

in temperament gay, ironic, witty, and exuberant, with energy oozing out of his pores. He knew most people of consequence in his world of self-expression and was forgotten or shelved by many in his later years. A familiar of many of the middle-class drawing rooms of Paris, he examined at first hand, experienced, observed, and stored in memory countless details of bourgeois speech and thought, attire and behavior, much of which sooner or later went into the creation of his smug, sententious, platitudinous, niggardly, comfort- and money-loving, and pharisaical Joseph Prudhomme. There is more of the genus *bourgeoise française* in that paunchy and jowled figure than is dreamed of in many a sociologist's account.

In her admirable study Miss Melcher, who is associate professor of French at Wellesley College, has traced the rise and fall of this rich personality. More than that, she has integrated his career with his age, so that esthetics, art history, belles-lettres, the stage, as well as the salon and the studio, all figure in the blend that constitutes her book. She has composed it out of a ripe endowment of learning, with sensitive perception, with sympathy undiluted by senti-

mentality, and with many stimulating excursions into the side alleys of related cultural developments. For all this and for her pleasing reproductions of Monnier's art she is entitled to the gratitude of all readers interested in studies of French civilization.

It is also true, to make use of a cliché that would have tripped neatly from Prudhomme's lips, that her study has the defect of its qualities. Miss Melcher, who has labored so patiently and lovingly with her subject, is loath to use the pruning knife. Her biography, true to her "life and times" conception, on occasion submerges Monnier's talents, personality, and influence under a mass of details which, one may safely say, not all readers would cherish as keenly as does the author. No doubt her procedure respects chronological continuity and observes the canons of scholarship. But it seems to the reviewer that now and then the study loses in intensity what it gains by that procedure in fullness of setting and precision of analysis. Something of the dramatic, the theatrical, impact of Monnier is dissipated, and the wonderful Joseph Prudhomme does not always dominate the crowded scene.

Personal History Notes

AND ACROSS BIG SEAS, by Helen F. Jannopoulos. Caxton Printers. \$5. Mrs. Jannopoulos's father was a priest of the Greek Orthodox Church in Braila, Rumania, where she was born. In her late childhood he was transferred to Missolonghi, Greece, and the girl grew to young womanhood in the shadow of Byron's statue. A few grizzled veterans of Byron's war still shuffled about. Later the family moved to Athens. And then the father was confronted with a choice of new posts — Calcutta or Chicago. He picked Chicago and left Europe in 1892 to take up his duties in the new land. (He wrote home ordering a brass bed. "I have not slept in a good bed since I came to America," he said.) The book ends with the family's arrival in New York Harbor en route to join him. These are lively childhood memories in an unusual setting. The jacket supplies the information that Mrs. Jannopoulos, now seventy-five years old, lives in St. Louis, and that of her four children, two sons are engineers, one son a lawyer, and the daughter a physician. The book is illustrated by William Howard French.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

INTRODUCING MISS QUOTES

Miss Quotes, that popular young lady, has made a mistake in each of the following quotations. Mrs. Burr Lincoln, of Harbor Beach, Mich., asks you to correct the errors. Allowing five points for each one, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 35.

1. Oh, to be in England now that April's here!
2. On with the dance! let joy be unrefined!
3. Water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink.
4. Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast.
5. None but the bold deserves the fair.
6. By the rough bridge that arched the flood.
7. Ah, make the best of what we yet may spend
Before we too into the Dust descend.
8. A policeman's life is not a happy one.
9. Hope from his lips prevailed with double sway.
10. Full many a rose is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
11. Under the bludgeonings of fate
My head is bloody but unbowed.
12. Build thee more noble mansions, oh my soul!
13. Loveliest of trees, the apple now
Is hung with bloom along the bough.
14. Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but a shallow dream.
15. 'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
16. There's a barrel-organ caroling across a city street.
17. And may there be no moaning at the bar
When I put out to sea.
18. The sun that short December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray.
19. She was a phantom of delight
When first she burst upon my sight.
20. Fine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee.

ANGELIC SHEPHERD: *The Life of Pope Pius XII*, by Jan Olav Smit. Dodd, Mead. \$4.50. Eugenio Pacelli, the first Roman to wear the triple crown for more than two centuries, was elected Pope March 3, 1939. Madrid still held for the Spanish Republic on that day though the end was in sight. Within two weeks Adolf Hitler would take what Munich had left for Czechoslovakia. Europe was on the verge of desperate crisis and at the Vatican a shepherd with the diplomatic training and talents of Cardinal Pacelli was sorely needed. This year, the twelfth of his papacy, Pius XII will preside over a Jubilee, which finds the Church, in spite of the grave storms which have shaken it, at a higher point in prestige and authority than it has enjoyed for centuries. It owes the triumph, in part certainly, to the skill of its pastor. This respectful biography merely celebrates these facts; it does not attempt to analyze or explain them. After a brief sketch of the Pope's boyhood and early career, the account of his papacy is made up largely of detailed descriptions of ceremonies at the Vatican, glimpses of Pius XII's modest private life, and edifying excerpts from his encyclicals. Pilgrims to Rome this year will find this an informative program note on Rome's chief personage. Students of history or of human nature will be disappointed.

—GARRETT MATTINGLY.

AMERICANA

(Continued from page 14)

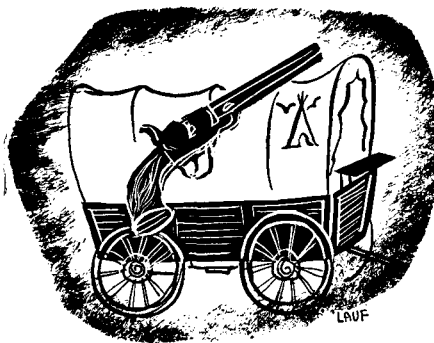
agreement in their interpretations of Pleistocene and recent geology. As far as skeletal remains are concerned, the variance among specialized students is equally great. And the significance of resemblances between New- and Old-World cultures in artifacts, design, or social custom remains a moot point. Hence the assemblage of opinion is apt to be bewildering and indecisive.

Mr. Macgowan has handled this situation quite fairly and perhaps more exhaustively than would ordinarily be expected in a popular book. This does not mean that his book is hard going. On the contrary, he has set forth the essential background for an intelligent discussion with great skill and provides the general reader with an admirable introduction to a perennially interesting problem. His errors, of which there are a number, need not, however, be listed since they do not essentially affect his major lines of exposition.

Americana Notes

GALLAND'S IOWA EMIGRANT. *State Historical Society of Iowa, Iowa City.* \$3. This book is an act of perpetuation. It is a reissue of an excessively rare source book of Iowa history and description, written and issued at Chillicothe, Ohio, in 1840, by Dr. Isaac Galland, a romantic, rather unscrupulous, but withal enterprising character who, remarkably for his day, spent some eleven years in Iowa before he wrote about it. His brief account, an hour's reading, covers a lot of ground: history, character of the population, rivers, lakes, Indians, beasts, serpents, birds, wild fruits—nothing about tall corn. William J. Petersen supplies an informative introduction.

THE FIRST TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD: *Central Pacific, Union Pacific, by John Debo Galloway, C. E. Simmons-Boardman, N. Y.* \$5. John Debo Galloway was born in San Jose, California, less than six months after the golden spike was driven at Promontory, Utah, to link the coasts by rail. Trained as a civil engineer, his first professional experience was in railroad construction, and railroad historical research, much of it conducted on the spot, became a lifelong hobby. He interviewed or corresponded with old railroaders or their surviving relatives; he assembled a remarkable collection of photographs, many of which



are here included; he had access to company papers. The present account accents technical phases—material, grading, clearing, bridge and tunnel construction, and labor—and has much detailed data on costs and financing. It is an engineer's treatment of an engineering job—solid, substantial, factual, a sound piece of reporting.

OLD QUEBEC IN THE DAYS BEFORE OUR DAY, by Alexander D. Angus. *Louis Carrier, Montreal.* \$5. This is an off-the-beaten-path account of the Province of Quebec, the work of a young Canadian who obviously had a deep affection for his *pays* and a zealous, intelligent, and active curiosity about its past. He carried a camera on his pilgrimages and used it to excellent purpose, for his text is supported by numerous striking and delightful photographs of localities which, though within easy reach of Montreal and Quebec city (and of New York and Boston, for that matter), rarely get into the tourist folders. Add to this a sound perception of history and archeology, and the picture is complete. There is no rhapsody in this book; it is factual, meaty, informative, but it breathes throughout the sense of devotion and dedication which stirred its author. Alexander Angus died in an aviation training accident in 1941, just short of completing his thirtieth year. This book, all but finished at the time, and now published for the family, is precisely the memorial he would have chosen.

NARROW GAUGE RAILWAYS IN AMERICA, by Howard Fleming, edited by Grahame Hardy and Paul Darrell. *Grahame H. Hardy, Oakland, Calif.* \$5. Once upon a time there were nearly a thousand narrow-gauge railways in the United States. Today there are three. Colorado had the first, in 1871, and Colorado had the most, but Pennsylvania had the most kinds. Connecticut and Rhode Island had none, but Massachusetts had the most famous in the East—the Boston, Revere Beach & Lynn, known by that designation to its stockholders, perhaps, but to everybody else as “the Narrow Gauge.” It endured until 1938. The bulk of this book is a re-

issue of a manual published in 1875 by Howard Fleming, who thought the narrow gauge was the hope of civilization and adduced a lot of data in an attempt to support his argument. Lucius Beebe, who writes a foreword to this edition, regards Mr. Fleming's advocacy as “naive but essentially disingenuous”; Mr. Beebe himself admires narrow gauge as “the most personal of all railroads.” Brian Thompson appends a directory of narrow-gauge railways that must have taken years to assemble, and there are decorations by E. S. Hammack.

STEEPLECHASING, by Bert Clark Thayer. *Artful Press, N. Y.* \$7.50. John Masefield in his prose romance “Captain Margaret” describes a character as having “the face of a horse without the beauty.” Here are the faces of horses *with* the beauty. Mr. Thayer's book contains a hundred or so illustrations, and nearly all of them, in the nature of the case, have horses in them. Mr. Thayer is little concerned with the history of steeplechasing; his theme is steeplechasing today, and he moves from Montpelier, Virginia, to Camden, South Carolina, and Westbury, Long Island, with ease, fluency, enthusiasm, and stopovers in Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. Steeplechasing got its start in America in the summer of 1865 and is going stronger than ever today. Mr. Thayer holds that it is perfect “for horse people who like their racing in an unpretentious atmosphere and in sporting surroundings, conducted as a sport instead of what seems to be a highly commercial business.”

KLONDIKE '98, by Ethel Anderson Becker. *Binfords & Mort, Portland, Ore.* \$3.50. E. A. Hegg, a Swedish-born photographer who opened his first studio in Wisconsin in 1882 at the age of fifteen, moved on to Tacoma in 1888. When, nine years later, gold was discovered in the Klondike, Hegg went up to Skagway, hired pack trains, built a boat, and sailed down the Yukon taking pictures. He was not the only, but he was certainly the most industrious, gold-rush photographer, coming out with a collection of 4,000 negatives. Mrs. Becker's father was supplying wood for shafts and sluice boxes, and his three children had a grandstand seat to all the excitement before their return to Washington State in 1902. Mrs. Becker's acquaintance with Mr. Hegg and his work dates from the big days. She has supplied long and informing captions to a good selection of his pictures, and the result is a worth-while contribution to the record of a colorful period.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.