

with the previous generation. Nothing could be saner than the young people themselves, from Allison the kind and sensible to Hilda the fluffy but fine. There is nothing that is not utterly wholesome from the first page to the last except the exigencies of the plot, which make a past necessary for some one. The choice of the nun, in the white abstraction of her devoted life, who long since has expiated the sin that falls for a while so menacingly across the path of hero and heroine, has mitigated this past as much as possible. Yet it seems too bad to have given a story so perfectly suited and so charmingly written for girls in their teens, this forbidding bar-sinister. It remains for those past sixteen to enjoy its young society and ingenuous talk, as they might that of a bevy of young people who had come in for tea.

Hildegard Hawthorne.

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J. O. CURWOOD'S "THE DANGER TRAIL"*

This is an honest little book, which makes no pretence at being anything but just what is is, a good yarn to entertain the reader. There is no pretence of giving to a mere story of adventure the attributes of a literary value which it does not possess. There is no attempt at characterisation of the persons involved in the story, no endeavour to paint for us the weird magic of the Frozen North, and, most refreshing of all, there is no attempt to glorify or idealise brute force as the one thing worth considering. There is, therefore, no necessity for the reviewer to endeavour to find some modicum of literary value in a story which does not even pretend to possess it, so we can safely praise *The Danger Trail* as a rattling good yarn of mystery and adventure. It concerns itself with the doings of one John Howland, Chicago engineer, who has realised the dream of his life by being put in charge of the Hudson Bay Railroad, building up in the great white stretches of the North. From the moment of his first entrance into that en-

*The Danger Trail. By James Oliver Curwood. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

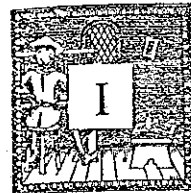
chanted country, Howland meets with remarkable adventures, which hold him—and the reader—in a lively whirl until the end of the story.

It would be unfair to the book for the reviewer to reveal the mystery that surrounds Howland, because the unravelling of this mystery is all the book has to offer the reader. He ought to be left to find it out for himself, and it is safe to predict that he will not put the book out of his hand until he does find it out. It will give him an hour or two of exciting reading, and he will regret that the author was so saving with his material. We get so much interested in what is happening that we feel we would like to know more of the mysterious persecution of Thorne and Gregson, and of what happened at the railroad camp before Howland arrived. Mr. Curwood piles on the thrills so cleverly that we swallow them all and ask for more.

There is one portion of the book, however, which is deserving of serious criticism, and which, judging by the best standard, is deserving also of praise. That is the work of Charles Livingston Bull, some of whose six or seven full-page illustrations to the story are equal to the best this artist has yet given us. It is not hard to become enthusiastic over Mr. Bull's work. The piquant effect of his Japanese technique for utterly un-Japanese subjects has a charm that prickles like champagne, the boldness of his line work is stimulating. The human figure, except in vague outlines as a part of the landscape, is not Mr. Bull's strong point. But his appreciation of the soul of wild nature, and the wild creatures that inhabit therein, is as unique as his manner of expressing it. One or two of the pictures in this book, principally because they concern the human element, are not up to Mr. Bull's usual standard. But two of them, the frontispiece and the picture of the dog team on the edge of the snow-covered ridge, are marvels of composition. There is a weird power in this last illustration which dwarfs into banality the attempt of the author of the book to describe the same thing in words. He may have seen the sight, but the artist interpreted it.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

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It is the usual assumption, however, that an author has a property right in his play of legal right, if copyright; and in any case. The whole question, on the surface, exceedingly simple, has, at some expenditure of money, selected a certain number out of the infinite variations of life; has combined them in a apparently new pattern, and will assume, a satisfactory metrical piece of art. Consider the most elemental principle of the results of his own labours to belong to him, as much as he had made a shoe, or a chair—and if another writer consciously or unconsciously imitates like combination of episodes, is to raise the charge of plagiarism. Of course, the writer who steals from another a really or who bodily takes over another of plot construction, and foists it upon the world as his own, is deserving of very short sentences. But in actual experience such barefaced theft are rather rare. The question is usually not near so simple. Since the dawn of history, millions of plots, good, bad, and indifferent, have been tried upon a

*The Stronger Claim. By [Name]. New York: Duffield and Company.

The Duke's Price. By [Name]. New York: Boston and New York: The Century Company.

The Awakening of Paul [Name] and Claude Askew. New York: The Century Company.

An Interrupted Friendship. By [Name]. New York: The Century Company.

Sally Bishop. By E. T. [Name]. New York: Mitchell Kennerly.

The Shoulder Knot. By [Name]. Dudeney. New York: Cassell Limited.

The Crossways. By Helen [Name]. New York: The Century Company.

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