

ment houses, and we marvel at the splendid temerity of Mulberry babies that swarm in the middle of the street and never get run over, as they have a perfect understanding with the peddlers who drive their wagons in Mulberry Bend. But not all the children know this glad freedom. In these hives of humanity are many little hermits locked in one small room from daylight until dark. "In the window next to Mamie's is a little putty-colored face, and a still smaller white face that just peeps over the sill. One belongs to the mulatto woman's youngster. The mother goes out scrubbing, and the little girl is alone all day. She is so much alone, that the sage-green old bachelor in the second den from mine could not stand it, last Christmas' time, so he sent her a doll on the sly. That's the other face."

In the suburban sketches, "Triman's to Tubby Hook," "The Story of a Path" and "A Letter to Town," we trail through patches of wood and tropical tangles of wild grass and azalea and know again all the sweet and gracious influences of life in quiet places. In the story of "The Lost Child," we find the supreme beauty of a volume which contains only the beautiful. We touch hands with the helpful, homely, kindly neighborliness of small communities and with certain gentle sympathies which thrive so poorly in crowded cities. And in one of these friendly little towns, in the early hours of a summer morning, there runs an awful message: "That boy of Penrhyn's—the little one with the yellow hair—is lost . . ." Line by line the picture grows, here the sure, clean stroke of a master-hand, there the light touch of one who lays bare the innermost sanctity of human hearts, the love of a mother for her son. Men of all classes meet at the appointed rendezvous, "the Gun-Club grounds on the hill," and learning each his allotted territory, start on their pitiful quest. A few neighbors remain with the child's parents to help them through the hours of suspense. Presently from the searchers far below, by the river and hillside,

comes the changeful, uneven, yet cruelly monotonous cry of "Willy! Willy! Willy!" "It was a cry of many voices, a cry that came from far and near, a cry at which the women huddled together and pressed each other's hands and looked speechless love and pity at the woman who lay upon her best friend's breast, clutching it tighter and tighter. Of the men outside, the father leaned forward and clutched the arm of his chair. The others saw the great drops of sweat roll from his brow, and they turned their faces away from him and swore inaudibly." All day the searchers meet and part, hither and thither through the hot lowlands, signalling the news to heights above with the despairing sign which meant, "None yet!" When the late afternoon was come with its awful thread of impending night and the level red light had left the valleys and low places, and lit alone the hilltop where the mother was watching. "A great shout came out of the darkness, spreading from voice to voice through the great expanse below, and echoed wildly from above, thrilling men's blood and making hearts stand still; and as it rose and swelled and grew towards her out of darkness, the mother knew that her lost child was found." This is an outline, meagre and much broken, but the picture one should see for one's self.

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How Women Love, and other Tales. By Max Nordau. New York and Chicago: F. Tennyson Neely.

"Soul Analysis" is the sub-title and indicates the standpoint from which the stories have been written. M. Nordau's women are an extraordinary collection and we cannot congratulate their creator upon his proprietary rights. Their love is always at concert pitch and makes the reader so very, very tired. People who have small leisure and who desire to extract the best from whatever book is at hand will do well to skip the expounding, "How Women Love," and turn their attention to the other tales which are clearly defined, well told and of greater or less interest,