

Gertrude Stein has blossomed forth again. This time it is a garish collection of wordy flotsam and jetsam, an olive branch to the futurist, but a puzzle to the uninitiated. Whether Gertrude Stein or the publisher, the Four Seas Company, named the anomaly "Geography and Plays" is difficult to divine. However, the title has about as much relevancy to the whole as the words have to the sentence structure. Let us challenge Einstein, protagonist of the theory of relativity, to find the true relation of this quotation to layman logic:

Guess a green. The cloud is too hold, collected necessary pastes in that shine of old boil and much part, much part in thread and land with a pile. The closeness of a lesson to shirt and the reason for a pale cullass is what is the revolution and retaliation and serpentine illustration and little eagle. A long little beagle, a long little scissor of a kind that has choice, all this makes a collation.

Though futurists may deny, it would seem that Gertrude Stein has used her language to conceal her thoughts. We suggest a copy of a futurist book of indication with code to go with each copy, so that those who read may not run away. However, we will say this: the book is good reading when one seeks relief from present day high pressure literature.

Burton J. Hendrick, whose "Life and Letters of Walter H. Page" brought him a 1922 Pulitzer Prize, has now turned his attention to "The Jews in America" (Doubleday, Page). This brief study, which makes no pretense to exhaustiveness, is to be commended for simplicity of style and freedom from bias. Mr. Hendrick emphasizes the fact, all too little appreciated in this country, that the Spanish and German (or western) Jews differ from the Polish (or eastern) Jews in every

essential save religion. He analyzes the reasons for the assimilability of the early Jewish settlers from Spain and Germany, and shows why it is that our immigrants of the last forty years from eastern Europe present a much graver Americanization problem. As to the reputed Jewish control of American industry and finance, Mr. Hendricks presents data indicating that "the racial stocks which founded the United States . . . still control its wealth". Furthermore, he gives instances to prove that whereas the Jew has great powers of imitation, he lacks the faculties — essential for economic domination — of creation, organization, and cooperation.

The subject of A. G. Gardiner's "The Life of Sir William Harcourt" (Doran) will doubtless prevent it from enjoying in America the widespread success it has achieved in England, for Harcourt is not well known in America. Yet he should be. Not the least interesting portion of Mr. Gardiner's two volumes describes Harcourt's attitude during our Civil War. He not only favored strict neutrality, though siding with the north, but was able to make his policy effective through his close connection with the government. Thus to his influence must be ascribed the peaceful settlement of several dangerous disputes, among them the "Alabama" claims. Moreover, an unusual courtesy and fairness on the part of Delane of the "Times", who expressed the prevailing sentiment in favor of the south, made Harcourt what amounted to spokesman of the government's policy to the nation and the world. In his letters signed "Historicus" he discussed the difficult problems which arose between England and the United States "with a luminous force and a wealth of learning that profoundly

influenced the course of events and made them a permanent contribution to the discussion of the relations of nations in time of war". Though writing obviously *con amore*, Mr. Gardiner never loses his poise or discrimination. He has chosen his material well and his narrative is interesting throughout.

For the fifth edition of Wilfred Gibson's "Daily Bread" (Macmillan) the title poem has been rewritten. The poems are in the form of dramatic scenes or tragedies from the life of the humble, introducing as characters the deserted mistress, the woman whose child is stillborn, whose husband has been lost in a mine accident or mangled by machinery, and so on. The language is incongruously elevated, the moral sentiments platitudinous, and the poems almost uniformly dull.

If you would gain a miscellaneous assortment of knowledge in a minimum of time, hie to "A Desk-Book of Idioms and Idiomatic Phrases in English Speech and Literature" (Funk, Wagnalls) by Frank H. Vizetelly, Litt.D., LL.D., and Leander J. de Bekker. You will be informed as to African golf, Eastern Question, hokum, Santa Claus, Pons Asinorum, lame duck, Hardshell Baptists, Fleet-Streetese, complex-phobia, and many other equally absorbing subjects. You will learn that "hooch" is a contraction of the Amerind *hoochinoo*, and you will no doubt be surprised to read that the fox trot was invented by a vaudeville dancer named Fox, "and the selection of the steps was arranged by him quite independently of anything zoological".

It is not always an unmixed pleasure to turn the pages of a volume devoted to a certain period and its problems by one who has made that period his special field. The authority is apt to take too much for granted on the part of the reader. This is not the case in Rachel Annand Taylor's "Aspects of the Italian Renaissance" (Houghton Mifflin). As Gilbert Murray in his preface implies, she has used imagination on a basis of exact knowledge in giving us a poetic and sympathetic picture of an age whose appeal endures. The beautiful opening chapter which outlines the "Mediæval Dream and the Renaissance Morning" is balanced by the concluding one on "The Renaissance Ferment", which traces the course of the quickening current through the other European lands. And the medial chapters deal with the ideas and ideals, the women, the characteristic types — scholar, artist, courtier — social and political institutions and conditions of the epoch. It is a book at once readable and scholarly, and worthy of a place on the shelf beside those of Burckhardt, Symonds, Villari, Yriarte, Zeller, and de la Clavière.

In 1895, before the self-styled young intellectuals of today had found their voices, Sir William Watson wrote a poem called "Apologia" in which he defended himself against attacks from the Nonconformists. He cried:

Is the Muse
Fallen to a thing of Mode, that must each
year
Supplant her derelict self of yester-year?

Now that same writer has published "A Hundred Poems" (Dodd, Mead), chosen by him as his best to prove the worth of the established method and theme. He is, indeed, "one whose