

(Continued from page VI)

running fire of malicious wit is all too scorching to be tamed to his ostensibly benevolent purpose. The mockery everywhere doubles upon itself to the confusion of the thesis that the prince, regent, and king whom history has long agreed to cut as a poisonous boulder had his good points. Here is a powerful book, compact of bitter ironies, paradox, pity, fun and all those fascinations found in the best type of scandalous chronicles. From it emerges the fat form of an unloved monarch the more ridiculous for his coat of paint, yet indubitably changed a trifle by Mr. Leslie's two edged mercy. One still must sympathize with Queen Caroline who, thinking upon the madness of George III, exclaimed, "Oh *mein Gott!* let out the poor dear old king and shut up my husband." And one would be lacking in charity not to recommend the book to every lover of adult entertainment, as well as to searchers after new interpretations of history. Here, indeed, is richness.

The jacket on William Rose Benét's new book of essays and poems, "Wild Goslings" (Doran), is a blurb *par excellence*. On it is depicted a typewriter with a cloud of gay and jumbled objects rising from it—a pair of city cats, the sleeve and hand of a night club doorman, a yellow taxicab, an old automobile license, a cocktail shaker with glass and lemon. Nothing could better describe what's in the book than this—especially since the sketch is as cleverly done as are the skits and poems inside. It's impossible to read all the interesting magazines that are published nowadays. A happy solution of the difficulty is the gathering together into one airy volume the scattered contributions of an adroit young journalist.

The self portrait which emerges from "The Diary of Arthur Christopher Benson", edited by Percy Lubbock (Longmans, Green), is the antithesis of the personality that seems to be reflected in the bulk of his more important work, the many volumes of poetry and essays. As he here reveals himself, the well loved Cambridge don was at heart melancholy, introspective, discontented, and, despite the innumerable accomplishments of

his life, the high esteem and close friendships of distinguished contemporaries, the victim of spiritual solitude. Mr. Lubbock, long Benson's intimate and in this book his posthumous collaborator, tells us that the Diary was begun in 1897 when, at thirty five, Benson had taught for twelve years at Eton; it was continued unbroken till his death, as Master of Magdalene College, twenty eight years later. In its original form the huge work filled one hundred and eighty notebooks, approximating 4,000,000 words. Only the most significant and interesting entries are here arranged chronologically, with extensive biographical additions by the editor to supply continuity. The wisdom of Mr. Lubbock's method is largely responsible for rendering the book an authoritative record of the subject's immensely prolific and ceaselessly active maturity.

Every little while we have fresh proof of the truth of what Europeans say about us; that we Americans like sentiment. There seems to be a turning back toward the nineteenth century in many of the more recent volumes on art, music, and sociology. Now here is a pretty little book from Caroline M. Hewins telling secrets about her childhood in old days. "A Mid-Century Child and Her Books" (Macmillan) is something in similar vein with Mrs. Burnett's "The One I Knew the Best of All", which probably lies conveniently on many bookshelves, to be taken down frequently by lovers of good literature. Miss Hewins tells in simple, homely phrase her thoughts, when a child, about the books that were at that day put into the hands of all children of good families. Her volume is illustrated with cuts from old gift books, and grandmothers will recognize many of them as treasures that lay on the parlor centre tables in the sixties.

There are two new anthologies of prose and poetry, both arranged in chronological order, both excellent. In passing, it seems regrettable that anthologies almost invariably omit Emily Dickinson, who would add lustre both as an unusual personality and an artist. "Great Names", edited by Walter J. Turner (Dial), consists of short, human,

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