

born in pain; Max turns from the easel to dash off a thumbnail essay between a smart tea and a smarter dinner and many turn from the work of Giants to smile at the essay. Limited, yes, unbearably limited perhaps, but for all his urbanity, kindly and not incapable of fine anger. His "Yet Again" (Knopf) is made up of short and relatively unimportant essays, but they all bear the cachet of a master. That they stimulate with the sharpest wit in England—which in our opinion means in the world—goes without saying.

"The New Larned History" (C. A. Nichols), as previously noted, is an historical encyclopædia in which the articles are composed almost entirely of extracts from the works of great writers, historians, ethnologists, and so on. Four more of the ultimate twelve volumes have been added to the four already issued, carrying the reader from Froebel to Rome. The work is excellently arranged and indexed; is liberally provided with maps, illustrations, and texts of documents; and is up to date.

The most interesting fact about "Illini Poetry, 1918-1923" (Covici-McGee) is that it is the first book of verse to present the work of undergraduates in a middle western state university. It is strange indeed that we have not seen this book long before, so sure have been the literary proconsuls, stationed at the Chicago legation, that the middle west poetical renaissance was in train. (The inaccurate use of the word "renaissance" is a critical convention always to be used in discussing the middle west.) This book, produced in the poetry "workshop" at the University of Illinois, is edited by Bruce Weirick,

a faculty member whose labor has not flagged in the promotion of the poetry society at Illinois in the five years of its existence. This is an excellent book of college poetry; which is to say, it is intelligent, self conscious; either imitative of the received models, or in a mood of studied revolt. The subject matter inclines toward love—but a love more Cyrenaic than the loves of earlier college poets—a love in which courtship, plighted troths, and honorable intentions pale before the counted pulses of a moment's ecstasy. There is, too, an infusion of philosophy, collegiate interests, and nature in her prairie modes. But it is the book's paganism, so unsuspected by the seaboarder, that makes the book for the student of literary currents. It is not all corn they hoe out in Illinois—nor they, perhaps, who hoe it!

Sidney Dark and Rowland Grey have not used the most interesting method in producing "W. S. Gilbert, His Life and Letters" (Doran). While they have gone to original sources for information concerning this famous "Bab Ballads" man, in giving the results of their studies to the public they have been content to assemble those original sources without much interesting interpretation or comment. Every page in the book is heavy with small type quotations. One enjoys reading what Gilbert wrote, and one enjoys, too, what others have written of Gilbert. Yet, to make a book of this sort suitable for the average reader, there must be more than a collection of autographed letters and verses. One would not read the book to find an interesting life or man. Only those eager to read details of Gilbert himself would make the venture. Perhaps a great love for the man might

cast a spell over the reader, but there is nothing in the handling of the biographical matter to create that love.

Advertising beginners and professionals will both profit by the unique approach to the principles of their craft embodied in "A Textbook of Advertisement Designing and Writing" (Dutton) by B. C. Woodcock, an English authority. The value of this volume lies in its thorough handling of the mechanical elements of an advertisement: the author tabulates 869 ways of grouping them. The information offered on psychology is quite slender and rather transatlantic. The illustrations of layouts are of practical help.

It is unfortunate that a painter of the admirable qualities of Sir William Orpen should undertake to do a work such as "The Outline of Art" (Putnam). It is unfortunate because one automatically expects other than elementary things from him—expects them even in spite of the publisher's announcement that "this book is not intended for the specialist", etc. The feeling is, if only an ethical one, that Sir William has no business writing art primers. One does not look for weather almanacs from Madame Curie. The book—the first of a two volume series—is concise, even to the point of being juiceless; replete with such yarns as, "The boy Master discovered drawing at his father's knee"; and is accompanied by moderately well chosen but immoderately badly printed reproductions of celebrated paintings. The color reproductions offend particularly.

There is a suspended quality to Japanese poetry which original English verse does not eclipse. It comes

from an incompleteness, a faith in the imagination of the reader. Sometimes it seems to find its purpose in a wistfulness too tender to express itself entirely, too subtle to yield itself to words. Curtis Hidden Page has succeeded in carrying this quality into his translations. As they appear throughout "Japanese Poetry, An Historical Essay" (Houghton Mifflin), they capture the reader susceptible to nuances and implications. Here are two chosen at random, not because they excel the others but because they are representative:

Admired and admirer, both must go.  
They bloom, I look . . . .  
They fade . . . . and even so . . . .

O leaves of Autumn, strewing all the  
ground,  
Whence come ye?—many more than  
e'er I found  
Alive upon the trees.

Mr. Page sketches the history of Japanese poetry from its first use, and he does it with a touch that pleases. His method of scattering the poems throughout the pages seems much more effective than grouping them at the end. There are pictures, too, to aid in creating an oriental atmosphere in this well made limited edition.

It is with distaste that we read unqualified enthusiasm. Coming from the author of "Futility" it seems especially out of place. Yet in "Anton Chehov, A Critical Study" (Duffield), William Gerhardt bubbles without restraint. There is a scholarly air about the book, despite which it can see nothing but superlative genius in the great Russian. This is more than a following of the current worship of pre-revolutionary Russia. Mr. Gerhardt has taken Chehov to his heart in a genuine embrace of love. This explains the manner of "Futility",