

loaded with facts, the ability to brighten a page now and then with anecdote — and that is all. It does not matter whether the facts are old or new, significant or trivial. The average reader of the travel book of this sort is hungry for information, either to appease his own unfulfilled desire to roam, or to read at the next meeting of the local foreign missionary society. At least, that is the reader for whom Dorothy Dix was writing when she penned the story of "My Trip Around the World" (Penn). It is the same reader she addresses in her advice to the lovelorn, as syndicated over this broad land. There is nothing in this book that cannot safely be read at any club meeting, and there is even a sprinkling of her well known homely wit that should start a titillation of amusement through the hearers. But, also, there doesn't seem to be very much in the book that has not been done before, and done a great deal better by writers who do not belong to the Aunt Samantha school of literature.

Dr. Maximilian J. Rudwin has compiled a book of 286 long pages entitled "A Historical and Bibliographical Survey of the German Religious Drama" (University of Pittsburg). His work is dedicated to Wilhelm Creizenach, the old master in this field, and was written because of the incompleteness of similar monographs that essayed the task. It is characterized by intelligent diligence and is indispensable to the student who would like to be guided through this immense mass of material in which convention and love of horse-play applied to a sacred theme played a greater rôle than spiritual originality or æsthetic ability. The work, however, is for reference only.

There are not many who appreciate a *sacre du printemps* when it is first per-

formed; and honor is due Carl Van Vechten for being one of them. Nevertheless, one cannot call him a liberal or even a discriminating critic. If his mind is opened to *sacres* it is shut to other things; in fact, his open mindedness to contemporary music is only one of a number of eccentric attitudes that are quite irrational even when they can be justified subsequently — as many cannot. Mr. Van Vechten says some very sensible things in "Red" (Knopf); one is grateful to him for showing up Krehbiel (he demonstrates "how dull pedantry may exercise an ancillary function to blind obstinacy of opinion" by quoting Krehbiel's attack upon Mahler, outrageous in tone, and caused by Mahler's reducing the strings and doubling the flutes in a Mozart symphony to approximate the proportions in which they were used in Mozart's orchestra); but one must add that he says many things which are quite silly, and rather perverse in their silliness.

Once again E. W. Lucas, the far traveled, sympathetic, and sane, entertains us. In "A Wanderer Among Pictures" (Doran) he has produced a perfect book for those who enjoy paintings in a friendly, untechnical, literary way, and want a discriminating and informal guide to the picture galleries of Europe. He takes the reader enthusiastically through the chief collections of London, Paris, Madrid, Milan, Florence, Rome, Venice, Vienna, Munich, Dresden, Berlin, Amsterdam, The Hague, and Brussels, giving short histories of the various galleries and describing in a condensed, vivid, interesting way those pictures which he thinks particularly fine as well as the acknowledged masterpieces. His charming style, his intelligent and often original choices and criticisms, together with the seventy two excellent reproductions and the

high quality of printing, make the book valuable and attractive.

The courtesan today must toy with riches rather than royalty. A crown is powerless, but a million crowns do many things. So there is a departed romance (if such be the word) in the last of the cult which dug for diadems instead of gold. "Lola Montez, an Adventuress of the Forties" (Brentano) by Edmund B. d'Auvergne is the tale of one who was, perhaps, the relic of a time gone by when her irresistible charms lured monarchs. Because she was the last, this ordinarily written book has an interest which the manner of preparation would not command were the subject less exciting.

In its spaciousness, its easygoing hospitality, its thrift and prevailing common sense, life in "The Manors and Historic Homes of the Hudson Valley" (Lippincott) assumes an almost idyllic aspect to dwellers on crowded Manhattan Island today. Because the Dutchmen were within comparatively close touch of the mother country, their existence, even in its primitive beginnings here, took on an orderly, business-like appearance. Their manor houses — which ranged from the Dutch rambling family type, distinguished for its picturesqueness rather than its beauty, to the classic severity of the later Colonial period — have a richness and variety unequalled in any other section of the country at that time. The author of the volume describing them, Harold Donaldson Eberlein, is both historian and architect. His appreciation of the various trends in exterior and interior decoration gives the book a significance to antiquarians and artists alike. And its effectiveness is increased by many excellently reproduced photographs. Since the political and economic status

of a people is reflected in its home life, such a comprehensive study as this one is an important contribution to historical literature; Mr. Eberlein has spared no pains to make the record accurate and the format beautiful.

Times do change and, with the times, morality. And when morality — which, it must be said, is none too definite an expression — seems to be taking a metamorphosis spurt, somebody is bound to be concerned. Last year it was "The Nation", among others. The many persons who wrote of the new *mores* for that weekly are now between covers as "Our Changing Morality, a Symposium" (A. and C. Boni), edited by Freda Kirchwey. Each writer has his own point of view, so a short paragraph about the book can but say that here are answers of and explanations for the great contemporary todo.

The Gentleman with a Duster must be happy, for the *Sonntagskinder* whom he weighs and finds not wanting in "The Windows of Westminster" (Putnam) are once more in power. Ramsay MacDonald, hater of humanity, and Sidney Webb, theoretical pundit, who fill the people's minds with unpleasant thoughts, are gone. The author would here describe for us the great Conservatives. He would show us their moral and spiritual individualism as they fight the rebellious and mechanistic forces of Labor. To his mind Conservatism represents imperial pride, loyalty, humanity, and a God fulfilling Himself in many ways. Stanley Baldwin is a kind of Gregory the Great, longing for monastic seclusion, but performing his duty with devotion to a high cause. Sir Robert Horne believes in helping the individual. The Duke of Northumberland