LANGUAGE-MAKING IN THE TRENCHES is one of the few purely intellectual and unsanguinary activities now going on at the battle-front. As was to have been expected, the French have shown themselves most expert and nimble-witted at this exercise, though the English Tommies are not far behind. The busy Berthas and Jack Johnsons, the whizz-bangs, crumps, and Archibalds have been made famous by the latter. A London "Evening Standard" writer calls attention to a number of ingenious and amusing French terms facetiously expressive of grim realities in trench warfare. To the "poilu," or unshaven warrior of necessarily rare recourse to the barber, his bayonet is, in expressive slang which we here translate, a turn-spit, also a knitting-needle; and in his sentimental

moods he calls it Rosalie. The bullets with which he feeds his rifle are styled sometimes chestnuts, sometimes plums. Flower-pot is the term for his cap, and the head it covers is a lemon (*citron*). When he runs (never away from the fight, of course) he "knits his legs"; and when coffee is served out to him he calls it juice. The regimental tailor is a prick-thumb, and the colonel is, familiarly, the colo. The now well-known term, Boche, which the Germans themselves have gravely decided, after a trial by court-martial, to be expressive of derision and contempt, the writer here quoted regards as apparently a "back-slang" corruption of Schwob, the Alsatian's colloquial designation for his German master. There was an old variation, "Alboche," which may have been a similar reversed corruption of "Schwalbe." In much of this language-making is to be seen the same euphemistic tendency that caused the ancient Greeks to call the Furies the Eumenides (the gracious ones), and to propitiate the powers of darkness with flattering names. *Autres temps, autres mœurs*, but ever the same human nature at bottom.

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How one library disposes of its outworn books is explained by the Cedar Rapids librarian in her current Report, and her account may be usefully suggestive to others. Discarded literature of all sorts, both books and duplicate magazines, she sends to the local jail, where the police matron takes it in charge and distributes it among the occupants of the institution, "that they may read during their confinement. This is a harmless occupation, and it is much better than for these unfortunates to brood over their condition and become embittered." Well said; and one cannot but hope that now and then some well-chosen book may help the reader to persuade himself, with Lovelace, that stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage, though he may lack the innocent and quiet mind of the poet. It is significant that volunteer workers among the millions of war prisoners now eating the bread of enforced idleness report that one of the most pressing demands on the part of these millions is for food for the mind rather than for the body. Magazines, newspapers, almost anything cheerfully distracting in the way of reading matter, they eagerly welcome. Undoubtedly the Y. M. C. A. organization that is now active in this prison work could make good use of much more literature of a suitable kind than it has at its disposal.

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Mortality among magazines is so great that it might be supposed to discourage any and all attempts to start new ventures in this field in the future. But it will not. "Live and learn" is the rule in magazine-making as elsewhere. Mr. Macgregor Jenkins, publisher of "The Atlantic Monthly," recently told the members of the Woman's Club of Englewood, N. J., some rather startling facts concerning magazine-publishing. Less than a year ago there were in this country 3,410 magazines enjoying a more or less assured existence, though very few of them having anything like a nation-wide circulation; and to-day there are but 2,700. Encouraging is his assertion that the oldest survivors are those that make a determined effort to give their readers the best that is to be had in current literature. That the magazine's fate depends pre-eminently on the occupant of its editorial chair is not surprising, though how few readers ever give a thought to that usually anonymous and very seldom conspicuously prominent person! What mountains of unreadable trash he and his assistants must have to plough through, in some fashion, and keep from working the ruin of the magazine for whose pages it is fatuously intended! Among rejected contributions exhibited by Mr. Jenkins as specimens of this sort of trash were "An Ode to a Cold Pancake," "Little Willie Went Fishing," and other productions, illiterate and nonsensical to a degree that passes belief. Their admission to any magazine would speedily raise the already high rate of magazine mortality.

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"Joy-reading" has a far higher standing in our vocabulary than "joy-riding." In the latest Report of the New York State Library, Mr. Sherman Williams, of the School Libraries Division, uses the term to good purpose in commenting on the defects in literature-teaching as noted by many observers. Too much pedantry, too much dissection of literary masterpieces, too much of formal examination at stated times, and too little of "joy-reading" — that, in brief, is the ailment afflicting literature-teaching in high schools, and elsewhere. Pupils from homes where the reading of good books is as much a matter of course as the eating of good food have more of literary culture at the very outset of their high-school training than others can show at the end. "A formal examination in literature," remarks Mr. Williams, "is the best possible way to make a child dislike literature. It has been very effective for a long series of years. Is it not time to try something else? Let them read and read — read extensively and about what they will — guiding them by suggestion rather than direction." And he points out that high-school libraries are too largely composed of books for mature readers; they should have more books that are a joy and delight to the normal growing lad and ripening young woman. The "joy-reader" will go farther and profit more in an hour than the heavy-hearted reader under compulsion in a year, or a century.

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The real David Grayson has at last been found to be Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, not a peaceful agriculturist at all, but a very energetic, even aggressive, journalist, magazinist, investigator of social conditions, and prolific author of various kinds of books. The only touch of similarity with David Grayson that one discovers in Mr. Baker's biography is noted in the fact that agricultural studies were at one period of early life his chief interest. He was graduated from the Michigan Agricultural College in 1889 at the age of nineteen. After that he took a partial law course and pursued literary studies at the University of Michigan. Newspaper work in Chicago soon followed,

then magazine editorship under Mr. McClure in New York, and since 1906 he has been one of the owners and editors of "The American Magazine." A wide range of talents is exhibited by his half-score or more books, from "The Boys' Book of Inventions" and "Our New Prosperity" to "Adventures in Contentment" and "The Friendly Road." The Grayson sketches, it appears, started as recreational note-book jottings in the intervals between strenuous days of study in the evils of our social and industrial life. Pressed for matter to fill the pages of the magazine which he, with others, had taken control of, he brought out his note-book and threw some of its contents into shape for publication, under the pseudonym of "David Grayson." Their success was a surprise to him, but *not to his readers.*

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A NOTE ON NEW FICTION, on the demand for it in comparison with the steady call for the old story-tellers, and on the amount of money spent in its purchase, catches the eye in Librarian Hill's record of a year's activity at the Brooklyn Public Library. After speaking of the proper place filled by novels in the people's free library, notwithstanding certain recent objections, he reports that in the library under his superintendence "the sum of $95,003 was spent for books in 1915, and of this amount only seven per cent. was for new fiction issued within a year. The circulation of all fiction was 3,977,998, of which about nine per cent. represented novels published within a year." Exceptional and interesting is this presentation of a comparative record of old and new fiction circulation. If all library statistics were equally detailed in this particular, it might be possible to draw some instructive general conclusions, either encouraging or discouraging. But at the same time it would be necessary to know how liberal the institution in question had been in offering current fiction to its patrons, how great the temptation it had held out to forsake the approved romancers of the past for the untried or little-tried novelists of the present.

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LITERARY RARITIES TURNED TO CHARITABLE USES, the pen employed to heal the wounds of the sword — such is the spectacle now beheld, if recent reports from London are to be credited, in the sale of certain valuable manuscripts and books in aid of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in Egypt. "A Christmas Garland," by Mr. Max Beerbohm, with caricatures of the subject of each chapter from the same hand, was among the more notable items sold under the hammer at Christie's. With caricature portraits of such celebrities as Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Kipling, Mr. Shaw, and George Meredith there was left a blank page for similar treatment of Mr. Henry James "*pending* fulfilment of our hope that health and activity will yet be given back to the consummate [artist] and well-beloved man whose work is here parodied." This clever work was presented by its artificer. The Marquis of Crew gave Lord Byron's copy of "Plini Panegyricus" with his signature, "Byron, Trin. Col. 1808." There were also a first edition of Dickens's "Christmas Carol," with illustrations by Leech and a letter by the author; a first edition of Blake's "Vision of the Daughters of Albion," with eleven plates; a copy on vellum of the "Horæ Veatæ Mariæ Virginis," and other works precious in the collector's eyes. Good prices were obtained.

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DRY STATISTICS, in a peculiar sense of the adjective, come to us from far-away Puget Sound. The city of Seattle, while the State of Washington was still a "wet" state in the colloquial signification of the term, was able each year to devote about $45,000 from license fees to the circulation of good literature among its citizens. In other words, its public library profited to that extent from the indulgence in liquid refreshment of an intoxicating nature on the part of those within its gates (or a fraction of them). Last year, with Washington enrolled among the "dry" states, the entire receipts for library uses from "licenses, fines, and fees" amounted to less than half as much, or $21,531.55. That is, with the closing of the saloons and, in consequence, a presumably greater resort to the library and its branches on the part of those formerly lured in other directions, the means for ministering to their needs as information-seeking, book-reading, or only magazine-reading and newspaper-browsing members of the body politic, become materially diminished. This anomaly, the partial dependence of the public library in many cities on liquor-license fees and police-court fines, has been commented on before in these columns, and it is likely to be commented on again before it ceases to exist.