

ness of Easter Island, taken from a notebook of early youth, but subjected to some needed revision, is the most remarkably arresting piece of writing in the book. It alone would justify the volume's existence. The competent translator of these well-selected sketches is Mr. Fred Rothwell, who also contributes a finely appreciative preface.

*Impressions
of things out of
the ordinary.*

A selection of M. Pierre Loti's slighter sketches, of various dates, appears in excellent translation under the title "On Life's By-ways" (Macmillan). The book presents in pleasing form the French naval officer's impressions of things seen in different parts of the world to which "the exigencies of a seafaring life," as he expresses it, have at various times called him, together with a brief chapter on Alphonse Daudet as man and friend, and another on Michelet's book, "The Sea." With exquisite art the gifted Frenchman makes one experience with him the varied and novel sensations evoked by varied and novel sights and sounds in divers quarters of the globe—in Senegal, on Easter Island, in the Basque country, in Madrid, and under the shadow of the great Sphinx. Of unusual interest to an American are the pages written at the Spanish capital soon after the outbreak of our war for the liberation of Cuba, or, as this sympathizer with Spain phrases it, in "the early days of the American aggression." The charges of perfidy and atrocity there brought against us bear an interesting likeness to the charges now so vehemently urged against one or another of the belligerent nations by the opposite side. Warmly espousing the cause of his hospitable entertainers, the writer paints a touching picture of the sad-eyed Queen Regent in those distressing days. Now and then, through the impressionism of these vividly descriptive chapters, one gets a glimpse of the author's philosophy of life, a philosophy not always so admirable as the style in which it is clothed. After witnessing, with proper loathing, the abhorrent spectacle of a Spanish bull-fight, the writer thus lightly dispels the shameful vision: "Then, remembering that only what constitutes physical beauty, the charm and delight of the eye, does not prove deceptive, I turned my gaze away from the arena and looked up at the beautiful *señora*, dressed in light blue, and wearing on her head a white mantilla and in her breast a bunch of tea roses." A description of the barren dreari-