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"Now and then a biography appears that is so wise in its selections of facts, so charmingly put together, so much, as it were, a 'creation' in the true sense of the word, that the entirely disarmed reader becomes so overjoyed that his critical faculties (such as they are) are blithely laid away. Such a work is Marcelle Tinayre's *Madame de Pompadour*, a work crystal-clear in its scheme and written with so much verve and charm as to deserve the accolade of literature. Of course, the American reader would hardly get all of this clarity and delicacy were it not for the extraordinarily satisfying translation of Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne. . . . The reader who enjoyed Maurois' *Ariel* will find *Madame de Pompadour* of equal flavor and, perhaps, of deeper timbre."—*New York Times*. \$3.50



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G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS  
New York London

## A Letter from Paris

By LOUISE MORGAN SILL

CLEMENCEAU'S book on Demosthenes is that of a close and impassioned student of classical history, and of a man who has retired from the thick of the fight and can see history, made and in the making, from the standpoint of a sage. The title is simply "Démosthène" (Plon). It is not a biography of the orator, but an interpretive exposition of the man and his great work for Greece, short—there are only 125 pages in the book—and pithy, and full of the sap of experience and wisdom of this author of over eighty-four years. Here are some extracts: "The peoples have never willingly followed any chiefs but those who demanded their blood." "Since then history has shown us that the fate of the vanquished and the fate of the victor are more closely allied than one might think." The same laws cause the stone to fall and the bird to mount. "It is not only to serve one's country on the field of battle. The Greek and the Roman were as combative as any people in the world, only to suffer at last the same failures. The more difficult problem is to show oneself capable of living methodically—sometimes even without reward—a peaceful life founded upon restraint, spontaneous or acquired, in order to reach a social development profitable to each and all." There is now and then a suggestion of comparison between the destiny of Demosthenes and his own.

M. Poincaré's *Memoirs* are appearing serially in the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*. They will be published by Plon in ten volumes under the title "Au Service de la France," two volumes to be issued each year.

M. Herriot's book on Normandy has received favorable treatment from most of the critics, but especially those of his own political tendencies. It is entitled "Dans la Forêt Normande" (Hachette), and shows the author almost (not quite) untainted by politics and nearly as literary as he was when he wrote his well-known book on Madame Récamier. Jean-Jacques Brousson, who handled, without gloves, Anatole France in slippers, says that the book is "charming but a little obese," and wishes the author had taken pains to hide his erudition more and not cite so many references; he also objects, quite naturally, to M. Herriot's claim that the great cathedrals were not built by religious but by popular civic effort! Which is going too far even for a radical socialist who believes in nothing but politics, nature, and France. In a speech at a club dinner given in honor of his book M. Herriot said: "We republicans love passionately the soil of France. I love it, for my part, with my whole soul; it is my only religion, my only belief, and my highest love."

Marcel Proust's posthumous novel, "Albertine Disparue" (Nouvelle Revue Française), has finally been published in two volumes, forming Vol. VII in the entire work "À la Recherche du Temps Perdu." The book is as remarkable as the preceding novels, though lacking, it is true, the advantage of the innumerable corrections and additions Proust always made directly from life on his proofs, but this is not noticeable in reading the story. A striking element is the profound study of jealousy—some think the most profound that has ever been made. Albertine is the unrealizable love of the hero who is supposed to be writing the book, and who is and is not Proust. She is the human being who happens to be the object of the capacity he possesses for loving imaginatively. There are many readers to whom this fine-spun analysis—I had almost said dissection—does not appeal, but in time it is understood that Proust's work will be regarded as another stone in the edifice of understanding the human soul. Bergson, Freud, Proust belongs to the same intellectual era.

Jean Giraudoux's new novel is a *succès de scandale* inasmuch as it is supposed to be written around M. Poincaré, M. Berthelot, and several other well-known men in public life. The book is a brief for Berthelot and his family against Poincaré—supposing the identity of these characters is true. People who know the originals are entirely convinced. But leaving that aside, the book is being widely read and discussed. It is different in treatment from his former novels, which showed the delicate, poetic imagination of a peculiar talent. This book is almost realistic, and ends with a bit of melodrama. But it has one scene of Molièresque humor, and never lacks the fascination of its author's modern treatment of his subjects. Bella is a charming character about whom her creator has written

before ("Bella au Couvent"), but in the present novel she dies, after vainly trying to reconcile the two antagonists, Rebendant (Poincaré) and Dubardeau (Berthelot). The two Orgalesses of the book are said to be the Tharaud brothers.

In contrast to many of the younger novelists, with their hop-skip-jumping style, their cinematographic succession of short scenes, their excessive insistence upon sexual affairs, are the books of Charles Géniaux, which sell without making much noise. Géniaux interests his readers by beginning with some sort of mystery around which a family drama is built. "La Famille Mesal," "Les Coeurs Gravitent," "La Passion d'Armelle Louenais," and "Les Faucons," the latest one, are among his titles. André Bellesort's literary *feuilleton* in the *Journal des Débats* was recently devoted to Géniaux whose talent he characterizes as robust, vigorous, romantic.

The first two volumes of the complete works of Georges Courteline have been published by La Belle Edition, with a characteristic notice by the author. Courteline's comic gift finds perfect expression in his famous "Boubouroche," the fat, humble, but self-satisfied lover whose discomfiture and betrayal by a "minx" gives him final dignity.

There is a new edition, revised and augmented, of René Lalou's excellent "Histoire de la Littérature Française Contemporaine (1870 à nos jours)"—(Crès et Cie)—a book of great value to students of modern French books.

The fame of Marie Bashkirtseff is constantly growing. Several books of her unpublished writings have recently appeared. Now comes "Confessions" (Bloud & Gay), with a preface by Pierre Borel, which includes the young girl's copybook journal during the second half of the year 1880. This book has been preceded by another on the same lines, "Cashiers Intimes." Still another, just published, is Alheric Cahuet's "Moussia, ou la Vie et la Mort de Marie Bashkirtseff (E. Fasquelle). Little by little the complete personality of this young Russian-French genius emerges from the many books written by and about her. It appears that there are people so devoted to her cult that they set up a sort of altar of her pictures: she is becoming a species of literary saint. Others find in her the real precursor of the modern girl.

Three excellent books on great composers have recently been published: not imaginative biographies but solid books with dates and written with charm: they are "Verdi," by M. Bonaventura (Alcán), "Chopin," by M. Henri Bidou (Alcán), and "Franz Liszt" by M. Guy de Portalès (Librairie Gallimard). M. Baldensperger's book on "Sensibilité Musicale et Romantisme" (Presses Françaises) is also highly recommended.

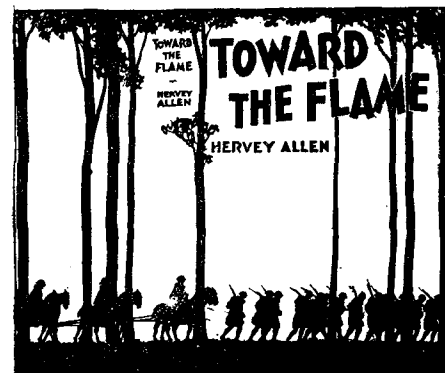
Drieu La Rochelle's new novel is called "L'Homme Couvert de Femmes" (Nouvelle Revue Française) and deals with a young man's adventures in love and the "amorous misery" of the present times.

Madame Lucie Delarue Mardrus, author of many books, has written an interesting novel in "Graine au Vent," which centres about a child up to the age of fourteen who, motherless and practically fatherless, succeeds in bringing herself up without religion, and in disciplining a warm nature. Madame Delarue Mardrus lately addressed of kind of circular letter to editors explaining that she and her distinguished husband, Dr. Mardrus, would in future live amicably apart, and that, so far from detesting her ex-husband, she had the most friendly feeling towards him.

Dr. John Sampson has compiled a work for which he has been gathering material for many years. It is entitled "The Dialect of the Gypsies of Wales," and is in preparation at the Oxford University Press. The book is described as not only a vocabulary of the Gypsy language, but an epitome of Gypsy life. It is based on exceptional philological knowledge, as well as on an intimate personal acquaintance with the people themselves, and includes an introduction which throws a considerable amount of light on the vexed question of the origin of Romani.

On page 627 of *The Saturday Review* of March 13 a line cut of Edward Bulwer Lytton taken from a new book, "Paradise in Piccadilly" was run. Publication of this book was incorrectly credited to Doran; the book is in actuality issued by Dodd, Mead & Co.

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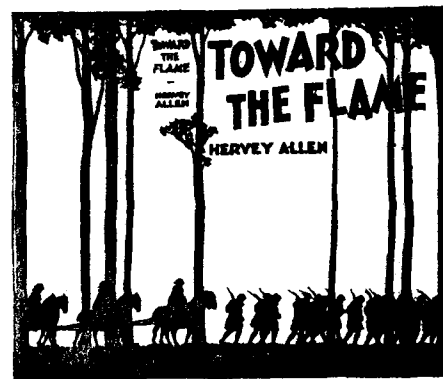
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—*N. Y. Post*. \$2.50The Bobbs-Merrill Company  
Publishers Indianapolis

## Points of View

## A Slice Out of Life

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:  
SIR:

Your recent review of Grace Kellogg Griffith's "The House" must have been written by a man, and probably a young man, who imagines that "the home versus the career" is such an "ancient idea" that it is all nicely settled, and needn't be discussed any more. In fact, it has never been looked at honestly; and Miss (or Mrs.) Griffith's book, while it falls short of distinction as literature, is remorselessly honest on the main issue. Your reviewer might think that Storm Jameson's "Three Kingdoms" was a brilliant contribution to the debate, whereas it is only rattling good melodrama, perfectly irrelevant to the real problem, which "The House" does present unflinchingly. It isn't only a choice (for women) between "the home" and "a career." It is a choice between polite serfdom and independence. The mother of a young family, who cannot afford nurses and cooks, is as firmly tied to the house as ever the mediaeval serf was bound to the soil. She is a human snail. And no amount of twaddle about the sanctity of the home and the sacred joys of motherhood can alter the fact that her work is unending drudgery of the most monotonous sort—scullion's work, scrubwoman's work, without a fixed wage or a chance to better herself by her own exertions. The imaginary troubles of a Lawrence Storm, with one child, a devoted husband, plenty of money, and the most obliging lover on record (I am referring again to "Three Kingdoms") would appeal to the average middle class mother of a family as sheer romance. "The House" is a slice out of their own lives. Such a novel is in the nature of a veiled warning, that if the house and the household cannot be made less oppressive to women, the women may decide that it's not worth while going on—"let the roof fall in."

ALICE CAREY JANSEN.

Cos Cob, Conn.

## Dreiser as Artist

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:  
SIR:

In your issue of February 13, a correspondent raises objections to Sherwood Anderson's laudatory review of Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," and proceeds at considerable length to express the view that some kind of subtle verbal dexterity, some kind of "delicate experiment," is the really important element in literature.

Many of your readers will hardly agree with such a theory, or with your correspondent's estimate of the importance of Theodore Dreiser's work. To dwell on the fact that Dreiser is not the master of an exquisite prose style is much like proclaiming the discovery that that powerful and sagacious beast, the elephant, does not climb trees.

Certain contemporary and not very important writers are fascinated by what Donald Evans used to call the attempt "to kiss the naked phrase quite unaware." Dreiser does not belong to their club. Dreiser probably has not the slightest interest in being "subtle, varied, searching;" I doubt if he would expend a moment of his time or an ounce of his energy on the attempt to "use words in a delicate experiment." He has other business on hand. And, going his own way, writing in his own none-too-fastidious manner, he produces a masterpiece. A reader must be far perverted indeed by false aestheticism if he regards the exquisite use of words as the most important part of the novelist's craft. The builder of a great pyramid does not necessarily bother to polish the surfaces of his granite blocks.

Say what you will of Theodore Dreiser's faults as a prosewriter, the fact remains that he, better than any other novelist that America has produced, can convey to the reader his own passionate sense of the momentous issues of a life-history, and leave the reader moved and shaken by the tremendous reality of Dreiser's imaginary world. To do this is the supreme achievement of literary art; and when a writer can accomplish this, it is almost ridiculous to complain about the details of his technique. Theodore Dreiser is a great artist; he is interested primarily in the heroic outlines, the monumental masses of his story; and these he never fails to convey with impressive force and clarity. In a word, he composes his work in larger units than the witty adjective or the piquant sentence. If a reader seeks only the jeweled phrase or

the self-conscious epigram, he had better go elsewhere; for he will never enjoy or understand Dreiser's enormous genius.

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE.

Santa Fe.

## William Dunlap

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:  
SIR:

I am preparing a book on the work of William Dunlap as a painter. If any of the readers of *The Saturday Review* can inform me as to the location of oil portraits or miniatures (either publicly or privately owned) made by this early American artist, I shall be most grateful to them.

O. S. COAD.

House R, Douglass Campus,  
New Brunswick, N. J.

## A Reply

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:  
SIR:

Just a few days ago Mr. John Macy brought forth once more the candidacy of Mr. Thomas Hardy for the Nobel Prize. Several times within the last few years I have come upon this suggestion in magazines and newspapers.

I think it is a generally accepted principle that a man may have at least a little to say about what shall be done with his own money, and Alfred Nobel seems to have known quite well what he was about when he established a \$40,000 prize for "idealistic literature." For such a prize Selma Lagerlöf might well qualify, or Maeterlinck, or even Kipling in spite of his tinsel and noise. Mr. Hardy, however, with "Tess" and a long line of other books, has devoted his talents not only to realistic but even to sordidly materialistic fiction. His time was his own and he was free to do as he pleased, but in the main his work has certainly not been "idealistic." It is a matter of congratulation that there is at least one high authority that is not unduly swayed

by the psychoanalytic, and I for one am heartily glad that in this case the Nobel Prize Committee has had the courage to stand by its guns and to be at least reasonably honest in carrying out the provisions of Alfred Nobel's will.

BENJAMIN BRAWLEY.

Shaw University,  
Raleigh, N. C.

## These Poets

Another letter from Canada replying to Miss Agnes Laut's in *THE SATURDAY REVIEW* of January 2.

Why think of us as marshalled in battalions? Is it the Journalist in you sees us so? Who gave you right to range us under leaders?

So you would push us in a phalanx forward:—

Poets both shy and affable; the aloof  
And sociable; cynic, critic, artist;  
Frequenters of the clubs and non-frequenters;

Poets with wild hair; and quaint professors  
Wearing protective shells of scholarship!  
I name them over, our Canadian poets;  
And not my inmost sight can conjure up,  
Except in burlesque, this muttering group  
Of whirling and re-whirling vital ions  
Ordered in duplex party-march behind  
Those two whom you audaciously com-

mission!

It might be said, we dance sometimes in  
groups  
Like ions in an atom, held together  
Electrically a moment, yet not so stably  
But that new power can break and re-  
arrange us.

LYON SHARMAN.

Toronto.

Admirers of the Spanish author "Azorin" will welcome the two latest volumes from his pen (Madrid: Caro Raggio). One, "Los Quintero y Otros Ensayos" is a delightful study of contemporary Spanish drama; the other, "Dona Ines," is in effect a sequel to his "Don Juan," published about two years ago.

Flaubert's "Salammbô" has been filmed by a firm of French producers.

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