

perate aberration, go on a drunk. Even the most temperate of men in a desperate or extatic state of mind have been known to give up a day or two to oblivion. Oblivion superinduced by alcoholic drinks is very dangerous, especially if the man is not accustomed to alcoholic stimulants. To every thoughtful man who takes out a total-abstinence policy, the possible victory of a great temptation, will occur. After paying premiums for years the man with one of these fatal policies may yield to the longing for a new sensation and get drunk. In the event of his death, after the debauch, his family would receive nothing. Although the lower rate appeals to the good old total-abstainer and although it is not just that his rate should be increased by the average short life of the merry drunkard, even the total abstinence man lacks perfect confidence in himself and wants a policy that is good whatever he does. Uncertainty of payment will be disadvantageous to any company. The policy-holder and premium payer must be sure that the premiums he pays to the company will be repaid to his family. Otherwise insurance is a delusion and a snare and the family-man would better spend his money as his oldest daughter wants him to, on gew-gaws for herself. In the latter case the family might have the advantage of an influential alliance contracted by the daughter after a judicious application of the gew-gaws. Where the policy is not paid the premiums paid by the father are a dead loss to his family whom he hoped to save from penury by his life insurance. It would be a very difficult matter to prove that a man who held a total-abstinence policy was in fact a moderate drinker. It is hard enough to prove that a saloon sells liquor to minors or at improper hours. If more depended upon conviction, it would be still more difficult. And herein the holders of total abstinence policies may be nearly certain that their policies will be paid.

Bagsby's Daughter.

Chicago's literary output is not increasing so rapidly as shipments of hogs and beeves, but the manufacturer of stories, essays and histories by residents of Chicago is obviously increasing in volume and losing the home-made quality which has heretofore distinguished most of the work of Chicago authors. Perhaps the authors of the story, "Bagsby's Daughter" now appearing as a serial in one of the monthly magazines do not reside in Chicago, but the likenesses of Chicago men and women, their manners and customs are verisimilar, and the Misses Van Vorst must have lived there long enough to get acquainted with the people, their manners, diet and social customs. Bessie and Marie Van Vorst, who are writing Bagsby's Daughter are accomplished portrait painters. Like Sargent they paint character and the inveterate detective who claims to be able to locate every place a story-writer describes and identify every character, will be foiled actually, if not to his own recognition, by this story. A bad and silly man who sits to Sargent recognizes the truthful likeness of his soul, when all his friends indignantly repudiate the indubitable history of the features and expression. If it were not for his own avowal that the portrait is his, he would never be found out. The villain of "Bagsby's Daughter" is safe because the author has not labeled her and alas! we deal in externals. We are not painters and students of character, and portraits of souls irri-

tate us because we cannot identify them.

The July installment contains a description of a wedding remarkable for its portraiture of all weddings. The disconsolate musings of the father and mother after the daughter has started on her wedding journey is pathetic in spite of humorous touches. Fidelity to type and an unconscious squeezing out from the essence of life its pathos and humour characterize these first chapters of a well written story of Chicago.

Richard Yea and Nay.

So long as people continue to buy and read historical novels the infatuated authors will continue to compose them. It is a fashion that is now tiresome for very repetition. Richard Carvel, To Have and to Hold, and all the numerous historical novels which have taken the place of Miss Muloch's innumerable and interminable tales of olden times, have completely satiated an appetite never very keen.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett, the author of Richard Yea-and-Nay, delights in obsolete words and expressions. To be sure there is an atmosphere, or rather, let me say, an old scent, about such words and phrases as "trepidant," "scourged forward" instead of rode forward, "he watched shrewdly with meticulous particularity," but the mind soon tires of the unfamiliar, as unwonted travelers quickly tire of new scenes and an unaccustomed diet. The present is our only time and the peoples who live most fully and exclusively in their own times are most interesting to posterity. We cannot possibly be an authority on the twelfth century. We can only scientifically and by the aid of what historical training we possess piece together the authentic remains of a past century. Fettered by the unities, a story writer cannot hope to give a truthful picture of a time eight hundred years ago. Some critics exclaim about the wonderful atmosphere of Mr. Hewlett's most recent book. But neither Mr. Hewlett nor they ever smelt or felt that atmosphere. As a matter of fact the twelfth century has completely vanished. It is gone and can only be imagined, by those who care for truth, in the chansons, and monkish remains of the period. There were no novelists in the twelfth century. If there had been this century would doubtless not have been the wiser, for after the perverse spirit of the novelists of all ages they would have ignored their own time and the men and women who surrounded them for the folk of an earlier century still whom they could not possibly know nor accurately describe. The courts are wise in shutting out hearsay testimony. The only evidence worth having is that offered by an eye-witness who saw or heard or felt what he swears to. In the days of Richard, Cœur de Lion, he was not an heroic object. Men feared him and hurried to do his bidding when he spoke, but he wore no halo, performed no miracles, and was just a king, more like the Emperor Wilhelm than like King Edward of England, but still a mortal man in the days when kings were not such rare and evanishing functionaries as they are today.

Nevertheless the novelists of King Richard's time did not think him worth the sacrifice of their time and the gift of the principle place in their narratives.

Maurice Hewlett thinks, eight hundred years after that, he can remedy their oversight and incorporate Richard as he was in life. Novelists have their own particular delusions as well

as their own conceits which differ in kind and exceed in quality those of other and commoner men. If they would but consider that today is more momentous than the twelfth century and will last longer they would make a scholarly study of the men of today and leave Richard to the scant notice of the writers of his time. The present-day historian is of value, of increasing value to posterity. The imaginative writer who has the temerity to embody a ghost whose ashes have long since mingled with the air we breathe, may amuse the contemporary summer reader but he will never take his place among the writers of this period. Professors of literature will not direct their pupils at the close of the twentieth century to study Maurice Hewlett to get an idea of what this end of the century was thinking about and what were the causes that led up to the labor war of 1915. When the twelfth century is under consideration they will not direct them to Maurice Hewlett, for if he could not write of the twentieth century which he did know and was a part of, how could he write of the twelfth century that he did not know?

There is another reason why Mr. Hewlett cannot be used as an example to the young student of literature. Some young ladies seek to disguise their imperfect knowledge of the piano by extravagant use of the pedals. Mr. Hewlett does not consciously use obsolete expressions to direct attention away from a careless use of English but when I find "those sort" and "these kind" I am suspicious, not of the printer any longer, but of the author.

We go dressed now-a-days, even little children feel ashamed without their clothes on. Mr. Hewlett ignores some of the decencies of modern life and insists on presenting the nude as he thinks it was in the twelfth century. Unsophisticated old ladies and simple-hearted old fogies generally cannot be convinced of the beauty of bareness but Mr. Hewlett does not heed their mild protests. The things that no one talks about nevertheless occupy a large share of every one's attention and decide the crises of life; they make tragedies; birth, marriage, death are inextricably dependent upon what we will not (and are expelled from society if we do) talk about. Yet jokes are pointless and stories dry that entirely ignore the tabooed subjects. Novelists, along with their other peculiarities, keep close to the facts of life and insist upon basing their stories on life as they find it. In the twelfth century men and women were wrought upon by the same passions, as in the twentieth. If this were not true even Maurice Hewlett, with his love for making what looks like men and women, out of dust scraped from the past, would succeed in fooling no one.

Mr. Hewlett is too emancipated. He cannot take his readers with him. We cannot so abruptly leave the puritan prepossession and habit. The island dwellers of Tahiti wear their belts of banana or palm leaves gracefully enough, but that is a matter of a thousand years practise and of being absolutely free from the scruples of civilization. If the Tahitians could read Mr. Hewlett's book, they would be more than pleased with it and not at all shocked by it. I hope no one will be induced to read Richard Yea-and-Nay after reading this review and concluding that it is an immoral book. There is not enough of that sort of thing to pay one who might read it on such account. This is a century wherein we do not call a spade a spade and the man who persists in thus outraging delicacy is

punished by our virtuous neglect. Mr. Hewlett's other book, "The Forest Lovers" is an idyl and fascinating as our thoughts of fauns, but enough is enough.

Dancing.

Dancing is a healthful and harmless amusement, absolutely innocuous to all but the vicious. From a public dancing hall, where every one who will pay the price of a ticket is admitted it is impossible to exclude vicious men and women. Not that it is possible to exclude all vicious men from balls given by the smartest of the smart set, but surrounded by impregnable convenance and by modest young men and women the vicious do not do much harm. Mr. Hagenow, the leader of the orchestra, proposes to play dance music for an hour after the close of his summer concerts in the auditorium so that the audience may dance. If men and women were better the young working-men and women of Lincoln would have the opportunity of dancing together for an hour once a week. The innocent amusement is made questionable because, whoever were there the vicious men and women would be there.

The leader of the orchestra may have had in mind the village dances in Germany, which, in spite of the fact that the whole village joins in the dancing are family affairs. The peasants are acquainted with each other. There for centuries the same family occupies one farm. Instead of the mixture of American, Swedish, Dutch, Irish and Norwegian dancers who would form the sets in the function proposed by Mr. Hagenow, the bucolic dancers in the fatherland are of one race and of one long-established community. There, the peasants are proud of their family and of their traditions. Acquaintance, tradition the respect rendered an honest old family, however poor it may be, in an old community make these German dances entirely respectable and useful to the social life of a small community.

The honest young laboring man and young woman of Lincoln have too few occasions to dance together as youth should dance with youth. Let the student of social economy station himself on O street of a Saturday night. Perhaps half the crowd is composed of young people walking the streets just to be together. There is nothing for them to do, they can only moon up and down the street and pretend to be interested in the squalor and dirt of the sidewalks of Lincoln. If these same young people were dancing, their minds and feet would be occupied in keeping time to music. The young men would dance for eight minutes with one girl and then for eight minutes with another. And they must think of something entertaining and appropriate to say to each partner. Dancing is therefore an intellectual as well as a bodily exercise. The young men and women who would form the largest number of dancers in the recreation offered by Mr. Hagenow are much better off taking part in a dance than in awkwardly mooning the streets, where they are driven into sentimentality by the absence of every other form of amusement. There is no "change partners" in these Saturday night tramps. I have observed the same "steadies" pass and re-pass for an hour at a time. There is much intellectual stimulus in a change of partners. And at a ball only those who have drifted into sentimentality somewhere else dance with each other continuously and exclusively.

From the very nature of the function the dance is the most social and