

with our ex-presidents, but our ex-presidential candidates seem able to take care of themselves.—Columbus Press-Post.

SOUNDS OF THE TIMES.

"Father, what is that noise I hear?"

"What is it like, my son?"

"Like the crack of fireworks going off,
Like the roar of a minute gun,
Like the crash and the dash of the ocean waves

When ships they are breaking up;
Like the thunder when the lightning strikes."

"That's the people waking up,

My son,

That's the people waking up."

"Father, what is that sound hear?"

"What is it like, my boy?"

"Like the piercing din of escaping steam,
Like the shriek of a whistling buoy,
Like the yell of an Indian getting scalped,
Like lots of crockery crashed."

"That's the ballot's hammering at strenuous work—

That's the rings that are getting smashed,

My boy,

That's the rings that are getting smashed."

"Father, what is that moan I hear?"

"What is it like, my lad?"

"Oh, it is like a shivering ghost,
So faint and weary and sad!
It is like the wail of a midnight wind,
Like the sob of a mighty loss,
Like the dying groan of a deep despair."

"That's the passing of the boss,

My lad,

That's the passing of the boss."

—Baltimore American.

Proprietor of Big Iron Works—If I understand you correctly, you wish to place an order for armor plate that no cannon shot can pierce. We are turning out that kind of thing every day—

Agent of Foreign Government—No; you misunderstand. I wish to know if you can manufacture a cannon that can pierce any armor plate?

Proprietor—Certainly, sir. We are doing that kind of thing every day, too.—Answers.

Long meter Doxology, revised by the Boston Globe for use of the Inter-Church Federation:

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
All sing, except those we don't know;
Praise Him all sects and creeds and clans
Except the Uni-tari-ans.

—Auburn (N. Y.) Citizen.

"To what do you attribute your wealth?"

"To industry, frugality and good associations," the great man replied.

And then with the air of one wishing to tell the whole truth, he added: "The secret rebate also helped some."
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

BOOKS

HERETICS.

Heretics, by Gilbert K. Chesterton. John Lane Company, New York, \$1.50.

When I was reading this book a friend came over from the house next door to inquire what was the matter. It is a book for copious laughter, and I was not ashamed. It is the heartiest, frankest book of criticism on modern ways and modern thought that has appeared. It pricks deep holes into solemn humbugism in the way that has been long needed. It supplies a long-felt want. But it is more than critical. Beneath its luxuriant ridicule lies a solid ground of genuine, positive conviction.

There are too many subjects in the book to permit the mention of them in a single review. Imagine every commonly accepted opinion about things that you have not thought very deeply about, but have gone on accepting just because "the best modern thought" seemed to point that way—and then expect to find your easy-going notions knocked in the head. Start out with this expectation, and even then you will find enough of delightful surprises to keep you from seeing, until perhaps a second reading, that the author is as finely conservative for radicals as he is finely radical for conservatives.

He shows this sometimes in a single sentence, into which he compresses enough to give us pause for an hour's good thinking. For example: "If we ever," he says, "get the English back on to the English land they will become again a religious people, if all goes well, a superstitious people." Here you have modern landlordism and modern rationalism empaled in a single setting. You may easily read the sentence over without seeing at first how much lies in it, but you are almost compelled to begin to think something about it. Some word perhaps startles the reader—"superstitious," for example. Then you begin to think, what in the world does the man mean?

There is a danger that Mr. Chesterton's readers may think at first that he is too much given to saying smart things just for the sake of appearing clever, but in reality it is not so at all. With him it may truly be said, the style is the man. At times he rises to eloquence, as in the close of the chapter on Omar and the Sacred Vine. Generally he is simply direct and crisp; frequently, what is called paradoxical. He is deeply and sincerely certain that many of us are dead wrong about many things. Therefore he frequently proclaims the diametrical opposite. Hence the seeming paradoxes.

We think, for example, that we are necessarily broadened by becoming

"globe-trotters." Not so, says Chesterton. "The globe-trotter lives in a smaller world than the peasant. He is always breathing an air of locality. London is a place, to be compared to Chicago; Chicago is a place, to be compared to Timbuctoo. . . . The man in the saloon steamer has seen all the races of men, and he is thinking of the things that divide men—diet, dress, decorum, rings in the nose as in Africa, or in the ears as in Europe, blue paint among the ancients, or red paint among modern Britons. The man in the cabbage field has seen nothing at all; but he is thinking of the things that unite men—hunger and babies, and the beauty of women, and the promise or menace of the sky."

We think to-day, without considering the end, that we are more than ever efficient, and we talk more than ever about efficiency. In every college of the land young men are told that they must be efficient. It has become a great word. "When everything about a people," says Chesterton, "is for the time growing weak and ineffective, it begins to talk about efficiency. . . . None of the strong men in the strong ages would have understood what you meant by working for efficiency. Hildebrand would have said that he was working not for efficiency, but for the Catholic church. Danton would have said that he was working not for efficiency, but for liberty, equality and fraternity."

We think to-day that we are more than ever democratic, because we have discovered "sociology" and talk more than ever about the poor. "It is a sufficient proof," says Chesterton, "that we are not in an essentially democratic state that we are always wondering what we shall do with the poor. If we were democrats, we should be wondering what the poor will do with us. With us the governing class is always saying to itself: 'What laws shall we make?' In a purely democratic state it would be always saying: 'What laws can we obey?'" In some ways, Chesterton maintains, there was more democracy in medieval times. "We are always ready," he says, "to make a saint or prophet of the educated man who goes into cottages to give a little kindly advice to the uneducated. But the medieval idea of a saint or prophet was something quite different. The medieval saint or prophet was an uneducated man who walked into grand houses to give a little kindly advice to the educated."

Such examples of Chesterton's independent way of thinking can be found on every page of the book. These passages were taken quite at random. Whether you agree with him or not, he is worth becoming acquainted with. He has a positive philosophy running through all his clever criticism and seeming airiness. This philosophy, perhaps we may say in a word, is based on

what he believes to be the fundamental principles—or maybe he would prefer to say, the fundamental feelings—of democracy and religion. I say feelings with some confidence, because Mr. Chesterton is extremely frank in scorning the notion that human life—in its history, its morals, its philosophy, its mystery—can be dealt with as a science.

Two other of his books have been reviewed in *The Public*,—"Browning" (vol. vi., p. 319), and "Varied Types" (vol. vii., p. 14). The present volume of essays is the best. It is the fullest expression that he has yet given of his creed, and of his views of modern life and thought, as tested by the uncompromising articles of this creed.

J. H. DILLARD.

AN EYE FOR AN EYE.

An Eye for an Eye. By Clarence S. Darrow, author of "Farmington," "Resist Not Evil," etc. New York: Fox, Duffield & Company. Price, \$1.00. Sold by the Public Publishing Co., Chicago.

Two hundred pages of monologue, almost unrelieved by other than reminiscent action, and darkened by an infusion of fatalism, a monologue which insinuates withal a moral at nearly every turn of the narrative, would not strike one as an interesting specimen of the story-teller's art. But Clarence S. Darrow offers just such a specimen in his "Eye for an Eye," and we venture the guess that few who read the first dozen pages of this story will close the book until they have read it through.

The story is told between the twilight of an evening and the twilight of the next morning, in the condemned cell of the Chicago jail in Dearborn street. It is the story of a wife-murderer who is to die with the dawn. His scaffold is going up while he talks, and the dread sounds of the bulldozers' work penetrate his cell and occasionally distract his thought. To buoy him up, the guards encourage him to hope for a hopeless reprieve, and deaden his sensibilities with whisky. He tells his story to a former workingman associate who had shrank from visiting the convict because he had expected to find him turned assassin, but was surprised and relieved upon going to the jail to see in him his old comrade unchanged, a man like himself. He had fallen a victim to an accumulation of human weaknesses and a train of circumstances culminating in his killing his wife, and had raised his offense from a lower grade of homicide to the highest grade, not by homicidal malice but by his efforts in a panic of fear to conceal his lesser crime.

In his story the convict narrates the circumstances of his life, dealing candidly with his weaknesses, of

which avenging society had made so much, but telling also, and without immodesty, virtuous actions prompted by love for his wife, his child, and his fellow man, but of which avenging society had refused to hear.

As the morning breaks, the convict, hopeless yet still hoping, closes his story: "Well, now I guess I've told you all about how everything happened and you understand how it was. I s'pose you think I'm bad, and I don't want to excuse myself too much, or make out I'm any saint. I know I never was, but you see how a feller gets into these things when he ain't much different from everybody else. I know I don't like crime, and I don't believe the others does. I just got into a sort of a mill and here I am right close up to that noose. . . Now, I haven't told you a single lie—and you can see how it all was, and that I wa'n't so awful bad, and that I'm sorry, and would be willin' to die if it would bring her back."

Then a new guard comes up, followed by two waiters bringing "great trays filled with steaming food" for this man whose long life of hard work had barely kept him above the starvation line; and as his friend leaves the cell, the doomed and half-stupefied convict calls out: "Hank! Hank! S'pose—you—stop at the—telegraph—office—the Western Union—and the—Postal—all of 'em—mebbe—might—be somethin'—"

The possibility of reprieve was uppermost to the last. It never came, but the dreadful climax is left to the imagination.

Although this story is intensely painful, there is no obtrusion of horror for horror's sake. It is a true story of some of the social horrors of our time, which do not spring from the nature of things, but are caused by man's inhumanity to man. There is little or no preaching, hardly any except that of the convict, and he doesn't really preach but only wonders how the distressful things that puzzle him can be. As with one of Dickens's characters so with him, "it's a' a muddle a' a muddle." But there is no need for preaching in this book; the story does its own preaching.

ETHICS OF LITERATURE.

The Ethics of Literature. By John A. Kersey. New York: Twentieth Century Press. Price, \$1.50. John A. Kersey is so cocksure a thinker and writer, that his reviews of world-famous poets and philosophers hardly admit of criticism, however humbly advanced. He knows what he knows.

Strange to say, this kind of writing is not so offensive as one might imagine. For what of it if, after all, the author may be mistaken; does he not never-

theless leave no doubt of the honesty of his convictions? If he hammers Bishop Butler and his spiritual-physical analogy to a pulp, we know he believes that they deserve it; and if he calls Tennyson's *In Memoriam* and *Idylls of the King* inflictions, we are sure that that is what they are to him. It is not easy to avoid a suspicion, however, that our strenuous author has no other standards for the poetic than what he would call common sense, even as he has no other tests for the spiritual than those of the chemical laboratory.

His idea that human motive exists with reference only to rewards and punishments, strikes us as a virtual denial of the human. If there is anything of which every man may say with reference to himself, "This is I," it is not his constantly changing physical body, nor even his constantly crystallizing habits, but his motives—his power of choosing between right courses and wrong ones. Yet the author denies to man "the power to choose between right and wrong."

With it all, however, he has made a very readable review, from a utilitarian standpoint, of some of the great literary luminaries—minds of which he says that they "have given the world some of the most superb thought, grouping the rarest gems in clusters with the veriest peter-funk." Among the productions reviewed are Butler's *Analogy*, Drummond's *Natural Law*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Pope's *Essay on Man*, Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, Tennyson's *Idylls*, *Faust*, and *Kidd's Evolution*; and in his reviews the author takes no opinion at second hand.

PHANTASTIES.

Phantastes: A Faerie Romance for Men and Women. By George MacDonald. A new edition with 33 new illustrations by Arthur Hughes; edited by Greville MacDonald. Published by Arthur C. Fifield, 4 Fleet street, London, E. C.

This new edition of *Phantastes*, which first saw the light half a century ago, is issued by the author's son partly as a tribute to the father "by way of personal gratitude for this, his first prose work." *Phantastes* is a delightful fairy story without a touch, apparently, of any moral lesson; yet at the end the reader suddenly realizes that it has been expounding to him a moral lesson all the way through. And what a splendid lesson! It is a lesson which he who flees from the shadow of self must live and learn in the forms that belong to the world of men; but in this allegory one finds those forms translated into the weird experiences of fairy land.

DEPRAVED FINANCE.

Depraved Finance. By Robert Fleming. New York: The Robert Fleming Publishing Co. Fleming's "Depraved Finance," like