

ify his own ambition, Alcibiades held up before the Athenian people; and also gives us the warning speech which the old general, Niclas, made to the assembly. One sentence of his might well have been addressed to the American people, in connection with their brilliant young man and his glittering programme:

Do not you give him the opportunity of indulging his own magnificent tastes at the expense of the state.

—N. Y. Nation.

The Japanese government has found a novel use for post cards. A writer in the Manchester Guardian says: "Realizing that, for various reasons, the soldier on campaign may not have leisure or opportunity to write home to his family, the military authorities have supplied to each army a sufficient number of post cards, ready printed, to which the soldier has only to affix his name, or, more exactly, his seal, each Japanese soldier carrying one with him as part of his outfit. On all the cards the same message is printed:

"This is to let you know that I am alive and well. I cannot give you my address, not knowing where I shall be to-morrow; but your letters will reach me some time or other if you reply to the place the name of which is printed in the postmark. Greetings to my family and friends.

"This is an idea which might well be copied by other nations. At once practical and humane, it would cost little, and save many thousands of people from unnecessary anxiety and pain."—The Commoner.

Says Mr. Hayashi, a distinguished citizen of Japan: "To-day we Japanese have battleships, torpedoes, cannon. The China sea reddens with the blood of our killed and of those we kill. Our torpedoes roar, our shrapnel shriek, our cannon breathe slaughter and we die and are the cause of death. And you occidentals say to us: 'You have won your rank; you have civilized yourselves.' Centuries upon centuries we have had artists, painters, sculptors, philosophers. In the sixteenth century we had published in Japanese the fables of Aesop. Were we then barbarians?"—Chicago Chronicle.

BOOKS

DARROW'S "FARMINGTON."

When William Dean Howells read the manuscript of Clarence S. Darrow's story, "Farmington" (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price \$1.50), he described it as belonging "with Tolstoy's

'Childhood, Boyhood and Youth.'" It was a rare compliment, of which Mr. Darrow may be justly proud. Some surprise has been expressed that this rough-and-tumble political fighter, this successful lawyer and all-around labor champion, should be capable of contributing to current literature a story with the light touches of this narrative of a boyhood. But that is not so much a surprise to those who have been more or less familiar with the author's occasional indulgence in literary performances. What will most surprise them in the story is his great self-restraint in the face of frequent temptations to adorn his tale with morals drawn from his philosophy of life.

While a moral is often suggested, it is never urged. For example, in telling how much the little boy of his story enjoyed seeing his uncle feed the hogs, because of their grunting and rushing and tumbling over each other and standing in the trough to get all the swill they could, none of them ever seeming to have enough or to care whether the others had their share of swill or not, he closes with this suggestive remark: "I shall always feel that I learned a great deal about human nature by helping Uncle Ezra feed his hogs."

"Farmington" is no doubt very largely, if not exclusively, autobiographical. The thin disguise of "John Smith" does not conceal, and probably is not intended to conceal, the fact that the author is telling us of the boy Clarence as the man Darrow remembers him—inside and out. He is a real boy, just such a boy for the most part as we all remember ourselves to have been. In no sense is he manufactured. There is nothing of the stage stagey about him. If we think him comical, it is not because his literary creator utilizes him as a marionette to make fun for us, nor because the boy himself tries to show off, as boys sometimes do; but simply because there is always in the real boy an element of the comical, to the man who knows him as well as we know the particular boy in whose life our own mature lives are rooted. Mr. Darrow's boy is just about what Mr. Darrow must have been at that boy's age. The incidents may be more or less imaginary, but the boy himself is no figment.

What seems a little strange, however, is Mr. Darrow's sense of alienation from the boy he used to be. Is this the usual experience, we wonder? Are those of us exceptional who recognize our own present selves all the way back into the twilight of our childhood, to the point beyond which memory refuses to carry us? Of course the boy we used to be stands out in our imaginations so that we may look at him and think of him and talk about him objectively, and may criticise him lightly without feeling the shame of

confession. In that sense, perhaps all of us may share Mr. Darrow's sense of alienation. But in another sense, isn't it true that the boy we were is father to the man we are? Don't we recognize his tendencies, his thoughts and even his actions—queer as they may seem under the microscope of a larger life—as our very own, and the boy as our very self? If we do, then is Mr. Darrow an exception, and to that extent will the boy of his book be an unreal boy to the mass of grown-ups.

But there are few, if any, other exceptions. All of us who remember that we were boys once, and try to recall ourselves to ourselves, will enjoy every chapter of "Farmington," and nearly every line. For in this boy we shall see our old-time selves.

One might be tempted to rise up and combat some of the philosophy the book suggests. For instance, the author's musing over the lazy and thriftless Ferman Henry, "clever" and happy ne'er-do-well of the neighborhood. Of this musing it might be said that it exemplifies Mr. Darrow's rather poetic and jury-lawyer-like disposition to ignore necessary distinctions where there are essential differences. There is no doubt an element of good sense in laziness and thriftlessness, which is missed by the industrious and thrifty; but so is there an element of good sense in industry and thrift which is missed by the lazy and thriftless. We cannot ask, therefore, which is the wiser, as Mr. Darrow does. Both are wise and both are foolish. We must appropriate the wisdom of each if we would live a better life; and that cannot be done without making distinctions.

But all temptation to controversy is discouraged by Mr. Darrow's sustained restraint in that respect throughout his story. What he tells is entertaining; what he suggests is thought-provoking. Whether the story will interest boys, who lack the man's perspective in which it is written, remains to be tested. That it is interesting to men whose memories turn back to the miniature world in which as boys they lived and worked and played and laughed and cried, thus rehearsing for the life and work and play and laughter and grief of the future, we can vouch. Such a reader will close each chapter with a strong desire to begin the next, and will hurry on to the end only to be disappointed because there is no more.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

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PERIODICALS.

"The real questions," says the New York Independent, "do not figure largely