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WOLFVILLE

Louis Filler

IT IS CURIOUS, but still quite natural, that there should never have been a joining of issue on the question of Alfred Henry Lewis and his work. Curious, because of the immense audience his western stories had during his lifetime and, quietly, continue to have. Natural, because Lewis, like practically all the literary folk of his time, was dropped by the official *littérateurs* of the post-World War decades. Between Stephen Crane and, say, Sinclair Lewis there is a vast No Man's Land of books concerning which any opinion is likely to sound as valid as any other. It is literally true that unless the subject happens to involve one of a very few writers of that time, information regarding the work of any given writer is likely to be extremely sketchy.

The result is that Douglas Branch's *The Cowboy and His Interpreters* (1926), for example, though it covers Zane Grey and the pulp-writers, fails to include Lewis; and, on the other hand, Will H. Robinson, in an engaging and informal *Story of Arizona* (1919), lists what he terms "*Wolfville Stories*" as one of his official sources of information. Again, Bernard DeVoto, in an introduction to a book on Eugene Manlove Rhodes, praises this novelist's local settings at the expense of Lewis's: "Wolfeville [*sic*] is just a set of painted flats against a canvas backdrop. . . ." George H. Genzmer, on the other hand, points out in his article on Lewis in the *Dictionary of American Biography* that "probably thousands of readers have been disappointed to find that Wolfville and its rival settlement of Red Dog are not on the map of Arizona, so real do they become in the discursive, drawling reminiscences of the 'Old Cattleman'."

The difficulty is that general knowledge of Alfred Henry Lewis's career does not help clarify the picture, but definitely confuses it. To illustrate this point by contrast: Andy Adams's life is easy to grasp and accept—as easy as his western tales: a southern boyhood evolves into

a Texan manhood; the whole fits readily into the casual, eastern conception of the "typical" cowboy life. However, there was not one West; there were many Wests—and Lewis's West, it must be agreed, is not so familiar in literary circles, some of them, as is Andy Adams's West; nor is Lewis himself so "typical" a western figure as Adams. The problem is to determine whether the West which Lewis portrayed is real—that is to say, whether it existed in fact. Let us have the worst at once. Broadly put, Lewis was a journalist, the bulk of whose work was, as Genzmer has it, "strictly ephemeral." Were it not for his western stories, there would be no reason to discuss Lewis at all, except, perhaps, as he is discussed in period pieces of his time. However, since there are five and more volumes of "Wolfville" stories, as well as several other volumes which bear discussion, it is obvious that Lewis's claim to consideration may be larger than it would otherwise seem.

* * *

Alfred Henry Lewis was born in Cleveland, Ohio, about 1858. He was the son of a carpenter, and though he received only a common school education, was apprenticed to a lawyer. Under the careless conditions of that time, he was admitted to the bar as soon as he was of age; he hung out his shingle, and dabbled in politics while waiting for clients. An expansive, attractive young man, he received his chance and served, during 1880 and 1881, as prosecuting attorney in city police court.

His family, then, moved West, and Lewis accompanied it, probably to Kansas City, Missouri. For the next ten years Lewis was, for the most part, a hobo cowboy. This was, for him, a happy, carefree period, the happiest of his life. He worked on ranches in Kansas, helped drive cattle to Dodge City and other points, rode down to the Texas Panhandle and into New Mexico, where, it has been said, he gained a little newspaper experience on the *Las Vegas Optic*. Most important, he crossed into Arizona, where he found himself particularly at home, and which he came to know thoroughly.

From this point further, information regarding Lewis becomes more abundant, for he wrote about his later experiences with accustomed journalistic fluidity, in the unreprinted series, "Confessions of a Newspaper Man."¹ Living with his parents in Kansas City in 1885, he tried to build a law practice, and once more acquainted him-

¹ The series was published in the magazine *Human Life*, between April, 1905, and December, 1906. The most important installment for present purposes is that printed August, 1906, "How I Found Wolfville."

self with political work. "For many moons" he returned to rove between the Canadian River in the Texas Panhandle and the Gila in Arizona. In 1889 he was in Kansas City again during boom times, making money in real estate and spending it.

It should be observed that A. H. Lewis on an Arizona ranch, and A. H. Lewis selling real estate in Kansas City were more or less one and the same person. For the West was as much a state of mind as it was a condition of life, and these two factors were intertwined. The editor of a western newspaper, for example, was not unlikely to be as capable of defending himself with a revolver as at making political analyses. In fact, his right to express opinions depended to no small degree on his ability to take care of himself. Lewis found himself thoroughly at home in this western environment.

He developed, as he said, the habit of spending many an evening with one Jack Nickles, city editor of the *Kansas City Times*, trading adventures—"mostly lies." One Sunday evening, according to his own account, he told his friend the curious story of a gambler's funeral which he had witnessed in Arizona. The editor suggested that he write it up for the Monday issue of the *Times*. Lewis was flattered and compliant. He coined the name "Wolfville" for his locale; and, because he found it easier to express himself in the vernacular of the range, he put the story in the mouth of an "old cattleman" who was, allegedly, staying at a Kansas City hotel. Lewis feared that a reputation as a writer might injure his standing in the real estate business; the story was therefore published under the pseudonym "Dan Quin," and, as such, was copied in many papers in the East as well as in the far West.

For this story, Lewis received nothing. Genzmer, quoting newspaper articles published after Lewis's death, relates that for his next story of "Wolfville" Lewis received \$360. This is apparently a tradition, or it may be that Lewis himself retailed some tall stories to the newspaper fraternity. In any case, he himself declares that he wrote for the *Times* about a dozen Wolfville sketches for nothing. He did not need the money, and it did not occur to him that for his work, and for the reprints in other newspapers, he deserved a return. However, he was soon commissioned by another local newspaper to write stories of Wolfville whenever he felt so inclined, for twenty-five dollars a week, and he had written some thirty of these stories when

the bottom fell out of the real estate boom, and a general economic depression ensued.

Lewis, as he says, had seen the panic of 1873, and now became convinced that "the handwriting was on the wall." He therefore left business to become a newspaperman for the *Kansas City Star*, and also for the *Chicago Times*. He was anxious to reach Washington as a correspondent and, in October, 1891, succeeded in getting there. For the next seven years his work was laid out for him. He represented, first, the *Chicago Times*, and, when that paper became defunct in 1894, headed Hearst's Washington bureau. He was considered one of that publisher's best men. Lewis's articles were, as Genzmer says, trenchant, partisan, and bitter. But they were never illuminating. Lewis had imbibed an ethics in the West which he was never able to reconcile with conditions in the East. Without understanding this, it is impossible to understand the insubstantial quality of his non-western writings, and the consistency and reality of his western fiction. He had come, as he said, to Washington, an idealist; "Within ninety days that graceful glow [of patriotism] had disappeared." A diffident person who "got angry when snubbed," he "misliked" Bryan on sight, was an ardent admirer of Roosevelt's "virilities," and in general reacted like a man who lacked civilized acumen. In a revealing passage in his "Confessions" for May, 1906, he wrote: "At that time [i. e., when he was writing political articles] I was a democrat. I have since become politically nothing, my disgust with democrats only being exceeded by my distrust of republicans. . . . My democracy began to back for a corner and pull a gun. It is still in the corner, still shooting, as this is penned."

A strange friend for men like Brand Whitlock, Charles Edward Russell, Roosevelt, and similar figures, to own! Lewis's firm friendship with Bat Masterson, the famous sheriff of Dodge City in its "bad man" period, is more understandable.² But Lewis asked neither the favor nor understanding of anyone, and the affection (and admiration) which he received from his friends represented the appreciation of men, who, whatever their politics, were men of strong views and personality who knew how to value the personality, if not the views, of Lewis.

It is interesting that Lewis, who argued for manliness, rather than

² Lewis's *The Sunset Trail* (1905) tells the story of Masterson, and is Lewis's one book written, so to speak, from the outside, which repays reading today. Lewis's great respect for his friend—whom, throughout the volume, he terms "Mr. Masterson"—kept him hewing the line of veracity and economy.

social position, counted not a few wealthy men as friends, and was wholly democratic in his dealings with any man—thief, saloon-keeper, or Bowery tough—so long as he was entertaining or informative. But poverty he loathed, and unions—a symbol, to him, of mediocrity—he ignored or despised. In explanation of his book-length “study” of Richard Croker, the Tammany boss, he declared that anyone who leads any field merits discussion. This volume, by the way, was dedicated to the millionaire Oliver H. P. Belmont, whom Lewis hailed as one of the “rare few” who work though they need not.

It should be sufficiently evident that Lewis’s yardstick of measurement was totally unadapted to eastern conditions. It is necessary to complete, however, even if cursorily, an account of his activities. In 1897, *Wolfville* was issued and immediately made his reputation, running from edition into edition. From December, 1898, until 1900 he edited *The Verdict*, a Democratic weekly, for Oliver Belmont. Lewis was now sufficiently well known to be able to leave newspaper work for magazine writing, editorial work, and book-production, and till his death in 1914 a constant stream of words appeared from his pen.

As has been stated, practically all Lewis’s non-western writing was perishable. Yet *The Boss (and How He Came to Rule New York)* (1903), for example, though no more than a fictionalization of the incredible *Richard Croker* material, was a publishing success, and has been mentioned in most accounts of “muck-raking.” *The President* (1904), a novel scoring national politics, similarly fails to repay reading, and indicates Lewis’s inability to understand—or rather, to record—eastern character and motives.

* * *

And yet Lewis was a keen observer and a student of character. As the late Charles Edward Russell wrote, in a letter to the present writer, he never knew anyone who probed deeper through sham than did Lewis. The entire point, once more, was that the conditions which faced him in the East were not those which agreed with his scale of judgments. He was not at home in the East. Why, then, did he stay there? For the same reason that brought Bat Masterson from the West to become a United States Marshal in New York City; their West was gone. Lewis had come to it in the early 1880’s, during a time of boom when, as Walter Webb has it, “the whole world (that is almost literally true) stampeded to the Great Plains to get a ranch while ranches were to be had.” Lewis preferred to let others

have the ranches, just so long as he could enjoy the life the Great Plains provided. But the economic collapse of 1885, to quote Webb again, "converted ranching from an adventure into a business," and with the crash of 1890, Lewis knew that his time had come. To stay with the West meant to change with the West. Lewis went East for new adventures; he remained there in order to preserve his memories of a better time.

Lewis, then, became a storyteller of the West, rather than its historian; and yet, that having been said, one must hasten to qualify the statement carefully. Consider, for example, the following from a long preface³ entitled "Some Cowboy Facts."

There are certain truths of a botanical character that are not generally known. Each year the trees in their occupation creep further west. There are regions in Missouri—not bottom lands—which sixty years ago were bald and bare of trees. Today they are heavy with timber. Westward, beyond the trees, lie the prairies, and beyond the prairies, the plains. . . . As the trees march slowly westward in conquest of the prairies, so do the prairies, in their verdant turn, become aggressors and push westward upon the plains. . . . These mutations all wait upon rain; and as the rain belt goes ever and ever westward, a strip of plain each year surrenders its aridity, and the prairies and then the trees press on and take new ground.

With these changes, says Lewis, come changes in living:

With a civilized people extending themselves over new lands, cattle form ever the advance guard. This is the procession of a civilized, peaceful invasion; this is the column marshalled. First the pastoral; next, the agricultural; third and last, the manufacturing. . . . Blood and bone and muscle and heart are to the front; and the money that steadies and stays and protects and repays them and their efforts, to the rear. . . .

What does all this (whether precisely true or not) mean to Lewis?

While the farms in their westward pushing do not diminish the cattle, they reduce the cattleman and pinch off much that is romantic and picturesque. Between the farm and the wire fence, the cowboy, as once he flourished, has been modified, sub-

³ A. H. Lewis, *Wolfville Nights* (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co., 1902), pp. 5, 6, 7.

dued, and made partially to disappear. In the good old days of the Jones and Plummer trail there were no wire fences, and the sullen farmer had not yet arrived. Your cowboy at that time was a person of thrill and consequence. . . .

Lewis then goes on to describe the cowboy as he had been in his golden prime, to detail his picturesque attire, and to give the environmental reasons for the broad-brimmed Stetson, and the "chapps" which protected him from cold and rain ("your cowboy loathes water"), as well as from "wire fences and other obstacles inimical."

But the cowboy, to emphasize, was to himself a man first, not a mere product of conditions. He therefore spent inordinate sums on those things which he needed and which gave him character: his hat-band, spurs, saddle, and "leggings." His saddle might cost him \$2,500; his spurs might be inlaid with silver and gold. And after a season on the range, where he has been "quiet, just, and peaceable," after the strenuous drill of the round-up, he "unbuckles and reposes himself from his labors."

He becomes "deeply and famously drunk," in town. He hungers for excitement. He loses his money at faro and monte, cheers at the theater, dances, rides madly to no purpose, shoots his bullets into the air. Four things he must not do: insult a woman, shoot his pistol in a store or bar-room, ride his pony into a store or bar-room, or ride his pony onto the sidewalk. This last smacks of an insult to the town marshal. As for anything else, "he's payin' for it, ain't he?"

It was the picturesque, then; more, the cowboy who was a man of consequence, the cowboy whose attitude toward life was his own, whom Lewis aimed to preserve. The first Wolfville stories made no effort to conciliate the eastern conception of literature or the West. *Wolfville* was issued, remember, in 1897, five years before *The Virginian*, by Owen Wister, which Webb believed marked the birth of popular literature about the cowboy and the cattle country. Lewis told stories as men told them during the long, lonely nights on the range: for interesting incidents relating to their own lives, to satisfy feelings of sentiment, or simply in order to pass the time pleasantly. Lewis himself had an inordinate admiration for the great English scribes (particularly for Laurence Sterne, whose garrulity tallied somewhat with his own), and a good deal of honest humility regarding his own relative talent; but he could not help feeling bitter, at

times, about a certain type of criticism which simply made no effort to understand what his writing involved.

Lewis made no systematic effort to create an engineer's blueprint of a western frontier town, or a photographer's view of its inhabitants. As he said, in his amiable preface to *Wolfville*, he left such matters "to the illustrations of Mr. Remington and the imagination of those who read." Still, we learn a great deal about Wolfville⁴ in the course of a great many stories. It is to be reached by the Tucson stage, for example, which is conducted by Old Monte. The "Mexican part" of Wolfville is known as Chihuahua, and is held in full contempt by the white men. The rival settlement, Red Dog, is viewed with a jaundiced eye by the inhabitants of Wolfville.

Wolfville's law and order is kept by a "vig'lance committee," the Strangers, under the leadership of Jack Moore, the dead-shot marshal. The town itself, however, recognizes the leadership of Old Man Enright, whose first name was Samuel, many years before in Tennessee. Jack Hamilton somehow retains his full name as owner of the Dance Hall, but the "impresario" of the Bird Cage Opera House is simply Huggins. The New York Store dispenses the town's goods, the O. K. Restaurant its food. Mrs. Rucker runs it and the O. K. House, as well as her shiftless husband. . . . There are—or were, in the days which drew strangers to the locality which became Wolfville—copper mines. These, however, play little part in the town's modern activities. The town's newspaper, the *Wolfville Coyote*, is run by the amiable Colonel William Green Sterett, of Kentucky; like most of the elder townsmen, an old Confederate.

The most important place in the "camp" is, probably, the Red Light, for it is there that "nose-paint" is dispensed; and friends can meet to drink, talk, or play faro or monte with Cherokee Hall, who runs the game. Cowboys on the range look forward to such a place as the Red Light. The citizens of Wolfville and their guests are, after all, not concerned with municipal affairs in the same way people in the States are likely to be. They are utter individualists. They air views which would often not make sense in the East, and they act on those views. Dave Tutt is one of the few married men and Doc Peets one of the few more educated "sharps" in camp, though just what Peets's academic attainments (if any) are, Lewis does not specify. The cow-

⁴ The original for this town was Tombstone, Arizona. See Will C. Barnes's *Arizona Place Names*, University of Arizona Bulletin, VI, 1.

boy, Lewis tells us, has little interest in politics, and will "sort of" take Doc's word for what Congress or the White Father may or may not be doing. There are others in the camp: some have money, others have what would seem a great deal of money. Those who do not, if they have standing, can acquire a "stake."

It is evident that with such men in town, whose experiences may extend from cow-punching back to the Mexican War, and from Virginia westwards, there would be much to talk about. The most interesting of Lewis's characters was, nevertheless, the Old Cattleman himself, a gentleman, as Genzmer put it, of infinite leisure, a tolerant philosophy, and a language all his own.⁵ He was, in a sense, Lewis himself—the Lewis who convened with friends in a back room of Considine's Cafe on Broadway in New York City, relaxed among them, and talked of many things. The Old Cattleman was a sunset dream of Lewis's. His life, one gathers, has been surprisingly moderate and unassuming; no doubt that is one reason why he has survived so many of his old comrades. He has, for instance, never gambled much. On the other hand, he doesn't hold it immoral to do so—it is less immoral, at least, than to "admire to buy a widow's steers for four dollars, an' saw them off ag'in for forty." Nor has he been an inveterate "sot," though he tells time by "second drink time in the mornin'," and "fourth drink time in the afternoon." He is broad-minded enough to recognize himself as hardly the man to give the Mexican his due, since he despises Mexicans; and he can grant the Indian his qualities, though his contempt for the Indian is that of an enemy and a conqueror. Curiously enough, the several Indian stories included in the Wolfville volumes, and, even more, the large number of them in *The Black Lion Inn* (1903) are told with a grace and understanding which suggests that some cowboys kept double books in their attitude toward the Indian. Or, at least, that Lewis did.

The Wolfville stories are concerned with a wide variety of matters, some of which are familiar to the eastern reader, others of which are strictly the business of the westerner, and involve a westerner's ethics and outlook. For example, in *Sandburrs* (1900), which contains half a dozen Wolfville stories, there is one entitled "Short Creek Dave." It tells how a normal and esteemed cowboy, Short Creek, while visiting away from Wolfville, becomes converted. Wolfville, hearing of

⁵ Not quite a language all his own. Eugene Manlove Rhodes, for example, wrote a more decorous English concerning a locale somewhat different from Lewis's; but there is a turn to the language of both writers which reveals a similar source. Lewis's phonetic spelling tends to obscure this fact.

this, is disturbed, but "allows" that Dave has a right to get religion, so long as he doesn't try to force it on Wolfville folks against their will. It is argued that Dave, when he returns to town, should be offered a drink at the Red Light. If he refuses it, that is his affair—Wolfville will understand no insult is intended—but good manners ought to be respected. Dave does refuse the drink, and even persuades Old Man Enright to officiate at a "pra'er meetin'." There, Dave singles out Texas Thompson as a lost lamb whose salvation must be asked. Thompson objects, out of fear that such insinuations will "queer him" on High; much as he hates to do it, he will have to fight Short Creek, if Short Creek persists in his intercessions. Dave, in the line of duty, takes up the challenge, wounds Texas in the duel, and returns to prayers with Wolfville's approval, it seeing his victory as a vindication.

All this is fairly recognizable, if somewhat grotesque. The emphasis upon courage and tall story-telling which Wolfville makes and which the Old Cattleman demonstrates, is somewhat less familiar because of the modern difficulty in grasping precisely how necessary to the West was cold courage—even to the exclusion of many other virtues—on the one hand; and how great was its need for entertainment, on the other. Such a passage as the following, for example,⁶ is not to be read as pulp-story action, but with professional interest:

Thar's old Tom Harris over on the Canadian. I beholds Tom one time at Tascosa do the most b'ar-faced trick; one which most sports of common sensibilities would have shrunk from. Thar's a warrant out for Tom; an' Jim East the sheriff puts his gun on Tom when Tom's lookin' t'other way.

"See yere, Harris!" says East, that a-way.

Tom wheels, an' is lookin' into the mouth of East's six-shooter not a yard off.

"Put up your hands!" says East.

But Tom don't. He looks over the gun into East's eye, an' he freezes him. Then slow an' deliberate, an' glarin' like a mountain lion at East, Tom goes after his Colt an' pulls it. He lays her alongside of East's with the muzzle p'intin' at East's eye. An' thar they stand.

"You don't dar' shoot!" says Tom; an' East don't.

They breaks away an' no powder burned; Tom stands East off.

"Warrant or no warrant," says Tom, "all the sheriffs that

⁶ A. H. Lewis, *Wolfville Days* (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co., 1902), p. 146.

ever jingles a spur in the Panhandle country, can't take 'em! Nor all the rangers neither!" An' they shore couldn't.

Tall stories were a bond between men of the Plains, a form of relaxation, a test of inventiveness. They were, also, a means of confusing "tenderfoots" or "shorthorns," of drawing a line between those who belonged and those who did not, or, as in the following case,⁷ of gently creating a diversion. The Old Cattleman has explained that grizzly bears were once unafraid of men, whose earlier weapons did not worry them. But they have since been frightened by the big guns:

Big b'ars an' little b'ars, it's all sim'lar, for the old ones tells it to the young, an' the lesson is spread throughout the entire nation of b'ars. . . .

What's that, son? You-all think my stories smell some tall! You expresses doubts about anamiles conversin' with one another? That's where you're ignorant. All animiles talks; they commoonicates the news to one another like hoomans. When I've been freightin' from Dodge down toward the Canadian, I had a eight-mule team. As shore as we're walkin'—as shore as I'm pinin' for a drink, I've listened to them mules gossip by the hour as we swings along the trail. Lots of times I saveys what they says. Once I hears the off-leader tell his mate that the jockey stick is sawin' him onder the chin. I investigates an' finds the complaint troo an' relieves him.

Many writers on the Southwest have emphasized the human qualities which Lewis developed in his work: the leisureliness of the Southwest, its largely southern-bred constituency, its curious humor and general outlook.⁸ They may have sometimes overemphasized them because of their impatience with what they have conceived to be eastern misunderstanding of their region. In any case, it must be allowed that there has been at least one aspect of life which western chroniclers largely neglected: their treatment of women was hardly adequate, was over-simplified: and one can sympathize with the attitude of literary critics who have found it hard to accept. But the fact remains that authentic western narratives like those of Adams and Lewis must be taken in the same spirit in which they were written.

And there is much to be said for them, even on modern terms.

⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 150.

⁸ See, for example, J. Frank Dobie's "Andy Adams, Cowboy Chronicler," *Southwest Review* (January, 1926), for one statement of values.

For, as Everett Dick has noted, in *The Sod-house Frontier* (1937), married people were *in fact* as "pure" on the frontier as they were elsewhere during the Victorian period. Single men were less strict, true, and supported brothels; but a "good woman" was held in high esteem, and an unmarried mother was practically unknown.

Furthermore, "the significance of the frontier in American literature," as Lucy L. Hazard wrote in a book dealing with that subject (1927), "lies not so much in what it was as in what people wished to believe it was." And that effectively disposes of criticism of Bret Harte, and also of Lewis, which cannot reconcile itself to American history. Tucson Jennie, Dave Tutt's Wolfville wife, though having pleasant, distinguishing traits, is a "good woman." Faro Nell, Cherokee Hall's girl, is unmarried, and her curls and general sweetness must be even more idealized because there is something to cover. But "the little Flagstaff girl" who is asked to sing at "Wolfville's First Funeral," and "cl'ars her valves with a drink" before giving the song, is not further described. Nor is the personal life of any Bird Cage Opera dancer or singer probed. Courtships and marriages of varying kinds and degrees are detailed, but bad women and youthful spirits, though sometimes referred to, are never detailed.

The only two incidents of illicit love recounted in the entire stories of Wolfville relate to the affairs of upstanding young southerners of good family with "Mexican" girls. "Death; and the Donna Anna," in *Wolfville Days*, tells with particular charm how the girl gave her lover loco-weed to make him forget to accompany his triumphant fellow-Americans home from Vera Cruz; and how, after his death, she arranged to join him. "Long Ago on the Rio Grande" tells of a Texan in Civil War days, who had a home, a sweetheart, and a future to return to. But at one point he devised for himself the company of a Mexican girl by outfitting her in the uniform of the Confederacy. Exposed, and reprimanded by his superior officer, he felt himself disgraced, and made certain not to return whole from battle with a Union detachment.

Thus the stories of Alfred Henry Lewis went: sometimes primitive sometimes sentimental, here loosely strung and there as properly constructed as any short tale with a beginning, a middle, and an end. . . . An unusually intelligent article in the *London Academy and Literature* for March 28, 1903, felt "ashamed that until this year Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis has remained outside the sphere of the English critic. In America he has had his vogue." The article attempted to place him

with other American "humourist national writers," and this was a brave effort, considering that domestic *littérateurs* never tried so much. Of course, the English article failed to appreciate the full importance of such "humour" as Mark Twain's, for example, and it was simply unaware of the sectional differences distinguishing the work of the American "humourist" writers. As for Lewis, the article topped praise and appreciation with the belief that savagery, simplicity, and sentimentality were not new (Bret Harte had exhibited them); that slang and irreverence were not new (Bret Harte, again); that, strictly speaking, only the Old Cattleman and his narrative style were new.

But such criticism, though acute for an English journal, did not cover the case. A West— not *the* West, but *a* West— was passing, at that time; and there is significance to the question: Was Bret Harte's West the West of Andy Adams and Lewis?

Hardly. The "savagery, simplicity, and sentimentality," the "slang and irreverence" of Adams and Lewis *were* new: new in details and emphasis, and, more important, new in outlook. For the West, which seemed so very permanent in the 1870's, was changing, was gone; and its writers knew it. They made earnest and valuable efforts to record their West. Lewis could claim a not unimportant place among them. There are modern studies, cultural as well as political, to be made of the West, and their writers can find not entertainment merely, but profit as well, in the study of such western records as the Wolfville stories, in a very real sense, are.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Lewis contributed innumerable articles to the magazines between 1898 and 1914. For those who might wish to look into those articles—which touch all subjects— *The Verdict* (1898-1900) is practically a one-man job on Lewis's part; *Cosmopolitan* was hardly issued, after 1906, when Hearst acquired it, without an article by Lewis; every issue of *Human Life* under Lewis's editorship (1905-1911) contained an article by him; and *Pearson's*, as edited by Lewis's friend, Colonel Arthur W. Little, head of the famous printing firm of Little & Ives, contained a number of series by Lewis.

The following is a list of Lewis's books; it has been considered best to indicate with an asterisk (*) those volumes which most obviously warrant reading:

(*) *Wolfville*, by "Dan Quin," 1897; (*) *Sandburrs*, 1900 (a); *Richard Croker*, 1901; (*) *Wolfville Days*, 1902; (*) *Wolfville Nights*, 1902; *Peggy O'Neal*, 1903; (*) *The Black Lion Inn*, 1903 (b); *The Boss*, 1903; *The President*, 1904; *The Mormon Menace, Being the Confession of John Doyle Lee*, 1905 (c); (*) *The Sunset Trail*, 1905 (d); *A Compilation of the Messages and Speeches of Theodore Roosevelt*, 1905 (e); *The Throwback*, 1906; *The Story of Paul Jones*, 1906; *The Confessions of a Detective*, 1906; *When Men Grew Tall*, 1907; *An American Patrician*, 1908; (*) *Wolfville Folks*, 1908; *The Apaches of New York*, 1912; (*) *Faro Nell and Her Friends*, 1913; *Nation-Famous New York Murders*, 1913.

(a) Contains five Wolfville stories, not told by the Old Cattleman; (b) Contains six Wolfville stories by the Old Cattleman, and some excellent Sioux folk-tales; (c) Introduction by Lewis; (d) The life of Bat Masterson; (e) Edited by Lewis, with an introduction.