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Dean Inge does not reveal an unexpectedly sunny disposition; but such topics as letter writing, American character, the rights of animals, and the Lambeth Conference do not lend themselves to quite the gloomy prophecy that is associated with his name. His is by no means brilliant or distinguished thinking. At its best — as an anti-Semitism — it is sensible and shrewd; at its worst it is that of the famous royal family the members of which were said never to have learned anything or forgotten anything. The postwar and post-revolution research into the original diplomatic correspondence, which has so profoundly altered the views of American historical experts like Fay, Langer, and Barnes on the origins and responsibility for the Great War, does not make Dean Inge so much as blink: for him the revisionist conclusions are “an entirely untrue legend” sedulously cultivated by the Germans. And the work of these experts must yield to “such unimpeachable testimony as that which we find in Ambassador Page’s correspondence”!

One bright day an energetic college professor in California woke early, with the impression that she must go gunning — after American literature. The result is “The Frontier in American Literature” (Crowell), which lays low almost every famous author in our piteously raw country, from intolerable Cotton Mather down to “significant” Sherwood Anderson. With great persistence Lucy Lockwood Hazard has hunted from his lair every writer who presumed to delude the public; we have our eyes opened to the “femininity” of Hawthorne; the “sickly sweet, pallid waxen substance of southern literature” exemplified in Page, Allen, Miss Murfree, and others whom our poor old grandmothers found charming. Transcendentalism, in the persons of Emerson and Alcott, is brought down with something that is not bird shot. “It is time to decanonize Emerson” pronounces this woman professor, aiming from her bush of perfectly egoistic positivism. So she does it; as well as she knows how. Then up, and along the trail after “sentimental and commercial” Mark Twain and Bret Harte, worthless as truth tellers, brigands of the public common sense.

But to save the readers of these chapters, which are evidently meant for the edification of college students, from despair, one rope of hope is thrown out. There is, seemingly, a group somewhere (presumably in California) of young Intellectuals, whose eyes are sternly fixed on Truth. From this group great things may be expected. After they have studied and digested this fine book.

No amount of adverse criticism directed at the life and works of Anatole France can shake our faith in one quality he possessed, the capacity of being, if not all things to all men, at least many things to many minds. His later pensive, sentimental mood is admirably displayed in Sándor Kémeri’s “Rambles with Anatole France” (Lippincott). These were undertaken by “the Master” in the company of the author, an Hungarian writer whose real name is Mme. Georges Bölöni, and his doctor, Paul-Louis Couchoud. Because the book belongs to that considerable group of appreciative memoirs written by his disciples, it may be slightly discounted, perhaps, for moments of breathless enthusiasm. But the portrait remains, showing Anatole France, the great artist, late in life, suffused in the warm glow of an adoring follower. The translation from the Hungarian was made by Emil Lengyel.

“The tradition of serious journalism”, writes Frank Moore Colby in one of his essays, “demands as a matter of course that a journalist shall conceal any tremor of indecision in regard to any subject that comes along, no matter how tremendous.” Therefore, the matter at hand being a two volume edition of essays, notes, and comments by Mr. Colby, we state unequivocally that they are good. Mr. Colby is little known to the multitude, for he was a maker of encyclopædias, and even the best work of such men is anonymous. But were it signed one would hardly associate the staid pronouncements of this lexicographer with the mirth provoking style of such a clever essayist. The publication of “The Colby Essays” (Harper) serves, however, as a general introduction to a notable American man of letters who delighted in everything — from

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