

ry's similar naïve pride, some years ago when, in *An Island Cabin*, he discovered the momentous fact that, by tacking, one could make a sail-boat go against the wind. In substance, however,—if you forget for a moment the thesis of it—*Hagar Revelly* bears a certain analogy to Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie*, with the important difference that it is not nearly so well done, and that it is gratuitously and unpardonably offensive in details where, for art's sake if for nothing else, a tactful reticence would have been far more effective. The present reviewer does not happen to know the nationality of the author of *Hagar Revelly*; but, whoever and whatever he is, he has certainly caught the flavour of that particular New York dialect that is the unmistakable hall-mark of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. For instance, neither he nor any of his characters ever light the gas, or strike a match,—they always “make a light,” or they ask each other, “Will I make a light?” The scene of the story is New York, the shops and restaurants, hotels and department stores are all spoken of with no attempt at disguise; but the characters, although many of them bear Anglo-Saxon names, are unmistakably foreign in thought and act. More specifically, the story of Hagar is that of a young girl's downfall, due, not to any question of wage, but simply to the riotous blood of youth and the bad example of a dissolute mother. Hagar leaves home because her mother's lover is apparently about to transfer his unwelcome attentions to her; she secures employment in a Sixth Avenue department store and promptly the manager of the store casts covetous eyes upon her and makes advances which any young girl of Hagar's liberal New York Street education must have understood the significance of. But she continues to accept them, in blind serenity, until one night when a certain scene is enacted that in vividness of narration out-Zola's Zola, and in sheer crudeness of detail is unparalleled in current fiction. The present reviewer is not squeamish; his quarrel with books of

#### “HAGAR REVELLY”

*Hagar Revelly*, by Daniel Carson Goodman, is a bold but unsuccessful attempt to present us with an unforgettable object-lesson of certain phases of the existing evils of our social system. Its direct purpose, so far as one may disentangle it from a host of subservient motives, is to study the question of woman's virtue as affected by the problem of a living wage. This question, by the way, has been handled often enough in fiction to have lost its novelty; but Mr. Goodman attacks it with the zeal of a pioneer, the pride of a discoverer, that reminds one of nothing so much as Arthur Hen-

the type of *Hagar Revelly* is not with their subject matter, but with their inartisticness. That was the fault with a vastly bigger and better book of kindred subject, Sudermann's *Song of Songs*,—a volume which one suspects has influenced Mr. Goodman in no small degree. Both books show the same prolixity, the same insistence upon extraneous and irrelevant detail, the same tendency to offend by an audacious outspokenness, where the French method of light suggestion would be infinitely more effective. Finally, *Hagar Revelly* is much too long; even those to whom the spice of its indecencies will appeal, must grow satiated with the sameness of the heroine's many adventures. And in the closing chapters the amazing elasticity of a thousand dollars, which takes Hagar to Paris, supports her there for many weeks in affluence, buys her infinite new gowns, hats and jewels, sends a draft of two hundred and fifty dollars home to fetch her sister across to join her, and then pays the hotel bills of that sister, her nurse and child for some weeks longer, all forms a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* that adds the last touch to the reader's annoyance. Mr. Goodman should study the French school rather than the German; his work would profit by it.