

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,

— but how much more! And after the stress of too much emotion there would be the soft autumnal music of Theocritus, with his elegy which has enriched our own tongue.

But merely to record these names is a colorless performance. To read the works, even through the paler medium of translation, is to exclaim with Dryden, "Here is God's plenty"; and it is also to reconstruct in fancy that fair Greek world, and through the winged words, as through the gleaming columns of the Parthenon, to have for a moment a vision of the glory, the eternal loveliness that was Greece.

CHARLOTTE F. BABCOCK.

Boston, Massachusetts.

Forty Years an Editor

The inside operation of the editorial department of "The Century Magazine" is being given the public in large doses, — so large, in fact, that it will not be long before everything that can be said about the editing of this particular magazine will have been said.

About a year ago a ponderous volume of some seven hundred pages from the pen of Robert Underwood Johnson, a former Century editor, was published; and now comes *THE JOYS AND TRIBULATIONS OF AN EDITOR* by L. Frank Tooker (Century, \$4.00), not so long, and in some respects more interesting than its predecessor.

For forty years, Mr. Tooker has been connected with the editorial department of "The Century", which in its beginning was "Scribner's Magazine". He entered the offices when its first editors were still in their chairs, and he has had an unusual opportunity to watch new men come into power, and the changes in the magazine that were wrought with their coming. Even better than this, Mr. Tooker has been in a position where he could watch the vacillating taste of a great reading public, and little wonder that he can write in such an entertaining manner of the various things which within the past forty years, have constituted "features" in our magazines.

Possessing a lucid style and having many things of interest to say, the associate editor of "The Century" has put together a good book. As a chronicle of the last forty years, it has historic worth; and

as the purveyor of delightful stories of the people who make magazines and the people who visit magazine offices, it is an inviting book of reminiscence.

JOHN E. DREWRY.

Athens, Georgia.

A Yankee Soldier of Fortune

What more satisfactory opening for a book than to find one's self mentally accompanying a nineteen-year old cabin boy on board of an American clipper ship with a brutal, black-whiskered mate? And when Gus, the cabin boy, deserts and swims through shark-infested waters to the shore of Australia, we may be assured that adventures in plenty will follow.

There are convicts, remittance men, bushrangers, miners, and Murrumbidgee "Blacks" galore in *KNOCKING ABOUT: Some Adventures of Augustus Baker Pierce in Australia*, edited by Mrs. Albert T. Leatherbee (Yale University Press, \$3.00). Gus Baker knew them all and tells quaint stories of them with dry Yankee humor. Across the picturesque background is woven the thread of the career of a man who was kin to Kipling's Tramp; "from job to job I've moved along" to "go observing matters."

Miner, actor with Joe Jefferson, baker, itinerant vendor of patent medicine, shepherd, the cabin boy tried them all, and had his proud moment when he donned a captain's uniform. Jack of all trades, master of many, he was a Yankee soldier of fortune.

Not the least attractive feature of the book is the abundance of clever sketches from life done by Gus Baker himself . . . thumbnail portraits of famous and infamous celebrities of the old days, bits of wild Australian scenery, and interesting drawings of the woolly-headed "blacks".

Knocking About deals with an era that has just passed over the horizon. Although graybeards are still alive who can verify the accuracy of the picture, the scenes have changed beyond recognition. Thus *Knocking About* is more than an interesting account of lively adventures. It is a treasure trove for historians delving for facts, novelists in search of a plot, and everyday readers avid for vicarious romance.

DOROTHY G. WAYMAN.

Dedham, Massachusetts.