



They swayed upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — Keats

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## Bingo!

Who invented the famous old saying, "Going from bad to worse?" His name, now forgotten, should have been handed down through the ages out of gratitude for the opportunity which the phrase affords us for defining such books as the second attempt of the author of *Uncensored Recollections* to be rushed into print. His first one was unsavory enough, but the second, *THINGS I SHOULDN'T TELL* (Lippincott, \$4.50), which we must all fervently hope will close the literary career of the unknown personage, would deserve, in order to be properly qualified, words we prefer not to use. The whole work is not only untrue in many respects, uncharitable in the extreme, and disgusting in the license with which its anecdotes are handled, but it is not even well written, and last, but not least, it is extremely dull. It does not relate one single fact or story which was not known before in the social circles of which it is supposed to describe the peculiarities. The only amusing lines in it are contained in the "Author's Notes" which serve as an Introduction; especially when the writer says that he "has endeavored to be leni-

ent and generous in his appreciations". Such modesty is well calculated to make one smile, and thus overlook at times the nasty, unclean sides of a tale that most certainly ought never to have been told.

It is impossible to review such a book because, by awarding it any degree of earnest attention, one would only dirty one's mind and sully one's pen. It was a wise precaution on the part of its author to hide his name and his personality under the veil of anonymity. At the same time it exposes the pusillanimity of his character. Were one to look for a single redeeming feature in a publication of this kind, it would be found only in the fact that the person offering it to the public as truth had been brave enough to reveal his or her identity, thus striking in the open, instead of stabbing in the dark. It is, however, evident that the man or the woman who concocted *Things I Shouldn't Tell* does not believe in being fair and aboveboard, but surely it ought to be permitted to those who judge this work, to regret that such is not the case.

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## Another Soul Laid Bare

There is a virtue in newness to-day. No orthodox reviewer would think of turning his attention to a book some years old in preparing his copy. So many, many new books like a hungry pack of hounds barking at his heels, that if he indulged in this dilatory practise of looking into the past, where would he be? He must read avidly, write quickly, and hasten on to the freshly published. It is fortunate for the world of criticism that there are such men as Gamaliel Bradford. In the preface to his book, *THE SOUL OF SAMUEL PEPYS* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50) he confesses that for thirty years, he has lived intimately with Pepys' *Diary*. Thirty years with one book! Some respectable critics consider a second or third reading undue caution to take before pronouncing their verdict.

Bradford knows Pepys, knows him better, perhaps, than the man's own contemporaries knew him. His book will make new friends for the great document that is Pepys' legacy to humanity, and will revive the interest of the book's delightful whimsicality and common-sense philosophy. Chaotic though it may be, Pepys' *Diary* reveals the whole man, with all his faults and virtues. Bradford's interpretation brings order out of the chaos: he carefully classifies the *Diary* under the chapter headings, such as "Pepys and His Wife", "Pepys and His Office", "Pepys and His God". With the zeal of a true scholar he has verified his assertions with copious quotations, definitely located by the notes at the end of the book. After reading *The Soul of Samuel Pepys*, I think those who are not acquainted with the *Diary* will hardly be able to resist going to the original pages to make discoveries of their own.

Bradford's portrait of Pepys is no dry, critical dissertation; the reader inevitably absorbs the writer's unflagging enthusiasm for his subject. This enthusiasm Bradford proves will be almost universal, since in Pepys' portrait we find ourselves. Those who follow with interest this author's studies of personalities will find *The Soul of Samuel Pepys* quite up to his usual standard.

JENNETTE EDWARDS.

Nashville, Tennessee.

## The Glory that was Greece

The appreciation of Greek culture is not at nearly so low ebb as is sometimes imagined; and in the last decade there have been encouraging signs that Greek as a literature, if not as a syntax, is undergoing a renaissance. Such hopeful tendencies should receive new stimulus in the publication of *GREEK LITERATURE IN TRANSLATION*, edited by G. Howe and G. A. Harrer (Harper, \$4.00).

Substantial in appearance, but not formidable, this volume gives a wide range of selection from Homer to Lucian. Brief biographic-historic introductions serve as a guide to the reader, but there is none of the elaborate impedimenta of notes which too often are "something between a hindrance and a help." The translations are always adequate and scholarly; some have in themselves literary value, as Bryant's Homer, Jowett's Plato, and lyrics which in the hands of Symonds, Moore, and Rossetti have kept much of their almost evanescent charm, even in an alien tongue.

The chronological arrangement, with its headings, interprets the development of the Greek mind. "Patriarchal Society: the Epic", "Aristocratic Society: the Lyric" are among the suggestive rubrics that appear in the table of contents. With all the standard selections, hallowed by long experience, there are refreshing innovations, for example the mock-epic *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, pleasant precursor of the *Rape of the Lock*. Epic, lyric, prose-history are well represented. The four tragedies, *Agamemnon*, *Edipus*, *Medea*, and *Alcestis* are admirably calculated to suggest the intensity of Greek tragedy.

One loves to imagine a quite unspoiled, unsophisticated reader turned loose for the first time upon such a book as this, witnessing the parting of Hector and Andromache, meeting radiant Nausicaä washing by the sparkling river, or discovering in the crystal clarity of Sappho the very lyric notes that throb in Sara Teasdale and Edna St Vincent Millay in their happiest moments. Or picture the invigoration that would come from the first contact with the tingling, bracing atmosphere of Socrates's home-spun personality, or the thrill of first knowing Euripides, — the Ibsen, Shaw, Galsworthy of his own day,