

rather a gentle undercurrent of melancholy — growing sometimes poignantly pathetic, as in "Rubbish" and "The Wryneck"; again, as in "A Leopard by Lake Elmenteita", tingeing but faintly the brilliant colors of a vivid landscape.

A prime minister is usually a hero to his biographer, and Lloyd George is a particularly dangerous specimen to whose fascinations Frank Dilnot has succumbed completely. His "Lloyd George" (Harper) is a second edition of a book which appeared in 1917 and to which he has added three chapters bringing it up to date. The subtitle is "The Man and His Story", and in fact the book is written in the highly colored, highly dramatic manner of a children's story, in which the incidents and motives are oversimplified to the point of inaccuracy.

In "William Wordsworth and Annette Vallon" (Dutton) Emile Legouis gives a painstaking account of Wordsworth's youthful love affair. Professor Legouis is doubtless correct in believing that it throws considerable light upon some of Wordsworth's poems; what is less certain, however, is whether it adds to our enjoyment of them. One fault in an otherwise admirable piece of work (of its kind) is the overapologetic attitude of the author. He offers far too many explanations and excuses for the moral lapse, assures us that it was the only one, and concludes that it helped to make Wordsworth a better man.

A reissue of the "Poems of Arthur O'Shaughnessy", selected and edited by William Alexander Percy (Yale), has now after a lapse of thirty years appeared; it will find favor with those readers who have a foible for Vic-

torian poetry (a predilection strengthened, probably, by their dislike of free verse) and who do not demand the vitality, emotional and artistic, infused into it by masters. O'Shaughnessy is a minor poet, but he should not therefore be neglected. If his verse lacks the perfected blending of meaning and form which constitutes Swinburne's power, that does not mean it has not a spontaneity and grace of its own. His songs exert a languid and tender charm, and in "Chaitivel", "Silences", and other scattered verses there is a yearning music that leads us into those fantastic heavens that solaced his heart. The editor has omitted not only many of the poems, but in several instances parts of the poems reprinted. Such excision is his prerogative, but it may be resented both by readers who already have a fondness for O'Shaughnessy and by those who are eager to become acquainted with him. Others may be grateful for being spared the effort of culling out the best from the poet's complete works and for being given the opportunity to enjoy him at his finest.

"The personal quest for a rich and consistent doctrine of human values and purposes and for an understanding of the meaning of human life as a whole is the essence of philosophizing." So declares Joseph A. Leighton, whose "The Field of Philosophy" (Appleton) contains an introductory chapter in which the author deplores the present day revolt against thought, the widespread repudiation of reason, the tendency to act as though a philosophy of life were unnecessary to him who would conduct himself consistently and with sanity. The book as a whole constitutes "an introduction to the study of philosophy", and makes an

elementary survey of the entire subject, treating of philosophy both ancient and modern in a way that illustrates Professor Leighton's theory that the best method of instruction is through "a combination of the historical and the topical or systematic methods".

The reason why "Men of the Inner Jungle" by W. F. Alder (Century) seems to us a successful book is because the reader too gets into the strange, beautiful, brutal jungle of Borneo. This volume makes us see and feel; we laugh, and we even want to cry out in protest at the cruelty indulged in by the natives during the feast at Hanangan. Strange customs, unique conventions, distorted legends, including the one of the Creation, are to be found in that jungle world. There too the younger generation make love — and the older ones retire early.

Richer and with a maturer insight than his earlier poems had, John Drinkwater's "Preludes" (Houghton Mifflin) is one of the best of the spring's poetry publications. Its author is not in Masfield's class, there is some trace of effort not entirely inspired, but beauty and a dramatic instinct are present in a high degree, especially in the brief lyrics and the longer Biblical narrative, "The Maid of Naaman's Wife".

"Psychoanalysis in Words of One Syllable" should be the title of James Oppenheim's "Your Hidden Powers" (Knopf), for to simplify that difficult study is what Mr. Oppenheim has here attempted. Turning from mystic poetry, he wrote these extremely simple, very interesting, instructive but not wholly scientific essays for serial publication in the Los Angeles

"Times". Gathered into a book, they are not altogether coherent and grow a bit thin toward the end. The sexual basis of psychoanalysis is rather lightly treated by a sort of tactful poetizing unusual among writers in this field. A far more thorough and partly mystical explanation of the unconscious forms the most important and best part of the book. The division of all persons into four types is, of course, arbitrary, but it is a useful scheme and helps even the least trained intelligence to follow the twisted path of this new science.

Those who have enjoyed Anatole France's "Little Pierre" will be glad to learn that the succeeding chapters of the great Frenchman's life story are now obtainable in a faithful English translation by James Lewis May. "The Bloom of Life" (Dodd, Mead) is a "brilliant museum" of separate and classically clear cut views of the author's youth, presented under a genial pretense of anonymity. There is nothing world shaking nor even much that shows France's usual critical keenness in these pages, which are intentionally — and rightly — "filled with little things portrayed with great exactitude." Nevertheless one senses abundant charm and discovers mines of wisdom in the sketches of the boy himself, his fat mathematics master and his ugly classical tutor, his dear, old-world parents and their brilliant intimate M. Dubois, Pierre's modernist godfather M. Danquin, his two or three calf loves, and above all his schoolmates' "Academy" whose inaugural solemnities broke up in a boisterous row. Over all broods the atmosphere of the Paris of the Second Empire, a quieter, more rustic, more artistic city than the fashion centre of the twentieth century.