

and the *meaning* of woman in the world, she has now added an extensive and brilliant chapter that tells how the war has affected both womanhood and man's view of womanhood. It is an intensely interesting study of woman's work for peace, and a valuable contribution to the uplift of all mankind — by which is meant womankind, too!

Some of the opinions of Maurice Baring on books, authors, and the stage — opinions often expressed in British periodicals — are collected in "Punch and Judy" (Doubleday, Page) to form an undisturbing volume for casual reading. There is little here to quarrel with, and as little to get excited about. Rather it is the intelligent conversation of a mature English gentleman — conversation that ambles quietly along in a polite, restrained monologue.

James S. Van Teslaar is the editor of "An Outline of Psychoanalysis" (Boni, Liveright). Mr. Van Teslaar tells us that "in multiplicity of counsel there is confusion". Upon this occasion he is surprisingly accurate. The book is a compilation of articles and lectures by Freud, Stekel, Jung, Brill, and others. The counsel is confusing. If Mr. Van Teslaar has endeavored to present, clearly, the findings of these men, we regret his choice of material. It does not do them justice. If he desires to present the subject of psychoanalysis as a whole, we object. The book is not difficult reading after one has mastered the terminology, but it suffers from "poriomania" (circular wandering). Is it a suppressed desire for literary effusion which prompts the editor to write, "Primordial cravings that persist are racial vestiges of the mind", or, "When painful experiences are pushed out of memory they are really only pushed further in; they disappear from con-

scious memory only to lie dormant and to influence the subject unconsciously throwing up emotional bubbles in most unexpected places", or, "Sleep is a state during which it is possible for the unconscious within us to find a sort of vicarious expression"? Charitably, we shall assume that it is, and that's that.

After reading "The Letters of Olive Schreiner" (Little, Brown) one turns instinctively to "The Life of Olive Schreiner", written by her husband, S. C. Cronwright-Schreiner, and then to "The Story of an African Farm", her first book and that which brought her recognition in English literary circles late in the last century. The sequence, however, should be reversed: to read the "Letters" first is like going to an opera and hurrying home to read the libretto. Olive Schreiner was dominated by an imperative impulse to express herself to others, and found the letter the most convenient and satisfactory medium for so doing. Letter writing constituted for her a mild form of physical exercise and provided the mental and spiritual relief which her strong nature demanded. It is not strange then that between the years 1876 and 1920 she acquitted herself of more than six thousand letters, and that this judicious selection made by her husband should give a picture of the woman far truer than anything which she herself wrote for publication. Miss Schreiner met her husband in 1892, eight years after her extraordinary friendship with Havelock Ellis had begun. Although she was supremely happy in her marriage, this friendship endured until the time of her death, and the majority of the letters contained in the volume are those which were written to Ellis. For long periods she wrote to him daily, some days two or three times, discussing politics, love,

death, the woman question, labor, and other subjects of vital concern to both of them. Suffering from organic disease and a mental condition bordering at times on melancholia, she was accustomed to describe her sensations at great length, and it is unfortunate that her husband, in preparing these letters for publication, did not delete many of these passages along with other intimate sections which are withheld. They are all similar in tone, and the constant repetition and reiteration of the same facts is tiresome in the extreme. With this one exception the reader hesitates to skip even a few lines. In practically every letter Olive Schreiner has something to say, and she says it with such conviction that one is neither surprised that she styled herself a "freethinker" nor doubts that she fully justified the implications of the term.

Under the title "Songs and Laughter" (Harper) three bright orange jacketed volumes of Arthur Guiterman's light verse are now boxed together in a uniform edition. They are "The Laughing Muse", "The Mirthful Lyre", and "The Light Guitar". Of these the last named, and the latest to be written, is perhaps the best all round book of light verse of the three. It ranges from the riotous cavortings of burlesque to a gently humorous, gently satirical attitude reminiscent of Lovelace and Herrick. Some of the shorter pieces are tinged with a fine, if somewhat deprecatory, spirit of melancholy — such gentle sadness as only the wearer of cap and bells can elicit. They are perhaps not typical of the consistently witty and facile talent that shapes most of Mr. Guiterman's verse, but they show a poetic richness that bears out the theory that writers of light verse as truly measure the temper of the times as their more serious colleagues. It

requires, certainly, a fine measure of restraint and understanding to regard the world's follies and to laugh at them with the pure laughter of the mind and the heart, untainted by malice.

Grubbing through dusty newspaper files to resurrect the hackwork of an artist is too often a work of supererogation for which there is, quite rightly, no reward in heaven. But Albert Mordell has reversed the rule in compiling "An American Miscellany" (Dodd, Mead). These two volumes of Lafcadio Hearn's forgotten articles can easily stand comparison with his later work. The editor has followed Hearn's restless journalistic trail through the columns of Cincinnati and New Orleans newspapers of the Seventies and early Eighties — in itself no despicable chore, considering the dismal journealese of those days. No lover of Hearn will doubt the authenticity of these papers nor accuse the editor of misdirected energy in reprinting them. Mr. Mordell states that Hearn's Japanese books repeat his earlier method, and this is unquestionably true. The wonder is, however, that in the exhausting toil of a newspaper man he was able to turn out from week to week such beautifully finished writing, such sensuous Arctic landscape and tropical seascape, and such hideous excursions into the macabre. Through all these selections there runs the thread of his strange erudition and bizarre research. He writes of such matters as serpent worship, Greek courtezans, Renaissance poisoners, Creole philology, Gustave Doré's illustrations, and Baudelaire's translations from Poe.

Charles J. Finger would have us believe that "Bushrangers" (McBride) is largely historical, and we are willing