"THE Passing of Mud" is the title of one of the chapters in Ralph Henry Gabriel's "The Evolution of Long Island" (Yale University Press). Mr. Gabriel is an assistant professor of history at Yale, but I make bold to ask him why he thinks the mud has passed. Certain I am that if all the mud which I have scraped off my boots as a result of traversing a certain road between Manor and Centre Moriches were heaped up in a pile it would make a mound at least half the size of Shelter Island. As many times I have pushed and pulled flivvers, automobiles, and limousines out of muddy ruts on Long Island, as there are villages and towns on that island with names ending in "ogue." How many are there, by the way? I tried to make a list one dark night: Quogue, Aquebogue, Cutchogue, Patchogue, Quiogue, Wickapogue, Apaquogue, it is like a chorus of bull-frogs in a pool.

"The Monkey's Paw" by W. W. Jacobs is one of the best of short stories, and a chance to see it on the stage is not to be neglected. Mr. Augustin Duncan is to be thanked for producing it, as a curtain-raiser to "S.S. Tenacity." The dramatist, Louis N. Parker, had little to do, the story almost acts itself, but it is curious to see how the pitiful tragedy of the old couple, their loss, and the cruel trick played upon them by fate, usurps on the stage the element of mystery and of ingenious plot which are the chief features of the story. At the end, in this production, there is substituted, for the knocking at the door, a grisly scratching sound, as the dead man fumbles frantically outside his father's cottage. This adds to the horror of the situation, but the sound is more easily explainable than the knocking—which can only mean that the son has come, in answer to the magic power of the monkey's paw, to revisit the glimpses of the moon, and make night hideous.

Don Marquis writes seriously in his "Poems and Portraits" (Doubleday) as he did in his "Dreams and Dust"—although the book closes with some humorously venomous "savage portraits." Here is a poem from the first part of the book, one which is aptly quoted when so many of the brave lads who were too preoccupied with their own affairs to fight against Germany are now thumping their drums for little private war against France.

FRANCE

Thy thousand follies pass and leave thee stern,
Thy hundred madnesses have left thee sane;
Rememberest thou old crimes and kings, and turn
To save a world from tyranny again. . .
I love mine own land first, all lands above,
But after that, O France, I love
That quick and angry grace of thine,
The calm, poised, noble soul of thee,
That keen, scarred face, that vivid face of thine,
The head, the heart, the whole of thee!

M. A. Landau-Aldanov, the author of a study of "Lenin" (Dutton), is a Russian, a Socialist, and an anti-militarist. He thinks that not even Peter the Great has had so much influence on Russia as Vladimir Ilich Ulianov, who is known to the world by his pseudonym of Lenin. No man, he writes, not even Nicholas II, has done it more harm. He credits him with little mental ability, but defends him against the charge of personal corruption. He was never a paid agent of the Germans, though he may have taken German money for Bolshevist propaganda. He quotes a friend of Lenin as saying: "For the 'Cause,' Lenin would steal a pocketbook, if necessary." Personally incorruptible, he is content to live surrounded by thieves, provided they agree with his political theories.

More sympathetic with Lenin and his Government is Albert Rhys Williams's "Through the Russian Revolution" (Boni and Liveright). Mr. Williams, writing as an American newspaper correspondent wishing the revolution success, arrived in Petrograd in 1917, and ends his book with what he calls "the soviets against the capitalist world." Liberty, to this American gentleman, is a minor affair, as nearly as I can make out, compared with a chance to bellow unceasingly against capitalism; and a despotism in the United States would be a sweet savor in his nostrils, so long as a Communist was the despot. The illustrations, the reproductions of revolutionary manifestoes and Bolshevist posters, are of unusual interest.

The reviews of Kipling and Stevenson in Lionel Johnson's "Reviews and Critical Papers" (Dutton) make curious reading today. Johnson died in 1902 at the age of thirty-five. His review of "Life's Handicap" (which contains some of Kipling's best stories) appeared in 1891, and that of "Barrack Room Ballads" in 1892. He reviewed Stevenson's "Wrecker" in the same year. His notices are just enough, for the most part, but like many critics he was too timid to award praise, too ready to find fault. He did not see how the merits in Kipling's work would outweigh the defects, and make a chronicle of the latter sound a bit absurd. The book lends strength to the saying that the history of literature is a record of the triumph of authors over critics.

Trying to express regret for one sin of omission, I have fallen into another. This letter explains:

SIR: In "New Books and Old" you refer to the English translation of "Maria Chapdelaine" *Suum cuique*. It has been translated by two Canadian men of letters, Mr. W. H. Blake, author of "Brown Waters," and Sir Andrew Macphail, editor of *The University Magazine*. The edition of "Maria Chapdelaine" published in Montreal in 1916 is enriched by the illustrations of the French-Canadian artist A. Suzor-Côté. Canada has not been slow to recognize the significance of this masterpiece.

Yours faithfully,

A. MACMECHAN

George Calderon, an English artist and dramatist, who was killed in Gallipoli, visited Tahiti in 1906 and spent four years. His book "Tahiti" (Harcourt) is illustrated with his own pencil-drawings—portraits of the natives, never idealized. He seems to have been a genuine observer; he kept his head, and laments the fate of a group of islands of exquisite climate, into which Europeans and Americans have introduced coffee, vanilla, oxen, goats, mice, mosquitoes, fleas, bicycles, telephones, ice machines, concertinas, cotton frocks, corrugated iron, Christianity, Mormonism, Munyon's remedies, mouth-organs, milk-shakes, tuberculosis, syphilis, and other amenities, "which have flourished exceedingly in that virgin soil and caused a number of modifications in the life of the natives, known collectively as Civilization."

A book after my own heart is "The Magic and Science of Jewels and Stones" (Putnam) by Isidore Kozminsky. With the knowledge of a scholar and the enthusiasm of an amateur the author has compiled a book of scientific information and superstitious lore about one of the most fascinating, beautiful, and useless subjects in the world. Useless, at least to me, not likely to be called upon to distinguish between beryls and jacinths, to advise any monarch whether his horoscope makes the opal a stone advisable for him to possess, and in little need to be warned against the baleful influence upon its owner of the Hope Diamond. Charms, the connection between precious stones and astrology, the literary associations of gems and amulets, a description of stones from azurite to zircon, and a number of beautiful illustrations in color make the book as memorable as a visit to Lurgan Sahib in "Kim."

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON