

THE
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*Newspaper
Cuttings.*

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE

By
Sir
Gilbert



Parker

Author of "The Weavers," "The Right of Way," etc.

PRAISE FROM THE PRESS

"Had Gilbert Parker never written the admirable novels that have won him fame, his latest, 'The Judgment House,' must at once have placed him in the lead among the present writers of fiction."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

"This is the very best novel that has been produced in a very long time, which is saying a great deal. While it voices no false modesty nor preaches Puritanism, it never sinks to the promulgation of platitudes of degeneracy nor to the dissemination of purulent principles. The publishers have shown fine discrimination in putting out this masterpiece of Sir Gilbert Parker's."—*Seattle Post Intelligencer*.

"Its unfolding throbs with the pulsings of empire and involves the destiny of races. It is not in any sense historical, and yet its telling is so graphic and vivid that an impression of its historicity possesses the reader as he follows the story's thrilling progress. It is a novel of exceptional strength."—*Cleveland Christian World*.

"The dramatic qualities of this book are entrancing. The plot is cleverly wrought, and one cannot find a dull or prosaic moment or situation."—*Detroit News Tribune*.

"As its diversified character reproductions, stirring incidents, cleverness of construction and style, 'The Judgment House' may be reckoned as a rattling good story. There is an exposure of the subtleties of British international politics; vivid descriptions; intense situations and startling climaxes, the whole making a novel which will in no degree detract from the author's reputation as a creator of enjoyable fiction."—*Buffalo Commercial*.

"Among all the productions of Mr. Parker's pen probably none has exceeded this, his latest, in strong interest, skilful character-painting and intensely human qualities."—*Utica Press*.

"Gilbert Parker has written another strong, dramatic story of tangled lives, which demonstrates the author's thorough knowledge of human nature."—*Albany Journal*.

"One reads this story under high tension, the tension of really good melodrama."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

"There is no doubt that Sir Gilbert's story will add to the already great reputation of Canada's most distinguished novelist."—*Toronto Globe*.

"I have been reading with entire pleasure and delight his new novel, 'The Judgment House.'"—*CLEMENT SHORTER in The London Sphere*.

"It is a story which captivates and grips one with the very bigness of it and with its fascinating reality. . . . One might say, as has been said of another famous author, 'Gilbert Parker does not write books; he thinks them.'"—*Boston Globe*.

"Brilliant and powerful, worthy of its author's proved gifts. War and passion make it a legitimate melodrama. Love and hate keep it impressively human."—*N. Y. World*.

"Never has Sir Gilbert written a novel more filled with keen and poignant sense of life than in this story, woven of London and the veld, of England and her policies, South Africa and her struggles during the Boer War. . . . A thrilling, majestically moving story."—*N. Y. Times*.

Illustrated. Post 8vo, \$1.35 net

HARPER & BROTHERS

HARPER'S MAGAZINE ADVERTISER.

The Judgment House.

American
Canadian

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, MARCH 23, 1913

VELD AND LONDON

Gilbert Parker's Dramatic Novel

"The Judgment House"

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE. By Gilbert Parker. Illustrated by W. Hatherill. Harper & Brothers. \$1.35.

GILBERT PARKER'S action has never concerned itself much with the interpretation of life. Mr. Parker has been content to move across his tapestry the majestic procession of events and to leave to his readers the asking and the answering of questions as to its meaning. But his procession is always an interesting one, and sometimes, as in this present book, it is deeply moving. Never has Sir Gilbert written a novel more filled with the keen and poignant sense of life than is this story, woven of London and the veld, of England and her policies, South Africa and her struggles during the Boer war.

The opening is dramatic, puts the reader at once into the swing of the story and thrills him with the presence of momentous things about to happen. It is the night of Jameson's raid, but this opening scene is in London, at Covent Garden, and only after it is over does the reader sense Dr. Jim and his men riding on Johannesburg. Ruddyard Byng, South African nabob, who has made £5,000,000 on the Rand, sits in a box at the opera with Jasmine Grenfel, the granddaughter of a man who had made his own millions out of his inventions and had handed on to her a goodly portion of them, and of his capacity and his reckless nature. With them is Ian Stafford, high up in England's diplomatic service, in love with Jasmine, aure of his suit. On the stage a newly found star of song is thrilling and holding the house. Her filmy robe brushes a candle and she is wrapped in fire. Byng leaps from the box to the stage and with Jasmine's opera cloak smother's the flames. And Dr. Jim and his 800 are riding across the veld, in the mystery and the magic of an African night.

The story is divided into four books, and the first of these does little but set the stage for the action and make the reader acquainted with the chief actors. Then three years elapse before the opening of the next act. In the mean time, Jasmine has cast Ian Stafford aside and married Byng, and events have been ripening toward war in South Africa. Jasmine, exquisitely lovely, with princely wealth in her hands, possessing her grandfather's energy of soul and lawlessness of spirit, and not at all in love with her husband, is playing with fire—having nothing else to do—and playing very hard. She plays with Ian Stafford, back from diplomatic successes in Europe, and brings him to

her feet, even to the point of disregarding his life-long friendship with Byng and casting to the winds the honors and glories of his career, if she will fly with him so some far off corner of the world. She plays with her husband's secretary, a handsome beast, a chaser of women, the lover of Al'mah, the singer of the opening scene, and reveals to him South African secrets she has learned from her husband, which he hastens to tell to Oom Paul, through Byng's Boer-Hottentot servant. She plays with a diplomat from the Continent, and through his infatuation makes it possible for Stafford to achieve the crowning stroke of his diplomatic career, by which the powers agree to keep hands off and allow England to do as she will in South Africa.

As the war opens, Jasmine's house of cards falls about her ears. Krool, her husband's Boer-Hottentot servant, reveals to Byng her dallings with Adrian Fellowes, his secretary, and Byng shows the incriminating letter to Stafford, come to his house to see Jasmine and learn if she will cast everything aside for his sake, as he is ready to do for hers. Then follow dramatic scenes between all the several principals, that are worked out with skill and with an emotional power that is all the more thrilling because it is held so admirably in restraint. Presently Fellowes is found dead without sign of violence. But each one of these people, Byng, Jasmine and Stafford, wonder in their most secret thoughts which of the other two has killed him. The reader wonders, too, and the mystery of it and the desire to know what is going to be the result of those suspicions keep up his suspense and make him hurry on to the last book, which carries him and the chief actors to South Africa and the War. There, in the "house of Judgment" where they come face to face with the grim and simple realities of life and death, the tangled fates of the people of the drama are finally resolved.

In this last book some of the best and most vivid descriptive work in the whole story is to be found. Sir Gilbert knows the veld and its spirit has gone to his heart. He has spilled its fragrance all through the novel, and makes its call heard even in London streets and drawing rooms. Its influence is strong upon Byng and his queer assortment of partners, and its savagery flares up in them in that dramatic scene where they threaten Krool with the sjambok, and Byng himself, at last convinced of the man's treachery, takes off his coat and lays on the punishment as he drives the man from the house.

The scenes of war are told with spirit and vigor and with much keenly sympathetic knowledge of the soldiers, both English and South African. There are bits of banter and flippant conversation in the face of danger that show something of Kipling's old-time magic. And there are descriptions that make the reader see and feel the veld. Like this:

The influence of an African night was on him. None that has not felt it can understand it, so cold, so sweet, so full of sleep so stirring with an undertone. Many have known the breath of the pampas beyond the Amazon; the pungency of the wattle blown across the salt-bush plains of Australia; the friendly exhilaration of the prairie or the chrysalis of the flying, loquaciousness of the desert. But yonder on the veld is a life of the night which possesses all the others have, and something of its own.

which sets into the bones and makes a man aware from the fret of life and sets his feet on the heights where lies repose.

The character of Jasmine dominates the entire book, whether it is dealing with love or war, with London drawing rooms or South African hospitals. She is a complex creature, of fire and earth, of many good possibilities, and much evil reality. But one doubts a little if the creator of her being interprets her aright, sees her true, as he has made her, and in her relations with her world. He seems to intend for the reader to take her as, essentially, a good woman, not one whose roots, like Ibsen's Hedda Gabler, are set in evil. He gives her a nobleness of spirit that seems, under the chastening punishments of life and the coming to grips with the real world, as she does in South Africa, to set her heart toward finer, graver issues. But oft she falters. She has done evil too much and too consciously to deserve the confidence the author wants her to feel in her.

And very much does one doubt the interpretation he makes her put upon herself. He seems to think, and makes her say, that what she needed was a master, "the steel upon her weakness." It is a conventional interpretation of fiction—especially of man-written fiction—of the willful woman. But it fails to distinguish between the high-spirited, willful woman of intelligence and the willful woman who is merely a spoiled child. No woman of Jasmine's spirit and mental gifts would ever sigh for a master. But whatever fault one may find with Sir Gilbert's interpretation of his creation, the fact remains that she is a remarkable conception, depicted with skill and subtlety and graphic art; a vivid type of the woman of luxury, who has too much money and too little work, whose endowments and capacities very much deserve conservation.

Jasmine's husband, Ruddyard Byng, is another thoroughly conceived and solidly depicted character. He is much more alive than is Ian Stafford, with whom he is strongly contrasted. Many of the minor characters also are vividly revealed in such lightning strokes as this:

"Come a little closer," said Wallstein, in a soothing voice, but so Wallstein would have spoken to a man he was about to disembowel.

It is a thrilling, majestically moving story. But it moves too slowly for its own good. Its five hundred pages might have been cut down by a third, to its very great benefit. The author is given to dwelling upon his points until they cease to be points, to elaborating his descriptions of his people and his analysis of their motives until there is nothing left for the reader's imagination to busy itself with. And thus he so closes the progress of the story that sometimes it comes perilously near to being wearisome. Even the constant charm of his style will hardly save a good many of his pages from the ignominious fate of being skipped.

4 New York Sun.
March 29/13.

SIR GILBERT PARKER TELLS A CHARACTERISTIC TALE

Cecil Rhodes Kind of Hero and His Marriage to a
London Society Beauty.

Scenes in South Africa. With Nearly All the Characters
Fighting Terrible Battles.

We made instant note of Adrian Fellowes in the opening part of Sir Gilbert Parker's story of "The Judgment House" (Harper and Brothers) and said to ourselves that he was doomed, according to the best rules of melodrama. At Covent Garden he sat turned in his seat, stroking his golden mustache and surveying with a smile the vast audience hypnotized by the "sweet storm of song" proceeding from the magical throat of Almah, the dark prima donna. He was "a fair slim, gracefully attired man of about 300 and excessively handsome, but he had "a mind and soul in which no conflicts ever raged" and in his cold blue eyes shone merely "the floating look of the gambler who swings from the roulette table with the winnings of a great coup," the cynical joy of an operator who has beaten the bank. The dark and tragical Almah had already been the victim of an unfortunate attachment. A worthless husband had deserted her and gone away to South Africa. Very likely it was "temperament" that induced her to put her trust in Adrian after her perfectly and vividly remembered matrimonial experience. Adrian had no chance to escape to South Africa. It was one of those slender surgical needles, with an obscure poison on the tip, that called the handsome philanthropist to his account.

Rudyard Byng was something like Cecil Rhodes. He was a strong man and he had amassed millions in South Africa. Years of training in a wild country, rich in its supply of desperate situations, had fitted him to do what he did that night in the opera house in Covent Garden. As Almah reached the climax of her superb song she let her loose sleeve trail in the flame of a tall candle, part of the "property" of the scene. "For one stark moment no one stirred; then suddenly a man was seen to spring across a space of many feet between a box on the level of the stage and the stage itself. He crashed into the footlights, but recovered himself and ran forward. In an instant he had enveloped the agonized figure of the singer and had crushed out the flames with swift, strong movements." The opera cloak caught up for the accomplishment of this swift business belonged to Jasmine, the blonde and superlatively beautiful heroine of the tale. "Well done, Ruddy Byng!" Those hearty and merited cries had hardly ceased ringing through the house when the heroine's father observed that Jasmine would marry the Nabob. This Nabob's manners were slightly rude, at least not thoroughly polished. Jasmine was as good as engaged to Ian Stafford, the diplomatist. Ian was superb in manner, mind and heart. If a plain phrase may be permitted to us, he left, as a suitor, "nothing to be desired." Nevertheless the heroine's father was correct. Jasmine proceeded very prettily to re-entire the use made of her opera cloak. She wished to know how much it was scorched. Having married Bing, she was convinced presently that she loved Ian.

Krool, Byng's South African servant, was a strange and terrifying creature. He was half Hottentot and half Dutch. He was torn by a sense of divided duty. He loved his master and felt that he owed allegiance to Oom Paul. In London he was at the same time a faithful body-servant and a Boer spy. "The Baas will live as long as he want, but Oom Paul will have your heart—and plenty more." So Krool declared to the excellent Barry Whalen, faithful friend of Byng and Stafford. His teeth showed like those of a wolf as he spoke. Repeatedly he was ominous and terrifying. The aristocratic neighborhood of Park Lane was thrilled when Byng ejected Krool violently from the magnificent house, lashing him forth from the front door with a whip of rhinoceros hide. The policeman in the street got a f5 note for holding his tongue. It is plain from this part of the tale that there is "graft" in London.

Jasmine was a witness of the lashing of Krool, as was nearly everybody else. Her husband gave her the sjambok in an absentminded way. She retired to her boudoir and soilquized. It is to be read: "She took up the whip, examined it, felt its weight and drew it with a swift weight through the air. 'I did not even shrink when Krool came stumbling down the stairs with this cutting his flesh,' she said to herself. 'Somehow it all seemed natural and right. What has come to me? Are all my finer senses dead? Am I just one of the crude human beings who lived a million years ago and who lives again as crude as those, with only the outer things changed? Then I wore the skins of wild animals and now I do the same, just the same; with what we call more taste, perhaps, because we have ceased to see the beauty in the natural thing.' She touched the little band of gray fur at the sleeve of her clinging velvet gown. 'Just a little distance away, that is all.'" After that she buried her face in her hands and said that she was doomed. She was mistaken if we read into "doom" its ordinary meaning of a grim eventuality. She came out happy, perceiving the Great merits of Byng.

The scene of the tale is shifted to South Africa. We have terrible battles in which nearly all the characters participate. Byng charging at the head of his regiment encounters three Boers. One he disposes of; one presents a rifle at his heart; the third, a giant, raises a clubbed gun above his head. Krool, the sjaambok servant, though fighting on aiming at the Baas's heart. The clubbed gun descends and wounds Byng terribly, but Barry Whalen shoots the giant who wielded it. In another battle Stafford, the diplomatist, is killed. He lingers before dying and is attended by Almah, who is an angel of mercy in many scenes of the war. Almah is repentant husband, is curious loyal to her, finally in South Africa. She never regrets running the poisoned needle into the handsome philanthropist.

Jigger in the story is a cockney boy who sold newspapers at home and was

mentally befriended by Stafford. Jigger's sister was befriended by Almah, who got her a place in the chorus. In South Africa Jigger appears as a trumpeter. The melodrama reaches its height in treating of Jigger. The tale is in the author's well known and somewhat ponderous vein. It has many pages of analysis, but this did not absorb us so much as the purely narrative part.

The American N. Y. City
March 22/13

The Judgment House.

No one knows better how to tell a story than Sir Gilbert Parker. In his most recent novel, THE JUDGMENT HOUSE (Harper & Bros., \$1.85), he lives up to the reputation he made with "The Right of Way" and "The Weavers."

Like his last-named novel, the scene of the present one is laid partly in Africa and partly in England. The theme revolves about the love of a woman and the strong personality of two men—one a millionaire, who has made his fortune in the veldt, and the other a diplomat.

Rudyard Byng is a Cecil Rhodes type of man. His advent into London with some four millions sterling naturally gives him a chance to see a good deal of society, and one of the very first things he does is to fall in love with Jasmine Grenfel, a girl with beauty of face, keenness of intellect and an eye on the advantages to be gained from power.

Jasmine is tactfully understood to be the prospective bride of Ian Stafford, the diplomat in the novel, a young fellow who has his way to make, but she falls under the dominating spell of Byng and marries him.

Three years later she meets her old flame and there springs up between them an intimacy that does more credit to their hearts than to their honor.

And all this while Byng has been making a confidante of Adrian Fellowes, a brilliant but egotistical adventurer who not only betrays his benefactor to Oom Paul, but tries his best and almost succeeds in compromising Jasmine.

Byng, beset by business worries growing out of the increasing unrest in South Africa, is forced to leave Jasmine more and more to her own resources, and finally overhears his friends discussing the situation in terms in no way complimentary to her constancy.

Stafford in the real climax of the novel saves Fellowes from the pistol of Byng after the latter has found a love letter written by Fellowes to Jasmine and incidentally wakes to the wrong of his own love-making to Byng's wife.

In the end Stafford is killed in the Boer War, and Byng and Jasmine, brought together again on the bloody field of that terrible struggle, start life anew.

This novel has not the wonderfully absorbing interest of "The Right of Way" and is more conventional than "The Weavers," nevertheless it is a mighty good story, written with the cleverness of construction and mastery of English that have made its author famous.

Undoubtedly it will be one of the season's best sellers.

The World. March 22/13

WHILE WAR THUNDERS ON.

A Fight for a Wife Reaches Its Crisis in "The Judgment House."

The Boer war affords a thunderous background to "The Judgment House" (Harper & Brothers) as it is just published complete from the pen of Gilbert Parker. In the foreground, all the time, are Rudyard Byng, the rugged Englishman who has gathered millions at the Cape, and the young wife, Jasmine, whom Byng loves as chivalrously as any golden knight of old could have loved, and for whose undisciplined nature he makes every gentle, manly allowance. It is between these two that a settlement is reached in the Judgment House, in South Africa, while the echoes of war begin to die away.

There has been a third party to the affairs at issue. This is Ian Stafford, always in love with Jasmine, sometime loved by her, young, talented, handsome, chivalrous in his way as Rudyard, Byng is chivalrous, but tempted and tempting at an hour, full of consequence. War reckons also with him, and we are left not wholly certain as to how far Rudyard Byng, his friend, has understood his position. It is quite another man, Adrian Fellowes, scheming and traitorous, who has died while under the husband's suspicion.

From these matters, as thus reported, one who has still to read the book is not to conceive of Jasmine as a coquette and heartless. We have spoken of her as undisciplined. She is likewise untaught. She is to receive her degree of learning from battles and suffering, and her certificate is to issue at that same Judgment House which promises peace to Rudyard Byng.

Mr. Parker's story is brilliant and powerful, worthy of its author's proved gifts. War and passion make it a legitimate melodrama. Love and hate keep it impressively human. Besides the principal characters to whom reference has been made, there is Kroal, a remarkable creation. This one is Rudyard Byng's retainer, a half-Boer, full of the mixed passions and superstitions of the races. Slavishly devoted to his master, he yet betrays that master's cause wherever it is the cause of Britain in South Africa. As presented by Mr. Parker, he is a fascinatingly malign figure, admirably drawn.

The Independent. April 3/13.

Sir Gilbert Parker's latest book, *The Judgment House*, published by Harper, is quite different from those that made his fame, inasmuch as it is a dramatic study of a woman of the English conventional life rather than a picture of life as lived by unconventional society. It is not eventually erotic, tho it comes perilously near. It is a notably strong piece of work on one side, and rather weak on another side. If all of the contemplative and expository pages could be cut out, the story would be sweeping, absorbing drama, scarcely lacking the theater properties and stage setting. It traces the development of a lovely and heartless girl thru the several stages to the goal of the true woman, and in doing so goes into and over an interesting field—that crucial time for England covered by Jameson's raid upon Johannesburg and the fall of Kruger.

The Tribune March 22/13-

FICTION

Stories by Gilbert Parker, Booth Tarkington and Others.

THE EMPIRE.

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE. A Novel by Gilbert Parker. Illustrated by W. Hatherell. R. I. 12mo, pp. 469. Harper & Bros.

One reads this story under high tension, the tension of really good melodrama. It is a talk of London society and British international politics during the period that began with Jameson's Raid and ended with the conquest of the Boer Republics. In fact, for the climax, the chief actors in the play are transferred to the Veld, where, under Boer fire, among death and desolation, fate snips the thread of life of some, and knits closer, after separation and threatened ruin, those of others. There are fashionable idlers here, and a group of South African millionaires, and an ambitious young tycoon, who, having married for the power of great wealth, returns to the love she had jilted. And there is a young diplomatist, and Boer spies, and a prima donna, and a cockney newsboy, a whole gallery of figures, moving briskly in ever-changing, steadily developing situations and crises. The author betrays no diplomatic or historic secrets, he employs generalities in an expert way, but his use of facts gives verisimilitude to this picture of a crisis in English history that has been but little used by British novelists of late. The character of the heroine is not the strongest part of the action; she is somewhat uncertainly drawn, but the decisiveness of her actions makes up for this.

Evening Post. Feb. 10. May 7/13.

A NOTABLE NOVEL BY GILBERT PARKER

A Story of Intrigue and Love During the Boer War.

"THE JUDGMENT HOUSE"

Given two men of more than common power, one of an elemental type concerned with getting and keeping against the world all of material gain he can, yet not lacking a certain devotion to his ideals, such as they are; the other a dreamer, a seer of visions, who is sufficiently virtuous to make his visioning become fact; set the two against each other in rivalry for a woman and the end is tragedy.

Such is the situation in Gilbert Parker's "The Judgment House." The counter is staged in England and the Rand at the period of the Boer war. Rudyard Byng, the more elemental of the men, is a South African pioneer and millionaire, whose symbol of power is the "Siambok" that rhinoceros hide whip, which is, or was, the sign of white supremacy in South African fastnesses. Ian Stafford, the other man, is of different type, cultured, scholarly even; of fastidious taste and by nature and training a diplomat in the wider sense—one of those rare spirits capable of directing quietly and surely the destinies of a nation.

The dissimilar pair, fast friends, fall in love with the same girl, Jasmine Grenfell, a flower like creature, whose blonde beauty conceals an ambitious and somewhat avaricious nature. To jilt Ian Stafford, who loved her from childhood, and to marry the opulent Byng, who loved her undoubtingly, seem to her the most natural of proceedings. After the marriage a confused interplay of relations brings her again in contact with Stafford and to full knowledge of her love for him. It is a love as great, perhaps, as she is incapable of feeling, but not so all embracing as to preclude other more or less serious flirtations. The stress of emotions in Ian Stafford—his desire to be true to his friend and his country and his disillusion as to and his lady's love—precipitate a crisis which ends in tragedy.

Here the lowering war clouds break and all the protagonists are translated from the luxurious life of London to the blazing hardships of the Transvaal. Common love of country and race drive them to forget of time and at the end Jasmine herself for the time and at the end Ian Stafford and Rudyard Byng, who they did not face it when they married, Ian Stafford, the noblest of them all, has made the great sacrifice, the sacrifice of life on the battlefield.

It is a long tale and at times somewhat hard to follow because of its vast fidelity and realism. Mr. Parker knows a deal about humanity and his exposition is full, about humanly and full of logic in the plot, and there is no lack of logic in the plot, and the persons of the book are real—not mere puppets. To have read the book in some time spent—Harper & Brothers, New York.

Current Opinion N.Y. May 19/13-

"The Judgment House." A MASTERFUL man of the Cecil Rhodes type, and his wife, a beautiful woman who is constantly using her power to attract other men, are the hero and heroine of Sir Gilbert Parker's latest novel, "The Judgment House" (Harper). The title refers to the Judgment House in South Africa in which a settlement between the two is finally reached. The Boer war supplies a background for the narrative. Sir Gilbert has always been more concerned to tell a story than to point a moral. He "has been content," as a writer in the *New York Times Review of Books* puts it, "to move across his tapestry the majestic procession of events and to leave to his readers the asking and the answering of questions as to its meaning." But his procession is almost always interesting, and, in the present instance, is absorbingly so. The scenes of war and the soldiers, both English and South African, are portrayed with sympathy and vigor, and some of the descriptions of nature have real magic. For instance:

6 West 4th St. N.Y. City
May 1/19

The Brooklyn Eagle
May 1/19

Edmund Char Washburn

To a person who reads in the same week Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Judgment House" (Harpers) and Mrs. Humphry Ward's "The Matings of Lydia" (Doubleday, Page & Co.) one point of difference instantly suggests itself: the first is big in subject and purpose, but uneven and at times also positively prolix in the writing; the second is far less ambitious than much of Mrs. Ward's fiction, but it is done with constant ease and charm.

The complexity of some of the characters in "The Judgment House" (and especially of the heroine), and the struggles of some of the men and women of the story to "realize" themselves (a favorite phrase of the author) to the reader's understanding, contrast with the perfect simplicity and singleness of the few and clear-cut characters in "The Matings of Lydia." Both are notable novels of the season, and neither of them is a book that readers of fiction can afford to ignore.

England in the shadow of the Boer War is the theme of "The Judgment House." We see a crisis for British world-influence and imperial power, and its reactions on society, financial undertakings, and individual character. National and international aspects are presented: historical and diplomatic backgrounds are sketched with fullness of knowledge and a broad sweep of dramatic writing. Byng, a forceful, big-hearted, but coarsely-organized capitalist with a fortune at stake in Oom Paul's land, is strongly depicted; and even more so is his half-Boer, half-Hottentot servant Krool, who is at once a Boer spy and the devoted slave of his English master, so that he takes as his just due the half-killing with a sjambok (native whip) which follows the discovery by his master of his perfidy. Krool is perhaps the most vivid, certainly the most striking, person of the plot. The later scenes of the book are laid in South Africa and have fine descriptive quality, bringing close to our apprehension the atmosphere of the veldt and the tragedy and revolting nature of war. This part of the romance, and equally so the earliest chapters, in which news of the Jameson raid is made the center of interest about which men and motives are made to group themselves, are admirably wrought out and show the author at his very best. Not so successful, it seems to us, is the elaborate working out of the temperament of Jasmine, Byng's wife; it is here that the author aims at subtlety and depth, but he does not succeed in reconciling the woman's conduct with her own nature as she reveals it—she seems neither perverted nor weak enough to be guilty of the combination of folly and dishonor into which she so easily slips.



"The Judgment House" (Harper Brothers, New York, \$1.25) Gilbert Parker has written a fascinating book. It is more than a story; it is a study of character. While the persons dealt with in the novel are very real, and we are brought to know them, yet when the book is left aside, it is easier to forget the names of the men and women than to forget the types of character they are used to illustrate. The method of fiction is made use of to lay bare the secret thinking of men and women in high English society. The picture is very disagreeable, every



Sir Gilbert Parker, Author of "The Judgment House."

character except Krool is tainted with coarseness or moral obliquity. There is hardly a redeeming trait in these people except financing a hospital ship or nursing wounded soldiers, and this is not done for sweet sympathy's sake, but to relieve an unbearable condition of affairs, brought about by broken vows, immorality and murder. Perhaps such novels have their moral value by opening up the secret wickedness of life, but it is like going to a prison to learn respect for law. So if virtue and integrity are to be learned from the book it will be because of their absence from its characters.

The literary ability of the author is at its finest, and the interest of the reader is held from the first to the last page.

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE. By Gilbert Parker, author of "The Right of Way," etc. New York: Harper & Bros.

Not at any time in the long course of Sir Gilbert Parker's novels does one lose the sense of being in the swell of big events. An enormous stage spreads out. Momentous history is building in its background. Moving at the front are men and women of stature and girth to sustain these impressive surroundings. This stage stretches from London to South Africa. The air above it is electric with the approach of the Boer war. Here and there in the middle ground the policies and plans of England take on form and feature and attitude, while at the wings every country of Europe stands watching. In this spacious adventure, Rudyard Byng is Sir Gilbert's finest creation—a powerful, unrefined man, an adventurer to South Africa along with thousands of others. But where these others work or fail or no more than an only average success he builds fortune, and places, and the fear of men. Set off against Rudyard Byng is Ian Stafford, finished gentleman, suave diplomat, most lovable man. Domineering Grenfell—the year wife of the South African millionaire magnate; last year the promised wife of Ian Stafford—Jasmine Grenfell is made of beauty, brains, vanity, willfulness and a native turning toward ways that are dark. She is, moreover, possessed of that most fatal of feminine delusions—the belief that she is a return to earth of some ancient siren, more than likely the "old serpent of the Nile, or Helen of Troy—men at our and incurable melody this. The novel separates into books. The first one, used to foreshadow subsequent events, opens the story at the opera in London, where a frightening fire on the stage is followed by a dramatic rescue by Rudyard Byng. From this point to the last book the story has to do with the personal concerns of the three chief characters and with the social complex wrought by the double and twisted nature of Jasmine Byng. The last book moves on over into Africa, where with the war and this strange new country Mr. Parker does his finest work. One roes along in the colorful currents of this story agreeing delightedly with every part of it, until, at the last moment, the author intrudes a miracle upon the plain surface of consistent and believable event. Up to the eleventh hour of this story Mr. Parker, with painstaking and penetration, leads the reader through the tortuous ways of Jasmine Byng's character. These disclose only a clever, calculating, dishonorable woman of surpassing external charm. Then at our last hour he wheels one squarely about to the dazed contemplation of a fine, noble, selfless Jasmine Byng. One naturally makes protest against this dawning of an otherwise splendid story.

Washburn Times April 1/19

66 THE JUDGMENT HOUSE. Gilbert Parker, Harper and Brothers, of New York, publishers.

After an author has lavored the reading public with a book of rare quality and interest, there is always that feeling of apprehension for an idol on a pedestal, when the announcement is made that a new book is to come from the same pen. Time and time again, however, Sir Gilbert Parker, has given cut novels of literary worth and fascinating import, whose characters are real personalities to thousands of readers.

His new book, "The Judgment House," is no disappointment. It is a tale of the lives of two men and one woman, and how they worked out their problem, laid first in England, then shifted to South Africa, where the fortunes of war help to unravel the skein of fate.

Without drawing any abnormal or distorted types, without dragging before the attention some wretched moral problem, which leaves the reader tired and worried, with said problem nearer its settlement, Parker has written a thrilling, vital tale, pregnant with life and color; but whose plot is so carefully woven and culminated and whose people are so human, that one closes the book with a sigh of satisfaction for a night well fought, and worthy friends met.

There are several illustrations by W. Featherall, which are a disappointment in the Parker book. One cannot help admiring the work of that artist who caught so deftly the spirit of the author in the "Right of Way."

Advertis Boston -
March 24/13.

JASMINE'S LOVERS.

The Judgment House, by Gilbert Parker, \$3.25 net. Harner & Bros., New York.

Sir Gilbert Parker's "Judgment House" is a romance with modish trimmings. Jasmine Grenfel is a handsome girl with nicely adjustable temperament. She is at once vain and clever, self-indulgent. Of her admirers two are conspicuous. Ian Stanford is a dark, distinguished, bearded man, with brown eyes and a Greek profile. Years spent in the British foreign office and at embassies on the Continent have given him tact and insinuating address peculiarly alluring to women. Rudyard Byng is a primitive person with three millions of pounds, all made by himself in the Transvaal. Then there is a third fellow named Adrian, a male coquette.

Practically pledged to marry Stanford, Jasmine takes Byng for his money, trusting in ability to retain her grip on the diplomat. Though reluctant, he does renew his homage, and her pride is appeased, her vanity satisfied, her intellect flattered. Such situations are apt to be solved in the divorce court. Sir Gilbert, however, prefers the conventionally romantic way. Stanford is killed in the Boer war, which turns Byng into a hero in the eyes of his wife. Indifference gives way to adoration and what he never knew does not trouble him.

Globe Boston - March 22/13

PARKER'S LATEST NOVEL.

"The Judgment House" Deals With Love as It is Found in the World of Actuality.

The pen of Gilbert Parker must be a busy one, for "The Judgment House," his latest contribution to the world of fiction, which has just appeared, is ostensibly a novel which it has taken great time and deep thought to write. Love and its varied train of consequences form the subject of the book. It is not, however, the universal theme of development and climax transposed amid new surroundings, but rather a profound character study in which a very human plot and a series of characters taken from the world of actuality are perfectly balanced.



SIR GILBERT PARKER.

Love here conflicts with and on the other hand is displaced by outside matters. A heart is well-nigh broken by a woman's greed and curiosity. A material world exercises such a potent force upon the husband and another romance is suggested by the will of a strong woman who yields to her duty.

To say that this book is tensely exciting would be somewhat misleading. It is rather a story which captivates and grips one with the very likeness of it and with its fascinating reality. The story of the book may be briefly told. A beautiful young woman, Miss prospective diplomat who has been her life-long chum for a diamond merchant,

whose rough, sturdy, but genuine manner, and, he it known, whose big purse and promised power attract her.

The colonial and international complications arise. In the former, centered about the Transvaal, her husband has big financial interests, while the latter involves a great diplomatic project which the jilted lover pursues. In his plight of uncertainty he comes into her life again and a struggle commences.

On the one hand is the husband, whose grip on home is slipping away from him through other influences, and on the other the repentant wife anxious to regain the confidence of her respected first lover.

Imagine what a powerful plot this situation makes and what theory of life must govern it and there are other minor plots entangled with it.

This book is devoid of vivid description in the midst of its enthralling study one forgets the picturesqueness so common in the average story of today, because there is present to take its place careful analysis of thought and purpose and human insight.

One must say, as has been said of another famous author, "Gilbert Parker does not write books, he thinks them," because here in plain words he conveys and teaches a moral. New York: Harper & Bros.

Inquirer, Philadelphia

April 2/13

THE HOUSE OF JUDGMENT

"THE HOUSE OF JUDGMENT," by Sir Gilbert Parker, is in a wholly new vein for this author.

It is the interweaving of a study in feminine psychology with some history of the Boer War. At first it appears that the latter is only to furnish scene of action and the close of the drama. Primarily it is a study in character of four men and two women.

The former includes an empire builder in South Africa of the Cecil Rhodes type, an ancient family whom he weds, a brilliant specimen of the best type of young men who have made diplomacy famous, and who loses his bride to the magnate, a contemptible specimen of gilded youth who preys on women and a half-caste Boer Zulu, who is servant to the magnate. Here are four widely separated types and all of them are well drawn, that of the half-caste especially well.

The women include the daughter of an ancient house, as aforesaid, and a young coloratura opera singer who is the rage in London. The central figure is the society girl who throws over the diplomat for the magnate to get a fortune and partly because she is impressed with his rugged powers. She is, however, at heart a thoroughly bad woman, loving none but herself and indulging in liaisons to her heart's content and apparently ever seeking new opportunities.

A domestic crisis is saved by the outbreak of the Boer War to which all betake themselves, except the young man about town, who is murdered by the opera singer in a fit of jealousy. The dramatic triangle now concerns principally the magnate and the diplomat, but the latter has escaped detection and death by the narrowest shave and gives up all longings for the husband and is finally reconciled to her life anew on the basis of a complete understanding.

The book contains many artificial situations, some of which are strained for dramatic purposes. The male psychology is well done, but it must be confessed that the female element is not handled quite so successfully. In fact it takes a good share of the book to fully get the portraiture of the central female figure and the revelation is in some degree a surprise.

But there is this to the book which gives it greatest fascination; an extraordinary vigor and vividness of narration, a splendid marshaling of human figures on the stage; and in spite of the melodramatics this is sufficient to hold the attention throughout. It is excellently written and a strong story. Published by the Harper's.

Pres Philadelphia
May 3/13

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE.

By Gilbert Parker. Harner & Bros., New York.

Not less striking than the world events in which they have their being are the central characters in this latest, and thoroughly typical, story by Gilbert Parker. The author's selection of period and setting gives full scope for those qualities that distinguish his best and most individual work. The scenes are laid in England and South Africa during the Boer War, and while the story is decidedly melodramatic in character, it is distinguished by largeness of design and execution, and a style that is always careful, if somewhat heavy.

What gives the story its chief interest is the constant reaction of forced personalities upon each other. The central trio consists of a self-made, rough-hewn capitalist, a cultured and able young diplomat, and the woman both men love: beautiful, intelligent and decided in her opinions.

Rudyard Byng, the man of wealth, has amassed his fortune in South Africa, consequently he is vitally interested in the Boer War. While in London he falls in love with Jasmine Grenfel and they are married. Ian Stanford, the diplomat, has always loved Jasmine passionately, and several years later when the early love flames into life again when the wealthy husband is absorbed in his business interests. The real "snake-in-the-grass," however, is Adrian Fellowes, a Boer spy, who works against Byng, even while posing as his friend. He presses his attentions upon Jasmine, and when the suspicious of the capitalist are aroused, it is Stanford who saves the traitorous Fellowes. Staffed himself is later killed on the field of battle.

All of this is to the stern and tragic, it is in the shadow of the conflict that Rudyard Byng and his wife are once more united, after experience has taught them both much, and their characters have developed and mellowed amid the bloody scenes about them.

A special interest attaches to Krook, who is easily one of the most remarkable characters in the book. He is half Boer, half Hotentot, and while personally devoted to his master, Byng, he also worked zealously against him, prompted by an equally strong love for the cause of the Boers.

Between the opening incidents, concerned with the Jameson raid, and the final stage of the story, when the war has run its course, a panorama of men and things that makes a narrative of exceptional strength and interest.

Indication - Youngstown G.
March 19/13.

"The Judgment House" a new novel by Sir Gilbert Parker—the first in several years—is a story of international interest. The destinies of nations are interwoven with the lives of the two heroes—on the one a millionaire, a pioneer of the Cecil Rhodes type; the other a diplomat with his finger on the pulse of the world. The woman they both love plays with each of them. The war calls them to their responsibilities, a tangle of interests to new and self-sacrifice clear their visions, and the woman, after over-much loving, learns the real meaning of love. Not only the principals, but the numerous other characters are drawn in Gilbert Parker's accustomed manner.

8 Jan Baltimore
May 4/13.

Canadian Has New Book



Sir Gilbert Parker

ONE OF SEASON'S NOTABLE NOVELS
THE JUDGMENT HOUSE. A Novel
By Gilbert Parker. Illustrated by W.
Hathorn. R. T. (Harper & Bros., New
York and London. Cloth, pp. 470; \$1.35
net.) (Eichenberger, Baltimore.)

Practically at the end of the book sea-
son of 1912-13 comes what we feel to be
the really great novel of the year; a work
of fiction so masterly in conception, so
compelling in power, so dramatic in situa-
tion and so engrossing in interest that
lesser writers seem to fade to colorless
tones in comparison with the mentality of
one capable of so brilliant a work of im-
agination presented in so perfect a literary
setting.

"The Judgment House" is vivid, like a
magnificent sunset, and an full of poetic
feeling. The current of the story sweeps
on like the full rush of the sea and pos-
sesses the deep music and murmur of
life and love are borne on the tide or cry
thunder of waves or the chant of winds
going on throughout the story until the
evening hour, when there is peace.

No indently above and beyond the aver-
age work of fiction is the narrative that
its natural setting is in part the wild-
erness of the Transvaal, and its
hero a man of primitive impulses—a man
character and wealth he possesses; one
who had lived recklessly and drunk deep
through African nights at Kimberly, yet
freshness through these scenes, and youth's
loving hope and vigor and spiritual
strength in the tainted moral atmosphere
of civilization, must win back his better
bloodshed on the battle fields of the Boer

...with clear vision the author re-
vives the
... "Destiny gives us in life so much and
no more; to some a great deal in a little
time, to others a little over a great deal
of time, but never the full cup and the
sipping sake over long years. One's share
small it must be, but one's share."
And with this homely yet tender sug-
gestion of the fuller life of a completed
family circle, he describes the environment
of reconciliation and resulting of wedded
lives:
"A sense of something good and com-
forting came over Jasmine. Here was an
old, old room furnished in heavy and sim-
ple Dutch style, just as Elias Bickerton
had left it. It had the grave and heavy
hospitality of a picture of terriers or
Jan Steen. It had the sense of home,
the welcome of the cradle and the patri-
arch's chair."

... Considering the length of the novel, but
few characters are introduced, but each
one is a strong and distinct personality,
each type a contrast to the others and all
irresistibly drawn together in the net
called circumstances.
In Rudyard Kipling is pictured the direct
fearless and elemental man (captive in the
golden web of love. In Ian Stafford, the
Foreign Office, is found the fine downy
fringe of culture and civilization. Jasmine
Grafel is the perfect blossom of cherished
womanhood that is yet a parasite orchid
and in Almah is found the woman of a
mother-heart and unrestrained emotions.
That the woman who is worthy of either
man is passed by without a thought by
both; that the woman worthy of neither
man is destined to enthrall the heart of
each, is at once the fascination and the
tragedy of the story, and the author proves
his grasp upon the great truths of human
life and spiritual development in that if
the flames of suffering he rids these ir-
of dress. It is a fine and optimistic story.
If it reveals the spiritual depths to which
human lives may sink, it also shows the
courage with which men, sore of heart,
may fight against temptation and rise
above it.

"Oh, never star was lost here but it pass-
star." This line, quoted in the book,
voices its hopeful spirit. The alluring pic-
tures painted of Jasmine lianer in the
gallery of the mind; the quiet presence of
Stafford dominates the book, the strong
soul of Rudyard has the appeal of a child
in its sincerity and trust, and at the end
Almah stands with the music hushed
upon her lips, having given, given, given—
all.

The period of the story includes the
few years preceding the outbreak of the
Boer War and the period of fighting until
the tide of success was turning toward
the English Army. The scenes are laid
in London and in a mining district of
Wales until they are shifted to the Trans-
vaal.

In the first chapters of the book the emo-
tions and affairs of men dominate the
story; in the last a hospital camp in South
Africa becomes "The House of Judgment"
where men and women reckon with their
souls, feel the eye of God and hear the
voice of conscience, and the open veldt,
the grassy plains of Africa, bring to these
troubled hearts their own peculiar solace.
Into his descriptions of the Africa
known to Cecil Rhodes the author throws
an intensity of love and tenderness for
the country that is as beautiful as it is
impassioned. He makes the reader share
with him the splendor of its freedom, the
beautification of its peace. Thus beautifully
he describes the dawn:
"But nowhere seems the world so young
and fresh and glad as on the sun-warmed,
"old. Nowhere do the wild roses seem
so pure, or the snow so sweet, or the
The smell of the karee bushes is sweeter
than attar, and the bog-myrtle and nil-
mosa, where they shelter a house or fringe
a river, have a look of Arcady. It is a
world where any marvelous thing may
happen—a world of sun and stars and
air so light, so sweetly searching and vi-
brating, that Ariel would seem of the pic-
ture, and gleaming hosts of muffled men, or
vast colonies of creep and arches, moving
to virgin woods might belong. Something
frightens the timid spirit of a springbok,
and his flight through the grass is like a
spray of music on a still adventure; a
bird hears the sighing of the breeze in the
innumerable leaves or the swaying shrubs and
in the disdain of such light performance flings
out a song which makes the air drunken
with sweetness."

"A world of light, of commendable trees,
of gray grass flecked with flowers, of life,
having the supreme sense of a freedom
which has known no check. It is a life
man is still in touch with the primal
and the newest babe of a woman have
something in common."
Thus, passionately, he describes the
night:
"The influence of an African night was
on him. None that has not felt it can un-
derstand it, so cold, so sweet, so full of
sleep, so stirring with an underlife. Many
have known its breath of the pampas be-
yond the Amazon, the soft pungency of the
wattle blown across the salt-bush plains
of Australia, the friendly exhilaration of
loving loneliness of the desert; but yonder
possesses all the others have and some-
thing of its own besides; something which
leads into the lones and makes for forgetfulness
of the world. It lifts a man away from
the fret of life and sets his feet on the

North American - Phil.
May 10/13.

STRONG NOVEL BY GILBERT PARKER

RUNNING at times close to
the edges of common
scandal, the plot of Sir Gil-
bert Parker's "The Judg-
ment House" (Harpers) finally broad-
ens and deepens into a strong stream,
rushing through rocky regions of tragic
import.

It is the ever new story—a man, a
woman and a passion—only here there
are two men, one a triumphant, strong-
souled husband, the other a lighter-mind-
ed but equally valiant lover.

All three go out to the South African
wars, and there fall into the deep pit
and black heart of things that made the
region so dangerous for "rooineks" of
Oom Paul's time.

The historical background lends ver-
similitude to the story, which is kept con-
tinually on a high plane of characteriza-
tion, at times approaching the psychic
exaltation of masters of the Gallic school
of romance.

There is no lack of dramatic proportion,
yet the three central figures loom large
at all times, and render negligible even
the clear-cut minor characterizations by
which the dramatic story is diversified.

Although somewhat out of date, like
a portrait sketched in antiquated costume,
the scenic investiture of the drama is
invested with the fascination of realism
and a certain lure of the mystical and
unknown.

It is an excellent example of the writ-
er's method in fiction, which carries
psychic suggestion to the point of exalta-
tion, and makes of some trifling occur-
rence a starting point for a series of
dramatic developments.

In Byng, the millionaire husband; Staf-
ford the diplomatic lover, and Jasmine,
the sorely beset wife, the novelist has
created three typical characters, likely to
attract admiring attention, so long as the
vogue of South African fiction endures.

The Record: Phil.
May 4/13.

LOVE'S STORMY WAY IN "THE JUDGMENT HOUSE"

Gilbert Parker's New Novel is of
a Willful Woman's Post-
Nuptial Adventures.

SOME AMAZING INTRIGUES

England and War-Racked
Transvaal the Scenes of
This Dramatic Story.

There is tremendous import in the literary world to the mere name of Gilbert Parker. Sir Gilbert Parker, if you prefer. He is the author of a formidable list of novels and short stories; but he acquired his greatest and most lasting fame, probably, through "The Right of Way," a big, powerful narrative, which almost swept the reading world off its feet several years ago. Melodrama? Assuredly melodramatic, but melodramatic in the way that only a real genius in creation and literary art—not exactly artifice—could accomplish. Then entitled to consideration for genuine merit came "The Weavers," and "Northern Lights" and "Cunnee's Sons."

Equally commanding as any being previously produced by Mr. Parker comes, from the Harper press, "The Judgment House." It is more an excursion into psychology than anything else the author has done. It has a big theme with a background of England and South Africa during the period which saw the growth of insurrection against Oom Paul, the substitution of the Boers and the rise of the British flag over the Rand, the land of grim Kruger. Sir Gilbert Parker, as an Englishman, tries to justify his country's attack upon the South African Republic; he pictures the Boer President as a tyrant who was always plotting against Englishmen's rights in the Rand; as a man to be gotten rid of at any cost.

She Chooses the Millions.

But it is not the treatment of this sordid piece of aggression that counts for very much in "The Judgment House." The important part is Sir Gilbert's handling of the old-time triangular love affairs of one woman and two men. The author has done a remarkable work in this respect. He displays wonderful gifts in creating people of strong wills, vaulting ambition and sweeping passion. Probably the hardest task Sir Gilbert had was the adjusting of the woman at issue to his purpose to make her a woman capable of strong love, and at the same time so careless of its power as to set it aside to gratify her craving for wealth and position.

Jasmine, brilliant, delicate and exquisite, full of coquetry, the spoiled darling of her father, had rejected many flattering offers of marriage; she felt she was in love with Ian Stafford, poor, but gracious, and alert for a chance to make a success of his life. Jasmine loved Ian, but she loved power and place more; and she weighed Ian's prospects against Rudyard Byng's three millions made in South Africa and decided in favor of the three millions.

Return of the Lover.

For three years Stafford did not see Jasmine. And when he did perceive her in a shop his heart beat no faster, and he knew that his love for her was dead. He was disillusionized. He despised her for her cold-blooded rejection of him for the paltry millions of another; but despising her, why should

he deprive himself of her society? He liked the brilliancy of her mind, the sprightliness of her conversation, her never-failing wit. Her companionship was desirable. Therefore he would not avoid her; and he accepted her invitation to dine with her and her husband the following evening; and the following evening Mr. Byng had other things to attend to; and Jasmine herself entertained her quondam lover in her husband's absence, and upon her husband's urging, Jasmine was vexed at Stafford's indifference; she longed for her old power over him. She would bring him to his old place at her feet, she was very woman, eager for the power which she had lost.

Cupid Aids Diplomat.

Stafford had been waiting long for advancement in the world of diplomacy. He was not averse to using Jasmine as a factor in furthering his ambitious aims. She then set to work with deliberation to ensnare Mennava, the ambassador for Moravia. The magnetic, sensuous part of her did well its task. Sir Gilbert does not want us to neglect Jasmine's sensitive beauty, which in her desire to intoxicate Mennava became voluptuousness. Jasmine's life was changing, her love was changing. Here is a cutting analysis of her by Mr. Parker: "Down beneath all her vanity and willfulness there was now a dangerous regard and passion for Stafford which, under happy circumstances, might have transformed her life—and his. Now it all served to twist her soul and darken her footsteps. On every hand she was engaged in games of dissimulation, made the more dangerous by the threat of sincerity and desire running through it all."

Jasmine and Stafford were soon in the "land enchanted," breathing the intoxicating air, which oftentimes, as Sir Gilbert pointedly puts it, "hangs a veil of plague over the scope of beauty, passion and madness." The deception got upon Stafford's conscience and he wrote to Jasmine proposing a life of iniquity in the open, together, rather than the clandestine one. Simultaneously another man made her a similar proposition, which fell into the husband's hands. This is one of the "big" situations of the play and brings out the woman's guilty cry, almost of despair, "Did he defend me?" at the tearing away of the mask from the poltroon's (Adrian Fellow58) face. Adrian's death came under mysterious circumstances. Stafford, unsuspected by the husband, joins the English forces bound for South Africa. And Byng goes, and so does Jasmine, who parted from Byng and gave her wealth to equip a hospital ship—atone ment for some of her errors. The scene shifts to the land of the Boers. The grim drama is worked to a peaceful conclusion on the battlefields, where Stafford yielded all, and Byng again came into his own. Sir Gilbert draws his characters with a firm, unflinching hand; we see Jasmine in her womanly weakness, craving the excitement of daring love adventures, until she is on the verge of the abyss; we see Byng, a powerful man who knew the call of the quarts upon the Rand better than he did a woman's soul; and we see Stafford, the coolly gentleman, having an innate honor his conduct sometimes seemed to belie. The novel has many unexpected turns which keep the reader always expectant and intensely interested.

—P. A. KINSLEY.

Public Ledger-Phil.
April 7/13.

JUDGMENT HOUSE

Powerful Novel of the Boer War. From Jameson's Raid to Victoria. New York: Harper & Brothers.

HAD GILBERT Parker never written the admirable novels that have won him fame, his latest, "The Judgment House," must at once have placed him in the lead among the present writers of fiction. The manner in which he has brought into action in London the African and Englishmen, from whose ranks his hero stood out as the most virile, daring of leaders, makes the reader feel that the portrait is painted from life. The interest which in London centers around the Empire builders immediately prior to the catastrophe of the Jameson raid, the breathless excitement into which the premature feat of the daring adventurer plunged the British Cabinet, and the international complications that followed—Germany being especially aggressive and difficult to handle—are as graphically described as the popular enthusiasm is made to appeal to the bellucose emotionalism that still lurks so near the surface in the Anglo-Saxon heart in war times. Sir Gilbert, moreover, is as clever in his handling of the romantic vein that runs through the sterner details of the modern epic. The many lives of the great leader for the dainty London girl is as powerful as his lust for power and history-making. Rudyard Byng is every inch a man.

The author has been less happy, however, in his choice of the heroine's character. Jasmine's is a weak nature which mingles the natural fascination of a too charming personality to work havoc among whosoever comes within the web-like weave of her spider's net. It takes no less than a terrible war, with all the horrors of suffering, death and destruction, to burn out of her flimsy soul the unprincipled frivolity beneath which apparently slept a deep-seated but quiescent sense of honor. The sacrifice of that splendid young fellow, Stafford, seems too great a sacrifice to make for such a girl's redemption and happiness, but Sir Gilbert has thrown over it all a glowing mantle of fine heroism that sets the reader's blood tingling.

The book is a superb, dramatic recital of the events of the Boer War. The studies of character present the men and women as living personalities who love, sin, dream as though of real flesh and blood, and who are fairly alive with strong impulses and vital desires. The author's style is as vigorous as his conception of the facts and characters is true to life.

10% Post Pittsburg
April 11/13.

Books and Authors

Department Editor, JEANNE IRENE MIX.
The Judgment House.
By Gilbert Parker.

AN intense story in which the characters seem living persons rather than creatures of the author's imagination. A novel in which big issues in National politics interest us even while we are following with sustained attention the development of the plot as a love story. One would expect, if Gilbert Parker wrote a story without ulterior ethical significance. And in "The Judgment House" he has not disappointed us.

The scenes of this novel are laid in England and in South Africa at the beginning of and during the Boer war. We meet the leading characters in the first chapter. They are at the opera in Covent Garden. Aimah, an unknown and unheralded singer, has thrilled her audience with her singing in "Manassa." In a box opposite the royal box are two men and a very young woman. Seated at the end of the first row of the stalls is Adrian Fellowes, a "fair, slim, gracefully attired man of about 30. Sleek, handsome, material looking." The singer on the stage seems to recognize him as one she knows well.

Adrian Fellowes, the two men and the young girl in the box, and the prima donna on the stage, are later to become involved in a big drama of the emotions. Between Jasmine Grenfell, the young girl, and Ian Stafford, the man sitting by her side, there is the equivalent of a betrothal. Stafford is "distinguished, dark-bearded, with a Grecian profile" and an insinuating address peculiarly alluring to women. Years spent in the foreign office and at embassies on the continent had given Stafford this air.

Far different in appearance is Rudyard Byng, the man sitting next to Jasmine's stepmother. Byng possesses a fortune of 3,000,000 pounds made in South Africa, a country which has his unswerving devotion. Byng is big, bronzed, clean-shaven, strong-faced.

So here we have our dramatic personae of the story. A beautiful, brilliant, fascinating and anxious young girl. A polished intellectual man who is her devoted lover. A multi-millionaire who soon becomes a sultor for the girl's hand. A prima donna. And in the stalls the villain of the story, elegant appearing Adrian Fellowes. The only leading character absent in Krool, the Boer servant of Byng and, like Adrian Fellowes, a spy.

Jasmine, on that eventful night, looked at Byng's forceful and rather ungraciously form "hardly contrasting it with the figure of Stafford and that other spring-like figure of a man at the end of the first row of stalls toward which the prima donna had flashed one trusting, happy glance, and in which she herself had been familiar since her childhood. The contrast was not wholly to the advantage of the baby.

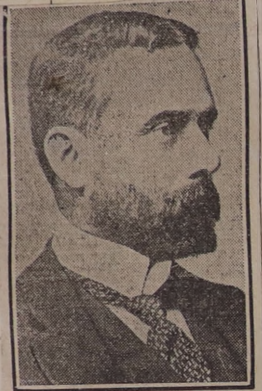
As Jasmine looked at Rudyard Byng, Ian Stafford looked at Jasmine. To himself he said, "So exquisite, so clever, what will she not be at thirty? So well poised, and yet so sweetly child-like, dear, Dresden-china Jasmine."

The girl was wearing "a joyous blue silk gown which was a perfect contrast to the golden hair and the wonderful color of her face." Jasmine, gazing short of the royal box, realized that little ambition. She felt with sudden acuteness the poverty of Stafford and the wealth of Byng.

Before the evening was over Byng had proved himself a hero in the eyes of all who were in the theater. For it was he who leaped to the main stage across the foot-when her dress caught fire from a tallow candle burning on a table on the stage. It was he who carried her in his arms practically unharmed. It was he who dis-

ence cheered to the echo, Jasmine said to him with brilliant eyes, "It was a royal business."

It was Byng whom Jasmine married although she was really the more in love with Ian Stafford. Had the South African millionaire been as poor as Stafford Jasmine would never have given him a second thought as a prospective husband. In Jasmine was the hereditary talent of a distorted moral sense which was in constant combat with the spiritual part of her. Her nature was "a mixture of



SIR GILBERT PARKER.

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Ian, revolting against Jasmine's betrayal of his love for her, scorned her after her marriage. This led Jasmine to exert every effort to win back his good opinion and then his love. Yet even as she strived to regain Ian, Jasmine was proving false to both him and to her husband. This falseness was in the form of an intrigue with Adrian Fellowes, who unknown to Jasmine, had long been under the dominance of Aimah. Fellowes was in truth an unmitigated villain—a traitor to women, to men and to his country, a man seemingly without even the ghost of a soul.

Just as Ian had thrown scruples to the winds and was about to enter upon a secret love affair with Jasmine, he discovered her intrigue with Fellowes. Jasmine's husband made the discovery at the same time only he, believing fully in his wife, was thrown off the scent by Ian, who convinced him that Jasmine was guiltless of any real wrong. Ian, even as he told this, felt that Jasmine had done more than enter on a dangerous flirtation.

Ian forces the cowardly Adrian to consent to leave England, and almost immediately after this Fellowes was murdered. For a time suspicion rested on Jasmine or her husband, Krool, the Boer servant, was finally convicted of the murder, yet Aimah was the real criminal, Aimah, who thus sought to avenge the heartlessness of Adrian toward herself.

Later, in the wild life in South Africa during war days, Jasmine, Rudyard Byng and Ian find their better selves. One through death on the battlefield, one through a vision big enough to see beyond the faults committed in the past, one through realization of a noble devotion hitherto unappreciated.

Jasmine was the sort of woman who had she lived three thousand years would have had a thousand lovers." She was the lovely jewel at first faithless to the eye and, to the comprehension, but which,

put to the test, shows many hues. A very un-English young woman. Hers was the temperament of the Orient, the Latin and the Slav combined. Jasmine wanted to be all that she knew and looked, a flower in life and thought. "Instinctively, I want to blaze." And Jasmine did blaze and so fiercely that she came near burning her own nature to ashes and the nature of more than one among the men who loved her.

Readers of novels who demand that the heroine shall always be lovable and the hero always brave and noble, will not like this book. It is one of those novels which is written to show certain deep traits in human nature and not simply to please. The life depicted in these pages is a life apart from that lived by the large majority of persons. But in its general portrayal of the mixture of weak and strong in human nature this book is true to all life. (Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.35 net.)

J. M.

The Press Pittsburg
May 10/13.

Parker's New Novel.

Seldom indeed is the illusion and the excitement of a smoothly flowing narrative so fully united with the novelist's power of rounding out the details of character, making the people and events play lifelike parts with the story-teller's rare gift of fascinating the reader, as in THE JUDGMENT HOUSE. Sir Gilbert Parker certainly has attained this end. The merit being that he has written a powerful novel that grips the heart, and holds the interest of the peruser from the beginning to the end. The closing scenes are laid in the Transvaal, where they have been rapidly shifted from London, and afford not only a vivid impression of the war, but it is here that the development of character that leads to the happiness of a new sort for two of the characters is worked out. Each person in the story possesses his or her charm of interest and all are lifelike. There is Ian Stafford, the diplomat, an engagingly human, with a strength of purpose so absolutely necessary to a man concerned in affairs of the world. We see him as the lover, as the man infatuated, disappointed, scornful and yielding, and at last achieving a difficult self-conquest. Also we are brought into contact with Jasmine Grenell, in whom we recognize a personality greater than that of a girl. Her sympathy follows her despite the lightness with which she discards Stafford for a new lover, Rudyard Byng, the South African millionaire. The discovery of a letter from Adrian Fellowes, a villain, which seems to condemn her beyond our forgiveness, even this event warms instead of chills us, and so it goes. The millionaire impresses us with his great strength of will, and Stafford the lover; husband and admirer, imagined as of heroic size. And because they are human, their fortunes become to us significant and thrilling. Aimah, the singer, who is Fellowes' mistress, kills him, but not before he has sold himself as a spy, and Krool, Byng's faithful Boer servant is no insignificant and accidental villain, but a creature designed from the beginning of the world, to play his sinister part in the life drama of Jasmine, Rudyard Byng and Ian. Like other stories of Sir Gilbert Parker's, "The Judgment House" leaves the reader with a real sense of exaltation. (Published by Harper & Bros., New York. Price, \$1.35.)

SIR GILBERT PARKER, whose novel, "The Judgment House," was recently reviewed in these columns, in a speech which he made a few weeks ago on the influence of books, wondered what the ancient observers who remarked "of making many books, there is no end" would say if he could now come back to earth. "Imagine," he continued, "the author of Ecclesiastes making a tour of the Carnegie libraries, or conceiving the peerless Chaucer in front of a bookstall at a railway station. He would probably shut his eyes and say, 'Take me back to my comfortable tomb.' Nevertheless, the famous novelist stated that the best action "may stimulate the imagination as well as the finest instincts of humanity as well."

Post
of 12/13.

Evening Post, Chicago.
March 19/13.

Sir Gilbert's Latest.

The Judgment House, by Gilbert Parker.
(Harper and Brothers.)

Sir Gilbert Parker has deliberately turned his back on the Dresden heroine of romance belonging to "The Seats of the Mighty" period and the Bret Haric woman with whom he loved to color the background of his frontier stories. In "The Judgment House," no clanking swords echo down the passageway, and even the patois of French Canada is missing. The spirit has moved him to follow the prevailing fashion in novels and grope painfully in the labyrinth of labyrinths, the mind of the Modern Woman.

No one begrudges him the experience. Sudermann, Shaw, Galsworthy, Wells, Herrick. Wharton and a host of others have enjoyed themselves hugely in that labyrinth. Each looked for a lamp amid the darkness and emerged the richer for his psychological adventure. Each brought back a different story of his wanderings. Mr. Parker may not have found his lamp as illuminating as some of the others, but he could not return empty handed, and he emerged, bringing back with him Jasmine Byng.

Mr. Parker has had no particular joy in giving Jasmine to the world. He has gone out of his way to portray a type of woman he is not in the habit of portraying—a sort of diluted Delilah, a trifling Helen, a tissue paper Becky Sharp. The kind of woman he really liked to write about was the Jen of one of the early Pierre stories. He fairly glowed as he told how Jen made a wild night's dash across the country to deliver her sweetheart's papers at the garrison and save him from disgrace. Bold deeds boldly done, sweet deeds sweetly done, and sacrifices nobly made, have hitherto rewarded Mr. Parker for the toils of authorship. In "The Judgment House" he denies himself such Epicurean satisfaction and insists that the duties of his profession call for sterner stuff.

This is a new note in him. If the world is thickly populated with Jasmine Byngs or only mildly polluted with them, he is going to expose them in all their tarnished finery for the benefit of mankind.

He tells the old story of a woman brought up in idleness and luxury who decides to marry for money. One recalls all the novels of an earlier date when this was done to the great satisfaction of everyone concerned, including the reader, and the heroine was none the worse for it. Gentle Jane Austen simplified matters by having the heroine fall in love with the rich young man and took it for granted that they lived happily ever after. Mrs. Bennett in "Pride and Prejudice" only echoed Jane Austen's own sentiments and the sentiments of the time when she said: "A single man of large fortune; four or five thousand a year. What a fine thing for our girls!" Well, it is still the sentiment of plenty of matchmaking mothers who look on marriage as a profitable profession for their girls. Only a large public is growing up that thinks woman is meant for something better than to marry for money. Popular novels are still written about such marriages, but they are made to end disastrously to satisfy a new public with a different notion of marriage.

Jasmine is the woman in this book who is attracted to wealth like a moth to the flame. She is engaged to a rising young English diplomat with more talent, charm and prospects than money. Along comes Rudyard Byng, a rugged, good-hearted millionaire, who has made his pile in South Africa. Jasmine decides to throw over her faithful henchman for the millionaire, a decision which is made every day in the best society. Most of the Jasmynes in real life then forget all about the faithful henchman, or at the most keep no more dangerous memories than a couple of letters and the faded ribbon from a corsage bouquet. With an easy conscience they proceed to enjoy their limousine, their position in society and their children, and even to tolerate their millionaire spouse.

But this Jasmine is different. At 22 "She had drunk deep, for one so young, at the fountains of art, poetry, sculpture and history. For the last she had a passion which was represented by books of biography without number, and all the standard historians were to be found in her boudoir. Yet, too, when she had the opportunity, she read the newest and most daring productions of a school of French novelists and dramatists who saw the world with eyes morally astigmatic and out of focus."

It is rather difficult to picture a society girl of 22 making a substantial literary meal out of some standard historian in five or six husky volumes, but it can be done. No doubt she read Gibbon when she came home from a dance, nibbled at the "Conquest of Mexico" while combing her hair of mornings, and took Grote and Curtius as an afternoon constitutional. It is easier to understand and sympathize with the taste for French novelists, of whom Mr. Parker so evidently disapproves.

Perhaps it was the astigmatic French novelists and dramatists that taught her to play with fire. The fire is triplicate—her husband's secretary, the diplomat she was in love with, and an unscrupulous Moravian ambassador. Everything points toward a trial in the divorce courts, but Parker is too soft-hearted to permit a domestic tragedy. He prefers the Boer war, which provides an unlimited field for emotional pyrotechnics and serves to snuff out the brief candles of superfluous characters.

No, decidedly Mr. Parker did not enjoy his acquaintance with Jasmine. And he does not understand her as well as he does the Jen type of woman in the Pierre stories. It was at the beginning of his career that he wrote the stories about "Pierre and His People." They brought out the romance and color and swinging drama of the Hudson Bay country. Some of them were a bit crude and exaggerated, but they had life and blood and feeling. Mr. Parker wrote those stories because he could not help himself. He loved the adventures of the Canadian woods and the people who made those adventures as Bret Harte loved the California of pioneer days. "The Judgment House" lacks something the Pierre stories had, because Mr. Parker seems to have lost the vision he had then. One wonders if he will ever live up to the promise of those early stories and write again as he did in "Pierre"—because he could not help it. ELSIE F. WELLS.

Evening Post - Louisville, Ky.
March 29/13.

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE.

(By Gilbert Parker.)

While not, perhaps, measuring up to some of Mr. Parker's other works in dignity and pure literary value, the "Judgment House" is supremely vital in every page; it throbs with the human note, and is strong with realities—those realities that are independent of time, environment, and all the adventitious circumstances with which our daily lives are encumbered. Big ideas and elemental passions; national and personal crises; social entanglements and political complications; all these are the background—as they must ever be, whether in life or in fiction—for the action of a few souls seeking adjustment. In war and stress, through storm and peril, these souls enact their appointed drama, following the inward Guide that points them at last to the right path when they have wandered over many devious and uncharted ways. With that skill, which is as much an instinct as an art, the author sets his figures upon a gigantic stage, shifting his scenes from England to Africa, where the Boer war acts as a grand solvent in which truth and falsehood are reduced to their constituent proportions. From an opulent palette he paints pictures of veiled and karoo that fairly glow before the vision, while his abundant—and sometimes redundant—vocabulary furnishes rhetorical and analytical detail, which, though not always beyond criticism, is invariably brilliant and graphic. If one were inclined to severity one might be somewhat exigent over a certain sensational, almost hysterical, vein that is apparent occasionally; but perhaps just the types he has chosen for his characters, that a melodramatic touch should creep in now and then. In fact, he justifies himself while explaining one of those very personages: "The emotional, the theatrical, the egotistical mortal has his or her own tragedy which is just as real as that which comes to those of more spiritual vein. Just as real as that which comes to the more classical victim of fate. * * * Her suffering was not the less acute because it found its way out with impassioned demonstration." A profound truth is touched upon in this phrase—a truth especially recommended to the consideration of those smug promoters of platitudes who unctuously quote, "Still waters run deep," etc. For that matter, the whole book is one to be shunned by the plattitudinous, and those who want nice little moralities dealt out to them in triturated doses. Its distinctive quality is *higness*, and one cannot read it without gaining a broader horizon, a more comprehensive outlook on life.

New York: Harper & Bros.

12th Edition Revised Chicago
March 1915

Gilbert Parker's Fiction

"The Judgment House," by Gilbert Parker. Illustrated by W. Hatherell, R. L. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.35 net.

"The Works of Gilbert Parker," Imperial Edition, eighteen volumes. Vols. 1-8. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2 a volume.

BY EDWIN L. SHUMAN.

WITHOUT a doubt Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Judgment House" will be one of the popular novels of the summer. It has most of the elements of popularity and is written with sustained dramatic power. The plot is more closely knit than was that of "The Weavers," while the characters are more deeply realized than in any of this author's novels, not excepting "The Seats of the Mighty." One can easily believe his statement that these imaginary characters have been living in his mind for twenty years. So much for the prime merit of the book. Its chief defects are that its action at times becomes melodramatic and that its long descriptive and analytical passages lack humor and literary vivacity. Nevertheless the human interest of "The Judgment House" is compelling and unbroken. The time is that of the Jameson raid and the Boer war, the scenes are in London and South Africa, but the characters and the inner forces that drive them to tragic issues are common to all times and countries. The central figure is Jasmine Byng, a modern Helen, selfish, fickle and beautiful, who, if she does not "burn the topless towers of Hium," at least drives men to murder and is an indirect cause of the Boer war. Sir Gilbert has done his maturest and finest work in Jasmine, dramatising her faults in stirring episodes and at the same time realizing her psychological processes and depicting her gradual growth of soul amid the sorrows that she brings upon herself.

Scarcely less perfect are the portraits of the two leading men, Rudyard Byng, Scotch African millionaire—whom Jasmine marries for love of power—and Ian Stafford, diplomat, whom Jasmine first kills in cold blood, then lures to her feet after she is married. Both are strong and likable men in their very different ways. Byng is an empire builder of the Cecil Rhodes type—seen through the glamour of British imperialism. The dynamite in the situation lies in the danger of what may happen when such a man discovers that his wife is receiving love letters from other men. The proper villain to set the spark is at hand in Krool, Byng's half-caste Boer servant, the most melodramatic of the story characters. One does not quite believe in Krool—nor in the alambic episode in fashionable London—but the thrills are there, in some other scene, both in London and on the battlefields of South Africa. The numerous minor characters, notably poor Almah, the singer, are made vital and real. It is only in some parts of the dramatic action that Sir Gilbert ceases to be a realist and becomes a rather sensational romancer. Yet these are the passages that will sell the book to the largest public, and on the whole it may be granted that "The Judgment House" is the most absorbing story its author has ever written.

Sir Gilbert Parker has attained to the well deserved honor of a uniform edition of his works at the hands of the Scribners. It is called the Imperial edition and is to be complete in eighteen beautiful volumes like those of the Outward Bound Kipling, the Comely Stevenson and the rest of that comely family of photographic editions. Each volume has a photographure frontispiece and a new genealogical preface written by the author.

Eight of these seductive volumes, with elegant gilt tops and covers of dark maroon satene, are before me as I write. The first two, "Pierre and His People" and "A Forty-two Years," contain all those delightful Pierre tales of Northern Canada which gave Gilbert Parker his earliest fame.

In these thirty-nine stories he is maintained, as he modestly says in a preface, in the certain command of his materials and the power of creating a distinctive atmosphere. These tales are so positive as ever to transport the reader to the Canadian wilderness in the days of the fur north of bois. (This phrase, by the way, is misspelled in the note at the beginning of the volume.) Pretty Pierre, pioneer of the far north in fiction, has no rival to this day.

The third volume, "Northern Lights," contains seventeen other Canadian stories of a somewhat later period, while the fourth, "Mrs. Felchion," was the author's first long novel. In his introduction to this Sir Gilbert states its merits and crudities quite dispassionately and makes the following observation, which applies with illuminating aptness even to his latest novel, "The Judgment House":

Reading "Mrs. Felchion" again after all these years. I seem to realize in it an attempt to combine the objective and subjective methods of treatment—to combine analysis of character and motive with an arresting episode. It is a difficult thing to do, with arresting episode. It was not done on my part as I have found. It was not done as I wholly by design, but rather by instinct and I imagine that this tendency has run through all my writing. It represents the elements of romanticism and realism in one, and that kind of representation has its dangers, to my notion of the distinction. It sometimes attracts the reader, who by instinct and preference is a realist, and it troubles the reader who wants to read for a story and who cares for what a character does and not for what a character is or says, except in so far as it emphasizes what it does. One has to work, however, in one's own way after one's own idiosyncrasy, and here is the book that represents one of my own idiosyncrasies in its most primitive form.

How Gilbert Parker has labored to win and safeguard his literary reputation is revealed in these introductions. He tells how, before he wrote the first of the Pierre stories, he deliberately burned a whole book of manuscript tales that did not quite come up to the mark. In the introduction to the fifth volume, "Cummer's Son and Other South Sea Folk," he states that these Australian tales were kept from the public nearly twenty years after they had been written.

"When Valmond Came to Pontiac" and "The Trail of the Sword," make up the sixth volume of this set, while "The Pomp of the Lavettes" and "The Translation of a Savage" are the main contents of the seventh. Sir Gilbert admits that the main incident in "The Translation of a Savage," actually happened in Michigan, not in Canada. He was greatly pleased when George Moore suddenly stopped him one night and told him there was a remarkable play in this book. He continues:

I had not thought up to that time that my work was of the kind which would appeal to George Moore, but he was always making discoveries. Meeting him in Pall Mall one day, he said to me: "My dear fellow, I have made a great discovery. I have been reading the Old Testament. It is magnificent. In the mass of its incoherence it has a series of the most marvelous stories. Do you remember—" etc. Then he came home and had dinner with me, reciting, in the meantime, on having discovered the Bible.

In the eighth volume we have "The Trespasser" and an entertaining account of how it was written in a high-walled garden and a tower-like villa at Auderine in Brittany. Sir Gilbert evidently recalls both the book and the summer with lingering fondness, as well he may.

The Imperial edition of "The Works of Gilbert Parker" is one of those sets of superbly made books which the bibliophile has but to look upon in order to covet. It is sold only by subscription and in complete sets.

Gannicus, Chicago - April 26/15

BOOK REVIEW

By H. ERFA WEBSTER

Accusing men of "sowing wild oats," with the natural harvest of retribution. The majority of authors could evade the privilege of a limited span of riotous experiments for men and as a preparatory degree for serious purposes and relationships of later life. Another traditional authorship fault is that the mature star of woman-kind must have been an example of huddling innocence during her youthful years, and lest she qualify herself as a woman with a sullied "past" and therefore not fit for the higher runnings of human existence. No reckless things of the giddy grain are allowed for young women as preparatory experiments for serious endeavors and successes, is the usual vogue of novels, as in real life. But Gilbert Parker's recent book, "The Judgment House," is a story of clear justice for men and women, all reap the harvest deserved of their early and later deeds. This is a novel of equal standards for men and women, with a chance, and benediction for all human souls and self-reliance sinners. It scintillates with poignant pulses of life. Published by Harper & Bros.

The story begins with dramatic verve and tense expectation. Jasmine (Grouse), daughter to a heretofore massive career, but descended from a grandfather who acquired great wealth through aggressive and relentless methods, and incited by limitless ambitions, occupies the Crescent Garden with her tactfully betrothed, Ian Stafford, and Rudyard Byng. Ian is a man of highest honor and intellectual worth, a rising man in diplomatic affairs; he still has his greatest process to make in his chosen profession and financially. Rudyard Byng has spent early years in South Africa, living bitterly and lonemously, and sometimes riotously; he has made his three million sterling and he is building a palace in London; more millions are brewing in Africa for him. Jasmine is marvelously intellectual and she loves pleasure and position. Ian is her mate in all mental and intellectual beauty and force. But Byng? He is a force in inevitable resolution to succeed; and rough exultances have given him the strength and brain a roughened texture, although he is of "good family." Very subtly Jasmine reasons her prospects with out with men. Byng and his millions can give her the comfort and wonderful grace a magnificent setting without delay. She feels all the inherent ambition come to her from her grandfather. She marries Byng, who is blunt and honest, and who doesn't suspect that he is taking the beloved one from Ian.

Jasmine does not love Byng; she loves Ian, and she loves reckless indulgence of all kinds, the "sowing of wild oats" in flirtations to the edge of danger. She plays with fire, even to the resolve to win Ian when he returns from his three years' sojourn in diplomatic service on the continent. Ian has come to regret Jasmine. He believes his love for her is dead. He's not afraid of the flames that she kindles and he bows near the flames. And there are others playing round the flames that Jasmine builds with her fascinations while her husband is busy with the affairs of the Boer War that affect his interests in South Africa.

Ian goes to the edge of danger and ever. Again in the end, well as well as who is beloved by other well as well as trusted and loved by her husband. She is a natural coquette with all the he gossamerous tempt men. She becomes involved in a... even to the possibility of an... even

14 Herald San Jac. Cal.
March 30/13.

The Judgment House

By Gilbert Parker

A Brilliant English Novel of the Time of the Boer War

AS the multi-millionaire now-a-days sometimes prefaces his will with a list of his heirs, declaring that if he has others they are unknown to him, and he does not desire that they share his wealth, so Sir Gilbert Parker in his new novel, "The Judgment House," forestalls the frequent criticism that such a character is drawn from such a person by saying in a prefatory note that "except where reference is made to well-known to all the world occur in

Sir
Gilbert
Parker



these pages, this book does not present a picture of public or private individuals, living or dead.

"It is not in any sense a historical and portraiture a work of the imagination." But in the drawing of them he has revealed his close study of modern types, and his big grasp of science, art, diplomacy, so many of the strands that weave the complex and highly colored web of modern life.

"The Judgment House" easily ranks as one of the best of this brilliant Britisher's novels, and as one of the greatest that has appeared in many months. He has chosen the time of the Boer war, and London, a country house in Wales and the Transvaal for his setting, while the characters are those who hold the destiny of the nation as well as their own fortunes in their keeping.

Clarence Edmund Steadman says in defending "Walter Savage Landor's choice of aristocratic characters, "We (in his poetry) penetrate the love of high-bred men and women; noble nature and rank;—surely finer subjects for realistic treatment than the boot or drudge. When both are equally natural, I would rather contemplate a horse or a falcon, than the newt and the toad. Thus far, I am sure, one may carry the law of aristocracy in art."

Sir Gilbert Parker has in "The Judgment House" penetrated the lives and loves of such high-bred men and women, and that, with the splendor of the setting and the great international interests involved, make a novel that is brilliant, dramatic, thrilling and elevating. A romance at base, the treatment is realistic, and while in no sense a problem story, yet problems of the most intricate and delicate kind are worked out. The saving of the "Home" (and the capitalization is his), is perhaps the only "preachment" of the novel, and yet as its title indicates judgments on wrong-doing are pronounced and with that inevitableness that life herself passes on every infringement of her law. And in these judgments he has shown keen insight into cause and effect, for he has made the penalty follow the real wrong done, and not visited conventional judgments on conventional sins.

The trio that hold the balance of power in the story and in the larger affairs of empire are two men and a woman. One of the men is a diplomat; the other an African nabob of the Cecil Rhodes type, a pioneer who has come back from the Transvaal at 33 years of age and with three millions of pounds to his credit. Both of the women are noble by nature as well as position, true men at heart. The diplomat is subtle, Greek-minded, an ideal friend and lover and a master in the field of diplomacy. The pioneer has less real manhood as well as less grace and culture, yet he is a big man, with a strong dash of the primitive, power to dominate, and free from selfishness.

The woman, Jasmine, a girl of 22 when the story begins, is to my mind one of the best drawn characters of fiction. Sir Gilbert Parker has used all the color gamut of half-tones, to paint her. He has split all the fine threads of emotion in analyzing her. She is of the siren type. Both men are, of course, in love with her, and, of course, she marries the wrong one. That is the beginning of the middle. The choice is described, and then the story deals with what happens. Jasmine is brilliant, yet in a way superficial. She has tremendous power to attract, but she has not great womanhood. The siren woman never has. She is unmaral, rather than immoral, until the results of her wrongdoing and carelessness create, through the misery they bring on her, a certain dim moral awakening. She is left at the very conclusion of conclusions in the story, for one brief moment, a real woman, unselfish, big. But Sir Gilbert Parker does not push the issue too far. She is certain to tumble again, and there is material for another novel as brilliant and fascinating.

Jasmine marries the wrong man, bringing with it this train of woes, not altogether consciously and yet not altogether innocently. She is careless, unthinking, immature, dazzled. Yet neither does she do it altogether innocently. She hushes the still, small voice. She does not realize the greatness of the step. She does not realize herself as yet, still there is in her the stifled consciousness of wrong-doing.

In depicting Jasmine, Sir Gilbert Parker powerfully uses what might be called the growing sense of re-incarnation (so frequently it is used in all modern literature) and the consciousness of many lives. "If you had lived a thousand years ago, Jasmine, you would have had a thousand lovers." He puts the words in her husband's their intensity at a critical time, and deepens their intensity by frequent repetition,—and in the soul of this English beauty and flower woman, he puts the struggle of the famous siren women of long ago, translating it in modern terms.

There is another woman, Al'mah, a Celtic opera singer whose voice is great partly because she has lived and suffered greatly, who contrasts splendidly in her unselfishness and womanhood with Jasmine, and there is an elegant Corinthian appeared good-for-nothing fellow who serves as a similar foil to the leading men.

The character of Krool, the African body-servant of the pioneer, is finely drawn and gives another superb contrast—the pure primitive, and the primitive slave type against these fearless men who are the ome of all the race has won and accomplished.



The frontispiece of "The Judgment House."

So much for the characters. The events are also big. The diplomat has his finger on the pulse of Europe at this troublous war time, and the reader is let into the making of history. A word too, for the setting. Sir Gilbert Parker has kept it what it ought to be—a background. A rich splendid background it is, and not slurred over in the making are his London pictures, those of the great Welsh house and of the high veldt and Transvaal war, but in marked contrast to lesser romances it is setting only. So many of these minor novels depend basically upon setting. Indeed their chief value seems to be the geographical one—of presenting correct information of far-away lands in a concrete, attractive manner.

Harper Brothers are the American publishers of "The Judgment House" and the illustrations are by W. Heath

Publ. Hartford Con.
March 30/13.

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE HAS BIG BACKGROUND

Harper & Brothers announce the publication of "The Judgment House," by Sir Gilbert Parker. Against a wide background of international interest are developed the lives of the two heroes—a millionaire, who is a political and financial force, and the famous diplomat who succeeds in achieving great advantages for England. Both are in love with the same woman, beautiful, clever, ambitious. She throws over the diplomat to marry the millionaire, but later, on the former's return to London, wins him back in spite of his resentment at her disloyalty. The lives of these three and numerous other characters—financiers, the millionaire's secretary and his Boer valet, both traitors to their master, a great prima donna, etc.—are closely interwoven with the fate of the nation. The war loosens the knot of this tangle of contending claims, leading men and women through self-sacrifice and heroism to a new understanding of themselves and each other.

Chronicle, San Francisco Cal.
March 30/13

Post & Rochester, N.Y.
April 4/13

Sunday Journal - Providence, R.I.
March 30/13

Gilbert Parker has done a fine piece of work in "The Judgment House," but the comment of most readers will be that the story could be reduced one-third with profit. The book is brought out in this country by Harper & Brothers, with some good illustrations. It is the Boer war put into fiction, but the war simply serves as the climax of the fortunes of one of the heroes, an admirably-drawn figure of one of the men who made great fortunes in South Africa and then tried to get happiness out of their wealth in the alien world of London. All of the book which deals with Ruydard Byng, the follower of Cecil Rhodes, is very well done. It is more difficult to realize the other hero, Ian Stafford, the trained diplomat, who is a kind of Sir Galahad, moving in an atmosphere which would have been fatal to any knight without fear and without reproach. In fact, this modern Galahad soon degenerates into a mediocre lot, although in the end he emerges as far more of a man than one would have believed. The women in the book are extremely difficult to realize, as they act in a way that would lead to utter ruin in real life.

The elaborate sketch of the appearance of the South African in London society and of his conquest of the spoiled beauty, Jasmine Grenfel, is written with so much clearness and force that it impresses itself on the reader as a bit of real life. But when the diplomat, Ian Stafford, and others enter the illusion vanishes. These are all types that we know in fiction, but never meet in real life. Many women marry to gratify pride and the desire for great wealth, as Jasmine does in this story, but most of them make the best of a bad bargain and get some consolation from the material things of this world, especially when their husbands love them with the unswerving affection of this primitive man from the African veldt. Jasmine appears to have no balance wheel; she is simply all coquette, and the gratification of her great powers of attraction for men seems to sum up for her all that there is in life. Of course such an ambition soon leads her into very deep water, and when the crash comes and her husband learns of her perfidy it is only the great diplomatic ability of Stafford that saves her from the savage vengeance of the man whose honor she has smirched. Some of the best work in this story is that which describes the method by which Stafford saves the life of the woman he has loved and diverts the wrath of the South African into other channels.

The chapters that deal with the Boer war are not to be compared with the scenes in "The Dope Doctor" by Richard Dehan. These are merely lurid pictures of slaughter and death, but they serve as a fitting climax to the story and they permit of the elimination of Stafford, after his work as the great reconciler has been completed. The book is full of good things, very aptly expressed. Thus when Stafford first meets Jasmine after she has thrown him over for the South African millionaire there is this exchange of repartee:

"You still make life worth living," he answered gayly.

"It is not an occupation I would choose," she replied. "It is sure to make one a host of enemies."

"So many of us make our careers by accident," he rejoined.

"Certainly I made mine not by design," she retorted.

"But your career is not yet begun," he remarked. "I am married," she said, defiantly, in direct retort.

"That is not a career—it is casual exploration in a dark continent," he rejoined.

The story is full of bits like this, full of a philosophy of life that is never bitter nor morbid, but always tinged with sarcasm.

"The Judgment House." By Gilbert Parker. New York and London: Harper & Brothers.

The admirers of Sir Gilbert Parker will be rather disappointed with "The Judgment House." The book is of the distinctly conventional type, although it is admirably written. The heroine, Jasmine Grenfel, has "golden hair" and "wonderful color on her face." She has money, too, but not enough to satisfy her ambitious instincts. Two men are in love with her, Ruydard Byng—how useful Mr. Kipling has been here!—and Ian Stafford. Byng is a man who at thirty-three had made three million pounds in South Africa, and Stafford is an Englishman of culture who is "distinguished looking" but "has not yet made his name and might never do so." How expressive all this is of the British bourgeois or pseudo-aristocratic viewpoint!

In the opening chapter Almah, an opera singer, is rescued by Byng from an accident on the stage which might have cost her her life. This, of course, makes him a hero in Jasmine's eyes, even though in accomplishing his task he had ruined her opera cloak. While Jasmine's affairs of the heart are at this juncture, news comes to England of the Jameson raid, and the girl is just as much interested in it as Ruydard Byng himself. It is easy to see that Sir Gilbert Parker approves of "Dr. Jim" and has no toleration for "Oom Paul." A sort of Hugoesque figure enters the story in the person of Krool, Byng's man servant, half Hottentot and half Boer, who is divided between his duty to his master and his devotion to the Boer cause. Eventually Byng discovers Krool's untrustworthiness and whips him with a sjambok into the street. It was a work of supererogation to import this creature into the novel unless the object were to give room for a striking situation in case the book is ultimately dramatized.

The Boer war becomes a part of Sir Gilbert Parker's story, and the war scenes are the best in the book. Both Byng and Stafford fight for England. In depicting the veldt and the fighting that reddened it Sir Gilbert Parker is at his best. The episode of Jigger, the cockney lad who sold newspapers in London but who is a gally soldier in South Africa, is thrilling, though slightly overwrought.

In the end Ruydard Byng has the best of it. Thus tamely ends a story which is good of its kind but not good enough to add anything to the author's reputation.

The novel is very well illustrated by W. Hatherell, R. I.

SIX really distinguished names and a number of very well-known ones are on the list of fiction-writers whose works are assigned this week; yet only three more demand more than a brief comment. Of these three, perhaps on the whole the best is Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Judgment House" (Harper, \$1.35 net). With the Boer war as the background, Sir Gilbert has written a novel in which dramatic action, graphic description and psychological penetration in character-study are combined with notable skill. The main theme which runs through the delicate events of the narrative like a delicate thread, is the development of the character of Jasmine Grenfel, a beautiful woman with an inheritance of curiously mixed traits which causes her to work havoc in many lives, but especially the lives of two men—the man she marries, Ruydard Byng, and the man she ought to have married, Ian Stafford. At last Jasmine realizes what she has done. She tells herself the truth, "she had a soul to which she had never given its chance. It had never bloomed. Her abnormal willfulness, her insane love of pleasure, her hereditary impulse, had been exercised at the expense of the great thing in her, the soul so capable of memorable and beautiful deeds." But it is only through great suffering that Jasmine's soul comes into its own, and that suffering is not all hers. Sir Gilbert Parker has never written a more notable piece of fiction than this; and indeed there are few novels of the day that are so finely conceived and executed. It is not, however, a book to make a strong appeal to the casual reader of fiction, nor will such an one have any real appreciation of the underlying idea. To one who can at once perceive the vitality and the artistry of the story "The Judgment House" cannot fail to prove a book not merely absorbing for the moment, but leaving an impression not easily erased.

News Savannah, Ga.
April 3/13

"The Judgment House." By Sir Gilbert Parker. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cloth; illustrated; price, \$1.35 net.

Sir Gilbert Parker can not write in a gally vein. The stories he tells are big stories. There is majesty to them. "The Judgment House" is no exception. The story is divided into four books. It opens previously to the Boer war and plunges its character into that struggle. The war brings the heroine, Jasmine Byng, a woman of fire and earth, face to face with her passion and impulse, and at times of mere lightning, a real woman who at last sees things as a true woman should. The story is too long to be retold, even sketchily here. It is full of pictures that make the reader feel that he is a party to what is transpiring. Especially do some of the pictures of Africa seem to bring that land and spread it out before the reader's eye. Some may complain that the story is too long, that it could have been compressed profitably, but even the most critical must appreciate its gripping charm.

1st Lake Tribune Wash.
March 24/13.

Reflector Leader
Des Moines Iowa.
May 4/13.

Courier Journal
Louisville Ky.

LATEST PARKER NOVEL.

The Judgment House, a Novel, by Gilbert Parker. Harper & Brothers, N. Y. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

It is a thoroughly finished, most attractive and romantic story for one of the best of the modern masters of English literature. The scenes of the novel are set in England but are transferred to South Africa and the time is that of the Boer war. It may be said to be a novel of that war giving brilliant sketches of battles, skirmishes, and individual heroisms. It details most graphically the hardships, privations, and conditions under which British troops maneuvered and which British gives sickening details of the struggle and the conditions of the men and women who hold one another in the most of the world of affairs. It depicts the monstrous struggle between two alien peoples, the ruthless, selfless determination in each race, and the contempt which was entertained each of the other at the beginning of the war, gradually wearing itself out in the sad experience of mortal battle.

The leading characters in the work are Ian Stafford of a lordly British house, who contends manfully yet unsuccessfully with Rudyard Byng, a millionaire of South Africa, who appears first in the work at a London entertainment, the object of the love of both being Jasmine Grenfel, a woman of extraordinary beauty of great power of mind, and of character that stand beyond most. The story of the mutual infatuation of Rudyard and Jasmine begins from their first meeting in London is carried through the volume as a brilliant thread of romance. It is the dominating theme, and yet the tremendous struggle that is on, the mighty forces that are put into activity, are brought into use to make the novel a brilliant international study as well as a powerful novel of love and romance.

In all this Sir Gilbert Parker is at his best. In many of his stories there have appeared the tendency to study racial contacts, animosities and the mutual reaction of one race upon the other. To all these studies he is most successful, and he is also most expert in dealing with vivid characters, tendencies, and emotions. The work is, in our judgment, the best that he has produced, although it is hard to say so in view of his brilliant Canadian romances and his latest former romance, the scene of which was laid in Egypt and in which he took advantage of precisely the same racial contacts, characteristics and animosities that he places one against the other in this his newest work. It is a great achievement, and the reader who has it before him has a literary treat.

March 24/13. Harper & Brothers N.Y. March 24/13.

"The Judgment House," by Gilbert Parker, Harper & Brothers, New York.

A dramatic story of love and war and political life has been told in Gilbert Parker's latest novel with the dignity of style and conception which seldom fail to distinguish the author. The action begins in England where the beautiful, flower-like Jasmine Grenfel waits for a moment before two lovers, finally to reject the long accepted suitor and yield to the primitive force of a new type of man, new to her at least, and filled with the charm of a personal success both political and financial which had come to him in the wilds of African life, where his experiences had brought out the strength of his rude, direct masculinity. Rudyard Byng was simple and wholesome, with the compelling power of a vital and masterful personality. But he lacked some of the delicacy of a refined civilization which was exemplified in the polished grace and affability of Ian Stafford, the man whom Jasmine had once intended to marry. It is natural that her wilful caprice should some times clash with his matter-of-fact logic. The struggle which the novel creates thus through the diverse personalities of the two is one which will attract popular sympathy and is yet handled with a delicacy that removes it from the obvious sex conflict of a cheaper and less subtle variety of climax.

The Byngs go from England to South Africa to become involved in the Boer war and the fanciful of physical contest and wild dangers of carnage form an effective setting for the events of the story. Jasmine turns from her husband, caught back by the old lure of the man she had forsaken, and then for other reasons, misunderstandings and the sense of repulsion which his strength and relentless physicalness sometimes arouses in her. As a nurse she goes through a period of heart-breaking experiences from which she emerges wiser and a bit subdued and ready to grasp the only happiness which was really possible for her.

The political phases of the African situation are rather elaborately suggested, though the work is imaginative in its conception and, as the author remarks in a foreword, the book is not a historical novel in the technical sense of the word or in the fidelity to fact and personality which such a record implies.

GILBERT PARKER'S NEW NOVEL.

Besides the blurring of motives heard in artistry and psychological interpretation, Sir Gilbert Parker has told a story of considerable power and interest in The Judgment House.

The title symbolizes a moral tribunal whereunto the heroine must approach. The hero, Rudyard Byng, financial genius, is said to have been drawn from Cecil Rhodes. More than one resemblance to the man who, Kipling said, linked worlds, not words, does Parker's hero bear. In his early thirties he has gained a mighty grasp upon the political and financial affairs of England and Africa. He can

dictate policies, ward off disaster. But he cannot hold from a temporary vacillation the heart of a woman. This woman is a highly-gifted creature, whose delicate beauty is matched by delicate perceptive faculties and intellectuality. At least, these latter are predicated by the author, if not continuously proved by her words and conduct. The "other man" of the story is Ian Stafford, of the Foreign Office, a "coming man." But at the beginning of the story, for all his promise, he has not advanced far enough to cope with the compelling quality of Byng's millions and the glamour of power which these exert upon Jasmine Grenfel, granddaughter of a man who had set power above all things.

In the England and Africa of the Boer War the scene is set. Affairs of state are the excellently painted background of the story. The excitement of the Jameson raid, Johannesburg and the sequel thrill throughout the pages.

But, after all, the hearts of men and women are Sir Gilbert Parker's chief concern. And with fair success he has told this story of the swaying of a woman's affections between Stafford's finer intellectual and temperamental charm and Byng's virile mastery.

Needless to say, the African atmosphere, with its unique magic, lends a fascination to the story, an intensity and color to the human drama. The largeness of affairs, the great significance of the issues, give the novel some texture. The characterization, too, has a body and richness. But though the story is tenuous of interest, the psychological possibilities of the situation are not completely realized. Rather a mechanical shifting of the heroine's heart than the inevitable, irresistible movement is detected. Yet there are other genuinely emotional elements in the novel, enough to "set up" a few novelists of less power and distinction than Sir Gilbert Parker has attained. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Gilbert Parker announces in the preface of this, his last story, that it is not at historical novel that it is purely a work of the imagination; and that, aside from the names of a few men of importance the characters are purely fictitious. Notwithstanding this statement, one feels that he is in the midst of an international narrative, full of plots and counterplots, intrigue, statesmanship, disease, war and ruin. The scene of the story is soon after the Johannesburg raid and when events in South Africa are graphically leading up to war between England and the Boers. The author sketches the characters who predominate in the novel with vivacity, and makes them play their parts with force and entertainment. A woman, beautiful, bewitching, holds the center of the stage the greater part of the time. A woman who is uncommonly fascinating, is steadfastness. By her fascinating power she is able to compel things to move rapidly and is a dramatic factor in the plot. She has great influence on the leading men of the story, who are of novel progress and interesting types. As the story progresses the scene of Europe is introduced, but clever statesmanship, in which she seductively aids, tranquillizes and lots of love, in varying degrees. Mr. Parker's style in this work comes and with the telling.

"THE JUDGMENT HOUSE" by Gilbert Parker. New York: Harper & Brothers, N. Y. Published by Harper & Brothers, N. Y. Price \$1.25

Missouriian Columbia. May 4/13.

The Judgment House.

Movements in the drama of world diplomacy and finance, the pioneer days of British invasion of South Africa, the Boer war, all are woven into a story of love by Gilbert Parker in his latest book, "The Judgment House." It is a conflict of powerful and ambitious characters in which appear the high intellectual nature and the primitive instincts of man. The writer has developed his plot with an almost perplexing fullness. The characters are sharply drawn. A sustaining interest carries the reader through the last line. (Harper and Brothers, publishers, New York and London; price \$1.35 net.)

Wald. Chandler, Was:
May 15/10-

"The Judgment House."

The story-teller's gifts of fascinating us by the illusion and the excitement of a smoothly flowing narrative is seldom so fully united with the novelist's power of rounding the depths of character and of making not only people, but events, play life-like parts, as in Sir Gilbert Parker's new novel, "The Judgment House." Knowledge of men and motives, understanding of the deeper impulses and emotions, both are needed to vitalize such a drama of character and fatality as "The Judgment House," and both are strongly manifested.

Each person of the story has his charm, or interest, of manner, of point of view, of individual expression. All are lifelike with respect to the many little matters of speech and behavior through which the primary impression of reality is created. But in every case we feel that the underlying personality has greater strength and actuality than most of those which we are accustomed to meet, in books or out of them. Ian Stafford, the diplomatist, engagingly human as he is, seems always to have the solidity of character, the strength of purpose, necessary to a man concerned in world-affairs. In the course of the story we see him chiefly as a lover, as a man infatuated, disappointed, scornful, yielding again to passion, and at last achieving a difficult self-conquest. But in all this we are convinced that we see the struggles of no common man, but a man of undeniably strong nature and able mind swept by fierce emotions, held firm by a control that grips like a vise, confronted by problems of terrifying complexity. In Jasmine Grenfel we recognize a personality greater than her conduct would imply. Sympathy follows her despite the lightness with which she discards Stafford for a new lover, Ruyard Byng, the South-African millionaire. We feel so poignantly the forces working upon her and within her that her faithlessness toward her husband, when she reasserts her power over Stafford, still fails to ruin her in our estimation. Even the event that seems to condemn her past forgiveness—the discovery of a letter from the mere libertine, Adrian Fellowes, which seems to prove her unfaithful, both to her husband and to her real lover—even this warms instead of chills our interest. What might be merely dramatized scandal becomes impressive tragedy. As for Ruyard Byng, we are made to feel his strength of will beneath the mere novelty and interest of his exterior personality, just as beneath the conventional attire of a well-dressed man we may perceive the big frame and bulging muscles of an athlete. These three—husband, wife, and lover—are imagined, so to speak, as of heroic size, and because they are as human as they are heroic their fortunes become to us significant and thrilling. But even the minor characters have an exceptional vitality, a remarkable intensity—Al'mah, for instance, the famous singer, who is Fellowes's mistress and who kills him; and Fellowes himself, strange compound of suave gentleman and utter scoundrel, who light-heartedly betrays his country when the imminence of the Boer War and his own acquaintances with Byng and Jasmine make it easy for him to sell himself as a spy. And Krool, Byng's Kaffir servant, faithful personally to his master, but incapable of extending that faithfulness to his master's wife or his master's country—

Krool is insignificant and accidental villain, but a creature, as it seems, designed from the beginning of the world to play his sinister part in the life-drama of Jasmine and Ruyard Byng and Ian Stafford.

Sweeping into a common current the passions of individual lives and occurrences of more than personal significance, the story reads as if it had all happened as it must have happened. In its dealing with the spiritual side of character and in its objective descriptions it is equally strong. The closing scenes, which are laid in the Transvaal, are as vivid in the impressions they give of the war as they are satisfactory in showing the development of character that leads to a new sort of happiness for Jasmine and her husband. "The Judgment House," like other stories of Sir Gilbert Parker's, leaves the reader with a real sense of exaltation.

*I think Journal N.Y.
March 29/10-*

One reads "The Judgment House" by Sir Gilbert Parker, Harper & Brothers, New York, publishers, under high tension, the tension of really good melodrama. It is a talk of London society and British international politics during the period that began with Jameson's Raid and ended with the conquest of the Boer Republics.

In fact, for the climax, the chief actors in the play are transferred to the Veldt, where, under Boer fire, among death and desolation, fate snips the thread of life of some, and knits closer, after separation and threatened ruin, those of others.

There are fashionable idlers here, and a group of South African millionaires, and an ambitious young woman, who, having married for the power of great wealth, returns to the love she had jilted. And there is a young diplomatist, and Boer spies, and a prima donna, and a cockney newsboy, a whole gallery of figures, moving briskly in ever-changing, steadily developing situations and crises.

The author betrays no diplomatic or historic secrets, he employs generalities in an expert way, but his use of facts gives verisimilitude to this picture of a crisis in English history that has been but little used by the British novelists of late.

*Pres. White, N. Y.
April 24/10-*

ON THE LIBRARY TABLE.

New Books.

The Judgment House. By Gilbert Parker. Published by Harper & Brothers of New York. For Sale in Utica by John L. Grant. Price, \$1.35, net.

The name of Sir Gilbert Parker has been greeted eagerly on the list of authors of the books appearing this spring and there are already many who have been caught by the tense interest of his latest novel as it has appeared in serial form. It is, however, a book of such intensity that one can read it with satisfaction only in continuous form and as such it is a novel that will endure. Those who know the author of old will feel that he has in his latest work reached new heights of dramatic power, for the story is one that holds the reader in the grip of force and passion. It is beyond the level of ordinary life and swings into the world of great and overwhelming affairs in which the fate of nations as well as of men is determined by the impetuous will of one woman. A modern Cleopatra is Jasmine Byng, a creature of marvelous beauty and fascination, standing between men who control the fate of Europe, trusted by both in spite of her deceitful ways, war-torn, and yet true to none. With strange keenness Gilbert Parker has painted this woman until her beauty is irresistible and all her wrong doing is made the result of the willfulness and love of power that are bred in her from early childhood.

As for the men who are all but trodden down ruthlessly by the determination of her impulses, she is a "dark African nabob" for whose material power she casts aside the other, a diplomat of the finest type whom she wins back again by the exercise of her vanity. It is herself only of whom she thinks as she uses their love to let herself play with the passions of other and smaller men and it is only when she stands stranded in the midst of the ruin she herself has wrought that she begins to see dimly what life should have been and meant to her.

It is not until they come into the great turbulent drama of war in South Africa with the stripping bare of life in its great realities that they come to their own and the knowledge that peace is after all the best thing gives Jasmine a vision of herself that she can never lose. And it is here that her husband earns that he has understood her as she never understood herself and that he is to hold her to him by the mastery of his will and his love. Here also to the man who had held the key to Europe through its genius came the summons into the great silence where the weary strife that his life has become is swallowed up in a victorious triumph. With tremendous force the author has led his readers through scenes of terrible intensity and in picturing them he has used a style so virile and rugged as the life he gives. His characterizations have distinctive power and everyone who enters the story counts. Particularly is Krool, the half-caste valet, a figure to be reckoned with and the same individuality is given to Al'mah, the glorious singer whose directness in affairs and primitive directness in attempting to right the wrong have a strong hold on the passing affairs. "The Judgment House" is a great novel in its portrayal of the mighty elements of passion that move men and women in all days of life.

18 North Main
Asst. Lib. N.Y. 2/13.

"THE JUDGMENT HOUSE."

This is the Title of a New Novel by a Noted Author—Some Other Recent Publications.

The story-teller's gifts of fascinating us by the illusion and the excitement of a smoothly flowing narrative is seldom so fully united with the novelist's power of rounding the depths of power, character and of making not only people, but events play like parts, as in Sir Gilbert Parker's new novel, "The Judgment House." Knowledge of men and motives, understanding of the deeper impulses and emotions, both are needed to vitalize such a drama of character and fatality as "The Judgment House," and both are strongly manifested.

Each person of interest, of manner, of point of view, of individual expression. All are lifelike with respect to the many little matters of speech and behavior through which the primary impression of reality is created. But in every case we feel that the underlying personality has greater strength and actuality than most of those which we are accustomed to meet, in books or out of them. Ian Stafford, the diplomatist, engagingly human as he seems always to have the solidity of character, the strength of purpose, necessary to a man concerned in world-affairs. In the course of the story we see him chiefly as a lover, as a man infatuated, disappointed, scornful, yielding again to passion, and at last achieving a difficult self-conquest. But in all this we are convinced that we see the struggles of no common man, but a man of undeniably strong nature and able mind swept by a control that grips like a vise, confronted by problems of terrifying complexity. In Jasmine Grenfel we recognize a personality greater than her conduct would imply. Symptom follows but despite the likeness with which she discards Stafford for a new lover, Ruydard Byng, the South African millionaire. We feel so poignantly the lover working upon her and within her that her faithlessness toward her husband, when she reasserts her power over Stafford, still fails to ruin her in our estimation. Even the event that seems to condemn her past forgiveness—the discovery of a letter from the mere libertine, Adrian Fellowes, which seems to prove her unfaithful both to her husband and to her real lover—even this warns instead of chills our interest. What might be merely dramatized scandal becomes impressive because to feel his strength of will beneath the mere novelty and interest of his extrane personality, just as beneath the conventional attire of a well-dressed man we may perceive the big frame and bulging muscles of an athlete. These three—husband, wife, and lover—are imagined so to speak, as of heroic size, and because they are as human as they are heroic their fortunes become to us significant and thrilling. But even the more remarkable intensity—Adrian, for instance, the famous singer, who is Fellowes' mistress and who his him; and of course himself, strange compound of a high-kentleman and utter scoundrel, who light-heartedly betrays his Boer war and his own acquaintance with Byng and Jasmine make it easy for Kroll, Byng's Katze servant, faithful of extending to his master but incapable of masters wife, or his master's country—villain but a creature, as it seems, created from the beginning of the world to play his sinister part in the drama of Jasmine and Ruydard Byng and Ian Stafford.

Stepping into a common current the passions of individual lives and occurrences of more than personal significance, the story reads as if it had all happened as if it must have happened.

In its dealing with the spiritual side of character and in its objective descriptions it is equally strong. The closing scenes, which are laid in the Transvaal, are as vivid in the impressions they give of the war as they are satisfactory in showing the development of character that leads to a new sort of happiness for Jasmine and her husband. "The Judgment House" like other stories of Sir Gilbert Parker's, leaves the reader with a real sense of exaltation.

Buffalo N.Y. Commercial
March 29/13.

To those who have read Sir Gilbert Parker's *Right of Way*, or *The Weavers*, no praise of that author's latest novel, *The Judgment House*, is necessary to attract their attention. The simple announcement that the new book, fresh from the press, has made its appearance on the book counters of the dealers, is all sufficient. Like *The Weavers*, this latest production of Sir Gilbert's masterly pen has as its background the Boer country, and its stirring incidents relate to the life of the hero, Ruydard Byng, in both South Africa and in London. Byng is of the Cecil Rhodes type, enterprising, pushing, shrewd, and quite naturally he makes a fortune in the veldt and then goes to London to enjoy the urban opportunities of which he has been so long deprived. He falls in love with a girl who is already the admitted fiancée of a young diplomat, but who, attracted by Byng's financial status, turns from her former lover and marries the South African magnate. After a season of the yearnings of the old love come back to her, and a chance meeting with her former lover leads her to exert all her fascination to reawaken his regard. In this she fails, but an adventurer named Fellowes takes advantage of the situation to compromise the wife and is only saved from death at the hands of the husband by Ian Stafford, the early lover, who throughout the story displays a wonderful and commendable strength of character in his loyalty to the husband. Stafford is afterward slain in the Boer war, the estranged couple are reconciled and the story ends as all good love stories should. In its diversified character reproductions, stirring incidents, cleverness of construction and style, *The Judgment House* may be reckoned as a rather good story. There is an exposure of the subtleties of British international politics; vivid descriptions; intense situations and startling climaxes, the whole making a novel which will in no degree detract from the author's reputation as a creator of enjoyable fiction. Harper and Brothers are the publishers.

The Courier Buffalo - N.Y.
April 27/13.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS

"THE JUDGMENT HOUSE" by Sir Gilbert Parker, is a new story which will find hosts of readers, for it is written in the rare style and brilliant evolution of an intricate plot for which this famous novelist is noted. Knowledge of men and motives, understanding of the deeper impulses and emotions, both are needed to vitalize such a drama of character and fatality as are so strongly manifested in "The Judgment House."

Each character in this novel possesses individual merit. In Jasmine Grenfel, we have a personality of fascinating charm, in spite of her lightness of principle in discarding her lover, Stafford, for a new one in the person of Ruydard Byng, the South African millionaire.

We feel the mighty forces working upon her when she proves faithless to her husband and reasserts her power over Stafford.

As for Rufus Byng, one feels his mighty strength of will beneath the novel and picturesque quality of his personal exterior. What might merely become scandal proves impressive tragedy.

These three characters dominate the story and are heroic figures of creative mind. Even the minor characters are full of more than passing interest, especially Al'mah, the famous singer, who kills the man who scorns her. Again Byng's faithful servant, Kroll, plays an important part in the narrative. He is faithful to his master, but not to wider interests when it comes to either his master's wife or his master's country.

The closing scenes, which are laid in the Transvaal, are vivid, and the impressions they give of the war are wonderful bits of word painting. At least a new happiness arises for Jasmine and her husband. The end leaves the reader satisfied. Harper & Brothers.

Press - Grand Rapids, Michigan.
April 4/13.

"Judgment House," by Gilbert Parker.

Gilbert Parker's latest novel, "Judgment House," which has been running as a serial in Harper's magazine, is now given to the reading world in book form. The book like other works of the author, contains strong dramatic characters and pictures, virile episodes in unusual lives.

The heroine is Jasmine Grenfel, a London society girl, who has ambitions. She is engaged to a young diplomat, but deserts him to wed a wealthy young South African millionaire. Later the old lover comes back into her life again in a dramatic way and she goes to the verge of domestic tragedy before things are finally righted.

The time of the novel is that of the Boer war and Sir Gilbert Parker gives the English point of view of that historic conflict. In this respect it is a sort of "behind the scenes" glimpse to us here in the United States, and particularly in Grand Rapids, where the Boer war aroused far more than ordinary interest.

Harper and Brothers, New York, are the publishers.

Journal. Lewiston N.Y.
April 24/19.

Chronicle Houston Texas
May 11/19.

"The Judgment House."

The story-teller's gifts of fascinating us by the illusion and the excitement of a smoothly flowing narrative is seldom so fully realized with the novelist's power of rounding the details of character and of making not only people, but events, play lifelike parts, as in Sir Gilbert Parker's new novel, "The Judgment House," which Harar & Bros., New York, publish. Knowledge of men and motives, understanding of the deeper impulses and emotions, both are needed to vitalize such a drama of character and fatality as "The Judgment House," and both are strongly manifested.

Each person of the story has his charm of interest, of manner, of point of view, of individual expression. All are lifelike with respect to the many little matters of speech and behavior thru which the primary impression of reality is created. But in every case we feel that the underlying personality has greater strength and actuality than most of those which we are accustomed to meet, in books or out of them. Ian Stafford the diplomatist, engagingly human as he is, seems always to have the solidity of character, the strength of purpose, necessary to a man concerned in world-affairs. In the course of the story we see him chiefly as a lover, as a man infatuated, disappointed, scornful, yielding again to passion, and at last achieving a difficult self-conquest. But in all this we are convinced that we see the struggles of no common man, but a man of undeniably strong nature and able mind swept by fierce emotions, held firm by a control that grips like a vise, confronted by problems of terrifying complexity. In Jasmine Grenfel we recognize a personality greater than her conduct would imply. Sympathy follows her through the lightness with which she discards Stafford for a new lover Ruddyard Byng, the South African millionaire. We feel so poignantly the forces working upon her and within her that her faithlessness toward her husband, when she rearsers her power over Stafford, still fails to ruin her in our estimation. Even the event that seems to condemn her past forgiveness—the discovery of a letter from the mere libertine, Adrian Fellowes, which seems to prove her unfaithful both to her husband and to her real lover—even this warns instead of chills our interest. What might be merely dramatized scandal becomes impressive tragedy. As for Ruddyard Byng, we are made to feel his strength of will beneath the mere novelty and interest of his exterior personality, just as beneath the conventional attire of a well-dressed man we may perceive the big frame and bulging muscles of an athlete. These three—husband, wife and lover—are imagined, so to speak, as of heroic size, and because they are as human as they are heroic their fortunes become to us significant and thrilling. But even the minor characters have an exceptional vitality, a remarkable intensity—Al'mah, for instance, the famous singer, who is Fellowes's mistress and who kills him; and Fellowes himself, strange mound of suave gentleman and utter scoundrel, who light-heartedly betrays his country when the imminence of the Boer War and his own acquaintance with Byng and Jasmine make it easy for him to sell himself as a spy. And Kroll, Byng's Kaffir servant, faithful personally to his master, but incapable of extending that faithfulness to his master's wife or his master's country—Kroll is no insignificant and accidental villain, but a creature, as it seems, designed from the beginning of the world to play his sinister part in the life-drama of Jasmine and Ruddyard Byng and Ian Stafford.

Sweeping into common current the passions of individual lives and occurrences of more than personal significance, the story reads as if it had all happened as if it must have happened in its dealing with the spiritual side of

character and in its objective descriptions it is equally strong. The closing scene which is set in the Transvaal are as vivid in the impressions they give of the war as they are satisfactory in showing the development of character that leads to a new sort of happiness for Jasmine and her husband.

"The Judgment House," like other stories of Sir Gilbert Parker, leaves the reader with a real sense of exaltation.

Mrs. Mennoval
New Orleans. April 17/19.

The Judgment House.

By Gilbert Parker. Illustrated by W. Hatherell. K. I. Harper & Bros., publishers, New York. 1913. \$1.35 net.

Against the pulsing background of England and the Transvaal, Sir Gilbert Parker has drawn some strong, striking characters. Of the group, Ian Stafford, the diplomatist, with his strong personality and his passionate nature, his big mind and his wonderful powers of self-control when face to face with a most complex, dangerous situation, is a compelling figure. Ruddyard Byng is commonplace, though his personality is suggested in the first chapter as inspiring, vivid—dear of worth-while things. He has magnetism, else why should his attractions, which were purely physical, prevail over those of Ian Stafford's physical and intellectual gifts? After Byng's marriage to Jasmine his strength of will seems to dwindle. His bravery at the Mine is just what we expect from any man who is not an Adrian Fellowes.

Fellowes is a parasite, one of the hangers-on of society, combining the manner, birth and culture of a gentleman with the dastardly, cowardly, traitorous heart of a knave and scoundrel. With gay nonchalance he betrays his country, his position as secretary to Byng making his advantage as spy clear, and he seeks to destroy Byng's wife in the eyes of the world by playing upon her sensual emotions and demanding the love her voluptuous nature is always ready to give.

Jasmine Byng is one of the queerest figures of latter-day studies. Nearly every second appears she generally renounces the first. There is no room in a woman's heart shrine for two gods, of equal love. One must predominate, and the average woman usually discards the first. Not so Jasmine. Stafford is discarded for Byng, then Byng again for Stafford. While the intrigue with Stafford goes on, Fellowes is taken into favor, and Mr. Mennoval, a high political official, also serves his turn. Finally, when purged by suffering, she takes up with Byng and together they face the future. Through all Jasmine's affairs we feel that her character is above her scraid actions, that mad impulse is the stimulus to her deeds, and not indolence or degradation. Her unfaithfulness to her husband is only one of the sins of women who think lightly, although an able writer has remarked that "faithfulness to one's husband is the sign of some women's stupidity."

Al'mah, the singer, mistress to Fellowes, is another impulsive creature, and yet how different she is faithful to the letter of the marriage vows, so far as we see, omit loving and cherishing her black-guard husband. Kroll, the half-Kaffir, half-Boer, viceroy of Byng, and spy of half-Boer, viceroy of Byng, and spy of Kroll, is a sinister figure. He gives Kroll, the Boer, a sinister figure. He gives Kroll, the Boer, a sinister figure. He gives Kroll, the Boer, a sinister figure.

The last scenes are laid in Africa amid the carnage and slaughter of war, where Ian Stafford goes to his grave, and where Ian Stafford goes to his grave, and where Ian Stafford goes to his grave.

Like Sir Gilbert Parker's former books, "The Weavers" and "The Battle of the Strong," this tale has an impressive breadth of theme, a keen knowledge of men, and a thorough understanding of motives, impelling an emotions that sweep men and women on to destiny.

"The Judgment House."

Sir Gilbert Parker is a novelist of no little reputation. "The Right of Way," which was dramatized and successfully played in Houston on its tours of the country, and "When Valmont Came to Pontiac" are perhaps his best known books. "The Judgment House," his latest, has recently been published by the Harpers.

This novel is about a South African nabob named Ruddyard Byng, a young fellow who, after many hardships, has made his millions in the latter day British El Dorado. He now comes home to London and is introduced to the reader in a box at the opera with Ian Stafford, the clever diplomat, and the beautiful heroine, Almah, the prima donna, in responding to an encore, bows too low near a table on which are some candles and her dress catches fire, enveloping her in flames. With quick courage Byng jumps from his box to the stage and rescues her, extinguishing the fire with an opera cloak which he has picked up.

The beautiful heroine is half in love with and half engaged to the clever diplomat, but throws him over for Byng and his three million pounds, which turn out to be four.

The beautiful heroine has a notion that in a past existence 1000 years ago she must have had 1000 lovers. In this book her husband's private secretary, Ian Stafford and M. Mennoval, a foreign diplomat and accomplished roue, make up the number.

The Boer war comes on and is described.

Kroll, Byng's servant, a half-breed Hottentot and Boer, is the villain of the story.

The Partners, Byng's nabob associates, are described in detail and come in and off the scene like the senators who come as conspirators to the house of Brutus in "Julius Caesar."

There is stirring melodrama in the mysterious death of Fellowes, the gay Lotherio. The South African war scenes are graphically described.

"The Judgment House" gives a good idea of certain phases of modern London society. Its character drawing, particularly as to the main and associate nabobs, is well done. The lives of Cecil Rhodes, Barney Barnato, Alfred Beit and others must have been largely drawn upon, but Sir Gilbert Parker insists that it is not a roman a clef and "does not present a picture of public or private individuals, living or dead."

Jasmine Grenfel, the heroine, is a Cleopatra sort of woman, but without the charm of the queen of ancient Egypt. Ian Stafford is a prig. Byng is good when he rescues the prima donna, goes down the mine to rescue the miners and uses the sjambok (rhinoceros hide whip) on the traitor Kroll.

"The Judgment House" is readable, but it is not a great novel.

20 Rev. Houston Texas
Ap. 24/13.

Journal Courier
New Haven Conn.
April 19/13

Spencer Portland Me.
April 26/13

"The Judgment House."

The story-tellers gifts of fascinating us by the fluency and excitement of a smoothly flowing narrative is seldom so fully united with the novelist's power of rounding the depths of character and of making not only possible, but events, play a part, as in Sir Gilbert Parker's new novel, "The Judgment House." Knowledge of the deeper impulses and emotions both are needed to realize the drama of character and fatality as "The Judgment House," and both are strongly manifested.

Each person of the story has his charm, or interest, of manner, of point of view, of individual expression. All are lifelike with respect to the many little matters of speech and behavior through which the primary impression of reality is created. But in every case we feel that the underlying personality has greater strength and actuality than most of those which we are accustomed to meet in books or out of them. Ian Stafford, the diplomatist, energetic, human as he is, seems always to have the solidity of character, the strength of purpose necessary to a man concerned in world-affairs. In the course of the story we see him chiefly as a lover, as a man infatuated, disappointed, scornful, yielding again to passion, and at last achieving a difficult self-conquest. But in all this we are convinced that we see the struggles of no common man but a man of unshakably strong nature and able mind swept by fierce emotions, held firm by a control that grips like a vice, contrasted by moments of terrifying complexity. In Jasmine Grenfel we recognize a personality greater than her conduct would imply. Scrupulous, follows her despite the lightness with which she discards Stafford for a new lover, Rudyard Byng, the South African millionaire. The fact so poignantly the forces working upon her and within her that her faithlessness toward her husband when she reasserts her power over Stafford, still fails to ruin her in our estimation. Even the forgiveness—the discovery of a letter from the mere libertine, Adrian Fellowes, which seems to prove her unfaithful both to her husband and to her true love—even this becomes instead of dulls our interest, because it merely dramatized scandal, becomes impressively tragedy. As for Rudyard Byng, we are made to feel his strength of will beneath the mere novelty and interest of his exterior personality, just as beneath the conventional attire of his frame and bulging muscles of an athlete. These three—husband, wife and lover—are imagined so to speak, as of heroic size, and because they are as human as they are heroic their fortunes become to us significant and thrilling. But even the minor characters have an exceptional vitality, a remarkable intensity. For instance, the famous singer, who is Fellowes' mistress, and who kills him; and Fellowes himself, strange compound of suave gentleman and utter scoundrel, who has heartily betrayed his country when the imminence of the Boer War and his own acquaintance with Byng himself as a spy. And Krool, Byng's master, boy, incapable of extending that faithfulness to his master's wife which is his duty and accidental villain, no insignificant part in the life-drama of Jasmine and Rudyard Byng and Ian Stafford, emerging from a common current the passions of individual lives and accurate the story reads as if it had all happened as if it were happening. In its dealing with the spiritual side of character and in its objective descriptions it is equally strong. The closing scenes, which he had in the Transvaal, are as vivid in their impressions they give of the war as they are satisfactory in showing the delicate sort of happiness that leads to her husband. "The Judgment House" and the other stories of Sir Gilbert Parker's collection, published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE. A Novel by Gilbert Parker. Illustrated by W. Heathcote R. 2mo. pp. 468. Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$1.35 net.

One of the most notable novels of the year and already one of the best sellers also. In it Sir Gilbert Parker sustains high his reputation made in "The Right of Way" and "The Weavers." Against a wide background of international interest are developed the lives of the two heroes—a multimillionaire, who is a political and financial force, and the famous Polish and extremely handsome diplomat who succeeds in achieving greater advantages for England. Both are in love with the same woman, rarely beautiful and captivating, clever, ambitious. She throws over the diplomat to marry the rough diamond Rudyard Byng, whose vast wealth has been won by strenuous toil in the South African diamond mines, but later, on the former's return to London, has him back in spite of his resentment at her disloyalty. The lives of these three and numerous other characters—financiers, the millionaire's secretary and his Boer valet, both traitors to their master, a great prima donna, etc.—are closely interwoven with hints at the diplomatic work preceding the Boer war. The war loosens the knot of this tangle of contending claims, leading men and women through self-sacrifice and heroism to a new understanding of themselves and each other. Jasmine, the heroine, permeates the entire story, with her witchery, her charms, her desperate flirtations with her former fiancé, born of a feminine ambition to again capture his affections in which she succeeds, but nearly wrecks her life and that of the diplomat, and nearly breaks the heart of her noble, lion-hearted, magnanimous Byng.

The climax occurs during the Boer war. There are vivid pictures of the fierce fighting and beautiful pictures of South African scenery true to life. And it is here that the Judgment House settlement of accounts occurs.

And there is also the false, treacherous, polished, accomplished Adrian Fellowes, a brilliant but despicable adventurer, who bounteously provided for by Byng, betrays his benefactor to Om Paul and also underhandedly almost succeeds in compromising Jasmine. A well balanced, vigorous, absorbing, melodramatic, vividly written romance, with many realistic characters. Its one fault a frequent over-elaboration of the introspective study of motives and impressions.

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE

Sir Gilbert Parker has departed from his usual manner here in this latest of his novels, The Judgment House. Here high life in England is depicted with power and directness. Knowledge of men and motives, understanding of the deeper impulses and emotions, both are needed to vitalize such a drama of character and fatality as has been undertaken here and both are strongly manifested.

Each person in the story has an individual charm or interest, of manner, of point of view or of expression. In Stafford, the diplomat, is after all the hero of the story. In the course of the tale we see him chiefly as the lover, as the man who is infatuated, scornful, yielding again to passion and at last achieving a difficult self-conquest. In Jasmine Grenfel we recognize a not unusual type of woman who is possessed of a personality and ambition greater than her conduct would argue. She is beautiful and charming but commits spiritual suicide in her marriage to the South African mining Croesus who wins her from her engagement to Stafford. The minor characters of the work with whom the chief characters have to do are Al'mah, a beautiful and popular singer; Adrian Fellowes,

the combination of the suave gentleman and the utter scoundrel, who betrays not only the women who trust him but his country during the Boer War and Krool, Byng's Kafir servant three-fourths savage and one-fourth villain. These are brought on the stage with the skillful management that is Sir Gilbert's art. Jasmine's unfaithfulness, her bitter repentance and final heroic self-sacrifice and reward give the story gripping interest from the first paragraph to the last.

Sweeping into the common current the passions of individual lives and occurrences of more than personal significance, the story reads as if it all had happened, as if it all must have happened. In its dealing with the spiritual side of character and in its objective descriptions it is equally strong. The closing scenes, which are laid in the Transvaal, are as vivid in the impressions that they give of the war as they are satisfactory in showing the development of character that leads to a new sort of happiness for Jasmine and her husband. In The Judgment House, the reader is left, as in other of Sir Gilbert's stories with a real sense of exaltation. "The Judgment House" by Sir Gilbert Parker; published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

Star. Courier Ind. Ap. 24/13.

"The Judgment House" by Gilbert Parker. The tangle which woman's whims has caused in the lives of herself and the two men who love her is at its worst when the Boer War calls the latter—a rising young diplomat and a South African pioneer—new responsibilities. In the Transvaal there is need of heroism and in the office on the part of all three, of their personal problems gradually work themselves out.

Republican Springfield Mass. The Bookman N. Y.
May 1913 June 1913

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

GILBERT PARKER'S NEW NOVEL.

"The Judgment House" as a Narrative of Action and a Study of Character.

"The Judgment House" (Harpers), Sir Gilbert Parker's latest novel, is a strong and interesting study lacking neither in action nor in the variety of its elements. It is a story of England and South Africa, dealing to a considerable extent with English diplomacy and the Boer war. In the course of the war it reaches its culminating incidents in the tangled lives of those whose fortunes and misfortunes it tells. It is not for nothing that a special edition of Sir Gilbert's works which is being published by another firm, the Scribners, is called "The Imperial Edition"; the background of "The Judgment House" is that of Britain's imperial policies. And yet, to a certain degree and not wholly as a virtue, it is testimony to the vividness with which Sir Gilbert has drawn his individual characters that the background in reality counts for little, and that the interest is centered in the poignant problems of personal rather than public importance with the characters of the story meet and solve, sometimes for good and very frequently for ill.

There is in "The Judgment House" nothing whatever of the epic quality in the references to the Boer war such as was to be found in the references to the Crimean war in that recent remarkable novel, "Between Two Thieves" by Richard Dehan. Sir Gilbert Parker is distinctly a novelist of a more conventional type than the Irishwoman, Miss Clothilde Graves, who has chosen "Richard Dehan" as her own name. There is much besides the fact that Sir Gilbert's characters in this story are to a large extent chosen from wealthy and aristocratic English society to suggest him as an essentially masculine counterpart of Mrs Humphry Ward. There is, it is true, no dependence upon any controversial problem of church or religion such as Mrs Ward has been prone to expound, but there is much that suggests her touch in the delineation of the characters, both men and women, while the added action might be expected both from Sir Gilbert's previous novels and the more masculine range of his own life. It is a story which is intense to the point of melodrama, and which except for the saving sanity and health of the author's outlook upon life might have finished by being purely sordid—the escape is rather narrow as it is.

The character of Jasmine Grenfel, the brilliant, but unstable girl, who throws over Ian Stafford, a rising member of the British diplomatic service, for Rudyard Byng, a youthful and forceful, but not overrefined South African millionaire, is exceedingly interesting. It is scarcely so much a study of character in actual development, since the awakening of the higher qualities comes at the close of the story, and leaves Jasmine and her husband facing the future with new purpose, as it is a study of a woman caught in the folds of her own compromise with life. The other characters, including Stafford, Byng and Al'mah, the opera singer, whom Byng rescues upon the stage at the opening of the story, are also exceedingly well done as individuals. If Sir Gilbert Parker in his now maturer years were to set himself up as a serious critic of life, following less rigidly the conventions of ordinary construction, and seeking to branch out for himself he might well make an altogether new mark, far apart from his earlier work, in which he has shown in "The Judgment House" a striking capacity for making his individual characters vividly real, and yet it is the weakness of the story that real though they are, they are insufficiently related to the life and the problems of their times.

"THE JUDGMENT HOUSE"

The first impression made by *The Judgment House*, like that of the majority of Sir Gilbert Parker's volumes, is that it is a work of distinct importance, the work of one of the very few living novelists of the foremost rank. There is obvious and conscious power, from the opening line onward; in the people are real, and what is more important, they are unusual, exceptional people, of the kind that in real life make you instinctively turn your head for a second look, conscious that they play a rather momentous part in their own world. And yet, when the final page is turned and the cover closed and you lean back to think it all over quietly, you realise why Sir Gilbert Parker is not really entitled to a place in the foremost rank, in the class with Kipling and Conrad and Hewlett. It is not that he lacks a knowledge of life, but that he insists upon trying to improve upon life's handiwork; he always wants spectacular climaxes, where nature is often satisfied to take things quietly. Page after page, he gives us unflinching, pitiless actuality; and then, at the close of a chapter, he resorts to a flagrant trick of sensationalism that is reminiscent of Ouida. So it is in *The Judgment House*. The scene opens at Covent Garden; there is a new prima donna, scoring an unforeseen success. There are just a few people in the audience whose importance we are made to realise: Adrian Fellowes in the stalls, whose personal interest in Al'mah the singer is partly official and partly a matter of conjecture; and in the box facing the royal box a group of three, the chief actors in the story; Jasmine Grenfel, beautiful, imperious, avid of admiration, with the idealism of a girl and the instincts of a woman; Ian Stafford, of the Foreign Office, who has scant financial prospects for many years to come, yet fondly imagines that Jasmine will be content to wait for him; and Rudyard Byng, the "South African nabob," unpolished, forceful, with the double charm of achievement and of money. And, just as the reader has become interested in the latent possibilities of the triangle, the sensational happens: the prima donna, taking her final curtain call, flaunts her draperies across a candle flame, and is instantly a column of fire: the whole vast house is silent with numb horror; then Byng, the man of action, makes a flying leap to the stage, armed with Jasmine's opera cloak, extinguishes the flames, and announces to the audience, "She is not seriously hurt, we were just in time." All of which comes perilously near to being frankly funny. Well, that flying leap helps Jasmine to make up her mind against Stafford and in favour of Byng; so she marries the nabob,

and soon discovers that, however efficient he may be as a rescuer, he lacks diversity as a husband. But he accommodately appoints Adrian Fellowes as his private secretary; and Adrian, while retaining Al'mah as his mistress, has plenty of reserve time to devote to Jasmine. Years pass, and then suddenly Stafford returns from some foreign mission, a man of importance, with fame and fortune; the Boer war breaks out, and Byng, who is one of the powers behind the whole South African situation, has less time than ever to keep a critical eye upon the comings and goings of his wife. In this later portion of the story, melodrama becomes rampant; Jasmine's illicit relations with her husband's secretary are alluded to with scant euphemism; she is on the point of dragging Stafford also into her net; and she is apparently conniving at a treasonable betrayal of all her husband's secret government services to the agents of Oom Paul. And then all at once, Fellowes is found murdered, and suspicion attaches to all four of the principal characters in turn,—and, of course, all four are innocent. Then the scene shifts to South Africa, there is much screaming of shells and groaning of the wounded; the heroine awakes to a realisation of the unworthiness of her past life,—it is a wonder what reformation a few weeks of Red Cross nursing will effect, in fiction!—and is quite ready to allow her wronged husband to forgive her and take her back. The people in the book are real enough; it is what they do that doesn't quite ring true.

Gyion Gerald. Boston
May 2/13

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE. By Gilbert Parker. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, \$1.35, net.

Whatever Sir Gilbert Parker chooses to place on the market is sure to have a reading. His admirers are legion. It is, however, in the field in which he made his early appearance as an interpreter of the French Canadian character that he holds a place of pre-eminence. Novel readers cannot but wish that he would still devote himself to this for which he is so eminently fitted. However, the author of "Pierra and His People" has chosen to go into other fields, and in "The Judgment House" he has produced a work of thrilling interest. It is a story of the Boer War, beginning with the Jameson Raid and ending with the conquest of the Boer Republics. From start to finish it is a fascinating tale, through the pages of which move personalities of prominence who are being frankly funny. No diplomatic secrets are betrayed, and yet facts are used in such a way as to make the novel a historical one.

Examiner, Los Angeles
May 24/19

The Cheftain Pueblo, Col.
May 26/19

The Judgment House

No one knows better how to tell a story than Sir Gilbert Parker. In his most recent novel, "The Judgment House" Harper Bros. is able to give us on to the reputation he made with "The Right of Way" and "The Weavers". Like his last novel, it is laid partly in Africa and partly in England. The theme revolves about the life of a woman and a strange personality of two men—one a millionaire who has made his fortune in the Orient, and the other a diplomat.

Rudyard Byng is a Cecil Rhodes type of man. His advent into London with some four millions sterling naturally gives him a chance to see a good deal of society, and one of the first things he does is to fall in love with Jasmine Grenfel, a girl with beauty of face, keenness of intellect and an eye on the advantages to be gained from power. Jasmine is tacitly understood to be the prospective bride of Ian Stafford, a diplomat in the novel, a young fellow who has his way to make, but she falls under the dominating spell of Byng and marries him.

Three years later she meets her old name and then springs up between them an intimacy that does more credit to their hearts than to their honor. And all this while Byng has been making a confidante of Adrian Fellowes, a brilliant but egotistical adventurer who not only betrays his benefactor to Oom Paul, but tries his best and almost succeeds in compromising Jasmine.

Byng, beset by business worries growing out of the increasing unrest in South Africa, is forced to leave Jasmine more and more to her own resources, and finally overhears his friends discussing the situation in terms in no way complimentary to his consistency. Stafford in the real climax of the novel saves Fellowes from the clutches of Oom Paul after the latter has found a love letter written by Fellowes to Jasmine and incidentally walks to the wedding of his own love-making to Byng's wife.

In the end Stafford is killed in the Boer war, and Byng and Jasmine brought together again on the bloody field of that terrible struggle, start life anew.

This novel is not the wonderfully absorbing interest of "The Right of Way" and is more conventional than "The Weavers", nevertheless it is a mighty good story, written with an elegance of construction and mastery of English that have made it his author famous. Undoubtedly it will be one of the season's best sellers.

"The Judgment House"

The story teller's gifts of fascinating us by the illusion and the excitement of a smoothly flowing narrative is seldom so fully united with the novelist's power of rounding the details of character and making not only people, but events, play lifelike parts, as in Sir Gilbert Parker's new novel, "The Judgment House," published by Harper's. Our knowledge of men and motives, and our understanding of the deeper impulses and emotions, both are needed to vitalize such a drama of character and fatality as "The Judgment House," and both are strongly manifested.

Each person in the story has his own charm, or interest, or point of view, of individual expression. All are lifelike with respect to the many little matters of speech and behavior through which the primary impression of reality is created. But in every case we feel that the underlying personality has greater strength and actuality than most of those which we are accustomed to meet, in books or out of them. Ian Stafford, the diplomat, engagingly human as he is, seems always to have the solitude of character, the strength of purpose, necessary to a man concerned in world affairs. In the course of the story we see him chiefly as a lover, as a man infatuated, disappointed, scornful, yielding again to passion, and at last achieving a difficult self-conquest. But in all this we are convinced that we see the struggles of no common man, but a man of undeniable strong nature and ability. As for Byng, by fierce emotions, held firm by a control that grips like a vise, confronted by problems of terrifying complexity. In Jasmine Grenfel we recognize a personality that we can identify with, and would imply. Sympathy follows her despite the lightness with which she discards Stafford for a new lover, Rudyard Byng, the South African millionaire. We feel so keenly the forces working upon her and within her that her faithlessness toward her husband, when she reasserts her power over Stafford, still fails to ruin her in our estimation. Even the event that condemns her past forgiveness—the discovery of a letter from the mere libertine, Adrian Fellowes, which seems to prove her unfaithful both to her husband and to her real love—even this warms instead of chills our interest. What might be merely dramatized scandal becomes impressive reality. As for Rudyard Byng, we are made to feel his strength of will beneath the mere novelty and interest of his exterior personality, just as beneath the conventional attire of a well dressed man we may perceive his big frame and bulging muscles of an athlete. These three—husband, wife, lover—are imagined, so to speak, as of heroic size, and because they are human as they are heroic their fortunes become to us significant and thrilling. But even the minor characters have an exceptional vitality, a remarkable intensity—Almah, for instance, the famous singer, who is Fellowes' mistress and who kills him; and Fellowes himself, strange compound of suave gentleman and utter scoundrel, who heartily betrays his benefactor when the Boer war and his own acquaintance with Byng and Jasmine make it easy for him to sell himself as a spy.

Kroll, Byng's Kaffir servant, faithful personally to his master, but incapable of extending that faithfulness to his master's wife or his master's country—Kroll is no insignificant and accidental villain, but a creature, as it seems designed from the beginning of the life-drama of Jasmine and Rudyard Byng and Ian Stafford

the passions of individual lives and occurrences of more than personal significance, the story reads as if it had all happened as if it must have happened. In its dealing with the spiritual side of character and in its objective descriptions it is equally strong. The closing scenes, which are laid in the Transvaal, are as vivid in the impressions they give of the war as they are satisfactory in showing the development of character that leads to a new sort of happiness for Jasmine and her husband. "The Judgment House," like other stories of Sir Gilbert Parker, leaves the reader with a real sense of exaltation.

Book News Monthly Club
May 1919

The Judgment House

Sir Gilbert Parker has fallen in line with the rest of the popular novel-writers and has essayed to produce a problem novel. Considering the possibilities of his theme and the wealth of the really magnificent material he has so ably used, this is a pity. It is like putting crude melodrama in a setting worthy an epic, and the strain on Sir Gilbert's powers is evident at many points.

A pretty English girl, in love with one man, deliberately marries another—in other words, she jilts the poor man she loves for the rich man she does not love. Thereby she makes hash of three lives. But for the heroisms of the South African war the mistakes might never have been corrected, but Providence—in the form of Sir Gilbert—removes the fascinating lover and brings the best qualities of the husband and wife into a harmonious prominence.

Rudyard Byng, the husband in question, is a Cecil Rhodes figure. He dominates the scenes in which he appears through the sheer brutal force of his animal strength. His wife is, through much of the book, little more than a flirt, playing with men in an entirely unscrupulous and reckless way.

Naturally, Sir Gilbert's brilliant forces have full play in his handling of the war situations and the war scenes. That he is not so happy in his presentation of a domestic tangle is probably due to a natural distaste he must have for the necessities of vying with less capable contemporaries in meeting the demands of the present-day novel reader.

PITTSBURG, PA. GAZETTE
APR 10 1919

"The Judgment House," by Gilbert Parker (Harper's). Here is an author whose name is fit to come before us at least to make anything in the book line with which it is associated a safe buy at sight. In this book he is dealing with people of the times as we see them and know them, and he sees them so clearly, and tells about them so well that we recognize them, and love them, or hate them according to our estimate of men and women. The younger ones appeal most strongly because the ways to success and failure are open to them, and we wonder, and agree that we see them when they take. But no matter which path they follow they are sure to find the judgment house. In his estimates of character he seems to be entirely just and right, although, sometimes, you think he is not weighing carefully, but when he has finished with the character you are willing to admit that he was right, at least about right. And knowing the characters, having seen them in life, and know some of them now, you feel better able to judge on our own account, it is a deserving book, and will be especially entertaining to those interested in the study of character and of motive.

The Transcript, Boston, Mass.
March 22/13

"The Judgment House"

Sir Gilbert Parker's New Novel of London
During the Boer War

The Judgment House. A Novel. By Gilbert Parker. New York and London: Harper & Brothers.

ALONG many of the world's highways, and into innumerable devious by-ways, Sir Gilbert Parker's footsteps have led him in search of adventure and in quest of material for fiction. He is a well-travelled novelist, and unlike some of his contemporaries who are content to keep their characters within the borders of England and Scotland, or who sometimes even confine themselves through novel after novel to the few square miles of an English shire, the eastern and the western continents are none too large for his roaming. His beginnings were made in Canada, the land of his birth, and although since then he has ventured far into the four corners of the earth, it is by "The Right of Way," "The Pomp of the Lavillette" and other tales of the northern wildernesses that he will be longest remembered.

It has always been Sir Gilbert Parker's artistic purpose to summon men and women from the vasty deep of his imagination, and to bring them into reality by placing them against a background of actual scenes and of historic events. He has told us in the course of a brief general introduction to a collected edition of his novels and tales now in progress of publication that most of them were suggested by incidents or characters he had known or heard of intimately, or had discovered in the writings of historians. "In no case," he says emphatically, "are the main characters drawn absolutely from life; they are not portraits; and the proof of that is that no one has ever been able to identify, absolutely, any single character in these books. Indeed, it would be impossible for me to restrict myself to actual portraiture. It is true to say that photography is not art, and photography has no charm for the artist, or the humanitarian indeed, in the portrayal of life. At its best it is only an exhibition of outer formal characteristics, idiosyncrasies, and contours. Freedom is the first essential of the artistic mind. As will be noticed in the introductions and original notes to several of these volumes, it is stated that they possess anachronisms, that they are not portraits of people living or dead, and that they only assume to be in harmony with the spirit of men and times and things."

No one need, therefore, look for anything but fiction in Sir Gilbert Parker's latest novel, "The Judgment House." At its very outset, doubtless fearing the accusation that he is there writing biographical episodes in the lives of real people, he explicitly asserts himself as an imaginative creator. "Except where references to characters well known to all the world occur in these pages," he says, "this book does not present a picture of public or private individuals living or dead. It is not in any sense a historical novel. It is in conception and portraiture a work of the imagination." Nevertheless, it is a trail of history that the reader follows throughout the length of "The Judgment House," and there is scarcely a moment in the lives of its personages when they are not carried along the stream of English events that elapsed between Jameson's Raid and the Boer War of 1899-1900. The greater part of its action takes place in London and in England, but towards the close the reader finds himself in South Africa in the midst of the great conflict that began so disastrously and that terminated so victoriously for Great Britain.

The dominating attitude of the all-conquering British in Sir Gilbert Parker's writing of this novel. To Great Britain belongs all of the earth upon

which her soldiers can set their feet and which her soldiers can be sent in time of need. All his characters are intensely and arrogantly British in their patriotism, all are the bravest of the brave—all but three, two of these being renegade Englishmen who are engaged in the Boer service, and the other a half caste Hottentot-Boer. A multi-millionaire, "big, bronzed, clean-shaven, strong," who had made his fortune on the Rand; a young man, "tall, distinguished, bearded, with brown eyes and a certain profile," of rank and standing in the Foreign Office; a beautiful young woman, ambitious for position and power—these are the three characters whose personal drama is woven by the novelist into the political drama of Great Britain during the final years of the nineteenth century. The situation is the most familiar one in all fiction, and the mere mention of Rudyard Byng the husband of Janet Grefnel the wife, and of Ian Stafford the lover, tells the story. Other characters there are, a famous opera singer and her husband and lover, the associates of Rudyard Byng in his South African business schemes, men and women in various walks of life, but they are all of little importance either to the action of the novel or in the lives of the three leading characters.

If it was Sir Gilbert Parker's purpose in the writing of "The Judgment House" to glorify and exalt his country's strength and power, he has succeeded very well. But he has accomplished something more—he has proved on every page that it is not the meek who inherit, or who believe they should inherit, the earth. Although his scenes are London during those critical months of 1899 when the British people of all classes were panic-stricken with terror over the constantly recurring Boer victories in South Africa, he gives no idea of the situation. The retrospect looks very bright to him, but no one who was in London at that time will ever forget the fear of the Briton at the prospect of defeat by an inferior people. The triumphant outcome drives from his mind all thoughts of the humiliation suffered by his countrymen during the first part of the war, and he sees

and suggests to his readers nothing but British valor and British victory. Of the justice of the British cause he has no doubt, and when he allows the other side a voice only for a moment or two in the frantic words of the Hottentot Boer, he immediately derides it because of its religious appeal. No one not utterly devoid of all sense of humor would describe with such manifest self-satisfaction and approval the scene in which Rudyard Byng whips and beats with a sjambok his servant Kroon out of the room, down the stairs, along the hall, through the door, into the street. The novelist tells us that the sjambok was the symbol of progress, and perhaps it was to this autocrat of South Africa who was bound to dispossess the Boers of the country they had acquired by right of prior settlement.

Such a scene as this can be excused only because of the skill of its telling, and that it is skillfully told there can be no denial. Sir Gilbert for several pages shows us all that happened as a mirror. "Through the dulled noises of London there came to their ears the click of the wheels of a capewagon, the crack of the Kaffir's whip, the creak of the disselboom. They followed the spoor of a company of elephants in the East country; they watched through the November mist the blesbok flying across the veld, a herd of quaggas taking cover with the rheebok, or a cloud of ostriches sailing out of the sun to nestmate the great lands. Through the smoky smell of London there came to them the scent of the wattle, the stinging odour of ten thousand cattle, the reek of a native kraal, the sharp sweetness of orange groves, the metallic air of the karoo, laden with the breath of a thousand wild herbs. Through the drizzle of the autumn rain they heard the wild thunderbolt tear the trees from the earthly moorings. In their eyes were the vivid lightning that seared in spasms of fire for its prey, while there swept over the brown, aching veld the flood which filled the spruits, which made the rivers swell, and ploughed fresh channels through the soil. The luxury of this room, with its shining mahogany tables, its tapestried walls, its rare fireplace and massive overmantel brought from Italy, its exquisite stained-glass windows, was only part of a

real life." If the reader makes due allowance for Sir Gilbert Parker's British self-assurance and for that sort of prejudice which is sometimes called intolerance, he will see in "The Judgment House" an extremely graphic series of studies and sketches of London life during a crucial period of English history. It is scarcely probable, however, that he will find the main chapters of South African scenery and incidents anything more than the conventional sort of thing discoverable in many a previous novel, or that he will take very seriously the personal troubles in which the familiar trio of two men and one woman are involved. The novel is characterized by a British and a sturdy and uncompromising Britishism which doubtless bring it the favor of patriotic readers. But as for us, we prefer the untitled Gilbert Parker of the old Canadian days. E. F. E.

Profouin, Port and Ore.

The Judgment House, by Sir Gilbert Parker. Illustrated, \$1.35. Harper & Brothers, New York, N. Y.

In "The Judgment House," we have a novel of international excellence and importance, with scenes set principally in England and latterly in the Transvaal during the British-Boer war.

The story is painted on big canvas, and it thrills more the sure hand of a master story-teller. Yet the novel is not to be estimated as a military one of the war referred to, rich with the moves of war leaders like Cronje, Kruger, Roberts, Kitchener and other heroes. Pages number 463, and its Transvaal scenes do not hold the center of the stage until page 349. Previously, events in England lead up to the war episode. Sir Gilbert has just failed by a lot, of making "The Judgment House" the modern war novel of the present generation of British novel people.

A note attached as a postscript says that "except where references to characters well-known to all the world occur in these pages, the novel does not present a picture of public or private individuals living or dead. It is not in any sense a historical novel. It is in conception and portraiture a work of the imagination. The figure of Cecil Rhodes looms through the book, but under an assumed name, but with a different ending to make the character more suited to the purposes of a hero in a novel."

The first scene opens at the Covent Garden Theatre, London, England, where a new prima donna, known as Afina, was starting in a new musical feast called "Manassa," and the chief people in "the story are hearing her sing. Miss Jasmine Grefnel, first; Adrian Howes, African capitalist; Ian Stafford, English diplomatist and empire-builder; and Rudyard Byng, South African empire-builder with a fortune estimated at \$15,000,000.

Miss Jasmine calmly estimates her matrimonial chances. She really loves Stafford, but wonders if he had not better marry Byng, because the latter Great Britain, Stafford is one of the principal diplomatists who succeed in effecting secret treaties by which Great Britain can feel assured no other power will interfere with her, in the coming fight with the Boers.

Right all the while, meanwhile, now Mrs. Byng, flirts with various men and conducts herself outrageously. Mr. Fellows is found poisoned, and, for awhile, Jasmine is suspected of having administered the poison. Byng gets weary of his cold wife, and one night he comes home rather unsteadily, sinking.

For this in the war we do it as the veil. When the band begins to play. With one bottle on the table and one below them by the door.

When the band begins to play— On page 256, war is declared by Oom Paul against Great Britain. Ian Stafford, who is the grandson of a duke, and joins the British army as an artillery officer. Byng joins the South African forces and in the fighting, he meets and participates, to his great surprise meets his wife as a British army nurse. One of his dining mahogany tables, its tapestried walls, its rare fireplace and massive overmantel brought from Italy, its exquisite stained-glass windows, was only part of a

March 23/13

24 Globe New York
March 24/13

Louis Brooks, Jr.
March 24/13

Standard Democrat N.Y.
March 24/13

Speaker of the good old times. Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Judgment House" (Harper's) is a good, old-fashioned novel.

The Good Old-Fashioned Kind, constructed on simpler lines than the now sketchy story of to-day. Its canvas is crowded with many characters and much action. But the characters, almost without exception, are thoroughly conventional novel types, as if cut from a pattern. We have the heroine, generally feminine and more than a little light of love. If she had been born a thousand years ago we are told she would have had a thousand lovers, as if she had more than her share. The husband is the strong, self-made, manly type.

The lover, or one of the lovers, is the diplomat, more refined and polished. There is the traitorous half-breed servant, brought from South Africa, since the time of the story is that of Jameson's raid and the Boer war. We have also the opera singer with the big heart, and most familiar of all perhaps, the quaint and pathetic and loyal little newsboy, by name "Jigger." In the war the author has a good substantial historic background. It serves also to provide a heroic death for the lover, heroic service for the opera singer, distinction for the husband and purification through suffering for the wife. One has the illusion of having read it all before. Not a single sound breaks in from the world to-day. It is all as old-fashioned as Ovids. And perhaps this will recommend it to many.

Journal Albany, N.Y.
March 24/13

The Judgment House—

Gilbert Parker has written another strong, dramatic story of tangled lives which demonstrates the author's thorough knowledge of human nature. The scenes are laid in London and South Africa, in the time of the Boer war. A woman betrothed to the man she loves, dazzled by the wealth of a man who loves her, gives herself to him in marriage and becomes faithless, and then false in her faithlessness, but is saved from the sin that is unpardonable. And there is a man honorable in dishonor. Other characters, each distinctly drawn and as different from one another as people are in real life, make up the group who enact this drama which is so naturally presented that one forgets that it is fiction. The departures from naturalness and plausibility are so slight as to be negligible. The plot is too intricate for an intelligible outline in a review. The action passes from the English metropolis to the battlefields of South Africa and there the story has its satisfactory ending. Perhaps with a view to dramatization, the novel is divided into four books. The strong situations and climaxes are ready for the stage. Published by Harpers. Price, \$1.25.

Book Review
March 24/13

GILBERT PARKER.

"The Judgment House," Gilbert Parker, Harper & Brothers, \$1.50. While it has neither the strength of the "Right of Way" nor the literary polish of "The Weavers," nor the ceaseless grip of either of those popular novels of the English author, "The Judgment House" is nevertheless destined to rank first among the books of the year.

It is a story of a strong man, moving through stirring scenes. Ruddyard Byng comes out of Africa, where he has been one of the empire makers, to take a whirl in the life of the world's metropolis. So fearful is the author that the public will confound the hero of the tale with one of England's greatest men that a note is published saying that "except where references to characters well known to all the world occur in these pages, this book does not present a picture of private individuals living or dead. It is not in any sense a historical novel. It is in conception and portraiture the work of the imagination."

Byng meets the— to him— one woman. By force of character and through the fact that she is blinded by the strength of his personality he wins her from all rivals. While he schemes and plans and wins in fields of business and justice, she strays in dangerous paths and comes to realize that it was not so much love as ambition that caused her to make the match. The climax comes when Byng leaves for South Africa to take part in the Boer war, and she decides, that it will be the end. Only freedom can bring her peace of mind.

By a strange fatality she feels called upon to go to the same field to care for the sick and dying. Amid the stirring scenes of the struggle for supremacy in which Byng bears, as he did everywhere, a conspicuous part, the reconciliation comes and with it regeneration.

There are other characters in the book, some of them big, broad men and strange, worldly women, who in a less powerful book would stand out as strong characters, but they are in the main but foils to the chief characters of the story.

Like all Parker's books it is well worth while.

ENGLAND AND TRANSVAAL.

Events in Those Countries Made the Basis of Sir Gilbert Parker's Novel, "The Judgment House."

Another powerful work of fiction from the pen of Sir Gilbert Parker is found in his latest novel, "The Judgment House." It is essentially a very human volume, dealing with the vital subject of life, with consistently drawn and thoroughly sustained types of men and women. The characters are English and the action deals with events in that country and in the Transvaal. As a heroine Grefel is the heroine and she is both beautiful and intellectual. Her positive nature makes her a dominant force in the lives of two equally interesting men— Ian Stafford and Ruddyard Byng.

Byng, it appears, is a millionaire who has amassed a great fortune upon after the manner of Cecil Rhodes. Stafford is a man of keen sensibilities, who proves himself a great diplomat. The careers of both men are influenced by Jamma Grefel, for whom both have a deep affection.

The fact that the young woman marries Byng does not cause the friendship between the two men to break and events proceed with these three firm in their faith and belief in each other. Circumstances, wholly unexpected arise and there comes a series of stirring events which threaten the harmony of their lives and consequent unhappiness.

In what follows the reader learns of the Englishman's attitude toward the Boers and of conditions in the Transvaal at the time of the Boer War. Instead the narrative is not only absorbing as a work of fiction, but has many other sides, all of which are certain to entertain and be widely appreciated. New York: Harper & Bros.

"The Judgment House."

Gilbert Parker, now a knight and an M. P. and a resident of London, has not lost his point of view. He was born a Colonial. He married a New York girl, his chosen field of romance was among the snows of the Far North. His new story, "The Judgment House," therefore, contains few Britishisms. It might have been written by an American with a knowledge of the way people live in London and a sympathy with the way a good many, though perhaps not most Americans felt about the Boer war, an American who loves a brave man, who hates the senseless luxury of the entrenched British Philistine, an American who knows and is not afraid of the pungent word that doesn't get into the dictionary.

A struggling lot of very imperfect human beings are on the stage. One is a brave and radically sound young politician. One is a waif of the London streets. One is an opera singer who has made an operatic marriage and lived to repent, but retains amice for her transgressions the shreds of an honorable adherence to a nauseating duty; a beautiful woman of whom it could be said that had she lived in ancient Rome she would have had a thousand lovers, but who, after long and unsuccessful struggles with a fatal propensity to treachery, emerges into the clear light of honesty and begins anew; a Hottentot half-breed, with the fidelity, the murderousness and the ethical standards of the cur; a white man who shows that good blood can turn to when it has gone wrong, and finally a giant from the veldt married to the Jezebel, or Messalina, committing the mistake of not governing her with the wrist of steel for which secretly she longs.

An intricate web of infidelities, misplaced affection, misplaced trust, heroic faith, desperate efforts for good and evil are all brought to a crisis by the breaking out of the great war in South Africa. That clears the air. The characters that have been rotting in iniquity and idleness are suddenly made strong and clean by the test of war. The Jezebel, who for her greed, married the rich and powerful South African, loving at the time as well as her distorted character would let her, the "Alpine fellow," whose gaze was on the heights, betrays her husband in thought if not in deed for the "Alpine fellow" as she has before for others less worthy, but goes to the front with a hospital ship. The big man himself heads a detachment of real frontiersmen and turns the tide of war. Out of the wreck arises the saved remnant of character and the conclusion is in the clear sunshine after the cleansing storm.

It is a full bodied and affluent romance which will not detract from Mr. Parker's laurels. (New York, Harpers, \$1.35.)

Phil: North American - March 24/13

Romance by Parker

Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Judgment House" (Harpers) is a study, with international background, of two strong characters—a millionaire, who is a political and financial force, and a famous diplomat, who succeeds in achieving great advantages for England. Both are in love with the same woman, beautiful, clever, ambitious. She throws over the diplomat to marry the millionaire; but later, on the former's return to London, wins him back in spite of his resentment at her duplicity. In the meantime she has three and numerous other characters—financiers, the millionaire's secretary and his Boer valet, both traitors to their master; a great prima donna, etc.—are closely interwoven in the plot of the nation. The war loosens the knot of this tangle of extending claims, leading men and women through self-sacrifice and heroism to new understanding of themselves and each other.

my copy of "The Judgment House" March 24/10

Philadelphia Press March 20/10

Inquirer Providence, R.I. March 20/10

"The Judgment House," by Gilbert Parker. Illustrated by W. Haterell, R. I. New York: Grafton Harper & Brothers. Price, \$1.35, net.

"I do not hesitate to call it a great novel," writes the book reviewer of the London Sphere, and this will be the prevailing conclusion in respect of Sir Gilbert Parker's latest work, "The Judgment House." And yet this praise, notwithstanding its practically complete calibrations, seems commonplace in view of the feelings that perusal stirs in the mind of the reader. It is hard to describe them adequately, and so the natural inclination will be to call the book "great."

Stirring and virile are the incidents, yet without the semblance of the sensational. The story permeates one's personality, palpably, and through its course it appeals at the outset, it creates an eager desire to know the conclusion, combined with reluctance to reach it.

The characters in this book are drawn with bold strokes. They are men of affairs, men who do great things in the world of business and in the affairs of State. Around two of them the chief interest centres—Rudyard Byng, whose masterful will and strong body won millions from the mines of South Africa, and Ian Stafford, the subtle diplomat, whose skill and judgment saved England from complications that might have proved fatal to her when Paul Kruger threw down the gauntlet of battle and invited the war that ended Dutch dominion in South Africa. And both loved the same woman—Jasmine Grenfel.

Enter the old, old story of the tortuous course of true love. The woman loved not the man she married, and later discovered that she loved the other. Fate and the freedom of intercourse allowed by an indulgent and unsuspecting husband wrought the natural result. The innocent indiscretions of a woman in the world of fashion in London brought other complications. Dark waters threatened to engulf Rudyard Byng's wife in the whirlpool of blighting scandal.

On the very brink of exposure and disgrace she was saved by the most wonderful turn of the hand of fate. A letter, written by a worthless blackguard who had no grounds for the insulting animations he wrote, intimations of a vulgar intrigue, slipped from the hands of Byng's wife and fell into the hands of her husband. Ian Stafford had sent her a letter in which he had poured out his love and his desire. Going for an answer in person, next morning he was confronted by the husband, a letter in his hand and deadly purpose in his desperate mind, who laid the missive before him with a stern demand that he read it. And Ian Stafford, with the feeling of the man who signs his own death warrant, took the letter, supposing it to be his, but ready only to accept all consequences and fearful for the good name of the woman whom both loved. As he slowly read, he was appalled at what he believed to be the evidence of deep duplicity and shameful degradation on the part of Rudyard Byng's wife. But with heroic self-command and self-assertion he hurries to the occasion and averted tragedy by the husband and public shame for the woman.

It is impossible to describe the feelings aroused by the presentation of this intensely dramatic situation by the skillful hand of the author. The story thrills with the horror of Ian Stafford's plight when Rudyard Byng places the vile letter in his hands. The denouement is anything but what is expected. It leaves the reader almost stunned in amazement.

With the same infinite skill the threads of this story are drawn out, until in the days of the great war in South Africa, where Ian Stafford meets death in heroic combat with England's enemies, Rudyard Byng and his wife are united in the bonds of honest faith and truthful understanding, filled with the peace which "is the best thing of all," their faces set towards the world, with a clear road before them.

Received of the publishers.

"The Judgment House."

For his own reputation's sake, Gilbert Parker has written one novel too many. He calls it "The Judgment House" (Harper's), and in judgment it sits upon him with its turkishly melodramatic, its background of London society and political life and the Boer war, and its characteristically English note of inability to see how inglorious to England and its arms that conflict was.

Nothing seems real about this tale except its sense of echoing the plots and atmosphere of hundreds of second-rate English novels of twenty years ago. The characters include a newly-made millionaire from the Rand, a poor but brilliant young diplomat, a villainous private secretary and an equally villainous valet who is passionately devoted to the Boer cause. The chief feminine figures in the tale are Jessamy Grenfel, who throws over the rising young diplomat to marry the millions of the Rand mineowner, and an opera singer named Al'mah, whose life is one of the forlorn hopes of this conventionalized pattern of a plot. The millionaire marries Jessamy; and then, perforce, becomes absorbed in business. The diplomat returns to London and begins to be the subject of Jessamy's wiles. The Boer war carries this unoriginal trio and Al'mah to "the front," the two women in the nursing corps, of course. Then, to satisfy that innate love for the respectable, Jessamy and her husband are reunited, and the young diplomat dies as a result of a wound in battle. Even less admirable than the plot of this novel is the style in which it is written. Over and over again Parker has dropped into slang phrases of a vulgar kind, and over and over again does he drop into passages of bathos that come as strange from a man who wrote such a novel as "The Weavers." The general tone of this story is on a par with that of a hack writer of British fiction who turns out his four novels a year.

The Judgment House.

The Judgment House. A Novel By Gilbert Parker. Illustrated by W. Haterell. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

This is a tale which holds one enthralled like some great drama in which men and women of the world of affairs play their parts through scenes so varied and intensely dramatic as life itself. Except where references to characters well known to all the world occur the book does not present a picture of public or private individuals living or dead, but is a historic novel, being in conception and portraiture a work of the imagination.

The Boer War affords a thunderous background for "The Judgment House" (Harper & Brothers), by Gilbert Parker. In the foreground all that are Rudyard Byng, the rugged Englishman who gathered millions at the Cape and the young wife, Jasmine, whom Byng loves as chivalrously as any golden knight of old could have loved, and for whose undisciplined nature he makes every gentle, manly allowance. It is between the Judgment House, in South Africa, while the echoes of war begin to die away.

There has been a third party to the affairs at issue. This is Ian Stafford, always in love with Jasmine, sometimes loved by her, young, intelligent, handsome, chivalrous in his way as Rudyard Byng is chivalrous but tempted and tempting at an hour full of consequence. War reckons also with him, and we are left not wholly certain as to how far Rudyard Byng, his friend, has understood his position. It is quite another man, Adrian Fellowes, scheming and traitorous, who has died while under the husband's suspicion.

From these matters, as thus reported, one who has tried to read the book is not to conceive of Jasmine as a coquette and heartless. We have spoken of her as undisciplined. She is likewise a saint. She is to receive her degree of learning from battles and suffering, and her certificate is to issue at that same Judgment House which promises peace to Rudyard Byng.

Mr. Parker's story is brilliant and powerful, worthy of its author's previous gifts. War and passion make it a legitimate melodrama. Love and hate keep it impressively human and bring out the principal characters to whom reference has been made, there is Kroot, a remarkable creation. This one is Rudyard Byng's retainer, a half-Hottentot, half-Boer, full of the mixed passions and superstitions of the races, and devoted to his master, he yet betrays that master's cause wherever it is the cause of Britain in South Africa. As presented by Mr. Parker, he is a fascinatingly malicious figure, admirably drawn.

Clipping from

April 4/10

Gilbert Parker NOVEL Is Readable

"The Judgment House" is a
Somewhat Sombre
Romance.

"The Judgment House" Sir Gilbert Parker's new novel which the Harpers have recently issued, is an excellent example of what a skilled writer can do with material of not very high order. This book is a romance and the plot is one usually handled melodramatically. There are the stock figures of the semi-sensational tale, but handled with a difference, this being the art of the author. He invests the whole with a reality and brings out in the characters the qualities that leave the impression of the actual.

A woman who marries a man of wealth, a South African millionaire, instead of the man she really cares for, a rising young politician and diplomat, forms the main motive of the book. Surrounding these three characters is a wealth of melodramatic, but none introduced without a direct bearing upon the development of the story.

The main scenes are in England, but the climax is reached in South Africa at the outbreak of the Boer War. Here is a climax that would be sensational, but the extreme is handled by one less skillful than Sir Gilbert Parker. There is an unmasking of a villain, the solution of a murder mystery, self-sacrifice of a high order, and the whole dignified by a tragic ending finely handled. It is a sombre story, but one very much worth reading.

American Baltimore Ind:
April 2/10

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE. A Novel. By Gilbert Parker. Illustrated by W. Hatherell, R. L. New York and London: Harper & Brothers.

On the veld it is the night of Jameson's raid. In the gay London of Covent Garden two men and a woman opposite the royal box are listening to the new prima donna when her robe catches fire. One of the men—the forceful, rather ungainly one—with quick perception seizes an opera cloak, leaps on the stage and saves her. In the first row of stalls is a man conspicuous for his slim sleekness. This is the way Sir Gilbert's story begins. By the fate the author decrees, by the Briton-Boer war and by the war of their own natures, these five people are flung about, like cards in a tornado, for five hundred pages. Ian Stafford, a young English diplomat, and Jasmine Grenfel, an exquisitely beautiful, clever girl, are betrothed when Rudyard Byng comes back to his birth-country after making three million pounds at Kimberly and on the Rand. Jasmine appreciates the power of three million pounds added to her own half a million, and writes to Stafford that she has decided to marry Byng. Stafford, though a chivalrous, refined man, answers with ironic satire. This hurts Jasmine's vanity.

While the husband returns to South Africa for five months, the wife plays with men and events, and gets so in the habit she keeps it up when he comes back to London. "If she'd lived a thousand years ago she would have had a thousand lovers." Most of all, her vanity craves Ian's return to her. She has every moral and physical grace, but her mental sense hasn't waked up.

Byng understands both English and South African soldiers and conditions and it is a long time before he learns that the reason all his hard and important work falls is because of his wife. She is dallying in the admiration of Adrian Fellowes (the slim, sleek man of the stall at the opera), who is a traitor and sells all the secrets he learns to Kruger. Then there is the half-caste Boer-Hottentot valet who also keeps eyes and ears open to make trouble.

In various and devious ways Jasmine is the woman behind the war; she uses her fascination over a European diplomat to win laurels for Stafford, who is the engineer-in-chief of a scheme to prevent interference in the war by other countries. And incidentally she wins his love again. Afterwards Fellowes is murdered. Who did it?

When Jasmine gets "sorry beyond endurance" for her errors and for the years that the locusts have eaten, she longs to sacrifice and "balance things somehow." She buys a ship, fits it as a hospital (using all her money) and goes to the Transvaal as a nurse. The agony of conflict is not only for Briton and Boer, but for Byng, Jasmine, Stafford and Almah, the prima donna.

Armies fight their fight un molested by other nations; husband and wife each alone fight out their problems. There's revolution for all. At last is peace.

Events loom big in the story. The lives and the events interpret and strengthen and form a setting for each other. The spell and spirit of the veld is over all.

Clipping from Times

St. Louis Mo.

6 April 1913

One of the strongest of Gilbert Parker's short stories bears the attractive title, "While the Light Holds Out to Burn." After reading the latest novel by the author of the fine short story to which we have referred, we conclude that the artistic light still "holds out to burn," but that it has reached a flickering and precarious condition. "The Judgment House" sought by all, is a novel to be a good novel. It is the work of a skilled technician; it is carefully elaborated; it deals with large dramatic themes; its characters are widely diversified. Yet we have found ourselves following with reluctance the unfolding of this long novel. We never have been able to yield to the author's mood. Time and time again we have been ruthlessly checked in our wish to enjoy the book by encountering some note which we could not believe to be sincere. The simplicity which made "The Light of Way" the most delightful book of its year, which brought "Peter and His People" and "The Seats of the Mighty" to the favorable attention of a large and discriminating audience, is wholly lacking here. In its place we have the hot-house atmosphere of a vast entertainment, an unyielding strain, and a final result which is all but negligible.

The slim heroine, Jasmine, heiress to a comfortable income and granddaughter to a man of rare character and high means, is meant to typify the meretricious restlessness in women. She reaches out after many gods, and is in a fair way of finding none, she is practically engaged to Ian Stafford when Rudyard Byng, newly returned to London from large conquests in South Africa and with millions in the bank, crosses her path. She jilts Stafford and marries Byng only to discover in due season that he cannot quicken her fancies or clarify her ideals as Stafford had done. She sets the traps for her passions for Stafford, and he, though an acknowledged friend of Byng's, and often his guest, yields to the frail Delilah who has been false to him, and who is willing to be false to her husband.

By these individuals in this triangular situation sicken of life just when the Jameson raid has precipitated England into a war with the Boers, and all three go to South Africa. There are officers and Jasmine as a nurse. They meet later under thrilling circumstances and in the storms of warfare death solves their problem for them.

The trouble with this story, which possesses all the intrinsic qualities of good fiction, is that it never seems to be a novel. The reader cannot believe that the author believed very much of his characters or in his theme. There is facility in the telling, but never tears of passion.

The episode at Glencaer, where a mine accident occurs (this is before the war is set in South Africa), and where Stafford and Byng are put through the conventional paces of heroism, is an instance of literary expediency which can scarcely impress an audience of these days. The handling of Stafford shows either an astounding ignorance of real manliness or a lamentable lapse in the author's knowledge in recent fiction has there been so conspicuous an instance of a cad being put forth as an admirer of a gentleman. His long "literary" letter to Jasmine, signed "your man," is the sort of thing which has always and perhaps most distinctive in the American's sense of humor. Indeed, there is little in the entire book which, if read into a sort of burlesque.

Mr. Parker always lacked the gift of humor, but he had in earlier volumes an unaffected simplicity which was wholly pleasing. It is to be hoped that the casualness which made its appearance in "The Weavers," and which is exaggerated in "The Judgment House" is only a passing experiment to earlier excellence. Even in the matter of nomenclature, this new story seems Stafford, Rudyard Byng, Jasmine, Almah, why the apostrophe in the opera singer's name? except

We refuse to accept this new development in Mr. Parker's work. We cordially await a return to "Warrior Brood," New York.

APR 2 1913

"The Judgment House"—By Gilbert Parker.

While Sir Gilbert Parker's new book lacks some of the qualities belonging to "The Light of a Work" and "The Weavers," it is a work of compelling human interest. Readers of Harper's magazine have waited impatiently from month to month for the next installment, and have been deeply concerned in the development of its closely knit plot.

The scenes of the story are laid in London and South Africa, and its seasons are just before and during the Boer war. Rudyard Byng, a South Africa multi-millionaire and self-made, comes back to England. There he falls in love with Jasmine Grenfel, a girl who holds her grandfather responsible for her peculiar temperament. Jasmine is tacitly betrothed to the English States and a diplomat who has his own way to make, but urged by ambition and the masterful influence of a girl who jilts Stafford and marries Byng, who is unaware of her affair with Stafford, the fashion of husbands—is absorbed by business and political schemes. Jasmine becomes discontented and restless. Perhaps whatever of love she is capable of experiencing has been given to Stafford, who remains her friend. Like the true coquette she is, Jasmine flirts with Adrian Fellowes, her husband's secretary, and with de Meaneval, a diplomat from whom she wins secrets of state and discloses them to Stafford to facilitate his rise in diplomatic circles. The master villain of the piece is Krugel, a half-caste Boer servant, who is devoted to Byng and hates Jasmine for her disloyalty to her husband. Krugel is an emissary to England, disclosing British plans to Kruger. He finds an incriminating letter written by Fellowes to Kruger and sees that it falls into Byng's hands. His reward for his treachery is of the pattern he would have received in Africa, a sound thrashing with the terrible sjambok.

The episode of a letter arouses Stafford to the wrong he contemplates, for he and Jasmine are on the point of eloping. He saves Fellowes from Byng's vengeance, and four persons are suspected each of other of the crime. It is not until comes when war breaks out and Byng returns to South Africa, Jasmine, feeling she could never live with her husband and child, equips a hospital ship and sails for the Cape. There, amid Koppies and Boers, her regeneration is effected—in the conventional way.

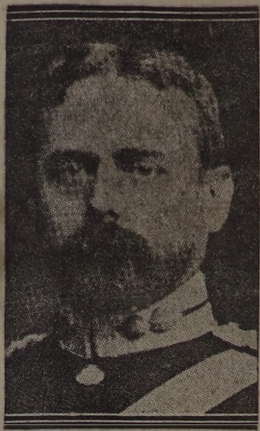
"The Judgment House" stands out like a lighthouse amid a flood of mediocre novels. Critics certain incidents as we may say, but it remains that there is a story well worth the reader's time, one introducing many characters which are treated with psychological insight. It is a story which has humanly. (New York: Harper & Bros. Detroit: Macaulay.)

Marine Journal N.Y. April 12/13

"The Judgment House."

"The Judgment House," by Sir Gilbert Parker, has been advertised as the greatest novel. Whether it is entitled to that distinction or not matters little, as we can state without fear of contradiction that anyone who picks it up will scarcely lay it aside until he reaches the last page of the book. It is a romance based on the Boer war in South Africa. The heroine is a wonderfully clever and beautiful woman, and here are two heroes, one a millionaire to whom she is married, and the other a diplomat of the highest order with whom she is in love. The scenes of the story are laid principally in England, but shift to South Africa for a time. This is truly a great novel of modern life, well written by this experienced author and well presented by the publishers, Harper & Bros., New York. The price is \$1.35 net.

The New Parker Novel



SIR GILBERT PARKER.

The Judgment House. By Gilbert Parker. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.25 net.

COMPETENT English critics have hailed this as a great novel; and of course they are right. In technique, in characterization, in dramatic quality the story is extraordinary. Gilbert Parker does not fumble in the handling of the materials he chooses. He knows the business of a novelist as only a few know it. We have read the book from cover to cover—at all times admiring the artistic skill of the writer; at all times a little disgusted with the theme, which has been somewhat overdone by modern writers of all callings.

The heroine of this story is a cheap specimen of humanity who should have been treated in the brutally realistic French manner instead of being invested with a romantic glamor as we find her in this tale. This remark is, of course, prompted by moral considerations, and the esthetes tell us that art has nothing to do with morals, but only with truth. Well then, is it true that a treacherous

woman is beautiful! Toads should be painted as toads.

The action begins in London three years before the outbreak of the Boer war, which is used as a background for the social drama here presented. Jasmine Grenfel, a pretty and thoroughly spoiled young woman of the aristocracy, has promised to marry Ian Stafford, the rising diplomat, after a year has passed. Rudyard Byng, the successful young financier, with the prestige of three millions won in South Africa, arrives in London and makes his debut by leaping from a box at the opera and saving the prima donna from a tragic death by fire. This act, together with the knowledge of the three millions, works upon Jasmine's imagination. Byng falls in love with the girl, who is already desperately in love with herself, and therefore sends Ian walking and accepts Byng. Time passes. Jasmine, taking by wholesale and giving by retail the little that her own nature possesses, falls into that soul-sickness which is sure to attack the idle and selfish. She begins to examine her "love" for her husband and discovers that it does not "fill" her. Accordingly, she signs for new words to conquer. Meeting with Ian Stafford by chance, she deliberately sets about to win him back to her—and succeeds. Finally, Byng discovers a scandalously indiscreet letter written to his wife by a certain "gentleman" of his acquaintance. Seized with the lust to kill, he is checked in time by Ian Stafford, to whom he has shown the letter. Now Stafford had himself written a similar letter to the lady, and one may imagine the shock the eminent diplomat received upon noting that Jasmine had been playing fast and loose not only with her husband but with her "affinity" as well.

Why waste time in beautifying such a plot? Why spin it out to the romantic reconciliation between husband and wife? There should be no soap for the mob in the treatment of such themes. Why strive to make a raw cancer look like a Marechal Niel rose? If we are to have such stories, let them be brutally frank. Give us Zola's method—away with sentimental twaddle! The hard little drab who hunts men in dark streets may at least have the excuse of hunger. And shall we call this pampered thing a heroine? Let us lay the book aside.

Sir Gilbert True to His Word.

"The Judgment House; a Novel," by Gilbert Parker. (New York: Harper & Bros., 1913.)

True to his perhaps indirect promise—no successful novelist willingly forsakes his hat and best field—Sir Gilbert Parker here writes a novel as far beyond of his beloved Canadian wilderness as the political life and the drawing rooms of London could fetch him. "The Judgment House," while not in any sense a historical novel, brings before the reader numerous personages, many of them public, and some well-known characters from private life. All of these are limned in Parker fashion, they stand out as indelible individuals. The author sets his stage with care, and in the assembly of his principal incidents once more evidences his keen knowledge of true dramatic values. The reader, be he ever so steeped in the Canadian prose poems of Sir Gilbert, will not regret this big writer's step in, for the time being, leaving behind "Our Lady of the Snows" and plunging into the foggy depths of London, brightened indoors by the Covent Garden, but soon to take an anti-podal shoot into South Africa. It's a large picture, but full of life, the painting of which should do much toward fortifying the author's fame as one of the great novelists of our day.

From the interpreter of the simple lives and primitive characters of the French Canadians, Sir Gilbert Parker has grown unto what the English writer bred out of England is likely to become—the novelist of Greater Britain. It is the events which followed Jameson's raid that furnish reason and motive for "The Judgment House," which has its beginning amid a whirl of English political controversy, and its close on the battlefields of South Africa. Yet, as in all Parker's novels, the great events are only the background, the setting, and the real issue is the conflict of human souls. It is not the Boer war that matters, but the warfare within a woman's character. Jasmine Grenfel, a beautiful debutante of the Dresden china type, possesses to an unusual degree a dual nature: the one side of her is devoted, loyal, generous—the other an inheritance of ambition and unscrupulousness. When we first meet her, she is wavering just enough to reveal that she has this better side; her first act is to dismiss her accepted lover and betroth herself to a South African millionaire who alternately attracts her and bores her. Despite his vast wealth and political acumen, he is a surprisingly direct and simple soul, who bears the forgetful name of Rudyard Byng and worships his lovely young wife. She, on the principle of eating your cake and having it too, forthwith devotes all her energies to winning back her old lover, and like her unscrupulous ancestor, uses the capital she has to gain her ends. In the opinion of the world she is soon considered a questionable woman, her dotting husband still regards her as a being altogether perfect, while only the lover sees her as she really is—discerns the duality of her nature and the potentialities of her better self. He in his way is also a person of consequence, and with occasional lapses—a man of character and courage, thus he finally succeeds in saving Jasmine from herself and from him. Then ensues the war, transferring scene and action to Africa, and affording to each character in one way or another a chance to regain his integrity of spirit while to Jasmine especially it sounds the irresistible and final call to her better self. The novel is an intensely modern one, the more modern in that it is woven entirely out of such elemental stuff as woman's frailty and man's treachery. Of the woman, only one inconspicuous chorus girl is consistently discreet, only her cockney brother is unremittently loyal; while as between the half-caste Hottentot spy and his high-born English confederate there is very little to choose. A strong book it is, an altogether pleasant one it is not; nevertheless it is a book which demonstrates the power of great impersonal events to crush and smelt and assay the metal of the human soul. It is published by Harper & Brothers, New York, and may be purchased of Geo. W. Des Forges & Co.'s

"The Judgment House." (Harp...)

The story deserves special considera... for his excellent literary style...

The story centers about Jasmine, the beautiful and charming young English...

And that is one of the earmarks to Jasmine's character...

And Jasmine betrays her husband's secrets, and permits the attentions of his secretary...

The scene shifts to South Africa, and under the wide sky the far-reaching veldt...

"Dawn. The faintest light on the horizon, as it were a soft, grey shimmer showing through a dark curtain...

And the world stirs with busy life. On the veldt, with the first delicate glow, the head of a meerkat...

"But nowhere seems the world so young and fresh and glad as on the sun-warmed veldt...

"A world of light of commendable trees of grey grass flecked with flowers...

"Drink your fill of the sweet intoxicating air with eyes that will be dazzled...

"The character of Jasmine dominates the entire book, whether it is dealing with love or with the London drawing rooms of South African hospitals...

a complex creature, of fire and earth, and much of many good possibilities, and much of many good possibilities...

But that is not true. We grow toward our ideals always. To forgive, to forget—to hope ever—that is the best of life...

COLUMBUS O. APR 1919

GILBERT PARKER'S latest novel, "The Judgment House," contains the same vivid sense of big events of life as his other fiction...

There is the spirit of world movements nicely intertwined with the acts of individual characters of the book...

The opening chapter is dramatic and dramatic to the reader immediately into the atmosphere and movement of the book...

The scene is in London at the Covent Garden on the same night as Jameson's raid in South Africa...

Three years later Jasmine is married to masterful Byng, though she had been as good as promised to cultured Ian, but she is not in love with her husband...

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Byng is the best character in the book. Power and force, but in leash by a certain sense of refinement...

The book is saturated with the spirit of the Transvaal and in its vivid description, it reminds one much of this life which Kipling has put into his books...

There is a striking resemblance between Jasmine's story-thread and that of George Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways"...

The principal fault of "The Judgment House" is that its art too often is so detailed as to be tiresome. The minute analysis of characters and the fine dissection of acts are in itself contract with the broad free construction of the plot...

With its faults, however, the book is far above even the better novels in worth and is one of Sir Gilbert's best products.

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woman who, marrying before she has learned its own need or its own death, reaches outside of the garden of her home for those fruits which lay behind the bitterness of the Dead Sea. The life of the modern woman is too often filled with that restless, foolish questing which lowers her standing with every right-thinking man and cheapens her own ideals. While Jasmine's character is gradually developed in the progress of the story, Stafford rises to heights which are seldom attained by men. But, since it is the exceptional man who raises the average, the temptation to conclude that his character is convincing is resisted, for his virtues are not altogether improbable.

The house of cards which Jasmine has built around herself in her foolish flirtations suddenly becomes transformed into a house of judgment. At this point the story reaches its climax, and the remainder of the book is devoted to the working out of the various sentences passed. Adrian Fellowes is murdered by the hand of the woman to whom he had been false; Rudyard Byng, Jasmine's husband, who is wounded to the quick by the revelation of Jasmine's frailties, none of which have reached the criminal stage, returns to South Africa to take a commission in the Boer War; Stafford braves also the call of his country and enlists for England's good, and his own peace of soul, while Jasmine, the woman around whose beauty and charm and weakness all these men have fallen enviously, joins another woman in equipping and boarding a hospital ship, in order that they may work out their own salvation in a more real way than had ever been possible before, because neither woman had ever before had any earnest work or purpose to fill her life. The cure for both women's souls is what such cases always work—honest understanding of the meaning of life and appreciation of true love wherever and however it manifests itself. Perhaps the noblest character in the whole story is that of Stafford, for whom no reward appears save that intangible, but altogether desirable, consciousness of rectitude, peace of soul and absolute loyalty to the highest ideals. Dying after the last victorious battle, he dies knowing that the country which he loved is saved, and that the love which he had given to Jasmine years before was unchangeable, but pure, eternal as his own soul, abiding there forever, yet without sin. He knows, too, that Jasmine henceforth will take up her life with her husband and on a higher plane, having learned that truth and faith and peace are better than the wild storm of passion or the idle gratification of a moment's vanity. Stafford's own heroic interpretation to Byng of Jasmine's character saved her from death and scandal, Byng from the stain of murder and his own soul from wrong. This masterly and original solution of the various problematic situations is worked out in a manner which Gilbert Parker has made all his own—a manner far removed from the cheap and trivial style so usual in latter-day fiction.

The character of Byng is so strong, so simple, so entirely unconventional that one can but be reminded of Cecil Rhodes, in spite of the fact that the author disclaims and distinct personalities in the story. The effect on the reader is elevating and inspiring, reminding one that faith and loyalty and love abide, even to-day, when skepticism lurks often at a man's own fireside.

APR 1 1913

SIR GILBERT PARKER, whose power lies in dramatic action and brilliant descriptions rather than in psychological character study, has given recent literature one of its most widely discussed volumes, "The Judgment House." From the press of Harper & Bros. this story, contrasting in remarkable vividness the elemental life of the South African veldt with the super-cultured, super-diplomatic life of London, has renewed interest for fiction readers in the great English novelist.

Dominating this novel of intrigue, of murder mystery, of diplomatic ins and outs, there is a figure of a woman, Jasmine Grenfel, granddaughter of a millionaire inventor, who has left her all his wealth. Young, beautiful and clever, Jasmine becomes the trifter, the experimenter, with love. She marries Rudyard Byng, a South African nabob, worth millions, whom she does not love. The opening of the story gives the sparkling description of the opera where Jasmine and Byng, with Ian Stafford, an English diplomat of high estate, sit in a stage box. The singer Almah's dress becomes ignited and Byng jumps from the box and extinguishes the flame. Almah figures later in being the mistress of Adrian

Allice Robe.

Fellowes, Byng's secretary, with whom Jasmine, with her characteristic desire to play with fire, has carried on a love affair. She has also crushed Stafford in love's toils.

The action of the play contrasting Africa and England takes place at the time

Lippincott A. A. NEB-BEE

APR 2 5 1913

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE By Gilbert Parker. 40 Pp. Harper & Brothers. The author's knowledge of men and motives, and his understanding of the deeper impulses and emotions, are strongly manifested. Each person of the story has his charm, or interest, or manner, or point of view, of individual expression. The book opens with the sight of the Jameson raid, but the opening scene is in London, at Covent Garden. Rudyard Byng, South African millionaire, sits in a box at the opera with Jasmine Grenfel; with them is Ian Stafford, high up in England's diplomatic service, in love with Jasmine, and sure of winning his suit. On the stage a newly found star of song is thrilling the house when her filmy robe catches fire, and Byng leaps from the box, and with Jasmine's cloak smothering the flames, Ian Stafford goes away on a diplomatic mission, and in the meantime Jasmine throws him over and marries Byng. When he returns three years later his apparent indifference pleases Jasmine, and in guise of helping him with his work she brings him to the point of disregarding his friendship with Byng if she will go with him to some far-off corner of the world. All this time she is playing with Adrian Fellowes, her husband's secretary, a handsome beast and the lover of Almah, the singer in the opening scene, and betrays to him Boer secrets which he hastens to sell to Oom Paul, through Byng's Hotentot servant, and a diplomat from the continent is also another admirer. But when the war opens her bad dealings with the secretary to her husband, and she shows the incriminating letter to Stafford, who is disillusioned and grimly resolved to save Byng further knowledge, befriends Jasmine to her husband and to her husband's friends. Fellowes is found dead without trace of violence and Byng, Stafford and Jasmine, each wonder if the other two killed him. The scene moves to the Transvaal, and the grim and simple realities of life and death show the development of character that leads to a new sort of happiness for Jasmine and her husband. It is a thrilling and intensely human story.

of the Boer war and the climax of dramatic action is reached by Jasmine revealing to Fellowes, a bluff, staid and roguish, secrets she first learned from her husband. Fellowes's tells these to Oom Paul through Byng's Hotentot servant, Krool.

To add to her love of intrigue and toying with fire she flirts with a continental diplomat, and through his mad infatuation succeeds in advancing Stafford's interests to a point where he achieves the real coup d'etat of his career. This streak wins the neutrality, or rather the complete absence of interest or interference, by the powers in the British-Boer war.

Opening of War Ends Intriguing.

But the opening of the war brings with it the downfall of the intriguing, excitement-loving Jasmine, a woman of much wealth and leisure, who has carried on her affairs largely because she had no outlet for her energies. Krool tells his master of Jasmine's affair with Fellowes, and Byng shows the letter to Stafford, who had just arrived in the house to hear from Jasmine what he thought would be her whole-souled and whole-hearted declaration of undying loyalty and love for him.

Gilbert Parker's power of plot development and emotional climates is revealed in the events which follow. The spirit of mystery stalks through the book when Fellowes is found dead without any sign of violence. Of course Jasmine, Byng and Stafford are wondering which of the other two has committed the crime, and it is not till the "house of judgment" reveals its secrets out in South Africa that the mystery is explained. The last book, which reveals Parker's truly illuminating descriptive powers, brings before us like a picture in pastel the African veldt, with its soft gray nights, its haunting, mysterious spirit.

In the war scenes, which introduce action, violent and martial, Parker gives full swing to his power of action. It is indeed a thrilling adventure story, told with mastery of description and action. In characterization Parker is virile, though his power of portraiture is lacking in the subtle psychological nuances. Jasmine, for instance, a brilliant, intellectual, self-willed woman, is solved, so far as character is concerned, from that somewhat archaic belief—masculine, of course, in its inception—that what she needs is a "master."

Gilbert Parker Adheres To Ancient Adage.

Parker, like most of the masculine race, adheres to the old adage concerning "the woman, the dog and the walnut tree, the more you beat 'em the better they'll be."

In this prevalent male belief he fails to distinguish between the petulant, willful, spoiled and pampered female and the truly high-spirited, intellectual, and brilliant woman who often gets a mischief because society refuses her a legitimate outlet for her energies. She happens to be rich and beautiful. The book has one serious fault in that it is drawn out to almost tiresome extent. However, "The Judgment House" is one of the really interesting new additions to fiction.

APR 26 1913

A Gilbert Parker Story

SINCE the days of "The Seats of the Mighty" and "Who Valmond Came to Danzig," Gilbert Parker has been assured of a large read, nor have his later works lacked the power and strength expected. Whether short stories or novels, his writings have an atmosphere of reality and a virility which place them in the class of fiction worth reading. While one is not sure what the story will be about until it has been read, he is sure that it will be interesting and worth while. This is more than can be said of many novels being published today.

In Sir Gilbert Parker's latest novel, "The Judgment House," the chief scenes are in London and South Africa at the time of the Boer war. The hero, Rodyard Byng, of the Cecil Rhodes type, is an Englishman who was a South African pioneer and he became a millionaire. The author takes pains, however, in a prefatory note, to say that the story does not present a picture of public or private individuals, living or dead, and is not a historical novel. South Africa, at the time of the Boer war, is a splendid setting for stirring events, to be participated in by characters met earlier in the story in more peaceful and civilized England.

Another strong character is Ian Stafford, diplomat and soldier. His interests and Rodyard's clash somewhat when it comes to the heroine, the beautiful Jasmine, who, more or less in love with Ian, marries Rodyard. There are other love tangles, crossed threads, which continue to make things as exciting in South Africa as they had in England. There is Almah, the wonderful prima donna in England and angel of mercy amid the Boer war scenes; Adrian Fellowes, whose evil lives after him; Krool, the terrifying South African servant of Byng, spy, and Boer fighter; and Jigger, the cockney lad who goes to South Africa with Stafford, carrying London with him always.

These particular characters, each with a strong personality and marked individuality, are splendidly grouped and make many a strongly dramatic situation. Indeed, there is here a cast for grand opera which would work together with fine adjustment.

The result is a dramatic—at times almost melodramatic—novel, full of excellent descriptions, and stirring events participated in by compelling personalities, fighting battles far reaching, and arousing the reader's deep sympathy. And after the tumult and the shooting dies, after the battles are over, clouded visions become unobscured, and the curtain falls with Rodyard, hero triumphant through all, saying to Jasmine, "A fresh start for a long race—the real is clear. It is all before us still." It is to be hoped this proved true, for they left much behind them, and it is mighty good reading. (Harper & Brothers, New York.) D. S. K.

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE By Gilbert Parker, Author of "The Weaver," "The Heart of the World," etc. Illustrated by W. Hatherell. R. I. Price, \$1.35 net. Harper & Bros., New York and London.

"The Judgment House" is an analytic study of characters; an interpretation of life in the relation of the sexes, when the marital tie binds and is strained almost to the breaking point in a melodram of modern society, in which the voluptuary is shown as the menace of conjugal relations. It is a compelling story, full of human interest and the characters are so strongly drawn that they are indelibly stamped upon the mind of the reader for the author lays bare their inmost thoughts, describes them so minutely in his diagnosis that they appear like real living men and women that play the parts in "The Judgment House" and play them well. The novel is divided into four books like a four-act play, the first introducing the characters who are to enact a life drama that has no equal in fictional literature of the present day, clearly showing the author of "The Judgment House" is a wizard in fiction. The scene of the novel is laid both in England and South Africa, beginning with Jameson's raid and ending with the overthrow of the Boer republic, covering the period of the war of England with Oom Paul.

Rodyard Byng, South Africa millionaire, who made his fortune in the Kimberly mines, comes back to England. There he falls in love with Jasmine Grenfel, a girl who holds her grandfather responsible for her peculiar temperament. She is of that type of woman whose sole ambition is conquest and play with fire, almost to the point of danger, to win. She already had Ian Stafford at her feet and was tacitly engaged to him, but when she met Byng, she set her anare and he landed in her net. She married him—for his money—for she sought wealth and position to rival in the smart set. While her husband is absorbed by business and political schemes, Jasmine becomes discontented and restless for conquest. Perhaps whatever of love she is capable of experiencing has been given to Stafford, who remains her friend.

She plays with Ian Stafford, back from diplomatic successes in Europe, and brings him to her feet again, even at the point of disregarding his life-long friendship with Byng and casting aside the honors and glories of his career, if she will fly with him. She plays Adrian Fellowes, her husband's secretary, a human beast, a chaser of women, the lover of Almah, the singer of the opening scene, and reveals to him South African secrets she has learned from Blantyne, her husband, which he hastens to sell to Oom Paul, through Krool, Byng's Boer-Hottentot servant. She plays with de Meneval, a diplomat from the continent, and through his infatuation makes it possible for Stafford to achieve the crowning stroke of his diplomatic career, by which the powers agree to keep hands off and allow England to do as she sought in South Africa.

The seismic shock in marital life lies in what may happen when such a man discovers that his wife is receiving love letters from other men.

Byng's servant, Krool, finds an incriminating letter written by Fellowes to Jasmine, and sees that it falls into Byng's hands. Then something happens and it arouses Stafford to a sense of honor to the wrong he contemplated of eloping with Jasmine. He saves Fellowes from Byng's vengeance. Fellowes is mysteriously murdered, and four persons are suspecting each other of the crime. Was it Almah who killed Fellowes or was death suicide, accident or by a poisoned needle? The climax comes when the war breaks out and Byng returns to South Africa, Jasmine, feeling that she could never live with her husband again, equips a hospital ship and sails for the cape, and there, amid kopjes and khaki, her regeneration is effected.

The character of Jasmine is a dominating character in the book, whether dealing with love or war, with English society or South African hospitals. She is a woman attractive in form and feature, but possessed of vanity, willfulness

and apparently devoid of woman's finer sensibilities of right and wrong, but in the end finds her true relation to her husband, chastened by the hard experiences that led her to see her duty as she, as a wife, should see it. Stafford is killed in the Boer war. The scenes of that war are told with spirit and vigor and with much keen sympathetic knowledge of the soldiers, both English and South African. "The Judgment House" is the season's greatest novel, a psychological study of life in which men and women play many parts.

Beacon Mrs. Aurora. Ill.
July 5/13-

South Africa in Fiction.

It is interesting to note that Sir Gilbert Parker's novel "The Judgment House" made its appearance only a few weeks before the unveiling of the statue to Kruger at Pretoria. Both Sir Gilbert and General Botha, who in his message on this occasion coupled together the names of the two great South Africans; the Boer and the Englishman, Cecil Rhodes, are impressed at the thought of the latter's grave "on that high plateau of convex hollow stone, with the great natural pillars standing round like sentinels." The hero of "The Judgment House" was one who had experienced "the dream Rhodes had chanted in the ears of all those who shared with him the pioneer enterprises of South Africa."

Pittsburg Post: June 20/13

PARKER, GILBERT—THE JUDGMENT HOUSE. This is one of the big books of the year. Gilbert Parker never wrote anything better. The story is exceedingly dramatic. One would expect, indeed, one would be disappointed, if Gilbert Parker wrote a story without underlying ethical significance. And in "The Judgment House" he has not disappointed us. The life depicted in these pages is a life apart from that lived by the large majority of persons. But in its general portrayal of the mixture of weak and strong in human nature this book is true to all life. (Harper & Brothers. \$1.35 net.)

(Helen C. Gale)

"The Judgment House" by Gilbert Parker. Pub. by Harpers.

A very old lady, who takes as a literary criterion the books of Bertha Clay and Laura Jean Libby, gives a disdainful criticism of the popular novels of the day which is quite amusing and not without truth.

"The people don't know how to love any more or else the late authors don't know how to write love stories," she said. "I like a book where a girl falls in love with a man at 16 and keeps on loving him all through the book. But, dearie me, the books you get now days start right out with a married woman in the very first chapter and she loves everybody else except her husband until the end of the book."

"Books are typical of the times," I explained, "and guess that both the women and the author find it much more exciting to deceive an indulgent husband than to deal with an irate father."

"The Judgment House" would surely be unmercifully criticized by this very old lady for the greatest part of the book has to do with Jasmine Grenfel, a bewitchingly beautiful lady who takes the keenest delight in lavishing her charms in men and noting the effect. The final effect is appalling and tragic. She is engaged to Ian Stafford, a diplomat, who is an ardent lover and an admirable man, but she dismisses him from her affections and marries Ruyard Byng, a millionaire, in whom she neither sees nor appreciates the most remarkable traits of character which are really his. After three years of marriage she awakens the old love in Ian Stafford and flirts recklessly with him. In order to hold his admiration she uses her charms to win the confidence of a foreign diplomat and gains information from him which helps Ian in his diplomatic service. She also stoops to a flirtation with her husband's private secretary, Adrian Fellows, and gossips to him of affairs of state that her husband has trusted her with. Adrian uses this information for his own ambitions and brings about a miserable condition of affairs. Just at this time when Jasmine is happy with all the admiration she has won from four worthy, unsuspecting men, each of whom trusts her absolutely, a letter written by the enamored secretary falls into the hands of her husband. In his anger he appeals to Ian Stafford, who is his best friend, forces him to read the letter asking for his advice. Ian with diplomatic skill manages the situation in an admirable way, but in making the husband believe in the faithfulness of his wife, despite the comprising letter, is forced himself to see how shallow and false Jasmine really is.

The secretary is ordered by Ian to leave England but is found dead in his apartment soon after the discovery of his letter. At this crisis Jasmine finds herself in a harrowing plight. She thinks she can never live with Byng, her husband, again; she knows she has lost the love and respect of Stafford, who is the only person whose love she really cares for, and she is in danger of becoming involved in a sordid scandal. So she takes the opportunity of helping a friend fit up a hospital ship and goes to South Africa to become a nurse for the Boer war which serves as a protecting background for this story, and it is there, while she is doing helpful work in the hospitals, that she enters the house of judgment and stands as Tennyson would say, "Herself a judge and jury, and herself the prisoner at the bar ever condemned." In doing real work for others for the first time in all her selfish life, she finally comes to a realization of herself. She begins to think of Ruyard Byng, her husband, not merely as a millionaire, but as a man. She begins to understand that this man who could lay a white rose on his wife's pillow in token of his trust in her innocence, and who could yet beat almost unrelentingly a traitorous Boer servant, has in him qualities, both of strength and fineness, that are worthy of admiration, so she finds a real love for him and he takes her back to his heart and love.

Ian Stafford, whose only weakness was his love for the unworthy Jasmine, is the character that evokes the most pity. His love was sincere, and when he finds that the woman is utterly false he goes into the army and defies death in Africa. Death accepts his challenge and Ian is mortally wounded in battle. His brilliant career, his faith in woman, his love of life, are the things he sacrifices for the frivolous, vain Jasmine.

However, the author, with consummate skill, manages to wash Jasmine's soul quite clean in mud, water and strenghtens her character by its own weakness. An unusual procedure in real life.

It would be too much for the admirers of Mr. Parker to ask for another book as wonderful as "The Right of Way." That book was the masterpiece of a brilliant pen.

This new book is interesting but not intensely so, and borders dangerously near to the melodramatic; only the excellent art of telling a story, employed by the author draws the tense situations back from that perilous brink.

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MAY 2 1913
MAY 1

NEW NOVEL BY SIR GILBERT PARKER
A novel by Sir Gilbert Parker is a rarely nowadays, and as sure of a cordial welcome as any book may be. His gift is for story-telling, rather than for character-drawing or analysis; but there are more people attracted by the former than by the latter. To some extent, therefore, his admirers will be disappointed in his new book, "The Judgment House" (London: Methuen; Melbourne: Melville and Muller), because it depends for its interest less on its characters than on its incidents. The central figure is a South African financial magnate, and the book opens with the arrival in London of the news of the James Raid. Ruyard Byng, when the news arrives, is suddenly made up his mind to propose to Jasmine Grenfel, a young woman of some wealth, much beauty, and many aristocratic connections. Jasmine is secretly pledged to Ian Stafford, a young diplomatist, and, as far as she is able to love anyone, she loves Stafford, but his stipulation for another year of freedom. She is a woman who can reveal in the description Byng afterwards gives her of herself, "If you had lived a thousand years ago, you would have had a thousand lovers." She is ambitious of power, and the attraction of Byng's millions is too strong for her. She throws off Stafford, and marries Byng; but, though she satisfies her ambition, she is neither happy herself, nor makes her husband happy. She has a rather degrading liaison with Adrian Fellows, the shallow, cowardly, society man, who becomes a sort of chamberlain in her great establishments. And when Stafford, after some years abroad, returns to London, she is piqued by his indifference, and sets herself to win him back. She succeeds in doing this by using her social influence to further a big diplomatic scheme he has undertaken. Stafford succumbs anew to her wiles, but, just at the moment when he hopes to persuade her to leave her husband, Byng discovers her relations with Fellows and takes Stafford into his confidence. That night Fellows is murdered. The outbreak of the war in South Africa relieves an almost impossible situation. All the characters, including the women, find themselves in the theatre of war, and the best of them all—Stafford—is killed. Sir Gilbert Parker has not succeeded in making either Byng or Jasmine as convincing as we should have liked them to be; but there are several dramatic scenes, in which Byng is presented in a favourable light with considerable skill. Without the entanglement with Fellows, some sympathy might have been felt for the ambitious young beauty who becomes Byng's wife; but, as it is, she is an ugly and not very real figure. Almah, the singer, is a character better rendered. She is just "temperamental" enough; and the real woman underneath the artist is human and lovable. One judges Sir Gilbert Parker by severe standards; but he has done better work than this book. The theme does not seem to be quite original.

CONTINENT (Chicago, Ill.)

MAY 1 1913

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE, by Gilbert Parker. It is interesting to read an author's statements about his own work. In a preface somewhere Sir Gilbert writes: "This at least can be said of all my books, that no page of them has ever been written to order, and there is not a story published in all the pages bearing my name which does not represent two or three other stories rejected by myself." His new novel is of the modern problematic type, dealing with a vain, flowerlike Englishwoman and the three or four men she draws within her coils. The scene shifts between London and South Africa, and the reading is engrossing though not always pleasant. [Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.35 net.

MAY 8 1913

Clipping from

ST. LOUIS, MO. - Post - Dispatch
MAY 3 1913

Clipping from

Gene L. Fisher
San Francisco Cal.
3 May 1913

Knowledge of Men and Motives Vitalize A Drama of Character
and Fatality

IAN STAFFORD, THE DIPLOMATIST, engagingly human, with a solidity of character and strength of purpose, is introduced to the world of readers, by Sir Gilbert Parker in his new and extremely fascinating book, "The Judgment House." After the introduction he is seen principally as a lover—as a man infatuated, disappointed, scornful, yielding again to passion, and at last achieving a difficult self-conquest.

Each person in the whole story has his charm, both of interest and of manner. All are lifelike, but in every case we feel that the underlying personality has greater strength and actuality than most of those whom we are accustomed to meet in books or out of them.

In the struggles of Ian Stafford, we are impressed with the fact that he is no common man, but one of undeniably strong nature and able mind swept with strong emotions, held firm with a control that grips like a vise.

In Jasmine Grenfel, we recognize a personality far greater than her conduct would imply. Our sympathy goes out to her despite the lightness with which she discards Stafford for her new lover, the South African millionaire, Rudyard Byng. Then comes her faithlessness to her husband in the reassertion of her power over Stafford. It fails to ruin her in our estimation because we recognize the forces working upon and within her.

There is a breath of what verges upon dramatized scandal, in the discovery of a letter from a libertine, Adrian Fellows, which seems to prove that Jasmine is unworthy our forgiveness. But in her husband we see a man of strength of will beneath a novel and entertaining personality. The three—husband, wife and lover—are imagined, so to speak, as of heroic size, and because they are so decidedly human, their fortunes are intensely significant and thrilling.

Even the minor characters are exceptional. There is the mistress of Fellows who eventually kills him. And there is the intensely interesting episode of the libertine betraying his country at the time of the Boer war and his acquaintance with Byng and his wife, which makes it easy for him to sell himself as a spy. Then there is Krool, Byng's servant, faithful to his master, but not to his master's wife or his master's country. He is no accidental villain, but one of those creatures which the reader feels were designed from the beginning of the world to play a very sinister part in the life-drama of the main characters in the book, the husband, wife and lover.

"The Judgment House" is a magnetic portrayal of character and occurrences of more than personal significance. The scenes laid in the Transvaal, the new sort of happiness of Jasmine and Byng, are vivid, and seem as though they must have happened. The book, like other stories of Sir Gilbert Parker's, leaves the reader with a real sense of exaltation. It is published by Harper Brothers.

Rhymed Reviews

The Judgment House

(By Gilbert Parker. Harper & Bros.)

THOUGH Jasmine Grenfel, so it seems,
Was pretty near engaged to Ian—
A diplomat who worked up schemes
For wrangling statesmen to agree
on,—

She threw him down, the fickle thing,
To make a match immensely grander
With virile, forceful Rudyard Byng,
A many-millioned Afrikaner.

Yet still her wiles must need corral
The souls of men;—the naughty
lassie!—
With Ian Stafford, Menneval,
With Fellows, too, and Count
Landrassy

She flirted right and left, she did!
(And if her sins were even darker,
The truth remains securely hid
With that good knight, Sir Gilbert
Parker.)

However, she and Ian found
Their hearts in Cupid's crafty roping
Entrapped, ensnared, enmeshed and
bound.

They'd even talked about eloping

When husband Rudyard read a note
To Jasmine from a baser suitor
(Its words the author will not quote),
Which made him mad enough to
shoot her.

Then Ian soothed the husband's rage
And made him trust in Jasmine
blindly;

But she had reached the sullen stage
And would not deal with Rudyard
kindly.

Now providentially was sent
The Transvaal War with all its
courses;
To Africa our puppets went
To serve as combatants or nurses.

There Ian fell as heroes do
And died a most repentant sinner,
While Rudyard got a wound or two
And Jasmine wore a little thinner.

But he and she like little birds
Agreed to live, as right and proper.
(A Glossary defines such words
As "donga," "disselboom" and
"dopper.")

Arthur Guiterman.

"THE JUDGMENT HOUSE."

It is not often anybody writes
A real novel in this day and age.
Or any fictionist we have delights
The eager reader with the printed
page.

Now, past performance should, of
course, presage
The quality of any writer's tale,
But only reading can, in truth, avail.

The author of the last best seller gives
No hint in this year's offering of that.
And nothing but his name upon it lives
By reason of its being weak and flat.
They never write the way Ty Cobb can
bat.

The same day in and out, without a
peer,
Or the way Caruso sings year after
year.

The stars of fiction are the same as
those
Great planets ever wheeling in the
skies.

Each for a season in his passing glow,
And dim with brilliancy admiring
eyes.

A brief space showing brilliantly, and
dies—
Even as Venus and the red, red Mars,
They come, they go, these literary stars.

They have apheilon and perihellon, too,
Those luminaries of the world of
books.

And march sedately in and out of view,
Inconstant and as changeable as
cooks.

One season, probably, a body looks,
And, lo! 'tis Hichens, or another
Wells,
Who lights the heavens, and whose
story sells.

Sir Gilbert Parker is in the display
In fiction's firmament this year of
grace.

At perihellon with us for a day,
He beams in glory on this gloomy
place.

His book, "The Judgment House," in
any case
Is such a novel as few men shall write
To serve a season for the world's de-
light.

"The Judgment House, by Sir Gilbert
Parker (Harper).

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE, by Sir Gilbert Parker. Melodrama in silk hat and afternoon dress with the ribbon of the Order of Merit in its button hole.

Life June 2 1913

GILBERT PARKER'S NEW NOVEL.

Despite the blurring of motives here and there, the lack of final touches in artistry and psychological interpretation, Sir Gilbert Parker has told a story of considerable power and interest in *The Judgment House*.

The title symbolizes a moral tribunal whereunto the heroine must approach. The hero, Ruyard Byng, financial genius, is said to have been drawn from Cecil Rhodes. More than one resemblance to the man who, Kipling said, linked worlds, not words, does Parker's hero bear. In his early thirties he has gained a mighty grasp upon the political and financial affairs of England and Africa. He can dictate policies, ward off disaster. But he cannot hold from a temporary exhilaration the heart of a woman. This woman is a highly-gifted creature, whose delicate beauty is matched by rare perceptivity of faculties and intellectuality. At least, these latter are predicated by the author, if not continuously proved by her words and conduct. The "other man" of the story is Ian Stafford of the Foreign Office, a "coming man." But at the beginning of the story, for all his promise, he has not advanced far enough to cope with the compelling quality of Byng's millions and the glamour of power which these exert upon Jasmine Grenfel, granddaughter of a man who had set power above all things.

In the England and Africa of the Boer War the scene is set. Affairs of state are the excellently painted background of the story. The excitement of the Jameson raid, Johannesburg and the sequel thrill through out the pages.

But, after all, the hearts of men and women are Sir Gilbert Parker's chief concern. And with fair success he has told this story of the swaying of a woman's affections between Stafford's finer intellectual and temperamental charm and Byng's virile mastery.

Needless to say, the African atmosphere, with its unique magic, lends a fascination to the story, an intensity and color to the human dramas. The largeness of affairs, the great significance of the issues, give the novel some texture. The characterization, too, has body and richness. But though the story is tenacious of interest, the psychological possibilities of the situation are not completely realized. Rather a mechanical shifting of the heroine's heart than the inevitable, irresistible movement is detected. Yet there are other genuinely emotional elements in the novel, enough to "set off" a few novelties of less power and distinction than Sir Gilbert Parker has attained. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

The Judgment House.

By Sir Gilbert Parker. The storyteller's gifts of fascinating us by the illusion and the excitement of a smooth, flowing narrative is seldom so fully united with the novelist's power of rounding the dramatic action and of making not only people but events play lifelike parts, as in Sir Parker's new novel, *The Judgment House*. Knowledge of men and motives, understanding of the deeper impulses and emotions, both are needed to vitalize such a drama of character and fatality as *The Judgment House*, and both are strongly manifested in *The Judgment House*. Sweeping into common current the passions of individual lives and occurrences of more than personal significance, the story reads as if it had happened as it must have happened. In its dealing with the spiritual side of character and in its objective descriptions its equally strong, *The Judgment House*, like other stories of Sir Gilbert Parker, leaves the reader with a real sense of exaltation. Harper & Bros., N. Y. Price \$1.35 net.

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE, by Gilbert Parker. Illustrated by W. Hatherell & E. Harper & Brothers.

The novel itself seems to be the court to which England is brought to trial by the distinguished Canadian. Life at large (inclusive of fiction), fashion; the character of Jan Stafford; the ideal cultivated English gentleman and diplomat; of Ruyard, the strong-headed self-made man; of Almah, the wonderful and passionate opera singer; of Jasmine, the "Dresden china doll" beauty and exquisite; more men and women; more society and intrigues; eventually war: all are treated critically and not without subtlety and some justice. The results of his analysis Sir Gilbert Parker conveys to his readers in a nervous, intense style, sometimes too intense for the situation; generally, at least, pretty, marred by reiterations and weak generalizations about women; and would be cheaper to get the address of her perfumer, and buy by the bottle, than to go through the countless repetitions in which the lingering scent of Jasmine's cloak or other vestments is put for the climax of some scene. The occasions are countless before the novel is ended but there are five such in the first fifty (out of 469) pages.

No passage in Sir Gilbert Parker's novel contains more beautiful English than that in which Jasmine sees herself dreamily in a previous life "of one of the gifted, beautiful women for whom the world were well lost, and who at last, in scorn of life and Time had left the precincts of the cheerful day without a lingering look." On the whole we prefer the beauty as it stands in the lines from Gray's *Elegy* laid on the editor's table by one of "The Courants' artistic friends:—

"Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind!"

But it will not do to criticize so severely a man's English because of too significant evidence that it has been formed by close study of classic models.

The author of *The Right of Way* *The Battle of the Strong*, Pierre and his people shows the diplomacy and sort in his change of venue but at the price of a great falling off in master of his subject. He gets no intimate acquaintance with his locality or its vital interests. He takes his knowledge of people and society from the inner circle of the "Smart Set" and of international conditions was diplomacy and war from the most Imperialist blight of Downing street. He concedes nothing to the Boers save that he blunders into an unintended revelation of British insolence in South Africa in his tribute to the Siambo: (the whip of rhinoceros hide); and in his crude pictures of battle he does not do justice even to Boer marksmanship and precision of fire. The terror to Stafford and Jasmine was from bullets and shells sweeping an abandoned position and a silenced gun. Boers never threw away ammunition in that wise. Besides they were being defeated. Sir Gilbert is shown to have had need of every rifle in the direction of the new front. They had not a bullet to spare for the Red Cross or the hospital. Attempted tragic description of terrible suffering and "fury of determination" degenerate into manifold melodrama, travesties and self-dramatization: "lacerated, sobbing agony. . . A gunner lifted away the corpse of his nearest friend from the trail and strained and wrenched at his gun with the intense concentration of one who had reached in a trough." The real judgment in *The Judgment House* just at present is the South African Parliament.

Clipping from *Quincy Ill*
to May 9/13

Sir Gilbert Parker is one of the writers whose books are waited for and his last book, "The Judgment House" is worth waiting for. It is one of the big books of the year and is written with such dramatic power, and the plot is of such absorbing interest that it bids fair to be one of the popular books of the summer. The story has to do with big things, and the characters live and move and have their being in the pages of the book, so that they seem almost outside the realms of fiction and to be a part of the reader's daily life. The scenes are laid in London and South Africa, during the time of the Boer war. The three characters around which the principal action of the story centers are Jasmine Byng, beautiful, fascinating and fickle; Ruyard Byng, whom she married for his millions made in South Africa, and Ian Stafford, diplomat, whom she really loves although she jilts him. The character of Jasmine is drawn with a master hand, and the gradual growth of her soul, and her rise from her selfishness and self-seeking through her sorrows is impressively told. Husband, wife and the other man, form the eternal triangle, but the situation is handled with an original touch. It is discovered that Jasmine is receiving love letters from another man, Adrian Fellowes, the secretary of her husband, and the hearts of both the other men turn from her. Then there are the minor characters, each a perfect bit in its way. There is Almah, the opera singer and the mistress of Fellowes, who kills him in the end; Krool, the Kaffir servant of Byng, who is faithful to his master but who betrays his master's wife and his country; there are vital and real. The scenes which are laid in the Transvaal, in closing chapters of the book, give us a living picture of the Boer war and bring Jasmine and her husband to peace at last. The book is of absorbing interest, and is excelled by nothing that its author has ever written, which is praise indeed. (Harper & Brothers, New York).

New Orleans Times. July 13/13

Buffalo N.Y. Times June 28/13

It is interesting to note that Sir Gilbert Parker's novel, "The Judgment House," made its appearance only a few weeks before the unveiling of the statue to Kruger at Pretoria. Both Sir Gilbert and Gen. Botha, who in his message on this occasion coupled together the names of the two great South Africans, the Boer and the Englishman, Cecil Rhodes, are impressed at the thought of the latter's grave "on that high plateau of convex hollow stone, with the great natural pillars standing round like sentinels." The hero of "The Judgment House" was one who had experienced "the dream Rhodes had chanted in the ears of all those who shared with him the pioneer enterprises of South Africa."

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MAY 24 1913

England's war with the Boers in South Africa is the background of a great novel by Gilbert Parker. "The Judgment House." Admirers of the author's former work take up the book hoping that they may find the same charm and verve which characterized those stories of Canada, with an added strength and maturity. At first the tale moves slowly, even ponderously as the reader becomes acquainted with Rudyard Byng, pioneer and million-

sire, Jan Stafford, the cultured diplomat, Al'mah, the great singer, Jasmine, the beautiful woman who held such great destinies in her unrealizing hands, Krool, Byng's treacherous half-caste servant, and other characters, minor but none the less living. But once launched, the plot moves forward with an irresistible force. The title in its significance harks back to an idea of which the author from his earliest writings has always seemed so fond: that of the soul coming to some terrible place or experience to be judged. The setting of the story is on a tremendous scale, and it can be truthfully said that the characters measure up to their background. Those who expect much of Gilbert Parker will not be disappointed, for here he is at his best. Harper and Brothers.

FREE PRESS

BURLINGTON, VT.

JUN 2 1913

The present law requires that all book reviews shall be classed as advertisements.

The story-teller's gifts of fascinating as by the Bugdon and the excitement of a smoothly flowing narrative is seldom so fully united with the novelist's power of reaching the depths of character and of making not only people, but events, play like parts, as in Sir Gilbert Parker's new novel, "The Judgment House." (Harper's). Knowledge of men and motives, understanding of the deeper impulses and emotions both are needed to vitalize such a drama of character and fatality as "The Judgment House," and both are strongly manifested.

Sweeping into a common current the passions of individual lives and occurrences of more than personal significance, the story reads as if it had all happened as if it must have happened. In its dealing with the spiritual side of character and in its objective descriptions it is very strong. The closing scenes, which are laid in the Transvaal, are as vivid in the impressions they give of the war as they are satisfactory in showing the development of character that leads to a new sort of happiness for Jasmine and her husband. "The Judgment House," like other stories of Sir Gilbert Parker, leaves the reader with a real sense of realization. (For sale by Hobart J. Shaver & Co.)

from Mutual News
address CHICAGO, ILLS.
date JUN -- 1913

"THE JUDGMENT HOUSE"

For the Novel Reader

GILBERT PARKER is confusing one's comfortable and approving acceptance of him with this latest offering, "The Judgment House." Heretofore one has not been put to questioning Mr. Parker's inflexible moral status. While a certain brand of complexity has figured, still it was of an explainable, classified sort, acceptable enough to disarm suspicion toward its right to exercise among humans. "The Judgment House" is not so easily dismissed and invites inquiries if one is argumentatively inclined. While Mr. Parker pursues his course persistently and with every aim to answer all pertinent uneasiness, nevertheless, his answer is of unconvincing character. His conclusions form a mixture of a too bromidic sentimentality and an hysterical assurance to all comers that to be happy one must, perforce, be good. As to the woman in the case. One would be in need of considerable experience, background for which must lie Mr. Parker's own unlimited form of appreciation—kind, keen and balanced—in order to conceive the subtle contradictions developed in this character of Jasmine. That she is a wonderfully vital presentation of the temperamentally defective is an indisputable fact to the initiated. To the uninitiated she must necessarily remain an unpleasant enigma, if not an wholly improbable woman. What Mr. Parker apparently left undone was to supply a more universal and comprehensive key to the solution of such problematic emotions. As the story stands it appears an intensely thrilling, pretty unlikely yarn. And there is not a question but that with the strained manipulation righted, and the stifling amount of inconsequent matter relative to Al'mah, the opera singer, and her forced heroics eliminated, it could have held its own as unusually good fiction.

[The Judgment House. By Gilbert Parker. Harper & Brothers. \$1.40 net.]

pping from
NATION - New York

JUN 12 1913

The Judgment House. By Gilbert Parker. New York: Harper & Bros.

"This book," says Sir Gilbert, in a prefatory note, "does not present a picture of public or private individuals living or dead. It is not in any sense a historical novel. It is in conception and portraiture a work of the imagination." Nevertheless, a historical novel in one sense it is, since it deals with an episode of recent history, and professes to account for that episode. The Boer War is precipitated by the treachery of a half-caste servant of the hero, Rudyard Byng. Byng is that type of hero so frequently met in current English fiction, the South African multi-millionaire. He is a rough diamond, a man stark and untrammelled, generous of frame and of spirit. Back "home" with his three millions, he is accepted for them by polite London, and presently falls in love with a finished product of civilization, one Jasmine Grenfel, beautiful and accomplished beyond her years—"so well-poised and yet so sweetly childlike"—as one of her admirers says, "dear Dresden-china Jasmine." She is hard-betrothed to a Londoner of her own circle, but Byng carries her off. She marries him for the power his money will bring; and therewith the trouble begins.

Up to this point the story, written in Sir Gilbert's later and more sophisticated manner, bids fair to be a serious study of a situation between two r. l.

human beings. But, the situation once expounded, the romancer steps in and busies himself with a plot involving intrigues and coincidences, climaxes and curtains—all the machinery of the fiction of incident as contrasted with the fiction of interpretation. Krool, the half-breed villain from the Transvaal, with his satanic nature lighted by a gleam of heroic virtue, is plainly akin to certain popular figures we have met—have been in the habit of meeting—in this writer's earlier stories, to Pretty Pierre and the rest. And whether Byng and Jasmine, with their faults and aspirations, their drifting apart and final reunion, have reality for the reader, depends chiefly on the reader's will to find reality in the conventional extravagances of popular fiction.

TRACHE
 WARD, CONN.
 JUN 11 1913

Important Novel.
 THE JUDGMENT HOUSE, By Gilbert Parker, Harper & Brothers, New York
 First published in Hartford by G. F. Warfield & Co.

In this book the author combines almost all the qualities of a novel of the higher order except the sense of humor. It is well conceived, it has a fortunate subject, with which he is unusually familiar. It is carefully constructed and developed, and it appeals both through its picture of the temper in England at the time when the Jameson raid attracted the attention of the world and during the period of the war that followed. The war was doubtless contemplated by the friends of the raid in case they did not dispose of it by absolute success in their plans, which had at least one chance among many if all had gone well with it. Yet it is probably true that the book will never be as genuinely popular as some of his earlier works that have not its finish or its solidity. Partly this may be explained by the greatness of the theme. Hasty readers, people who like to skim over the surface, and ask nothing more than to be amused for an hour or two, hesitate at its mere bulk, still more at the seriousness of the author's purpose. Such people have not patience to read Thackeray, and are secretly bored with most of Sir Walter Scott, and indeed have not much use for most of the greater writers. Furthermore, even among lovers of real literature there is a choice of fashions. Too much seriousness on the part of an author is not wholly to the personal liking of many who read for recreation when they are not reading for exact information or pursuing a speciality of their own. But all of this latter class must respect it, even if at times it does not hit their particular fancy. The book is very carefully wrought. Infinite pains has gone to its construction. There is hardly a careless passage to be found. It is like a statue or a picture in which the modeling of every muscle and the interblending of all are almost as perfect as in life. No mere outline satisfies one who works on this plan and has the necessary technical skill. But many prefer sketches, if not absolute caricatures. And the caricaturist may be as great a man as any more serious artist in his own particular field.

The clue to the book lies in recognizing at the outset the author's attitude towards the problem of the British power and the Boer settlements in Africa. He is all for the empire at any cost. Apparently he cannot conceive of rights acquired by occupation and development that are good when the empire has similar aspirations and proposes to take on its own terms what others have reclaimed and possessed. It is in full frankness the modern reiteration of the belief that has made his people disliked in Europe and elsewhere. It rests fundamentally in a sense of superiority that must not be challenged, and which is its own sufficient authority for compelling those who disagree to change their minds or take the consequences. With this in mind it is easy to follow the reasoning and

assumptions which lie at the root of the story and which must be regarded if it is to have its full effect. With this in mind it is easy to comprehend not merely the scheme of judgment on which the story rests in the mind of its author, but many passages or episodes that are almost unaccountable otherwise, for instance, the account of the shipping, in London, of Krool, the half Hottentot, half Boer servant of the half-Born Byng. It was horribly brutal, but it was the recognized way to deal with betrayal of secrets, when British interests were concerned, and the offender was a native, or half native. Perhaps one illustration is as good as more. Every reader will find plenty for himself.

Apart from all matters of style or taste it must be noted that the book will give many readers a better conception than they ever had before of the state of affairs in the two countries at the time of the Jameson raid, during closely following years, and during the war itself. Yet its real value is rather in the broad conception and thorough execution of a work of serious literary consequence, that is distinguished by conspicuous merit and adequate realization of a large ideal.

DALLAS, TEX.
 JUN 16 1913

NEW GILBERT PARKER
 NOVEL IS REVIEWED
 TREATISE ON SABOTAGE WRITTEN
 BY FRENCH SOCIALIST.

Adventures of Country Boy in New York Depleted in "The Quarry," Other Notable Productions.

"The Judgment House," by Gilbert Parker, Illustrated, Harper & Bros., New York.

A certain degree of jealousy in reading is essential to the proper appreciation of the true flavor of the latest Gilbert Parker novel. There are few wholly attractive characters, and the remainder become tiresome by extended contemplation of their follies; hence only to those who love to chew the cud of style in their fiction will "The Judgment House" prove a really pleasant reading. Nor is it quite up to the mark, in this respect, with some of the author's previous work, there is a letting down at the end, a sort of melodramatic finish, and the little solution of triangular problem that concludes it.

With the death of Ian Stafford, whom she loves, Jasmine Byng's temptation is removed, and the reconciliation with her husband assured. A very large proportion of the story is a delicate and effective presentation of English social and domestic conditions from a certain inter-diplomatic critical point of view, and the temperamental qualities of Jasmine Byng provide the flame that keeps things seething.

So when affairs have narrowed down for her between her husband and the man who was once her fiance, it merely settles things mathematically—a solution that satisfies nobody—to take these three as well as the other chief characters in the drama, all off to South Africa. There, during the Boer War, give Ian the shell and strap-on and let him die happily on Jasmine's arm in the camp hospital, with Byng in the background for her to fall back on.

And Ian is so well fitted to live he has risen to heights scarcely attained by idealists, and not alone in diplomacy. In his temptations in a way men seldom do in books or out.

Byng is a likable sort of man, big of stature and of big heart, with a wide, confident, slow-moving intelligence. His figure in London when he first came caught the eye of Jasmine and was her first love. He was older than Ian, but Ian was more than friend to them in their rooms and club work have loved. Byng is so "soft," and then when Ian has leaped to the top in diplomacy, the foolish, ambitious Jasmine comes to her dull husband with the brilliantly equipped Ian, and decides to win her old lover back. The method by which she attains this design is to assist Ian in a perilous venture in diplomacy, on the success of which rests England's ability to declare war on Oom Paul.

Unaware of her motive, Ian accepts the help no one else can give, he accepts ostentatious foreign diplomat has already surrendered to Jasmine's wishes, needs but such favors as she condescends to cast his way to come over to the British view of England's rights in the Transvaal. Ian is asked to pay the price when Jasmine's task is completed. He then realizes that he has never ceased to love her, as she vows she has never ceased to love him. He offers to pay, but not in the spur of the moment, or choosing. He will not be the lover of his friend's wife, though he offers to take her hand where all the world can see if she will discard Byng openly. This is not what Jasmine had counted on, and in again bringing Ian to her feet.

At the critical moment, both husband and lover discover that there is still another claimant on Jasmine's promiscuous favors. Both had agreed to close eyes to the foreign diplomat, but this one is not so easily disregarded. He writes a compromising letter to Jasmine that falls into Byng's hands. Ian's timely appearance on the scene saves a tragic situation and Jasmine's character, but it again wrecks all faith in her honor or sincerity. He helps delude the trusting husband and avenges the slight offered Jasmine, then joins his own regiment for service in Africa. Jasmine flouts Byng in a tempest of mingled anger and remorse, and he, too, goes to the Transvaal to lead the troops in the company of assented South African troops.

Then Jasmine and a lady of title, who had long loved Ian, though she was well married, buy a ship, outfit it for a hospital and sail for the Cape. Other characters that have met in Jasmine's drawing room or Byng's band office are already on the scene as nurses or soldiers, so that when the house of cards set up by Jasmine in London becomes the judgment house in the Transvaal, it is unnecessary to return again to England to finish off any of the tangled ends of the story.

Sir Gilbert Parker himself says of "The Judgment House" that it is a "study in conscience. There I handle a problem, but so delicately that the one who knows the problem is there. Yet it is there all the time, but only for those who know. There is not a suggestive word in the entire book. The problem is there in precisely the way that such things are in life. In life a woman does something that brings about a situation which in literature we call a problem. There is never anything suggestive about the situation in life. The problem is there because of loneliness on her part, or impulse or love, or worship of beauty. It has come, as a thing that is a natural way not in a shady way. In my book there is only one sentence, that is actually the only one that touches the problem when she turns and asks: 'Did he defend me?' That tells the whole story to those who know; to the uninitiated it tells nothing."

This is all sophistry. Any girl who is a "victim" in literary tastes, who can read comprehensively of the big things in international politics wonderfully handled, and of the bigger things on foot in war, has sense enough to know that something is wrong when a man kisses another man's wife and unites his face in her golden hair.

It is much better that he be uninitiated, should know, and know that it is wrong. All through Jasmine's story the author insists on our feeling that her faults are those of a motherless girl, an uneducated, uncultured, and woman who has been educated with the mad impulses of a scapegrace grandfather, and the stimulus to her wild behavior is not so sordid desires. The things that can not fail to impress the reader are the breadth of the theme, the human nature and knowledge of the times, the thorough understanding of the motives through of impulse and emotion that sweep rents and women off their feet and on to destiny.

It did not surprise me to learn that Gilbert Parker's "Judgment House" (Harper) is one of the best frequently called for books in the Mercantile Library, the unflinching barometer of public taste. It is not only a long novel, but a mighty one, for it contains plenty of happenings and portrays life in many interesting phases. Its scene is laid in London during the Boer War, and its list of dramatic personae contains a wealthy South African man, an opera singer, a diplomatist, a woman of society who is not above having affairs with her husband's friends, and the conventional street boy so frequently thrown into the fiction pot to give a touch of humanity to its contents. A far more picturesque character, and one of great theatrical value is Krool, the half-caste servant of the wealthy man, to my mind an exceedingly well drawn personage.

The story begins in London at the very moment of the Jameson raid. Jasmine Grenfell is a beautiful and fascinating young woman with whom Ian Stafford, of the Foreign Office, is in love. We see her first in an opera box and in the party is Ruyard Byng, the South African, who is strongly attracted to her. The prima donna of the evening is Almah, destined to figure throughout the story. That very night comes the news of Dr. Jameson's famous ride and immediately a little group of South African nabobs gather in Byng's rooms for an all night discussion.

The African trouble furnishes Stafford with his great opportunity, for to him is entrusted the difficult diplomatic work of obtaining for England the acquiescence of various European powers in the event of hostilities. While he is thus occupied Jasmine marries Byng and becomes the mistress of his great Park Lane house and his estate in Wales. Byng has a servant, Krool, devoted to his master's personal interests, though at the same time a spy in the pay of Oom Paul. All of Byng's friends dislike and suspect Krool, who has a habit of flitting noiselessly about, listening to conversations and getting hold of incriminating letters. He would be a good man in a melodrama. Indeed, he bears a certain family resemblance to various Eastern servants whom I have encountered from time to time in British fiction.

The story moves on through scenes of fashion and splendor. Jasmine becomes a great hostess and entertains royalty, while Stafford, working in other grooves, fulfills his diplomatic mission with distinguished success. After a separation of three years the two come together again, and as neither one has ever forgotten the other, the results will not surprise the reader.

Sir Gilbert Parker's chapters are rich in exciting episodes. There is an explosion in Byng's Welsh mine which gives that capitalist a chance to show his bravery, and there is a scene in which Krool's treachery is revealed and the half-caste is driven angrily from the house by his master. One of greater originality and dramatic value is that in which Byng sends Stafford a love letter written to Jasmine by a worthless man named Fellowes. The concluding chapters, dealing with the war itself, are admirably well done and present a vivid picture of actual hostilities in the field.

All this material, and a great deal more beside, the author has woven into a fabric strong enough to hold the interest of the reader from beginning to end. Indeed, it is such a strong novel—in the right sense of the word—that I am sorry to encounter in it such well worn devices as a man preaching club talk about his own wife, the finding of the incriminating letter—a spittle of the sort that no woman was ever known to "drop" except into the fire—and the appearance of the hungry street boy. I note also the convenient efforts of Death to straighten out the plot, even at the cost of human lives. But after all, it is scarcely fair to carp at small faults when the entire work is as convincing and interesting as this. The book seems to me to contain the makings of a play.



ONE THOUGHT SHE SAW IN HIS EYES A GLINT OF MALICIOUS, AND FURTIVE JOY FROM THE JUDGMENT HOUSE. © 1913 BY HARPER & BROTHERS

Christian Advocate, Nashville Tenn: June 27/13

JUDGMENT HOUSE. By Gilbert Parker.
Harper & Brothers, New York City.
Price, \$1.35 net.

The very favorable criticism of this the latest of Sir Gilbert Parker's books is, in our opinion, entirely justified. In "Judgment House" we find the same bold strokes to which we have become accustomed in his earlier works. The scenes are laid in England and in Africa. The story of strong action in statecraft and in war is no less vivid and appealing than is the story of warm human love. The characters of Ruyard Byng and Jasmine Grenfell are clearly and powerfully drawn. The most valuable part, doubtless, of the whole book is that which relates to the Boer war.

Promised Vancouver B.C.
Sept 12 1913

SIR GILBERT PARKER WRITES A NEW NOVEL

"Judgment House" Quite Best Story Canadian Author Has Written.

London, Aug. 24.—(Mail Correspondence).—A new novel by Sir Gilbert Parker is obviously a literary event of some importance. "The Judgment House," published yesterday, far exceeds in many points anything which even Sir Gilbert has yet given to us. It should easily take rank as the most enthralling novel of the present year and is, no doubt, likely to be one of the few stories of modern times set aside for a second perusal.

The opening scenes of "The Judgment House" are placed in London. Rudyard Byng, friend of Cecil Rhodes and a multi-millionaire at 32—a man of action and of iron will—falls in love with Jasmine Grenfel, already half affianced to Ian Stafford, a promising officer in the diplomatic service. Jasmine, although conscious of her love for Ian, is nevertheless a somewhat vacillating person, and bewildered by the attractiveness and the potentialities of a future with Byng, gives to Ian his comings and as the wife of the South African magnate forthwith leaps into the front rank of smart society. Those were the days of the Jameson Raid, Byng and his South African confederates in London had a very strenuous time, and as a consequence the marriage, though outwardly a happy one, was never that perfect union of souls which each had anticipated. Three years later Stafford returns from Russia, where his diplomatic career has been crowned with success; despite all his intentions, once again enters into Jasmine's life, and as an atonement for her previous treatment of him, the girl undertakes to use her influence with the ambassador of a foreign state to help Stafford to bring off a diplomatic coup which was ultimately to prove the salvation of England.

Thanks largely to the influence of Jasmine, the coup came off, and England, the day before the delivery of President Kruger's ultimatum, was certified against foreign intervention in the heavy struggle with which she was faced. But the renewed acquaintanceship had been too much for the one-time lovers, and in the moment of success a mutual declaration takes place. Meaning almost at the very moment that the declaration is taking place, Byng, at his club, overhears a remark from one of his friends concerning the notoriety of his wife's conduct, rushes home in a rage, finds his wife absent, but, absolutely confident of her entire innocence, retires to his own room. Meantime, Stafford, at his club, writing a letter to Jasmine, pointing out that the only solution of his treachery to his friend was to go away for good, either alone or accompanied.

He leaves the decision to Jasmine, and in the letter states that he will wait upon her to hear that decision at 11 o'clock the next day. The letter is posted, and, punctual to the moment next morning, Stafford keeps his appointment, and is met upon the threshold by Byng, who invites him into his private room, lays down upon the table what Stafford believes to be his own letter, and demands that Stafford shall first read it, and shall then advise him as to the course to pursue towards the man who has written it.

To gain time and to collect his thoughts Stafford opens the letter, in

mechanically perusing it, to find, to his consternation that although both in language and in sentiment the latter is similar to his own, it is nevertheless written by another person from the same club, and upon the same paper, and had been dropped by Jasmine just outside the door of her husband's room upon her return the night previously. As was to be imagined, a strong and intensely dramatic scene follows in which Sir Gilbert Parker takes full advantage of his undoubted literary gifts. Not for a long time, indeed, has so strong a situation been conceived by a modern novelist and certainly never better handled.

To give further indication of the trend of the story, would be unfair both to the story and reader alike, but it may be stated without injustice to either that the scene is dramatically shifted to South Africa and the astonishing chapters, which deal intimately with the striking events of the Natal campaign, bring a conclusion eminently artistic and entirely satisfactory to the reader.

*Eve Transcript Boston Mail:
Sept. 13/13*

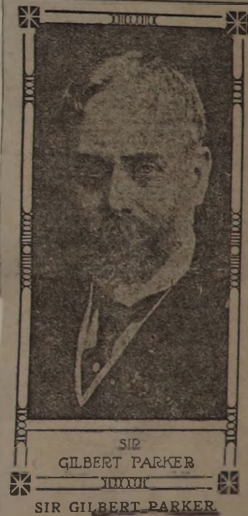
It was inevitable that Sir Gilbert Parker should write a novel about the war in South Africa, says a writer in The Dial. The greater part of his work has concerned himself with the British dependencies, and he is one of the most impassioned of imperial patriots. Popular opinion in this country on the subject of the Boer War has been so warped by prejudice and so poisoned by perverse fallacies that it is highly important to have the matter set before us in its proper light. Nothing could be more grotesquely mischievous than the notion that this war was an act of brutal oppression waged for the purpose of crushing the liberties of two weak and defenseless republics. Those who know the facts of its history understand well enough that it was a struggle in behalf of the fundamental principles of human freedom, flouted and mocked at by a vicious and rapacious oligarchy. It was a war forced upon the English people by intolerable tyranny and gross injustice. That Sir Gilbert makes this clear is a matter that goes without saying. We do not get to the war until "The Judgment House" is nearing its close, but the whole work leads up to it by an inevitable logical process. The hero is Rudyard Byng, one of the financial rulers of South Africa, who has returned to England and is occupying a conspicuous position in English society. He woos and wins Jasmine Grenfel, an ambitious beauty who for his sake discards Ian Stafford, the diplomat-lover to whom she has been engaged. After the glamour fades, she becomes unfaithful to her husband, and plots herself to Stafford. Then the scene shifts to South Africa, and in the fiery furnace of the war the three persons chiefly concerned find their higher selves, and learn that life is something more than the gratification of petty ambition and personal desire. Stafford sees his sin face to face, and redeems himself from it by self-sacrifice and a heroic death. Byng, who never learns of his wife's faithlessness, regains her love by the splendid qualities of manhood which she brings out in him, and Jasmine, purified by suffering, makes full atonement for her lapse from virtue. It is all a little sophisticated and more than a little melodramatic, but poetic in exposition and romantic in emotional coloring. We have given hardly a sense dramatic situations in which the narrative abounds. Suffice it to say that all these things together make it a novel of enthralling interest, weaving many strands of intrigue and passion and heroism into its gorgeous pattern. In the matter of style as well as in those of invention and characterization, it stands upon Sir Gilbert's highest level of achievement.

Eve Telegraph, Phil: Sept. 17/13-13

"The Judgment House," by Sir Gilbert Parker, (Methuen). The story is really African. It begins at Covent Garden and ends under the shadow of Oorn Pauli. Many temperaments are depicted, and there are problems of life, and character, and conscience, which range through "baiting, murder and sudden death." Everything is cleverly worked out in an atmosphere of wealth, for gold is very largely the issue. There is really no hero; but Rudyard Byng, the leading man, is vigorously drawn, and Ian Stafford rivals his threefold part as a faithful soldier, an unsatisfied lover and his country's friend. Jasmine, who marries Byng and his millions, while she years, both before and after marriage, for the love of other men, is scarcely a heroine, but is decidedly interesting. "The Judgment House" is a strong novel of ripe idealism, and constructed with all the author's well-known skill.

*General & Valuable Opinion
Aug 4/13*

NEEDS NO TITLE
BUT NOVELIST



Sir Gilbert Parker, whose new novel, "The Judgment House," is the first he has written for several years, made a speech in parliament the other day. His opponent persisted in referring to him as "the right honorable gentleman"—a title reserved for privy councillors—until Sir Gilbert interjected: "I am not quite honorable." Then one of the Irishmen rejoined: "Well, you ought to be many a worse man than I." When his opponent corrected himself, substituted "the honorable baronet," the novelist dissented again: "I am not baronet either." Whereupon the same Irish voice spoke: "They noble lord on him and see how he takes it."

42 *Imis. Brooklyn*
Sept. 10

The Journal of the American Bookman, New York

The Best Novels of 1913

By Arthur Bartlett Maurice, Editor of The Bookman.

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE

By Gilbert Parker, Harper and Brothers
Albany, N. Y.
The Judgment House has been absorbing rather than a great novel. He has chosen a significant but not a heroic—the triangle of the man, his wife and lover—and has interwoven with it the epic struggle of the Boer War in their magnificent but losing fight against British lust of possession.

There are scenes of genuine dramatic power and others that are perilously near pure melodrama. The characters are varied and thread their way convincingly enough through the succession of situations.
Jasmine Grenfel, beautiful, ambitious and in love with Ian Stafford, deliberately sacrifices him to marry Rudyard Byng, a South African multi-millionaire. Stafford, a man of engaging personality, a diplomat of tried resources and brilliant future, but poor, does not see Jasmine for three years after her marriage. Then they meet. A coquette with an inherited tradition of recklessness, she furiously vents Stafford's attitude of indifference and the completeness with which he ignored their former relation. She uses the battery of her intellectual and physical charm to reassert her power over him. She succeeds. Her vanity is insatiable, however, and she cannot live without the emotional stimulant of admiration, and in the spirit if not in the letter is faithless to Stafford as well as to her husband. Before he is aware of her moral perversity, Stafford comes to a realizing sense that the banalities of an ordinary liaison are not for either of them. He has a terrible struggle between his better and his lower self and comes out master of himself, and proves a true friend of husband and wife.

The war imposes its demands on different members of the circle whose lives touch, and the proximity of epoch-making events and the facing of the ghastly horrors of war bring about a clearer perception of values and of life's realities. Stafford, the most likable character in the book, dies a hero's death, and husband and wife face the future with the understanding which comes to those who have "tossed into the abyss of Time the cup of trembling and drunk of the chalice of peace."

Byng is a Cecil Rhodes figure, elemental, forceful, dominating and clearly visualized. Minor characters that are not less well drawn are Adrian Fellows, Kruul Byngs, Kane Swartz and Alham, the opera singer. Jasmine is willfully perverse, and wholly the creature of her vanity, such an arrant coquette, that even her final perception of values falls to arouse but a lukewarm sympathy.

The descriptions of the war are impressively realistic.

Of the inherent bigness of theme and treatment of Gilbert Parker's "Judgment House" there can be small question. It presents the old, familiar situation of a young girl, beautiful, impetuous, athirst for admiration, and power, and wealth, who loves a man in her own station, refined, cultured, with big possibilities before him—but unfortunately he is poor. And there is another man, powerful, dominant, possessed of all advantages but one—he is crude, coarse, loud of speech and manner. Jasmine Grenfel makes her choice, she takes Rudyard Byng, the South African nabob, in place of Stafford, whom she loves, and her tragedy begins. Few novelists would have had the courage to attempt to clear the skies in such a situation and achieve an ending which is at once logical and happy, and because Gilbert Parker has done this difficult thing and done it convincingly is what gives the volume its distinction.

all MONTHLY
ress: New York **60¢** - 1913

From *News* **RUTLAND, VT**
Address _____
Date _____

BOOK REVIEWS.
"The Judgment House," by Sir Gilbert Parker. One of the Most Widely Read Novels of the Present Moment.

"The Judgment House" by Sir Gilbert Parker, published by Harper Brothers, is one of the most interesting and most widely read books of the year.

In Jasmine, one of the principal characters in the book, Parker seems to be inconsistent in his delineation of character. At first he portrays her as an idealist at heart, loving the very best in all things, but without the strength to give her hand, where her heart had already gone, to Ian Stafford, because she lacked the gold to give her her proper social setting.

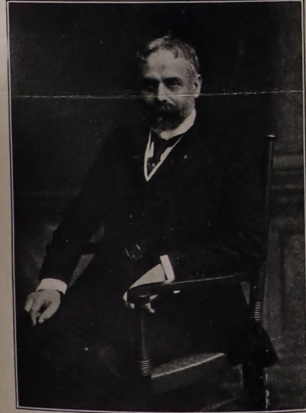
Later when Jasmine descends to accepting the lowest form of love—what it can be called love at all—from the knave Adrian Fellows, simply to pass the time away, one feels that Sir Gilbert has done an injustice to the Jasmine he first introduced, and one resents the introduction of this false and discordant note in her character.

Ian Stafford and Rudyard Byng are characters true to their type from start to finish. Rudyard Byng trifles the thought that love is "Not how much I am loved, but how much of love can I give."

When a girl marries the millionaire instead of the diplomat to whom she has been engaged,—in other words, the wrong man,—then turns nurse and weds herself to hardship and misery in the Transvaal during the Boer War something dramatic ought to happen. And it really is a dramatic plot that Sir Gilbert Parker unfolds in "The Judgment House," the name of which has a symbolic meaning; for it is in the judgment house of suffering that Jasmine Grenfel, the heroine, becomes a changed woman and fits herself for the reconciliation with her husband that ends the book.

Yes, a good plot; but—Well, we merely wonder if the weight of a title makes for posmosity and verbosity. The query cannot fail to beset the thoughts of any reader of Sir Gilbert Parker's latest and least appealing work. Somehow, if we

remember clearly, plain Gilbert Parker never seemed to clog the flow and imprison the power of his stories with introspection and explanation. Here in "The Judgment House," however, there is so much foreign substance that the current of the story is halted, and its



Courtesy of Harper & Brothers
SIR GILBERT PARKER

The "Sir" must be to blame for the posmosity and verbosity of "The Judgment House." dramatic element utterly swamped. Undoubtedly the "Sir" must be to blame.

Leslie Weekly, July 17/13.

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE, BY GILBERT PARKER (Harper & Bros., New York, \$1.35 net). A very keen of London and the African veldt a tensely interesting book.

From **BOOKMAN**
Address: New York City. **1913**
Date _____

Sir Gilbert Parker's new novel, "The Judgment House," has just been announced by The Bookman Magazine in its official list of the best book stores, as the best selling novel for two consecutive months. Novel readers are not always as constant in their affections as this, it also throws light on what people read during the summer, for the general belief seems to be that they seek the lightest reading only, while "The Judgment House" is a long novel dealing with several of the serious sides of life. **184**

Town Topics
Cleveland Ohio.
July 20/13

The Dispatch Pittsburg June 24/10

The Judgment House.

The Judgment House. By Gilbert Parker. Illustrations by S. M. Hatherell, R. I. Harper & Brothers, New York, \$1.35.

As the Boer war furnishes the background, or the basis— which it is—for this story, Mr. Parker has seen fit to preface the book with "Note" to the effect that "Except where references to characters well known to all the world occur in these pages, this book does not present a picture of public or private individuals living or dead. It is not in any sense an historical novel. It is in conception and portraiture a work of the imagination." The reader forgets this note as he loses himself in the story; it seems as if Rudyard Byng must have held the center of the canvas in the real struggle or supremacy in the Boer land. His love for England, his knowledge of Africa and of the Boers; the hold he had upon the natives; his intimate friendship with other men, who, animated by the same love for England, cognizant of men and of conditions in that other country, yet recognized him as the hand that should guide, his as the judgment that should determine, his the brains that should dictate, his the power that should compel in the crisis, are so impressive as to seem real. And Ian Stafford, the man whose diplomacy was so wonderful; the man who could compel others by the power of his personality; Wall- stei, Scovel, Fleming, Adrian Fellows, all seem real men, even though the last is a contemptible specimen; Krool, the half-caste valet, seems so revengeful and too tenacious of purpose a creature to be entirely of the imagination. Then there are little Jigger and Lou; Al'mah, a real woman in her heart-hunger and in her shielding of the man who had made her life miserable—Al'mah, with her incomparable voice, and yet who was so much more, essentially a woman than singer, great as was her artistic gift and power; Jasmine—we have mention of her until the last, because she was so real a woman her incomprehensibility; in her fickleness, perhaps, and in the best of herself as well; contradictory Jasmine—contradictory in character, as most women are if allowed scope—and contradictory in love—affairs of the heart. "The Judgment House" is worthy even of Gilbert Parker.

The Judgment House. By Gilbert Parker. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York, 468 pages. Price \$1.35 net.

Gilbert Parker's latest novel, "The Judgment House" stands at the topmost of the modern fiction ladder. It is not a popular novel in the ordinary meaning of the phrase, but as a London critic puts it, "A great novel." It is almost impossible to summarize the story or give an adequate idea of its power—you must read it yourself to get that. The scenes are laid in London and the South African veldt during the time of the Boer War. The principal character is Jasmine Crowl, a complex individual, endowed with exquisite beauty and an inheritance of ambition and recklessness from her grandfather. These qualities, together with more money than she can use and no vital work on which to expend her surplus energy, drive Jasmine into mischief. She throws over Ian Stafford, a gentle but strong character, in the diplomatic service, to marry his friend, Rudyard Byng, a South African nabob, a man of action, whose principal weakness lies in his great love of her. Stafford at first is completely bowled over by his loss of Jasmine, but ultimately pulls himself together so that when they meet at the end of a year or more he is completely indifferent. This attitude does not suit him. She resolves to re-arouse the old passion and succeeds until he writes her begging her to leave her husband and run away with him. Just at this point a fiasco occurs that alters all their lives—Adrian Fellows, Byng's secretary, a gentlemanly libertine, writes Jasmine a similar letter. Stafford learns of it and thinking her incapable of trust to anyone, gives her up and tries to persuade her to be true to her husband. Then Fellows is murdered, Jasmine, her husband and Stafford each suspect one of the other of committing the crime. The scene shifts to the African veldt and the Boer War. Byng and Stafford are there fighting and Jasmine is a nurse. Here a reconciliation is finally brought about between husband and wife by Al'mah, a prima donna, the mistress of Fellows, who acknowledges that she killed him.

Musical Leader, Chicago, Aug. 4/13

AUG 14 1913

We regret to say that the following were the best selling books in twenty of our largest cities during July:

- "The Inside of the Cup" Winston Churchill.
- "V. V.'s Eyes" Henry Sydnor Harrison.
- "The Heart of the Hills" John Fox, Jr.
- "The Judgment House" Gilbert Parker.
- "The Amateur Gentlemen" Jeffery Farnol.
- "Parrot & Co." Harold MacGrath.
- "Virginia" Ellen Glasgow.
- "Mrs. Red Pepper" Grace S. Richmond.
- "The Harvester" Gene Stratton-Porter.
- "Mr. Pratt's Patients" J. C. Lincoln.

We "regret" because with the exception of Parker's "The Judgment House" there is not a novel in the list that has the least chance of surviving so late as August, 1914. With Meredith dead, and Thomas Hardy in his mansuetude, fiction, here and overseas, is at its nadir. "Eheu!"

Mr. Chr. Advovali, Cin. June 25/13

The Judgment House. By Gilbert Parker. (Harper's; \$1.35 net.)

A novel of rare strength, though tinged with a vein of the fleshy side of human nature, which comes all too near spoiling the story. The tale deals with the struggle of a beautiful but heartless woman to conform to the conventional life of respectability, and to find in the love of a true man the satisfaction her heart craves. The story has remarkable dramatic power and flavor, and gives an interesting glimpse of the period of English life from the raid of Jameson to the end of the Boer War.

The character delineation is the strong feature of the book. Each one stands out as a creation. There is no copying there. The analysis of human emotions is carried to detail with the precision and subtlety that has marked Gilbert Parker master of his art in the past. But little less fine are his descriptions of nature. You are carried directly into the atmosphere of the South African night by his description:

"The influence of an African night was on him. None that has not felt it can understand it, so cold, so sweet, so full of step, so stirring with an underlife. Skies have known the breath of the pampas beyond the Amazon; the salt-coast plains of Australia; the friendly exhilaration of the prairie or the chaparral; but the living loving loneliness of desert. But under on the veldt is a life of the night which possesses all the others here, and some thing of its own besides, something which thrives in the bones and makes for forgetfulness of the world. It lifts a man away from the fret of life and sets his feet on the heights where lies repose."

"The Judgment House" is a powerful story, immeasurably above the average novel, and a worthy climax to the development of this great novelist. If there is any fault in the work it is its gloominess, which might be relieved without loss to its value, at least in the eyes of the cheery reader.

New York Times June 13/10

JUDGMENT HOUSE. (Harper & Brothers; \$1.35.)—This is certainly the most ambitious and worldly novel that has so far come from the pen of Sir Gilbert Parker. The scene is laid in London, with vivid pictures of the days that preceded the Boer war, and the characters in the book are evidently drawn from prototypes who took an active part in the political intrigues of those days. The most

striking character in the book is Jasmine Crowl, who aids in pulling off a grand diplomatic coup, which secures England from Continental interference during the South African war.

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of the novels do not fit me to enthusiasm, though I have found several of them very readable. "THE JUDGMENT HOUSE," by Sir Gilbert Parker (Harper), opens in the manner of the sentimental romances of the eighties with a beauty in an opera box and a handsome and beefy young hero

admiring her. Then the scene shifts to South Africa, and we have an exciting mixture of fighting, lovemaking and diplomatic intrigue. At the end there is a glossary of Cape Dutch, wherein we learn that "alfalfa" means "lucerne." A great opera singer, Mme. Al'mah, moves magnificently across the scene. In "UNCHARTED SEAS," by Robert Adger Bowen (Small-Maynard), there is another opera singer, Mme. Rita Carola by name, who seeks retirement in the little Southern town of Dander-ton, and is there put to the torture by the virtuous smouters of the local Ladies' Aid Society. But despite this uncomfortable Christian endeavor, she hangs on, and toward the end it is discovered that she is really the lawful mother of Theodosia Berrisford, the town belle. On page 401 Theodosia is in the arms of Max Revell, Mme. Carola's courtly manager.

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE, by GILBERT PARKER will probably fully satisfy the reader who likes an author to be always characteristic, and who desires a favorite writer who has found a popular formula in which to express himself, to stick to it. To such a one

the career of Mr. Thomas Hardy from the days of "A Pair of Blue Eyes" and "Far from the Madding Crowd" to "Tess" and "Jude" must have been both disconcerting and annoying, not to mention the "earlier" and "later" manners of Mr. Henry James. And to the reader who hopes to mark a continued growth, a progress in artistry in an author's work from book to book "The Judgment House" will come as a disappointment. Although the author takes pains to explain in a prefatory note that it is not in any sense an historical work, the Boer War is the woof on which the story is woven. It more or less affects all the characters and provides the motive for their actions in a general sense. Rudyard Byng—we wonder that Mr. Rudyard Kipling, usually jealous of his least prerogative, permitted the use of his name—is the usual type of South African millionaire of contemporary English fiction, the rough diamond, one-of-nature noblemen sort. Tempted by his money, Jasmine Grenfel, young, beautiful, and accomplished, throws over her betrothed, Ian Stafford. Up to the time of the marriage, the story is written in a more serious vein than is usual with Mr. Parker. One hopes for a real study of human beings. But alas! with a rush, melodrama begins; reality goes by the board. A involved plot, abounding with intrigue, coincidence, and climax, all of the old Gilbert Parker tricks, takes its place. There is one situation which stands out from all the rest. Theatric to a degree, it is none the less effective. Ian Stafford has returned to London after several years' absence. His former lady love, her vanity wounded by his coldness, succeeds in making him fall in love with her once more. He writes her a letter of proposing flight. He is to come for her answer the following morning. When he arrives he is confronted by her husband, (New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net.)

From *Chicago Herald*
Address *Chicago, Ill.*
Date *Sept. 11/13*

SOME RECENT NOVELS.

In "The Judgment House" Sir Gilbert Parker has given us a stirring story of the South African War and the Jameson Raid, which preceded it. When he is describing what took place in London at the time of the Raid, and especially the consternation caused by Jameson's premature start, we feel as if we were being let into the secrets of inner history, and several of the characters seem to have been drawn from life. Dramatic interest is added to the plot by the murder of a private secretary of Colonel Rudyard Byng, an African millionaire playing a prominent part in the story. The deed is enveloped in mystery, and suspicion is at first evenly divided between the African millionaire, his somewhat volatile wife, and her former admirer, Ian Stafford, a clever diplomat. In the war part of the book there is incidentally a glowing tribute to a New Zealand trooper. Barry Whalen, Rudyard Byng's second-in-command, and himself, a brave man, tells the story:

"From behind Otago there in New Zealand he came, as fine a fella of thirty-three as any I ever saw. Just because he heard old Britain callin'. Down he drops the stock-whip, away he shoves the plough; he takes his little balance from the bank, sticks his chess-box in his pocket, says 'so-long' to his girl, and treks across the world just to do his whack for the land that gave him and all his that went before him the key to civilisation, and how to be happy though alive. . . . He was the real thing, the ne plus ultra, the I-stand-alone. The other fellas thought him the best of the best. He was what my father used to call 'a wide man.' He was in and out of a fight with a quirk at the corner of his mouth, as much as to say, 'I've got the hang of this, and it's different from what I thought; but that doesn't mean it hasn't got to be done, and done in style. It's the has-to-be.' And when they got him where he breathes, he fished out the little ivory pawn and put it on a stone at his head, to let it tell his fellow-country men how he looked at it—that he was just a pawn in the great game. The game had to be played and won, and the winner had to sacrifice his pawns. He was one of the sacrifices. Well, I'd like a tombstone the same as that fella from New Zealand, if I could win it as fair and see as far." (London: Methuen and Co., Ltd. (Christchurch: L. M. Isitt, 3s. 6d.)

It was inevitable that Sir Gilbert Parker should write a novel about the war in South Africa. The greater part of his work has concerned itself with the British dependencies, and he is one of the most impassioned of imperial patriots. Popular opinion in this country on the subject of the Boer War has been so warped by prejudice and so poisoned by perverse fallacies that it is highly important to have the matter set before us in its proper light. Nothing could be more grotesquely mischievous than the notion that this war was an act of brutal oppression waged for the purpose of crushing the liberties of two weak and defenseless republics. Those who know the facts of its history understand well enough that it was a struggle in behalf of the fundamental principles of human freedom, flouted and mocked at by a vicious and rapacious oligarchy. It was a war forced upon the English people by intolerable tyranny and wanton aggression. That Sir Gilbert makes this clear is a matter that goes without saying. We do not get to the war until "The Judgment House" is nearing its close, but the whole work leads up to it by an inevitable logical process. The hero is Rudyard Byng, one of the financial rulers of South Africa, who has returned to England and is occupying a conspicuous position in English society. He woos and wins Jasmine Grenfel, an ambitious beauty who for his sake discards Ian Stafford, the diplomat-lover to whom she has been engaged. After the glamour fades, she becomes unfaithful to her husband, and yields herself to Stafford. Then the scene shifts to South Africa, and in the fiery furnace of the war the three persons chiefly concerned find their higher selves, and learn that life is something more than the gratification of petty ambition and personal desire. Stafford sees his sin face to face, and redeems himself from it by self-sacrifice and a heroic death. Byng, who never lacks of his wife's faithfulness, regains her love by the splendid qualities of manhood which the war brings out in him, and Jasmine, purified by suffering, makes full atonement for her lapse from virtue. It is all a little sophisticated and more than a little melodramatic, but poetic in exposition and romantic in emotional coloring. We have given hardly a hint of the complicated plot, or of the tense dramatic situations in which the narrative abounds. Suffice it to say that all these things together make it a novel of enthralling interest, weaving many strands of intrigue and passion and heroism into its gorgeous pattern. In the matter of style as well as in those of invention and characterization, it stands upon Sir Gilbert's highest level of achievement.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From *Herald*
Address: New York City.
Date *1913*

Sir Gilbert Parker's New Story

SOME of the finest of late English novels have centered round the Boer War. I recall especially that keen story by the woman who signs herself Richard Dehan. *One Braver Thing* was the American name of it; *The Dop Doctor* they called it in England. Now comes Sir Gilbert Parker with a story reaching long tentacles from London into the Veldt—a story of the tragic struggle that staggered the world. *The Judgment House* is the title, and it tells of men and women in high places and low, swayed by love and hate. Subtle character, drawing, sounding deep currents that run below the commotion of battle, as well as practiced precision and concision of style, all make this story notable in the flood of careless and commerce-born books of the day. (Harper & Bros.)

NEW YORK
AUG 15 1913

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AUG 30 1913

Sir Gilbert Parker's new novel, "The Judgment House," has just been announced by The Bookman Magazine in its official figures from the book stores, as the best-selling novel for two consecutive months. Novel readers are not always as constant in their selections as this. It also throws light on what people read during the summer, for the general belief seems to be that they read the lightest reading only, while "The Judgment House" is a long novel dealing with several of the serious sides of life.

Woman's Home Companion
Dec: 1913 Springfield

BOOKS 'LL NEWS'D'L'R & ST'NR (N. Y.)

Clipping from
Journal
Merrison
24 Jan 1914

NOV 15 1913

The Judgment House
By Sir Gilbert Parker

OF A VERY different cast is Jasmine Grofnel, the beautiful, ambitious, alluring lady in "The Judgment House."

Jasmine, bent on making a brilliant marriage and having every opportunity in aristocratic English society for accomplishing that end, becomes the wife of Ruydard Byng, a South African millionaire, a sort of Cecil Rhodes character; but once married to him she finds plenty of time to get into mischief, and feeds her ambition on a little political and disastrous game with Ian Stafford, and others high in government circles. She seems to have no conscience, up to this point of the story, and the wrecking of her life with Byng is told in the most dramatic of chapters. Then the Boer war breaks out and Byng goes to the front. Jasmine, also, finds her way to South Africa as a Red Cross nurse, and of course the inevitable reconciliation takes place when she learns that Ruydard is ill.

Descriptions of the old Dutch farmhouse where Ruydard is stationed will appeal to warm readers, and students of social work will appreciate Sir Gilbert Parker's job workmanship.

It is a thrilling love story, perhaps not just for the young reader, but vitally interesting in a way that makes one hold one's breath from page to page. The big emotional situations of love and hate are all handled dexterously, but perhaps there is nothing in the book, or perhaps in any book published recently, that comes up in sheer brutal strength to the account of Krool capturing the English gun and riding with it across the sun-baked African battlefield under the very noses of the English, who cannot stop him.

The Judgment House, by Sir Gilbert Parker, is a novel of distinction for which there will be a big demand for gift purposes. The author has written many splendid books, but this one with life, its setting in society London and later, on the battlefields of the Boer War, surpasses anything in technique that this able author has ever achieved. It is a story of remarkable contrasts, in characters, in emotion, and in ethics. The scenes are startling in intensity, and the woman who killed her lover is a far finer character than the fascinating wife whose sense of morals was as warm as her distinguished husband's faith in her was sincere. It is one of the year's great novels. There are illustrations. Net, \$1.35. (Harper & Bros.)

Clipping from
CONGREGATIONALIST
BOSTON, MASS.
FEB 19 1914

The Judgment House, by Gilbert Parker. Harper's, \$1.35.

A strong story and yet we feel not at the level of the author's best work is *The Judgment House*, by Gilbert Parker. This is another tale in which the modern heroine is depicted as heartless and utterly selfish. In the magnificence of her physical beauty alone is she attractive. She has many lovers, but is false to them all, as well as to her husband. To be sure in the end she is represented as converted, after passing through a fiery experience, but the story is not convincing. The husband, blind-eyed, trusting and strong, is a hero worth knowing, and there is much vivid description, especially in the scenes of the Boer War, to which the latter half of the book is devoted.

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE, by Gilbert Parker, (Harper, N. Y. Publishers. Price 1.35 net.)

A dramatic tale of love and destiny. The story centers about a beautiful woman upon whose motherless young life had been impressed all too well the philosophy of power and ambition as greater than all else. She guides her life along these lines with the result that she marries a strong, splendid man but the wrong one. The rapid succession of tragic events then circles about her as the storm center, for the sacrifice of love for ambition always means disaster or demands retribution. The first part of the story takes place in London, later the scene is transferred to South Africa, where the personal struggles of its characters are mingled with the struggle and turmoil of the Boer War.

The style and intensity of Sir Parker's story combine to hold the reader fascinated to the end; and the fact that the Bookman has put it upon its list of the best novels of the year, speaks for its merit as a novel.

Standard Chicago
Sept. 13/13

FOR LOVERS OF GOOD FICTION.

"The Judgment House."

By Gilbert Parker. New York: Harper and Brothers.

In this book the falconed novelist of English imperialism takes us into the South African war. Not that this is his principal theme. That is rather the soul-history of a girl who cast off her worthy lover to marry a big, successful, masterful organizer of South African mining interests. This fickleness, combined with rare attractiveness of mind and face, leads her to the brink of various indiscretions. The war enables her and all the other characters involved in the tangled web to rise to a new vision of unselfish devotion. Eventually all ends well. But the charm of the book is less in the plot than in the extraordinary power of the author to make one realize the steady, remorseless development of character in obedience to dominant ideals, be these good or bad. (Price, \$1.35, net.)

Clipping from
St. Mary Pa
Philadelphia
July 1913

"The Judgment House" is a most excellent book, well planned, well written, well finished. But it isn't nearly up to Gilbert Parker's usual standard. Perhaps his very excellence militates against it. There is nothing of the flashing wit, the gripping emotional episodes that bring your heart into your throat, that make other of Sir Gilbert's stories. Somehow he fails to get hold of one. The vital spark just isn't there. "The Judgment House" deals with the serious, beautiful, coldly calculating English beauty, who married a South African millionaire, while loving a British diplomat. Ian Stafford can give her nothing but his love and a nature well adapted to handling her imperious Rudolf Byng can give her nothing but worship and utter inability to understand or cope with her multi-faceted disposition. Jasmine plays a nearly unpeppery part. It is necessary to hammer her into a semblance of humanity. Pub. by Harper.

From TIMES

Address: Los Angeles, Cal 1913

Date

A NOVEL OF STRENGTH.
THE JUDGMENT HOUSE, by Sir Gilbert Parker. Scribner's Sons, New York.

THE average person reading the ordinary novel feels competent to write one as good. The average person can do it—that accounts for the ever-increasing production of the ordinary novel. Reading "The Judgment House" one can understand something of what current literature would be like to have its art, delicacy and strength. Every chapter shows the master's hand, every paragraph shows the dramatist's skill. Parker shows the difference between the ordinary and the extraordinary only by comparison with the ordinary novels of the day—they are so very small.

The reason that the market is swamped with novels is because a few of them have had preparation, the pains to educate themselves. They are written by avaricious scribblers. The "Judgment House" was written by one who took pride in his work; that is why it is a colossal among Lilliputians.

The story deals with the Boer War. Ruydard Byng, strong, honest and generous, has made his fortune of the Rand, a fortune of three million pounds. He meets Jasmine, who is

pledged to Ian Stafford, a young diplomat. She is wealthy herself, but she marries the millionaire. Stafford goes away and works for three years on a diplomatic problem that, if successful, will allow England to invade the Transvaal without European interference. Stafford returns; he meets Jasmine and she is piqued that he seems to care nothing for her—just like a woman! Stafford is one of Byng's best friends, and Stafford and Byng's wife renew their friendship—she helps him with the diplomatic negotiations and he succeeds. They are again desperately in love. The ordinary novelist would make Stafford a cad and a cur, and Jasmine a married demimonde to accomplish that, but there is where Sir Gilbert shows himself a master among hacks. Stafford is a man, and he remains a man, and does a man's work. Jasmine—well, Jasmine is not noble, sometimes she is hardly loveable, and once or twice she is scarcely forgivable.

Around those two strong men and the love of that woman the story is told. Many, many other characters enter in. The dramatic situations come frequently and are tense. The "logical ending" is never in sight until it comes, and it doesn't come with a crash that takes its breath away, but with a conviction that it would not be otherwise, although it was hardly expected. When the war breaks out all of the characters are drawn to South Africa, and amid the roar of cannons, the ground of the dying and the cheers of the victorious, the great problem is settled in "The Judgment House"—a hospital near the battlefield.

From CHRISTIAN
Address: New York City
MAY 27 1915

The Way of Indulgence

Sir Gilbert Parker's story "The Judgment House" presents the experiences of a woman to whom life had no law but her own imperious desires. Beauty, charm and a brilliant intellect were all the servants of a lawless will. Through the chastening of suffering at last the woman's soul passed to a new life. She learned the folly, the futility and the tragedy of the way of life which ignores the higher behests. She learned that a gratification is too costly which inflicts a terrible wound upon your own soul.

The very temperament of David laid him open to certain temptations. The quick play of emotions, the instant response to human joy or sorrow, the immediate susceptibility—all these could eventuate in high-hearted chivalry and could also express themselves in sudden gusts of passion. As king he found that in many matters his desires were his rights. To express a wish was to have it gratified. He was all the while receiving. His country was all the while giving. The tragedy of it all came when, dazzled by his possession of so much power, he forgot its limitations. He did not restrain himself according to the sanctions of the moral law.

In the presence of physical beauty David forgot the higher meaning of moral beauty. In the presence of charm of body he forgot the summons to strength of soul. So he joined that ancient company of men who have been beguiled into tragic indulgence. "At length there met me one—within her eyes oblivion, and on her lips delirious dreams, and I forgot the way."

When we study the frank Old Testament account of David's tragic lapse into vice a sad sense of the continuity of life's moral problems forces itself upon us. The modern city and the modern countryside know the story of the same temptations and the same failures. With this problem vice commissions are grappling and reformers are struggling.

The other side of the story is the continuity of the history of strength and moral victory. All through the centuries the men who have been strong when they might have been weak, who have placed duty above desire, who have achieved a stern and noble self-mastery have constituted the moral capital of the world.

The KALEIDOSCOPE

by GEORGE POMEROY GOODALE

AFTER ALL, AUTHORS ARE WORTH WHILE.

AMONG the ardent spirits and the intensely active forces that operate in the British interest in the world war of 1914—is the indefatigable Sir Gilbert Parker. He labors mightily with brain and pen in the special task of informing the world precisely and minutely concerning his country's thought, purpose and proceedings in the colossal conflict. A library of his recent writings has reached the desk of the present writer, all of them informing, clear-sighted and more judicial than might be expected from a partisan and patriot in the midst of his beloved country's million perils.

Sir Gilbert's books that were written in other years have enabled me to wile away many nights that, without them, must have had but dull passing. Always they have instantly impressed me as depositories of rare eloquence and examples of powerful dramatic writing—writing of the kind that is susceptible of the most effective treatment as stage material.

In his Boer war novel, "Judgment House," runs a blood-stirring passage, which deserves to find a place among the monumental reminders of the eloquent possibilities that reside in the English tongue. The dominant figure of this particular Parker group is Rudyard Byng, an Englishman of high breeding, whose life has largely passed in South Africa, and whose bigness found expression in ways and things that compelled the world's admiration. A woman visitor in his quarters in London, his retreat from the wilder life of the veldt, sees in his home fittings signs of the tremendous affairs that obey the forces within him. Listen now to Sir Gilbert's equally tremendous thought:

"Thus near was Byng to the ways of a child," she mused; "thus near to the everlasting intelligence and the busy soul of a constructive and creative Deity—if there was a Deity. Despite the frequent laughter on her tongue and in her eyes, she doubted bitterly at times that there was a Deity. For how should happen the awful tragedies which encompassed men and peoples, if there was a Deity? No benign Deity would allow His own created humanity to be crushed in bleeding masses, like the grapes trampled in the vats of a vineyard. Whole cities swallowed up by earthquake; islands swept of their people by a tidal wave; a vast ship pierced by an iceberg and going down with its thousand souls, provinces spread with the vile elements of a plague which carpeted the land with dead; nations flooded by water or devastated by fire; the little new-born babe left without the rightful breast to feed it; the mother and her large family suddenly deprived of the bread-winner; old men who had lived like saints giving their all to their own and the world, driven to the degradation of the poor-house in the end—ah, if one did not smile, one would die of weeping, she thought."

It is Byng himself who says: "I should say that goodness is a more powerful thing (than power). But power is the most common ambition, and only a handful of the hundreds of millions get it in any large way. I used to feel it tremendously when I first heard the stamps pounding the quartz in the mills on the Rand. You never heard that sound? In the clear light of that plateau the air reverberates

greatly; and there is nothing on earth which so much gives a sense of power—power that crushes—as the stamps of a great mill pounding away night and day. There they go, thundering on, till it seems to you that some unearthly power is hammering the world into shape. You sit up and go to the window and look out into the night. There's the deep blue sky—blue like nothing you ever saw in any other sky, and the stars so bright and big, and so near, that you feel you could reach up and pluck one with your hand; and just over the little hill are the lights of the stamp mills, the smoke and the mad red flare, the roar of great hammers as they crush, crush, crush; while the vibration of the earth makes you feel that you are living in a world of Titans.

"And when it all stops?" she asks, almost breathlessly. "When the stamps pound no more, and the power is withdrawn? It is empty and desolate—and frightening?"

"It is anything you like. If all the mills all at once, with the thousands of stamps on the Rand reef, were to stop suddenly, and the smoke and the red flare were to die, it would be frightening in more ways than one. There might be a sense of peace, but the minds and bodies which had been vibrating with the stamp of power would feel that the soul had gone out of things, and they would dwindle, too."

One morning Ian Stafford, aristocrat and diplomat, later a soldier, who died heroically under the cannon he had commanded in one of the most destructive of the South African battles, heard a London newsboy shouting,

"EXTRA SPESHUL—EXTRA SPESHUL—ALL ABOUT KRUGER AN' HIS GUNS."

The aristocratic young man whistled and the lad looked up. He was a no-mistake gutter-snipe, as individual in his way as the tuberculous crossing-sweeper of Tom All-Alone's; and when his prospective customer beckoned him he took the doorway and the staircase at a bound. The novelist's account of the scene that immediately followed this unceremonious introduction of two superlatively opposite human beings might easily be converted into a playlet of absorbing interest, in which the grimmest humor clasps hands with "all the tender pathos of the here and the hereafter."

He entered, his thin, weazel-like face thrust forward, his eye glittering. The fire in such eyes is always cold, for hunger is poor fuel to the native flame of life.

"Extra speshul, m'lord—all about Kruger's guns."

The hand that took the paper deftly slipped a shilling into the cold, skinny palm.

"Ow, thank ye werry much, y'r gryce."

Stafford saw the hunger in the lad's eyes as they swept over the breakfast table, still heavy with uneaten breakfast—bacon, nearly the whole of an omelette, and rolls, toast, marmalade and honey.

"Wait a second," he said as the boy turned toward the door.

"Yes, y'r gryce."

"Had your breakfast?"

"I has me breakfast w'en I sell me pypers."

He hugged his remaining papers closer under his arms and kept his face turned resolutely away from the inviting table.

"Poor little devil—grit—pure grit!" Stafford said under his breath. "How many papers have you?"

The lad counted like lightning. "Ten," he answered. "I'll soon git 'em off now. Luck's wiv me dis mornin'." The ghost of a smile lighted his face.

"I'll take them all," the other said, handing over a second shilling.

The lad fumbled for change, and the fumbling was due to honest agitation. He was not used to this kind of treatment.

"No, that's all right," Stafford interposed.

"But they're only a h'penny."

"Well, I'm buying them at a penny this mornin'."

"You won't be mykin' anythink on them, y'r gryce."

"I'll get my profit, never fear. Now, what about breakfast? You've sold all your papers, you know."

"I'm fair ready for it, y'r gryce." And now his glance went eagerly towards the door, for the tension of labor was relaxed and hunger was scraping hard at his vitals.

"Well, sit down. This breakfast isn't cold yet. But no, you'd better have a wash-up first, if you can wait."

"Wot, 'ere—breakfast wiv y'r gryce 'ere!"

"Well, I've had mine, and there's plenty left for you, if you don't mind eating after me."

"I dusted me clothes dis mornin'," said the starving waif, with an attempt to justify his decision to eat this noble breakfast. "An' I washed me hands; but pypers is muck."

As the lad ate his wonderful breakfast, in which nearly a half pot of marmalade and enough butter for three ordinary people figured, Stafford read the paper attentively, to give his guest a fair chance at the food, and to help him overcome his self-consciousness. After a time, when he realized that the activities at the table were decreasing, he put down his paper.

"Is it all right," he asked. "Is the coffee hot?"

"I ain't never 'ad a meal like that, y'r gryce, not never any time," the boy answered, with a new sort of fire in his eyes.

"Was there enough?"

"I've left some," was the reply, though he looked at the remnant of marmalade and half a slice of toast. "I likes the coffee hot—lykes y'r longer to drink it."

This written scene is more than words on paper. It throbs. It is alive with overmastering human interest. Incarnate, it would carry an audience into tears between chuckles of rejoicing at the relish with which that unparalleled breakfast was stowed by one little representative of London's squalid poor.

If war came, if England must do this ugly thing, (thus our author), fulfill her bitter and terrible task, then what about such as this young outlander here, this outcast from home, and goodly toil, and civilized conditions, this sickly froth of the muddy and dolorous stream of lower England? So much withdrawn from the sources of their possible relief, so much less with which to deal with their miseries—perhaps hundreds of millions, mopped up by the parched and unproductive soil of battle and disease and loss.

"Now, what's your name?" Stafford asked.

"Jigger."

"What else?"

"Nothin', y'r gryce."

"Jigger—what?"

"It's the only nyme I got. I got a sister."

"What's her name?"

"Lou. That's her real nyme. But she got a fancy nyme yistidy. She was took on at the opry yistidy to sing wiv a hundred over girls on the styge. She's Lulu Luckingham now."

"Well, what's to become of you?"

"Me—I'll be level wiv me rent today," he answered, turning over the two shillings and some coppers in his pocket.

"I'm going to give you a sovereign—twenty shillings—for your fair start, and I want you to come to me here next Sunday week to breakfast, and tell me what you've done with it."

"Me—y'r gryce! Twenty bob—me!"

The sovereign was in his hand, and his face suffused. He seemed anxious to get away, and looked round for his cap. He could not do here what he wanted to do. He felt that he must burst.

"Off you go," Stafford urged. "And be here at nine o'clock on Sunday week with the papers, and tell me what you've done."

"Gawd! My Gawd!"

The next minute he was in the hall and the door was shut behind him. A moment later, hearing a whoop, Stafford went to the window

and looking down, he saw his late visitor turning a cart-wheel under the nose of a policeman.

What if a fair proportion of the millions whose enthusiastic patronage sustains the vaudeville theaters of this twentieth century could have such material as we find in this one little touch of nature? It might be that Sir Gilbert Parker himself would welcome a well made pattern of it for such use. If any writer of playlets should happen to feel inspiration for the not difficult task he could reach the novelist at 20 Carlton Terrace, London, S. W., England.

Before laying aside "Judgment House," and reverting to the almost sublime eloquence that the reader encounters from time to time in the progress of the story, let us glance at this example, found on page 396 of the Harper edition:

"The influence of an African night was on Rudyard Bynge. None that has not felt it can understand it, so cold, so sweet, so full of sleep, so stirring with an under-life. Many have known the breath of the pampas beyond the Amazon; the soft pungency of the wattle

blown across the salt-bush plains of Australia; the friendly exhilaration of the prairie or the chaparral; the living, loving loneliness of the desert; but yonder on the veldt is a life of the night which possesses all the others have, and something of its own besides; something which gets into the bones and makes for forgetfulness of the world. It lifts a man away from the fret of life, and sets his feet on the heights where lies repose."

If you are a writer, or trying to be one, the reading of such writing as this must set imagination on fire, stir the faculties that come into use for the best expression of ideas and accustom the mind to the high reaches of thought that belong to intimate communion with nature; that measurably, at least, comprehends the vastness of creation, the dignity of man and the possibilities that spring from man's love for humanity.

I begin to suspect that it is worth while to have authors.

The Times of India
May 14/13-

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THE JUDGMENT HOUSE. By Sir Gilbert Parker. (Methuen).

Sir Gilbert Parker can always be relied on for a good story, with plenty of action in it. In his latest novel, however, he seems to have changed his manner. He has left the novel of action, and taken to the novel of thought, so to speak. "The Judgment House" has a good deal of action in it, but it is all overlaid with reflections and criticisms on the behaviour of the characters, and explanations of their points of view. There is too much chorus to be the true Parker. In spite of that, it is an excellent story, dealing chiefly with the emotional adventures of a woman who chooses money (in millions) instead of love, and finds out her mistake. It is cleverly done, and well worth reading, but we sigh for "the Trail of the Sword" and "An Adventurer of the North."

Sydney Morning Herald
May 3/13

Daily Telegraph
Sydney - N.S.W.
April 24/13

Refers - Caledonia, March 13

A FINE STORY.

RECENT FICTION.

In "The Judgment House" Sir Gilbert Parker has left his familiar Canada for South Africa, and, though only a small part of the action takes place in that country, the troublous times before the war are the main spring of the whole. The principal figure is Ruyard Byng, a millionaire, who, with a coterie of Rand magnates, is deeply interested in the rivalry of Briton and Boer. He marries a dainty Englishwoman, but their marriage threatens to end in shipwreck. Jasmine is shallow, inconstant, even mercenary. She is faithless to her lover, and faithless to her husband. She almost spoils the career of Ian Stafford, the rising diplomatist, and in her passion for influence she allows her name to be compromised. She is not an attractive character, and even when she proves her mettle as a nurse in the war, and is reconciled to her husband, we feel that the transaction is too great. Indeed, the fault of the book is that none of the principal characters strike one as entirely real. Al'mah, the opera singer; Adrian Fellowes; Jigger, the street arab, even Krool, the half-caste, are all good up to a point. But beyond that point the colours seem to be laid on too thickly. However, if certain details in the book are imperfect, the atmosphere is admirable. Sir Gilbert Parker shows us the tension which existed among those who knew in the interval between the Jameson Raid and the war; the tremendous issues involved until it was known that Britain was not to be attacked by other Powers, and finally the tonic which the war proved, both to nation and individual, when it did come. The former seemed in danger of forgetting its tradition, the latter its responsibilities. War is a terrible thing, but in this case, according to the author, it had a salutary effect. (Methuen: The Sydney Book Club.)

SIR GILBERT PARKER'S NEW NOVEL.

War makes such an effective background for the novelist, and shows out the character and temperament of men and women in such a strong light, that it provides a great temptation for writers capable of dealing with it adequately. The South African War has been dealt with inadequately by a whole host of lesser writers, but very competently by Miss Clotilde Graves in "The Dep Doctory," and now by Sir Gilbert Parker also in his new novel, "The Judgment House." The author draws a powerful but unflattering, and even disquieting, picture of London society before and after the Jameson Raid, and up to the outbreak of the war. The mad race for wealth and luxury is depicted, and also the prominence achieved by millionaires of the least admirable kind, as through the hero, Ruyard Byng, who is a South African magnate, comes in a different category. He marries a well-born, brilliant, ambitious, and unscrupulous society girl, who throws over her faithful suitor for the man with the millions. Jasmine Grenfell is an unpleasing character, but the author has put his whole heart into the work of delineating her. This is a study of the gradual redemption of a thoroughly vain, pleasure-seeking, beautiful, brilliant, selfish, and unstable woman. Jasmine is fully individualised, but she belongs to a well-marked class all the same, a class that is the inevitable product of great wealth and the idleness that always and everywhere breeds mischief. Being entirely heartless, she carries on an intrigue with her husband's secretary—an Englishman who is a paid secret agent of Kruger's Government—and she also encourages the devotion of her former suitor and faithful adorer, who is in the British diplomatic service. Another string to her bow is the Ambassador of "Moravia." The author rather dangerously suggests that the South African War was virtually precipitated by the scheming of an influential lady such as he describes. He makes his leading feminine character responsible, though unwittingly, through her intrigue with her husband's secretary, who was in the pay of Kruger, for supplying the Boer Government with information which decided them to push the quarrel to the point of war. There are a great many interesting and well-drawn characters in this story, though the great opera singer, who kills her unfaithful lover, the millionaire's secretary, by pricking him with a poisoned needle that he had stolen from a celebrated surgeon, is rather out of the picture. The scenes in South Africa are capably done—with less detail than in Miss Clotilde Graves' great novel, but with vivid and almost flamboyant colour. Verisimilitude is challenged by the author's device of bringing practically all his London characters together on the South African battlefields; but, though the expedient is strained, the result is striking. The redemption of Jasmine is effected, so to speak, under fire. There is an immense amount of work and knowledge in this novel, though the figures move a bit stiffly and talk a shade too ornate at times. Published by Methuen and Co. Copy from Angus and Robertson.

"The Judgment House," by Sir Gilbert Parker: Methuen & Co., London.—Stafford, the earnest lover, had written to the neglected wife of his friend, Byng, a high-sounding epistle—as high-sounding as such a thing could be, he could stoop to no decent, but—would she fly with him? His great ambition for career and world conquest is well laid out for her. He went for his answer. To him came the husband—"Read this letter, and say what you should do to the man who writes it." Mechanically, "Read it," he beheld! The passionate and terrible, suggestive phrases were those of another man, a poor thing, a hanger-on of drawing rooms. Such is one of the great scenes in the new Sir Gilbert Parker novel—its long and its short. The hero, Byng, 300 years, a judicious selection from which should—no doubtless skill—make a strong story. The fact that the third man should be playing the part of the hero is a strong point; but the great moment is one of the touches which seem to savour of the stage, and it makes possible a succession of brilliant episodes and dialogues. In one scene Stafford checking a friendly doctor who would write a prescription for him; for in the blotting case about to be opened, lies a poisoned needle; the doctor has been lost, and which Stafford had found lying by a dead man's side. If this suggests melodrama, one can only say that the book as a whole does not. The story is a strong plot, but it is covered with many words—these names of machinery to one of action. The author has succeeded in showing something of the hero's charm, even though the great cause is not his own. "I could not really love any one," she said to him. "My heart was broken up in a thousand pieces to give away in little bits to all who came. Even Ian Stafford admitted—She has a gift for combinations, a wonderful skill, a still more wonderful reservation—and a remarkable unscrupulousness." She's the woman! "I have ever thought she would like to take short cuts to a worldly Elysium, and it can't be done." Just how far her restless love-making goes, and how she has made certain. "Tell me nothing," said her sterner husband. "There is nothing to tell." The Byngs were a South African settler in London, a kind of variation of Cecil Rhodes.

—Jameson's Raid, and "The Dep Doctory"—

There are, in fact, a number of possible portraits from the life in this story, and they are likely to cause some lively guessing. It begins on the day when London heard how "Jameson's raid" was a thing that it can't ever trundle down the area, and it ends in the midst of the war which did regularly and effectually that which was aimed at by his wicket, foolish, pucky raid. There are some little scenes here about the pulling of strings by aristocratic ladies, who wanted poor, highly placed men, who wished to make money, and patriotic amateurs who were doing it, and "shemmas" notorious, and again of soldiers, who were "sick of going forward and falling back; of taking a position, with staggering loss, and then retreating, or of gaining a victory, and then not following it up; of promising relief to besieged men, and making time when you had entered a foothold, instead of gaining a foothold and then on." There are kindly touches about Australians and others.

"From behind Ottago there in New Zealand he came, as fine a fellow as ever you saw, just come because he heard that Britain was to drop the stockpile, away he shows the plough, up he takes his little balance from the bank, sticks his clothes in his pocket, and says 'So long to his girl, and took across the world, just to do his bit for the land that gave him, and all his that were his, and he was in a position, and how to be happy though alive. He was the real thing, the no plus ultra, the best of the best. The other fellow thought him the best of the best. He was in and out of a 'fact with a girl, at the corner of his mind, as much as to be. 'Twas got the hang of this, and it's different from what I thought, but that doesn't mean that it hasn't got to be done, and done in good style, it's the best-love.' And when they got him where he breathes, he fishes out the little ivory paws and put it on a stone at his head, to let it tell his fellow countrymen how he looked at it—that he was a pawn in the great game. The game had been played, and won, and the winner had to scribble his name. He was one of the scribbles. Well, I'd like a consolation the same as that fell from New Zealand, if I could win it as fair, and see as far." A few Wilde-like epigrams brighten these pages. "Blessing yourself" in London, it happens, never and further was than the Row (Hyde Park), which is in possession of three classes of people—those who sit in Parliament, those who have seats on the Stock Exchange, and those who can't sell all their horses—a machine-made and unconvincing lot. "Your career is not yet begun." "I am married," she said, de-

family, and that is not a career; it is a casual employment in a dark combiner." A dull book—impressive, but with dull moments.

4666 Melville Nelsonia
May 22/13.

LITERATURE

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE.

By GILBERT PARKER.

(Methuen and Company.)

While it may be said that Sir Gilbert Parker was far more successful with his French-Canadian stories, there are strong situations in his latest book, "The Judgment House," and some remarkable characters. The story, it must be confessed, depends so much upon the sexual interest that it tends to become chiefly a relation of the emotional experiences of two men and one woman amid English and South African scenery. One of the principal characters, Jasmine Grenfel, is in love with Ian Stafford, who is attached to the Foreign Office, but an inherited craving for power propels her into the arms of Ruddyard Byng, a mining magnate from South Africa, who is suggestive of rude strength, and is credited with possessing the mental outlook of a statesman. The Jameson Raid makes trouble for Byng and his colleagues, and while Byng is away from Great Britain, his wife—who is an adventuress in sentiment, and would have a hundred lovers—begins to repent of the marriage. When Byng returns they drift into that state in which one acts almost independently of the other. Byng never wavers in his devotion, but he becomes coarsened by the degenerating life of a wealthy citizen anxious "to do himself well." Jasmine again draws Stafford to her side, and their passions have risen to an intolerable heat when Byng's private secretary, who has made love to Jasmine, creates a new situation. The outbreak of the Boer war brings relief to nearly all concerned. Byng and Stafford go to the war, where Byng distinguishes himself, as he was bound to do. Almah, a singer, who was treated cruelly by Adrian Fel-lows, the private secretary, becomes a nurse because her husband, a wastrel, is in South Africa. Jasmine organises a hospital ship, and finds Byng a conquering hero. The characters of Stafford, a faithful lover with the poetic temperament, and Byng, the forceful man of action, are strongly contrasted. (Melville and Mullen.)

NEW BOOKS AND PUB-

lications. June 25/13

SOME RECENT NOVELS.

In "The Judgment House" Sir Gilbert Parker has given us a stirring story of the South African War and the Jameson Raid, which preceded it. When he is describing what took place in London at the time of the Raid, and especially the consternation caused by Jameson's premature start, we feel as if we were being let into the secrets of inner history, and several of the characters seem to have been drawn from life. Dramatic interest is added to the plot by the murder of a private secretary of Colonel Ruddyard Byng, an African millionaire playing a prominent part in the story. The deed is enveloped in mystery, and suspicion is at first evenly divided between the African millionaire, his somewhat volatile wife, and her former admirer, Ian Stafford, a clever diplomat. In the war part of the book there is incidentally a glowing tribute to a New Zealand trooper. Barry Whalen, Ruddyard Byng's second-in-command, and himself, a brave man, tells the story:—

"From behind Otago there in New Zealand he came, as fine a fella of thirty-three as ever you saw. Just because he heard old Britain callin'. Down he drops the stock-whip, away he shoves the plough; he takes his little balance from the bank, sticks his chess-box in his pocket, says 'so-long' to his girl, and trots across the world just to do his whack for the land that gave him and all his that went before him the key to civilisation, and how to be happy though alive. . . . He was the real thing, the ne plus ultra, the I-stand-alone. The other fellas thought him the best of the best. He was what my father used to call 'a wide man.' He was in and out of a fight with a quirk at the corner of his mouth, as much as to say, 'I've got the hang of this, and it's different from what I thought; but that doesn't mean it hasn't got to be done, and done in style. It's the has-to-be.' And when they got him where he breathes, he fished out the little ivory pawn and put it on a stone at his head, to let it tell his fellow-country men how he looked at it—that he was just a pawn in the great game. The game had to be played and won, and the winner had to sacrifice his pawns. He was one of the sacrifices. Well, I'd like a tombstone the same as that fella at New Zealand, if I could win it as fair and see as far." (London: Methuen and Co., Ltd. Christchurch: L. M. Lsitt. 3s. 6d.)

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New York Herald. Paris.
Oct. 24/13.

Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Judgment
House" Is a Fascinating Book
With a Thrilling Plot.

One of the most moving of stories is "The Judgment House," by Sir Gilbert Parker (London: Methuen & Co., Limited, 6s.). Its background is the Boer war; its hero, one of the stalwart figures of the days preceding that struggle—Rudyard Byng, multimillionaire. In London he marries a beautiful, ambitious and wilful girl, who sees in his wealth the means to increase her social power. She is false to Ian Stafford, the diplomatist, in marrying Byng, false to Byng after she marries him and false to both Byng and Stafford just by way of diversion. There are other characters, other complications, all of which go into the melting-pot of battle on the veldt, where the men are shot down by the Boers and the women in Red Cross uniforms nurse them—some of them—back to life and knowledge. It is a full book, a thrilling story from the first page to the last.

My Star, Montreal
March 29/10.



SIR GILBERT PARKER, M.P.

Author of "The Judgment House."

The Judgment House.

By GILBERT PARKER.

(Toronto: Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.)

In his new novel, "The Judgment House" (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Limited), Sir Gilbert Parker has written a book which, though unlikely to enhance the literary reputation made by his earlier Canadian romances, must still be accorded a high place in the ranks of contemporary fiction. He has chosen the years of the Jameson Raid and the South African War for his period, and men and women associated with that finance or Rand financiers for his characters. The story contains several striking pieces of portraiture; its development is interesting, and its incidents frequently dramatic and moving. Apart from a tendency to elaborate unnecessarily the feelings and motives of the characters, the work displays a high degree of literary craftsmanship, and, in the more powerful situations, a restraint of which only the true artist knows the strength.

A Social Butterfly.

The figure round which everything in "The Judgment House" centres is Jasmine Grenfel. She is a butterfly sort of person, young and beautiful, clever, and moderately wealthy, but ambitious and, though well-meaning, incontinent. She is practically engaged to Ian Stafford, young diplomatist of great promise. They had agreed to allow a year to elapse before Jasmine should give her final decision. Ruddyard Byng, who has made three or four millions sterling in the Transvaal, and who is also a friend of Ian's, wins her admiration by his promptitude in rescuing Al'mah, the first prime donna, from fire on the stage at Covent Garden, and also dazzles her by the possibilities of his great wealth. It is at this moment that Dr. Jameson is jumping off for Johannesburg—when, in Rhodes's words, he "upst the apple-cart." The time is a trying one for Ruddyard Byng and his associates. "The partners, and Jasmine's sympathy and help become necessary to him. Ian Stafford's great chance in Vienna, only to learn, on his arrival here that Jasmine has made up her mind to marry Byng.

Three years later, England is facing the immediate prospect of war. Ian Stafford is back in London, having made his name for himself in the Continental chancelleries. He and Jasmine meet, and they pair play with Sir. Jasmine's foreign diplomatist to enable Ian to carry through a combination, upon which he has been working for years, the effect of which is to leave England free from foreign intervention in dealing with her South African difficulties. There is an insight about this element in the story

ment to the
Moravia and Slavonia
remove.

The Disatisfied Wealthy.

Meanwhile, neither Byng nor Jasmine, with their palace in Park Lane, and be satisfied or happy. Byng loves his wife, but he feels that there is something wanting in their lives. Jasmine, on the other hand, has a nature capable of absorbing any amount of admiration from almost any source. It is a shock to Ian Stafford, after he and Jasmine have practically associated for six years, that she has been tolerating the too retary addresses of her husband's secretary, Adrian Fellowes, a man of no while conscious of his own treacherous intentions, saves both Jasmine's feelings from Byng's wrath in a notable course upon which they were about to embark, and all—Mr. Jasmine Byng, from the impenetrable which their essentially wrong ideals of life have forced them.

War the Solvent.

This outlet proves to be the war. Ian abandons diplomacy for artillery, standing out as a fine nature, despite his profession and his temptation, to the highwayward, Jasmine, parted from her husband, having equipped a hospital ship and gone out as a nurse, learns some-thing of the grim realities of life, and at once goes to the front, and is brought together again, the war having thus culled, misunderstood and antagonisms.

Among the humbler characters in "The Judgment House" those of Jigger, the London newsboy, picked up by Stafford, and Krool, the Hotantot-Boer servant of Byng, are remarkable in their very different ways. The affection of Jigger for "his gycos" is touching without being unnecessarily tearful. Krool, with his unquestionable devotion to his "Baas," combined with his readiness to betray him, is an interesting and striking study in racial psychology. Sir Gilbert Parker's impressionist pictures of the South African war and of some of the incidents in the war are also a noteworthy feature of what is, on the whole, a remarkably fine book.

"The Judgment House," by Sir Gilbert Parker, The Copp Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Canadians are fairly familiar with Sir Gilbert Parker's works and the present volume is about on the same standard as his previous ones. Something we cannot help a frequent feeling of disappointment in regard to this novelist's stories. In "The Judgment House" for instance, he starts off very strongly, and in the first or half of the book, the reader feels that here at last he has found a really great Gilbert Parker novel. Then the machinery begins to go wrong. The engine of Parker's invention begins to pound like an auto going up a steep hill on high speed. And finally when one gets to the crisis it is so long drawn out and unsatisfactory as to spend much of the pleasure in the reading.

"The Judgment House" is a story of London and of the South African war. The characters include the self-made millionaire of the South African mining camp, the British diplomatist who is maneuvering to outwit Paul Kruger, and the inevitable lady who does not know which of the two she is in love with. The part of the story is good, though perhaps a little extreme. Finally, however, the war comes on, and all these people find themselves over in South Africa in one capacity or another. It is here that Parker does not seem to know quite what to do, though after a good many chapters he succeeds in disposing of them in a fairly satisfactory manner. Though the book has these technical faults, it is certainly of much interest, and will no doubt be enjoyed by a very large circle of readers. It is vigorous, entertaining and distinctly dramatic and its descriptions of social scenes in London are vivid and sound true.

the old, Calgary alt. Mar 3/10

Mail's Empire Toronto
April 12/10



An Uninspired Novel.

On the occasions when he has had something to say, Sir Gilbert Parker has shown himself the possessor of a sufficiently good equipment for saying things. Undoubtedly he has put us in his debt by the series of French-Canadian novels with which he began his literary career; and we wish not to be misconstrued as seeking to re-putate that debt, merely because we do not praise the later work of this distinguished Parliamentarian. It is no deprecation of the excellence of, for instance, "Pierre and His People," to say that "The Judgment House" (Copp, Clark), which is now before us, is a poor novel as novels go.

"The Judgment House" is very glib. It is a story of England and South Africa at the time of the war in the Transvaal, with the inevitable woman with a "moral taint" as the central figure. She is an indefinite sort of maiden, the blurry outlines of whose character are sharpened for us by the frequent mention of outward manifestations; "a joyous blue silk gown"; "that perfume of hers"; "tower-like delicacy joined to a determined and gorgeous audacity"; "the old touch of intellectual diablerie." Jasmine Grenfel is her name, and she marries a mining millionaire from the Rand, Ruddyard Byng. You can imagine him for yourself, and you can almost imagine the plot, which, of course, has to do with marital infelicity and miscellaneous expiation on the veldt. The book amounts in elephantine epigram:—

"I am married," she said defiantly, in direct retort.

"That is not a career—it is casual exploration in a dark continent," he rejoined.

This would be all very well if Sir Gilbert had a visible object—other than royalties—in the writing of his new volume. Even the lack of purpose could be condoned if the story were leavened by the "touch of intellectual diablerie" aforementioned. Since, however, the pages contain little that is entertaining and less that is instructive, we can only regret that the author has wasted the time of all persons concerned. Many tales of Canada remain untold which we know Sir Gilbert capable of telling, and we should be glad to see him return to his old love, forsaking a field where his limited genius and scholarship make each of his efforts fall short of worthy achievement.

32. The Saturday night
works, May 3/13.

"The Judgment House." A novel, by Sir Gilbert Parker, author of "The Right of Way" etc. Illustrated. Published by the Copp, Clark Co., Toronto. Price, \$2.25.

THE importance or merit of a work of art, considered as art, depends in a very slight degree on the importance or dignity of the subject. The sketch of an impudent young thief like the Artful Dodger by Dickens is worth many full-length portraits of statesmen by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Nor is the mere size of canvas, the field covered by a novel, a very decisive factor in considering its worth as a rule. It is true that it is easier to make a good sketch than a finished painting on a great scale. And the critics that regard Tolstoy's "War and Peace" as one of the greatest novels of all time, have certainly taken into account the tremendous breadth of the panorama he has painted. But in the last analysis it is the skill and inspiration of the painter, and the life he has been able to put into his picture that count. Mere dignity and scope of subject are of little avail.

It is necessary to remind one's self of this in forming an opinion on a novel by Sir Gilbert Parker. For this writer deals usually with great themes and deals with them with such skill and impressive effect, that he is apt to blind one to the cardinal and irredeemable defect of all his work, its lack of genuine inspiration and life. Sir Gilbert is beyond question our leading Canadian novelist in skill, in achievement, and in the general estimation. He was the first and most successful exploiter of the romance of the northland, at which every scribbler now has a try. He has dealt, as in "The Seats of the Mighty," with impressive themes, and he has handled them in a broad and effective style. Striking figures have loved and hated and intrigued and fought in the wide field of his novels, and great world-movements have formed the background to the actions of his characters and the development of his plots.

And yet, in spite of all his skill, in spite of the careful finish and elaborate structure of his novels, they have lacked life. There has been abundance of striking situations, of powerful movement, of color and passion. But the whole thing has smacked of rhetoric and artifice—good rhetoric and clever artifice, if you will, but still artifice and rhetoric. He has never been able to catch more than a breath of the vivifying inspiration which blows like the winds of heaven through the great books of the world's literature.

In "The Judgment House," Sir Gilbert is at his best. His canvas is a large one, nothing less than England and South Africa at the time of the Jameson Raid and the Boer War. And he has brushed in his picture with his most careful skill and his most vivid pigments. The plot is a very striking one, and he has worked it out in a series of intensely dramatic scenes. His principal characters are well conceived and vigorously drawn. But—the inevitable "but"—they never succeed in thoroughly convincing us of their independent existence.

The story opens at Covent Garden where a new prima donna is making a tremendous sensation. We are introduced at once to almost all the leading characters of the story. The golden-haired girl in the box with the "rose-tinted, delicate features" and "in a joyous blue silk gown" is Jasmine Grenfel, the central figure of the whole book. The handsome bearded man, "with the brown eyes and the Grecian profile," who sits beside her and gazes at her instead of the stage, is Ian Stafford, a brilliantly successful young English diplomat, who is in love with her. The "big, bronzed, clean-shaven, strong-faced man of about the same age as Ian Stafford," is Rudyard Byng, the South African nabob who has made three million pounds on the Rand. He also is in love with her; and it is he whom she marries soon after through ambition, though loving Stafford as much as she can be said to love anyone. Not far off sits the villain.

"Seated at the end of the first row of the stalls was a fair, slim, graciously attired man of about thirty, who, turning in his seat so that nearly the whole house was in his circle of vision, stroked his golden moustache, and ran his eyes over the thousands of faces with a smile of pride and satisfaction which in a less handsome man would have been almost a leer. His name was Adrian Fellowes."

One realizes almost at once that there is some connection between this man and the great soprano. She proves to be his mistress. Suddenly she brushes a candle with her filmy gown and in an instant is wrapped in flame. There is a crash as Byng jumps onto the stage with an opera cloak in his hands and smothers the fire. And all the time Dr. Jameson is riding on Johannesburg with eight hundred men, while Cronje and his burghers lie waiting for them on the veldt in the darkness.

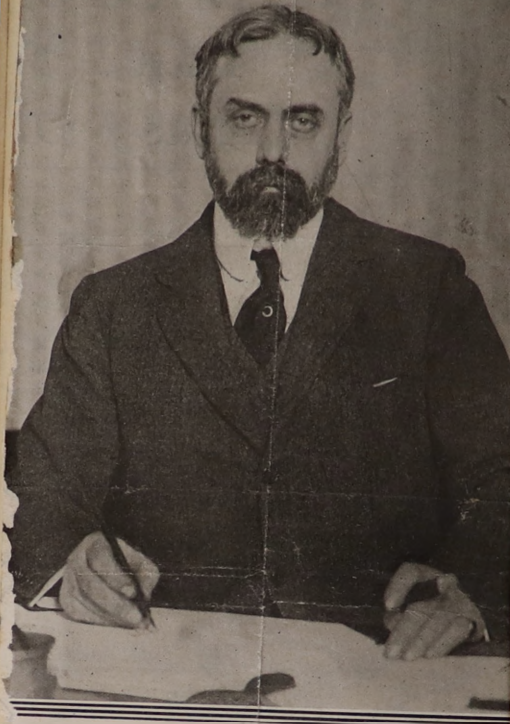
It is a dramatic beginning, and the interest is well sustained on the whole, though it must be confessed that there are chapters where one is inclined to skip ingloriously. Jasmine marries Byng, but she cannot resist bringing Stafford back to her feet. Besides, she flirts with Fellowes, now her husband's secretary, and gives him important secrets, which he promptly communicates to the Boers,

through Krool. Byng's half-caste valet, Stafford in a delirium of passion writes to Jasmine asking her to elope with him. And she is ready to do it. But Stafford is suddenly confronted by Byng with a letter. He is about to confess his guilt when he realizes that the letter is not his but one from Fellowes to Jasmine. In a tensely dramatic scene he persuades Byng of Jasmine's innocence, though he believes her guilty himself. Then Fellowes is mysteriously killed, and Byng, his wife, and Stafford all suspect one another of the crime. The complicity of Krool in Fellowes' treachery is discovered and in a London house he is whipped almost to death with a sjambok by Byng.

The story shifts to South Africa and the battle-field. And it is there finally that Byng and his wife come together again, and that Stafford finds peace. Al'mah, the singer, after heroic service as a nurse, prepares to go back to England and the stage. The big canvas has thus been filled in to the utmost inch. And the workmanship to the very end is of the most careful description. Not a detail has been omitted or slurred over. The colors are rich and yet properly subdued. The general effect is one of dignity and power. One is reminded of those big pictures of coronations and state functions, filled with striking figures, rich colors, and sumptuous costumes, but all rather wooden and dead. And yet such pictures have an undeniable interest and value, though one cannot rate them very highly as works of art. The same interest and value are to be found in

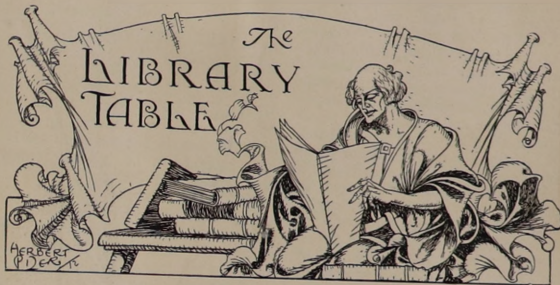
this book. It deals with a big theme, and deals with it skilfully and sincerely. This sincerity and skill lift the book far above the ruck of everyday fiction. And even if it is not great literature, it is still very well worth reading.

Canadian Magazine - June 1913.



SIR GILBERT PARKER, M.P.

The Canadian novelist and member of the British House, whose latest novel, "The Judgment House," is reviewed on this page.



THE JUDGMENT HOUSE

By SIR GILBERT PARKER. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

IT would be difficult to find a better example of the well-constructed English novel of the present day than this that is cast upon a huge canvas, that show the hand of the master-craftsman, and yet withal that does not depart far from tradition, that does not arouse any new emotions, that does not introduce but one new character, and that a minor one, that does not wander from well-beaten paths—a novel, indeed, that possesses many qualities whose greatness is diminished because of their prevalence in scores of other novels. While it is in some respects a greater novel than the same author's recent story entitled "The Weavers," it is more conventional, and in construction more as if made by rule. In it one moves amongst the social life of London at the time immediately preceding the Jameson raid, and the attention of the reader is adroitly shifted from time to time from England to

South Africa. The characters are taken mostly from London social circles. We have the heroine, Jasmine, a young woman of unusual beauty and cleverness, a society butterfly, who, notwithstanding inherent qualities for better things, is constantly endangering her reputation and her character by seemingly useless and frivolous encounters with the men of her immediate circle. We have Rudyard Byng, a millionaire miner from South Africa, who attracts Jasmine because of his manliness and other qualities not usually encountered amongst the men of her acquaintances. Jasmine marries Byng, notwithstanding her professed preference for another man of her circle, Ian Stafford, who comes of excellent family and possesses an admirable character. The other characters are Adrian Fellowes, Byng's private secretary, with whom Jasmine becomes entangled; a prima donna Al'mah, who is the mistress of Fellowes; Lady Tynemouth, a friend of Stafford; and a South African half-caste, named Krool, who appears in

Montreal Daily Star
Feb 22/13

Literary Notes.

"THE JUDGMENT HOUSE" JUDGED.

Sir Gilbert Parker's latest novel, "The Judgment House," which utilizes the South African War as a sort of deus ex machina, has drawn upon itself some criticism in England on this and other grounds. "Pitiful" is the only word we think, which will adequately express our opinion of this book," says The Athenaeum. "Sir Gilbert Parker recognizes as well as anyone—he reveals that much to us—what is dross and what is pure metal in the world's alchemy. He concerns himself however, almost wholly with so depicting the dross that it may be mistaken by the reader for the metal that lies beneath it."

The "Scotsman," too, says: "When, in spite of all he can do, it is obvious to the meanest intelligence that his chief characters are not true metal, he suggests that Providence has practically invented war as a refining process. No doubt there is still a large public for this sort of stuff—the author causes one of his characters to exclaim, 'How people adore illusions!'—but we believe it is diminishing and that to coming generations the idea of throwing humanity—dross and true war will appear both disastrous and abtorten it for the purpose of showing that he could write melodrama when he wanted. Unfortunately, the book is not good melodrama. But it is not on that account the less likely to be a good seller."

Evidently Sir Gilbert is to be congratulated on having achieved one of those "worst books" of which we recently spoke as an ideal attained by the few.



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Canadian Magazine - June 1913.

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the capacity of Byng's serving-man. Although Krool plays a minor part, he is the most original character in the book and one who lives longest in the reader's mind. The best parts are those to which he, as a character, contributes. Jasmine, although she is the wife of a millionaire, the wife of one who can give her everything that she might desire, and although she flits about in her social sphere, going and coming as she wishes, she is unhappy, and it seems to be impossible for her not to engage the attention of other men than her husband. One of these, Ian Stafford, for whom she seems to have had, even from the first, a real fondness and a real attachment, attempts to induce her to elope with him, but on the eve of the elopement he and the husband discover that she is woefully committed by the discovery of a letter written to her by Adrian Fellowes. While this domestic embroglio is being enacted, the war breaks out in South Africa. All the leading characters determine to take part in the struggle—all except Adrian Fellowes, who is mysteriously murdered, or at least whose dead body is found in his apartment. The other men go to South Africa to fight and the women go as nurses, and there on the South African veldt, under the levelling influence of war, many of the difficulties under which these people laboured are straightened out. It is made known that Jasmine and Byng, over whom some suspicion was cast, were innocent of the death of Fellowes, and that in reality he was murdered by Al'mah, Stafford is killed on the field on battle, and the way is therefore opened for a reconciliation between Jasmine and her husband. To the reader, however, the reconciliation does not seem to be satisfactory, and although war has been used many times as a vehicle for the novelist to bring estranged lovers together it does not, in this instance at least, seem to do its work well. If the field of battle is intended to symbolize "The Judgment

House," one accepts the symbol but doubts the conclusion. However, this novel will be read with profound interest, and although it is not an historical novel it is based on history. It is big, but one hesitates before pronouncing it great.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

By ELIZABETH ROBINS, Toronto.
William Briggs.

UNDOUBTEDLY every writer has some motive for writing every book. It may be the desire to see his name attached to the fly leaf. It may be financial importance that he is seeking. It may be many things, and undoubtedly Elizabeth Robins had a most praiseworthy motive in writing this her latest book. We could not imagine so brilliant a writer doing anything without giving careful consideration to the motive. But whatever her desire in this instance she has more than fulfilled it. The grace, the ease, the delivery, and subtlety of expression are all so refreshing after many of the modern novels which seem to be turned out of the mechanical mill of book-making that one involuntarily thinks more optimistic thoughts about modern literary achievements in general. In style the book represents Marguerite Audoux. Its very simplicity is an art in itself, its short, meaningful sentences proving very delightful after the numerous, cumbersome sentences of the ultra-smart type which characterize much of recent fiction.

The story concerns two girls, sisters, who were brought up in great exclusiveness in an English country home. Their mother shielded them from all knowledge of worldly affairs and was always careful that their conversations should be of the most conventional type. One of these girls, the younger, was very pretty, piquant and somewhat of a coquette. The other was more of a prude and possessed the foresight which her young

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE. By Gilbert Parker; illustrated by W. Nathrell, R. I. Toronto: Copp Clark Company, Limited.

The years have given the author a keener insight and broader outlook. The characters in "The Judgment House" are drawn with a facile yet delicate pen, the working of the minds of the characters is singularly well analyzed and the people in the book are real, living, throbbing human beings. Covering a period which is writ large in British annals, the author has chosen a splendid theatre for the staging of his work. "The Judgment House" is a powerful book and is without question the best of the many entrancing stories given to the public by this author.

58 Glasgow News
april 14/13

"THE JUDGMENT HOUSE."

Sir Gilbert Parker's new novel, now drawing to a close in "Harper's Magazine," will be published almost immediately. It looks like being a pretty long one, moving majestically through modern history in London and South Africa, politics and warfare. The author has never previously spread himself over so large a canvas, and his war scenes have a wonderfully realistic impression. Sir Gilbert has a very large following of readers both here and in America. "The Right of Way," I am told, sold 300,000 in its 6s form in America. To a carping critic who recently chided the novelist for permitting politics to distract his literary work, Sir Gilbert wrote:—
"Politics have not hurt my imagination, and I am confident they have not hurt my performance. I do not run the two together, and I have found that the contact with life, passionate and concentrated and powerful as it is in politics, has deepened any faculty for conceiving character and sounding the meaning of things."

Imis - August 28/13 -

English Review

Day's Mail
Aug. 2/13

Daily News Leader

Aug. 2/13

"The Judgment House."

"Drama," said Stevenson, "is the poetry of conduct, romance the poetry of circumstance"; and as though to challenge such a pronouncement, and to prove that essential drama and true romance can go together, Sir Gilbert Parker has interwoven two distinct strains in his new novel, THE JUDGMENT HOUSE (Methuen, 6s.). The story is South African, and its period of action is the most strenuous in all our recent history. We begin at Covent Garden and we end under the shadow of Oom Paul.

There are, indeed, many temperaments depicted in "The Judgment House," a title somewhat elusive till we see how it fits these entanglements, these problems of life and conscience, which range through "battle, murder, and sudden death." Everything is cleverly worked out in an atmosphere of wealth, and even when the scene changes to South Africa gold is very largely still the issue. Conventionally speaking, we can name no hero. The human conflicts involved impinge on every kind of risk. But though we have no hero, no one visibly heroic, Ruddyard Byng, the leading man, is very vigorously drawn, and Ian Stafford, picturesquely imaged as "Pheidippides," fulfils his part poetically enough both as faithful soldier, as unsatisfied lover, and as his country's friend. On love, of course, much of the story turns. Jasmine, who marries Byng and his millions, while she yearns (both before and after marriage) for the love of other men, is hardly to be called heroine, but that does not mean that she is uninteresting. She toys with love. "If you had lived a thousand years ago," men say to her, "you would have had a thousand lovers." Enough for us to be confronted with a possible three in Stafford, Fellowes, and Menneval. Two out of these three are contemptible. Eventually, Jasmine is to find her master in Byng; but here, in this setting of cosmopolitan intrigue, of financial scheming, of political shadowings, there is plenty of room for Jasmine, whose dealings with men and with love are cleverly held in suspense almost to the last page.

It is here, by focussing all the individual and sometimes petty preoccupations of a multitude of beings—rich people, poor people, established people, potentates, adventurers, outsiders—under the strong light of a national emergency that Sir Gilbert Parker gets his most striking effects. On this ground the author is nothing if not realistic. He constructs. Of course, he does this willfully. You sometimes hear the creaking of the machine, which is a pity. And yet it would be too much to say that the thing is over-constructed; for to the end you are held wondering; and in the all-important matter of the love story you cannot guess in the least what is going to happen. If we add that through sheer conscientiousness the story has been overlarded with detail—even the love letters are like political pamphlets—we have done with criticism. These little things are easily outbalanced by the certain qualities which make "The Judgment House" in many respects a *tour de force*; and, indeed, not the least of these compensating touches will be found in a ripe idealism, which environs nearly all the characters and performs a much needed work. As Ruddyard Byng declares, "It's little time for dreaming we get in these sodden days, but it's only dreams that do the world's work and our own work in the end." This "dreaming" then—at one moment the "Cape to Cairo" railway ("the world's work"), at another the mastery of a woman ("our own work")—gives this novel a place worth noting among stories which unite under a compelling guise even the discrepant qualities of romance and drama.

MERELY PLAYERS.

(Published To-day.)

"The Judgment House." By Gilbert Parker. Methuen 6s.

Sir Gilbert Parker's position as a novelist is a peculiar one. He excited many of us in younger days by his real power of Canadian romance. He seemed to be an austere and outstanding figure, a man of fine vision and strength, if not of minute insight. "The Judgment House" is the sort of book which will succeed just as too many other "big sellers" succeed. It is so very like the real thing; and so very far from it. As a matter of fact, it is only made of cardboard, and the figures are rather garishly painted. They are not people; they are marionettes whom Sir Gilbert has invented to act in his melodrama.

To this has the creator of "Pierre and His People" come. He has written a story which in its coincidences surpasses even the cinema drama. Through it move figures which work out the plot first and their own nature afterwards. We may call it the Hall Caine element. There are some good but not really memorable descriptions of scenery as it affects souls; say the Hichens element. As for the facts, they are these. A financier married a beautiful girl who for him jilted a diplomat. The financier degenerated, the girl grew rather hard (she was one of Nature's coquettes); her conduct gave the villain (a secretary) a chance to betray secrets to Kruger (Sir Gilbert, let us add, is commendably mild in his references to the Raid and the War). The diplomat re-won the girl's love, but all sorts of events precluded a cataclysm so far as he was concerned. The villain was murdered (by one of those useful obscure poisons). The financier beat his half-bred servant very severely with a sjambok, and everyone went to South Africa, where, apparently, the battlefields and hospitals must have been like a scene in a French farce; they have their exits and their entrances, dozens of them. A female dancer and some other financiers also run in and out from time to time. There is a certain simple power in many scenes. Sir Gilbert has the virtues of his defects. But no one could read "The Judgment House" twice; and it provokes some smiles even at the first attempt.

A NOTABLE BOOK.

SIR GILBERT PARKER'S NEW NOVEL.

Although Sir Gilbert Parker gives notice that his new book, "The Judgment House," published to-day by Methuen (6s.), "is not in any sense an historical novel," it is not easy to read it without a thought that its pages hold a commentary on the story of our own time. Dear to the heart of the romantic writer is the idea of the significance of the centuries; to each of these arbitrary divisions of time they attach certain attributes, and the coming and going of these cycles of years take almost mystic import at their hands.

Sir Gilbert Parker has opened his story with a picture of English society at the hour of the Jameson Raid, and there are powerful passages in which he makes contrast between the self-centred, self-satisfied groups of fashionable London and the friends of Ruddyard Byng, the South African millionaire, to whom, even in Park-lane, the sjambok seems the emblem of progress. Greatness being but a comparative term, this Byng is something of a Triton among the minnows. Or, at the least, he is a Gulliver among the Lilliputians. Seen fairly, he is indeed larger than his pockets, for his crude passions and his selfish outlook are tempered by the vague idealism which, in banal phrase, he might have summed up as an "altered map."

Time only can give us knowledge of the real size of such a he, but at the end of the nineteenth century he was the one and only superman standing in the open, and so thought Jasmine, the woman he took as wife. Largely the book is the story of their married life, and its beginning presages no happiness. He weds her as a simple man needing beauty and fineness, but she comes to him from her natural love, Stafford, partly for his wealth, but more because she was the sort of girl who had grown up to say "yes" when he spoke of England.

From the first, then, they are unequally yoked. She has no knowledge that her pioneer of Empire thinks of his own home in the words of a "little language," whilst in his world of rough affairs there is no place for her. Jasmine blazes in society, and the husband is still the uncut thing which may be a diamond. Stafford, of course, returns the very type of an altruistic man, always rising in his department of diplomacy, the perfect lover for an intrigue, but the woman has more partners than two when once she has wandered into the maze. A foreign ambassador and one Adrian Fellowes, a spy of the Transvaal Government, are others with whom she is involved, and if there is a suspicion of melodrama in these matters it is, perhaps, rather because our fiction has of late taken a new tone than from any fault of the author.

Most of our writers of to-day avoid the "big" world, but between the Raid and the Boer War there certainly was a striving for longer sight, even at the expense of clearness of vision. Sir Gilbert Parker draws a correct picture of the temper of the time, and in the future history of thought and manners his will be useful. Only in his choice of book will be useful. Only in his choice of words for dialogue is he occasionally astray; "meticulous," "we fancy, has come into fashion through Mr. Arnold Bennett and his critics, whilst "cliché" is one of the worst and most recent additions to our language.

Trifles apart, however, we must admire the way in which the author has performed the very hard task of recalling the dead century with past. He has buried the vanities, yet in but little praise, scourging the past with the end avoiding pessimism. The last chapters have been brought to the Judgment House, and here, too, are the people of Sir Gilbert's story. Byng and his are meted out, but the final verdict is not adverse, for the realities of life and death have been seen "along a race," and we have "a fresh start for a long race," and with them, as with South Africa and England, all may be well. They look forward to a new century.

60 *Pat. Aug. 21/13.*

LONDON AND THE VELD.

(PUBLISHED TO-DAY.)

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE. By Gilbert Parker, Methuen and Co. 6s.

In this novel Sir Gilbert Parker writes of the spiritual perils that confront those who live in great cities. Poor men feel the contrast between the free play that London gives to the mind and the ambitions and her starvation and contempt of the soul, and, realising the danger, find themselves almost reconciled to their poverty. To the rich it is the problem of all others, the more insistent because so many try to run away from it, and it is among the very rich and those who associate with them that Sir Gilbert Parker finds the material for his novel. It opens with the Jameson Raid, at a time when London was beginning to become a city of pleasure for those who had great wealth and little sense of tradition or responsibility, and it closes with the turn of the tide in the war that tested and perhaps saved the British Empire. South Africa is more a place of tragic memories than a land of promise. Those who speak of her do so in the manner of spectators at a play before the final curtain has been rung down; in spite of so much sacrifice, the lines of her destiny are still unsettled. It is not surprising, therefore, that this book, that takes its characters from the veld to London and back again to the veld, should strike deep chords of feeling. In spite of the shifting scene, the characters never lose their identity, the unity of the novel is never for a moment disturbed. In London the sights and sounds of the veld are still seen and heard, and in South Africa it is the passions and vanities engendered in London that are worked out to their grim but not unhelpful conclusion.

There are three characters of outstanding importance in the book—Rudyard Byng, a South African millionaire; Jasmine, his wife; and Ian Stafford, a young diplomatist—all of whom pass through the ordeal of love and war. The portrait of Stafford—with his clean and clear ambitions, his patriotism, business-like in its scheme for the non-intervention of Europe during the Boer War, almost Quixotic in the way it drives him to fight and all in South Africa, his culture, his affection, his keen sense of honour—is remarkably well drawn, and it is pleasant to think that it has probably been taken from life. Byng, too, with his unsophisticated soul, struggling to escape from the meshes of London, is a living person, only one feels how much the portrait of such a man would have gained if its creator had secured the co-operation of the Comic Spirit. It is that permeating spirit we miss in these pages, particularly in the lighter dialogue, where there is an unmistakable lack of freshness and challenge. Jasmine is perhaps the most interesting of all three. A complex but not obscure character, she is gifted or cursed with a love of power that drives her to make a loveless marriage, and, once married, to win back the man whose love and respect she had lost. Of the minor characters, Krool, a Hottentot-Boer, valet to Byng, supplies the requisite amount of vim to one of the finest chapters of the book is the meeting of Byng's South African millionaire partners, where Sir Gilbert shows a Miltonic power in his characterisation of the assembled chiefs. They are all different, but they are all children of the veld:

To these men this was in one sense an alien country. Through the dulled noises of London there came to their ears the clink of the iron ends of a cape-wagon, the crack of the Kaffir's whip, the creak of the diesel-boom. They followed the spoor of a company of elephants in the East country, they watched through the November mist the black Byngs across the veld, a herd of quagga taking cover with the rhebok, or a cloud of locusts sailing out of the sun to devastate the green lands. Through the smoky smell of London there came to them the scent of a cattle, the stinging odour of ten thousand cattle, the reek of a native kraal, the sharp sweetness of orange groves, the aromatic air of the kopan, laden with the breath of a thousand wild herbs. Through the drizzle of the autumn rains they heard the wild thunderbolt tear the trees from earthy moorings. In their eyes was the vivid lightning that scintillated in sparks of anger for its prey, while there swept over the brown, aching veld the flood which

filled the sprouts, which made the rivers seas, and ploughed fresh channels through the soil. The luxury of this room, with its shiny mahogany tables, its tapestried walls, its rare fire-place and massive overmantel brought from Italy, its exquisite stained-glass windows, was only part of a play they were acting; it was not their real life.

It is unnecessary to speak of Sir Gilbert Parker's finished craftsmanship. He knows how to tell a story; he is a master in the science of surprise; and he can, when necessary, whip up his narrative to swift dramatic pace, as, for instance, in the scene where Byng gives Krool the benefit of the jambok in the presence of his partners. And one thing more remains to be said. Sir Gilbert Parker, like another English novelist of to-day, makes his readers feel the spell of the British Empire. Sir Gilbert and Mr. Wells are opposite as the poles in political thought, and there is in this book nothing of the intellectual scorn that strides the blast of Mr. Wells's imagination, but rather a pride in what has been done and a pity for the failures of human endeavour. Yet both have the imaginative insight and the contempt for the little mind that go to make the true Imperialist.

Daily Graphic. Aug. 22/13

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.

SIR GILBERT PARKER'S "THE JUDGMENT HOUSE."

(PUBLISHED TO-DAY.)

Sir Gilbert Parker, in "The Judgment House" (Methuen, 6s.), has framed the largest canvas, the most important work, he has yet done. He has chosen for its background the period of strain which culminated in the South African war, and he presents that period neither from the military nor from the popularly patriotic point of view, but rather as the causes of the struggle may have presented themselves to the Uitlanders on whose behalf the war was begun. He makes no bones about the Raid; he endorses the verdict that Jameson upset the apple-cart; and he neither glorifies nor even whitewashes those who conspired with "the Doctor." But a strong sense that what was done had to be done, and was well done, runs through the opening chapters, which recount the incidents at the time of the first outbreak against Krugerism, and through the closing descriptions of the days when battle was joined. The story is not, however, in any sense a historical novel, nor are the characters in it portraits. These incidents and surroundings are chosen chiefly to throw into relief the drama of the principal characters, which is that evoked by the marriage of a woman to the man she admires rather than to the man she loved. The man who was admired was Rudyard Byng, millionaire, strong man, and not very highly polished diamond. The man who was loved was Ian Stafford, keen, handsome, intellectual, but with his success in the diplomatic service all to be made, while she is killed because the other man appears to offer more possibilities to a woman, who, like Jasmine Grenel, was ambitious and as clever as she was beautiful. Tragedy fell on the three lives when the man who had done things appeared to be content to rest on the laurels of his career after his marriage had crowned them, while she discarded rind was stung by betrayal into making the success in diplomacy which had been expected of him. It is the Judgment Seat of and death and disillusionment that all three to purge themselves of their weaknesses and their failures. This is but an inadequate outline of a drama in which there are many subord but contributory characters, and in which Gilbert Parker has infused all the power: sincerity which lie behind his pen.

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE.

le. Methuen. 6s. Aug. 21/13

It is perhaps something of a disappointment to find that Sir Gilbert Parker's new novel is not concerned with Canada, for the best of his stories are those in which the setting is in the West. Few romancers can compare with him on his own ground, and there are many who can give or have given us tales concerning South African magistrates and the trials and troubles of the war time, and therefore it is perhaps that we are less charmed than we had hoped to be by this novel from the pen of one who has so often charmed us. It is quite a good story that Sir Gilbert has to tell, but it is one on somewhat conventionalised lines. We have the strong, successful man, the man of millions early acquired, and we have the young lady who, for the sake of the power those millions give, throws over the man who has the love, the promise, the diplomatist with a career to make, and we have the consequent imbroglio when power is found a disappointing substitute for passion. That, however, is but an indication of the main threads of the story; with them are interwoven many other threads as in ordinary life, and some of them are followed with an interest almost as close as is that which is claimed by Jasmine, her husband, Rudyard Byng, and her lover, Ian Stafford. Almost from their first appearance on the scene, for example, we feel that Adrian Fellowes and Byng's half-caste valet, Krool, have sinister parts to play in the development of the tragedy, while from the opening chapter, wherein we see the singer, Al'mah, achieve her first triumph at Covent Garden, we realise that she is to be something of a tragic figure before the close. Ian and Jasmine are in effect engaged when the story opens, at the time of the Jameson Raid, but Jasmine accepts the proposal of the strong and devoted Rudyard Byng, and thus becomes the wife of one of the most powerful of a group of South African magistrates, so Ian goes abroad to win rapid fame in diplomatic circles. The second book opens three years later, when Ian returns on the eve of the war, and begins by picking up a new-boy protégé, who duly takes his place on the fringe of the company assembled at the Byngs' Welsh castle. Adrian Fellowes has become Rudyard Byng's secretary and factotum, Al'mah has brought to the castle to sing to the distinguished party gathered there, and Ian Stafford, somewhat against his will, forms one of the company. A young doctor shows a poisoned needle, and explains how easy it would be to kill anyone with it without there being any likelihood of the cause of death being discoverable, and the scene in which he does so duly has its sequel, leaving a Wilkie Collins-like mystery to puzzle the reader—Who used the needle?

JASMINE.

The author has made a careful study of fascinating but somewhat weak womanhood in Jasmine, who, having deserted her husband, turns the way in which her old lover has accepted the situation, and who sets out on the dangerous path of seeking to re-establish her power over him. She does it all too effectually, and Ian proposes to sacrifice his career to her—to go away with her and start afresh, or to leave her and join an expedition to the Antarctic. He concludes the letter in which he puts the alternative by saying that he will call the next morning for her reply. Then comes a finely-dramatic situation, when, instead of meeting Jasmine, he meets her husband, who puts a letter in his hand with the words, "I want you to read it, and when you have read it, I want you to tell me what you think of the man who wrote it." Then comes the tragic episode foreshadowed by the poisoned needle and the mysterious problem it sets up.

In the fourth and last book the scene shifts to South Africa and the long tragedy of the war. Circumstances take the various chief people of the characters are further shown, some of the people meeting with death as others making a fresh start after the time of trial. It is a very full story that Sir Gilbert Parker has given us, full of character and incident, and if essentially it is a hackneyed theme that he has chosen he has treated it in a fashion which absorbs the reader's attention from first to last.

Daily Express. Aug. 2/13.

SIR GILBERT PARKER'S NEW NOVEL.

Criticism by the Odious
Method of Comparison.

By SIDNEY DARK.

"The Judgment House." By Gilbert Parker. (Methuen, 6s.)
"The Morning's War." By C. E. Montague. (Methuen, 6s.)

[PUBLISHED TO-DAY.]

Sir Gilbert Parker's new novel, "The Judgment House," is in many respects the best thing he has done. He remains, happily, an accomplished story-teller. His novel is chock-full of situations. It has movement and colour and thrills. But it has something more. The publishers in the cover summary (the issue of which is on the whole a most unholly custom) state that "The Judgment House" shows Sir Gilbert's "knowledge of the human heart, and of all those tragedies and comedies of existence which lie beneath the surface of experience." The words are the words of hyperbole and extravagant English, but the statement is justified, for Sir Gilbert's characters are real men and women, the passions are real, the hopes and the disappointments and the sins are all real.

Two men and a woman are the protagonists of the story. The South African war is its atmosphere, and more, for the war plays in the drama the great role of fate in whose hands we are all mere clay to mould and bake—and break.

The tale begins dramatically in a box at the opera, Jasmine Grenfell listening with Rudyard Byng, the South African millionaire, and Ian Stafford, the exquisite (I use the adjective in its fine sense), keen-witted Foreign Office official, to the wondrous singing of the famous diva, Al'mah.

After the Raid.

Jasmine is practically engaged to Stafford, but she marries Byng, and Stafford is sent abroad on a diplomatic mission. That is just after the Raid. They meet again in the days immediately before the war.

It is the woman who matters most in the development of the intrigue. It is always the woman that matters most. And Sir Gilbert's revelation of the character of Jasmine is splendidly complete and deft. He tells us all, but he tells us all gradually, dramatically, and suggestively. At the beginning we see her a clever, self-reliant girl of twenty-two—

"Full of dangerous coquetry he knew her to be—she had been so from a child; and though this was culpable in a way, he and most others had made more than due allowance, because mother-care and loving surveillance had been withdrawn so soon. For years she had been the wildest darling of her father and brothers until her father married again; and then it had been too late to control her. The wonder was that she had turned out so well, that she had been so studious, where restraint might be applied, and so had kept herself free from blame or deserved opprobrium, if not entirely from criticism." In the day when girls were not in the present sense emancipated, she had the savoir faire and the poise of a married woman of thirty. Yet she was delicate, fresh, and flower-like, and very amusing, in a way which delighted men; and she did not antagonise women."

"Her vitality, her own sense of power, seemed almost incongruous. She was so delicately made, so much the Dresden-china shepherdess, that intensely seemed out of relation to her nature. Yet the tiny hands playing before her with natural gestures like those of a child had, too, a decision and a firmness in keeping with the perfectly modelled and the courageous poise of the body. There was something regal in her, while, too, there was something suspicious and sensitive and physically thrilling to the senses."

The Woman.

Marriage with Byng, a strong, straight band realised to some extent what she is—
"You exquisite siren—you siren of all time, he said with a note of joy in which held her face back from him."
"You had lived a thousand years ago you would have had a thousand lovers, Jasmine. Perhaps you did—who knows?"

She meets Ian again, and is piqued by his indifference. She has hurt him and he has almost forgotten. He is not the man to intrigue or to play at love. And instinctively she plots with all her wiles to win him back. She helps him in his care for a city wail. She wheedles a foreign Ambassador, and materially aids him in bringing off a diplomatic coup the free England from the fear of European war while she is fighting the Boers, and at last love for her masters the man, and sweeps away all scruples and traditions. He writes to her to tell her there is only one thing to do—

"You must come with me away—away to start life afresh somewhere, somehow."
Ian is a fine man and his love is fine, and the novelist exactly understands what love means to such a man—

"Peace, Jasmine, it is that we cry for, pray for, adore the heavens for in the end. And all this vast, passionate love of mine is the strife of the soul for peace, for fruition."

Poor Stuff.

But Jasmine is not made of his stuff. He goes to her house for his answer, to learn that he is not the only lover, and that she has intrigued with a worthless tame cat whom she has made her husband's secretary, and with bitter irony Byng chooses Ian to drive away the lover, and to assure Jasmine that her husband is convinced of her innocence! The scene between the man and woman is done very powerfully. Ian knows it is the end for him. "Nothing can set things right between you and me, Jasmine—but there's Rudyard, you must help him to do." It is the only thing left for her to do. She cannot stand beside any real man and really hold his hand. The best that is left for her is to make things tolerable for the man whom she has married, and who does not know her, and can never understand.

Follows the tame cat, is killed (a rather unnecessary and melodramatic incident), and the scene shifts to South Africa. Byng goes out to command a corps of irregulars. Stafford rejoins his military regiment. Jasmine fits out a hospital ship. Even the singer, Al'mah, becomes a military nurse, and peace comes to them all. Stafford is killed, and Byng and his wife are left together with life before them still. Sir Gilbert Parker is too experienced a story-teller to finish with an unhappy ending. But here, as in some of the incidents and over-elaborations, he is untrue to his art and his understanding, for no man can ever have from Jasmine anything but heartaches and disappointment.

Boer Servant.

The subsidiary characters are all admirably drawn, particularly Byng's half-caste Boer servant, Krool, and altogether the book is a very considerable achievement.

The Boer war still dominates English life and thought, and men may be estimated by their judgment of Sir Gilbert's view is, of course, the view of the Imperialist.

"To all who wrought in the war a change of some sort had come. Those who emerged from it to return to England or her far Dominions, or to stay in the land of the wild, of the krait and the blood and the spruit, were never the same again. Something came which, to a degree, transformed them, as the salts of the water and the air permeated the skin and gave the life and new life. None escaped the salt of the air of conflict."

But in another place comes the natural doubt. Ian is talking to Al'mah—

"This is grand opera," she said. "It is the Nibelungen Run of England."
"To end in the Twilight of the Gods?" he rejoined with a hopeless kind of smile.

The war fills one whole chapter in Mr. C. E. Montague's "The Morning's War," dragged in by the heels to expose the vulgarity of a bookmaker patriot and the feebleness of the father of two soldiers, who defends the character of the Boer fighting man. Sir Gilbert, when he thinks of South

Africa, remembers the fighting man, the noble, strong man, who would walk like a god, bear the face of a god, when it is loved so well." Mr. Montague's tongue fer for they were not sorry who never wearied of killing Krool with their mouths.

Mr. Montague is a distinguished writer on the staff of the "Manchester Guardian," a type of the super-refined, precious liberal who lives in a book-lined study, with intervals of excursions to the top of high hills, who talks of the people, but has never met them who attempts to ignore the "Gastie," and reads the "Westminster

Review." His novel is beautifully written. It has a gentle humour. It meanders soothingly along. It is all white paint and leather-backed volumes. Its descriptions are perfect. It is fine writing, and when at the end hero, despite the fact that he is the son of a priest who has been false to his vows, is left to marry the dainty Roman Catholic heroine, we are glad, though I, for my part, trust that I may never meet either of them, for they are not made of the coarse, rough flesh and blood I know and love.

Sir Gilbert Parker as a writer has not Mr. Montague's finesse and distinction. But his book has an infinitely greater grip, because his characters are blunt, blatant men and women.

Why is it that Liberalism can find no halting place between the four walls of the rooms of a hyper-sensitive ecclésiaste don?

Y. H. Morris. Aug. 3/13.

"THE JUDGMENT HOUSE"

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE. By Gilbert Parker. (Methuen) 6s.

The Boer war is too near and yet too far to be a very popular subject for fiction in this year of grace, but Sir Gilbert does not give us overmuch of it. Most of the story concerns England at the Jameson Raid time, and much of the interest centres itself in the character of one woman. Jasmine is a more real young person than many of her sex will readily acknowledge. Capable of the real drama in life, she still can weigh it in the balance against the possession of millions and find it wanting. She can even stoop to a casual amour, for distraction, with a man whom she despises. There is no attempt to justify Jasmine; no one contends that she is pure in the sight of heaven"; neither is she made out a saint. She is just herself, a woman with much good and evil in her. The scene where her true lover, whom she has thrown over for her rich husband, discovers her double faithlessness, but clears her reputation in her husband's eyes, has something of the real drama in it. The African scenes are brilliantly imagined, too, and brilliantly described. Feminists will want Sir Gilbert's blood. The paragraph on women at the end of page 238; the description of them on page 360—were bombs, too could I author." It is true that, in neither case, is the author speaking in personal opinion; but there is an air of conviction about the horrid sentiments, and they are put in the mouths of two of the most popular people in the book.

6 TWO MEN AND A WOMAN.
Daily Chronicle Aug 21/13
 SIR GILBERT PARKER'S NEW
 STORY.

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE by Sir Gilbert Parker, London, Methuen and Co., 6s.
 By H. B. Marriott Watson.

The reason of Sir Gilbert Parker's popularity as a novelist both in America and in this country is fairly manifest: he tells an interesting story, and he makes an emotional appeal. This combination should suffice to establish a vogue for any writer—in degrees varying with the level of his style. Sir Gilbert has an excellent, picturesque and literary style which he uses with great skill. Hence it may be that his vogue will never match that of other less gifted writers—shall I suggest Mr. Hall Caine? But at any rate there ought to be for him the great satisfaction of having pursued his own lines and worked out his own destiny. Mr. Caine writes mere melodramatic fustian; Sir Gilbert Parker writes conscientiously, and if his work is occasionally tinged with melodrama it is always drama that we can believe in, and never drama that affronts our intelligence.

"Linked Sweetness."

Sir Gilbert seems to have been affected by the fashion for prolonged stories of "linked sweetness long drawn out." That habit has recurred after being buried with the great Victorians. But now that echo of Victorianism, Mr. de Morgan, has revived it, and Mr. Bennett, Sir Gilbert, and Mr. Wells . . . and many others, have fallen under the spell. Is it tyranny or liberty? These novelists may say that they claim room to move in. Well, let us hark back then at once for the spacious days of "Clarissa." Across the Channel there is already a novel in ten volumes! However, this is to touch the real issue, which concerns the literary and dramatic merits of "The Judgment House."

One feels at once pulled up by the word "dramatic." There is drama here—essential drama of a moving kind, and one can shut one's eyes and see it all on the stage. Some day we shall probably have to open our eyes and see it there. Two men and a woman is the theme; indeed it is nearly three men. The trouble about Jasmine is that we don't really get a grip of her, nor, to be frank, does her husband seem to do so, nor even the man she loved. Sir Gilbert does not define his characters clearly; he is content to indicate them more or less picturesquely, sometimes shadowily. Al-mah is a type, the type of an ideal opera singer in whom are rendered the aspiration and tragedy of an art. Ruydard Byng, the South African millionaire (but why Ruydard?) shows no reason why he should be a millionaire at 33, unless it were mere luck.

An Old Mint.

In Stafford, though clearer, does not seem from a new mint; he is quite an old familiar friend. There is a good deal, moreover, that is stagey in the plot. There is Krool, the half-caste Hottentot, a crafty spy, worthy of drawing-room melodrama. And there is Adrian Fellows, meet for the same boards. Once more, in the last book all the dramatic personae retrace the paths where the rifles of Briton and Boer are echoing. This calls to mind the conventional procedure of the third act. The interest of "The Judgment House" lies in its flow of emotional incidents. The current takes us along forthright through crises, turgid feelings and dramatic denouements. It may not all be very true to life, but it is arresting, and it is strength. It is not easy to find the conclusion satisfying, and we are left more doubtful than ever as to the psychology of Jasmine. But it is abundantly full of thrill, and suggests the note of emotion in every page. So long as Sir Gilbert writes on this conscientious level so long will he be denied the universal appeal—well, of some others. But his vogue is considerable, and I think he will be content with it. I hope it was not Mr. de Morgan's influence that was responsible for the essential Cockney interlude.

The Star, Aug 21/13

AN ECHO FROM THE
 VELD.

Sir Gilbert Parker's New Book.
 (Published To-day.)

It is very strange, turning over these pages, to hear again the cries of a time that seems already so very long ago. "It's the British kids 'at can't be taught in their mother-tongue, and the men who pay all the taxes and can't become citizens. It's the justice you can only buy: it's the foot of Kruger on the necks of the subjects of his suzerain: it's eating dirt as Englishmen have never had to eat it anywhere in the range of the Seven Seas." So, in the old, forgotten, unhappy jargon talks the hero—or one of the heroes—of Sir Gilbert Parker's new book. There are plenty of passages like it—passages beginning "For England, for the Empire," or words to that effect, recalling almost involuntarily Mr. Belloc's murderous parody, "The slight touch of fever, the British flag in the morning." It is innocuously, almost naively, done. "Not even the Emperor's part in the organ of the aristocracy and upper middle class," writes the author, with sublime and apparently quite unconscious irony, "could evoke any outburst of feeling" over the Jameson Raid. No. It was only an outburst of laughter that the sorrows of the "girls in the gold reef city" evoked—at any rate, as sung by Mr. Austin. Nevertheless, the atmosphere of the time is excellently, even wonderfully, reproduced. Sir Gilbert, of course, is frankly on the side of the mineowners. He finds it quite natural that a group of cosmopolitan adventurers—including in their number was originally Joseph Sobieski, with habit of Poland—should arrogate to themselves the rights of government. "If we have secret meetings and intentions which we don't make public," says Ruydard Byng, the hero already quoted, a sort of Rhodes in petto,

it is only what governments themselves have; and we keep them quiet to prevent anyone taking advantage of us: but our actions are justifiable.

It is not a theory which rings even plausibly in these days, when these same magnates are occupied now not in crushing "Com Paul" but in forcibly persuading the miner that to grant a Saturday half-holiday to a worker who is going to die of phthisis at the end of three years is a horrible waste of time.

★ ★ ★

Politics apart, the story has the swing and vigour which one is accustomed to in Sir Gilbert Parker's romances; and once taken up it is not easily put down. If it is not quite off a level with his best, it is because there is a fundamental weakness in his central character. The story turns on a cleverly conceived and quite well executed contrast between the polished diplomat, Ian Stafford, and the rough adventurer and financier, Byng; both appealing in their different ways to the heroine, Jasmine Grenfell. We believe up to a point in Stafford; we believe very heartily in Byng, an admirable character study; but we do not entirely believe in Jasmine. She is meant to be a creature compact of impulse and overpowering emotions, which sweep her away, and explain and excuse what in a commoner woman would be inexplicable and inexcusable.

But the impulse and emotions are too carefully and coldly explained: they are not, as the philosophic say, immanent in Sir Gilbert's creation; they are added to her, as one would dress a doll; and this leaves the novel as a whole rather like a watch with a broken spring. It does not quite "come off." However, there is so much good work in it that it would be ungracious to criticise it too severely. The study of the half-caste Krool in itself justifies the book. But to readers who like a good story well told "The Judgment House" will not need justification.

J. S. II.

"The Judgment House": by Gilbert Parker. Methuen and Co., 6s.

The Sunday Times - Aug 24/13

"THE JUDGMENT HOUSE."

Not for years has Sir Gilbert Parker given us anything like contrasts of "The Judgment House" and "London and House." It is, perhaps, the first of the Veld, instance in which he has successfully done without a Canadian setting. Imperialistic in more senses than one is this latest story of his which opens with the fiasco of the Jameson Raid and carries us back through the varying phases of the Boer War. Here we have London as the siren city, the stimulus of ambition but the wrecker of spiritual possibilities, and such broad spaces as those of South Africa, amidst which body and soul alike can find discipline, vividly and persuasively contrasted. Against the muddled politics, the furtive diplomacy, the tortuous finance, the enervating luxury, and pleasure-hunting of the "amateurs," its fashionable folk know it, are set in relief the austerities, the bracing conditions, the unartificiality of the life of the pioneer. Such a contrast calls for and obtains treatment on the big scale. There is a thoroughness about the author's survey, a unity of impression conveyed despite the shifting of his scenes between the veld and the capital of the Empire, a sense of responsibility as well as of proportion evident in his handling of even the smallest details of his design which lift his book far above the common ruck of fiction. His is serious, at times almost too serious, art.

It is with the influence of London on its richer classes, as I have hinted already, that Sir Gilbert Parker concerns himself, especially on the newly-made rich, the owners of fortunes made in commerce, to which she seems to offer new worlds for conquest. The novelist's heroine, grand-daughter of such a man, has been brought up in the doctrine that money is power, and she submits to her environment when she throws over the rising young diplomatist she loves to marry a millionaire, with whose wealth she counts on gratifying her social ambitions. The tragedy of her sacrifice of the spiritual and passionate side of her nature to materialistic considerations provides one of the chief elements of the plot. But it is the effects of a life of self-indulgence such as money can buy on her millionaire husband which Sir Gilbert Parker is at most pains to illustrate. Not only do Ruydard Byng's muscles grow flabby and his features coarsen while he shares in the feverish excitement of his wife's social set, and sends her efforts to climb to eminence, his nerve also fails him, and at the crisis of their relationship he has no longer at his command the resources of will that have served him so well in his financial career. Hence to him, as to the nation at large, so the purges would have us think, the outbreak of the South African War came as a trumpet call, a summons to sobriety, self-restraint and recovery. It is needed a purge, Mr. Parker's view that England of his three chief characters—Byng himself, his wife, Jasmine, and her fasciuous lover, Ian Stafford—he shows the purge at work—egotism and responding to the demands of duty and self-suffice.

But if London has a curious fascination for men of Rudyard Byng's stamp, her lure after all only affects their senses and they can always be saved, as he was, by a more potent charm. Acting along with the claims of patriotism came to him the call of the veld, the scent of the karoo. No one, we are assured, who has lived long in South Africa is proof against those influences. Neither Byng nor his brother-magnates could resist them. Some of Sir Gilbert Parker's most picturesque chapters are those which describe the characters and conversation of the group of Rand financiers among whom his hero is supposed to take the lead. They are of all types and nationalities, the rogues and cowards are among them as well as men of genius and strong purpose. Though they have roughed it in South Africa they are eager enough to enjoy the comforts of London. And yet, as the novelist points out when telling of one of their business meetings, they are not really at home there:

To these men this was in one sense an alien country. Through the dulled noises of London there came to their ears the click of the wheels of a cape wagon, the crack of the kaffir's whip, the creak of the disselboom. They followed the spoor of a company of elephants in the east country, they watched through the November mist the rhebok flying across the veld, a herd of quagga taking cover with the rhebok, or a cloud of locusts falling out of the sun to devastate the green lands. Through the smoky smell of London there came to them the scent of the veld, the stinging odour of ten thousand cattle, the reek of a native kraal, the sharp sweetness of orange groves, the aromatic air of the karoo, laden with the breath of a thousand wild herbs. Through the drizzle of the autumn rain they heard the wild thunderbolt tear the trees from earthy mountains, in their eyes was the red lightning that searched in spasms of anger for its prey while there swept over the brown sacking, via the fens, which filled the spirits, which made the rivers seas, and ploughed fresh channels through the soil. The luxury of this room, the richness of its hangings, the splendour of its tapestries, walls, its rare drapery and massive overmantel brought from Italy, its exquisite stained-glass windows, the very richness of its play they were acting; it was not their real life.

It is just this local patriotism or passion—call it what you will—which linking as it does the English Afrikaners with their Boer fellow-citizens, constitutes one of the most hopeful features of South Africa's future.

Sir Gilbert Parker, it will be gathered, writes of the Cape as if it and not Canada had been his birthplace; he sees it imaginatively out of the eyes of such men as his Rudyard Byng. Whether he has got the Boer War in the right perspective must be left for readers of ten or twenty years hence to decide. We are far too near events to be sure we can give them their correct values. The extent of the Dutch conspiracy, the grievances of the Outlanders, the wisdom of our diplomacy, the inevitability of war—all these factors which the novelist accepts as standing in no need of demonstration will have to be tested some day by the historian. But if Sir Gilbert Parker has been rather audacious in his enterprise he has tried to be fair, and, as I have pointed out above, he has not idealised the Rand millionaires in the fancy sketches he makes of Byng's business colleagues.

Probably the story would have been even better than it is if the author had not felt so acutely the responsibilities of his task, if he had allowed himself more frequent excursions into comedy. His leading characters are allowed to take themselves and one another much too seriously, and none of them have very much of a sense of humour. Had she had that gift the heroine would never have solemnly weighed her husband's speech about her, "If you had lived a thousand years ago you would have had a thousand lovers" and found an excuse in his words for her own frailty. Both she and the diplomatist she jilts are credited with wit, and vivacity in repartee, but the examples we are offered of their efforts in this kind are rather laboured. Not so was the dialogue of Mrs. Felchion. Felchion has taken its toll of Sir Gilbert Parker and the wonder only is that its appropriations should have left him still so rich.

For all his old dramatic power remains unabated, and he has more than one situation in this book which would make the fortunes of any play. Handling as it is the scene in which Byng surprises his colleagues as they are talking scandal of his wife, disturbing as is the episode in which he uses the sjambok, I think the biggest moment because the biggest surprise of the tale is that in which Ian Stafford is made by Jeanine's husband to read what he supposes to be his own love-letter to her, but turns out to be another man's, and so

learns that she has been doubly unfaithful. Yet there is nothing theatrical about the development of the author's plot; if we except his opera singer, Al'mah's murder of a false lover, a villain named Fellowes who combines the rôles of libertine and spy; the march of events is in strict accord with the potentialities of character. Nor is there anything cheap or chauvinistic about the spirit in which Sir Gilbert Parker has approached a momentous chapter in the history of the empire. A fervent patriotism breathes through his every page, but it is a patriotism that detests bombast and is made up of self-restraint. And so his story can be read without that sense of discomfort which too much so-called patriotic literature of our time is apt to produce. For this is a novelist who writes with conscience and good taste as well as with power.

Punch - Aug. 27/13 -

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

USED though I am, more particularly in novels, to those who do, or talk of doing, Big Things, I have never before met so large and mixed a company devoted to this vocation. There is no doubt, of course, that the class of which Sir GILBERT PARKER writes in *The Judgment House* (METHUEN) did much, if not most, of the bringing about and carrying through of the Boer War, but I cannot think that the Magnates of the Rand or the Officials of Diplomacy set about the business in quite the large, direct and melodramatic spirit of *Rudyard Byng* and *Ian Stafford*. They must have given some thought to details; some trifles must have obtruded themselves upon their notice, causing them to show impatience or irritability, to laugh or at least smile; even at such a crisis the tension of the situation and the facial muscles of those who conducted it must have relaxed a little once or twice in a period of some years. On this part of the affair I speak without authority, not knowing by the light of nature, nor having been told with any exact-

ness in the book, how Magnates are created or of what Diplomacy (always with a big, big D) consists. The social and criminal elements of the story are, however, open to the criticism of the man in the street. As to the former, I would argue that the smart and plutocratic set of London is herein credited with a brilliance and breadth of mind not its own; as to the latter, that the murder of *Adrian Fellowes* cast too long a shadow before it. And when it did come the identity of the agent was not difficult to guess, though much mystery was made of it. But the important thing for his many admirers is that Sir GILBERT has written another novel; and nothing that I have said can alter that fact. At the worst, I shall only expect a few of them to agree with me that, while his book is by no means wanting in wit, it would have been much better for a touch or two of humour.

The Athenaeum Aug 27/13

FICTION.

The Judgment House. By Gilbert Parker. (Methuen & Co.)

"PITIFUL" is the only word, we think, which will adequately express our opinion of this book. Sir Gilbert Parker recognizes as well as any one—he reveals that much to us—what is dross and what is pure metal in the world's alchemy. He concerns himself, however, almost wholly with so depicting the dross that it may be mistaken by the reader for the metal that lies beneath it. When, in spite of all he can do, it is obvious to the meanest intelligence that his chief characters are not true metal, he suggests that Providence has practically invented war as a refining process. No doubt there is still a large public for this sort of stuff—the author causes one of his characters to exclaim, "How people adore illusions!"—but we believe it is diminishing, and that to coming generations the idea of throwing humanity—dross and true metal together—into the melting-pot of war will appear both disastrous and absurd.

To come to the story itself—Sir Gilbert Parker essays to enlist our sympathies for South African high finance, and to stir our pulses once again by a tale of the Boer War. It is unfortunate that his story had barely finished its serial course in *Harper's Magazine* before the world received fresh evidence that the lives and treasure so freely poured out had not secured the ostensible object of the sacrifice—internal peace between those who govern (whether Boer or British) and the governed. Within the first fifty pages we are introduced to a group of mining magnates, and recognize that there is but a small amount of good metal in the company. Even the hero has little more to recommend him than has Jack Frobrisher in Mr. Sutro's "Walls of Jericho"—a character of which he reminds us.

It is not long before backstairs influence on the part of the women-folk makes itself felt; and vainly does Sir Gilbert Parker attempt to sweeten his tale by introducing Sims-like episodes, such as that of the newsboy who is run over, "Stickiness" is all that is achieved by this and other like devices.

Nevertheless, there are fine passages—passages in which the author puts his finger upon the canker of our present stage of civilization:—

"The very convention of making light of bravery and danger, which has its value, was in their case an evil, preventing them from facing the inner meaning of it all. If they had been less rich, if their house had been smaller, if their acquaintances had been fewer, if..."

We confess that the extravagances and anomalies of the book have impressed us almost to the exclusion of the working out of the plot itself; while the importance of the matters dealt with at once so sentimentally and, to our thinking, wrong-headedly, makes it impossible to treat the book quite as an ordinary novel, whence, as we have already said, it seems to us a pitiful performance.

64 Westminster Gazette
August 23/13.

The Globe. Aug. 29/13.

NEW NOVELS.

"THE JUDGMENT HOUSE."

It is a sad thing to chronicle the decadence of a writer. Sir Gilbert Parker's early and distinctly Canadian work gave promise of a vigorous talent which would expand into genuine literary power with wider themes. The theme of "The Judgment House" (Methuen, 6s.) is wide enough. It has the indiscriminate comprehensiveness of a melodrama. Sir Gilbert Parker has treated it in the familiar manner of those novelists who boast of circulation counted in hundreds of thousands. Plot and style alike are tainted by a corrosive artificiality. Rudyard Kipling, a South African millionaire, marries Jasmine Grenfel, who jilts Ian Stafford, a young diplomat to whom she is virtually engaged, for Byng's money. The millionaire loses his pioneer virility and drifts away from Jasmine, who for her part becomes hard and capricious. She falls a victim to her husband's secretary, who acts up to his part of general villain by betraying important secrets to President Kruger. (It is immediately before the South African war.) Stafford, heartbroken at Jasmine's marriage, has pursued his diplomatic career abroad for three years; and, on his return, Jasmine, stung by his coldness, resolves to win him back. She brings a series of treaties which Stafford is negotiating (to guard England from counter-attack) to a successful conclusion by using her fascinations upon the Slavonian Ambassador. Stafford again falls in love with her and writes a passionate letter imploring her to fly with him. At the same time and on the notepaper of the same club the secretary writes a yet more passionate letter. Krool, Byng's Hottentot boy, who loves his master and hates every other Englishman, leaves the secretary's letter so that Byng is bound to read it. Stafford calls at the same moment and is asked to read the letter, which he believes to be his own. Realising his mistake he convinces Byng of Jasmine's innocence, and prevents Byng from shooting the secretary, who is told to leave the country. The same night the secretary is killed by a poisoned needle by Al'mah, a great singer, whose lover he has been. Byng leaves for South Africa. Stafford joins the Artillery, and Jasmine spends all her private fortune in equipping a hospital ship. All the chief characters, not already dead, meet and outrage probability at a field hospital. Stafford is killed. Byng is severely wounded and nursed back to life by Al'mah. "On a kopje overlooking the place where Ian Stafford had been laid to sleep, two people sat watching the sun go down. . . . They were silent because they had tossed into the abyss of time the cup of trembling, and had drunk the chalice of peace. . . . A trumpet call rang out piercingly sweet across the valley. . . . He raised his head to listen. Pride, vision, and power were in his eyes. 'It's all before us, Jasmine,' he said again. Her fingers tightened on his."

Coincidence, villainy, sentimentality, scientific murder—we had a right to expect better from Sir Gilbert Parker than this. He differs in no respect from the many "circulating" novelists who are as profitable to their publishers as they are despised by those who consider the novel the highest form of modern literary art, save in this, that he can do better. If it were our part to enunciate the ethics of literature we should say that the offence was thereby aggravated. That the direct sincerity of "Pierre and his People" should have been rejected for the hollow rhetoric of "The Judgment House" is almost inconceivable. Sir Gilbert Parker's original gift was genuine. Any trace of it that remains is overwhelmed beneath the melodramatic facility which will secure to this new novel an indubitable success. Its very success may cause the author a wholesome heart-searching.

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE.

By Gilbert Parker (Methuen, 6s.)

Since he wrote "Pierre and His People" and "The Seats of the Mighty," Sir Gilbert Parker has given us many novels, but none more powerful or more skillfully planned than "The Judgment House." In it he forsakes the familiar background of Canada, substituting a South African setting and an Imperial atmosphere. For his period he goes back to that chapter in the Empire's history when the veldt rang with the shots of Briton and Boer, and reeked with the blood of England's bravest men. "The Judgment House" begins with the Jameson Raid and its pregnant failure, and subsequently takes us through the many phases of the prolonged Boer war. Finance, politics, and diplomacy, play important parts in a story that shows us the bracing stimulus of war against the enervating defects of a life of luxury and pleasure in London.

Sir Gilbert Parker's central character is Rudyard Byng, a South African millionaire, whose muscle and nerve grow flabby in sharing the social life which is to further his own and his young wife's ambition. It is not until almost too late that Byng finds himself lacking the power to face a crisis which threatens ruin to his domestic happiness. This crisis is hastened by the discovery of a letter and by the treachery of a half-caste Hottentot, and in both incidents Byng acts hysterically and madly. We can recall no more dramatic moment in any novel than when Byng hands Ian Stafford, his wife's lover, a letter to read, which Ian imagines to be his own passionate outpourings, but which turns out to be from another man, who is also her lover. It is a tense moment, big with possibilities, and it is handled with remarkable skill. Nor is this the only dramatic episode in a history which lends itself to moving drama. We come up against many as the scenes shift from London and its gaiety to the wide veldt, where death is the common risk of all, and more than one situation suggests itself as being particularly suited to the spoken play. We can see Sir Gilbert Parker's new novel making an arresting drama, if ever its author should feel inclined to dramatise it.

We have but hinted at the actual story of "The Judgment House," which is concerned with a vain and charming young woman and three men. The woman is the wife of Byng, married to him in order to gratify social ambition, and bringing neither love nor esteem into her bargain. Stafford is her true mate, and it is to him she turns after the excitement of her new position, as wife of a millionaire, has somewhat waned. Stafford, Byng, and a dilettante admirer make the quartette, who play at life until the call for help in South Africa is raised. Then the best that is in three of the four is awakened, and in the end, when Stafford has paid toll for his country, Byng and his wife find themselves dead happiness. As we have indicated, the story is powerfully told, and its literary style is fine. If the characters are more shadowy than distinct, the drama they create compensates for their lack of clear definition, and the real power of the novel is found in its appealing sincerity, its vivid expression, and its intense and moving interest. No one who turns the first chapter of "The Judgment House," will rest until he has turned the last.

The World. Aug. 20/13

The Judgment House. By GILBERT PARKER. (Methuen. 6s.)

In a brief note which prefaces this story the author states that it is not "in any sense a historical novel." That no real personages or actual facts are concealed behind the personages and incidents of the story we well believe—Sir Gilbert Parker is not among those whose invention requires such support. Nevertheless in one way—with all deference to its creator's assertion—it is a historical novel, and should live as such, because in it is caught and reproduced the phase of feeling which swept England at the time of the Boer war. That time represents a page—or perhaps no more than a paragraph—in the history of English life. Page or paragraph, it is full of significance, and Sir Gilbert Parker deserves our thanks for having thus crystallised it. The doing of this is no small feat, and *The Judgment House* is an admirable piece of work—in many ways the best book which Sir Gilbert Parker has written for many a long day. The story is stirring, full of incident, glowing with life. The hero is one Rudyard Byng, a South African millionaire of a type not common in fiction, and the heroine is the woman who marries him. Jasmine is a remarkable creature with capacities for good and evil little modified by the conventional setting in which her life as a London "society" girl has been cast. She develops, and Byng develops and tragedy develops between them. The whole situation is impregnated with that spirit of romance of which Sir Gilbert Parker seems to possess the secret. He has an insight into the poetry of human nature, and a gift of phrase which opens the eyes of his readers to see with him. But there is also a virility here with which he has not hitherto made us so familiar. Certain scenes—one in particular—hold the attention in a grip of steel, and, long though the book is, it is impossible to reach the end without regret.

Evening Standard. Sept. 11/13

The Judgment House, by Gilbert Parker (Methuen, 6s.), is a little decentralised as a work of art by its double purpose. Sir Gilbert wishes to show some of the cause and origin of the South African war by depicting the character and motives of those who pulled the strings in England, or were pulled by them. The time is just before the Raid—and after it. The second interest is the clever study of the heroine, a woman who is more frankly actuated by a restless desire for change and excitement in her love affairs than a more conventional novelist would allow her to be: for the author likes Jasmine, and makes us like her too. She has deliberately given up love for millions—and then refused to play the game and deny herself what she has deliberately foregone. This does not make her a very admirable person from an ethical point of view. The fact remains that Jasmine is lovable. She is human. She does not really sin against the light; for the light does not fully come to her until she has been through terrible darkness. The character of Jasmine is delicate work. Almah's is rather of the theatre. The war scenes are strong and real; and the whole book, though not quite succeeding in being a great novel, has the elements of greatness.

Country Life - Sept. 24/13

The Judgment House, by Gilbert Parker. (Methuen.)

SIR GILBERT PARKER gives us full measure pressed down and running over in *The Judgment House*. Jasmine Grenfel, at the story's opening, is the centre of interest. Three men are quickly drawn intimately into the problem of her life—Ian Stafford of the Foreign Office; Rudyard Byng, a South African millionaire; and Adrian Fellowes. Practically engaged to the first, Jasmine Grenfel is attracted by the personality and millions of Rudyard Byng. The time is that of the Jameson Raid, and with the marriage of Jasmine to Byng the scene changes to South Africa. An extremely dramatic and engrossing story follows, a story that holds the attention not so much by force of its literary ability as by the certainty with which the action of the plot moves. Here is a novel full of movement and life, sensational, it is true, but marked by such knowledge of character and experience of men and women as must hold the reader fast from start to finish. An absorbing book.

Sphere. Sept. 27/13-

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Sir Gilbert Parker has written an exceedingly able and an extraordinarily well-conceived romance in *The Judgment House* (Methuen). The time of his story is the South African War, the place Park Lane and the veldt. This rather suggests a Drury Lane melodrama, but there is not a single taint of melodrama in *The Judgment House*. The story is a vivid romance with a South African mining magnate and a young diplomatist as the two chief male characters, and Jasmine, the wife of the former, as the heroine. All three are interesting personalities. Sir Gilbert Parker, whose novels have recently reached the dignity of a handsome collected edition, has added one more story to a series which has given him a well-deserved distinction. I read much of *The Judgment House* as it appeared serially. I have read it again in book form with absorbed interest.

The New Age, Oct 2/13

The Judgment House. By Gilbert Parker. (Methuen. 6s.)

Five quotations from good artists preface Sir Gilbert Parker's novel wherein he presents us with a well-worn dark distinguished bearded man of Grecian profile and a rather-worn girl-of-childlike-nature who is yet conscious, etc., and, by the way, already has her eye on "something only less than a diadem." In fact, we are asked to be interested in some absurd spooks or puppets who will play the usual old sexual game for six shillings. The third is the big, bronzed, clean-shaven, strong-faced man, awfully wealthy, who will, of course, marry the damaged damsel after she has had her child-like fling.

Illustrated London News Nov. 8/13-

"The Judgment House."

Sir Gilbert Parker has launched an ambitious scheme in "The Judgment House" (Methuen). He places his readers in the position of spectators waiting on great events. European politics and the secret history of the Boer War are indicated. South African millionaires, mighty for war or wealth, are common objects of the landscape. We feel that we are going to see something tremendous—and we are still feeling it, after battlefields and sjamboks and spies unmasked and all the rest of the imposing machinery, when the curtain falls. The truth is that the scenery overshadows the characters, who are lost before such a superb back-cloth. Sir Gilbert's people do not convince us. They write interminable letters—in these days!—and leave them about with the carelessness of melodrama; they quote poetry; they are oblivious alike in their heroism and their villainy. Krool, the half-caste, is absurdly unconvincing; and Rudyard Byng, the millionaire, the master of men, is a sad disappointment at close quarters. In spite of its colour, in spite of Park Lane and the relief of Ladysmith, "The Judgment House" is the least satisfactory of Sir Gilbert Parker's novels.

66 British Weekly
Oct 2/13

Great Thoughts - Nov 8/13

Daily Mail Sept. 5/13

Sir Gilbert Parker's Last Book.

Sir Gilbert Parker has written a richly coloured, boldly conceived, and skilfully executed story of modern life under the title "The Judgment House" (Methuen). It is a book of wide sweep, considerable subtlety, and an ambition which has justified itself. Sir Gilbert's early Canadian work had a peculiar charm and promise. There he was revealing a quiet life unknown to the great world. He loved the work and he lingered over it. The years have passed, and Sir Gilbert has been in the full stream of modern society and great affairs. To this world he has carried the old faculty of observation and sympathy, and the old certainty of touch. We may fancy that we miss the occasional surprises of phrase and thought which used to delight us, but there is no denying the masterful grip and the enthralling interest which mark "The Judgment House." In many respects this is the best book Sir Gilbert Parker has given to us. He shows special originality in his treatment of the South African war. The public are now at last prepared to read books on that painful subject, but the novelist, if he knows his business, will not give them his views on the conduct of the military operations or on the wisdom of politicians. He will show us how men and women lived through those years and their agonies, and this is what Sir Gilbert Parker has done. He by no means conceals his admiration for Rhodes. He describes him as "the broken and discredited pioneer of Empire at Capetown, who had received his death-warrant, to take effect within five years, in the little cottage at Muizenburg by the sea; as great a soul in pose as ever came from the womb of an English mother; who said as he sat and watched the tide flow in and out, and his own tide of life ebbed, 'Life is a three days' trip to the seashore; one day in going, one day in settling down, and one day in packing up again.'" After all, this graphic and powerful book is as intimate as "Pierre and His People"—that is, the author knows the life of society as well as he knows the narrow, remote, and sequestered life in which he was once so much at home. Thousands of novelists write about the great world, but hardly one describes it from the inside. It is this among other things that makes Sir Gilbert Parker's book one of such mark and interest.

Reverent. N. O'Halloran Review

"The Judgment House," by SIR GILBERT PARKER (Methuen, 6s.)

This is a book, which is certain to be asked for at all libraries. The story is a picture of English society just before the Boer War. The contrast between that society and the South African millionaire, Ruydard Byng, is very marked. Ruydard stands out very prominently as a fine strong man and the girl Jasmine, who marries him, partly for his wealth and partly for his strength and simplicity, does not understand him at all. Their married life, her lovers, and England's difficulties are all brought up for judgment. The book ends on an optimistic note; and is remarkable for being history of such recent date.

ANOTHER NOTABLE NOVEL,

about which there is hardly any difference of opinion amongst reviewers, is Sir Gilbert Parker's story called "The Judgment House" (Methuen, 6s.). Why it should have been so called is not apparent to most of them, but for the plot and characters and scenery their praise is uniform and high. Sir Gilbert has never done anything better—not even in "The Seats of the Mighty"—than in the study of the chief protagonists in this brilliant story of the earlier stages of the Boer War—Byng, the Rand financier and magnate; Stafford, the diplomatist, and the heroine, Jasmine, who first appears upon the scene as "a vision in blue, with a face like Dresden-china shepherdess, and her hair like Aphrodite's," but who develops a most complex character, and ends a heroine indeed. I am also greatly taken with Jigger, a quaint and clever London waif, who drifted across the path of Ian Stafford, and accompanied him to purpose both in England and South Africa. The story opens in London at the time of the Jameson Raid, and ends amongst the mountains of Natal with the Relief of Ladysmith. In the course of the story we get some brief but vivid glimpses of the Veldt with its "big open spaces where life is so simple and so large," and we are made to sup full of intrigue and horror in scene after scene where the elemental passions of humanity under a thin veneer of civilisation are in fitful and, at times, terrific activity. And yet, withal, the story is a wholesome one, for it purifies the mind with pity and with fear and often fills it with those images of beauty which kindle and enrich the soul. It is a romantic drama of the first order, and adds distinctly to our treasures of imaginative art. Here is a moving picture to hang up in one's mind, of

MORNING ON THE VELDT.

DAWN. The faintest light on the horizon, as it were a soft, grey glimmer showing through a dark curtain. It rises and spreads slowly, till the curtain of night becomes the firm of morning, white and kind. Presently the face of the sun shines through the veil and men's bodies grow warm with active being, and the world stirs with busy life. On the veld, with the first delicate glow, the head of a meerkat, or a springbok is raised above the grey-brown grass; herds of cattle move uneasily. Then a bird takes flight across the whitening air, another, and then another; the meerkat sits up and begs breakfast of the sun; lizards creep out upon the stones; a snake slides along obscenely foraging. Presently man and beast and all wild things are aloof or a-wing, as though the world was new-created.

It is a world where any mysterious thing may happen—a world of five thousand years ago—the air so light, so sweetly searching and vibrating, that Ariel would seem of the picture, and gleaming hosts of mailed men, or vast colonies of green-clad archers moving to virgin woods, might belong. . . . A world of light, of commendable trees, of grey grass flecked with flowers, of life having the supreme sense of a freedom that has known no check.

Drink your fill of the sweet intoxicating air with eyes shut till the lungs are full and the heart beats with new fullness; then open them upon the wide sunrise and scan the veld so full of gracious odour. Is it not good and glad?

Spectator - Sept. 13/13.

READABLE NOVELS.—The Judgment House. By Gil Parker. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

Sir Gilbert can give more solid and better-informed story of the Boer War than any that have appeared. He has also drawn some characters keenly; but he treats a murder too melodramatically reassembles his characters incredibly on the Tugela Smoke Bellef. By Jack London. (Mills and Boon. Jack London takes us back to the Klondike with a constructed, most exhilarating account of virility and comradeship.—The Romance of a Few Days. By P. Weale. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)—An anonymous Englishman drawn into revolutionary circles by a beautiful Pole, setting in Moscow is well done; the writing is unattractive.—The Man from Nowhere. By V. Bridges. (Mills and Boon. 6s.)—Furious sensation, making a tolerable "ehc

Sir GILBERT PARKER.

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE. BY GILBERT PARKER. (Methuen, 6s.)

Sir Gilbert Parker's new novel is the first romance of the South African war to deal with that tremendous event in the terms of pure fiction. We have had isolated scraps of history with a story tacked on, but here the strictly historical is purposely disregarded to the great gain of the book.

The struggle with Oom Paul from the days of the Raid up to the relief of "Lordskop" (no need to inquire what town that signifies, if any) is used as background to a tale of sheer human passion, where the development of character is everything. It is no "roman à clef"; the millionaires, the society women, the diplomatists have no prototypes in actual life, yet they are very real, for they are universal. And the whole atmosphere of the story, fictitious and sometimes anachronistic in its details, is true to our memories of the strange period when Britain, enervated by luxury, was tried in the furnace of affliction and emerged hard and keen and strenuous.

Interesting as this picture is, however, it is the individuals that count most. The main theme is the marriage of Jasmine Grenfel, a brilliant, non-moral girl, with Ruydard Byng, a strong, somewhat coarse-fibred man, who has grown rich with Rhodes on the Rand. Byng's millions won Jasmine away from her betrothed, the diplomatist Ian Stafford. Jasmine, in her super-affluent married life, cannot part from old ties or forbear to form new ones. Unsuspected, she carries on an intrigue with her husband's secretary, a despicable hedonist. Incapable, as yet, of a real attachment, she holds Ian in leash, and by using her physical charms on foreign diplomatists she carries on an international success of his life, which he is to repay with love. All the time she is her husband's charming and adored mistress; it were unfair to call her wife.

But Jasmine's complex reversion is not to be her ruin. She is after all "somehow good," and from the fires of the national purging she and her husband emerge purified, to take up their broken life with new hope.

There are sub-plots without number, and minor characters of excellent portraiture and charm. Everywhere there is the action, material and spiritual. It is the spiritual action that dominates and lifts what might have been merely a vivid tale of love, war, and society into a poignant study of temperament. Jasmine was a perilous experiment. Perhaps her salvation is a mere trick of the author's persuasive art. We shall know when we read the book a second time, for read it again we must.

Church Family newspaper
Aug. 29/13.

"THE JUDGMENT HOUSE." By GILBERT PARKER. (Methuen, 6s.)

SIR GILBERT PARKER gives us a novel about the days of the Jameson raid. Jasmine, the capricious heroine, whose brilliant cleverness is strangely unconvincing, marries Ruydard Byng, a man who has made millions with Rhodes on the Rand. She loves Ian Stafford, a distinguished diplomat, but Byng has more money. The story is planned on bold lines with many figures on its canvas, and is full of incident, love, and intrigue. There is even a murder. Finally Jasmine gives a large sum of money to found a hospital ship, and all the characters meet in South Africa. The story, able and entertaining as it is, just falls short of being first-class, and Jasmine is not sufficiently lovable.

Lpool Weekly Post. Aug. 21/13

SIR GILBERT PARKER'S NEW NOVEL.

PUBLISHED TO-DAY.

A new novel by Sir Gilbert Parker is obviously a literary event of some importance, and it was with no slight amount of pleasant anticipation that we took up his new story, "The Judgment House," published to-day by Messrs. Methuen and Co. And at once let it be said that his latest story far excels in many points anything which even Sir Gilbert Parker has yet given to us. It should easily take rank as the most enthralling novel of the present year, and is, we imagine, likely to be one of the few stories of modern times set aside for a second perusal.

The opening scenes of "The Judgment House" are placed in London. Ruddyard Byng, friend of Cecil Rhodes and a multi-millionaire at thirty-two—a man of action and of iron will—falls in love with Jasmine Grenfel, already half affianced to Ian Stafford, a promising officer in the diplomatic service. Jasmine, although conscious of her love for Ian, is nevertheless a somewhat vacillating person, and bewildered by the attractiveness and the potentialities of a future with Byng, gives to Ian his conge, and as the wife of the South African magnate forthwith leaps into the front rank of smart society. Those were the days of the Jameson Raid. Byng and his South African connexions in London had a very strenuous time, and as a consequence the marriage, though outwardly a happy one, was never that perfect union of souls which each had anticipated. Three years later Stafford returns from Russia, where his diplomatic career has been crowned with success; despite all his intentions, once again enters into Jasmine's life, and as an atonement for her previous treatment of him, the girl undertakes to use her influence with the Ambassador of a foreign State to help Stafford to bring off a diplomatic coup which was ultimately to prove the salvation of England.

Thanks largely to the influence of Jasmine, the coup came off, and England the day before the delivery of President Kruger's ultimatum was certified against foreign intervention in the heavy struggle with which she was faced. But the renewed acquaintanceship had been too much for the one-time lovers, and in the moment of success a mutual declaration takes place. Meantime, almost at the very moment that the declaration is taking place, Byng, at his club, overhears a remark from one of his friends concerning the notoriety of his wife's conduct, rushes home in a rage, finds his wife absent, but, absolutely confident of her entire innocence, retires to his own room. Meantime, Stafford, at his club, is writing a letter to Jasmine, pointing out that the only solution of his treachery to his friend was to go away for good, either alone or accompanied. He leaves the decision to Jasmine, and in the letter states that he will wait upon her to hear that decision at eleven o'clock next day. The letter is posted, and, punctual to the moment next morning, Stafford keeps his appointment,

and is met upon the threshold by Byng, who invites him into his private room, lays down upon the table what Stafford believes to be his own letter, and demands that Stafford shall first read it, and shall then advise him as to the course to pursue towards the man who has written it.

To gain time and to collect his thoughts Stafford opens the letter, is mechanically perusing it, to find to his consternation, that although both in language and in sentiment the letter is similar to his own, it is nevertheless written by another person from the same club and upon the same paper, and had been dropped by Jasmine just outside the door of her husband's room upon her return the night previously. As was to be imagined, a strong and intensely-dramatic scene follows, in which Sir Gilbert Parker takes full advantage of his undoubted literary gifts. Not for a long time, indeed, has so strong a situation been conceived by a modern novelist, and certainly never better handled.

To give further indication of the trend of the story would be unfair both to author and reader alike, but it may be stated, without injustice to either, that the scene is dramatically shifted to South Africa, and the culminating chapters, which deal intimately with the striking events of the Natal campaign, bring a conclusion eminently artistic and entirely satisfactory to the reader. It is a fine story, quite the best Sir Gilbert Parker has yet written, and in addition to its many dramatic incidents and its convincingly drawn character studies, conveys a remarkably vivid impression of the South African war and of the diplomatic events which led up to it.

Yorkshire Observer. Aug. 29/13

The Judgment House.

By Gilbert Parker. (Methuen, 6s.)

Sir Gilbert Parker has written an interesting story, but hardly of the sort one would expect from him, and on the whole less attractive than some of his other works. There is a good deal of action in the book, but more psychology; the energy of the characters is too often hampered in the presentation by the necessity which the author feels to explain in the minutest detail the workings of the mind at the back of every deed. One would hope, moreover, that the society depicted cannot be taken as representative of any section of English people. The men and women who play their parts in the story are all pagans; or worse, for the pagans had gods of some kind, but here no thought of Christianity or a hereafter ever comes to influence the action of any single person either for good or bad. The only god of these people is apparently the deity called "playing the game"; whose tolerant rule does not, to all appearances, exclude from the fold of the elect the man who is ready to rob a friend of his wife. There is no good woman in the story, not one who would be regarded as respectable in decent middle-class society. The heroine, or rather "the leading lady," betrays her husband; the second, who has been betrayed herself by an absent husband, has a lover; the third is innocent to some extent at least, but her philandering is of the sort which really virtuous women would avoid. For the rest, and notwithstanding all that has been said, the story has many excellent qualities. The writing is careful, correct and individual, even though we seem at times to get an echo of Meredith in the phraseology. The period depicted—the time of the Boer war—is one of interest. The hero, a young millionaire, early wins the sympathy of the reader and retains it to the end. Some battle scenes, too, are described with a vividness that is almost, if not quite, brilliant, though Sir Gilbert detracts from his qualities as an historian by an attempt to perpetuate the illusion that it was the demand of the votes that brought about the Raid and the subsequent war. That served its electoral purpose, but it is curiously archaic to revive in these days.

Sheffield Weekly Telegraph
Aug. 28/13

THE NOVEL SHELF.

SIR GILBERT PARKER'S STORY OF SOUTH AFRICA.

We can well imagine the captious critic, an he be a Little Englander, pouncing with sneering phrenetic delight on Sir Gilbert Parker's new book. Such an one will hate the very name Imperialism, and will loudly offer up praises to Heaven for that his enemy has written a book so easy to pick holes in. For, if we had a mind to, even we, lenient and sympathetic critic though we account ourself, could easily make merry over the prostrate corpse of "The Judgment House" (Methuen; 6s.). In construction it leaves very much to be desired. Sir Gilbert has placed implicit reliance on the very very long arm of coincidence. One can hardly forbear a smile at the old-fashioned way in which each of his principal characters chances to visit the home of murdered Adrian Fellowes, or in the gathering of the clans in his final Boer War drama. Husband and wife—two sets of them—with, in one instance, the *tertium quid* meet miraculously on the stricken field to work out their respective destinies. Surely so skilled a weaver of stories as Sir Gilbert could have contrived rather less mechanical stage exits and entrances.

So much for the faults of this long, but absorbing story. Even our imagined Little Englander will admit, we believe, that while he was actually reading "The Judgment House" that the swing and the spirit of the book carried him triumphantly above all such improbabilities. Even he will have to bear witness to the writer's graphic power in describing such scenes as the dramatic jambolingo of Krool, half Hottentot, half Boer, in a Park Lane mansion, to the skill with which Sir Gilbert sketches for us the Partners, the group of the South African magnates who triumphed over Krugerism.

The note of South Africa, "the woman wonderful," echoes throughout the book, and makes it absorbing reading to all who have lived through the days of the Jameson Raid and the Boer War. But the story itself is mainly concerned with three people, Ian Stafford, a diplomatist; Ruddyard Byng, a South African millionaire, and Jasmine, who loved Stafford, but who through ambition and the lust for wealth and power, married Byng. Truly did Jasmine make shipwreck of the lives of herself and her husband as well as of that of Stafford, a noble and memorable character. In the end, however, they won through pain and suffering to the new beginning which the self-abnegation and the devotion of Stafford had made possible for them.

We are not sure whether "The Judgment House" would stand the supreme test, for a novel, of being read and re-read. We are sure that its drama and pathos, its skill in characterisation and in the description of the effects of civilisation on the primal man such as was Ruddyard Byng will not soon vanish from the memory.

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68 *Manchester Courier*
Sept. 2/13.

THE BOOKMARKER.

THE PROMISE OF THE SEASON

BY ASHFORD BROCK.

Good literature, like good business, comes in cycles. Each book season the question is asked who shall bring us anything new, interesting, or beautiful? Yet a curious comment on the favoured works of the past decade, works that have won prizes and sold in countless editions, is that they are now forgotten. The "novel of the year" disappears, and old landmarks come into sight again. Yet fiction plays so great a part in the book-world of to-day that publishers still hope for manuscripts that will reveal a Dickens, Trollope, or Hardy. We doubt if "Jane Eyre" or any other masterpiece would to-day be returned to the author. So far unquestionably Sir Gilbert Parker occupies the foremost place in this year's realm of fiction. The "Judgment House," issued by Messrs. Methuen, has wide appeal, strong characterisation, and deep human interest. "Jigger," a shrewdly amusing and pathetic waif in Sir Gilbert Parker's new novel, uses a striking illustration in praise of someone he likes. "Right. As soon as I see her, I whisper to Lou, 'You keep close to that there wall. I sez 'There's a chimbley in it, an' you'll never be cold.'" Sir Gilbert Parker is a born story teller. He has a gift of dramatic situation, the juxtaposition of his character has always interest, his episodes are vivid, and he holds the balance adroitly between fiction and history. These are the walls of "The Judgment House," but its "chimbley"—and it has one—is the underlying humanity that gives reality to every page. There are many writers who have originality enough to conceive such a situation as that when Ian Stafford summoned by his friend Rudyard Byng, is given not his own love letter to the latter's wife (read, but that of Adrian Fellowes. But we can think of no writer who could have keyed the situation from melodrama to the tenseness of life by such simple handling. Jasmine Byng is as human a woman as the author has ever drawn. There is something of the sensuousness of Wilde's Sphynx in her nature. In a burst of insight her husband exclaims. "You exquisite siren—your siren of all time. If you had lived a thousand years ago you would have had a thousand lovers, Jasmine. Perhaps you did—who knows?" A sense of power urges her ambition, and the commanding personality and enormous fortune of Byng had compelled her to marry him when she has believed herself in love with Stafford, a diplomat whose future lies all before him. Byng is in his element on the Rand, not in Piccadilly, and at the end of three years Jasmine finds herself unsatisfied. Then Stafford comes once more into her life, no far recovered from his love for her that he can survey her with a critical friendship that infuriates her, and she determines to bring him under her spell again by making him owe the diplomatic coup which will make his career to her. But Stafford's love for Jasmine re-awakens before this, and he is torn between it and his honour when Byng's revelation stuns it, and he goes out to South Africa, where the war has just broken out. Byng and Jasmine, separated, with the question of Fellowes' death between them, he to take a prominent part at the front, she to devote her means and herself to the organising of a hospital ship. The secret of the diva Almah, who has killed Fellowes, is told to both, and after they have learnt the value of peace and "tasted the salt of the air of conflict," they come together again to find life before them, while Stafford, to

whom Jasmine owes her happiness, is left dead on the veldt. The story opens after the Jameson Raid, and Sir Gilbert Parker shows phases of the war with illuminating touch. He passes from meeting of financiers and politicians in London to the grim encounters of the battlefield, and while there is comment on past mistakes, pride and patriotism are stimulated. No novel of this season will be read with greater enjoyment than "The Judgment House."

Bolton Journal
Sept. 2/13.

THE NEW PARKER NOVEL.

One has come to expect by now that a new novel from the pen of Sir Gilbert Parker will illustrate modern fiction at almost its best. In his latest story we are not disappointed. While it does not to our mind approach the heights revealed in such a work as "The Seats of the Mighty," it certainly does provide us a high level view of South African Rand character and a fine descriptive piece of work on the South African war.

It is almost impossible to avoid comparison of this story with that of Richard Dehan's "Dop Doctor." In each we have a fine character sketch of woman in her elemental moods—her almost tragic defiance of those who would injure her "man." We have the character of the "Colonel" fighting his country's battles against heavy odds, and in the receding of departmental ineptitude and ignorance; the spy, half native half English in sympathy; and a similar background of war and its horrors. What we miss in the "Judgment House" is the broader humour of camp life as found in the "Dop Doctor," but it is only fair to say that we are treated in the "Judgment House" to a more realistic view of the diplomatic efforts and inner workings which centred round the story of the war.

Leaving out Ian Stafford's character it is difficult to choose from among the remaining characters, because of the variety of appeal they make. Jasmine, the heroine, joins Ian Stafford, the diplomat, in order to marry Rudyard Byng and his three millions. Disappointed with the result of her choice, she finds relaxation in helping her former lover to obtain for England a safety treaty with continental powers, which prevents a European war. Her fascination provides her with lovers more than enough, and while guilty of loving and encouraging Ian, the lover of her choice, she is disappointed by Byng, leads to trouble and finally to Fellowes' death.

Relief for all parties is afforded by the discipline and suffering they each find in volunteered service in the war with the Boers, and here it is that the "Judgment House," the seat of war, the hospital, the sufferings of the loved of many men serve the purpose in purifying the vision and refining the characters of Jasmine and her associates. This process of purification finds its finest result in the life and death of Ian. He provides us with a marvelously well-drawn study of the passionate man; his temporary blindness to right and wrong his fortunate halt in the furious and promising onslaught on the home life of Jasmine; and the final conquest of his desires. Stafford is indeed unique in this work inasmuch as that with his triumph the great absorbing interest in the whole story seems to reach its ultimate issue, and we are content to leave alone the remaining issues.

Of quite a different type is Krool, the servant and slave of Byng, a native Hottentot, who owes his life to his master. We do not remember a more nauseating creature in recent high class fiction. To such an extent is this man abhorred that when at his byng's side at the closures of Krool's actions as a spy in his (Byng's) house, the master unmercifully punishes his servant with a sjambok, our sympathy seems frozen, and we do not feel the slightest resentment at such treatment of a human being. At the same time we do not think any good can accrue by introducing that type of man in a story.

The book is extremely interesting, tragic in portions, and in others, notably that dealing with the street Arab, Jigger, quite touching in its appeal. It is a book which will be widely read and intensely enjoyed. Sir Gilbert Parker has made us journey with him in varied scenes: in English society of the best type; in the homes of the fishers in the Channel Islands; on South African veldt; in Canadian forest; in financiers' dens, and soldiers' camps. But his outstanding charm still seems to lie in those beautifully touching and realistic sketches of the French-Canadians and their villages. "The Judgment House." By Sir Gilbert Parker. Methuen and Co., Gs.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

Sir Gilbert Parker's South African Story.

"The Judgment House." By Sir Gilbert Parker. (Methuen.) 6s.

A novel described as a story of life in England at the time of the Jameson Raid on the Transvaal, and dealing also with events in South Africa during the war, promises enough to interest the average reader. Sir Gilbert Parker's novel goes beyond that promise in that the telling of the story reveals a deep and subtle knowledge of human nature, sufficient to satisfy the desires of those who ask for more than dramatic interest; to carry them from page to page to the end of the tale.

Beneath the romance lies much of the truth of life, and although there is no attempt to throw light on the inner history of the Jameson Raid and the underlying causes of the South African War, the powerful influence of the Rand is thrown into relief. One of them is the hero of the story, and to him the author imputes honourable and patriotic motives, but he writes of others as ever ready to sacrifice principle for an extra dividend of a quarter per cent; and, in their inmost souls, ready to bow the knee to Oom Paul and his unwholesome, undemocratic, and corrupt Government, if only the dividends moved on and up.

Cape to Cairo was not the sentiment of these millionaires of the gold mines, and in a passionate outburst one of them declares:

"I'm sick of the British Empire and the All Red, and the immense future. I want to hold our own in Johannesburg. I want to pull thirty-five millions a year out of the eighty miles of reef, and get enough native labour to do it. I want to run the Rand like a business concern, with Kruger gone to Holland, and Leyds gone to his grave."

These Randlords had no thought of the terrible effects of war on those at the other end of the social scale—the poor of England—even that waif of the streets of London who figures in "The Judgment House," where is written of him: "And if war came, if England must do this ugly thing, full her bitter and terrible task, then what about such as this young outlander here, this outcast from home and society, tell and civilised conditions, this sickly troth of the muddy and dolorous stream of lower England? So much with relief, so much less with which to deal with their miseries—perhaps hundreds of millions, mopped up by the parched and unproductive soil of battle and disease and loss."

Bolton Reviewer
Sept. 2/13

Submitting Mail Aug. 22/13

Irish Times Sept 20/13 659

THE BOOK TASTER.

Two Men and One Woman;

THREE books of the day give illuminating insights into the life of the people of Great Britain's overseas Dominions. A remarkably vivid impression of the South African War and of the diplomatic events which led up to it are conveyed in Sir Gilbert Parker's latest novel, "The Judgment House."

It is certainly one of the best stories Sir Gilbert has given us, possessing, as it does, many dramatic incidents and convincingly drawn character studies, while it may be classed as perhaps the most enthralling novel of the present year.

The opening scenes are placed in London. Rudyard Byng, friend of Cecil Rhodes and a multi-millionaire at 22—a man of action and of iron will—falls in love with Jasmine Grenfel, already half affianced to Ian Stafford, a promising officer in the diplomatic service. Jasmine, although conscious of her love for Ian, is nevertheless a somewhat vacillating person, and bewildered by the attractiveness and the potentialities of a future with Byng, gives to Ian his conge, and as the wife of the South African magnate forthwith leaps into the front rank of smart society.

These were the days of the Jameicon Raid. Byng and his South African conferees in London had a very strenuous time, and as a consequence the marriage, though outwardly a happy one, was never that perfect union of souls which each had anticipated.

Three years later Stafford returns from Russia, where his diplomatic career has been crowned with success; despite all his intentions, once again enters into Jasmine's life, and as an atonement for her previous treatment of him, the girl undertakes to use her influence with the Ambassador of a foreign State to help Stafford to bring off a diplomatic coup which was ultimately to prove the salvation of England.

KRUGER'S ULTIMATUM.

Through the influence of Jasmine the coup came off, and England the day before the delivery of President Kruger's ultimatum was certified against foreign intervention in the heavy struggle with which she was faced. But the renewed acquaintanceship had been too much for the one-time lovers, and in the moment of success a mutual declaration takes place. Meantime, almost at the very moment that the declaration is taking place, Byng, at his club, overhears a remark from one of his friends concerning the notoriety of his wife's conduct, rushes home in a rage, finds his wife absent, but, absolutely confident of her entire innocence, retires to his own room.

At the moment, Stafford, at his club, is writing a letter to Jasmine, pointing out that the only solution of his treachery to his friend was to go away for good, either alone or accompanied. He leaves the decision to Jasmine, and in the letter states that he will wait upon her to hear that decision at eleven o'clock next day. The letter is posted, and, punctual to the moment next morning, Stafford keeps his appointment, and is met upon the threshold by Byng, who invites him into his private room, lays down upon the table what Stafford believes to be his own letter, and demands that Stafford shall first read it, and shall then advise him as to the course to pursue towards the man who has written it.

In order to gain time, Stafford opens the letter, is mechanically perusing it, to find, to his consternation, that although both in language and in sentiment the letter is similar to his own, it is nevertheless written by another person from the same club and upon the same paper, and had been dropped by Jasmine just outside the door of her husband's room upon her return the night previously.

As was to be imagined, a strong and intensely dramatic scene follows, in which Sir Gilbert Parker takes full advantage of his undoubted literary gifts.

*Eastern Daily Press
Sept. 11/13.*

NEW BOOKS.

"The Judgment House" (by Gilbert Parker). (Methuen, 6s.)—A really remarkable and arresting novel, full of stirring incident and glowing with life, is furnished in "The Judgment House." Indeed, it may be said that Sir Gilbert Parker has never given us a more admirable piece of work, not even excepting "The Seats of the Mighty." The story is not only a fascinating romance of the South African war with a vivid portrayal of English life and feeling during that memorable time, but it reveals in powerful style a deep knowledge of the human heart and its most poignant and complex experiences. In describing the marriage of Rudyard Byng, the Rand millionaire, and the brilliant Jasmine Grenfel, around the developments of which the main interest centres, he has shown that insight and creative power which cannot fail to attract, and that fine gift of phrase which is alike charming and illuminating. All the characters are well drawn, and there is an atmosphere of reality and arresting truthfulness in the varied and stirring situations which mark the development of the plot, whilst one or two scenes grip the attention with irresistible power. From first to last the book moves with spirit and dramatic interest—and as a clever study of temperament and human nature, as well as of love, war, and the society, "The Judgment House" has all the elements of a distinct literary success. It is not surprising to hear that the book has just been published in the United States, where it easily heads the list of popular novels.

"The Second Class Passenger" (Methuen, 6s.).—Among the comparatively few writers who has achieved real distinction in the realm of the short story Mr. Percival Gibbon takes a deservedly high place. In his latest collection, "The Second Class Passenger" and other stories, he has hunched in very pronounced style. There is vividness and dramatic power in all the fifteen stories which form the volume, though some are elbiter than others. But they are all masterly efforts in this difficult and attractive genre, dealing with unusual experiences, and marked by vigour and "grip" which cannot fail to stir the reader's interest and to hold it. We can imagine nothing more striking, for instance, than the "Last Notch" and "Between the Trader of Jacob Notch" and "The Murderer of the Lights"; whilst "The Murderer," "The Widower," "The Strange Patient," and "The Hidden Way" are clever studies upon strange and fascinating themes remarkable in force and freshness.

RECENT FICTION.

Novel readers whose interest is in emotional subtleties rather than in incident will get all they want in this fine story. Sir Gilbert Parker gives us incident in plenty, and with abundant power of vivid description, but he devotes his strength to the tracking down of the motives and emotional springs of action. He is not content merely to tell a good story. He delights in laying bare the souls of his characters. Action thus sometimes halts while the author discourses, though it is good discourse, penetrating, suggestive, and always pertinent. Degeneration and regeneration are the theme of this story. Jasmine, good at heart, but proud, and eager for fame and power, discards her true mate and marries Rudyard Byng, a Rand magnate and multi-millionaire. After a time degeneration sets in. Byng grows flabby, and even takes to drink. Jasmine, ill-at-ease, plays with other admirers, and treads perilous paths. They drift apart, but nobody comes within reach of the divorce court. Then war breaks out in South Africa. Byng goes to the front. Jasmine goes out also to help the wounded. Others also, whose lives are deeply involved with theirs, go to the field of death. And there at length these two come to a thorough understanding of each other. In the bath of pain and suffering they find their regeneration, and drink of the "chalice of peace."

"The Judgment House." By Sir Gilbert Parker. Methuen, 6s.

*The Dundee Advertiser
Sept. 11/13.*

A Masterpieces—in Pieces.

Sir Gilbert Parker's novel, "The Judgment House," assembles some robust stuffs of a masterpiece. Its framework is vast, and entails an immense range of scenic circumstance; the crowd of principal characters is related to a multitude of subordinates moving impressively in the background; a prolonged and pregnant period of time is involved; decisive crises occur in individual lives and in the fortunes of nations; and spiritual and material issues are present in force. Beyond these there is in abundance and quality of an art of words that has already made great things. But the product of all this can only be described as a masterpiece in pieces. Only here and there amongst the mass of writing is found a vital and great effect—a swift and recognisable phase of probable character and likely incident. For the larger part the novel is artificial, prolix, and even cheaply theatrical. It relates the interwoven histories of two women—the one an operative star, unhappy the other who ultimately kills an unmarried, who ultimately kills an unmarried man of the world who has sought her favour; the other, a beautiful society favourite, whose ambitions lead her to marry a youthful financial magnate, while at the same time her secret affection is set on a good-hearted diplomat. Society life in London, high financial the Jameson Raid, the South African War, the battlefield, and the hospital ward—out of all this the author makes something, but only now and then does he rise to his best. (Methuen, 6s.)

70 The Scotsman Aug. 28/13

Roth Mail Aug 23/13

The Glasgow Herald Aug. 21/13

NEW FICTION.

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE. By Gilbert Parker. 6s. London: Methuen & Co.

Jasmine Grenfel loved Ian Stafford, a rising but comparatively poor diplomatist, but she married Richard Byng, a South African millionaire who had made three millions of money before reaching the age of thirty-three. She did this partly because she was fascinated by the personality of the man of business, but more out of social ambition. Then, after some years of married life, she meets Ian again. The old love rises in her breast and in his. She sets herself to win him back, and in a manner does so. Then tragedy comes into the story. Byng is one of the Cecil Rhodes crowd who are engaged in checkmating the Kruger regime. But Byng's secrets are being steadily given away to the Boer President by his private secretary, Adrian Fellowes. Fellowes has also had the audacity to make love to Jasmine, and, being discovered, is turned out of Byng's employment. Then he is one day discovered dead. Who killed him? Stafford and Byng apparently suspect Jasmine; she apparently suspects her husband. The real murderer, however, is an opera singer, Al'mah, with whom Fellowes had been carrying on a liaison. With matters in this situation the South African War breaks out. Byng and Stafford go out as combatants; Jasmine puts all her money into a hospital ship and goes out in charge of it, to expiate the folly of her life. Al'mah also turns up as a nurse. And in the end Al'mah reveals the secret of Fellowes's death; Stafford is got out of the war by dying a hero's death; and the curtain rings down on Byng and Jasmine starting out on a new and happier life. The story is not like any of Sir Gilbert Parker's former novels, and the change of manner and theme is not for the better. It almost seems as if he had written it for the purpose of showing that he could write melodrama when he wanted. Unfortunately, the book is not good melodrama. But it is not so that account the less likely to be a good seller. In the course of the early scenes the reader moves in circles which have as background the shadowy figures of European diplomacy, and the ambitions of South African magnates; later the patriotic sentiment is appealed to in the war scenes; the atmosphere is suffused throughout with Passion with a capital P; and it all ends in a mood of deliquescent pathos. When a book has these attractions it is no bar to its success that both the action and the actors are spasmodic, and smack more of the footlights than of the light of day.

Kansdale Advertiser August 30/13

THE BOOKMAN'S COUNTER.

Contrasts; French Fiction; A Pretty Romance.

Once upon a time, as they say in the fairy tales, Sir Gilbert Parker stood out in the minds of many of us as the coming man in fiction. His earlier successes were remarkable. As delineator of the romance and drama of old Canada he stood alone, the exponent of an evangel so old that it was exultingly new. And those of us who read and revelled in his early books will recall the welcome we gave him. He seemed to us a man of strong and austere imagination—a man of fine vision and illimitable strength. The author of "The Right of Way" and "Pierre and His People" would go far, we predicted. Instead of which we have "The Judgment House."

Let me hasten to say that Sir Gilbert's latest fictional episode is not at all a bad novel. On the contrary, it is a very good novel, as novels go. It has directness of method and an abundance of strong, though somewhat turgid, drama. There is plenty of sweetness in it, and rather too much of the long arm of coincidence. Also, there are passages in it which, in their direct simplicity, recall the Gilbert Parker of the past. But many people have read "The Right of Way" many times, and I doubt whether anyone will read "The House of Judgment" twice.

The skeleton of the story is easily outlined. Jasmine, the heroine, jilts a diplomat who is very much in love with her, and marries a South African financier, who presently deteriorates. As he deteriorates, Jasmine—who is a coquette by instinct—aroes more and more flirtations, and when the rejected diplomat again appears, they get on so well together that she is presently able to assure him that he has re-won the love that was really his all the time. Then follow complications, in which the late President Kruger and Britons and Boers at war, as well as several financiers and a popular dancer, appear kaleidoscopically. And the end is peace.

It is a very readable novel, as I have said. But the reader will feel conscious all the while of the unreality of it. And especially will he feel conscious of a regret that the gifted author of "The Right of Way" foistook fiction for politics.

The Bazaar, Sept. 6/13

"The Judgment House," by Sir Gilbert Parker—Of all the books written by Sir Gilbert Parker, not excepting "The Seats of the Mighty," "The Right of Way," and "The Weavers," his new novel, "The Judgment House," dealing with life in England at the time of the Jameson Raid, and shifting to South Africa in the time of the war, shows most powerfully his knowledge of the human heart, and all those tragedies and comedies of existence which lie far beneath the surface of appearance. With a greater knowledge, and an equally greater sympathy, than he has ever shown, he bares the truth of a woman's life, and strikes as poignant a note as may be found in all modern literature. From the first page to the last, the book moves with spirit, dramatic interest, and arresting truthfulness. There is one chapter in the book which contains a situation absolutely new, and which would make the fortune of any play.

"The Judgment House." By Sir Gilbert Parker. 6s. (London: Methuen and Co.)

Beginning with scenes among the South African Park Lane plutocrats anterior to the Jameson Raid, and closing amid the scenes of war in South Africa some years later, Sir Gilbert Parker's romance provides not a few situations of strong dramatic interest and studies of character that are of absorbing interest. There are many characters in the story, chief among them being Jasmine and Al'mah, Ian Stafford and Rudyard Beng, with Adrian Fellowes as the polished villain and Krook the ball-caste his accomplice and partner in treachery. The plot itself is a simple one. Jasmine Grenfel and Ian Stafford are practically pledged to each other when Rudyard Beng, the South African millionaire, comes home. Jasmine is selfish and heartless, and during Stafford's absence abroad marries Byng. Three years later Stafford returns, and meets Jasmine with studied indifference. Her pride stung, she resolves to make him care, and succeeds only too well. Mrs Byng has, however, been flirting with the worthless Adrian Fellowes, and Krook contrives events that end Adrian's letters, linking his way to her husband's hands. There is a dramatic situation when Byng asks Stafford to read the letter and advise as to the punishment for Stafford imagines it is a letter he had himself written and was thus being invited to judge himself. The story of Al'mah and her tragic marriage runs through the book, linked with the lives and fate of the others. In the end comes the South African war, which Sir Gilbert Parker utilises in fiction in showing how many a one who volunteered for service utilised it in fact as a possible solvent of delicate problems and perchance a way out.

Edinburgh Evening News Aug. 21/13.

SI. GILBERT PARKER'S NEW NOVEL.

Sir Gilbert Parker's new novel, "The Judgment House" published by Messrs Methuen & Co., (price 6s.) is a story in the celebrated writer's best vein. Though extending to over 470 closely-printed pages, there is so much incident, excellent characterisation, and descriptive touches that the reader is loath to lay down the book at the end of the period of the story in the Jameson Raid and South African war. The "handlords" of Park Lane are skilfully sketched, and the wielding of the sjambok on the shoulders of a teacher of half-caste leads Sir Gilbert to pen some remarkable sentences about this notorious scourge. "It was the Vierkleer of the pioneer, without which the long train of Cape waggon, with the oxen in longer coils of effort, would never have advanced; without which the Kafir and the Hottentot would have sacrificed every art of civilisation. It prevented crime, it punished crime, it took the place of the horse knife and the deterring that other civilisation beyond the Mississippi; it open sesame to the territories where native chiefs ruled communal tribes by playing tyrant to the commune. It was the rod of Aaron slaying the plague of barbarism. It was the sceptre of the law. It drew blood, it ate human flesh, it secured order where there was no law, and it did the work of the prison and the penitentiary. It was the symbol of authority in the wilderness." Sir Gilbert in his pages dealing with the war in South Africa is evidently picturing Buller's campaign in Natal; but he does not himself enter into military description, contenting characters of the story, and bringing the romance to its due conclusion.

Manchester Evening Chronicle
Oct. 28/13 -
Suess Daily News
Aug. 21/13

BOOK NOTICES.

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE.

A Brilliant Story of the Jameson Raid and Boer War.

There are few among modern writers who have gained such a well-merited popularity as Sir Gilbert Parker. His novels are always noteworthy, and from his pen there has just come a new work that is certain to enhance his fame to a great degree. "The Judgment House" is the story of a woman, chiefly, at any rate—a woman of whom it was said, "If you had lived a thousand years ago you would have had a thousand lovers. Perhaps you did—who knows?" She is a society leader, ever flirting with danger, a butterfly, the analysis of whose mind and motives is a brilliant work.

The story deals with life in England at the time of the Jameson Raid, and shifts to South Africa during the Boer War. Sir Gilbert Parker again displays his great knowledge of the workings of the human heart, and even more powerfully his capacity to deal with the tragedy and comedy of human existence. His study of the Rand leaders and of their chief, Rudyard Byng, round whom the plot centres, is of abiding interest. Men of millions most of them, men out of their element in London society, but equally with men of action and of courage in their midst—there is no more arresting situation, save one perhaps in the volume, than when they found that Byng's Boer servant, Krook, had been all the time betraying into the hands of Dom Paul their actions and decision which followed Dr. Jim's adventure. How the wild blood of the wild fared up, and primitive man took vengeance is a terrible chapter.

There is another whom Sir Gilbert Parker has portrayed with a fine pen—Jan Stafford, one of England's notable young politicians, lover of Rudyard Byng's wife before her marriage, almost that after. In his passion he had written her a letter—"You must come away with me—away to start life afresh—an' he goes for his answer. At the door of the house he met Byng, haggard and looking as if stricken with mortal disease. And, in fact, Rudyard Byng held a letter, which Stafford, of course, supposed to be his.

"I have a letter here," he said. "I want you to read it, and I want you to tell me what you think of the man who wrote it." Stafford reached out for the letter. With eyes almost blind he raised it and slowly took the document of tragedy from the envelope. Why should Rudyard insist on his reading it. It was a devilish revenge which he could not resist.

Then all at once his sight cleared: this letter was not his; these wild, passionate phrases, this terrible suggestiveness of meaning, these references to the past, this appeal for further hours of love together—all these words were not his.

The letter was signed Adrian. His own face blanched like the face of the man before him. He had braced himself to face the consequences of his own letter to the woman he loved, and he was face to face with the consequences of another man's letter to the same woman, to the woman who had two lovers. He was face to face with Rudyard's tragedy and with his own. . . .

How far the wife was a conspiring and guilty party with this third man we must leave the reader of the book to discover as well as the tragic issues of this poignant scene. From the first page to the last word the story moves with a spirit and dramatic power that is greater than anything Sir Gilbert Parker has yet displayed. There is nothing that is tedious—it swings along, living yet unforced, and the author must be congratulated upon a particularly brilliant and moving story.

"The Judgment House," by Sir Gilbert Parker. Published by Methuen and Co., Ltd., 5, Essex-street, London, W.C., Price 6s.

"THE JUDGMENT HOUSE."

When a novelist becomes distinguished as a politician there is a natural tendency to read political meanings into his books. Sometimes, so subtle is the blend of art and propaganda, it is difficult to tell just where the politician is enforcing his doctrine: this is so in several of Disraeli's novels; it is very far from being so in "The Judgment House," Sir Gilbert Parker's new novel, published to-day at 6s. by Messrs. Methuen and Co. The story is in four "books," but that is merely a literary division; practically it is in two parts, the first dealing with the social condition of England at the time of the Jameson Raid, and the second with the South African War. Nobody can have the smallest doubt as to where the author's sympathies lie; there is, however, an almost total absence of political bitterness. It is a very clever book, marred, unfortunately, by a curious disregard for classic simplicity of form. The picture is too crowded; the interest is spread over so large a field that the central theme becomes at times a little vague; there are several secondary plots. This makes the book rather hard reading, but there is so much brilliant writing in it that it does hold the attention.

The touch of melodrama may be an impediment to its complete enjoyment by some readers; others, perhaps the majority, will not regard this unfavourably. One may anticipate another objection—the period is not sufficiently remote for effective treatment in romantic form. Those dark days have not yet faded from memory, and the public will scarcely be prepared for this picturesque and somewhat sensational review of comparatively recent events. Not that Sir Gilbert Parker has set himself to rewrite history in the guise of a novel. He is too good a craftsman to make such a mistake. But the whole structure of the book is built on what one of the characters calls "Dr. Jim's magnificent foolishness," and the terrible struggle which broke out three years later.

The first part gives a vivid account of the state of English society when it was startled by the Jameson Raid. One scarcely likes to think that it was so utterly given up to heathenism as the author suggests. There really were high-minded men and women striving to keep the public conscience awake, and we ought to have had some of them in "The Judgment House," particularly as the title is interpreted as "a court of everlasting equity." But not a single character is made to exert any influence in leading anybody into this "court." We are presented to a crowd of South African financiers (several with Jewish or German names), British aristocrats, upper and lower middle-class people, and even to "gutter-snipes," and we are asked to believe that they were permeated by purely pagan sentiment. It was not so before the Boer war; it is not so now; it never has been so since St. Augustine set foot on English soil.

Sir Gilbert Parker at last sends nearly all his principal characters to the "House of Judgment" in South Africa. They are to fight Dom Paul and save their souls. They attempt to do the latter in strange ways. One of them seems to get near to it, but there is no impressiveness in vague talk about "the Far Thing." If they were so eager in their quest, as we are led to suppose they were, why was some humble-minded army chaplain not brought in to make "the Far Thing" less nebulous? This moral and ethical mistiness is very typical of the present age, of course, and it has its place in fiction, but one is not greatly moved by hearing an English peeress (who had turned nurse in the war) saying complacently that, after all, "there's a world that belongs to Allah." When she returned to England perhaps she set up a Mahomedan mosque on her husband's estate. One almost prefers the clear-headed materialism of another nurse, who murdered her paramour in London, and declares to

the very last that she was not sorry. It must be said that the psychology of the book is not a very profound. Surely the impulses which compelled this woman to confess to so appalling a crime was the impulse of repentance, and to leave her vow that she did not care is false to human nature. If she was not tortured by remorse she had no object in confessing, but we are left simply with her statement, without any attempt to work out the horrors of her mind to its logical conclusion. This is scarcely playing the psychologic game.

The book has nevertheless many fine points. So far as it goes it doubtless gives a faithful analysis of disintegrating social forces in England before the war. Not all readers will take seriously the Boer spy as alet to a Park Lane millionaire (he had three millions, to be precise), but the millionaire himself is admirably portrayed, as also are his financial "Partners." There is no heroine, and only the shadow of a hero; the love interest, therefore, is not idealic, and yet there are passionate scenes, and situations of intense emotion. "The Judgment House" is not Sir Gilbert Parker's best book; it is, however, a powerful and interesting piece of work.

72 Albany Evening News & Advertiser
Aug. 23/13

BOOKSELLER'S ROW



WAR MEMORIES.

Sir Gilbert Parker's South African Story.

It is very strange, turning over these pages, to hear again the cries of a time that seems already so very long ago. "It's the British kids that can't be taught in their mother-tongue, and the men who pay all the taxes, and can't become citizens. It's the justice you can only buy; it's the foot of Kruger on the necks of the subjects of his suzerain; it's eating dirt as Englishmen have never had to eat it anywhere in the range of the Seven Seas." So, in the old, forgotten, unhappy jargon talks the hero—or one of the heroes—of Sir Gilbert Parker's new book. There are plenty of passages like it—passages beginning "For England, for the Empire," or words to that effect, recalling almost involuntarily Mr. Belloc's marvellous parody, "The slight touch of fever, the Britan flag in the morning." It is innocuously, almost naively, done.

Nevertheless, the atmosphere is excellent, even wonderfully reproduced. Sir Gilbert, of course, is frankly on the side of the mine-owners. He finds it quite natural that a group of cosmopolitan adventurers—including in their number men like Clifford Melville, "whose name was originally Joseph Sobieski, with habitat Poland"—should arrogate to themselves

the rights of government. "If we have secret meetings and intentions which we don't make public," says Rudyard Kipling, the hero already quoted, a sort of Rhodes in it, "it is only what governments themselves have; and we keep them quiet to prevent anyone taking advantage of us: but our actions are justifiable."

It is not a theory which rings even plausibly in these days, when these same magnates are occupied now not in crushing "Oom Paul," but in forcibly persuading the miner that to grant a Saturday half-holiday to a worker who is going to die of phthisis at the end of three years is a horrible waste of time.

Politics apart, the story has the swing and vigour which one is accustomed to in Sir Gilbert Parker's romances; and once taken up it is not easily put down. If it is not quite on a level with his best, it is because there is a fundamental weakness in his central character. The story turns on a cleverly conceived and quite well executed contrast between the polished diplomat, Ian Stafford, and the rough adventurer and financier, Byng, both appealing in their different ways to the heroine, Jasmine Grentel. We believe up to a point in Stafford; we believe very heartily in Byng, an admirable character study; but we do not entirely believe in Jasmine. She is meant to be a creature compact of impulse and overpowering emotions, which sweep her away, and explain and excuse what in a commoner woman would be inexplicable and inexcusable. But the impulses and emotions are too carefully and coldly explained: they are

not, as the philosophers say, immanent in Sir Gilbert's creations: they are added to her, as one would dress a doll; and this leaves the novel as a whole rather like a watch with a broken spring. It does not quite "come off." However, there is so much good work in it that it would be ungracious to criticise it too severely. The study of the half-caste Kwool in itself justifies the book. But to readers who like a good story well told "The Judgment House" will not need justification.

J. S. H.
"The Judgment House." By Gilbert Parker. (Methuen and Co.) 6s.

British Cooperationist.
Aug. 28/13.

A reviewer of the "Westminster Gazette" has been taking Sir Gilbert Parker severely to task for having in his new and striking novel, "The Judgment House," fallen so low as to write a story which "will secure an undubitable success." It is not everyone who can afford deliberately to write novels which will not sell, and although I should think that Sir Gilbert Parker is "above the sordid considerations of money," it is quite possible that he would rather find his book in every circulating library, and popular with "the unthinking reader," than for it to be "caviare to the general" and approved by the fastidious few. I read at the end of the notice this cryptic sentence, "Its success may cause the author a wholesome heart-searching," which is very amusing. "Nothing that is popular can be good," has apparently long ago become the motto of the reviewers of our contemporary; just as, obviously, nothing that is understood at the first reading is considered good by some of its contributors. I agree with the re-

viewer of Sir Gilbert Parker, however, in one matter. The latter's greatest gift is undoubtedly constructing vividly and in an interesting manner the old life of Canada and some of the historical incidents connected therewith. But that does not necessarily mean that he should write nothing else.

Revised. Sept. 5/13.

NOVELS.

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE. By Sir Gilbert Parker. (Methuen and Co. 6s.).—This is a notable book which is bound to attract attention. It is powerfully written, the characters are finely drawn, and the story throughout is compelling in its interest. It opens in London, and we get a vivid picture of the varied and moving life of the West End during the time of the Jameson raid. Jasmine is a capricious heroine, intelligent and cultured, but with a desire for power which makes her throw over her natural lover in order to become the wife of a South African millionaire. Her love of coquetry leads her into dangerous paths, and in trying to win back her lover and in playing with the affections of other men she brings herself to the brink of disaster. The scene changes to South Africa, and we meet the leading characters on the veld taking part in the Boer War. Finally, Jasmine, after toying with love, is reconciled to her husband, and we leave them starting afresh on the road of life, a road which it is hoped will lead to happiness and peace. Sir Gilbert Parker has again shown that he is a master craftsman. He has given us a cleverly constructed story in which romance, drama, tragedy, and idealism have full play.

Book monthly
Oct. 1913.



Sir Gilbert Parker, whose latest novel, "The Judgment House," is published by the house of Methuen.

Aberdeen Free Press
Sept. 16/13

"The Judgment House," by Gilbert Parker (Methuen & Co.)—Sir Gilbert Parker has written better stories than "The Judgment House." It is true that every page is marked by culture and polish, but the theme is sometimes not worth the labour bestowed upon it, while an air of unreality pervades many of the scenes. The central incident in the story is a comparatively familiar one both in fiction and in real life—a handsome and ambitious young woman loves one man and marries another. When Jasmine Grenfell married Richard Byng, the South African millionaire, Ian Stafford, the poor but clever young diplomatist, still occupied the warmest corner in her heart. Soon she reached the summit of her social ambitions, and after a few years of married life she met once more the lover of her youth. His love for her was evidently cold and dead by this time, but Jasmine determined to fan the dying embers into life and regain her old ascendancy over Stafford. In a measure she succeeded, but her triumph was followed by a startling tragedy. Fellowes, her husband's secretary, who had also been infatuated by the handsome Jasmine, was found one morning dead. Both her husband and her old lover suspected Jasmine, while the new unhappy wife feared that, in an outburst of passion or jealousy, the millionaire himself had committed the terrible crime. Then came the thrilling news that President Kruger had hurled defiance at the British arms and that the South African war had broken out. Stafford and Byng joined the ranks of the volunteers, and Jasmine went out with a fully equipped hospital ship to help to nurse the wounded. There, before the last shot of the protracted war had been fired, the secret of the tragedy was revealed by an opera singer who had joined the devoted band of nurses. Stafford atoned for whatever little foolishness he may have been guilty of by dying a hero's death, and the curtain is rung down as the husband and wife, understanding each other better now, resolve to make "a fresh start for a long race," as Richard Byng says. The story, it will thus be seen, is of the familiar melodramatic type—and melodrama is not Sir Gilbert Parker's forte. It must not be assumed, however, that the book has not some strong qualities. The picture of Jasmine Grenfell is perhaps the most satisfactory feature of the story, and reveals both knowledge and sympathy, as well as insight, into human nature.

Sept 6 Review Sept 28/13

Sir Gilbert Parker is a native of Canada. He is a D.C.L. and has represented Gravesend in Parliament for the Conservative interest since 1900. His travels are well wide. He was educated in Toronto and has acted as associate-editor of the *Sydney Morning Herald* of Australia. He initiated and organised the first Imperial Universities Conference in London, 1903, and has published much good work in several departments of literature.

"The Judgment House." By Gilbert Parker. 6s. (London: Methuen & Co.)

"The Judgment House" is a powerful romance, commencing in England and ending in South Africa at the time of the last war. It is not in any sense historical, but well-known incidents of the war are introduced, and a lofty patriotism imbues the book with a spirit as austere and thrilling as a bugle note. The author has a most penetrative sense of the motives which guide human action, and, with great skill and sympathy, he builds up and proves the characters of the principal figures in this romance. From the beginning we feel that we are in the presence of inter-

esting, living men and women—Rudyard Kipling, who had made his fortune on the Rand; Ian Stafford, the brilliant young diplomatist; and Jasmine, whom they both love. The news of the Jameson Raid inspires them to action, and severally they leave the atmosphere of artificial pleasure which surrounds them in London, and on the stark battlefield decide that life's disguises are no more for them. Sir Gilbert Parker has probably never written a novel more arresting.

Aberdeen Journal Sept 1/13

SIR GILBERT PARKER'S NEW NOVEL.

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE. By Gilbert Parker. London: Methuen. 6s.
For a time it seemed as if Sir Gilbert Parker intended to forsake literature for politics. Happily, that fear need not have been entertained. Less and less during the past year or so has Sir Gilbert figured in the House of Commons. Others can do the work there, while few writers can give us novels of so high a standard. "The Judgment House" is a departure from the styles of fiction on which he built his fame. It is altogether different from "Pierre and His People." It has nothing to do with Canada; and it differs from such works as "The Battle of the Strong," and the "Translation of a Savage," in that they were studies in style and of character rather than thrilling works of fiction. From beginning to end "The Judgment House" holds the reader. From the opening chapter of the first book almost till the closing line of the last page of the fourth book the interest in the final denouement is retained. It is a skillful and, indeed, dramatic work, full of character and incident, and it departs from triangle conventionality by giving us a heroine, Jasmine, and three men, Rudyard Byng, Ian Stafford, and Adrian Fellowes, to which the Frenchman, M. Menneval, might also be added, for Jasmine is a heroine who, if she had lived a thousand years ago, would have had a thousand lovers.

When the novel opens, the scene is laid in London. The Jameson Raid fiasco has just taken place, and Sir Gilbert takes his readers through a mass of war, finances, diplomacy, and love, with the contrasting settings of pleasure-ated London, and the bracing rigour of the South African veldt. Jasmine's real lover, Ian Stafford, is engaged to her when the story opens, but the richer lover, Rudyard Byng, a South African magnate, makes a proposal, and is accepted. She imports neither love nor regard into the alliance, but satisfies her ambition of securing money in order to climb the social ladder. All through Stafford remains the real lover, while Adrian Fellowes is but a dilettante admirer. Sir Gilbert shows us vividly the fascinating arts which Jasmine brings to her aid in re-establishing her power over Stafford when the novelty of her new position as the wife of Rudyard Byng is rubbed off, till finally he offers in a passionate letter to go away with her, or to leave for the Antarctic. He calls for a reply the following morning, and then follows the most dramatic passage in the story. When Stafford reaches the house, Byng meets him and hands him a letter, asking him at the same time to read it. Ian imagines it is his own letter, but it turns out to be the letter of another of Jasmine's lovers. The episode ends, and tragedy follows, leaving behind the mystery of a poisoned needle.

"The Judgment House" is a powerful novel, full of human interest and passion, and containing an absorbingly interesting story. So dramatic are many of its situations that it is not at all unlikely that after its run through the libraries it will figure in the theatre.

Warrington Courier Sept. 7/13

LITERATURE.

NEW BOOKS.

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE, by Sir Gilbert Parker (Methuen & Co., London, 6s.).

We do not think that we need hesitate in pronouncing this the book of the season, and we are sure that edition after edition will be called for by a public which, whatever its mistakes, is quick to recognize true quality. A story of London and society of beauty and music, of love and hate, culminating in the wild forces of war, and such a story told by a master like our author at his best, offers a feast of intellect, brilliant and sensuous.

The fascinating heroine, Jasmine Grenfell—young, beautiful, dazzling in love with Ian Stafford, an ambitious and successful diplomat—his rival Rudyard Byng, the millionaire of the Rand—these three, the most distinctly etched figures of the picture, present contrast and affinity, weakness and strength, in exquisite counterpoise. Then we have the more lurid trio—Al'mah, the prima donna of Covent Garden; Adrian Fellowes, the dissolute man about town; and Krool, the strange half-breed; these throw weird strains athwart the orchestral melody of the story, and bring the cruel superstitions of the dark places of the earth into modern civilization.

The first part of the novel placed in the gay whirl of a London season deals with Jasmine's surrender to the millionaire and the throwing over of Ian Stafford, and this part of the story is told to the rumbling accompaniment of the Jameson raid.

The second book, three years later, on the eve of the Boer war, finds Jasmine married to Byng, and Ian buried in diplomatic machination, heart sore and lonely. The inevitable meeting of the old lovers, and the opening of the floodgates of passion follows. "If you had lived a thousand years ago you would have had a thousand lovers, Jasmine. Perhaps you did—who knows?"

The third book, again London, is a theatre of action, diplomats fighting for treaties, men fighting for beauty, murder and the whipping of Krool.

The story is played out in South Africa in the fourth book, a vivid and thrilling picture of the fearful fighting for Ladysmith. Byng and Stafford in the fighting forces, Jasmine and Al'mah nursing the wounded, and Krool as the evil spirit brooding over the face of the waters of strife, Stafford, sick at heart, looking for death in vain, is waked again to wish to live.

"Our low life was the level's and the night's—
He's for the morning."

"The Alpine fellow" wanted to live now. Then, with the last fight for the relief comes the tragedy and the doom, for Ian and for Krool and Al'mah. And out of the war—the war of heart and life as well as of war of guns, and sword—comes reconciliation to Jasmine and Rudyard—"A fresh start for a long race—the road is clear."

British Journal of Nursing
October 11/10

The Guardian Sept. 5/10

Review of Reviews 75
Sept. 10/10

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"THE JUDGMENT HOUSE."

This exceedingly clever novel takes for its period and subject the Jameson Raid and subsequent war. The facts connected with these are the basis on which a complicated structure is raised, dealing with both primitive and artificial humanity, with political intrigue, with joy, sorrow, and temptation of men and women of varying temperaments. It is, without doubt, a book that should be read with close attention, for it delves deep down.

Jessamine—beautiful, brilliant—was as scores of women are, the creature of circumstances; loving softness, prominence, desiring the best setting purchasable for her loveliness, and to obtain these she barters love for gain.

It was a tacit understanding between them that she should marry Ian Stafford, the one more year of freedom she had pleaded for was to end in avowed betrothal. In her own words she wished for this year to walk "the primrose path untrammelled and alone, save for my dear friend Mrs. Grundy." It was at the opera that she first met Ruddyard Byng. "Something in the rough power of his head arrested her attention, and the thought flashed through her mind, 'How wonderful to have got through so much at thirty-three! Three millions at thirty-three—and millions beget millions!' Power—millions meant power, millions made ready the stage for the display and use of every gift, gave opportunity for the full occupation of all the personal qualities." Later, when her purpose became apparent to herself, "she threw herself on the bed in a passion of tears. 'Oh, Ian, Ian, I hate myself!'" But she married Ruddyard Byng in spite of it all.

To know all is to excuse all, and the insight we are allowed into this woman's nature makes us understand, if we must condemn.

It was not till three years later that Ian and Jessamine meet again. Ian is cured of his hurt, by the tinge of contempt that he feels for her. Woman-like, Jessamine is not pleased that it should be so, and lays her toils for him afresh. "Pique and pride were in her heart, and she meant Ian Stafford to remember."

She had not been unhappy with her husband, but both felt that something was lacking. In spite of his wealth his was a simple and primitive nature. "Even in his faults he had ever been primitively simple and obvious. She had been energetic helping in great charities, and yet—yet it was all so soulless, so general." She turned by instinct to the other man who had scorched her soul with his irony, when she cheated him of her love. So gently cold, so incisive, so final—so final."

Ruddyard is a fine character, but his wife's love of admiration, and desire of dominance lead her into tight corners, and the furious flogging of his native servant, who makes known to him her indiscretion, is a sickening proof of his latent brutality.

We have at the close of the book an example, which is common enough, of the attitude of the lay mind towards nursing methods.

Jessamine, separated from Ruddyard, Al'mah, the great singer, and Lady Tyncemouth, take upon themselves to organise a field hospital. They don nurses' uniforms and, apparently undismayed, go on, with nevertheless the best intentions in the world.

"Jessamine, with Lady Tyncemouth, had purchased a ship and turned it into a hospital at a day's notice." It was all so simple to the born nurse.

Al'mah, the singer, now in nurse's garb, who says to Jessamine, "I am Nurse Grattan here," a page or two further on confesses the murder of her lover just before leaving England for the front.

Apart from this, the book is a fine one, and will be warmly welcomed by readers who want some-

FICTION.

ECHOES.

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE. By SIR GILBERT PARKER. Methuen. 6s.

Sir Gilbert Parker's heroine, after practically jilting her natural mate, is married to a Red millionaire, partly from honest admiration of the rugged power and sincerity of the man, and partly, no doubt, for his money and influence. "We find returns, the husband is absorbed in the fierce game of politics and the war that follows, there is treachery in his household, and before he locates in his half-caste Boer servant, his domestic peace has been well-nigh wrecked. Finally his wife parts from him and joins with others to equip and escort a field-hospital at the seat of war, while her husband raises a South African regiment and leads it with distinction. At the end reconciliation and a fresh and more promising start. So much for the plot. Viewed merely as a story it is excellent—the work of an accomplished raconteur who is not above taking pains. If it has a defect it is that the pastaking is almost too apparent. But never was a fault more emphatically upon the right side.

Sir Gilbert Parker preaches no sermon, but the sermon is there nevertheless. If ever a nation was let down lightly for its size of factiousness in politics and culpable neglect of the pressing interests of its people, whether against foes abroad or dry-rot at home, it was ourselves in that tremendous crisis. The lesson of the war has been forgotten as completely as though a sponge had washed the record off a slate; and we are to be toying with vital interests, the same sacrifice of honour and security to the exigencies of political party, and much more than the same indifference to the higher morality among

our public men. In ten years we have learned nothing and forgotten all. What Sir Gilbert Parker does is to remind us by a strongly vivid picture of what happened then, and to compel the inferences that it may happen again. He shows us how the burden of the time fell upon rich and poor alike, upon the able and the incompetent; and through all the tangle of private tragedy and trouble sounds a grave note of national warning.

South Africa
Aug. 30/10

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE. By Gilbert Parker (London: Methuen and Co., 6s.).—Sir Gilbert Parker is a past master in the art of novel-weaving. His stories of the big life of Canada have shown that many times, and his skilful treatment of plot, his perfection of characterisation, and his wealth of imagery all help him to tell a story such as one can read with the keenest of pleasure. In "The Judgment House" he has chosen a South African scheme, laying his scene first of all in South African circles in London, and then in the sub-Continent, at the time of the war. The story holds one's interest absorbingly from beginning to end. The principal character is Ruddyard Byng, a Rand mining magnate. He is drawn with a bold, convincing line that is extremely attractive. He is forceful, sufficient, and pleasingly human. Jessamine, his wife, is another example of excellent portraiture, and the author has dealt with the subtle shades of her temperament in a manner which is little short of genius. Ian Stafford, the young diplomatist, and the inevitable *tertium quid*, is pictured extremely well, and is fashioned in a mould which one cannot fail to admire. All the other characters are well drawn, especially Krool, the half-caste, who plays the villain's part. Sir Gilbert's treatment of the chapter dealing with the meeting of Byng and his fellow-magnates is indeed a mastery piece of work. "The Judgment House" is a book which will appeal to everyone, but especially to those who know and love their veld. It is a telling picture, cleverly drawn, of the best phases of the South African spirit.

A CLEARED ROAD.

SIR GILBERT PARKER, in his opening note, says: "Except where references to characters well known to all the world occur in these pages, this book does not present a picture of public or private individuals living or dead." The note was needed, for in this intensely dramatic story the imagination is tempted to fix upon one or other notorious personage and to say, "Surely this was So-and-so." Yet, after all, such personification is quite immaterial.

In this drama of human life and human passions the *locals* would scarcely matter, if it were not that during at least one-third of the book the chief characters are gathered in South Africa during a war which is still so recent that every mention of it finds an echo in our own hearts. Jessamine Grenfel—who divides her name honours with a *prima donna* of the day, named Al'mah—is a beautiful Society girl with a good income, who is partly engaged to a budding diplomatist, when she meets with a Rand magnate, Ruddyard Byng, who is worth three millions. It is not his money alone, but his strong personality which attracts this girl of multifarious powers, and she marries him. Her first lover leaves England at once on a political mission, and does not return until the eve of the Boer War. Meanwhile Jessamine has been queening it in Society, and has unwisely encouraged some of the men surrounding her. Two spies are members of her husband's household, one his secretary, the other his valet. The secretary has betrayed more than one woman, and Jessamine, ignorant of this, has given him sufficient encouragement for him to write a fatally compromising letter to her. Meanwhile Jessamine has been able, by somewhat unscrupulous means, to help her first lover in his political aims. He, too, in his gratitude and renewed love, writes a compromising letter, and one of the great scenes of the book is when the husband summons him as he is entering the house to come and see a letter to his wife which one of the spies had picked up, and purposely dropped on the floor so that Mr. Byng could not avoid seeing it. Ian Stafford naturally supposes that it is his own letter, but is quickly undeceived. Thence onward the action is as rapid as it is thrilling, the culminating point being reached at the close of one of the most terrible of the battles on the veldt, the singer as well as Jessamine having joined the Red Cross Brigade, both desiring to make some atonement for wrong-doing, Jessamine imagining that the hospital in which she is serving is, in some sense, a House of Judgment.

*The Judgment House. By SIR GILBERT PARKER. (Methuen. 6s.)

Book Monthly - October 1913 -

Fiction & Parliament

With Some Consideration

Of Sir Gilbert Parker

SIR GILBERT PARKER is a Canadian and a novelist, who has entered the British House of Commons, and endeavoured, as some other novelists have done, to drive in tandem those dissimilar horses, Fiction and Active Politics. His new novel, "The Judgment House," which has won the approbation and the disapprobation of the qualified critics, gives opportunity for the consideration of two things, the value and the vogue of the Colonial novel, and the disadvantages of a parliamentary career to the literary artist. "Under which King, Bezonian?" is a question which more than once has been asked of literary men who have tried to push the imaginative pen at the same time as they were willing to be lobby-marchers and obedient to the Whip.

We may as well generally leave aside on this occasion the Colonial novel, and give particular attention to the second question: the influence of political life on writers of novels. It seems that with serious letters, with

essays and works on history and politics, a parliamentary career, with all its turmoil of platform or hustings, need not cause injury to literary reputations or good work. Lord Morley and Mr. Bryce, in spite of exacting parliamentary duties, have written their full tale of authoritative books. Mr. Birrell, if his Birrellisms are less frequently put into print than they were, has shown no deterioration in his breadth of literary judgment and genial humours. Mr. Gladstone, W. E. Lecky, Sir George Trevelyan, and Mr. Arthur Balfour are other instances of men doing vigorous and outstanding work in politics, and yet writing books which have found permanent place in libraries; and there is no insistent record of such men, whether political or literary, suffering through the claims of their dual interests. Burke and Macaulay are notorious examples from the generations gone. It may be that with serious work meant to be permanent, political activity is advantageous.

Book Monthly. October 1913 -

Fiction & Parliament

With novelists, however, it seems to be different. Mr. A. E. W. Mason was for four years member for Coventry, and the fiction produced by him during that period showed fallings-off. It seemed like the faded work of a preoccupied pen. With Mr. Belloc it was even more so. He produced during the time he was member for South Salford, his wonted generous output of essays and novels; but the quality was certainly less. It showed the effects of strain; the gay flippancy characteristic of him had become very thin. "Pongo and the Bull" was such an extravagant satire, as barely to be satire at all. It was so extremely pointed, as to have no weight of substance behind its point. The brilliancy, and subtlety, and searching irony which made of "Mr. Burden" a laughable and biting book, was rendered vague. Actual experience of parliamentary life, by bringing this gifted observer too close to its men and its mechanism, had caused him to lose the true perspective, with the result that a good novelist and unusually effective satirist was lost for the time being. And now we have Sir Gilbert Parker illustrating the general rule—a general rule to which the necessary exception seems to have been Benjamin Disraeli. It is as well that Sir James Matthew Barrie did not

fulfil his intention of standing for Parliament; else "Peter Pan" might yet be where the unborn ideas come from, and we might still be ignorant of "What Every Woman Knows."

At Dizzy's unquestioned and exceptional superiority as a political novelist nobody can safely cavil. He was a parliamentarian to his finger-tips; he breathed the breath of political ambition from his youth; his chief interest in early life was the warfare of the hustings; and when elected a member he enjoyed to the full the excitement, the weaving, and the lure of inter-party play and tactics within the Commons. It was, therefore, natural that with his mind steeped in the atmosphere and tradition of parliament; knowing thoroughly as he did the peculiarities and procedure of the House to which he belonged; realising its power, based on many centuries of self-governing freedom, and its high character; he should see in it a great occasion for romance, and should use it also for the expression of his views. "Coningsby" and "Sybil" will always be essential to students of parliamentary history; for, with all the exaggeration and, perhaps, burlesque which here and there modify the characterization, those great political novels stand out as living representations of parliamentary life and manners

The Book Monthly

during the modern - patrician period, when democracy was nearing its new birth and the pomposity of the Monmouths and the other lords of rotten boroughs and bribed voters was tending to pale before the sunrise of reform.

Disraeli had his great opportunity and took it. He remains as a parliamentary novelist unequalled and practically unique. It is curious that, comparatively speaking, so few good political novels have been written. "Sir George Tressady" is as estimable as any; but what other outstanding parliamentary novels are there? What a pity it is that George Meredith did not approach nearer to this striking and evasive theme than he did in his "Diana of the Crossways." His gifts were eminently suited to the shifting battles and the opportunities for epigram afforded by the debates on the floor of the House, the battle of the lobbies and the smoking-room, the cooing tea-chat of the terrace. It may be that the peculiarity of some of the customs of Parliament has caused novelists to leave that sphere alone. A Member of Parliament once told me that to write helpfully about the House one must be out of it and not know it too well; but, the other day, I read a book, unpublished, which described the members as hooraying when they cheered.

Let us come back to Sir Gilbert Parker. His new novel "The Judgment House" shows that the destructive effects of political life on novelists has affected him. The book has less than the quality of "The Way of Escape" or others of his earlier work. It has breadth, that is sure enough; and that is its best quality. The interest within its red boards stretches from Park Lane to the Veldt; and is concerned with many sorts of people, from a millionaire to a Cockney newspaper boy. Sir Gilbert, it is evident, knows more about Colonial millionaires than he does about Cockneys, for the conversation of his Londoners is such as novelists sometimes put into their mouths but which they are not heard to speak. Looking, with consideration, back upon the book, it is really rather wonderful that Jigger did not die. With such an accent and such a soul he really ought to have been martyred by a Boer bullet; but his author thought otherwise and slew the superlative hero instead.

Sir Gilbert has evolved an elaborate plot and brought together some complicated characters. To work out properly his developments of incident and individuals it was really necessary that he should have given his attention solely to the book. As it is, the joints of the plot show, and the story moves haltingly, with an

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occasional rush, too like an autumn drama insufficiently rehearsed. One of the incidents, that wherein Ian Stafford, conscience-smitten, is consulted by Rudyard Byng, whose wife he loves, as to a letter which has proved her faithlessness, is fresh and thrilling, for Stafford himself had just then written such a letter to her; but the flicker of interest so aroused is merely passing; and we come to a dead level of violence which ceases soon to seem violent. Handicapped as he is by his parliamentary work—and how can a member whose days and nights are given to blue-books and the tedious necessary details of Supply, keep his dreaming and inventive faculties alive?—the author would have done wisely to compress his tale. The follies and iniquity of Jasmine, and the consequence upon her lovers, were sufficient, without dragging in details of Krool's villainy and of Al'mah's lurid romance. Such compression would have helped with the realisation of Jasmine's character. She is a difficult person to draw, as difficult as must be a person of genius; and Sir Gilbert Parker has not overleapt his hurdles. Jasmine is the granddaughter of a man who dying confessed that, "The world wants to be fooled, so I fooled it; it wants to be stunned, so I stunned it": a man who had not a scruple but had great cleverness, and

Jasmine inherited his powers. She was beautiful, ambitious, determined, vicious; but—doubtless owing to the distractions of Tariff Reform and other twopence-coloured questions of headline interest—is merely a shadow, let us say, like "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," created to send men's feet wandering through the valleys which lead to disgrace and destruction and death.

It is unnecessary further to criticise a novel which with all its defects has qualities, especially those qualities for which the Colonial novel generally is welcome, and that is breadth, the atmosphere of the prairies or the veldt—breeziness and strength. Canada, Australia, and South Africa have all sent to us romances of the arduous open life, which to the great British public, generally town-dwellers whose minds are interested in the doings of their brothers and sisters at the frontiers of civilization, is always fascinating. It would be well if novelists generally ignored the siren-song of political ambition and kept to their studies and their dreams, unless they are prepared to write a true parliamentary novel. Gravesend, for instance, may be able to find an equally capable representative—as representatives go—in the place of Sir Gilbert Parker; but no one can quite replace him, and such as he, in the writing of romances. To

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be a Member of Parliament is all very well ; but you remember what Fletcher of Saltoun said of the relative values of law-making and song-making. Novels written with power and vision and artistic care are not so frequent and cheap that we can spare even one good novelist

to Mother Parliament. There are candidates enough to fill many times six hundred and seventy seats, goodness knows !

But, of course, this is a crying in the wilderness.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

Two Steelman
Sept. 13/13.

NEW NOVELS

The Judgment House. By SIR GILBERT PARKER. Methuen. 6s.

The Lodger. By MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES. Methuen. 6s.
Penelope's Doors. By SOPHIE COLE. Mills & Boon. 6s.

In *The Judgment House* Sir Gilbert Parker has given us a long and, for very much the most part, an interesting story of love, politics, war, and intrigue political and amorous. South Africa and South African affairs are the background and the setting of it. The greater part of the incidents take place in London, but none of them would have happened had not South Africa been there, so to speak. The story opens on the night of the Jameson Raid, and it ends somewhere about the date of the relief of Ladysmith. Right in the middle of it we have an intensely dramatic and, so far as my memory serves me, an entirely new and original situation. A brilliantly successful diplomatist who has just brought off a *coup*, which secures to England immunity from interference by foreign Powers during her operations in South Africa, has also just entered upon an intrigue with the very beautiful and—we are constantly told, though we do not quite realise it—exceptionally clever young wife of a great South African magnate. He has written her a letter telling her that it is quite impossible that their connection should be one of the ordinary illicit sort, that she must make up her mind either to fly with him to some remote spot and “the world well lost” or to suffer him to fare forth into the void alone; a *tertium quid* he will not be. On the following morning he calls at her house to get her answer. In the hall he meets her husband looking strangely distraught. The husband hales him into a room, and commands him to sit down and to read a letter which he produces from his pocket. “Read that letter,” he orders in a manner there is no gainsaying, “and tell me what you think of the man who wrote it.” Naturally the diplomatist believes the letter to be his own, and that the tragic end of the affair has come almost before it has fairly begun. He takes the letter in a dazed way, trying desperately to gain time in which to think, and has turned over a page or two of it before he becomes fully alive to the fact that it is not his letter at all, but the letter of another man—a very inferior person, a sort of a secretary and general factotum of the millionaire’s, who happens to be in the next room playing love-songs at the moment. The letter makes it quite clear to the least suspicious that there has been for some time past a *liaison* between the writer and the lady to whom it was written—a *liaison* of the tawdriest sort, devoid of romance, of genuine passion, of anything approaching to the spiritual. It is a shattering blow to the diplomatist, a sort of moral earthquake: his world lies about him in ruins. But he is, after all, a man of forty or thereabouts, and a trained diplomatist to boot; so he pulls himself together, and by forcefulness of will and skilful lying prevents what, in another five minutes, would have been double murder and suicide. This, I submit, is an excellent situation, and excellently has Sir Gilbert Parker handled it. Later on in the story we come unexpectedly plump upon a murder mystery, quite the best murder mystery I have ever known, much more baffling and mysterious than anything of the sort that has occurred in any of the detective stories that have appeared during the last ten years. It is really quite impossible to guess who killed Adrian Fellowes. One has just patiently to wait until Sir Gilbert Parker thinks fit to reveal the secret. The weak point about this particular episode, however, is the lack of sufficient motive for the murder. There are two persons who really had a motive for killing Fellowes, but the one who did kill him had none, or none except that of “learning him to be a tward,” as it were. And yet, when the criminal confessed,

those to whom the confession was made seemed to think little or nothing of the matter; they lost no jot of respect or liking for the criminal.

Sir Gilbert Parker has given much time and thought and space to the delineation and development of Jasmine, and yet in her portraiture there is no precision of touch. One does not gather what Sir Gilbert himself thought of her. Her relations with Adrian Fellowes were those of the merest wanton with the casual paramour, and there is little more in the way of excuse to be said for her intrigue—I am not quite sure that it did amount to an intrigue; that is left in doubt—with the Moravian ambassador. But had Sir Gilbert regarded her as a mere wanton, surely he would not have taken so much trouble with her. At the end of the story she is said to have found her real self at last; but exactly what sort of a self it was, or whether it was in the least worth finding, is not vouchsafed to us. Some of the very best passages in the book are those which present the South African financiers in council. These gentry are so admirably individualised as to convey the impression that each one of them has been sketched from life.

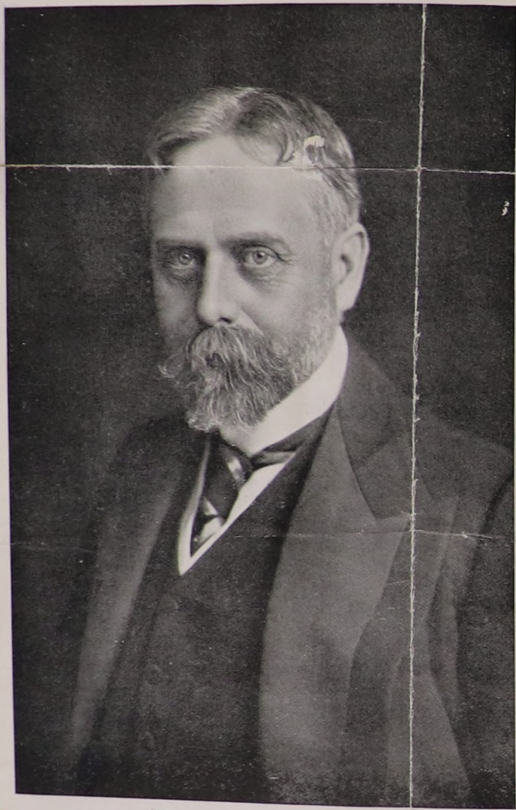
HUBERT BLAND.

The Bookman - Sept. 1913.

SIR GILBERT PARKER'S NEW NOVEL*

Neither publishers nor reviewers need exert themselves unduly in sounding the praises of this fine novel by Sir Gilbert Parker. Its fame is bound to spread spontaneously and rapidly through those more intimate and powerful personal channels which are always at work feeding the inquiries of the insatiable reading public. When you have read it, you will recommend “The Judgment House” to the friends who invite you to name a good story, because “The Judgment House” answers exactly to that description. It is a good story, full of dramatic movement; a story thrilling with intensity of feeling and passion; a strong story dealing with the weakness of strong men and the strength of weak women. The central figure is Jasmine Grenfel, a beautiful, talented woman whose fascinating flower-like personality enthralls more than one man in her privileged circle. Capable of great love, she is capable also of dangerous coquetry, and it is this failing which is ultimately responsible for the dramatic chaos which overwhelms her little world. Ambition for place and power to set off to their best advantage the brilliant gifts which are hers leads Jasmine to jilt Ian Stafford, an exquisitely refined diplomat who is patiently waiting for recognition, and marry Rudyard Byng, a virile millionaire from the Rand, a man somewhat coarsened by his early struggles, yet not without breadth of vision and lofty ideals. The years pass, and Jasmine, vaguely disappointed in her marriage, seeks to recapture Stafford’s respect and love. Her success in this quarter and her coquetry in another quarter culminate in a tragic and momentous sequel. Of the many arresting incidents which distinguish this capable novel, two stand out in vivid, almost brutal, relief: the scene in the millionaire’s Park Lane mansion when in the presence of a group of Rand magnates Byng’s Hottentot-Boer servant is thrashed with the sjambok, the “symbol of progress” in South Africa; and the scene in which Stafford and Byng are brought face to face with the apparent faithlessness of the woman they both love. The last part of the book is laid in South Africa in the time of the war, and here, perhaps the machinery which distributes and collects the various characters to suit the author’s purpose is a little too obliging in its willingness to round off the story. “The Judgment House” embodies Sir Gilbert Parker’s highest literary qualities and gives to the world a story of quite exceptional brilliancy and power.

S. H. W.



SIR GILBERT PARKER, M.P.

In spite of his earnest political activities his public still holds him foremost as a novelist, and at the moment is busily reading his new story of the Rand and the South African War—"The Judgment House"

The Herald's Notebook
Sept: 1915-

Sir Gilbert Parker

IF in August Mr. Hall Caine was beyond question the novelist of the month, in September, among an even greater crowd of aspirants, there will be few to dispute with Sir Gilbert Parker the pride of place. As we always try to have here each month some leading disciple of the arts, it is particularly fitting in a magazine such as this to pay tribute to him who is over and above all a novelist of the Empire.

We live in an age of specialisation, and have acquired the habit, often without cause, of placing our public men in catalogued classifications, even going so far as to deny them the privilege of overstepping the boundaries we place round them. This is particularly true in literature; so much so that certain writers are condemned to continue in one field, and threatened with failure if they leave it. We expect Mr. Conrad to write about the sea, although some of his best work has had to do with landmen. We demand of Mrs. Humphry Ward that she shall remain the social historian of London society and English country houses; and rebuke her with complaints if she attempts to change her background.

Wherefore Sir Gilbert Parker will always be in the public mind primarily the novelist of the Empire, in spite of the fact that he too has written at length and delightfully of the London great world where so much history is made. Canadian born, Australian wise, a lover of Egypt and an imperialist politician, Sir Gilbert comes peculiarly fitted into the realm where his public has crowned him.

Sir Gilbert came to us first with delightful interpretations of his native Canadian life—so delightful that for some years it seemed as if his public would never allow him to change his happily chosen background. But he has at least made his novels Imperial in their outlook, as one who writes from the watch-tower of London.

This is not to say that Sir Gilbert devotes more time to his fiction than to his Parliamentary work. He is, in fact, a conscientious and serious student of political affairs. Specialising in certain branches of Unionist policy, he is perhaps best of all known for his work in connection with the land policy of his party and the presentation of its scheme for small-holdings and State-assisted ownership. He has written and spoken upon the subject with knowledge and with the fruits of an investigation more searching, perhaps, than that carried on by any other worker in the same field.

A painstaking Member of Parliament, hard-working as to detail, and of a particularly broad political outlook, he has not yet attained to the success as a statesman which is easily his as a novelist. Perhaps after all that is but the fashion we have in England of reserving Parliamentary honours mainly for those ad-

vanced in years; and certainly the thousands of readers of the novels which are as popular in the United States as they are throughout the Empire will judge it no ill fortune which has so far prevented the burial of the novelist in the politician.

Sir Gilbert is deservedly one of the most popular men in London life, whose home is a meeting-place of all the talents, of all the nationalities making up that composite entity. His wit is as ready as his sympathies are wide, and he adds to a long training in England that nimbleness of intellect with which the younger countries are so apt to endow their sons.

His last novel had to do chiefly with England in Egypt; and told, with all the glamour of romance, the story of our mighty work on the banks of the Nile. In his new book, "The Judgment House" he takes us to South Africa, shows us the amazing output of the Rand, both in gold and in men; and leads us through the dark days of the South African War, through suffering and disaster to a final victory of arms and a triumph of love.

L. L. L. Aug 2/11

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