

Emperor is touched for the moment, but does not at once relinquish his pursuit of Alice. His attentions to her place the girl in a false position, and alienate the young officer to whom she is betrothed. The complications arising from this source furnish the sentimental interest of the story, and are brought to a satisfactory explanation at last through the untiring efforts of Madame Sans-Gêne.

A MOUNTAIN WOMAN. By Elia W. Peattie. Chicago: Way & Williams. \$1.25.

If any one were to name the best quality of the Western school of fiction, it would be a very fine sincerity untouched by cynicism. Faithfulness to reality, and yet a belief in the real human nature that it finds. This is the best democracy.

Mrs. Peattie has done some work very characteristic of her school, and yet individual. One is impressed at the very outset with the honesty and vitality of her observations. They give such stories as "Jim Lancy's Waterloo" and "A Michigan Man" their hold on the imagination and the memory. The tragedy of the life that spends all its force in the brute struggle with the soil is as forcibly put in the first of these as in anything by Hamlin Garland. Mrs.

Peattie is perhaps a more indigenous Westerner than Mrs. Graham. At least one might set a certain masculine robustness of tone in her work over against the peculiarly refined touch of *Stories of the Foot-hills*. But the tales which make this volume have not only straightforwardness and vigour to commend them, they include stories which only a woman could write. "Up the Gulch" is one of these. It is hard to say which is the more winning personality in this sketch: Little Roeder, who has made his big "pile" up the Gulch, and who has come down to try to enjoy it at the mountain pleasure resort, a wistful figure in his loneliness and his self-conscious elegance of attire, or the sympathetic young Eastern mother, who befriends and so unintentionally misleads him.

"Don't you go! Sit still! I'm not blamin' you fur anythin'; but I may never, 's long 's I live, find any one who will understand things the way you understand 'em. Here! I tell you about that gulch an' you see that gulch. You know how th' rain sounded thar, an' how th' shack looked, an' th' life I led, an' all th' thoughts I had, an' th' long nights, an' th' times when—but never mind. I know you know it all. I saw it in yer eyes."

There is the something in this sketch which seizes the heart. And the real quality of the volume, of which this is part evidence, makes us look with hope to Mrs. Peattie's literary future.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SCHOOL MANAGEMENT. By Arnold Tompkins, author of *The Philosophy of Teaching*. Boston: Ginn & Co.

Having in a previous work considered the process of teaching, Mr. Tompkins in the present volume considers the school as an organised means in making that process effective. His first object is to formulate a universal law applicable to all schools from the kindergarten up to the university; his second, to illustrate the application of the law to the ordinary demands of management. Without stopping here to explain the terms of the definition, it may be said that the fundamental law is to secure the "spiritual unity of pupil and teacher." Every act, whether on the part of teacher, pupil, parent, or school officer, is to be tested by this law. A right act in school is one which tends to secure

that unity; a wrong act, one which tends to destroy it. The application of the law to discipline, for example, does away with the idea of retribution in punishment. When a pupil commits a wrong act he destroys the spiritual unity between himself and the teacher. The wrong is a spiritual one, originating in the will of the pupil. But most cases of disorder arise from want of a clear perception on the part of the pupil of his relations to the school. The teacher, therefore, must rely on bringing the pupil to a realising sense of this relation to remedy disorder. He must act on the pupil's understanding and will to induce him to restore the spiritual unity which has been destroyed.

"What I wish especially to emphasise," says Mr. Tompkins, "is that the teacher must not by personal conflict of any kind interrupt the flow of

good feeling between himself and pupils. While warmly personal, the teacher must be impersonal. There must be no personal conflict. . . . I know of no circumstances under which a pupil should be berated in the presence of the class."

The wisdom of the conclusion that no pupil should under any circumstances be publicly censured may perhaps be open to doubt. But the law of spiritual unity between teacher and pupil is in substance generally accepted by educators; and Mr. Tompkins's book, illustrating as it does the application of the law to the thousand and one questions that arise in the management of schools, cannot fail to prove an extremely suggestive and helpful guide to teachers, parents, and others who have to deal with the practical side of education.

EDEN LOST AND WON. By Sir J. W. Dawson. New York: F. H. Revell Co. \$1.25.

The liberalism of yesterday is always becoming the conservatism of to-day. At the present time we have almost if not quite reached the point where the doctrines of evolution in science and of the higher criticism in literature are so generally accepted that adherence to them has become the true conservatism of the age. Judged according to this neo-conservatism of the modern world, Dr. Dawson's book contains the rankest of heresy, and that, too, in a somewhat exasperating form. It is heresy in scientific garb. He scarcely does evolution the honour of combat by formal argument, but assumes toward it an agnostic tone, and passes it by for the consideration of what he calls "scientific facts." He does not pretend to say just how man came to be here on earth, but assumes that we must take him where our real knowledge of him as actually man begins, and try to read his history from his earliest relics. Read in this way, Dr. Dawson finds some remarkably interesting things to tell us about the Book of Genesis, with its story of creation and the fall of man and the deluge, all quite out of harmony with current evolutionary theories.

The higher criticism fares no better at his hands. Archæology is for him a more satisfactory guide, and he dares to maintain that Moses is practically the writer of the Book of Genesis; that he compiled the earlier portions of it from documents brought from Chaldea by Abraham, and from traditions of the lives of the patriarchs, and composed

himself the history of Joseph and of Israel in Egypt, with the object of preparing the Israelites by a knowledge of their origin for their exodus.

Dr. Dawson's book favours what are called "traditional views," but not by means of traditional arguments. He writes, moreover, in a clear and interesting style, with strong convictions, and his whole theory is so original and well reasoned, and his reputation as a scientific man so well established, that those who most disagree with him can least afford to leave his book unread.

BY OAK AND THORN. A Record of English Days. By Alice Brown. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

The author of *Meadow-Grass* went gipsying last summer in England, and the traveller who crosses the seas with that intention, she says, has found out what it is "to gather up the gold of the year and garner it away for winter's spending." Miss Brown is a very good gipsy and a very good walker, so that to travel with her is to catch the bodily exhilaration of her swinging step in the open air, and to feel the warm crowding sensation of sun and colour from heath and sea. She is also a very good pilgrim, whose literary imagination can work on anything from Stonehenge heaths to mutton pasties; and in these pages we have a record of literary pilgrimages which would seem unsubstantial enough to the ordinary tourist, but which have a nameless charm for those "England-loving Americans" who, like Irving, have drawn their chief nourishment from English letters.

The Kingsley Country, the Haunt of the Doones, the Land of Arthur, the Brontë Country, George Eliot's Warwickshire, and Mrs. Gaskell's Cranford, are explored in this volume. The earlier sketches have perhaps too much chronicle and literary allusion for the general reader, however charming they may be as guide-books to the traveller. One or two of the later pilgrimages—notably that to the Brontë Country—are fine bits of sympathetic criticism, in which we find the artist, or we might say the woman, speaking of the woman. In "Latter-Day Cranford" the author is, of course, peculiarly at home.

Those who care for Miss Alice Brown's very distinct quality will find much of it in this pleasant volume.