

nalism, of "just a newspaper man" in early Iowa days. The story is crowded with characters and incidents. They are well drawn characters and vivid incidents. The picture of young Fremont at the convention, his initiation in politics, is one that is not easy to forget. Fremont is the dreamer, the poet, forced to face actualities, yet somehow in the story the actualities prevail and Fremont, for me at least, lives less as a poet than as a sort of nebulous hero moving among the many happenings of a long historical novel. His mother, a well drawn character, homely, sentimental, but, I think, true, says of him:

"He's young," said Mrs. McConkey. "He's growin' yet in his mind and soul. It's kind o' mournful, to think it; but the time'll come in the course o' nature when he'll look back to this grief as if it was in some other life, or in an awful dream. Otherways, he couldn't live — none of us could. The hurt will heal, even if it does leave a scar or a limp. An' Fremont's got a medicine that most folks hain't. I mean, books. He hain't been readin' much lately, but he's going back to it. He was readin' that fool stuff they call poetry — Browning — last night. I know him, Cathie. When he can read, he's got a new Heaven an' a new earth to explore, an' if you can give him trips into it, he'll be greatly helped to git well of his hurts. God bless you, Cathie. You seem like a daughter of my own!"

The Making of the West Again

Few authors of whom I can think are so skilful as is Herbert Quick in using local historical data for fictional purposes. "The Hawkeye" (Bobbs-Merrill) is as skilful in this respect as was his "Vandemark's Folly"; but Jake Vandemark was, somehow, a more appealing hero than Fremont McConkey. This is not a matter of character. Fremont is a wistful, a bold, an adventurous young man. He is engaging in his struggles, he is tender in passages of love; but his adventures do not lead him far afield. There are not so many open spaces in the sequel as there were in the earlier novel. However, please don't let me drive you away from what is an excellent and an interesting novel. It is the story of pioneer politics and jour-

So we are told, was Fremont McConkey; but I do not believe Mr. Quick has quite succeeded in bestowing upon him that magic which made the Uncle Jake Vandemark — "People tell how he drove into the country, a green Dutch canal hand, and now look at him!" — of that earlier story authentic, real, triumphantly a hero. Perhaps it is absurd always to be looking for a hero! Fremont McConkey is a good citizen, and I am interested in his affairs; but as a poet? Well — Old Uncle Jake had a blamed sight more of the poet in him!

—J. F.