrary to his, that the sudden change would not be successful. The test would not be fair for "it is only after subjection to trial under perfectly honest conditions that methods can be judged & adopted with any real certainty."

p. 91.

N.B. The notes to the 1879 edition are full - discussing exhibitions, schools, methods of drawing &c.

p. 80 "The most precious qualities" of a student, are his naïveté, sincerity & naturalness.

The third treatise — "Letters to a young Professor" — is the fuller development of the method which he sketched in his first treatise. He was asked to present his method in detail; but refrained from attempting to do so since he felt it could not be classified & formulated. However when a young professor asked him to advise, he did his best to make some useful suggestions - founded upon the principles laid down in treatises 1 & 2. In brief he says, as "it should be the aim of every teacher, of whatever grade, to develop the natural gifts of every pupil - - - I conclude that of all the exercises, processes & principles of teaching, the best are those which lead most surely & directly to this end. There is one fundamental indubitable principle which must control their choice & the order of their arrangement. It is the principle of the progressive development of the artistic faculties, that is, the gradation of the difficulty of the exercises used."

p. 168

With this clearly understood, he divides his subject into 5 divisions — not arbitrary divisions as we shall see, but the result of practise & experience.

The first stage, aims to give the pupil proficiency, (not least the beginning of it) in accuracy of observation and skill of hand thro' exercises in estimating lengths of geometric straight lines & drawing them free hand. Dots are used as guides — and gradually curves, squares & other more elaborate figures are plotted & drawn.* Accuracy is insisted upon before one exercise can be left for

N.B. * this stage develops the pupils ability to plot out masses when drawing in.

another. This principle is everywhere emphasized — as otherwise slip shod results may be accomplished & the pupil is not a master of the exercise. Although M.B. has outlined various advancing lessons in this first stage, they simply represent the principle of gradation & progression already spoken of; & should be worked out by the ingenuity of the teacher.

3117. "If the pupil has regularly followed, under the care of a watchful teacher, the course I have sketched out, he will soon possess considerable accuracy of eye through the practice of judging distances, and will have acquired a primary development of skill of hand, through imitating the lines of the copies with the help of the tentative points. His employment of horizontal & vertical lines will have given him a regular and positive method of observation and study, and he will have begun to contract very valuable habits of orderliness and sequence, both in thinking and in working. After he has received this indispensable grounding, which is the first stage of his education, his faculties will be sufficiently trained to allow him to enter upon his second stage in the way he should, with every chance in his favor."

In the second stage the student should be given simple outline copies — accurately drawn & of good taste. After acquiring some skill in copying these, they may be given

Solid figures in the following order - cube, prism, pyramid, cylinder, cone & sphere. In observing these they will notice the effect of perspective & foreshortening — & of tones, shadows, half tones. This study of the objects themselves opens the pupils' eyes so that they can really understand the meaning of the drawn copies, & appreciate them. The copies & solids should be used interchangeably as the former is good for accuracy, the latter for individual observation & representation since no two people see the objects & their tones in just the same way. Copies of the human face (and later other parts of figure & the whole figure) are used for various reasons, among them being that every variety of shape & color is found in the human form, that familiarity with the face, e.g. is more keen than with less interesting objects & hence deviations from true portrayal are sooner noticed. Then too, "it is a matter of experience that students who have been trained on the study of the human figure are apt at any other kind of drawing, & after they have had a little time to specialize in it, generally show their superiority as draughtsmen."

p. 120

As to the medium used - The pencil is preferred for beginners rather than the charcoal since it requires accuracy. Later on the individual will find the medium best suited to him. In this stage the teacher should also carefully supervise the pupils' work

reminding him again & again of the importance of first establishing the masses from a few exact & well chosen points; & of the necessity of judging either perspective or colors by comparison. To do this M.B. advises that the drawing be placed beside the model or copy & that teacher & pupil retire & criticise from some distance from these.

Up to the third stage, then, the students have been brought to drawing shaded heads from copies. "They can now pass on to copies of hands & feet, as a step toward copies from the nude, which should be useful in giving them a knowledge of the figure as a whole." They are introduced to a study of bell relief with a graduated series of casts of features & parts of faces, varied perhaps with casts of ornamental details. Good copies for this stage are hard to procure, & photographs of the masters do not answer the purpose. Memory training in form work (as described in Section I) is now begun as a part of the training - for in itself it is not a method of teaching drawing - but only part of a method. Learning to draw from memory exclusively M.B. never advocated. Memory lessons then, must go on side by side with the ordinary work; two lessons a week being given & then for six lessons in ordinary drawing. Thus at the end of this stage, pupils can copy heads & nude figures from copies or from the antique, while their power of observation & memory have received a degree of education enabling them to reproduce by memory simple heads from copies.

p. 123

p. 130 - "Now that all preliminary difficulties are overcome for good, we are free to develop our teaching & to bring it to its full completion, elaborating it as we please." He then divides the fourth stage into 7 parts - viz. (1) Study of the antique. (2) Study of the life model. (3) Anatomy. (4) Drawing from memory. (5) Perspective & the drawing of architecture (6) Painting (7) Composition.

(1). In this stage nothing can be too good to put before the students. They should be given casts modelled in the original itself - & better still should be taken to museums &c. The time when this should be done must be determined by the teacher & will perhaps fall towards the end of this stage when the student is to be gradually emancipated from the rigid discipline of regular school work. This period varies with individuals. In selecting models the teacher must subordinate his individual prejudices & preferences.

(2) The antique the pupils cannot alter in any way to improve - but life models they interpret individually. Something is decidedly wrong if there is similarity in these results among the pupils. No imitation of masters or pupils by pupils should be allowed. The study of the antique combined with that of the living model acts as a corrective - yet care must be taken not to substitute the former for the latter, & pupils should study living nature in all sincerity & without prejudice, according to their personal vision

p. 135 (3) "Anatomy is the inevitable corollary of the study of the living model, the indispensable key to the forms of men + animals." Yet "he should not be taught it before he has drawn a certain number of figures from nature, for then he will be seen to understand the causes that produce the surface forms." Moreover it should not be studied too early lest anatomical knowledge supplant naive imitation of the model. The method of teaching anatomy, + the need for its being thoroughly mastered + at one's "fingers' ends", is then dwelt upon.

(4) His remarks on this division (drawing from memory) is a condensation of those already received.

(5) Students should ~~not~~ taught the principles of perspective yet they must not recede to application. The dangers which it might lead to are also pointed out viz. - neglect of the height of the horizon, + thinking that retiring lines must always converge towards the point of sight (which they may not do.)

(6) as to painting, the student should have begun when working in "memory of color" to lay on flat colors, + to gain some experience with the brush. Now he may acquaint himself further in mixing, first from a few simple colors, + gradually from more variegated ones. There are many methods for applying + putting

in the paint – but whatever manner is chosen, the student may advisedly begin with painting in shadows & background so as to have something by which he can make contrasts & comparisons, by which to judge half-tints & lights. At least the student should represent several tints – later on, more complicated ones. Pictures of masters are of use as studies when some particular fault of the pupil is pointed out. If, e.g. his shadows are too solid – let him study the shadows of various masters. This is more profitable than studying or even copying whole pictures, without the definite purpose of studying something in particular. These lessons should lead the student in the direction of his natural bent – & not toward slavish copying.

7. Composition should have been encouraged even before this stage. When young, the pupils should have been encouraged to show their "drawings" to the teacher, & if he saw e.g. some glaring fault in proportion, he could recommend to the pupil closer observation. Invariably the second drawing of the same subject would show marked improvement. The teacher should also suggest certain subjects such as "Spring" and encourage the pupils to "express the impressions that spring makes upon (them) in such a way as to communicate them to those who see (their) pictures". Properly speaking, there are no "rules of composition."

p 151

"Common sense admits at once the necessity for the rules of line & place, the importance of clearness in setting forth the subject, & the need for every drawing & painting to express itself spontaneously that it own proper meaning without being helped out with explanations in writing."

The student, after observing models in various attitudes, has a chance to exercise his imagination in grouping them & in inventing "through the force of invention & artistic feeling."

p.153 p154 "The instruction already given" he considers "sufficient to enable students who have worked at it in real earnest, to embark professionally upon the different branches of drawing & painting, to which their preferences & their natural gifts lead them --- The teaching --- is already more than is required for many artistic trades, & is fully sufficient for all the specializations of ordinary fine art. Thus a young man who feels himself drawn to paint every-day scenes from contemporary life, will have received --- all the training necessary to the purpose; for he will have mastered the methods of execution which he feels suit him best. His taste, his sincerity, & his own natural originality have been carefully kept intact while being cultivated; & lastly, he has learnt to observe & retain his observations. He need then only look about him in the world for his travels to find endless subjects & materials for his compositions."

But the artist who is in pursuit of the ideal cannot stop here. He cannot borrow & reproduce incessantly the poses & draperies of master pieces. In other words, he is not content to copy masters - nor is he content to copy contemporary life. It is not such as that by which the Greeks were surrounded. Therefore he must create the right environment & conditions. The manner in which this is done has already been fully given in Treatise I. "Advanced Study."

In conclusion N.B. Comments upon the different possibilities confronting the teacher in Paris & in the Country. The former has the advantage of museums &c at his disposal, so that students may benefit from comparison with the antique. The teacher in the country lacks this, but, on the other hand, he has the advantage of being surrounded & permeated by nature (as his pupils are) and from this they may often develop a naturalness & charm which the Parisians may lack. This is a great compensation for the lack of tradition.

In older times when communication between countries & parts of countries was difficult, the various schools of art were separate & distinct. Now, however, thro' exhibitions, travel &c. artists & schools are brought into close contact. They exchange

& borrow ideas from this there results a "tendency towards
p. 166 a general level, with a certain raising of the average
talent, & a continual increase in the number of artists."
Also, it is impossible to overlook the over preoccupation with
commerce, the far too frequent abandonment of disinterested
art, which is the outcome of real conviction, to the eager
pursuit of monetary success. And lastly, it is noticeable that
in the ever-increasing mass of production, often highly skilful,
works of really great distinction & power become rarer & rarer."
The distinctions between schools have practically broken down.

"There is no reason to regret, in the name of art, the old days
of isolation & violence, or to condemn the progress of modern
societies. On the contrary, it is in the continuation of the march
of progress that we must look for the remedy."

p. 167 "Surely it is full time to introduce in art really methodical study,
even hard study, in such a way, of course, as not to interfere in the
least with the fullest liberty for spontaneous & natural development.
It is education alone that, by developing when young the artist's
deepest personal convictions, can create in him the passion,
the compelling need to express them, & so absorb all meaner
feelings & self interest in the noble & generous passion for art."

The book closes with several specimens of memory drawings
from nature & from copies.

March. 26, 1913.
to "The Clef" magazine.

Mehr Licht, Mehr Liebe, Mehr Leben.

Life seems, sometimes, too much a matter of mosaic work. Every human being is so intent upon putting his stones in place, that he actually ignores the production itself. Some are laying them in an indifferent fashion, while others are placing them with painstaking care. (But a mosaic view of the world is necessarily perceived by those concerned in setting the values. It is impossible for us to see wherein the result, as a whole, excells or errs, unless we can view it in perspective.

It is this serener, this disinterested seeing of things as they really are (Matthew Arnold calls it "Culture") which enables us to study its perfection — to see what it is, and how we can pursue it. True human perfection Arnold conceives as "harmonious" — i.e. developing all sides of our humanity, and "general" — i.e. developing all parts of our society. This is a far reaching ideal; but more than that, it not only seeks for knowledge and more knowledge, but it seeks to make this prevail. Culture, then, has a moral and social passion for doing good in all departments of life, as well as a scientific passion for learning truth.

Nor is this vision peculiar to Arnold. He was but one to

crystallize the thoughts of many another. You meet with the same conception in the church, the lecture room, the library — and less frequently, because less distinctly — in the laboratory, the studio, the street.

But we fall short of such complete and all-round perfection in so far as our synthesis of knowledge and practice is imperfect or partial. That it is all too often imperfect is a matter of common observation. How many people, on the whole, mould their lives to conform to their best convictions; and how many gradually persuade their best convictions to be satisfied with their lives? And are not the causes for this discrepancy either inertia or cowardice? As a cause of failure, inertia implies the indefinite continuance of an insufficient state whether passive or active. It is unthinking, and simply finds it easier to drift with the current — as the saying is — than to swim against it. Cowardice, on the other hand, implies thought perversely suppressed: a knowledge of what is right, but a lack of disinterestedness and courage to adopt it. To be sure there obstacles in the way, such as the prejudices of those who would sacrifice a full life for conventionalities; human

reach for material profit. And these obstacles loom large, but they are not altogether insurmountable if we ourselves are ready at every turn to live up to our fundamental conviction of the priority of humanity.

By partial synthesis is meant that which is limited to one particular field only. Mr. Henderson, in his "Education and the Larger Life," believes that the Japanese maiden arranging her cherry blossoms is rendering a truer service to humanity than the western girl "microscopically hunting for some new variety of worm." Taken as they stand, both are but cases of partial synthesis, though the former is especially appealing in that beauty and perfection are applied to a detail of daily life. But for complete synthetic living, we must carry out this practical application of perfection in all that we do and can do — not in just the little that comes in our way. We are but shirks if we are content to do - even perfectly - the few things nearest at hand, if there are others which we could do also. The nearest cannot, nor should not, be left undone; nor should they be done poorly. Yet if we stop short with them we are not idolizing

to the full the life that is open to utilize. We are as voluntarily maiming ourselves and impairing our usefulness as if we were to needlessly wear dark glasses all our lives.

It is the old question of "Licht, Liebe, Leben" — truth and love — belief and practise, synthesized into life. Best the more true Knowledge and the more genuine love we have in making it prevail — the fuller the life, and the more nearly will the ideal of true human perfection be attained.

May 18. 1913.

E.A.N. was in last night & we fell to talking religion finally. I tried to tell her a little of the new Cheyne-man's interpretation of the Bible — from the little I have heard of it this winter. It was quite beyond her, tho' it was she who put herself into it and smiled down upon it pityingly. She has reached the stage of acknowledging that there is a power outside ourselves which makes for good — but further than that she will not commit herself — except to acknowledge that intellect is not all. She thinks we must either believe in revelation or be an agnostic that there is no middle ground — yet she herself seemed to take no positive stand on either side. She has not read the Bible for four years — yet the "meaning of the serpent" came to her one day in the train. Just why it should have come to her then is more than she knows — nor did I ask her what the meaning was which flashed upon her. She is skeptical of any science of correspondence & thinks it is trying to give a meaning to something just so that something may not be without one. Of course it was rather a rude subject to give her even a glimpse of in one evening, but she would not accept it had I made a chance.

H.J. takes the purely biological evolution any point of view & believes that immortality is through the influence one exerts in one's "lifetime" — not only directly upon one's children, but upon everyone whom one has at the slightest point touched. She believes in no "after life" & thinks that all abruptly closes with death as far as the individual is concerned. She is highly sensitive to the

meaning of all things & their relation to the Whole. She revels in generalizations, & each new particular that she acquires, sorts into its larger place. Yet for all her seeming disbelief in the life of the spirit, she has the marvellous spirit of thankfulness & gratitude to God, & a recognition of his life-giving. It is a genuine recognition of the Source of all power & humble Thanksgiving. And for all her talk, she lives more than most people in a spiritual world all the time. Spirit with her is reality.

And so far as they go, I go, only further too I believe; but yet not so far as Swedenborg would lead me. The wonder of all life overwhelms me, & the meaning of it which evades us when we would analyse it. Part of the teachings of the new Church I can honestly agree to, & the science of correspondence interests me tremendously, tho' at times it seems to be juggling with words as we used to do in translating Caesar. But when it describes the world of spirits & heaven & hell, I honestly revolt. It is Dantesque & suited perhaps to the 13th century, but not to the 20th. Not that the reality has changed, but that our powers of perception have developed, as a child learns by one method, so an adult learns by another. Just what in particular would take its place I cannot—were I to

moderate an exposition of the subject — is unessential. I reject that, & consider that to burn such particulars is unnecessary. It is neither possible nor profitable for a child to understand trigonometry. Later on when his growth & preparation allow, it will be clear to him, but why glean for an occult reason into the future. Our small minds are incapable of grasping it, & were we revealed the Trees, the absolute, we would doubt it — i.e. unless we throw over reason & the mind, & keep rational things we can not honestly do that. It is just here that Swedenborg's genius is too absolute. If you believe that all, you must believe it all. And granted that our powers of perception & whatever suits the health & limited, it were better for us to arrive at the truth gradually & haltingly,

October 22,1914.

Speeches and Letters of Abraham Lincoln.

I dipped into these some years ago,got the gettysburg Address almost by heart,and found sentences and paragraphs which were filled with meaning forme;but never till recently did I read the speeches as a whole. How I neglected them when "taking" Miss Salmon's American History course I cant imagine,for Miss Salmon's"suggestions" given in her momotonous,high-pitched voice,would have made all the speeches teem with meaning,while the speeches themselves have now vivified my political ideas of those times.

The thing which is impressed upon me again is that Lincoln was not primarily concerned with the emancipation of the Black Man throughout the United States,but with the restriction of him,as a slave,from the Territories; and when,after the Dred Scott decision and other incidents (all of which tended to and would eventually,if left alone,have brought about the extension of slavery universally) he realized that the matter of major importance was the saving of the Union. This,of course,he had at heart even from the first,for with him the Constitution was the foundation stone of the whole government,and he maintained that it must be interpreted in the "spirit of the fathers";but as soon as slavery agitation began to threaten the Union,he writes in a letter to Horace Greeley on August 22-1862: "My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union,and not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave,I would do it;and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves,I would do it;and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone,I would also do that."

Then of course the question of "secession" arose, Could the States secede? Certainly not,according to the Constitution,and Lincoln refused to recognize their "rebellion" as "secession". Nor did he wish to decree an emancipation which could not be enforced even had he the right to do so. At last the time came when he looked upon it as a necessary war measure,for slaves were considered"property"and over such he,as Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy, had supreme authority. He attributes to the colored regiment much of the credit due to the final termination of the war - the war that he had never sought but to which he was forced to enter for the saving of the Union. And the Reconstruction Period. On what

basis should reconstruction take place? Should the fact that certain States had tried to secede be ignored, or must they submit a new constitution for ratification? Lincoln wished to ignore this point and work simply toward establishing a "practical relation" between the States and the Union. He pointed out that the foreign powers had not taken advantage of the internal dissention in the Union as it had been feared they might; and that the war pointed to the superiority of the ballot over the bullet which he felt would be a lesson for times to come.

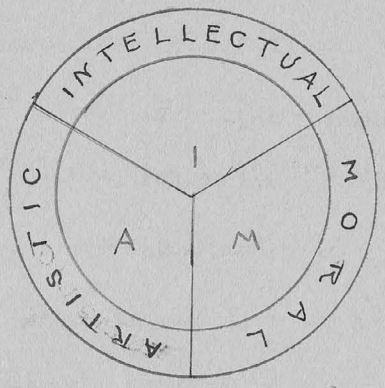
In connection with his many discussions on slavery Lincoln stated his views on the question of labor and capital, emphasizing the point now so much dwelt upon by socialists: "Labour is prior to and independent of capital. . . . Labour is the superior of capital, and deserves much the higher consideration." But he goes on, in this same Message to Congress, December 3, 1861, to say that "no men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty, none less inclined to take or touch aught which they have not honestly earned." In view of the agitation over "tainted money" and its accumulators and possessors, this statement does not have the same discernment which is such a marked quality in most of his sayings.

However, that Lincoln could see so far and so clearly is due to his thorough honesty and to his humility and openness of mind. In his letter to General Grant of July 13, 1863 he cites several incidents where Grnat manoevered in a manner which Lincoln, at the time, did not consider wise. But when at length he saw his mistake he, in all humility, wrote "I wish to make personal acknowledgment that you were right an I was wrong." A man who can admit his error, who cares less whether god be on his side so long as he endeavors to be on God's side, avoids the pitfalls of an opinionated self-assertiveness, and speaks thoughts that ring true for all times.

The Need of Art in Life

February 11, 1915.

Lecture by D. B. Stoughton-Holbrook.



The "aim" of life is the full development of all sides — art, intellect and morals. Only with this development can come the solution of our social problems.

The Greeks were developed on their intellectual side. Witness the dramas — the most wonderful literature ever conceived by the mind of man. The sonnet is complex — but these dramas are infinitely more complex, yet the Greeks produced 8000. Could the citizens of Minneapolis in the same length of time produce 8000 such works! And the man who rendered preliminary judgment on these dramas were chosen by lot — which shows the high level of artistic standard maintaining. In other branches too, the intellectual achievements of to-day find their source in Greece.

We are apt to cast slurs upon the morals of the Greeks,

but what about the Greek slaves — which were Greece's blackest spot — were not like the slaves existing in England till 1538 and in the United States until 1865. Men holding high offices in State and business were often slaves. None of them were so badly off as the "submerged tenth" of modern times. Moreover, looking at their standards from the perspective, they had not the cordial love of materialism and insectomania which we have to-day. As for political freedom, they had it in a far truer sense than either England or America has it to-day — and they judged men on their merits — not at the beck & call of party or boss.

In the athletic field they have been unrivalled, since their art, characterized by proportion and beauty, permeated their whole life. Their cities & buildings were beautiful, their houses & kitchen utensils were beautiful, their festivals & ceremonies were beautiful. In fact the Greek speech was trained to give expression to the inner beauty, through speech, gesture and deed. He exercised so as to be graceful and supple and well developed, and then not exhibiting the beauty of his body he clothed himself in beautiful draperies. Statues — and there were a population of them —

were created not to the bravest soldier, but to the most beautiful.

Then the Greeks were developed on all sides of their nature, and their mottos "Know thyself" & "Nothing in excess" were a living part of them.

But in the middle ages art and morals were developed at the expense of the intellect. The Cathedrals of the middle ages, the Guild Hall, the Castle, all bear witness to the artistic development of this epoch. It was an age of faith & of chivalry. But the intellectual side was neglected and even persecuted. This civilization was therefore imperfect, for it was only two sides developed — and to be perfect the whole must be developed.

Then coming to the Renaissance there is plenty of proof of the artistic side of the age — the age of Botticelli, Michael-Angelo and all the rest. And the intellectual side awakened in the Revival of Learning — but the moral side suffered shamefully. And here again was an imperfect civilization — two thirds, but not the whole.

And in the present day, the dial has moved again. We are supremely intellectual; and humanitarianism is permeating the whole of society. Yet in spite of that other artistic side is underdeveloped and more or less neglected except among certain "classes" in society. Not until art can also permeate our lives — our dress patterns, and our homes, and our cities and buildings — can we hope to solve the problems of today. How can a man be developed as the Greek on $6.25 a week!

This is the merest outline of Mr. Stoughton-Holbrook's talk. His manner of speaking, his actions & his phrasing all added to what he said — & the many side-remarks were pointed & humorous. He illustrated unconsciously the "all-sidedness" of his development by his familiarity with art, literature, sociology, & economics — & while advocating the need of art in life, he realized that it was not the only necessity. To equal or even surpass the Greeks we must develop all these sides of our nature. We have made a good beginning. Let us now turn our attention to art.

"The Future of Poetry" 4-5-15.

Lecture by Alfred Noyes - at Plymouth Church

There now prevails a lack of wholeness of vision & proportion, & of seeing the interdependence of all things.

The "white light of vision" is broken up into prismatic colors.

Too much analysis. Lack of synthesis.

In literature primary postulates are forgotten in the desire to create a sensation — cubists &c. Things are distorted.

There is the tendency to "throw away the torch of the ancients" & to think that our little progress is all, & the ages of progress naught.

For poetry the idea is everything, in the fact.

Rationalism thought it would destroy poetry & the end of the 19th century.

But to-day, all great men of science find miracles everywhere, & the further they push their investigation, the more miraculous things must they take on faith.

The world is not run by third chance, in spite of what a few pessimists may say.

(They say the optimist is one who dares not look facts in the face — but this is far more true of the pessimist.)

Eclecticism in opinion & belief is not sound. There is a higher than ourselves — a reference standard.

The secret of great poetry is that it sets the temporal in relation to the eternal. It gives eternal harmony.

Thus poetry is religion.

"Period of Degradation"

Degradation of terminology.

Poets can handle any subject but only with the touch of consecration.

Tragedy is the casting off of things temporal in the eternal.

"Doubt & Scepticism" of the 18th Century.

The make believe in life ended in the French Revolution and the "new realism" took its place.

E.g. Compare Goldsmith's "Man loves woman & stoops to folly" (before Fr. Rev.) with Burns' "He hauks & hoes" (just after Fr. Rev.)

Shelley was expelled as an agnostic - but his writings prove him not so - but the opposite.

Keats philosophy "Beauty is truth & truth beauty."

Wordsworth - shows his eternal faith - especially in "The world is too much with us" - & Ode to Immortality.

Lord Morley - the modern pessimist - attacks Wordsworth but illogically.

Tennyson is supposed a poet of faith. In In Memoriam he weighs at least 20 elegies.

Browning has the same faith – illustrated in the Spring Song of Pippa Passes. The context of this song gives it still more importance.

"Period of Decadence" followed.

There were some exceptions – e.g. Francis Thomson. Louis Stevenson sums it up when he says that "there is no great art until a man can write 'unto God'." Call God whatever we will – "life-force" or something else, the word G-O-D has always will have a stronger hold & a deeper meaning, for its associations are more profound.

(Though not dwelling specifically on the future of poetry it was evident that Mr. Hayes feels that not only has rationalism failed to kill poetry, but that even Matthew Arnold's prophecy of "its future" will be surpassed. It deals with eternal realities. But poets must "see things whole" & have profound faith in God.)

from Emerson's INSPIRATION.

Conversation, which, when it is best, is a series of intoxications. Not Aristotle, not Kant or Hegel, but conversation, is the right metaphysical professor. This is the true school of philosophy, - this the college where you learn what thoughts are, what powers lurk in those fugitive gleams, and what becomes of them; how they make history. A wise man goes to the game to play upon others, and to be played upon, and at least as curious to know what can be drawn from himself as what can be drawn from them. For, in a discourse with a friend, our thought, hitherto wrapped in our consciousness, detaches itself, and allows itself to be seen as a thought, in a manner as new and entertaining to us as to our companions. For provocation of thought, we use ourselves and use each other. Some perception - I think the best - are granted to the single soul; they come from the depth, and are the permanent and controlling ones. Others it takes two to find. We must be warmed by the fire of sympathy to be brought into the right conditions and angles of vision. Conversation; for the intellectual activity is contagious. We are emulous. If the tone of the companion is higher than ours, we delight in rising to it. 'Tis a historic observation that a writer must fond an audience up to his thought, or he will no longer care to impart it, but will sink to their level, or be silent. Homer said, "When two come together, one apprehends before the other"; but it is because one thought well that the other thinks better: and two men of good mind will excite each other's activity, each attempting still to cap the other's thought. In enlarged conversation we have suggestions that require new ways of living, new books, new men, new arts and sciences. By sympathy, each opens to the eloquence, and begins to see with the eyes of his mind. We were all lonely, thoughtless; and now a principle appears to all: we see new relations, many truths; every mind seizes them as they pass; each catches by the mane one of these strong coursers like horses of the prairie, and rides up and down in the world of intellect. We live day by day under the illusion that it is the fact or event that imports, whilst really it is not that which signifies, but the use we put it to, or what we think of it. We esteem

nations important,until we discover that a few individuals much more concern us; then,later,that it is not at last a few individuals,or any sacred heroes, but the ɬwoliness,the outpouring,the large equality to trught,of a single mind, - as if in the narrow walls of a human heart the whole realm of truth, the whole worl of morals,the tribunal by which the universe is judged,found room to exist.

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Words used in a new sense,and figuratively,dart a delightful lustre; and <u>every</u> word admits a new use and hints ulterior meanings.

The Way of All Flesh by Samuel Butler.

In narrating the story of Ernest Pontifex, after first describing his father, grandfather and great-grandfather before him, the book is virtually a study of heredity and character, with some quite delightful side-musings and speculations of the author thrown in gratis. The great grandfather, John Pontifex, was a nice docile old gentleman under his wife's thumb and temper. He drew and carpentered and at one time made an organ which sat forever after in the best parlor in state. Rather late in life a son George was born who "got the greater part of his nature from this obstinate old lady, his mother". He was precocious and finally went to London when still a boy, where he prospered and progressed and became a business success and a bragging nouveau riche. His diary of his trip abroad is deliciously pedantic. He apparently ignored his children except to discipline them, and their mother died at the birth of the youngest child, Alethea. Of the five children all turned out disagreeable people but this Alethea , and she was highly unconventional and original. There was a platonic affection between her and Mr. Overton - the supposed narrator of the tale. As a boy he played with John Pontifex's grandchildren, and while utterly different from Theobold, whose age he was, later became, nevertheless, the godfather of his son Ernest. Theobold was ruled by his father George completely and none too kindly, was put through the university and made to take his orders. He demurred at first, but was silenced. Like his grandfather before him, he was wooed and won by his wife - who was one of a large number of minister's daughters whose mother's aim and theirs was for them to marry - it did not seem to matter who, so long as he could support them. Again Theobold ineffectually demurred, but Christina won the day and he was trapped - and caged for life. They are both represented as hypocritical churchmen who make a pretense of living solely for the spirit. But the treatment they in their turn gave their children , took no account of their own childhood and youth, and gave the lie to their religion.

Ernest, the oldest child, was coerced and sat upon and bullied and was finally sent to a typical public

school of those days of 1867. The head master, Dr. Skinner, was tyrannous, and Ernest, being delicate physically, and brow-beaten, felt ashamed among the best of them, became at times morbidly analytical, took little interest in sports and studies and had a miserable time of it altogether except when he could steal off and listen to the church organ. After George's death, Alethea, free for once, decided to live her own life, and seeing possibilities in Ernest, wanted to aid him to escape the suffocation of his home life and upbringing. She even moved to Roughborough, and to encourage his physical growth, interested him in building an organ as did his great grandfather. Alethea died as things were beginning to ge well with him, and she left her money to Mr. Overton in trust for Ernest until he became 28. George had left him 5000£ on his death - much to the disgruntlement of Theobold and Christina - but this new bequest, outside the family as it was believed, aroused still more the indignation of his parents. By all rights and decencies the money should have gone in part to them - not to Mr. Overton. Ernest went in due time to Cambridge, where he really knew a little happiness - until he began to study for his orders and came under the influence of the zealous Mr. Hawkes. His father forced him into the ministry as he had been forced, and Ernest having no stamina to resist, was ordained. He lived in a poor part of London, fell in with an associate minister who fleeced him of his money, after enthusing him over the visionary prospects of founding a College of Spiritual Pathology. Ernest was putty in his hands at first, but finally bristled and resisted, and in attempting to do more than dabble, determined to go among the people more - with the result that he found himself in jail for assault. Townley, a school hero of his - an all-round man who "lives by faith" and didn't get morbid asking "why", helped him all he could to ease the shock of imprisonment. After Ernest recovered from the serious illness in prison, he learned the tailor trade, with an eagerness to break away not only from the ministry - (of course he had to do that in his frame of mind) - but also from the social life in which his 5000£ placed him. Now penniless, he wanted to start off again, this time on solid ground. On leaving prison he broke

completely with his parents,and after failing to land a job,married Ellen, who,when a boy he helped when in disgrave she had been sent none too kindly from his father's house,where she had worked. She had led a vagabond, immoral life meanwhile,but when sober,made him a good home and helped him to start and prosper a good second hand business. The novelty soon wore off,she realized their difference socially,and again took to drink. When finally the truth penetrated Ernest's consciousness,he was again sunk in despair,as he had been over the prison episode - whose value,nevertheless,to himself he plainly recognized. Again a mirable happened,and he was freed from Ellen by learning of her previous marriage to another. She left the country - this time with a butcher,- and Ernest boarded his boy and girl with seafaring folk,as he wanted them to have a chance to grow up untainted by his hereditary influences or environment. They became honest well-to-do people,aided by Ernest's money. After finding himself no longer married,Ernest went abroad with Mr.Overton,nominally in his employ, and regained his health,which had been nervously impaired from all that he had been through; and at 28 he came into his inheritance,- now a neat sum of 70,000£ The attitude of his parents,his sister Charlotte,whom he always despised, and of Joey,another hypocrite of the Church of England like his father,was insufferable,and whereas he was held in disgrace at Battersby,now that he was again rich, they fauned upon him.

He devoted himself to writing on "serious subjects", and won neither instant nor ever great success,as he was far too radical to be popular,and felt it his mission to expose ugly truths to view. His tendency to probe never left him,and an "infernal demon of honesty haunted him which made him say to himself 'These men knows a great deal, but they do not know all,- if they did they would cut me - and therfore I have no right to their acquaintance.' He would not have people's acquaintance under false pretenses,so he gave up even hankering after rehabilitation and fell back upon his old tastes for music and letters." He was free at last and his Aunt Alethea could she have lived,might not have been altogether disappointed in him.

The book rather peters out toward the end,due,perhaps,

to its being finished at a later date. The most remarkable thing about it was that it should have been written in 1867. It sounds as up to date as 1917 in its allusions to the ancient past and its remoteness from "these times". No doubt Samuel Butler was somewhat in advance of his age, but over and above that it goes to show that the world always has lived in the present and always will - that every age has its "good old days" and its progressives and stand-patters. Its satire of the Pontifex family is rare .

Green Mansions W.H.Hudson. 12/5/17.

Mr.Abel (for short) tells the tale of his unknown past,and after his death his friend makes it known. This is the tale.

He was a native of Venezuela and when a young man fled the country,as the uprising of his party against the government,was unsuccessful. He wandered among the Indian tribes and the sparsely habited regions of Guayana,overcome by fever and amid many adversities, and hardships. He came to dwell among the people of Runi,and,understanding their language and psychology, made himself welcome among them for a time. But soon he discovered a wood nearbye,shunned through superstitious fear by the Indians. This wood was his "green mansions". It was told,however,that the daughter of Didi dwelt there,and were one to blow an arrow at her,she would catch it in her hand and fling it back to the sender,killing him.

Abel came to know her,first when she was only an elusive,birdlike voice; then when he came upon her in a thicket. He would steal away from the Indians to talk with her,and one day she rescued him in his terrified fall from a cliff and took him to the hut in which she and her "grandfather" Nuflo,lived. Here she seemed to have lost the mystical wildness and enchantment which was hers when she roamed her forest and communed with its creatures. Rima gained more and more confidence in Abel,and learned from him the name of her birthplace - Riolama - from which she herself was named. She became possesed to visit this spot to seek out her own people - those who would understand her. There it was where her mother died - her mother whose spirit she worshipped and adored. Nuflo,while fond of Rima and good to her,was a deceitful old thing,and had never told her much of her young life. But he was religious and superstitious,and she at lenth prevailed upon him to make the journey to Riolama. Of course Abel should go with them. She now no longer concealed her passion for him.

Elusive on the journey as ever,she left the two men to themselves,and it was then that Nuflo told of her mother. He had been a wanderer and looter

and once in the mountains he had come unexpectedly upon the beautiful mother of Rima. In her flight from his band of robbers, she had fallen down a ravine and seriously injured her foot. He took her to the village where she was cared for and gave birth to Rima. While she lived, Rima played about her and absorbed her nature, and when she died, he took the child to the wood where she could live as her mother did before her. Now at length that she had come this long distance to seek out her people, she had found they were not. She insisted upon returning home ahead of the others, so as to make ready for them. But the tribe of Runi had bided their time, and infuriated against Abel for stirring up Managa, their enemy against them - as they thought - they banded together to slay Rima. Fearing to shoot an arrow at her, they chased her until she sought refuge in the top of a huge tree, then they built a roaring fire at its base, and exultantly watched her leap into its flames. All this Abel learned later - after he had returned and found the hut burnt to the ground, and no trace of Rima. To get his revenge, he this time did join Managa, and urged him on to kill Runi and all his tribe. In the meanwhile, Nuflo died, and Abel on his return, built a hut on the spot where Rima's room had been. He subsisted on wilderness fare, and lived from day to day he knew not how - wasted and spent and half insane with grief and anguish. After an indefinite lapse of time, he realized he could not continue in this fashion, and made his way to British Guiana. There he found money had unexpectedly been bequeathed to him, and he lived to a respected old age.

The plot of the story is simple: the political trouble causing Abel to seek safety in unknown parts; his meeting with and passion for Rima, which was reciprocated; her tragic death and his revenge and consequent brooding; and finally his return to civilization , but never without the memory of Rima.

It is the descriptions which are the marvel of the book and which elaborate the plot. Like others of Hudson's, they show an intimate and sympathetic knowledge and love of nature, and have besides a mystic and spiritual element. Some of his descriptions are exquisite - especially those in which he uses the humming bird for simile. The characters are few. Cla-cla, the old Indian mother is individualized even

though the rest of the tribe are depicted more or less in toto. The old man is drawn with few strokes, but vividly, while of course Rima is the centre of interest with her wild, woodsy ways and nature, which are appealing and convincing even though her uniqe physical charms are impossible for some of us to visualise.

December 1917

The Salt of the Earth

by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick -

A good story to read aloud. The plot centres around Brenda Mueller, English-born, whose German-born parents became Anglicised. Her cousin, Lothar Erdmann, a typical and brutal Prussian Junker, visited her family while spying out the land before the war, and although she disliked him at first, she was weak enough to consent to marrying him when Andrew Lovel, whom she really loved, went to New Zealand on his uncle's business and because he was too poor to offer himself to her. When she married Lothar, she became his chattel, slave and bully. His family treated her in the most rude, insolent and high handed manner imaginable, and Lothar's temporary passion for her soon transferred itself to another married woman whom he openly courted. One could not sorrow over the loss of Brenda's baby, for had he lived he was destined to become as Prussianized as the Erdmann family could make him. Then the war broke out - the war which the Germans had anticipated and hastened. Brenda was first sent to Mrs. Erdmann's; then to Belgium where Lothar's mistress was. The horrors that the Belgian populace underwent at the hands of the conquering

germans — Lothar among them — completely ~~seckened~~ Brenda. Lothar, to get rid of her, finally took her to England and left her at the station to shift for herself — while he, unknown to her, became a spy there. She returned to her parents, refused to shake the dust of germany and the Erdmann family from her feet. But she was not disloyal to them in speech, however strong her feelings. Andrew's uncle was killed in the war and he himself lost an arm. So when Lothar was finally found and shot — as a spy, the reader can instant much difficulty predict another, and this time happier wedding at no very distant date.

This is the skeleton of the plot. The characters are well drawn and Brenda's life in Germany is particularly well described. Of peculiar interest, too, is the delineation of national traits and characteristics and the natural and inevitable reaction against everything German experienced by Brenda and her family. But one wonders throughout the book, why Brenda was such a fool as to love many Lothar. Of course, had she not, there would have been no "story". One also wonders why her other brother, Wendy, was ever introduced. Except for getting killed in war, he seemed a mere paper-character.

"Greenmantle" December 1917

by John Buchan.

This is a "thriller" — a clever novel thriller, that beats even Henty in its hair breadth escapes and escapades, and vies with Sherlock Holmes for invention. Richard Hannay, a major in the British Army, is asked by Sir Walter Bullivant to nose out the mystery which keeps the Turks under the Germans' thumb. Sir Walter's son was sent on the same mission, but died before accomplishing it — leaving only three mysterious words as a clue to his findings. Hannay selects as aids a dyspeptic, good natured, but shrewd American — comptetly fat and prosperous — named John S. Blenkiron; and a cosmopolitan fellow soldier called "Sandy." The three set out by different routes agreeing to meet in Constantinople in two months. They pick up other accomplices on the way, and after ups and luck adventures, do somehow miraculously manage to reach their trysting place on the appointed day — though shadowed and under order of arrest. They learned that the prophet Greenmantle was dying of cancer, and that Hilda von Einem, a she-devil, had tremendous power and influence which she did not scruple to exert.

after Greenmantle's death, Sandy, with whom Hilda has fallen in love, becomes the new prophet for a time. But Hannay has stolen three maps and important notes from his old German enemy, General Stumm – he of the large frame and Prussian neck – and has sent them to Russia, across the firing line, by his accomplice Peter – the Boer hunter and backveld man. This bit of news enabled the Russians to find the weak spot in the German-Turkish defence, which they penetrated, and while the English part were defending themselves on the hill-top, the Russians invade the place – but not before Hilda von Einem is killed by the Germans themselves in trying to shell out the English. Sandy, in the end, leads the triumphant entry of the invading Russians – riding on ahead in his green mantle.

The character sketch of Blenkiron and his game of bluff is capital, and the plot keeps me tense enough. As a thriller it is A#1. But ——— !

December 1917

Dromey by Silas A. Mitchell

The book is divided into three unequal parts — the opening pages which tell of Dromey's parentage; the rest of the first half, about his childhood; and the last about his young manhood. And it is that about his childhood which is particularly entertaining, for the sketch of the boy is lovable and humorous — fine for reading aloud. The scientific accomplishments and possibilities detailed in the third part, are so don't prophetic, gasp as we do now.

Dromey's father, Dr. Alton, studied abroad and became infatuated with the "Diva" — who sang like an angel. but was already and unhappily married. He was even wounded in a duel about her, and when the story begins, they are living in secret above the three waters of the Adriatic, out of the reach of the Breath of Scandal, while Dr. Alton recuperates. He was shot in the throat and has temporarily lost his voice, but the Diva has a peculiar gift whereby she can read his thoughts simply by looking into his eyes. Her father, a remarkable scientist, is too much absorbed in his own work to worry about her whereabouts, and the couple live on, unmolested. Dr. Alton assures her that her peculiar gift is not likely to be inherited by their expected child.

Seven years later, Dr. Alter has returned to Longfields, Mass. to take up his father's practice. He brings Cyrus, his son, home with him, and the people infer that his wife has died. Though his married life remains a mystery to them. Cyrus is depicted as a lovable and original boy, with dreamy eyes except when his imagination is stirred or his heart fired. He is devoted at once to Ruth Heywood, the minister's daughter, and tales of their doings are adequately told. During this time he and his father meet the Diva Secchi in New York after having heard her sing at the Opera. While suspecting her as his mother, his father denies it, and he questions no more. During his childhood, too, he discovers the curious gift which was his mother's — that of being able to read another's thoughts. He is not only able, at times, to read Ruth's thoughts when they are together, but even at a distance. While a boy, he shows his interest in things scientific and his imagination carries him beyond the bounds of present knowledge with a surety and conviction.

Ruth leaves suddenly when her father is called to China, and Cyrus goes to school and college. Longfields has become "dead" and Dr. Alter and Cyrus are

hard up financially. After the time Guss began to take his college work seriously. He keeped work his way through, and took also a course in physics and chemistry as a post graduate. He was working out some of his ideas and soon produced a contrivance (like two device plates!) with untold power, absorbing and utilizing the electric forces in the surrounding atmosphere. He also applied this principles to the making of a cigar shaped flying machine - all enclosed - compact and powerful, in which he sailed to the moon and picked up a huge diamond - among the many flying about there! He made enough from its sale to make him comfortable the rest of his days. His description of the condition of the moon and its ruins, is amusing, but the artist has depicted it most entertainingly - and has wisely refrained from drawing the ordinary, commonplace and less fantastic. We are kindly left to depict the characters for ourselves.

The long and the short of the story is that Dr. Allen dies, and Guss receives a "message" which routes him out of bed and sends him above the shores of the Adriatic (which he reaches in a few hours!) where

he finds Keith in a convent. He also hears a "demon voice" and recognizes it as one he has heard before. Before Francesca, the Diva dies, he finds her within the convent. There he wishes Keith to marry him, but on her refusal, he picks her up, puts her in his machine, and carries her back to Longfields. Naturally she is very feminine! In despair he determines to fly to Mars. But Keith hears of his plans, and calls out to him to return. She is, conveniently, a nurse in a hospital now (as she must earn her living) and one night Capes is brought in. He had heard the call, and in his haste to reach her, ran into an electric storm, which threw him out of the machine, which sailed off without him! His identity is soon established, and — Mr. Mitchell draws the curtain over the rest!

The first half of the book, is by all odds the last half.

December 1917

Life and Letters of Catherine Breshkovsky.

Edited by Alice Stone Blackwell

To read this was most interesting after hearing Dr. Abel lecture on the Russian Revolution (see note on his lecture in journal). It told in detail what he told in general — of the life and motives and courage of this "Grandmother of the Russian Revolution". She gave up the luxuries of the noble family into which she was born in order to live among the people of Russia, understand their needs, and educate them so that they might throw off their shackles and gain their freedom. Her husband was interested in her projects, but he did not have the convictions necessary to give up his old life for the sake of the new — so she left him, and even gave up the son born to her to be reared by her relatives. It must have been hard for her that he grew up not in sympathy with the socialist or revolutionary movement.

She began her career teaching peasants on her father's estate; then in Moscow she talked among the students, but not satisfied with that,

disguised herself as a peasant, and with false passports, walked from place to place with two others, "sowing the seeds of her gospel." She kept this up for a surprising long time, considering the vigilance of the Russian police, but was at last caught, imprisoned and sent to hard labor in the mines. Her description of the treatment of the prisoners is shocking in its frightfulness - but through it all she showed a spirit which was triumphant above her material surroundings. She was exiled to Siberia and served out her term there, doing all she could as "father confessor" to her "boys" and lightening their load as best she could. She was watched and kept under closest guard. At length she left Russia and came to the United States, where she received a tremendous welcome and spoke at each city she visited. She also met people who remained her fast friends — as Miss Blackwell, Miss Dudley, & Mrs. Barrows in particular. She might have lived on here in peace and fellowship, but she preferred to return to Russia even knowing that she would again be exiled. She was thrown into Peter and Paul Prison, and exiled to

the far north. Her American friends sent her letters of cheer, money and books, magazines and clothing. She kept little for herself, preferring to share all she had with her fellow sufferers. But finally she was persuaded to accept a few personal comforts — such as a set of Jaeger clothing, a fur coat and a hat for. She had formerly had to trudge half a mile thru the snow for a bath. Closer watch of her was kept than ever, and the police not only peered into her windows to satisfy themselves that she was there, but they roused her in the nights, and even when sick in bed attended by a physician. While her health was impaired thru her hard life and because of her age, she determined to try to escape — for she could be no worse off than she was. But her disguise was too thin, and she chose a poor time — that near her birthday, when she was sure to receive parcels which she must receipt. However, she came within two hours of making her get away — when she was taken. Characteristic of the Russian method, peasants in a certain neighborhood were required to feed

her. and their children taken as hostages until such was done. Characteristic too, the way the government would house the exiles, driving them from place to place so that they could not work, and at the same time refusing them subsistence.

It was surprising to read that many of the peasants worshipped the Czar as their father, and thought that if the misdeeds of his officers were but known to him, he would repudiate them! It was a part of their simple, religious nature.

Russia feared intervention by Babushka's friends in America, and anticipating their request, allowed Prince Breshkovsky to move to the more Southern part of Siberia — and it was there that she was told of the success of the Revolution in March 1917, was sent for, was honored and feted. Though 73 years old, she "stumped the country" — now free to teach and to preach. But she feared and prophecied what is happening now — the gaining of the upper hand by the German-anti-war element, and she did all in her power, thro' the press, to prevent it. She realized that the 170,000,000

Russians would need teaching and guiding, but the fact that it was only the young element who listened to outsiders & lay down arms. And this element, disastrously enough, was conquered in the army. They were not wise or experienced enough to realize the dangerous arguments in favor of armistice, and thought all that was necessary to achieve peace, was to stop fighting. And the biggest problem of the revolution is still to be settled in the future. Mme Breshkovsky, while not cherishing vindictive hate against the Germans, realized fully enough that the Kaiser would be ignored as bad a ruler as the Czar, and she stated frankly that war is necessary to achieve and maintain the ideals for which the revolution worked. Besides, she is horrified by the thought of Russia's conduct in the situation and says of the Allies should she "go back on them."

One cannot help wondering when Mme. B. is now that the armistice has been signed; and whether her voice will finally make itself heard in Russia, and her ideals prevail.

Karl Bitter December 1917

by Ferdinand Schevill.

A short and interesting - if somewhat popularly written biography. It gives a good idea of Bitter as a man and artist, and his works which are described are admirably illustrated.

Bitter was born in 1867 in Vienna, of Hughen parents. His mother wanted him to be a priest, but when 12 years old he announced that the Church was a sham and he'd not go again. His father rather wanted him to be a lawyer, because he seemed to have a gift for speaking. He disappointed both parents by being dead at Latin — his teacher was so ugly he hurt his eyes! — and he surprised them both by announcing that he intended to be an artist. Secretly at first, he stole off to a near by stone cutter and watched angels be unfolded from the marble, to adorn gravestones. He peered over the master's shoulder, his eyes, and offered to assist. For a time he was an "irregular apprentice." At length his father allowed him to go to the School of Fine Arts, and when a young man, he, with other art-school students served as apprentices in sculpturing the new buildings being put up in Vienna.

This early training – this looking of art and architecture – this use of art in the common service, is evident in his later work. But the time came for him to serve in the army – and because he had left the grammar School before a certain age, he was told he must serve three years instead of one. To a nature like his, this was a death sentence; so Bitter, after serving one galling year, as did his co-workers, made up his mind to quit Prussia. He had America in mind as his goal, but he went first to Germany, did some odd work – jobs there, and, aided financially by a generous friend, sailed in the steerage to New York. He landed without knowing a word of English, nor the name of a friend or reference. He bought not cheap lodging and that first night resolved to get an honest job, no matter what, learn the new language, and become a loyal citizen of his adopted country. The next day, with the help of his landlord, he listed some decorators addresses. The first place he called he was given a try, and made such good work of it that at the end of his first week,

much to his utter surprise, he found $48 in his pay envelope. This gave him immeasurable encouragement and a feeling of respect. Richard M. Hunt, a prominent architect in 1887 when Bitter landed in New York, singled him out the moment he saw his work, helped him to open a studio for himself, and generously patronized him. From the very start, and unlike so many other artists struggling for recognition, Bitter was appreciated, and when but 23 years old, won the competition for the doors of Trinity Church. He also assisted Hunt with the sculpture for the Administration Building at the Chicago fair, and in the next three Expositions, was the sculptor in charge — all his active career as a supervising capacity for the Panama Exposition. After the Buffalo Exposition he married, and built a unique house in Cockaroke on the sheer edge of the cliffs. Here the description was the picture of it seems attractive — except as to location. He visited Europe several times after his marriage, and pardoned by Franz Joseph for deserting the army, even

returned to his native town - an honored man.

His work was at first mainly decorative, and he employed a large number of assistants, so that his studio became almost a factory. But after have achieved reputation and sufficient fortune, he declined further contracts of a commercial sort, and filled only private commissions, and ones which fell in with his tastes. After working on the fountain for the Plaza in the seclusion of his Westchester home, he took his wife to the opera - to celebrate the near-completion of his work. On leaving the opera house and crossing the street for a car, he was run over and killed by a reckless automobile (in 1915.)

Bartlett was president of the National Sculpture Society for a number of years, and while not American born was intensely loyal to the United States, and portrayed its greatness with all the earnestness of his being. He was especially glad to contribute his work to public enterprises - such as the Dewey arch, and he was glad to serve on the New York

City Art Commission — for he had definite ideas on the relation of art, architecture and city planning which he endeavored to push.

Besides his work, he was devoted to the wilds and had a cabin in an unfrequented spot in the Adirondacks. He was extremely fond of horses and of riding. But, unlike many artists, he did not neglect books and reading. He was interested in philosophy and evolution, and in American History. Before undertaking to model an historic character, he would read extensively about him. He modelled Jefferson, the president, Jefferson the patriarch, and he discriminated concerning and carefully. But he enjoyed even more modelling famous men than living, for he could profit by their brilliant and entertaining conversation which they carried on while "sitting."

My Four Years in Germany. December 1917

by James W. Gerard.

Valuable as a primary source, if not as literature. It is written in haphazard, informal style, and toward the end, the material is left in disjointed paragraphic notes, often duplicating preceding text. But because so informal, it gives quite an idea of Mr. Gerard himself — of his sense of humor, of his fearlessness. He doesn't mind calling Von Bucław a "fat head", nor Jane Addams a "crank" — but he does it pleasantly and in the course of the conversation — rather than singling them out and hammering at them. Neither does he hesitate to show up the Germans — not spectacularly, but calmly and with facts to back up his statements. The narrative is not at all consistently chronological, but after all, it leaves a vivid impression of the German people — or rather of the German officials and junkers. It tells of their "efficiency" in the matter of court etiquette and ceremony — it tells of their blundering ways: it tells of their intrigue and duplicity; of their suspicions and utter rudeness and rudeness. Gerard does not tell it as if personally offended, but he feels that they offered the Ambassador

of the United States unspeakable rudeness and showed toward him the most inimical conduct. They were grossly stupid in their preaching political events and sentiment in America, and they are paying for it now. Gerard cited the Zaberen incident and others which showed the high-handedness of the military party. Until the circle system of representation in the Reichstag is done away with, things will be no better. At present, the Reichstag is divided into Junkers, Catholics and Social Democrats — but no voice there has any power — the Kaiser is omnipotent in Germany, i.e. he and the "Gentleman God" whom, Gerard says, he has manufactured, and whom he is pleased to think is his ally. After reading this book, we does not think Germany far ahead of Russia. Their governing systems have had autocracy and the mailed fist in common, but the Germans have excelled in spreading the gospel of hate. Gerard, quite naturally, has no patience with idealists and pacifists, who set up their creed in ignorance of the facts.

Interesting, too, in this book, is the description of the economic favoritism shown in Germany against America and other outside or foreign interests even before the war. They are now

whimpering that they must not be discriminated against after the war; that they must have a "place in the sun" etc. Yet before the war, they were not only doing shady things in the matter of making discriminations favorable, of course, to themselves, but they were prospering through their industrial skill — although at the expense of their poorly paid and very much exploited workmen.

The impressions and documents which Gerard brought away from Germany are each day, with our increasing knowledge, becoming more significant. He liked Bethmann Hollweg and felt that at least he repudiated the ruthless submarine warfare — but was not quite strong enough to resign in protest. On the other hand he disliked Kühlmann — thought him wily and dangerous. and now (Dec. 24) it is sad to see that he is chairman of the Russian peace committee! It bodes no good.

But in encountering all these facts incriminating to Germany, Gerard tried to see what good there was in the country and in the people, and his own generous nature no doubt revealed some latent good qualities. He

himself, of course, played a tremendous part for good in helping the stranded travellers, and in safeguarding as best he could the interests of the British prisoners in Germany, and German prisoners elsewhere; in helping establish American Red Cross Hospitals in Germany, and in sending relief units to Russia on behalf of German prisoners; and in helping feed the refugees in the occupied territory in Belgium and France. And, like all others, to had nothing but praise for Hoover. After all Gerard did to show that the Germans kindly and considerately, and to keep his temper under trying provocation, the Germans treated him abominably, even before the United States entered the war; and when that happened, they actually kept him as a hostage, until von Bernstoff should have safely left America !! Of a nature capable of tearing up treaties, of ignoring conventions and diplomatic usages (when it suited their convenience) of plotting intrigue and suspecting everyone else, they could not understand or appreciate the integrity and gentlemanliness of Gerard. Those among them who did know better, were not in power, nor in a position to make themselves heard - should they dare.

Dec. 30, 1917.

Hearts Undaunted

Eleanor Atkinson.

A story of pioneer life on the frontiers of Detroit and Chicago. Rather gruesome in its descriptions of Indian massacres, but most interesting, and founded upon historical facts.

Eleanor Lytel, daughter of a Captain in the British army stationed on the frontier, before the Revolutionary War, at Fort Pitt, was kidnapped by the great Indian chief Cornplanter, and taken to his lodge, and brought up among his people. He was devoted to her, and she in turn, saw the best and friendly side of the Indians. Attempts by her parents to get her back were futile, and her father was killed by Cornplanter when endeavoring to do so. Her mother was broken mentally and physically by the tragedy. All would call for "Princess Nell," however, until Cornplanter's old mother died - then Indians wooed her, but she was warned in time by friends sent to her rescue. "Danny" - a young lieutenant at Fort Pitt before her kidnapping - still loved her, and he went to the Indian village to try to persuade Cornplanter to give her up. In the meanwhile through Dolan Haines, John Kinzie had been sent to help her escape. On an island in the Genesee Nell & Kinzie met and fell in love. Kinzie told how he had learned the craft of silversmith, and how he traded his trinkets for furs, and had dreams

of extending his work - Complainter took Kelly herself to the Peace Conference at Niagara, and finally consented to give her up to her mother, who was sick with grief. Mrs. Lytle cherished the thought all along that Danny should marry Kelly, and the latter, rather than bring on a relapse, told John Kinzie she must give him up. Then she could always love him. So Danny & Kellie were married, and Mrs. McKillip became the garrison lady at Detroit - while John Kinzie continued his work with desperate determination. He had visions of pushing out his work along the Chicago River, recognizing that this, in the future, would be the gateway of trade to the rich Northwest. He established stores on the St Joseph and the Chicago rivers, and everywhere won the friendship and respect of the Indians, whom he always treated fairly and kindly. A number of years passed, and John met Kelly unexpectedly in Detroit. Her husband and mother had died, and her daughter Peggy was about nine years old. There was nothing to prevent their marrying now, but now the pioneer knew what frontier life was like, John refused to let her go until him to make a home on the Chicago River. For many years he left her all but a month or two in the summer, while he extended his trading business. Sometimes she got no word from him for months at a

time, but she had tremendous faith in her strength and ability, and always waited patiently. Finally after one of his visits she determined to join him secretly - so made arrangements for her household goods to go across Lake Michigan by boat and be hidden at their destination, while she went to relatives in Canada until after the birth of her son "Little John." There, with the two children and with her Indian slaves, they went across country to the Chicago River - enduring hardships and dangers on the way. Her husband was off on a long trip, so she had time to get settled before his return, and he did not try to send her home again as she feared he would do. But Fort Dearborn, under whose protection they lived, was poorly manned, and Capt. Heald blundered frightfully in his treatment of the Indians, and finally they were driven forth by a frightful Indian massacre. The Indians agreed to save the family of Shaw-nee-aw. Ree, the Sauk woman and of Princess Nelly, but they slaughtered others of the settlement hideously. When Mrs. Kinzie and her children returned to Detroit they found it in British hands, and on John Kinzie's arrival there later, he was imprisoned by the blustering general in charge, as a traitor and a spy. They feared him because the

Indians were friendly to him; so they put him in solitary confinement for months, and later sent him ~~aboard a prison ship~~ to a military prison on the Erie. It was there that he witnessed Perry's triumph over the British fleet. He was taken by the British with other important persons to Quebec to be sent to England, but he jumped overboard from the war ship which was chased by an American frigate, and made his escape to the latter boat. When he finally returned home, he and his wife decided once more to leave Detroit for the frontier — for the Chicago River region was his "air country." "The Chicago Plain was clothed in magic for me before I ever saw it. A city will rise there, and spread across that wild marsh like a spring flood. I shall never see it, but I shall have had the best of it — the vision, the adventure."

The book is dedicated

"To the memory of
'Little Ship under Full Sail'
The wife of
John Kinzie
'Father of Chicago'"

(Little Ship under Full Sail was the name Conyngham gave Kelly)

"The Caravaners" 1/4/18

by the Author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden"
(Armin".

Most amusing story of the otherwise holiday taken by a conceited, arrogant, bullying German and his wife, in England. They join friends to "caravan" during the month's holiday. There are three caravans, and the party is composed of Baron von Altringel and his wife, in one, Mr & Mrs. Menzies-Leigh in another, and Frau von Eckthenn and two young nieces in the third, while Tellaby, the Socialist M.P. and "Sidge" a clergyman with a tent, camp in a tent, which during the march is distributed among the caravans. Frau von E. is a widow and the Baron, while helping his own wife, flirts outrageously with her. Her sister, Mrs. M-L, the German, married an Englishman - so the party is rather conglomerate - and most uncongenial. The Baron's one idea is to dodge all the work he can, involved in camping, and to make others, particularly his wife, slave for him. Nothing being more resented by campers than slackers among the party, he is naturally in great disfavor, which is increased by his obnoxious disposition. Perfectly oblivious of all but his ego, he fancies himself well liked, & being a Prussian officer, is the one to give or withhold his favors. He writes the narrative in the first person, and with delicious innocence

and ignorance of how he gives himself away. Once by me, even before the first week is up, the others make excuses, which call them home at once, so the party is broken up and the Baron, even tho' he grudges having paid for the caravan in advance, takes his wife home to the confines of Storchsveiden. She had gone a holiday, tho', and even dared act as tho' her soul was her own once or twice — but no doubt "Otto" soon enslaved her again on their return home. The widow von Echthem — whom the Baron thought in love with him, but of course was far from being — married Tellaby — he from who Otto has tried to "protect" her most of that brief week. The book was written about 1909 — but the allusions to "cheering up England", and our "neighbouring enemies, the French" must there have passed more unheeded than they now could.

"My Mother and I" by E. G. Steiner. 1/4/18

The autobiography of a Jewish immigrant much after the manner of "The Promised Land." On her family's coming to this country while she was still a child, they lived in a basement kitchen in the Soho of a large middle western city. The father was a rabbi and made little money. The mother was always the child's companion and buffer between herself and her father. Of eleven children, only the four oldest lived to grow up. What became of the other three, this one who writes the book more or less ignores, much to the reader's disappointment. As a child she wrote letters for all the neighbors to their relatives across the water, she played with the children (a reprehensible thing to do according to the neighbor's standards) and she helped her mother sew aprons for sale. But chiefly important to her was her schooling, for she learned quickly and easily, and "americanized" herself from the start. When she finished the grade school her father wished her to settle down at home as an ordinary Jewish girl should do, and wait until he chose a husband for her. But she was not content, and with the help of her understanding tho' unlettered mother, she went to High School - where she took honors and

won a fellowship. The principal interested himself in persuading her parents to let her go to the University. She entered the life and spirit of it and made warm friends — but she gradually alienated herself from her home whose squalor she now looked down upon. When she graduated in 1911 she determined to go to New York (probably to the School of Civics & Philanthropy) as she could not persuade her father to move into a better neighborhood. She finally came to the end of her resources, and wrote home to her mother. The letter, hurt by her aloofness and superiority responded with alacrity, glad to learn that she was still of use to her daughter. Then the daughter fell in love with a young, well-to-do American, took him to her home so that he would "learn the worst" as it were, and married him with her mother's surprise and blessings, and a generous dowry which she had been collecting for her all through the latter years. The old brass candlesticks and "fish knives" were put in the daughter's sitting room — a "relic of the past". When her son was small, the mother came to the new house to pay a visit to her grandson. But she was awed by the white nursery,

& her grandson playing contentedly by himself, by the white Ritchen and by the courteous maid. Her heart of widened by the visit, and the mother went back, glad to return to her homelike surroundings.

The book was a disappointment in its ending. At first we felt pleased how the daughter improved herself and her family's standards by what she learned at school and from her American friends. One could picture her discovering "literature" in the shape of "Little Women" in the rag picker's garret, and could see her from that time on absorbed in reading rather than in play. One deplored the cold conservatism of the father, and did not wonder that a progressive nature like hers revolted — but her later attitude toward her mother, was not so easy to reconcile. She achieved what she set out for — Americanism and beautiful surroundings and happiness, but she gained these at much pain to her family. Perhaps she lifted them along with her as far as they would go, but when they stop, she was not content to. The old story of the stepping stones again.

The Witness for the Defence -
A.E.W. Mason. January 6. 1918.

Not an out and out detective story, yet one in which the murder of Capt. Ballantyne figures prominently. Stella is in love with Henry Threak, at the opening of the book, but as Threak is anxious to make his mark in the world, he feels himself into thinking it would not be fair to marry her, practically penniless as he was. Eight years later he is a successful "solicitor" and has successfully ended an important case in India. He learns accidently that Stella was married seven years before to Capt. Ballantyne, a high official in India, but a brute of a man. He visits Stella & her husband at their camp in Chitipur, and sees the situation for himself. He determines to write Stella to leave her husband & join him, but before he posts the letter, he gets news of Capt. B's death. As the trial develops, things look black for Stella, for while sympathy is at first with her for the life her husband led her, certain facts make her supposed murder of him unnecessarily cold blooded! Threak steps in at this point, and gives false evidence, which is plausible enough to lead to her acquittal. He sees no more of her, and she returns at once to her old village cottage in Little Beeding. She is

ostracised by all the neighbors because she has been in the "dock." The fact that she was acquitted seems not to matter. Next door to her lives the eccentric philosopher Harold Hazlewood who delights in flooding the country with pamphlets setting forth his anti-conventional theories. He champions her cause & even writes a pamphlet on "Prison Walls must cast no Shadows" — but when later his son, Capt. Dick Hazlewood falls in love with Stella, the old gentleman is considerably upset, and acts in a most ungentlemanly & inconsistent fashion. He lays a trap for the meeting of Thesk & Stella, which the two pull through in spite of him, but after this episode is over, Thesk persuades Stella to confess to Dick. She does so, & Dick surprises his father by announcing that he & Stella were married secretly in London five days before. This is the barest outline of the plot, but there are many interesting details which keep the reader guessing till the close of the book. The character sketches are all good, from the apparently love-less Thesk in spite of his protestations, to the misspeakable and cowardly Harold Hazlewood. Dick remained true to his convictions, & it is to be hoped that Stella at last achieved peace & happiness. She had provocation for her deed & she earlier & later paid the penalty.

"The Dark Tower." January 9, 1918.

by Phyllis Bottome.

Major Owen Staines is son of the swearing Admiral Sir Peter Staines & the masterful Mrs. Staines. There is a family affection amongst them all, even if they always quarrel and swear at each other. Owen has a strong determination and a domineering personality — and he makes up his mind to marry the many-mentored Estelle. He bitterly forces himself upon her — just to prove he can do it. He thinks he's in love but isn't — neither is she. She is the silly little kind, always wanting to flirt, and even marching up the aisle, believes Lionel Drummond, Owen's best friend and best man, is more to her liking! Naturally Owen's & Estelle's domestic life is not a success — tho' Owen surprises me by his patience and forbearance. She is "catty," and tries to flirt with Lionel when he visits them — but when Lionel gives her some straight talk about Owen, she is furious. She has refused to go with Owen to India — consenting instead to have a child, but Lionel hints that the English climate is bad for Owen — powerful as he appears. She ignores this, & when soon afterwards Owen learns that he has TB. and must go to Davos, Estelle is disgustingly unsympathetic and icy. She and their child Peter go to her parents, while Owen goes alone to Davos. There, the first person

he hears + sees is Claire Revere - a charming girl of nineteen who is there with her two good governess brother Maurice. Lorimer does not like her at first that he is married - and they have such a good time together skating and walking - that soon he can't like her at all, for they've fallen in love. He is careful to say nothing which gives his passion away, but finally he realizes they can't continue this way any longer. So he sends for Lionel and urges him to try to win Claire himself! - and he goes off to St. Moritz. He is so upset that he goes down the most dangerous toboggan slide - strictly against Dr. Gurnett's orders - and at the end of it meets Miss Hanley - and she proves to be an old friend of his father's who soon takes in the situation and gives him good, if partially fatile, advice. He plays "bally" (something like ice hockey) and the day of the match against Davos, feels Claire's presence there, and is moved on to win - even against a more skilled opponent. Claire had sent Lionel home, and comes to ask Lorimer his reasons for leaving her. Lorimer's message to her about his marriage never reached her, but he now explains it all. Claire plans to be in St. Moritz for two weeks, and they propose to enjoy themselves

during that time before the final parting - which of course is extremely painful. After she leaves, Lorimer returns to Dover. Dr. Gurnet scolds him roundly for throwing away his chances of recovery, tells him he has but a year or two to live, and hints that he will still be useful in the army - especially if he would study German! Lorimer returns home - His mother suspects what he has on his mind. Then Lorimer and his two sailor brothers get word to report at once - Lorimer tries to take as an affectionate farewell of Estelle as he can, but she frigidly repulses him - and he goes to the front among the first of the British who were slain in Flanders because of lack of men & equipment. He takes solace in writing to Claire and receiving letters from her. Lionel is wounded & Lorimer urges him to marry Claire - whom Lionel says he will marry or none - then Lorimer leads his Africans against the attack, and is Killed!

There is much that is interesting about the story even if one takes exception to the moral code. Still, Lorimer was to be pitied for his first blunder in marrying Estelle - and Claire was even more to be pitied later - tho' she asked more. That Lorimer should have been so severe with the flirtation between Maurice & Mrs. Bouncing - who of

the dying Mr Bowcing, - and still act as he did, is amusing, but more amusing still what he regarded as his virtuous restraint and conduct regarding Claire - conduct which he considered pure and altruistic. Still, one has sympathy with him, and admires him for his staunch friendship with Lionel - even offering him Claire and that instant jealousy! The triple relationship there was most unique. But the ethical and moral code involved is too complicated to be discussed lightly - either by condemnation pure and simple, or indifferent condoning.

"His English Wife" by Rudolph Stratz.
(Translated from the German.)

January 15, 1918

A very good book to read aloud, and most interesting coming on top of "The Salt of the Earth" and the "Caravaneers"; being written from the German point of view - tales, being written before the War. Helmut Merker, a young German lieutenant, takes his furlough in England, and is at once suspected by the English of being a spy - (This part, among others, being a most amusing German take-off of the English.) His cousin, Edith Wilding comes along and proves that the contents of his note book are harmless - and from then on, he & Edith proceed to speedily fall in love. The English Wildings are cousins of the rich von Wildings of Frankfort, while Helmut is a "poor relation" - a cousin to each branch of the family. His mother had married "beneath her" - hence the disparity. The Wilding, Edith's father, was taken to England when 17 years old by his father, who was embittered against Germany. The was a Successful ~~merchant~~ broker, and through his unceasing labors supported his family in idleness - his married son lived in a large villa - "the Bungalow", his

daughter Isaac was married to a cotton merchant, while Fred. the unmarried son, was sports man and man about town. Edith was used to the best of everything, & her mother was the western type which was incessantly on the go. Much was made of Edith's athletic proclivities - her long stride, her fondness for sports - as being typically English. - also her "obstinacy"! At the time the story opens Wilding & Co. is being harassed by German competition in saltpetre in South America - but still, the family must spend at the old rate to keep up appearances, and the father staggers under the burden alone - desperately carrying his financial load all himself. Edith & Helmut are married, & Edith returns with him to Oldenburg to his regiment. The father gives them beside the requisite deposit (before an officer can marry) of 200,000 marks, a handsome allowance - and they live in great style. Edith cannot & will not accustom herself to the German ideas of precedence & superiority which must be carried out among the officers wives. She courts the society of the "upper" & their equivalent in Germany, & gets herself invited to the house of the Privy Councellor von Lentzing in Frankfort. She engineers through a visit with Helmut to Egypt in the winter - in spite of the taunts of his relations

that she is making an Englishman of him. In Egypt, he sees interesting Englishmen — men who have independent means, and can follow their hobbies. He envies them, & begins to find his regimental life cramping & beneath him. He asks for an extension of furlough, but is refused, for his return his Captain makes things most unpleasant for him. Edith persuades him to go to Frankfurt on Sternig. He does not dare ask leave — so take a chance, is caught, and sentenced to staying in his room in solitary confinement for a week!! Edith's relatives, who were to have visited them at just that time, must be put off, & Helmut, raging with mortification and indignation at the pettiness of the whole affair, determines to quit the army. His Colonel, who has more perspicacity than the helping captains, offers to change his regiment, but Helmut refusing, the Colonel finally persuades him to take an extended leave — but not to leave the army entirely. Helmut then tells Edith he will go with her to England. She is overjoyed — and for a time all goes well. At last, however, Helmut realizes that Englishmen of the class in which he now serves are merely parasites, and desires honest work

as a crime & disgrace. He seems of doing nothing but being toted to teas and sports, and as his wife being harder pressed than ever in his business, refuses to give his daughter an allowance should she return to Germany, Helmut resolves to return alone until Edith sees fit to join him. Edith was "obstinate" about the whole affair, whimpered that he loved her no longer & he would not leave her & their baby daughter - and made Helmut's task triply hard. He found himself station in Silesia on the Russian frontier. He lived meagerly on his small salary, waiting for promotion. He wrote constantly to Edith, and without bitterness. Our Christmas eve, when he was feeling particularly lonely, and when for the first time he did not go to the station in the forlorn hope of meeting her unexpectedly, she came to his rooms. It seemed as though they were now to be reunited - that Edith at last understood the measure of the man. But she did not. Her mother had come with her, & was at the hotel. She backed Edith in not consenting to stay & often Edith found she could not persuade Helmut to return with her. She & her mother left the

torn on an earlier train than planned, & gave the slip to Helmut. He was on the verge of going to her in Berlin when she left word she would be for a day, but finally nerved himself to resist & stick it out. Edith returned to England & continued her round of gaiety for a time - but gradually sickened of it, & was on the point of returning to join him when her father said he was going to Berlin on business. He had come to the end of his rope & went to see Privy Councilor von Weldrip in the vain hope that the latter would advance money. He was sheltered in body & heiress or he would never have humbled himself so, tearfully pleaded his German origin. Von Weldrip turned him down - there was trouble between England & Germany in the Persian Gulf - & Sir Weldrip returned to London, gambled on the war situation, lost, and succumbed to a stroke. Soon was the family called out let their poverty-stricken condition appear - the "in-laws" provided for them, & offered to provide for Edith, but she refused, & said at last she understood her place was with Helmut. Helmut could not support his family on a lieutenant's pay, so resigned and took a job as clerk in Liverpool - a position gotten him by a man who had lost heavily when Sir Weldrip failed. Helmut & Edith lived in the most modest sort of a way, which shamed their relations, but not themselves.

Wolfgang von Wedding, the son of the Privy Councilor, chanced upon them, saw the situation, admired their pluck & recommended them to his father. After the death of Helmuth's mother in the Odenwald - to whose funeral Helmuth & Edith hurried, old von Wedding made Helmuth the offer of giving him an allowance so that he might remain in Germany & serve in the army. This eased his conscience for not helping Herr Wedding, & at the same time saved Helmuth & Edith from the necessity of going to America - where they feared they might have to take a chance as Helmuth's job hinged upon the health of his benefactor. So the two went to Germany, were united there once before, & pleased to be good German subjects at last!

The relations on both sides of the house are interestingly drawn - and there is a great deal to the book in plot and drawing. It aims to show up the upper English Class, & it doesn't paint the German officer so black as the two English books quoted. The real love and strength of attachment between Helmuth & Edith comes as a pleasant surprise.

"Twice & The Woman" by Richard Pryce.
"A story of the early nineties"

January 16. 1918.

A nice, neat, complete story, with a disagreeable type of woman as the woman, and a self contained, beautiful daughter as the heroine. Mrs. Ruthven is 37 and separated from her husband, leaving him in India. She is the kind that looks young and wants to keep young; the kind, too, who wants to keep young near dancing to her convenience and succumbed to her love. She schemes, is utterly unscrupulous, and treats her daughter abominably — tearing her to the point of tears in private, and managing to throw her into the shadow in public — with the excuse that she is "young" & not yet "out." Araby, short for Arabella, was brought up by two maiden aunts, of her fathers, in Ecosse. She was brought up strictly and kindly — and got used to simple ways and to the joys of the country. The vicar's son thought he loved her, but he and his sister, were about the only playfellows she had in Ecosse. Then when she was 18 or 19, her mother took her to London. She saw the pains of all the social whirl — for her mother being jealous, saw that she did not enjoy herself too much. Mrs. Ruthven immediately annexed, as she thought, young Gerald Venturon, while Hartford, a

friend of his, because mostly over Mrs. Rutherev, as he had over other loves of his. Mrs. Rutherev would have parties from which she would exclude Araby, and invite Miss Norfolk instead, to make a fourth: Miss Norfolk was one of six daughters - in hardest circumstances, all of whom were on the lookout for good "matches" - all but Anne, the youngest, who was studying art and who fell in love with a poor barrister high - who really loved her oldest sister "Harry" - Mrs Rutherev's "Miss Norfolk." Best Harry was aiming for Hertford. Though all this complication, Araby in her innocence and docility were quite aloof. She did not remonstrate that she was ignored at dinners, nor allowed to join the theatre parties. Then one day, when her mother had sent her childishly to her room, Gerald met her on the landing of the stairs, and his eyes were opened. He saw how beautiful she was. That was the night that he left Mrs. Rutherev's theatre party to see that Araby & her maid, Olympe, got a cab after the concert which they attended. Araby was stirred, and when next day Gerald & his nice sister Grace, got up a skating party, Araby was in the seventh heaven - for she skated like a bird, & Gerald was charmed with her - and her mother jealous. She tried to be respectful and dutiful

to Mrs. Luttrell - but it was not easy when her mother treated her so coldly & unkind. That morning Mrs. L. discovered that Gerald had put her into a cab the night before, & anxious to counteract any impression Araby might get of Gerald's attention, lied when she said she had sent Gerald to do it. Mrs. L. knew she had made a bad job of it once he [illegible] was out; & she spent half the night walking the streets of London to ease her mind by devising plans. Her plan was that Araby should start at once for a visit to Scotland. Then Araby would have been rejoyced with this piece of news before she knew Gerald - but as it was she did not wish to go. Her protests, if she had made any could have been useless - So off she went, and Gerald, on calling, found her gone. He did not stay long, much to Mrs. Luttrell's disgust, but on leaving the drawing room found Olympe removing the breakage of a silver picture frame which contained Araby's picture. He offered to get it mended for her, and objecting to her removing the photograph, gave Olympe a hint as to his feelings. The more he studied the picture, the more in love he became with Araby and her golden hair. He "worked backwards" - loving her first, and learning to know her afterwards.

with Arab out of town, he resolved to quit London himself. For one of his housepartie learned through miss Norfolk the sequel to what Olympe told in her letter of thanks for the piano — that Hartford and Mrs. Ruthven were at Scarum, and that Lewis Hartford was engaged to Arab. It spoiled him for the rest of the party, and the hostess's daughters were disgusted with him, for he danced only with Miss Norfolk — so that she might tell him what she knew. The vicar's daughter was a school friend of hers, & she agreed to visit her, stay out the week, and write at once to Gerald. So Gerald went to his family's country place awaiting word. He was so glum and taciturn that Grace knew something was the matter — but she did not agree with her mother that the matter was Mrs. Ruthven. Mrs. Ventnor had a dislike of women for fear of any one of them entangling her beloved Gerald. Finally Gerald heard from Miss Norfolk telling him to go at once to Scarum. Of course Mrs. Ruthven had engineered Arab's engagement to Hartford, & Arab, being led by her mother to believe that Gerald was playing with her, accepted the situation herself — feeling that perhaps she would "get along" with Hartford since he was so Reid &

Speechless. She had several periods of revolt - once by herself & once with Hartford - where she showed something of herself - child that she was, but it rather relieved her to have come to a decision about the matter, and after giving her word she felt bound. Mrs. Leathcote, while awaiting the formality of Mr. Leathcote's consent, had planned to have the marriage take place at once so there should be no slip. But Miss Nafolk and Olympe were just in time to circumvent all that - and Hartford seemed willing to absolve Araby - for he never really loved her. The book doesn't say so, but we imagine that Gerald could and did carry on his plans of travelling with Araby - & educating her in some of the ways of the world.

Gerald gave on the impression of being a nice young man - but, as the author of "His English Wife" would say, like all English gentlemen - he lived a parasitic existence in all complacency. Araby would be happy with him & away from her mother would have a chance to develop her potential character & beliefs - for she had a good deal of both - lashed into subjection by her mother.

She was so used to playing second fiddle, that she didn't have spunk enough to play first when she had a chance - As to Miss Norfolk: fate at first seemed against her because the poor barrister Leigh, who really loved her & whom she loved - except for his poverty, after all came into an inheritance, and Anne, not realizing the attraction, gave Leigh up to her. Hartford probably moved his hunting grounds elsewhere and may eventually have married a shrew - but we hope better things for Anne.

"Princess Priscilla's Fortnight" Jan. 22, 1918.

by Anonn. (Author of Elizabeth & Her German Garden)

A very amusing book - not so long drawn out as the Caravaners. one of such ponderous German humour (?). Princess Priscilla, who has been brought up in super seclusion, proves under the vigilance of the odious "Dietbal", her lady-in-waiting, is inspired by Fritzing, Keeper of the Grand Duke's library and her tutor, to care more for her soul and less for her body. "Fritzi" is a German intellectual with head in the clouds and nose in his books. Priscilla, however, comes to learn for freedom, for the "simple life." So she resolves that she & Fritzi shall run away to England - Her resolve is hastened when the Prince comes along who wants to marry her. Her father has rejected other suitors of hers since they were not well-to-do, - but now comes one who is penniless in every way - and Priscilla runs away from him. She did not mind he had said "Bosh" to her father, & she might have liked him better. So Fritzi and Priscilla leave Kreutz by bicycle, down the bicycles in a near by pond, and continue by train and boat. Arrived at Dover, Fritzi is sure the papers are full of their runaway, and everybody out to catch them. But in his eagerness for the newspapers, he stirs up the suspicion of a detective - who follows them in a way on their travels, then, deciding they are harmless fools,

leaves them. All that they do is so high handed and regal – so conspicuous in spite of their disguise, that it is a wonder they are not immediately spotted. They go to Synford where Lady Shuttleworth of Synford Hall, rules. She owns all the cottages in the village, but Priscilla's sees one near the church which she is determined to have, and finally by turning things upside down, and with the help of Lady Sis son, Sir Augustus, they turn the occupants out, & themselves were in. Sir Augustus, just coming of age, is a pretty, pampered young man who is super-sensitive & refined, & is immediately infatuated with the beautiful Ethel-Maria-Theresa Hennessey Schultz – the Princess. Robin, the strapping, easy going son of the vicar is also in love with her – & thinks he is, until she boxes him on the ears. The vicar's wife – the shrewish kind who thinks to whip all her husbands' parish into good behavior with her tongue (while he, influences them alone by his example) dislikes Priscilla from the start, and is outraged by her when she gives a party for the children on Sunday afternoon, and when she visits the poor of the parish, leaving money in her wake (and after the true lady-beautiful-feels a glow of righteousness within). Mrs. Morrison is shocked by all this. Priscilla thinks, for a time, that she has found her true vocation – leading the simple life & comforting the poor & the sick. But she reckoned without Annalise – the maid whom she & Fletzing brought with them – whom they bribed to keep silent – but who, seeing her power over them, utilized it to the

fuel. She practically blackmailed Fritzi — deliberately led him up to an exhorbitant sum — which Fritzi could ill spare, having spent so much for the buying & furnishing of the cottage and on the children's entertainments & the pony. He did not know how like water the Princess considered money. Then when Sir Augustus was very ill for flagging for Priscilla, when old Mrs. Jones had been murdered in the night for the money which Priscilla had given her, when her latest maid Emma (first of the 25 who had volunteered to come in succession!) had eloped with her lover plus Fritzi's last 5 £s (whose change she did not return), when Mrs. Morrison and Lady Shuttleworth were ratting at nuts with her, and Fritzi did not know where to turn to meet their bills & the Princess decided the simple life was not all she had expected it would be; when all this came to pass within a fortnight, and Priscilla was ready to give up & flee, then, on Tuesday morning when Mrs. Morrison was resting her feelings upon the organ, the Prince appeared, and offered, not himself, but assistance, knowing that all he wanted was to see the Princess happy. It was he who had kept the Grand Duke from raising hue & cry over the Princess's disappearance & had advised him to give out that she was confined to her room by illness. It was he who had traced the lies, easily, to Sapsford, and who once in Sapsford had learned much about them — for was not every tongue wagging about the murder & the scandal? Priscilla

had to admit to the Prince that she wasn't happy, and before long, they went into Fitzi's part of the house, rather fearfully, to see them they were going to marry each other. Before this, he had told Priscilla she would lose her soul if she did — now, utterly unable to cope with the realities of life, he exclaimed "Let sie back." So the Prince & Princess were married, & presumably "lived happy ever after" — tho' the cares of children may have crowded out the concern for her soul about which she was so solicitous. And of course Synford was awestruck when they knew they had been entertaining a princess unawares — tho' several of them suspected it all along!

Probably Fitzi is best portrayed of any of the characters — his ponderousness, his bombast on such inopportune moments, his slowness of wit. But Amelia too, is admirably done — her weeping at first, then her independence, her nose in the air, her stinging impertinences — and, at last, her down fall. Mrs. Morrison is equally well pictured, & poor Sir Augustus. Aside from the narrative itself, the author puts in many comments and reflections, some of which are capital — just observing things carefully noted and lucidly expressed.

"Fräulein Schmidt & Mr. Anstruther"

-by Annie-

January 28, 1915.

These are letters from Fräulein Schmidt to Mr. Anstruther beginning immediately after their engagement, when Mr. A. has returned to England. He has boarded with the Schmidts in Trier for a year while he studied German, in preparation for entering the Diplomatic service. Rose-Marie's mother died when she was 16, and now, two years later, her father has married again - and his step mother is an ordinary hausfrau, whom Rose Marie pokes a good deal of kindly fun at behind her back. Her own mother was English - which accounts for Rose Marie's aptitude for that language, and her mother evidently passed on other and desirable traits to her daughter. The father is a learned old easy going, whimsy professor, who makes next to nothing and has never yet been successful in publishing his books on Goethe. The step mother has a small income of her own, and by taking to board an English student and skimping along with the help of Hanna, the maid-of-all-work, they manage to keep their 3rd floor flat going.

Just as Mr. Anstruther was leaving, he evidently proposed to Rose Maria - who had loved him all along - and she writes the most jubilant, happy letters to him about her state of mind - until one saddens realizes that he seems not so ardent about writing, nor in going out of his way to Sardan to get his mail, while writing some Americans just out of the city. Rose Marie

tells him from the start how poor she is, and warns him that his father will be pleased when the engagement leaves Rosa to him & that perhaps he had better reconsider. But in her heart she had, at first, no doubt. And they were waiting to announce their engagement until he had taken his examinations, as their result would be of vital importance to their plans. Then a letter comes from Mrs. Austruther that it seems best to break the engagement — his father does not approve of it. But Rose Marie knows the real reason. He has fallen in love with Miss Cheriton, the American, to whom he liked to talk about Fräulein Schmidt. This occurred about December, and Rose Marie, who had been on the ragged edge, broke down and had a "fit of nerves" — which, her step mother complained, was very expensive. The letters of course come to a halt, but in March, Mrs. Austruther sends Fräulein Schmidt a book for her birthday. She answers very politely, and very frigidly. He is engaged to Miss Ch Rose Marie says a few plain things to him in a courteous yet not-to-mince-matters way, but Mrs. Austruther keeps up the correspondence, and she replies pretty regularly each week. The frigidity wears off; and they correspond quite at length, scrupulously avoiding every thing sentimental. Rose Marie tells incidents of her simple life in such a way as to be most entertaining, and she also puts her

reflections + moralizings into words for Lies benefit, and scribe him a good deal as an "Elder sister" might. Her step mother has died, and with that income gone, the Schmidts moved to a small white house on the outskirts of the town, and above it on a very steep hillside. They have gotten rid of Mr. Austruther's successor, the student (?) Collins, son of a wealthy ironmaster in England. Collins was a paying proposition, but he lacked culture. Fräulein Schmidt writes jubilantly of her new life, her joy and satisfaction in it, and the more she "raves" the more disconcerted Mr. Austruther becomes to think she can be so happy. By this time he has tired of his Cheriton, and she, noting the cooling of his affections, breaks off her engagement. The correspondence continues as before — Rosemarie telling of her neighbors, of her father's failure to get his latest book published. When their finances are low, they take Collins back. But to Boards at the house below where Vicki lives. Vicki's father is a retired army officer and her mother a social climber — only she's still among the lower ranks. Vicki was engaged to a man who broke their engagement — are ashamed of things to do in Germany — and her mother felt Vicki's hopes of marriage were blighted for life. But she + Collins feel certainly enough in love with each other, and Collins being certainly wealthy, made a most suitable husband for her — in the eyes of her mother. Mr. Austruther want to Berlin in the Diplomatic service, and

tried to drop in on Rose Marie at Nice — though the latter had told him she could not see him. She busied herself translating her father's unsuccessful book into English, and by surreptitious adding and subtracting, changed it enough to make it acceptable to an English publisher. Her father, unsuspecting of this, complimented the Nice witlessness of the English as against the German publisher! And now Mr. Anstruther can contain himself no longer. Warned to keep off the sentimental grass by Fräulein Schmidt, he gets takes the fatal step — and she tells him again & again plainly and with almost brutal frankness, that she does not love him and will never marry him. She cannot trust him. As a friend she likes him, but as he persists, she finally writes that she will write no more. And so ends the book.

As a story it is simple. One feels she will marry him in the end. So would most authors have ended the tale. But on the whole, it is a pleasant disappointment that she stands by her guns & returns home unwed. She has chosen the more "placid" life of the spinster, but she will never be the kind that grows old & stale. She has too much vivacity and alertness for that, too much healthy psychology and pleasant philosophy. In fact that is what makes the book so charming — that and her making the trivialities of life sparkle with interest. She slips the commonest observances in language which might become a genuflection. There, too, she is so delightfully "frank & honest" (almost always) and she reminds me a great deal of H.J. in her point of view toward life.

"The Succession" by Richard Price.

February 2. 1918.

Lord Alton de Merringham, an unattractive described fair-eyed little man, has no heir - He has been married three times - his two first wives being "well born" while the present Lady Alton comes of a vulgar stock - the Meadows of Liverpool - and rumour hints that she was at one time connected with a second rate theatre company - Having had nothing before, she now overdoes her part, makes incongruous and uneducated slips, which she is quick to notice & correct the next time. Lord Alton's brothers are dead, but Edmund, a school boy & his nephew, will in all likelihood succeed to the inheritance. Edmund's mother, Mrs. Susan Alton, is a shrewd woman who has had to scrimp along to keep up the appearances of respectability & give Edmund a good education - but she made her one big faux pas when in a letter to Lord Alton - she suggested that he & Edmund should learn each other better. Lord Alton read their between the lines, was overcome with an apoplectic stroke, slashed the picture of Edmund's father out of its frame & smashed the decanters on the sideboard. Three after that, he was sometimes convalescing. As this wife never seemed very congenial, but Lord Alton conveyed his new purpose in life to her, & something of a real affection seemed to grow up between the two. They went abroad in the summer, & on their return, Lady Alton, expecting confinement, was humored & cared. Her cranky temper had vanished & she even became

reconciled to Balderton — the old & trusted housekeeper who had become like one of the family. Susan Allen, never getting any response to her letter, & hearing all sorts of rumors thro' her shrewish friends the Wrayburys, near neighbors to Merringham, got herself invited to lunch with the Allens. Lord Allen played his game cleverly, if cruelly, & agreed to give her a thousand pounds to send Edmund to Oxford. Mrs. Allen thought this meant reconciliation — for he did not tell her of the expected child. The excitement of this meeting proved, however, too much for him. He had another seizure & soon died, & later Gundred was born. Then Lady Allen was feverish & upset again & very restless. She tried to solace herself with the thought "He died happy." Something was evidently on her mind. Gundred was made much of. & neighbors who had held aloof before, came to see her, & gradually she entered more & more into society. Susan Allen took her defeat as best she could, while Edmund, went like a man to Oxford. A chance meeting with him & Gundred's childish fancy for him, caused Lady Allen to invite him to Merringham. There the friendship between Gundred & Edmund grew. For in him she had a sympathetic playfellow — despite their difference in age. Edmund remarked a curious resemblance between Gundred & his mother's brother Roddy Carmelin — the ne'er do-well and rover. It was nothing — they were not even related except by marriage. But after Edmund's visit

Balderton, too, with the same reserve, & was rather cool toward Lady Alton - Respectful of course, but cool. Lady Alton had become well acquainted, among others, with the clergy, & took pains to let her benevolence toward her tenants become known. But one day in church, the minister refused communion to Matty Hewlett, child of one of these tenants, because she had gotten into "trouble." Lady Alton was so much upset by the affair that she was ill for some time. Much to the rector's surprise she argued for the girl & seemed most anxious to know how the girl could be taken back into the church - would it do if she married the man? - or had to? The rector reluctantly admitted it could. Then Lady Alton got better & travelled abroad much by herself, taking only Bowser her maid with her. Edmund Violet Hemingham paid Alton, but at the time of the Matty Hewlett episode, when Gwendred was sixteen or seventeen, he found that he must no longer visit, as Gwendred was no longer a girl, she was in love with her - she, was off in the Diplomatic service in Vienna, & she must not marry beneath her! But Balderton, who had her reasons for wanting to keep what the marriage, had kept his memory green, & Gwendred loved him. Perhaps he knew it. He refused further invitations to Hemingham - rejected even not coming to the ball, at which Gwendred would "come out." That was

the excuse which Lady Alton gave for having a ball just there. But in reality she had found the man she was in search of abroad, & he had proved to be Roddy Cavendish. She had virtually proposed to him — & been her consciences. He knew she was his sister's sister-in-law, but did not otherwise remember her. He accepted her invitation to Merringham, but once he saw Grandad, he knew — she was his child. He feigned illness, stayed in his room during the ball & left the next day. After some weeks more disturbing to his sleep than ever, he had ever experienced, he confessed the situation to Susan Alton. One of her first thoughts was that Edmund had been robbed of his birthright all these years. But she had in her hand at the moment a letter from Lady Alton, telling of Grandad's feelings toward Edmund, & suggesting that for the sake of their happiness, she was willing to let bygones be bygones! Curious manner of the humble conscience which she had successfully for so long! So Susan told Edmund the situation, & realizing all the sacrifice it meant on his part, the provocation which his enforced silence might mean, he got loved her enough to marry her — & their son in good time would once again become the legitimate Lord Alton de Merringham!

Comments are unnecessary!!

Christopher - of Richard Pryce.

Feb. 11. 1918.

Partner deals with Christopher's boyhood. His father, an English officer, died in India, & he is born on the water as his mother is returning to England. His mother's maid Drummer, becomes his devoted nurse, & he is also looked after by his grandmothers & aunts. His father was the youngest son - the other son - Stanley - is a rich & well.

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Ruth Cutler.