

emphasis wholly political—as the eloquent essays on Halévy and Tawney amply demonstrate.

The editors and the publishers are to be congratulated on a bright and erudite volume in honor of a distinguished historian and teacher.

—JOHN TRUEMAN.

REPUBLICAN IDEAS AND THE LIBERAL TRADITION IN FRANCE, 1870-1914. By John A. Scott. Columbia University Press. \$3. This lucid and penetrating monograph will be welcomed by all serious students of modern political thought and particularly by those concerned with the evolution of the Third French Republic. Republican democracy in Europe achieved its most systematic expression in France in the forty years before 1914. Yet, while democratic institutions as institutions have been patiently dissected, democracy “as a social force, an ethical concept, or a political ideal” has been relatively neglected. Mr. Scott’s detailed and well-documented analysis of the theories that most clearly influenced French political life between 1870 and 1914 helps to redress this imbalance.

Republican theories, which had roots reaching back to the eighteenth cen-

tury and earlier, were reformulated in France after 1870 as neo-Girondism and neo-Jacobinism. In describing these schools the author avoids over-abstract speculation by discussing the views, the personalities, and the publications of Charles Secrétan, Charles Renouvier, Emile Littré, Emile Faguet, Georges Clemenceau, Alfred Fouilleé, Léon Bourgeois, and others. By testing their theories against the political and social realities of the period he concludes that neo-Girondism was “essentially aristocratic” and embodied “fundamental divergencies,” whereas neo-Jacobinism was more “popular” and “in the form of *solidarité* was a clearly unified system.” Clemenceau, the leading protagonist of neo-Jacobinism while he remained in the political opposition, sacrificed social welfare to military preparation after he entered the cabinet in 1906. The melancholy lesson implicit in these pages (though it is not stressed) is that the Third French Republic evolved a co-ordinated functional system of republican democracy and that the defects of this system may be attributed to external rather than internal forces—specifically to European militarism and the crushing ordeal of World War I.

—GEOFFREY BRUN.

FICTION

(Continued from page 16)

dreds of such curiously hectic and lumbering tales, unbelievable in some respects, unbearable in the rest.

—CHARLES LEE.

ANGEL CAKE. By P. G. Wodehouse. Doubleday. \$2.75. This is only Wodehouse’s forty-third book, and it’s a pleasure to report that P. G., though almost seventy-two, can still infuse his writing with as much verve, gusto, and humor as any three writers of twenty-four. As usual, Wodehouse doesn’t have anything to say vis-a-vis The Cold War, The Atom, or Chancellor Adenauer; his forte is mayhem, irresponsible and pointless, and “Angel Cake” is as fine a stage for his carrying-on as any of his other forty-two books.

Trying to report the details of a Wodehouse story is silly. This, as many of his other books, when stripped to their plot essentials, looks embarrassingly collegiate. Still, for the man who has to be sure of a “story,” here goes: Cyril Fotheringay-Phipps, as pigeon-brained a character as ever romped in print, is a hotel clerk, full of British wit like “Right ho, old egg,” who unexpectedly inherits \$22,000.18. It has an impact on his life. First thing he knows, he quits his job, dashes off to New York, falls in love with a girl whose attention he attracts by setting her hat ablaze in the middle of Madison Avenue, and is persuaded by a theatrical agency of no integrity whatever to invest half his money in a play which, in rehearsal, as they say, looks as though it will open Saturday night and close late the same week. Our hero is also called upon to cross swords with the usual assortment of Wodehouse characters—agents and angels, guys and dolls, garrulous and drunk, cunning and dumb. The book, in short, is something of a caricature of Broadway, almost worthy of being hung on the wall of Sardi’s.

I know, it certainly doesn’t look like much when skeletonized. You’ll have to take my word for it that, with Wodehouse calling the signals in witty and burlesque fashion, Cyril does avoid disaster, the blaze is extinguished, love does triumph, and everyone has a good time.

—BERNARD KALB.

TOUCHED WITH FIRE. By John Tebbel. Dutton. \$3.50. La Salle is the interesting but somewhat difficult hero

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

MYTHOLOGY MAGIC

The first letters of the names of the mythological characters listed below will spell the name of a contemporary lady held in great esteem for her magic with words, according to Ruth Stebbins, of Elizabeth, New Jersey. Allowing four points for each character and twenty-eight points for the lady, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 34.

1. This maiden was carried to Crete by Jupiter in the form of a white bull.
2. Another maid was wooed by Jupiter in the guise of a swan.
3. When she donned her robe of many colors, this messenger of the gods caused a rainbow as she went from Heaven to Earth.
4. This Greek King of Gods could assume many shapes.
5. A Lydian maiden was changed into a spider by Minerva.
6. A hospitable wife was transformed into a linden tree by Jupiter.
7. This shepherd youth, loved by Diana, was granted eternal youth by Jupiter.
8. This Trojan youth was changed to a grasshopper by Aurora.
9. This daughter of Aeolus was turned into a kingfisher.
10. Circe changed this maiden into a monster who devoured hapless mariners.
11. This deity of Hindu mythology was supposed to have been created from a black hair.
12. A beautiful daughter of a king of Argos was changed to a white heifer by Jupiter.
13. A sorrowing mother was turned into stone after the death of her fourteen children.
14. This statue came to life after her creator fell in love with her.
15. A Centaur was changed by Jupiter into this constellation.
16. After eating the food of these people, Odysseus’ men forgot all about returning home.
17. Through the power of Juno, this maiden became only a voice.
18. In Scandinavian mythology, the world was created from the body of this giant.

of Mr. Tebbel's second historical romance. Interesting because his life and adventures, faithfully recorded, his long love affair with the Mississippi River, his relations with the Indians, his struggles with the Jesuits and with his political rivals, all provide material for stirring scenes of adventurous exploration, and Mr. Tebbel makes the most of it. Difficult because, despite everything the author can do and has done, the explorer remains a highly unpleasant person—fanatic, arrogant, celibate, and, finally, apparently psychopathic. Since Mr. Tebbel adverts but fleetingly to the commercial motives in the picture, La Salle's dedication to the Mississippi and the machinations of his enemies to circumvent him appear more like romantic inventions than like the stern facts upon which Mr. Tebbel has based his tale. For the more usual form of romance, Mr. Tebbel supplies his narrator with a standard assortment of love affairs.

LAXDALE HALL. By Eric Linklater. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.50. There is plenty of plot in this agglomeration by Mr. Linklater of local color, farcical situation, broad satire, and eccentric

characters. One thread concerns the efforts of Catronia Matheson to stage an open-air production of the Bacchanals of Euripides in Laxdale, an almost inaccessible town in the West Highlands of Scotland. Another has to do with what the villagers did about a gang of professional poachers out to despoil in wholesale fashion the town's waters of salmon. Still another with the efforts of an M.P. to drive the stubbornly individualistic natives into an industrial suburb he is intent on creating. Mr. Linklater solves this one in true slapstick fashion, at one point having the ladies of the township tree this villain naked and ashamed before their ire. He similarly uses farcical devices to resolve most of his other plot problems including that of the disguised novelist, the amiable native poacher, and the ineffectual gamekeeper. Captious readers may feel he has piled in too many plots, but he keeps them moving fast and has a genuinely witty style with enough bite in it to keep you reading. Those who are allergic to the dialect of the Scots or to generous descriptions of Highland weather should be warned that these are here aplenty.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

The Wild Children & She

(For a New York girl who taught among the Chickasaw Indians in 1857)

By Welborn Hope

NOW they are running with the wind,
The wild children and she;
For they have put away books from mind,
And follow home a honey-bee;
She has forgotten her far off kind,
They have found the honey-tree.

It is twilight; under the tree, dark;
They are fed on golden food;
They lie on warm grass beneath the arc
Of heaven's sound-lit solitude;
And she tends now the musical spark
Human in her brown brood.

Lonesome, becoming lonesomer,
The wild children and she;
What if an old love ache in her
As she murmurs poetry?
Soft are the poet's words that stir
The wild hearts at her knee.

The wise owls wake before the dawn,
The tired stars shake when they hear;
Swift the wild children and she are gone
In the change and chill of air;
Where they have risen, day will shine on
Dewy wild deer-bells there.

Y

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—C. A. ROBINSON, JR.,

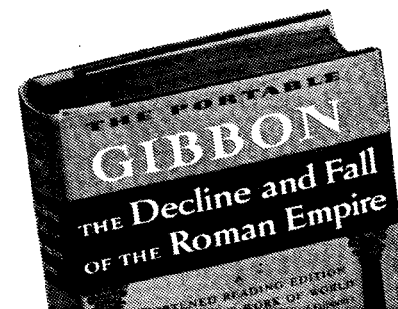
Professor of Classics, Brown University

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