

the Alpes Maritimes from Bordhigera, and a Scotch scene, "Summer Day on Loch Etive," so weird and desolate as to make one shiveringly wonder what a winter day on Loch Etive might possibly be like!

Perhaps the cleverest of all, in marvellous effect of ice-painting, is Mr. E. J. Compton's water-colour, "The Lys Glacier." This is quite wonderful, and so also is his "Scunnan-Gillian," wherever that may be—it sounds Welsh, and is very romantic and beautiful, if it is equal to Mr. Compton's idea of it.

G. M. R.

## A Book of the Week.

### "SWEETHEART TRAVELLERS."\*

THIS is the most delectable book about a little child that I have read for many a long day. Mr. Crockett has given us some happy hours' reading with "The Raiders," "The Stickit Minister," and "The Lilac Sunbonnet," but I will venture to say that in all his former publications, which have won for him considerable reputation in the literary world, he has done nothing better than, if as good as, this story of his travels on a tricycle, accompanied by his winsome little daughter.

This little sweetheart of his was only four years old, and a large part of the book is taken up with the history of her sayings and doings, and the record of that quaint sweet point of view which is only possible to very little children before their hearts and imaginations have been sullied by contact with the world.

Small wonder that Mr. Crockett enjoyed his tricycle journeys through beautiful countries, with his tiny red-cloaked maiden chirruping fairy tales and remarks in front of him as he paddled along.

The tales told by the child about animals are exquisite in their dainty poetry. Twinkle Tail, Stroky Face and Little Mappitt, according to Sweetheart, lived with old Brer Rabbit. Stroky Face was his wife, and Twinkle Tail was his little girl, whom he took out every day on *his* tricycle, and Twinkle Tail had a dollie whose name was Little Mappitt.

"God gave them a lovely hole to live in, and you have to crawl far in, and the first thing you see when you get in is a bit of blue sky . . . yes, a bit of blue sky, and then you come out (if you are a little rabbit) in a country where it is all blue sky—the houses are built of bricks of blue sky, and the windows are just thinner bits of blue sky, and Little Mappitt herself is just a bit of blue sky, dressed in the old twinkles of last year's stars."

Oh! the dainty poetry of that last phrase has haunted me ever since I read the book ten days ago!

"The old twinkles of last year's stars"—I really can't see anything in that phrase that is so particularly fascinating," exclaims the captious philosopher, looking over the top of her practical spectacles, "because, after all, you know you can't dress even a doll in starlight."

No more you can, dear philosopher, and if you can't see the charm of it yourself I can't explain it to you.

On another journey little Red Cloak regales her

father by relating to him the story of "Buzz, a bumble bee, who lives in a hole in a hollow tree." "No, dear," expostulates her father, "surely in a meadow."

"Well, I don't know—but [severely], *he* said in a hollow tree, and his wife's name is Huzz. And he has two little baby bees, and their names are Fuzz and Muzz—at least he said so—and he has to work so hard to buy bread and butter for them. He works a typewriter at home, and old mother Huzz, she makes their clothes and puts Fuzz and Muzz to bed, and every night when it is time to go to sleep Fuzz puts his head in his mother's lap and says, 'Bless father and mother, and make Fuzz a good little bumble bee.'"

I think that Mr. Crockett must have been a delightful father for an imaginative child to own, for he entered into all her imaginations with such charming comradeship.

Sweetheart called her mother "The Lady of the Workbox," and one day when she and her father returned from an expedition, the following conversation took place:—

"Were you frightened, Sweetheart?" asked the Lady of the Workbox. . . .

"Oh, no, certainly not; even father was not much frightened when I was with him. Do you know, mother, we shotted fourteen—yes, more than a hundred lions and tigers—we did, didn't we, father?"

A pause of corroboration, during which I blushed, for really we had not destroyed quite as many as that. . . ."

I must really refrain from more quotation, for the story abounds in every page with delightful little sayings and stories, and charming descriptions of scenery, and the effects of light and shade in the trees and mountains, as Sweetheart and her adoring father flitted along the highroads on their tricycle.

Towards the end of the book there is a most pathetic little bit which describes how Mr. Crockett, to tease his little daughter, took her brother out for a ride in her place, and poor little Sweetheart tried in vain to rejoice in another's pleasure, and sobbed out "I am not crying. It is only because I am so glad dear Hugo is getting a ride. But—but I thought I was not to be father's little 'panion any more."

Really this is so heartrending that it is quite a relief to turn the page and read that Sweetheart has never ceased to be "father's little 'panion," nor is it likely that she ever will.

While we are talking of children's stories we should like to recommend to our readers a charming edition of *Classical Nursery Rhymes*, illustrated by Gordon Browne, and published at six shillings by Messrs. Wells Gardner. A. M. G.

## Bookland.

"The Two First Centuries of Florentine History: The Republic and Parties at the Time of Dante," by Professor Pasquale Villari, author of "The Life of Savonarola," &c. Translated by Linda Villari.

"Last Poems:" being the Last Unpublished Poems written by the late James Russell Lowell.

"On the Common Chords." Verses by Clifford Harrison.

"The Sister Dominions": Through Canada to Australia by the new Imperial Highway. By James Francis Hogan, M.P. (Ward and Downey.)

"The Lost Stradivarius," by J. Meade Falkner.

"The Lady in Grey," by G. Ohnet, author of "The Iron-master."

\* "Sweetheart Travellers." A Child's Book for children, for women and for men. By S. R. Crockett. Illustrated by Gordon Browne and W. H. C. Groome. 6s. (Wells, Gardner and Co.)

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)