THE CRITIC TALKS TO MUSIC LOVERS

[In last week's article reference was made to the romantic story of Luigi Tarisio, the "discoverer" of the value of the Cremona violins. This article is written in response to a number of requests of readers of this column.—THE MUSIC EDITOR.]

LUIGI TARISIO, who was really the first man in the world to appreciate the marvelous violins, violas and cellos made by the great Cremona makers, and who doubtless did more than any other one person to find these wonderful instruments and to make the world of music familiar with their merits, was an Italian carpenter and peddler, of origin so obscure that even today the date and place of his birth is not definitely known.

However, the astute Luigi had qualities other than those of pure connoisseurship. Back in his head lay the makings of a modern "captain of industry," as will be seen later from the manner in which he achieved the things which he sought, as well as the large (for that day and country) fortune which he accumulated.

Just what first led Luigi Tarisio to devote his whole life to the study of the masterpieces of violin-making is not known, as in fact there is virtually nothing known of his early years. He, like most of his countrymen, no matter what their economic condition in life may be, had an intense love for music and began the study of the violin as an amateur performer. But the liking or the music for the instrument produced soon got hopelessly tangled up with the art of making the violin, and there is every reason to believe that he never played except to test the tone of an instrument. In this however, the world was probably the gainer, as it is doubtful if he would have been as successful as a performer as he was as a collector and connoisseur.

HE MUST have been born somewhere around the year 1700. At that time Stradivarius, who lived and worked until he was more than ninety-three years of age, was just entering the greatest period of his long creative career and was then turning out some of the marvelous violins which Tarisio was to discover years later. But many of the great Cremona makers had finished their earthly work and their finest instruments were scattered all over Italy, no one knowing their value, nor caring anything about them.

Paris was the great violin center at that time, with London second, and in these markets the Stainer violins and those of his followers were considered the finest, and the Italian violins were virtually not known at all.

Just when and how Tarisio got his inspiration regarding the Italian and especially the Cremona violins, is also unknown, but his big thought came when he realized, first, that these instruments were the finest that had ever been made, and, second, that there must be hundreds, if not thousands, of them scattered through Italy in the hands of peasants who did not realize their value any more than did the professional musicians of that day. He decided to make a trip and see what he could find.

ACCORDINGLY, he abandoned his trade as a carpenter and became a peddler. Ostensibly he dealt in small household articles, but in reality he was after fine violins and nothing else. The policy he pursued in getting them showed that he possessed the commercial as well as the artistic instinct.

In his pack he invariably had a lot of new, highly polished and shining violins naturally of the cheapest and most indifferent make, but all strung up and ready to be played upon. These instruments he would offer to exchange for the Cremona violins in the hands of the Italian peasants, many of them with only a string or two and often in a bad state of repair.

Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the peasant "bit" and Luigi came away with a fine Strad, Amati or Guarnerius, as the case might be, leaving both bargainers in an eminently satisfactory state of mind. Indeed, there are stories told in which the Italian countrymen were so well pleased with the new fiddles that they carried the news to their friends, who also had old Italian violins. As far as can be ascertained these friends never had any trouble in obtaining one of Luigi's shining new fiddles in exchange for a Cremona.

HIS humble occupation gave him access to places to which an ordinary collector would have been denied admission. This was especially true of the sacristies and monasteries of Italy, where, it must be regretfully chronicled, he got many a rare Italian violin for one of his cheap new ones. Luigi was probably a good churchman, but he was after the finest violins in the world and, like a true captain of industry, he let nothing interfere with his plans. He probably thought that if the reverend fathers were satisfied with the new fiddle and liked it enough to give up an instrument worth (now) 50,000 or 60,000 lire apiece, he should worry. At any rate, the fact remains that Tarisio made some of his greatest finds in the monasteries.

For about twenty years this remarkable man wandered up and down in Italy, finding rare instruments on every hand. Then he took some of them out the best, however, to Paris to see what he could do in selling them. The great violin dealers of Paris and, afterward, of London speedily recognized in the little Italian peddler the greatest every of violins in the world, and he soon acquired a large fortune.

But he did not give up his collecting. As he got more money he spent larger sums for the instruments he wanted and as he put them on the market and their merits were realized the demand for the Italian instruments grew until the supply was no longer adequate to meet it.

TARISIO'S death was tragic. He had bought a farm in one of the Italian provinces, but retained an attic room over a restaurant in Milan. Here he was found dead one day in 1854, and in the room were more than 200 of the finest violins, violas and cellos in the world. They were eventually bought from the heirs by J. B. Vuillaume, one of the best French violin makers, and disposed of by him to musicians and collectors, for this part of the violin world, who by offering high prices keeps fine violins away from competent artists, had already made his appearance.

But it was known that at least one wonderful violin was not in the collection found in Tarisio's room after his death. For years Tarisio had been telling the dealers of a marvelous Strad which had never been played on and which was exactly in the condition in which it had left the hands of the great maker. He told every one about this instrument and promised its advent some day, in consequence of which it had gained the name of the "Messiah."

This instrument was not found with the others, nor were one or two other violins of which he had frequently spoken. A search was instituted and the "Messiah," the "Dolphin," so called from its iridescent varnish; the violin later to be known as the "Alard," which many believe to be the finest Strad ever made, and two other marvelous violins were found on the provincial farm of the collector, where he had evidently taken them to gloat over his treasures, as they were equally safe or unsafe from either fire or theft in both places. Vuillaume also bought these instruments, probably the five finest violins that have ever been assembled in one place and at one time in the world.

When Tarisio began his travels the Italian violins had a decidedly secondary position in the violin world; when he finished they were in the place they occupy today, the greatest the world has ever known.

* * *

THE death of James Gibbons Huneker in New York this week is a serious loss to American art, to the world of the medium, but especially to the art of music and of musical criticism. Our country has rarely produced a more gifted man than Mr. Huneker, not only in the quality of those gifts, but in their astounding number, for he was familiar with all the details of all the arts.

The thoroughness of his knowledge was fully equaled by the brilliancy of his writing, and the incisiveness of his thoughts by the matchless vocabulary and originality of expression with which he set them down. Whether or not the reader always agreed with him, his writings were always interesting, informative and brilliant. America has sustained a great loss in the death of this, one of her most talented sons.

Alfred Cortot and Jacques Thibaud will give sonatas for piano and violin at the meeting of the Chamber Music Association tomorrow afternoon in the ballroom of the Bellevue-Stratford. Their program consists of the first sonata of Gabriel Faure, sonata of Debussy, and the sonata of Oscar Franck.

A TSCHAIKOWSKY CONCERT

Symphony Pathetique the Feature of Philadelphia Orchestra's Friday Afternoon Appearance

THE PROGRAM

Symphony No. 6 "Pathetique" ..Tschaikowsky
"Nutcracker" Suite .....Tschaikowsky
Overture Solemnelle, "1812"...Tschaikowsky

The Philadelphia Orchestra and the conductor, Mr. Stokowski, always at their best in a Tschaikowsky program, gave three of the great Russian composer's finest orchestral compositions at yesterday afternoon's concert. As usual, the announcement of the B minor symphony (Pathetique) alone was sufficient to pack the auditorium to the doors.

The concert opened with the symphony, and rarely has it been better performed in this city. It is a work of strong contrasts, both in mood and in orchestration and dynamics. Although the prevailing tone of feeling and of color is pathetic almost to morbidity, its tremendous emotional appeal cannot be denied, nor can the wealth of melodic material of the highest order nor the poignant harmonies. Contrast is one of the effects which both the leader and the members of the Philadelphia Orchestra produce best, and with Mr. Stokowski's intense reading of the work, as he reads everything by Tschaikowsky, it is little wonder that the effect produced by the symphony was one of the most profound of the season.

The symphony was superbly played, the tone of the orchestra seeming to be especially good and the ensemble unusually fine at certain points, such as the blending of the horn tones into those of the muted trombones at the close of the first movement and many other places too numerous to mention. With due attention to the many solo voices of the orchestra in the symphony, Mr. Stokowski yesterday achieved the best ensemble that he has produced this season. At the close of the third movement the audience gave both conductor and orchestra a veritable ovation. It made the biggest popular "hit" of any of the movements.

In strong contrast to the dirgelike symphony came the "Nutcracker" suite, one of the few orchestral compositions of Tschaikowsky which has nothing of sadness about it. Like the symphony, the suite was magnificently played, but, as the composition demands, from an entirely different angle, it being a work for solo voices rather than an elaborate ensemble. Mr. Van den Beemt, who played the celeste very effectively in the Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy, and Messrs. Maquarre, La Monaca and Fischer, first, second and third flutes of the orchestra, who did splendid work in the Dance of the Flutes, were obliged to acknowledge the applause which greeted them at the close of these numbers. The horn quartet, one of the best choirs in the Philadelphia Orchestra—or any other, for that matter—did its usual excellent work in the Dance of the Flowers. The Nutcracker suite is an outstanding example of what can be done with effective orchestration without the use of musical ideas of the first order. Nevertheless, it is one of the most charming of the smaller modern orchestral compositions.

The concert closed with the ponderous and at times noisy overture, "1812," which was also well played. Mr. Stokowski placed the extra brass instruments on the stage yesterday instead of having them in the proscenium boxes, as heretofore, with a gain in the unity of tone.

MUSIC NOTES

"Louise," Charpentier's musical picture of life in Paris several decades ago, will have its first presentation in this city by the Metropolitan Opera Co. next Tuesday evening. Geraldine Farrar will appear in the title role, with Orville Harrold as Julien, the poet sweetheart. The full cast is as follows: Louise, Geraldine Farrar; Julien, Orville Harrold; the father, Leon Rothier; the mother, Louise Berat; Irma, Raymonde Delaunois; Gertrude, Flora Perini; Camille, Ellen Dalossy; King of the fools, Octave Dua; a street Arab, Mary Ellis; a bird-food vendor, Mary Mellish; a rag picker, Paolo Ananian; the foreman, Gladys Axman; an artichoke vendor, Marie Sundelius; a milkwoman, Minnie Exener; a junkman, Louis D'Angelo. Other characters by Anne Roselle, Alice Miriam, Marie Tiffany, Edna Kellogg, Frances Ingram, Margaret Farnam, Cecil Arden, Marion Telva, Angelo Bada, Robert Leonhardt, Pompilio Malatesta, Mario Picco, Mario Laurenti, Giordano Paltrinieri, Vincenzo Reschiglian, Pietro Audisio, Georges Garatos. Conductor, Albert Wolff.

With Frieda Hempel as soloist and Vaughan Williams' "London" Symphony the feature of the program Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony Orchestra will come to the Academy of Music Tuesday evening, February 22, in the final concert of the season. Other compositions are two nocturnes by Debussy and Wagner's overture to "Tannhaeuser." Miss Hempel will sing the air "Sweet Bird," by Handel, and the aria from "Ernani," by Verdi.

The Philadelphia Orchestra will be on tour again next week and there will be no concerts by that organization at the Academy of Music next week. The next pair of concerts will be given on February 25 and 26.

The first of the three special concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra will take place on Monday evening, February 21, at the Academy of Music. The program will be made up entirely of the works of Tschaikowsky and will include the "Pathetique" symphony, the "Nutcracker" Suite and the "1812" Overture. The attendances at these concerts will determine the Orchestra Association's policy with regard to extra concerts next season.

The Philadelphia Grand Opera Co. will resume its season of grand opera at the Metropolitan Opera House on Saturday evening, February 26. The double bill of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" will be given.

Mme. Galli-Curci, coloratura soprano, will have her season's farewell appearance at the Academy of Music Friday evening, March 4. The program will be announced shortly.

Sergei Rachmaninoff will appear at the last of the Monday morning musicales at the Bellevue next Monday morning. His program consists of the Chopin Sonata in B flat minor, an Etude and a Barcarolle, by Rubinstein, "Troika en Traineau" and "Tropak," by Tschaikowsky, two of the composer's own compositions, "Idiles" and "Polka de W. R.," and the Second Rhapsody of Liszt.

A joint recital by Efrem Zimbalist, violinist, and Margaret Matzenauer, contralto, is announced for Thursday evening, February 24, at the Academy of Music.

The program committee of the Matinee Musical Club has arranged an attractive concert of Scandinavian music for its concert in the Rose Garden of the Bellevue-Stratford next Tuesday afternoon. The participants will be members of the club, and among them will be Ella Wile, Madeline Reed, Florence Hagenle, Helen Boadle, Ella Beckley, Marie Brehm, Dora Van Roden, Mary B. Thomason, Maude H. Perrill, Ruth L. Kinney, Agnes Clune Quinlan, Marc Newkirk, Mary Miller Mount and Elizabeth Gest.

The Philadelphia Poetrum Symphony Orchestra will give its second concert on Thursday night, February 24, in Witherspoon Hall. The orchestra will be assisted by members of the Philadelphia Opera Co. and by Henri Scott of the Metropolitan Opera Co. It is under the direction of Joseph La Manaca.

At the evening service at the Second Presbyterian Church, Twenty-first and Walnut streets, on Sunday evening, at 7:30 a program of Belgian compositions will be rendered by the choir and instrumentalists. Instrumental trios played with organ by Frederick Cook, violinist, and Vincent Pancili, harpist, of the Philadelphia Orchestra, will be given. The choir is under the direction of M. Lindsay Norden.

A special musical service will be held at St. James' Church, Twenty-second and Walnut streets, on Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. The choir will be assisted by David Dubinsky, violinist, of the Philadelphia orchestra, the service being under the direction of Wesley Sears.

The second of a series of musical services will be held in St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church, Ashbourne and York roads, Oceanic Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. The services will be preceded by instrumental trios, beginning at 3:45 p. m. Frederick Cook, violinist; Vincent Pancili, harpist, both of the Philadelphia Orchestra, and N. Lindsay Norden at the organ.

At 4 o'clock this afternoon Asa Morrill will give a piano recital at the Settlement Music School for pupils. Miss Harmione Montayne, also of the piano department, will give a recital on Sunday evening, February 13, at 8 o'clock. The public is invited.

Agnes Reifsnyder, contralto, assisted by Gertrude Tyrell, pianiste, will be heard in recital next Friday evening at Witherspoon Hall under the auspices of the University Extension Society. Miss Reifsnyder will sing arias by Caldara and Paisiello and songs by Franz, Brahms, Dvorak, Gilbert, Kramer, Curran and others.

NEW BOOKS OF ALL SORTS FOR VARIOUS TASTES

E. W. HOWE APPRAISED AS A MAN OF LETTERS

The Retired Journalist of Atchison, Kan., Has Written an "Anthology of Another Town" That Contains Only One Superfluous Adjective

By FELIX E. SCHELLING
Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania

I HAVE found only one superfluous adjective in this book—and that is that work-horse or clothes-horse, "admirable," sandwiched between "her" and "sex"; a case, so to speak, of attraction of the obvious. Ordinarily the supernumerary adjectives of the average book, excised and gathered together, would reduce the whole volume about 10 per cent. Any conspicuous lack of the superfluous, if we are so lucky as anywhere to happen upon it, we are apt to refer to Yankee reticence; and much might be said of the brevity of reticence and also of the barrenness of a soil which cannot be made to produce much anyhow. This "Anthology" shows that with other excellences cornered in the markets of the moralities by the Puritans, brevity may flourish even in the wide spaces of Kansas. In point of fact artists call this quality by a better term, economy of stroke; and economy of stroke is a notable quality in Mr. Howe's "New Town."

A CERTAIN eastern professor was lecturing some years ago in literary Indianapolis and, asked about himself, confessed that although caught early in an eddy that had carried his family back East and reversed the usual flow westward, he was actually born in Indiana. Whereupon an enthusiastic native of that literary state exclaimed: "When you get down to brass tacks, all these here lit'rary fellers hails from Indiany." Edgar Watson Howe was born in Indiana and got his schooling in Missouri, thus resembling Mark Twain in the most important part of a man's education. Mr. Howe is no stranger as a writer to such as keep abreast of the times, as his successful books, "Ventures in Common Sense" and "The Story of a Country Town," attest. This "Anthology of Another Town" is named in reference to the book just mentioned. It is something thus to have put two towns on the map, to say nothing of Atchison on the globe. Mr. Menken says that Howe is "America incarnate," and, like Dad, Mr. Menken knows.

THE "Anthology of Another Town" is not a story, nor a collection of essays, much less the disjointed paragraphs of a columnist. Each item—which word better expresses it than chapter, or sketch (as they range from several pages down to four or five lines of prose in print)—each item, as I was saying, is complete in itself and might stand alone any where. But there is unity in tone, manner and purpose of all that completes a picture despite the independence of each part. In fact, if I were looking for a term of classification I should revive the old word "character" for Mr. Howe's book; only the "character," from its original in Theophrastus to Hall and Overbury in old England, was usually more in the nature of a set description, a bit of portraiture and commonly satirical in intent. Mr. Howe in these little sketches of the actualities and trivialities of a small western town has contrived to put off satire with its limitations and to rid himself of all the literary furbelows. The result makes for the economy of stroke of which I have just written; it produces an effect sometimes almost bald (the accompanying danger of simplicity carried to a logical conclusion); but more often it achieves its purpose where elaboration would fail. Humor, the touch of pathos on occasion, a faithfulness to verity always—all these things are incidental and arise out of the subject; never are they thrust into it.

FOR example, one of the longer "characters" tells of a "city journalist" taken on in the office of a country newspaper. He is pitifully incompetent and has a habit of wandering away from his sixty-year-old wife, a "physician," widow of two predecessors, but genuinely fond of her feckless husband, who is about half her age. At last the poor fellow dies, and out of respect for the widow's grief the town gives the deceased a good funeral, in which coffin, flowers, bearers, white gloves and all are donated. One of the pallbearers failing, he was a lawyer who always promised to speak on public occasions and always failed to appear—Sam Kelsey, the new mayor, was pressed into that service, and taking command, the whole thing was carried to the last detail. "The casket was very heavy, and it was hard work getting it into the car, but finally this was accomplished, and the flowers placed on the casket. Then we stood around in solemn silence for a moment, before departing, and Sam Kelsey, with his hat still off, wiped a lot of perspiration from the top of his bald head, and, leaning over to me, whispered in a tender, sympathetic way: 'Who was he?'" For another example, take this, which I quote entire: "Ben Bradford, known to be a little gay, says the first time he kissed a woman other than his wife, he felt as sneaking as he did when he first began buying of Montgomery, Ward & Co. But Ben gradually became hardened, and many say he now trades with Sears-Roebuck, too." If any confirmed dweller in cities does not understand this, let him move to the country, and he will.

IN A VERY entertaining recent book, Mr. Edson's "Gentle Art of Columning," it is maintained, if I remember rightly, that all humor, as well as all wit, is referable to a kind of malice in us that delights in seeing the laugh on the other fellow. I have never liked this idea of humor, and with Mr. Edson's pardon will say that I do not believe it as to all humor. And I would cite both Mr. Howe's "Towns" as illustrations in point. There is no want of discernment in either of them, and many of their inhabitants are as hard, as wrong-headed and as absurd, well, as we are ourselves. The college-bred lawyer who came down in the world until his wife kept cows, of whom his rival said: "If he ever makes me mad, I'll just quit taking milk of him and starve him to death"; the daughter who would have the blinds drawn of nights although her sick old father wanted to look out at the stars; the slanderous wife who invented tales of her deserted husband's wealth and niggardliness and ruined him—in none of these faithful little sketches of Mr. Howe is there malice or uncharitableness. We need Mr. Howe's "Towns" as a corrective of the horrid "mortuaries" of Spoon river. It is one thing to detest the entire human race like Swift, it is another to laugh at men and women, and, what is still better, to laugh with them. Wit and humor, with their outriders—to the left, satire, lampoon and invective; to the right, pathos and tenderness—have always seemed to me more things in the nature of the spectrum, governed to the left with the light rays of the head, and to the right with the heat rays of the heart. Where they dissolve, the one into the other, it might be difficult often to say, but we know when we are warmed, and we are aware when only the flash light has been turned on.

MR. MASTERS once confessed, I believe, that it was the Greek anthology which inspired "Spoon River" from the very irony of mortuary inscription. I wonder if Mr. Howe knows old Theophrastus, with his "simple method, plain black and white," with his language, "the simplest possible, neither bookish nor doctrinal nor controversial * * * He relies for his effect on the simplicity of truth * * * When you laugh it is at humor in its last element of simple incongruity." This is recent learned criticism of Theophrastus, not the present reviewer's effort as to Mr. Howe. But 'twill serve. "How much one gets from a little talk, to be sure," says the Loquacious Man"—Mr. Howe would have called him Jim Walker—"and his children say to him at bedtime: 'Papa, chatter to us, that we may fall asleep.' This is Theophrastus, not Mr. Howe. "We haven't a daily paper in our town," says Mr. Howe, not Theophrastus, "but really we don't greatly miss one, owing to Mr. Stevens, the milkman." And just one more: "Sand McPherson, the barber, says he charges five dollars for shaving a dead man because he is compelled to throw away the razor he uses. But how do we know he throws the razor away?"

THE ANTHOLOGY OF ANOTHER TOWN. By E. W. Howe. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

MARY DIXON THAYER
Who has written a clever satire of intellectual fads and foibles

FRIENDLY SATIRE BY MARY D. THAYER

Sparkling Comment on the Fads and Foibles of the Intellectuals

Miss Mary Dixon Thayer has written what she calls "a friendly satire" about the intellectuals, in which many Philadelphians will be likely to find suggestions of persons whom they know. This is not because Miss Thayer has deliberately described anybody, but because her satire of the activities of a certain class is so true that it would fit individuals of that class in any community. She says in her introductory "soliloquy" that "it must be distinctly understood that Intellectuals referred to in this volume are of a unique class—that is to say, of the self-nominated, self-seconded and self-elected class." She confesses that she is one of them and says: "I am laughing no more at others than at myself when I uphold for merriment their peculiar characters."

She has them discuss all sorts of things. The way she does it is best illustrated by quotation. Here are a few extracts from the various chapters:

Mr. Author Ity also explains precisely how the trees and the flowers and the animals and the people in the world happened. They all happened, he says, by mistake or by chance. But after they had made mistakes often enough to become a chicken or a petunia or a hyena they went on growing by "survival of the slickest" and "unnatural deflection."

"But I know I am alive," exclaimed Comtesse Risque.

"You know nothing," snapped Miss Snobber. "It is impossible to know anything. Very likely we have been dead for centuries and are not aware of it."

In describing a trick the common man will speak of a brick. His ignorance is pitiable. Who wishes to read of a brick as it is? No one. I say, absolutely no one! But who does not wish to read of a brick as it is not? Bricks? Fiddlesticks! But sun-washed, purpled, concentrated atoms! That, Miss Would-Be, is atmosphere.

I am not in favor of the League of Nations precisely because its provisions might prevent conflict. Why, think of it, Miss Would-Be! Were it not for this last war there would be at this very instant twenty million more men in the world than there are. Twenty million! Horrible, horrible! Individually, we may like them. Collectively, men are insupportable.

Lieutenant Watch Me was prevailed to join us in a cocktail.

"As you know, we have prohibition in this country. You do not mind drinking it out of a coffee cup?" asked Mrs. Stalker, anxiously.

The lieutenant did not mind. He said he would not mind drinking it out of a pitcher.

There is a most entertaining hour or so in this volume for those who can enjoy brilliant fooling about common foibles.

THE INTELLECTUALS. A friendly satire. By Mary Dixon Thayer. Illustrations by Stuart Hay. Philadelphia: Dorrance & Co.

LIVELY BRITISH FUN

J. E. Buckrose Humorous in "Girl in Fancy Dress"

J. E. Buckrose writes such sprightly tales, quick moving and chuckle provoking, that one wonders again "where they get that stuff" about the Briton's lack of humor. There is about the Buckrose books that same quaint, irresistible fun-making that marks the stories of another English writer, W. W. Jacobs; it's a dry and subtle form of wit one doesn't need to offer.

The latest book from Mr. Buckrose's jolly pen concerns a mischievous young heiress who is mistaken by snobbish hosts for a poor country cousin, and who is treated accordingly by all of the family but the ex-soldier son. The heiress avenges herself beautifully, but while she's about it she falls in love with the son, who has a singular aversion to marrying an heiress. This results in complications when the truth is known.

A delightful book for an evening's reading—its title, by the way, is "The Girl in Fancy Dress." That's the heiress, whom you'll adore.

THE GIRL IN FANCY DRESS. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: George H. Doran Co.

CHESTERTON ON JEWISH PROBLEM

He Has Put in a Book His Reflections While in Jerusalem

The return of the Jews to Palestine is a subject so deeply involved in controversy that it is impossible for any one to discuss it without stirring up some one. The Jews themselves are not agreed on it, so how could the rest of us be expected to be of one mind? Gilbert K. Chesterton, who went to Jerusalem a little more than a year ago to study the question on the ground, has put the result of his observations in a book, "The New Jerusalem," which has already been attacked by two Jewish rabbis. Yet Mr. Chesterton professes a desire to be fair, not only to the Jews, but to every one else.

The book is very much like the man himself. There is a slender skeleton of discussion of the main point at issue generously upholstered with running commentary on almost everything under the sun. Yet it is all entertaining in varying degrees, and in places it is most stimulating. Mr. Chesterton has really reviewed the progress of Christian civilization from the beginning. He writes of the invasion of Europe by the Moors. He goes into a long discussion of the crusades and in passing he pays his respects to the German theory that these mighty campaigns were merely the manifestation of the wanderlust in a restless people and had no definite purpose. He deeply sympathizes with the spiritual motive back of the plans to recover the Holy Sepulchre, and he has reached very definite conclusions about the proper custody of that sacred place now that the Christians are once more in control of Jerusalem. It would be a mistake to put the Jews in charge, he says, because they are hated by both the Mussulmans and the Christians who live in Palestine. The simplest way out, in his opinion, would be to put Palestine under the suzerainty of a Christian power which should do its best to keep the peace between the Mussulmans, who are in the majority, and the Jews who are there now and those who may take up their residence there in the future.

Incidentally Mr. Chesterton has described Jerusalem and Palestine more vividly than it has been done before. He makes the reader see the contour, the color and the textures of the country, and he represents Jerusalem itself as a mild riot of color, not only in the costumes of the people, but in the hues of the stone used in the buildings. And while there he discovered that the Christmas cards with snow scenes common in this part of the world are not so far out of the way as might be supposed, for on Christmas Eve while he was in the city there was a snowstorm covering it with a blanket two feet thick. He finds in the conduct of the people an excellent illustration of the difference between the East and the West. The English soldiers began to shovel the snow away from the barracks the next morning. The native Jews and Mussulmans accepted it as one of the inconveniences of life and made no attempt to shovel their way out.

It is doubtful if what Mr. Chesterton has to say about the fate of Palestine will have any influence on the statesmen. He probably would be more surprised than any one else if it should affect their policy. His ends were accomplished when he had written down an account of his reactions to a visit to the great city from which our modern civilization received its inspiration.

THE NEW JERUSALEM. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: George H. Doran & Co. $3.

A MAN OF GOD

Dr. Hill Writes About Lincoln's Religious Faith

The one impression left by Dr. Hill's book, "Abraham Lincoln: Man of God," is that the greatest of Americans was Abraham Lincoln. This was due to the fact that, from his youth, at every time he was doubtful as to the way his duty lay, he sought for guidance and help from his heavenly Father. In showing this profound belief in God, says our coming President Harding, in an introduction to the work, "the author of this volume has rendered a service as opportunely patriotic as it is lastingly religious." In it "Lincoln stands before us," says Major General Wood in a foreword, "a heroic and earnest figure as one humbly seeking the inspiration, counsel and help of the Almighty. * * * As one reads one feels that Lincoln was, indeed, a 'Man of God.'"

Though not a biography, the book is full of information in regard to his life from the earliest days in the Kentucky shack to the White House. This is derived from a careful study of the most reliable sources, and there are many quotations from the numerous works about Lincoln. While to show the religious element in his character is Mr. Hill's main object, yet he does not lose sight of his humorous side and love of story-telling.

The conviction, that many have had, that Lincoln was an irreligious man, because for the greater part of his life he was not a church member, is shown to be absolutely without foundation by the numerous testimonies to his profoundly religious character given by those who knew him from his early manhood to his death.

The book closes with a thoughtful statement of his Christian view of labor.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, MAN OF GOD. By John Wesley Hill, D. D., LL.D., chancellor of Lincoln Memorial University. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

NEW BOOKS

An outline characterization of the latest publications. More extended review will be given books worthy of special notice.

Fiction

THE SAND DOCTOR. By Arnold Muller. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Against the picturesque background of the sand dunes of the Great Lakes the author has placed three finely conceived and vividly drawn characters—a doctor so immersed in science that he neglects his routine practice, his fair weather wife and her young lover—a strange case of dual personality.

MONTAVILLE WYNTERS. By L. Allen Harker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A love story with a sense of humor, told in Mrs. Harker's amusing way.

MADAME GILBERT'S CANNIBAL. By Bennet Copplestone. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The fascinating Madame Gilbert of the author's "Last Naval Papers" has more interesting adventures in this story concerning the half-caste Melanesian heir to an English dukedom.

ELLEN LEVIS. By Elsie Singmaster. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Another of the author's subtle novels of the interplay of character intense with the passions of love and jealousy.

General

THE ART OF LIVING. By Robert Lund. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The distinguished author of "Old and New Masters" and "Ireland's Nation" writes on a subject akin to the "Theory of Poetry" and "The Politics of Swift and Shakespeare."

THE INTELLECTUALS. By Mary Dixon Thayer. Philadelphia: Dorrance & Co.

A friendly satire.

THE MARBLE OF THE DEEP. By Sir Frederick Treves. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

An account of a voyage to the West Indies. "A traveler's notebook in excelsis" Lesley Blanch says of it. This is the seventh edition of a book that has proved its permanent worth.

LESSONS IN MEDITATION. By Edith A. Tabor. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A book of meditations on an important phase of spiritual culture and discipline.

SCENARIO WRITING TODAY. By Grace Kerton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

A practical guide by a successful scenarist who also has had much experience in conducting departments in motion picture magazines.

GREAT AMERICAN ISSUES. By John Hays Hammond and Jeremiah W. Jenks. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A discussion of our present political and economic status covering ideals of democracy, standards of living, competition and big business, and other suggestive topics in a broad and stimulating way. Anarchism, mob violence, syndicalism, socialism, revolution and all considered in connection with contemporary unrest. Education is extolled as an antidote for the germs of unrest that threaten canker in the body politic. Written by a man of affairs and action and a distinguished publicist and university professor, the book has decided versatility and authority of view.

OUR AIR FORCE. By William Mitchell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The brigadier general commanding of the United States army air service describes this keystone of our national defense.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS CO. 1802-1902. By Mrs. H. G. du Pont. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

This history of a great American industry and family is readable and authoritative. The founder of the company was a friend of Lafayette, Franklin, Jefferson, Talleyrand, etc., who escaped from the French Revolution to this country in 1799. For many decades the company has been connected intimately at critical times with American history, on which Mrs. du Pont's book casts an illuminating sidelight.

A SPANISH READER. By H. C. L. Balshaw. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A practical elementary work, constructed on the latest principles of linguistic pedagogy. The author was recently headmaster of the Escuela Practica Guatemala. The selections are interesting in text, and have explanatory footnotes on each side. There is full vocabulary at the end of the book.

SPANISH-ENGLISH AND ENGLISH-SPANISH COMMERCIAL DICTIONARY. By R. Lusum. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A book that should be of real helpfulness in these days when so much activity is being directed toward winning a share of the West South American trade for the United States. The maker is an examiner and instructor in modern languages in the University of London.

THE A B C OF EVOLUTION. By Joseph McCabe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A simple and concise handbook that reduces the Darwin theory to intelligible terms for the layman. It is scientific in material, tone and accuracy, but free from scientific terminology.

AT THE FREE LIBRARY

Books added to the Free Library, Thirteenth and Locust streets, during the week ending February 10.

Miscellaneous

Anthony, Katharine—"Margaret Fuller."
Bennett, Arnold—"Body and Soul."
Cummings, H. P.—"Enjoying Life."
Day, C. R.—"Scientific Stock Speculation."
Gleaves, Albert—"History of the Transport Service."
Howe, H. E.—"New Stone Age."
Jellicoe, Sir J. R.—"Crisis of the Naval War."
Kelly, Frances—"Immigration and the Future."
Kreymborg, Alfred—"Plays for Merry Andrews."
Miles, H. A.—"Waiting in the Wilderness."
Nathan, G. J.—"Theatre, the Drama, the Girls."
Newbolt, Henry—"Naval History of the War, 1914-1918."
O'Neill, E. G.—"Beyond the Horizon."
Strayer, G. D.—"Classroom Teacher."
Varesi, Gilda—"Later Madame."
Villars, Victor de—"Financial Independence at 50."
Warde, Frederick—"Fifty Years of Make-Believe."

Fiction

Abdullah, Achmed—"Mating of the Birds."
Atherton, Gertrude—"Sisters-in-Law."
Bindloss, Harold—"Lister's Great Adventure."
Buckrose, J. E.—"Girl in Fancy Dress."
Galsworthy, John—"Awakening."
Hendryx, J. B.—"Prairie Flowers."
Irwin, Wallace—"Seed of the Sun."
Green, Hannaway—"Pat Sir Percy."
Pedler, Margaret—"Splendid Folly."
Towne, C. H.—"Bad Man."
Webb, Mrs. Mary—"House in Dormer Forest."

Biography of Harry Franck

An entertaining little booklet biography of Harry A. Franck, author of "Roaming Through the West Indies," and quite a few other travel books covering many of the most picturesque sections of the world, has been printed by his publishers, the Century Co.

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