

burning questions as the relations of North and South, the Negro and his rights and wrongs, and the ways of those whom he calls the "yellow rich," a good deal of commentary on the action was inevitable. But at least we may be thankful that these high and difficult questions are handled with a geniality and humor which we have found conspicuously wanting in most tales of the South.

Augustus—the chorus—goes to Kingsport (Charleston, S. C.), on a hunt for credentials which will allow his aunt to get him admitted to the American Society of Royal Descent, in which she is one of the leading lights. This is all a satirical side-show which plays no part in the real story. He is admitted to the inner circle of quiet homes, most of them still in mourning for sons and husbands killed in the war. We have these stately ladies drawn for us, with one of the younger generation—the keenest "Confederate" of them all. They are in distress over a young man of their circle who has fallen a victim to a lady associated with the vulgar millionaires, whom they detest. She appears on the scene in a motor car crowded with the yellow rich and their satellites, and proceeds to make her claims to social recognition and to decide between her poor Southern and her wealthy Northern lovers.

Augustus picks out the details of the plot bit by bit and pieces them together, contributing a little to the progress of the entanglement and unrolling, and rejoicing as the friend of the bridegroom at last. His philosophy of life, his broad-minded patriotism, true friendship and quiet fun are a large part of the savor of the book. We recommend it to our readers, if for nothing else, for its picture of this old Charleston life with its high ideals and old-world narrowness.

Lady Baltimore, by Owen Wister. pp. 406. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.]

Lady Baltimore

Those who have looked forward with keen interest to Owen Wister's new story will not be disappointed in its dominant qualities of humor and genial character-drawing. If in comparison with *The Virginian* it seems at first rather slight, that is due in part to the fact that the author has chosen to make his narrator play the part of chorus rather than to connect him vitally with the action of the plot.

He has cared more to make his social contrasts vivid to us than to weave a tangled or an exciting story. And with such