We wonder how many of The Bookman readers who followed the work of the leading lawyer for the defence during the recent extraordinary Haywood trial associated him with An Eye for an Eye, which was reviewed in these columns a year and a half ago. An Eye for an Eye was a very unusual book. It was the crude, simple story of Jim Jackson, about to undergo the death penalty for the murder of his wife. To speak flippantly and yet quite literally, it may be said that his provocation to the crime was the fact that her method of cooking a beefsteak for dinner did not suit him; yet when we lay aside the simple, rambling narrative our sympathies are entirely with the unhappy man, and our indignation is roused against certain injustices and cruelties of the modern social system. There were chapters in An Eye for an Eye that strongly suggested the pages devoted to the wanderings of “Jurgis,” which Upton Sinclair afterward incorporated in The Jungle.

Wonderfully cheerful group of nocturnal croquet-players; and a phonograph of bird songs may be set up on the lawn; and the hills may be seen by searchlight from the roof; and the night is as good as the day, even better; for all things are far better the way they are than the way they might have been. Such is commuter’s loyalty, and by these thoughts they cheer one another as they hurry back and forth, disdaining any praise of their most splendid qualities, for that would imply there was something in the life that called these qualities into play.

Edna Kenton, whose novel Clem is being published by the Century Company, was a Chicago newspaper woman before she began writing fiction. Her first two or three years as a free lance were exceedingly lean years, her total earnings amounting only to a few hundred dollars. The turning of the tide came with the appearance, about four years ago, of What Manner of Man, her first novel.