

usurp the place of their minds. Mrs. Bett was old, and we have Miss Gale's word for it that Lulu escaped. But she should tell us more about the incomparable Dwight Deacon, dentist and Justice of the Peace, and about Diana and the child Monona. They are as authentic as are few things in our native fiction.

Mr. F. Scott Fitzgerald bursts into view misrepresented slightly by the title of his book and grossly by its Gibsonesque "jacket," but handsomely equipped for the practice of his art. He has two excellent pages on contemporary literature in America. There are the novelists who are deliberately dishonest; others who would like to write honestly but whose "style and perspective are barbarous"; still others who have the ability to write honestly, but who "claim there is no public for good stuff," when, as a matter of fact, all the very good and very shocking British novelists depend on America for half their sales. Next Mr. Fitzgerald has his pertinent and not unkindly fling at the more apocalyptic of the vers-librists of whose picturesque names he makes a little poem quite in their own manner. There is something in this beginning of his that recalls a fluttering banner and a bugle at dawn.

To come now to his own practice. He is still largely absorbed by mere form and mere mood—the literary passions of youth. No one will object to his telling his story through impressionistic episodes, letters, poems, dramatic interludes. But these matters of external method have less importance than he thinks today. Nor are they nearly so insurgent. Insurgency is in the mind and builds its form from within outward. But Mr. Fitzgerald's mind is still hovering uncertainly on the shore of new seas of thought. It is—to risk a bull—rather afraid of wetting its feet. So, too, with his moods. Except for the really brilliant verses on the Princeton professor, the poems that embody these moods are not really unconventional. He practises the beautiful forms of Paul Fort far more in the spirit of the French poet than Miss Amy Lowell. But his emotional wealth deceives him. He has not yet reached any thought or perception that is absolutely his own.

His story, as one would expect, is in the deeper sense if not in outer circumstances, autobiographical. Amory Blaine is a little monster of precocity, though a pleasant one. He goes to St. Regis' school and is almost merged into the tribe. He goes to Princeton and his mind awakens. Yet he enters the war quite in the spirit of the popular myths and comes back only faintly liberalized. He has his gorgeous affair with Rosalind, which corresponds exactly with youth's dream of a great passion rendered tragic by the base uses of the world. He gets drunk steadily during the several weeks left before the fatal July 1, 1919. Then, having lost most of his money, he sets out on a tramp to find his soul, shocks a capitalist in a motor car with talk about the social revolution which he does not half believe, and is left in the road gazing at the spires of Princeton and saying: "I know myself." He does not. He has not yet come into any self to know. Neither has Mr. Fitzgerald. But he is on the path of those who strive. His gifts have an unmistakable amplitude and much in his book is brave and beautiful.

"The Shadow" is a story with a purpose, more distinguished for its admirable spirit than for its exact vision. The execution is unexceptionable, but the people and the incidents lack concreteness. No doubt Miss Ovington has seen them in the flesh. But she has seen them as a sociologist rather than as an artist. But this will not trouble the average reader at all. And since in most of the novels he gets the characters are conventionalized into conformity with the demands of intolerance and hatred, one cannot but desire a wide popularity for this book in which the controlling spirit is one of humanity and of the civilized instincts. The morally or intellectually fastidious do not read Thomas Dixon. It is those who do, who need an antidote. And it is quite possible that the "novelistic" character of this book will broaden the effective appeal of its invaluable intention.

Books in Brief

IF one were permitted to import an author's mannerism into a critique of that author's book, one would say that (unquestionably) "Broome Street Straws" (Doran) show the genius (so to speak) of Robert Cortes Holliday (had the reader guessed as much?) blowing in a manner whimsical toward places pleasant and persons most peculiar. At a time when taut-nerved novelists, dramatists, and poets are furrowing their brows with philosophy, it is a kindness to be permitted to leave the riddle of the universe for the moment unsolved, and to look once more upon human beings, not as parts of a cosmic puzzle, but as self-moved creatures with individual and interesting lives. In effect, the author of these sketches says to himself: "This is the way people are—'people, people, people with their funny faces, funny clothes, and funny ways.' What makes them so, I have no means of telling. You ask what will make them otherwise? . . . Well, . . . I really haven't stopped to think about that. You see, I don't know all these people yet. And I haven't time for anything else until I know them *all*." Chesterton's chintz parlor in Beaconsfield, that author-haunted club in Indianapolis, and the best room at Mrs. Wigger's in Broome Street are all alike in this, that each offers "peeps at people," rather than the opportunity for literary criticism, or the raw material for consciously coherent literary production. In fact, it must be admitted that where the author leaves pleasant converse about the Wiggers and the Murphys, about Nicholson, Chesterton, Rackham, Belloc, for abstractions about war-time art and the failure of O. Henry, he threatens himself with an application of the light-quenching bushel. But to come back again to technical matters—if in these sketches parentheses are perhaps too many, quotation marks are certainly too few. One cannot escape a certain embarrassment when one sees "this here author" "beat it for the boat" all innocent of the punctuation that ordinarily garbs such slang. In fact, Emigrating Back Home, the sketch that contains the cream of these linguistic indiscretions, might be avoided altogether if it were not included in the same volume with so much that is pleasant. The same tie does not bind Mr. Holliday's friends to his third book—"Peeps at People" (Doran)—mentioned here in order that readers who believe that R. C. H. has always been something of a writer may escape the disillusionment incident to reading, at this late date, sketches that would better have been left wrapped in the newspapers that were their sometime swaddling clothes.

FINDING himself old at forty-three, and believing Europe to be withered into hopeless corruption, Paul Gauguin the painter left France in 1891 and gave the last twelve years of his life to the South Seas, with only occasional voyages back in the interest of "imperative family affairs." "Noa Noa" (Nicolas L. Brown), his narrative of the first two years, which were spent on Herman Melville's inexhaustibly attractive Tahiti, as now translated into English by O. F. Theis makes a delightful document for those on this side of the Atlantic who would study the processes of primitivism in modern painting. As philosopher and folk-lorist Gauguin is not original or impressive; what he has to say about the reality and the purity of savages no one will take very seriously, and his explication of Maori legends is most fragmentary. But his exploitation of the interior of a remote old island for the purposes of art furnishes a real piece of history. Outlines and hues absorbed him wholly, so that he painted and carved with a devotion that had seemed impossible in France. The curves of shores, the masses of trees, the oranges and violets of sand and sea, the litheness of men, the broadness of shoulders and hips in women, were fruitfully fascinating. Gauguin by no means lacked literary gifts. Like almost any Frenchman, he could tell a story with beautiful precision and ease, and a certain naïveté with which he intro-

duced violent or bizarre details was probably not unconscious. The present volume includes reproductions in black and white of ten Tahitian paintings by the author. It is too bad that they were not done in some kind of color to match the narrative.

MR. ISAAC F. MARCOSSON'S keen delight in his "Adventures in Interviewing" (Lane) is irresistible. He is fascinated by the game of interviewing: the thrill at the scent of a "prize," the swift exploitation of opportunity, the romance of success, the stirring atmosphere of timeliness. Timeliness, above all; celebrities and opinions must be exploited while public interest is hot. It is still warm as regards most of Mr. Marcossion's celebrities, but it has perceptibly cooled towards such opinions as these: that the Great War demolished secret diplomacy; or that the ever-open office door of Governor Woodrow Wilson symbolized the attitude that won for frank publicity at the Peace Conference. In the old days frank publicity was a stranger to statesmen, as to Wall Street magnates. But they have now been educated by Mr. Marcossion and others in the "ideals and ethics of legitimate exploitation," with the admirable result that "statesmen who looked with horror on personal exploitation in 1914 now regard it as an essential like meat and drink." The public, in short, is no longer uninformed; it is only misinformed. To Mr. Marcossion, his Russian experiences in 1917 seem like a chapter out of romance. They read like one, too: as, for instance, when he refers to Prince Lvov as "one of the organizers of the Zemstvos—a public spirited organization with branches in every community"—something like the Red Cross, apparently. This of the provincial assemblies, local government bodies, instituted by the Czar in 1864 when Prince Lvov was three years old. As usual, Russia is the acid test.

A PICTURE of French provincial life under the bourgeois monarchy of Louis Philippe, with the scene shifting from the quiet parlors of Abbéville to the mob-filled streets of Paris in '48, is presented in "Ni Ange ni Bête," by André Maurois (Paris: Grasset). One is reminded of "Les Dieux ont soif" by this cleverly-written historical novel, not merely because the author preserves so admirably the philosophic detachment of the greater Frenchman, but because he has used his history mainly as a background for a lesser drama in the provinces, with its lesser actors. His prime interest is in these: his hero, the ardent and romantic young revolutionary; the cynically realistic old antiquarian who serves as foil; the radicals, idealistic or venal; the aristocratic reactionary; the materialistic slow-moving provincial minds against whose inertia the tide of revolution beats in vain. We have, to be sure, glimpses of the secret societies, of the tumult in Paris, of that ineffectual angel the poet politician Lamartine, but one carries away from the novel chiefly the memory of this little provincial group, highly individualized but lifted into types by their fidelity to eternally recurrent human differences.

IF and when we ever get enough teachers to keep all the children off the streets and out of mischief, we shall want of the teachers something more than just "keeping," and something more than the three R's. But most of the teachers today available, whether actually engaged in school work or merely engaged in earning a living, are disgracefully ignorant of the structure and functions of the community in which we live, and for which, presumably, children are to be "educated." Mr. William Estabrook Chancellor's "Educational Sociology" (Century) is an appeal to the teachers to become acquainted with the fundamentals of social relationships and activities—an appeal that even the teacher in service, could she find the time, would find interesting as well as helpful. The breezy style, the vigorous language, the wealth of information, the multitude of applicable suggestions, compensate for the frequently dogmatic tone and for what will be for too many teachers and normal students new topics and new thoughts and new attitudes. Mr.

Chancellor has the advantage over most writers on sociological topics of many years of successful and effective administration, in various types of educational institutions and systems. There is constant insistence upon scientific method as against the dependence upon authorities and opinion; and there is also a faith in democracy with a corresponding insistence that public opinion be an educated one.

DR. ARTHUR JAMES TODD declares the central theme of "The Scientific Spirit and Social Work" (Macmillan) to be "the social workers' part in movements for enlarging the charter of human liberties" and the terms upon which he can "serve that cause most effectively"; and we are assured that however much the argument may seem to stray, it comes back to this topic. His purpose is to imbue the social worker with "the elements of scientific approach and scientific prevision." Mr. Todd is all for the scientific approach; his social prevision is of a simple and cheery type. He "prophesies" that labor will take an increasingly important place; that our conceptions of private property will probably change; that the government will undertake more housing, insurance, and land settlement; and that there will be more education, health, and happiness. Mr. Todd has in high degree the pedagogical habit of repeating an idea three or four times in slightly different form, so that some word or phrase may attach itself to even the tardiest note-taker. The book, like some others based on college lectures, achieves an effect of reasoning by interpellation of "then," "therefore," "it follows," and "to sum up," and contains frequent adjurations to "hard thinking," without corresponding performance. Much of the material is a trifle obvious, and at best the book has a rather far-away tinkle in the presence of the revolution.

THE "Christian Revolution" series comes quietly into being by the publication of a fine-spirited little volume entitled "Lay Religion" (Macmillan), by Henry T. Hodgkin. Its temper is more Christian than revolutionary, but its title is generally descriptive of its content. It gives us well-tested and familiar and almost incontrovertible religious ideas. It is Christianity dedogmatized. Almost the whole book is contained in the chapter headings. Just as they stand they would make an excellent series of morning sermons. The Demand for Reality, Adventure, Freedom, Fellowship, Harmony, Righteousness, Power—so they run. Each essay points out how the specific demand is met by Jesus. The book is excellent, but it is "faultily faultless." It is not only clerical religion that runs to system; there can be moral as well as theological padding. The last chapter on Love in Action is different. When a Quaker deals with that theme, he uses dynamite, and the reader knows it. Then we detect the rumbling of revolution.

"CREATIVE CHEMISTRY" (Century), by Mr. Edwin E. Slosson, is delightfully written, with a real power of imagination and a very infectious enthusiasm, though its binding is that of a college text-book. Mr. Slosson deals with the modern miracles of analysis, distillation, synthesis, and the development of the electric furnace. This latter achievement gives us a range of over fourteen thousand degrees of heat, and enables us actually to produce organic compounds. "But it must be confessed that man is dreadfully clumsy about it yet. He takes a thousand horse-power engine and an electric furnace at several thousand degrees to get carbon into combination with hydrogen while the little green leaf in the sunshine does it quietly without getting hot about it. Evidently man is working as wastefully as when he used a thousand slaves to drag a stone to the pyramid or burned a house to roast a pig." Chapter after chapter is fascinating, whether it deals with Nitrogen, Synthetic Perfumes and Flavors, the Race for Rubber, Solidified Sunshine, or Fighting with Fumes. The author reveals the intimate sisterhood and the autobiography

of such by-products as attar of roses, cocaine, T. N. T., alizarin, and carbolic acid. He keeps in close touch with human nature and links his facts closely with our daily life. "The rose," he says, "would smell as sweet under another name, but it may be questioned whether it would stand being called by the perfume's real name of dimethyl-2-6-octadiene-2-6-ol-8."

THE University of Virginia Edition of the "Poems of John R. Thompson" (Scribners) is a gracious tribute to the memory of one of the most memorable of Confederate poets. Now first collected, Thompson's verses admirably exhibit the gay and friendly—nor wholly unpuritanical—spirit which ruled the older literary Richmond. Here are echoes of Byron, Campbell, Southey, Béranger, Heine, Præd, Holmes, Saxe, neatly fitted to Virginian occasions. The rhymed essays, Patriotism, Virginia, and Poesy, sum up practically all that young Virginians were thinking and feeling from 1855 to 1859, and though not remarkable in themselves they serve to explain the swift uprush, the lift and lilt, the hot yet rollicking satire, the impassioned eloquence of Thompson's poems of the war, when a larger occasion taught him higher tones. His collected "Poems" will do little for his reputation that the anthologies have left undone: he will still live by his teasing On to Richmond, England's Neutrality, Richmond's a Hard Road to Travel, and by his moving and noble Lee to the Rear, The Burial of Latané, Ashby, General J. E. B. Stuart, Music in Camp. The book was made possible by the Alfred Henry Byrd gift, and well edited by Mr. John S. Patton.

GRENVILLE KLEISER is the man who in the advertisements points his pencil fiercely at you and asks if you want to be taught how to speak and write forceful or efficient or vital English. Now he has written ten little "Pocket Guide Books to Public Speaking" (Funk & Wagnalls). The ten volumes do not contain more matter than could have been printed in one substantial octavo, but they will sell for more. Dilution pays. In this case, however, the whole is actually less than one of the parts, for in Volume I (How to Speak Without Notes) Mr. Kleiser gives a chapter of Quintilian that is worth appreciably more than all of Mr. Kleiser. His additions to it subtract from it by hiding it from the casual gaze. In the non-Quintilianian forty-nine-fiftieths of the work Mr. Kleiser analyzes the accepted oratorical classics, lists hackneyed rhetorical phrases to be studied for their fire and force, describes the right gestures and tones, and argues in every volume that the speaker's problem is merely Something to Say and How to Say It. A chief point of originality claimed by Mr. Kleiser is his discussion of Christ the Master Speaker. Christ, according to Mr. Kleiser, among other things, "probably used the middle register of his voice in ordinary speaking." Christ, it seems, is grist to Mr. Kleiser's mill.

FROM Henry Collins Brown's "Valentine's City of New York: A Guide Book" (Valentine's Manual) the inquiring stranger and the affectionate citizen in this metropolis can learn a great many things that aren't so. For instance: that Amsterdam Avenue "makes a glorious exit in the sanctity of the classic atmosphere of Columbia University and Cathedral Heights"; that the Newsboys' Lodging House was founded by J. Loring Brace; that Judge Learned Hand's name is Harned, and that Professor Simkhovitch is a professor of Greek; that Pershing Square and the Cathedral of St. John the Divine are, to judge by the pictures here given of them, a good deal nearer completion than they really are; that Blasco Ibáñez's Christian name is Vincente; that the Lafayette Players include in their repertoire a play named "Tribly"; that it was Joseph Rodman Drake who wrote Three Cheers for the Red, White, and Blue, as the chorus of The American Flag; and such items of misinformation every now and then. Let us call these mere proof-reader's slips. Still, the book has gusto. It is written in the fresh and colorful idiom of *Vanity Fair* or *Town Topics*.

Notes and News

Now comes another ardent scholar to solve the Shakespeare problem. This time it turns out that the writer of the plays was actually Edward De Vere, seventeenth Earl of Oxford, and the arguments in his favor are as good as could be made out for any literary Elizabethan. The discoverer is J. Thomas Looney (symbolic name!).

The scandal of the contemporary Anglo-American stage is the neglect of Bernard Shaw by almost all the managers. It begins to look, however, as if he might soon be forgiven for "Common Sense about the War" and treated as the great playwright of his age—that is, produced now and then. In London "Arms and the Man," "Pygmalion," and "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets" have recently been revived with good success.

Stewart and Kidd have published a book which calls for rhyme:

Solemn Lawton Mackall begs
Us to contradict the rumor
That his story "Scrambled Eggs"
Is humor.

Some may call it merely moral;
Some may call it only teaching;
But its proper purpose for all
Is preaching.

Eustace, hero, draws his breath
Heroically on each occasion;
Lives a duck and dies a death
Euthanasian;

Tries to cure the cock of flirting;
Tries to hush up all the fun
Of the barnyard without hurting
Anyone.

But he falls in love with Phyllis—
Though domestically content—
And he finds his mighty will is
Impotent;

Sadder, wiser, sweetened, warmed,
Seeks his philosophic dormer,
And henceforward plays reformed
Reformer.

Sermon? Hardly. Here the test:
Mackall puns as he goes gooding—
But this is the season's best
Pun pudding.

Drama Musical Comedies

WHATEVER else happens on our stage, the musical comedies are always with us. Hardly a month passes without the appearance of a new one, and many hold their large, predominantly masculine audiences for long periods. Comedy and music in these entertainments are usually execrable. The jests are not even coarse, but only vulgar; the wisp of story is always idiotic beyond belief. Since the days of the famous Viennese importations—"The Merry Widow," "The Chocolate Soldier"—one's musical demands upon this kind, such as melodic fertility of a popular but not inelegant sort, are quite regularly ignored. The scores are feeble, trivial, and stale. The airs reach neither the phonograph nor the hurdy-gurdy.