

is grounded in property and the pride of possession. Mr. Chesterton argues that those who are content to see the instinct for private ownership of property atrophied will in time be ready to see legs and arms amputated. Perhaps the next stage, he suggests, will be for man to stand on one leg instead of two. "And this will be of very great value to the capitalist or bureaucratic powers that are now to take charge of him. It will mean, for one thing, that only half the number of boots need be supplied to the working classes. It will mean that all wages will be of the one-legged sort."

The novelist and poet, Lee Wilson Dodd, in his study of psychoanalytical theory, "The Golden Complex: A Defense of Inferiority" (Day), expounds the view that Freudian and Adlerian doctrines have been of inestimable aid to humanity in the quest for deeper self understanding. He points conspicuous instances of great men who harbored a "feeling of inferiority" — St. Francis of Assisi, Byron, Poe, Hawthorne, Whitman — and thrived upon it, but does not exclude the average of us from deriving benefit through that same spiritual quality. Mr. Dodd advances his heartening speculations brilliantly and persuasively, but with the occasional use of reasoning contrary to fundamental truths of psychology.

Scarcely anyone else, save the great gods of literature, has such a power of continually reappearing upon the horizon and creating renewed enthusiasm as has Jane Austen. Every attempt to recreate her arouses curiosity among all to whom she is not simply a name. Owen Johnson could ridicule her "Emma book", and authors of our wild western tales may marvel that anyone now living can possibly be interested in the gentle old spinster who wrote about the dead and gone events of rural English life. But "the tender grace of a day that is dead" still moves to strange yearnings minds not wholly materialized; and so long as this continues such a book as the "Memoir of Jane Austen" (Oxford), written by her nephew, James Edward Austen-Leigh, will be welcomed and carefully put upon the bookshelf to be read again.

Not everybody who deals with the Victorian theme can or would be a Strachey, least of all Arthur A. Baumann who, in his volume of biographical portraits, "The Last Victorians" (Lippincott), cries, "I am a Victorian Tory, naked and unashamed." As he describes them, "Queen Victoria's Middle Years" are seen through glasses filmed with a reverence Strachey never knew. Yet the author's political bias does not alter the fact that his studies, ranging from Disraeli and Parnell to Asquith and Lord Grey, are essentially qualitative reactions written with frankness and engaging intimacy. Among the literary portraits, pen pictures of Anthony Trollope and Benjamin Jowett are especially good. The atmosphere and tradition of the period covered, in fact, are established with a warm, personal touch.

Clemence Dane always has something interesting to say, and usually says it wittily, with decision and plenty of emphasis. In this new volume of essays, which is avowedly a challenge to "The Women's Side" (Doran), she expresses her opinions on divorce and coeducation, on the folly of our easy going submission to "Petty Tyrannies", the especial contribution to religion made by this twentieth century, the business woman, the woman voter, and a few other matters — opinions which are all worth, not merely a hearing, but a good deal of consideration. Vividly written, the volume is one to stimulate discussion, the problems with which it deals being quite as perplexing to our United States as to Clemence Dane's own England.

Presenting the great principles of evolution in the smallest compressible space, and offering appropriate demonstration, is not an easy task. In a little book of the "Things-to-Know" series (Harper) Julian S. Huxley has done all that may be effected in his limited field of suggestion. "The Stream of Life" is clear and concise and — readable. Some of the other books in the series are "The Nature of Man" by George A. Dorsey; "The Age of the Earth" by Arthur Holmes, professor of geology at the University, Durham; and "Science of To-day" by Sir Oliver Lodge.

In "Penelope and Other Poems" (Appleton), as in her previous works, Sister M. Madeleva shows herself to be the possessor of a genuine lyric talent. It is not a talent that is sweeping in range or that seems ever likely to strike a major note; but, within the bounds she has set for herself, the author can write with feeling and poignancy and sound an appealing chord of emotion and beauty. Certain of the poems touch upon religious themes, others deal with more personal topics that show no obvious relationship to religion; but in every case Sister Madeleva shows herself to be earnest in mood and sincere in expression as well as mistress of a technique that is adequate for her subject matter.

Cutting Lord Ernle's 1,200 "Letters and Journals" of Byron down to 116, and six volumes down to one of 300 pages, is the latest professorial child's play of the moment. V. H. Collins's "Lord Byron in His Letters" (Scribner), however, is an admirable book to possess; for, all in all, an admirable job has been done in invoking the shade of the world's most enviable egotist to deign to walk again in our unenviable midst. School and college, love to mother, assistance to Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, etc., pleasantest "damns" for "My Murray", many women, much calumny to go with fame and fickleness, Swiss, Venetian, Pisan, Genoan, and Grecian scenes, literary history, loveliness as well as mere love lore, social insight — great prose (careless, alive, biting) is here. As Macaulay thought, one of the very greatest letter writers in the language! For the average poetry lover, a necessary book.

Before John Erskine ever heard of Galahad or Helen he could tell an opera hat from a stovepipe. The same power of discrimination has set him apart as an essayist of more than usual force, and in "Prohibition and Christianity" (Bobbs-Merrill) he has succeeded in "defining some of the problems and aspects of American character today". The title of the book is badly chosen, for the essays cover subjects as widely differentiated as "Pagan Marriage" and "Going to High School". Yet Essayist Erskine need never bow before Novelist Erskine, and

we should not be surprised if, when all the ladies of history and fable have been re-clothed in their rightful minds, the critic should emerge triumphant.

Belonging frankly to the literature of information, "Spanish Alta California" (Macmillan) by Alberta Johnston Denis possesses something of inspiration as well, thanks to the author's obvious love for the materials with which she has worked. The volume is an unpretentious chronological account from the point of view of the Spaniards of the period, extending from the coming of Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo in 1542 to the Mexican independence of 1822, when Alta California ceased to be a dependency of Spain. Scholarly use has been made of the standard books on California and of the old Spanish manuscripts available. For the general reader who craves many facts within a reasonably small compass.

One vainly protests against the doctrine of resurrection. While partizans of writers dead and gone survive, still will eager memorials be put out by an obliging press. "The Way of All Flesh" was being studied by moving picture directors a few years back, and many a weary reader in those corporations necessarily found it wonderful. But why bring its author into forcible notice now, in order to prove something which is not vitally essential to the progress of society — namely, that Samuel Butler did *not* mean all the ugly things he said about his own family in his books? "Samuel Butler and His Family Relations" (Dutton) is the vindication of an author whom nobody assails to such a degree that a fierce defense is called for. But it must be a satisfaction to Mrs. R. S. Garnett to feel that she has done everything possible to raise higher in the public estimation a writer who after all stands upon his work, not upon any reasons that lie back of it.

The more heavily the shadow of internationalism falls athwart the future, the more the races explain themselves to each other in the present. Vladimir Nosek's "The Spirit of Bohemia" (Brentano) is a competent what-was-and-is-what, and who-was-and-is-