

latest offerings. It is a very readable and simple account of our history for younger readers. Wars are quite properly subordinated to more important material, but in every other way the story is made safe for snooping educational boards. No idols fall; indeed, there is a panegyric of Roosevelt. The arrangement of material is somewhat novel and makes for clarity. Philip Von Saltza's illustrations are pleasantly informal, suggesting the style made popular by Van Loon.

The casual reader who would glide quietly back into the peace and tranquillity of Victorian days will enjoy an occasional hour or two with William Hale White's "Letters to Three Friends" and also with Dorothy V. White's "Groombridge Diary" (Oxford). These two companion volumes, which supplement each other in an interesting manner, reflect the sunset years of one whom H. W. Massingham called the one imaginative genius of the highest order produced by English Puritanism since Bunyan. Mr. White is better known as "Mark Rutherford", the pseudonym under which he wrote two volumes of "spiritual autobiography" and several novels. A "Life of John Bunyan" also came from his pen, as well as a wide variety of literary articles which appeared in the leading English reviews. In one of his letters, Mr. White deplores "that reprehensible modern practice of raking together everything a man has written, however unworthy of him it may be" — and one is, therefore, thankful that he never saw his "Letters to Three Friends" in book form. For a few widely scattered critical observations, and an occasional glimpse of Ruskin, Tennyson, or the Pre-Raphaelites, fail to compensate for countless pages describing the physical discomforts and mental depression

attendant upon old age. The intimate record of daily events is interesting in contrast to our present way of life, although the intimacy which appeals in a letter frequently does not stand the test of type. "The Groombridge Diary", however, makes better reading, to use a trite phrase. Mrs. White, some forty six years her husband's junior, is sufficiently detached to give the reader a purely objective picture of Mr. White's later life. She stresses the significant rather than the insignificant, and one has a notion that entries in this diary were made with an eye toward its ultimate publication.

In the pattern of a book of studies of the leading men of Europe, Sisley Huddleston, the great British journalist, has written a remarkable history of Europe after the world war. Underneath the interesting sketches of Ramsay MacDonald, Clemenceau, Masaryk, Lloyd George, Mussolini, Poincaré, Pope Pius XI, D'Annunzio, and other famous foreign figures, comprising "Those Europeans" (Putnam), lies an illuminating chronicle of the events and political intrigues of Europe since 1919; the Treaty of Versailles; the League of Nations; German Reparations; Fascism; the growth of Roman Catholicism and the papal influence; and other important movements. The author states openly truths about politics and diplomacy which the world has lacked the courage to admit. Mr. Huddleston is a better historian than a literary critic. In his essay on Anatole France, he does not write with the same bold sureness which distinguishes his other studies.

The maker of an anthology of American humor may well be puzzled as to what to choose from the superabundance of material, especially if, as in

"Sixty Years of American Humor" (Little, Brown), the selections are to be long enough to give a real taste of the writer's quality. It needs more than the four hundred pages of this work to cover the sixty years adequately. And the absence from the collection of such names as Frank Stockton and H. C. Bunner, when Octavus Roy Cohen, Ring Lardner, and Sam Hellman are included, leaves one puzzled as to Joseph Lewis French's process of selection. These still very much extant fun makers are properly (and happily) among those present, but why omit the giants of yesterday? It could also be wished that some less familiar example than Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog" might have been chosen. Nevertheless the anthology is a useful and a welcome volume. It renders a real service in reprinting a bit from "The Sparrowgrass Papers" of Frederick S. Cozzens — a book that is as freshly and delectably readable today as when it first appeared nearly three quarters of a century ago. The collection opens with Artemus Ward, and gives selections from Bill Nye, Eugene Field, Riley, "Mr. Dooley", and many others to the indubitably authentic representatives of the family of today, such as Irvin Cobb, Harry Leon Wilson, and Don Marquis.

"The Letters of Archie Butt" now appear (Doubleday, Page), edited, with a biographical sketch, by Lawrence F. Abbott. It is in no way surprising that the body of literature which is growing up around the memory of Theodore Roosevelt should be of surpassing interest, for very few even of the world's greatest men have had so much as he of what may be called a radiating personality. As Dr. Abbott remarks, "Roosevelt was more kinds of a man than biographical literature has

heretofore attempted to embody in one person. No one of his associates . . . quite saw every side of him." Major Butt's letters thus give a glimpse of him which is not a repetition, or a version of something already recorded, but a new thing in itself. They are the "unstudied, spontaneous daily report of the little doings and casual sayings of a great man whose great deeds may be safely left to take care of themselves". But they are not trivialities: indeed, they will be indispensable as a source book for future historians who may seek to interpret the political life of their period. Moreover, they disclose the personality of their writer as a competent soldier, a shrewd, maturely wise observer, and a gentleman, in the finest sense of that much abused word. He is also an artist in expression: these letters are "literature" in themselves, though written with no view to publication. They cover the period from April, 1908 to March 5, 1909. The volume is well made, illustrated, and fortunately very fully indexed. It is worthy of a place beside Roosevelt's own letters.

Many Don Quixotes have tilted against the Napoleonic legend only to retire bruised and rather the worse for wear. Herbert A. L. Fisher is one of the last to ride forth to do battle, and that he comes back so little damaged is a credit to his scholarship and common sense. "Napoleon" (Holt) is a most readable book, which grants the Corsican a great intellect, and then proceeds to inquire what he did with it. He did a great deal, but Mr. Fisher doubts the results. Taking it all in all, Napoleon is still one up on the historians.

There is a striking sincerity and fearlessness in judgments which makes J. B. Priestley's "Figures in Modern