his cherished hopes would now appear to be approaching realization, since the Guild in which he is interested constantly increases its membership and its enthusiasm for concerted action and work.

An Arts and Crafts exhibition of an unusually interesting character is now being held in Buffalo, in the art shop of George W. Benson. Mr. Benson has collected examples of the work of many of the best craftsmen in the country; thus assuring the artistic value of the enterprise, and removing it from commercialism. The exhibition is particularly rich in ceramics, showing no less than thirteen kinds of American art pottery: the Grueby, Newcomb, Rookwood, Dedham, Volkmar, Merrimac, Moravian, Bronner, Ohr, Barman, Frackleton, Warrick and the McLaughlin porcelain. There are many beautiful examples of hand-wrought jewelry; Mr. Thresher of Dayton, Mrs. Wynne and Mr. Bennett of Chicago, Miss Carson of Cleveland, Miss Winlock of Cambridge, Miss Luther of Providence, and Miss Folsom of Winchester, being among the craftsmen represented in this department. Among those who have contributed handiwork in bronze, copper, and brass are Mr. Saint-Gaudens, Miss Hyatt of New York, Mr. Stickley of Syracuse, Miss Holden of New York, Miss Ogden of Milwaukee, Mr. Jarvie of Chicago, and the Art Crafts Shop of Buffalo. The workers in leather who exhibit are Mrs. Burton of Santa Barbara, the Misses Ripley of New York, the Arts and Crafts Society of Baltimore, the Wilro and Kalo shops of Chicago, Miss Smith of Philadelphia, Mr. Grinnell of New Bedford, and a number of other men and women.

BOOK REVIEWS

"THE FRIENDSHIP OF ART," by Bliss Carman, is a collection of independent essays of unequal merit; some of them showing a spontaneous expression of thought, and others being simply skilful combinations of words, arranged for the sake of writing. Of the latter division it is not necessary to speak further, except to say that these writings belong to an immeasurable yield of literary products possessed of scant vitality, which are brought into existence in an age of wide-spread culture and of inexpensive bookmaking. Included in the first division, on the contrary, there are both wit and wisdom, expressed tersely with specific words, such as fix themselves easily in the memory. The climax occurs in the essay "On being ineffectual," which is really a masterpiece of observation, and at the same time, a lesson which it would be well to take to heart. The fragment here quoted from the essay deserves to be studied paragraph by paragraph, for it is filled with the honey of a homely philosophy: "I have an idea that evil came on earth when the first man or woman said: 'That isn't the best I can do, but it is well enough.' In that sentence the primitive curse was pronounced, and until we banish it from the world again we shall be doomed to inefficiency, sickness and unhappiness. Thoroughness is an elemental virtue. In nature nothing is slighted, but the least and the greatest of tasks are performed with equal care, and diligence, and patience, and love, and intelligence. We are ineffectual because we are slovenly and lazy and content to have things half done. We are willing to sit down
and give up before the thing is finished. Whereas we should never stop short of an utmost effort toward perfection, so long as there is a breath in our body. Women, of course, are worse in this respect than men. Their existence does not depend on their efficiency, and therefore they can be almost as useless and inefficient as they please, whereas, men have behind them a very practical incentive to efficiency, which goes by the name of starvation. And there are ineffectual men, certainly. It is not a matter of large attempts, but of trifles—the accumulation of trifles—that makes ultimate success. For character, like wealth, may be amassed in small quantities, as well as acquired in one day. If you watch a woman dusting a room, you will know at once whether she will ever be able to do anything more important in the world, or whether she is destined to keep to such simple work all her days, going gradually from inefficiency to inefficiency, until she gives up at last in despair and falls into the ranks of the great procession of the failures in life. Watch a man harness a horse, or mend a fence; you can tell whether or not he will ever own a horse and a farm.” It would seem that a man capable of holding so virile a pen would do well to restrain its facility, lest it lose its force. [“The Friendship of Art,” by Bliss Carman. Boston: L. C. Page & Company. Size, 8x5½ inches; pages, 302; price, $1.50.]

“A GUIDE TO THE BIRDS OF NEW ENGLAND AND EASTERN NEW YORK” is a book most attractive even to one ignorant of the subject which it treats. It further possesses a quality necessary, but not always belonging to works of this class, since the knowledge offered by it is presented in clear and systematic form. It is intended, as its author states in his preface, for “the growing class of beginners in bird study.” It contains preliminary chapters upon “birds and their seasons;” “migration;” “distribution,” that is, a definition of the breeding areas of the birds common to the region under observation; “hints for field work,” and “how to use the keys.” This last named chapter immediately precedes the keys, which are arranged to be used in connection with the student’s note book. There is
also a map showing what the author names “the zones of life”: that is, the habitats of the different species. Having given in a plain way this extended information, the work develops into a true guide-book, illustrated by profiles of the birds described, and so printed as to present the principal facts in an easily accessible form. It is a book which even the weary reviewer does not willingly let escape from his hand, and, in chill November, it makes one long to take “the key of the fields.” [“A Guide to the Birds of New England and Eastern New York,” by Ralph Hoffmann. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company, 1904. Size, 5x8½ inches; pages, 350; illustrated by plates and cuts; price, $1.50 net.]

“Among English Inns” is an attractively printed and illustrated volume, in reality a guide to rural England, having its character successfully disguised under a narrative form, introducing a number of women who are types of travelers. Each of these is interesting to one who would follow the route described, because through her are indicated certain things to be enjoyed, avoided, or endured. No other book has as yet given such practical information upon this subject in so agreeable and so assimilative a form, and it is a work to be welcomed equally by those who wish to avail themselves of it as a guide, and by those whose use of it is to be limited to the pleasure derivable from its pages. The head pieces of the chapters with their gable ends of inns and their well-drawn initial letters will repay an hour’s study on the part even of those who are familiar with such designs, and the illustrations are representative, recalling vividly to the old traveler his delight in the hedge-rows and village streets of England. [“Among English Inns,” by Josephine Tozier. Boston: L. C. Page & Company; size, 8x5½ inches; pages, 255; illustrated; price, $1.60.]

MEMORABLE IN THE MAGAZINES

In “Harper’s Bazar” for October, Miss Elia M. Peattie tells the story of the work of Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago. To quote directly, she says: “It is a fact that this little, dark, soft-voiced woman is one of the strongest forces for good in all Chicago. Her clear, direct mind, her simple, aspiring spirit, her gentle personality, spell out kindness. She has come without creeds or formulas. She has merely had the patience to hear the other side. If there is a minority report anywhere, she wants to know what it is. Truth, she has discovered, so frequently dwells with the minority.” The publication printing this sketch is to be commended for its action in giving to the world the facts of a life so unusual and significant.

In the “Contemporary Review” for September, Erik Givskov gives the result of his observations upon the “Small Industries of France.” After briefly indicating that unnatural social conditions are always produced by injustice, and illustrating his point by referring to the lack of small holdings in Great Britain, the author compares the life of the English, with that of the French peasant. He writes: “That
France is one of the richest countries of Western Europe is, without doubt, largely due to the great number of its peasant farmers, who cultivate their little plots of land with a love and care found only among small holders, and, at the same time, carry on some petty industry. Almost every house lies half hidden behind a thicket of fruit and rose trees, and behind the flower-pots in the large windows, or sitting on the threshold, as the case may be, one sees the whole family in busy activity, turning out ribbons, laces, brushes, combs, knives, baskets, or whatever may be the special industry of the district.” While all these peasant farmers are not represented as prosperous by Herr Givskov, he further states: “Wherever a water-fall has been made to yield its energy for the production of electric motive power, or a few peasants have coöperated to purchase a gas motor, or a streamlet has been utilized to turn a water-wheel, wherever coöperation has enabled the peasant farmers to secure those advantages in the way of buying and selling which, at one time, seemed to be the inevitable monopoly of the great manufacturers—wherever, in short, modern processes have been adopted, there local industries are thriving, and the peasant farmers are prosperous.” Certainly, from a survey apparently as thorough and as truthful as this, we have one more proof that “the woolen stocking” has become one of the great factors in the world’s finance.

In Ireland similar industries are in process of organization. Their probable beneficent effects are discussed in “Dona-hoe’s Magazine” by Seumas MacManus, from whom the following passage may be quoted: “I believe that the cottage industries, whereat boys and girls would perform their work around the sacred stones of their father’s hearth, would bring with them by far the greatest amount of truly happy prosperity. When I look to the great manufacturing centers of England and Scotland, and know, as I do, the appalling amount of drunkenness, wretchedness, misery and vice of all kinds in these manufacturing cities, I say in my heart: ‘May God preserve us from such aggregations of factories, miseries and degradation! And I say, rather than introduce such degradation into our country, I should prefer to see our people remain in abject poverty, since in that poverty they have ever retained an elevation of soul and a gentleness of heart that is beyond all riches.” It is true that the conditions of the Irish peasantry can in no way be compared with those existing in the rural districts of America. And yet we could wish, as fervently as the writer just quoted, for the establishment of village and fireside industries throughout the United States.