

lectual stimulus. It is necessary, however, to qualify the second compliment. Mr. Belloc may always be depended on for one major historical assumption—the eternal glory of Catholic Christendom and the baneful effects of a wicked Protestantism. No one should object to the assumption; but one may register annoyance in finding it repeated in all of his books without accompanying proof.

In this biography we meet again the author of "The French Revolution" and of "The Servile State." Once more we are caught in the swift rush of his clean sentences and rejoice as always in his terse and vivid epigrams. And as usual we are disappointed by his failure to enlarge upon and to substantiate his old familiar thesis. For instance, we are told that French culture and the Catholic faith are identical; but to prove this literally nothing follows. Tradition, according to Mr. Belloc, is a word synonymous with civilization. As the statement of a general truth some might consider this announcement invalid; once made, however, it receives no elaboration at the hands of Mr. Belloc. Nationalism, we are assured, is the curse of contemporary Europe and for it Protestantism is responsible. Here is a hypothesis worthy of an entire volume; but in this book it is loudly proclaimed and then apparently forgotten.

In his "Richelieu," as in his shorter "French Revolution," Mr. Belloc does four things: he makes a number of striking and arresting generalizations; with rapid stroke of pen he describes vividly a number of personages; with precise logic and in well-balanced proportion he covers a considerable stretch of narrative history; and finally he dwells in loving detail upon battles, sieges, war, and military strategy. In writing on the latter, unless we include Mr. John Buchan, he is without a peer. But to accomplish the above is not the professed aim of his "Richelieu," either as stated in the first chapter or in the conclusion. Mr. Belloc has demonstrated once again that he is both a skilled artist and an indefatigable student. In philosophy, however, his rank is not high, and he continues to be the despair of the historian.

W. P. H.

WILKES, FRIEND OF AMERICA

THAT DEVIL WILKES, BY R. W. POSTGATE.
The Vanguard Press: \$4.

A study of the famous 18th-century English apostle of liberty, most maligned and admired man of his age; the book's chief merit lies in its

readability. Scattered through the text are a number of Wilkes's epigrams and witticisms. Thoroughgoing sensualist, avowed libertine, Wilkes possessed courage and political integrity. An idealist, despite his cynicism, he seemed to devoted followers (rich city merchants, the proletariat and the American colonists) a phenomenon, being both honest and a Member of Parliament! This dissolute incorruptible secured the liberty of the press, nullified general warrants and vindicated the rights of electors against Parliament.

D. de K.

THE COWBOY AS HISTORY

MY REMINISCENCES AS A COWBOY, BY FRANK HARRIS.

Charles Boni. \$1.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF FRANK TARBEAUX, BY DONALD HENDERSON CLARKE.

Vanguard Press. \$2.50.

Indians, cattle, horse-flesh and danger made up the early lives of Tarbeaux and Harris. They were later frock-coated friends in London and Paris. Wild Bill Hickok, that legendary hero, was an associate of both, revered by Tarbeaux and respected but not loved by Harris. As you read these books do not be too eager to set down these early tales as the mere garrulousness of romantic old men. The Old West was in truth a fabulous, unbelievable land, full of characters who will in years to come—and justly so—assume a place among the American deities.

Aside from the fact that he seems to slight the European days of Tarbeaux, of which we wanted to hear more, Mr. Clarke handles the story with gusto and high competence. All of your resentment at the literary dialogue of Harris's cowboys and at the thought he might be asking you to believe a trifle too much, disappears when he gets to the epic scenes of the cattle coming North to market. The theft of the cattle from the Mexicans, the stampedes, the Indian raids, the dash for help, the struggle to keep the cattle from kicking each other to death on the freight-cars, and the climax of the great Chicago fire. It is American history at the most thrilling.

K. S. C.

A LANDLUBBER'S LOG, BY ARTHUR WARNER. *Little, Brown.* \$3.—An honest, competently written story of a landlubber at sea. Outstanding among books of its kind.

ARM'S-LENGTH, BY JOHN METCALFE. *Scribners.* \$2.50.—Mr. Metcalfe accomplishes his unhurried task of presenting Gerald Imray, who could not sustain a yes or a no to his wife, his mistress or life. The frantic action, the lithography, are subordinate to the overtone of Imray's character, in unforgettable unity.