

the conduct of the *coup d'état*, and of the beginnings, course, and results of the Crimean War and the ensuing peace. For the student there are many valuable references, and a very complete bibliography.

It is unfortunate that Thomas H. Dickinson should have allowed his first two chapters to be included in "The United States and the League" (Dutton), an otherwise well informed and ably argued thesis. These raise a barrier of prejudice and distrust, either against their author's integrity or his most fundamental intelligence. One other observation: even high school debaters know that a team can give away all its points but its big one, yet win. But perhaps if Professor Dickinson had realized the significance of these little elementary complications he would, like the wise shoemaker, still be sticking "solely" to his true calling: enthusiastic and competent support of the modern drama. Not all of us yet approve with Professor Dickinson such facts as this: "The United States has consistently stood for the right of the Great Powers to regulate the affairs of the world." It does not seem "consistent" with "self-determination".

Jesse Lee Bennett's "On 'Culture' and 'A Liberal Education'" (Arnold) is directed at a mentally refractory world. After Mr. Bennett has finished his essay on culture, et cetera, he appends an imposing list of books which shows just how far neglected has been our cultural education. It is an interesting list. We freely admit we haven't read some of the titles listed therein, but are going to: we are going to draw "The Rise of Silas Lapham" out of the library — tomorrow.

A poetic and very inviting plea for bridging the rift between worldly matters and the religious spirit is set forth in Henry Dwight Sedgwick's "Pro Vita Monastica" (Atlantic). The method advocated is the cultivation of a certain aloofness and serenity of spirit by regular seasons of thought, prayer, and "the society of books and flowers". It is a timely book, since realism nowadays too often means pouncing on the nearest and the reddest bricks as missiles or building material for life and literature. Perhaps it draws too much upon the lives of saints who lived in simpler eras. Stylistically, it harks back to Cardinal Newman with whose philosophy and whose sonorous swing of rhythm it is strongly infused.

A. Hyatt Verrill has written a book on pirates and buccaneers, admittedly the scum of the earth; a book that tells of deeds more cruel and uncalled for than any perpetrated by the Spanish Inquisition. He calls it "The Real Story of the Pirate" (Appleton) and attempts to justify it by saying that "England would have been hard pressed to retain her hold on the New World" without the aid of these cut-throats, and that we should be grateful to them for their aid in bringing about "the downfall of Spain's sea power".

"Fox Footprints" by Elizabeth J. Coatsworth (Knopf) is a book of frail but for the most part exquisite verse that may well be precious to any lover of poetry. It possesses the delicate precision of imagery, the harmony of color and mood, the simple but magic rhythms that are the author's acknowledged gifts. It is disappointing only when contrasted with translations from Chinese and Japanese

poetry, of which it is a shadow. Miss Coatsworth catches the spirit of the Orient, but it is, after all, foreign to her. That she is able at times to transmute it into poetry is proof of her sensitive and trained vision and the perfected pliability of her medium. Many of these poems are written in a free verse form that, but for its long and recurrent rhythm, is perilously close to prose; and this experimentation seems a pity on the part of one who uses established rhythms and fitting rhymes with an almost unailing loveliness. But occasionally the very essence of the elusive Orient informs a lyric or moves a minute and mysteriously poignant drama. Such poems as "The Inviolable", "Exile", and "Peony" remain luminous in the reader's mind.

Prohibition as "a phantom", "a thief in the night", which "punishes a vast multitude of us", is the particular brand of stimulant Charles Hanson Towne in "The Rise and Fall of Prohibition" (Macmillan) dispenses. His supposition that we have "20,000,000 males and 10,000,000 females who drink, at least in moderation", is an excellent example of the sort of compliment he pays us as a people. He claims that "drunkenness is rampant in the land, as it never has been", and indicts all who support the particular Constitutional amendment he attacks as "pathological" persons "who, themselves, should be in wards, if not in padded cells".

The portraits of "Spoon River" folk are supplemented in Josephine Craven Chandler's "The Spoon River Country" (Illinois State Historical Society) with further details of the lives of Lucinda Matlock, Sevigne Houghton, and other sturdy pioneers of the

Anthology. The work has been undertaken in a scholarly spirit, and fulfils its purpose of assisting the admirers of Edgar Lee Masters to a more complete comprehension of his work. It does more than that. It adds to the reader's store of anecdotes about Lincoln and Douglas, tells hundreds of homely incidents of the Civil War period, gives a detailed account of ecclesiastical architecture in Illinois of the 'fifties, touches upon Indian life, river commerce, and society of the "shirt sleeve" days. This is a well told chapter of pioneer history in Illinois.

Cyrus K. Curtis, who was before his death publisher and owner of the Curtis publications, is the subject of Mr. Bok's latest work revealing the manner in which poor boys may become rich. After reading "The Americanization of Edward Bok" one had an instinctive feeling that as the author had done unto himself so would he eventually do unto someone else. "A Man From Maine" (Scribner) is the result. Almost any man's life is interesting; with this charitable thought you follow the journalistic adventures of the late Mr. Curtis. Just as you expected, he published a school paper—and just as you expected, he made money from it. In spite of Mr. Bok's very evident desire to throw roses and dandelions from the wings, he has at least given the world a conventional picture of a man in whom many people are very likely interested.

At the opening of the first page of "Wild Animal Homesteads" by Enos A. Mills (Doubleday, Page), the reader is transported into a fascinating animal world. There is many a thrill to be had in knowing the splendid