

Near East cannot afford to miss reading *Beginning Again at Ararat*. It is the story of an observing eye-witness told with pathos and candor,—as thrilling in its sustained interest as a novel and as convincing as history.

E. GUY TALBOTT.

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For Musical Illiterates

In language as simple and unmistakable as a book of etiquette Sigmund Spaeth has unveiled for the uninitiate the mystery of music (*COMMON SENSE OF MUSIC*, Boni and Liveright, \$2.00).

Anton Rubinstein, the great musical classicist and aristocrat of acoustics, in his *Conversations on Music* some fifty years ago, expressed the belief that music should never be brought to the people, that they, as meek individuals should make their pilgrimages to the mystic shrines of the great symphonies and listen, without external aid, until of their own souls they achieved the glamour of true comprehension. Dr. Spaeth, in a more democratic era, endeavors to cast a guiding light upon those shrines.

His principles will be encouraging to the worried individual who has been constrained to sit through countless concerts, without daring to express his true reactions, making of his very silence a hypocrisy. Says Dr. Spaeth:

"If you like a tune, don't be ashamed to say so."

On that groundwork of candor he hopes to erect a structure of sincerity and endurance.

"Don't worry about your musical taste. It will develop normally if you hear enough music, both good and bad. Form your own opinions and use your own ears."

What other critic of today would have ventured to advise a diet of both good and bad? And yet, how can one appreciate to the fullest the true, without having heard the false? It is an elementary and radical change in the advice given to beginners in musical appreciation.

There is a particularly interesting chapter entitled "Old Tunes for New" in which Dr. Spaeth indicates how our jazz composers are indebted to Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, Schubert, Puccini and other recognized men. He condones this

musical pilfering on the ground that the plagiaristic substitute can have but ephemeral value and that the average man will come to learn the true value of the classics by ultimately recognizing them as the source of his first musical loves.

Above all, praised be the author, it is a sane book, something one cannot say of every modern treatise on musical aesthetics.

HUGO SONNENSCHNEIN.

New York City.

Heirs Apparent

"I'm fed up with Oxford. There's nothing in it—for me," announces *Julian Perryam* in Philip Gibbs' latest literary production, *HEIRS APPARENT* (Doran, \$2.00). Since Oxford holds nothing for him *Julian* and *Audrey Nye*, another bored young student, walk home together. Thereby hangs a tale.

Secure in the arrogance of their youth they feel that Scandal can not touch them with her smutty fingers, and strangely enough that vindictive lady does find it difficult to discompose them. Not only do these serene, old-youngsters refuse to submit to social conventions which seem to hamper them, but having attained "the years of discretion" since the fighting of the greatest war in history, they refuse to be held responsible for the "messy" condition of affairs which has resulted from "the late unmentionable."

From all of this comment it may be correctly inferred that Mr. Gibbs' latest literary production is very late indeed. *Life* (with a capital "L") seems to be one of the not too original topics of conversation among the younger characters in modern fiction. These particular ones go out to meet their individual experiences with some reluctance, and yet, paradoxically, with perfect assurance based upon a philosophy of self-control gradually built up in the unturbulent atmosphere of Baliol.

The story of how *Life* treats these hesitant adventurers is Mr. Gibbs', and should not be revealed in any mere review. The book is an attempt to analyze modern youth, and as such is no worse, and indeed considerably better, than most. The characters and the plot are patently instruments which the author manipulates

to accord with his own thought processes. His conclusion he puts into the mouth of *Miss Nye*, who is one of his most consistent characters, when she says, "The young idea is only the old idea in a different sort of slang." It is a great tribute to Mr. Gibbs that his reader can feel that he has made of this book as of the *Middle of the Road*, in spite of a transparent plot and characters which are more or less automata, a very convincing and not in the least boring treatise on his own reactions to the age in which he lives. He admits into the narrative a number of clever bits of conversation, and a few half articulate attempts of *Julian* to discover a truly workable philosophy by which to guide his future. Mr. Gibbs is not a literary artist, but he is a sane thinking individual who seems untouched by the monotonous pessimism of many of his contemporaries. It is with a certain very real pleasure that one reads his last sentence, "Here's to the Heirs Apparent . . . Youth's all right."

LOUISE WALKER.

Northampton, Mass.

Clan Fealty in New York

A limited edition, agreeably bound and illustrated is the seemingly outward appearance of "GRACE CHURCH AND OLD NEW YORK" (E. P. Dutton & Company, \$10.00), Mr. William Rhinelander Stewart's filial genealogy of his ancestral parish. He has fulfilled the promise of the title and made it impossible to think of Grace Church without Old New York, or of Old New York without Grace Church. Moreover, the first chapter is a picturesque exploration of the colonial roots of the Episcopal Church in general and relates Grace Church to the English Churches of the New York and the Virginia Colonies. The interesting fact that Grace Church was founded and generously endowed by Old Trinity will be a surprise to the unlearned.

The many large pages evidencing careful research, give a vivid impression; of able rectors and laymen; of a church with civic responsibility; of the birth of a consciousness of neighbors on the East Side; of the development of an institutional church; of great wealth and fine abilities generously used for church and city; and of a sort of clan fealty among Grace Church people of varied rank and

fortune, toward their Church and toward each other.

The popular mind will not be disabused by this volume of the idea that the Episcopal Church is aristocratic; on the other hand, in every Grace Church household it should be kept, like the family genealogy, on an inconspicuous shelf but in the perpetual remembrance of children's children, that when the acid test comes of high responsibility or sacrificial generosity, they may not be found wanting. The book will be an urge to the stranger within our gates to visit Grace Church and its treasures; it might even bestir an inbred New Yorker to go down, in August when nobody would catch him sight-seeing, and get a real thrill of civic patriotism.

ELIZABETH HALE GILMAN.

New York City.

Now 'Tis Written

When a haberdasher advertises an article as "smart" and "up-to-date" the propriety thereof is seldom questioned, but when a publisher characterizes a book in similar terms, one may well speculate as to the justification. The case in point, however, has to do with Cosmo Hamilton's UNWRITTEN HISTORY (Little, Brown, \$4.00) and the Advertising Manager has not overstepped his bounds. There is a dignity, a grace, a novelty, albeit ephemeral, about the volume certain to delight the most fastidious in the matter of "summer reading."

Cosmo Hamilton is a brother of Philip Gibbs, the war-correspondent, and of Arthur Hamilton Gibbs, the novelist. An Englishman by birth, an American by residence, a playwright by profession, a novelist between plays, his opportunities have been plentiful for gathering the experience, incident, and anecdote which give life and zest to the pages of *Unwritten History*.

The volume is chiefly autobiographical. Its significance is to be found in the fact that Mr. Hamilton is in years still what we are pleased to call a "young man" and that the people about whom he gossips and chats in a genial good-humored way are themselves much in the public eye. It is refreshing in these days of reminiscences of Forty-Niners, Mid-Victorians, and deceased Bostonians to meet informally this