

flavor they cannot be reckoned among the indispensable documents. At best they serve to underline a single point about James and footnote Percy Lubbock's admirably edited collection of James correspondence. The point they underline is this: James's fascinated, technical, and highly informed interest in the theatre. The most valuable notes Miss Robins has printed are those which were written while she was translating, producing and acting Ibsen's plays in London. James was immensely interested in Ibsen, granting his high ability, but deploring the middle-class tone of his work. The letters, too, carry us through the time when James made his own effort to succeed in the theatre but cast little new light on the matter.

C. H. G.

SAMUEL BUTLER, BY CLARA G. STILLMAN.
Viking Press. \$3.75.

It would seem well-nigh impossible to write a tedious book about Samuel Butler, but Mrs. Stillman has succeeded in doing so. Her work is conscientious, painfully so, but she succeeds in subtracting from Butler all the marvellous flavor which was his. It will be a long time before any one better Festing Jones's two-volume memoir. Beyond recounting Butler's career, Mrs. Stillman ventures into metaphysical matters and seeks to show how Butler anticipated the ideas of Whitehead, Eddington, Bergson, James, the vitalist biologists, and a motley crew of other thinkers and pseudo-thinkers. Mrs. Stillman is overconvinced of the rightness of the mystical physicists and the vitalist biologists. She should know that not all scientists are engaged in handing out bon-bons. Writing about Sam Butler with the emphasis on these matters is as big a mistake as writing about Ralph Waldo Emerson with emphasis on the oversoul. All the salt and savor is neglected and the sugar and saccharinity exaggerated.

C. H. G.

FRANK HARRIS, BY HUGH KINGSMILL.
Farrar & Rinehart. \$2.50.

Mr. Kingsmill's mixture of irony and analysis is happily suited to the telling of the strange career of Mr. Frank Harris under flags too numerous to mention. The paths from Toryism to radicalism, from Carlyle to Bismarck, to Shakespeare, to Jesus, from obscurity to fame and finally to notoriety are traced in incidents some of which the author shared. Harris's statements about his life are checked against known facts, often producing hilarious effects, and sometimes revealing the man and his desires more clearly than could any bald truth. This is the man of the "loves" and also the editor of *The Fortnightly Review*. He could say seriously, "Christ goes deeper than I do, but I have had a wider experience." Mr. Kingsmill describes his "clashing with his surroundings" as being due to his likeness to a "color-blind chameleon arriving at the color of a patch by hard thought, and turning purple on green, or scarlet on yellow, or orange on mauve." It is by no means necessary to be familiar with Frank Harris's published work to find this a delightful as well as penetrating biography.

ARCHER WINSTEN.

SUMMER IS ENDED, BY JOHN HERRMANN.
Covici-Friede. \$2.

Mr. Herrmann is either singularly naïve, or has purposefully developed one of the most intolerable affectations in current American fiction. The reader of "Summer Is Ended" will be alternately bored and repelled by a story that stagnates from page to page, by an endless repetition of clichés that may be intended as satire but doesn't achieve it, by what seems a determined attempt to be "simple." This attempt leads the author to several frankly grammatical errors and to sentences whose syntax is more than tortuous. "Everything she had

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been doing and everything she was going to have to go through was nothing of the sort of thing she wanted." This sentence will serve as an index of Mr. Herrmann's prose style, as well as of his powers of character analysis. The novel is exasperating in its insistence on monosyllabic prose and analysis that confines itself to such as this: "If she loved him and acted that way it wasn't fair, because it made him feel so bad." "Simplification" has been carried to its logical conclusion.

The tale itself is concerned with the emotional disturbances of Charlotte Dale and the tribulations she went through before she managed to land Carl Yoeman. The reader will be hard put to feel in the least concerned over her fate, for whether Mr. Herrmann intended it or not, he has created, in the person of Charlotte, a fictional robot whose sensibilities are almost nil, whose intellect (though we are repeatedly told she is "bright") is practically non-existent. It is quite possible that completely inarticulate, even stupid people might serve as protagonists for a novel that would possess authenticity and the power to move emotion in the reader. But this is not the novel.

ALVAH C. BESSIE.

EGON FRIEDEL, A CULTURAL HISTORY OF THE MODERN AGE, VOLUME III, TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY CHARLES FRANCIS ATKINSON. Knopf. \$5.

The third and final volume of this translation covers the period from the Congress of Vienna to the Great War, but stops abruptly before the outbreak of the storm. It offers the attraction which every cursive historical survey, if sufficiently well written, can seldom fail to provide, more especially if ideas, literature, art, science, rightfully occupy as much space as diplomacy and political changes. So far as regards the entertaining qualities of Herr Friedell's review of the modern age and the liveliness of his style, there is no cause for complaint. But it is quite otherwise as regards his judgments, if they can be so called, and the principles guiding his survey—although these also are, in their way, entertaining.

Herr Friedell is a frank and rampant reactionary. He concludes his survey of a period which, in common with every intelligent person, he regards as the collapse of a world—"tossed into the pit"—with the suggestion of "a faint gleam of light" beyond the abyss. But the light which he would like to see shining once more upon the world is no other than the light of the Middle Ages. As seems to be the doom of every German, he is obsessed with metaphysics, and it is mainly in relation to metaphysics that he views the social ebb and flow. One is amused to find that the final touch in his picture of the world's collapse is devoted, not to any social, economic, or political symptom, but to a lengthy and fierce diatribe on psycho-analysis. This is explained by the fact that what our so-called historian is really concerned with is the metaphysical soul.

He is, for example, at considerable pains to discredit the "English fad" of organic evolution brought forth by the "childish soul" of Darwin, and more than hints his preference for miraculous creation. His hatreds are catholic, and they are lively—science, logic, rationalism, everything English, all modern art, technology, democracy, and "the rabble" come in for their share of scorn. There is nothing to choose between "Americanism" and Bolshevism; both are "Antichrist." As is to be expected the author has a tender spot in his heart for Nietzsche. He gets over the difficulty that Nietzsche called himself "Antichrist"—Herr Friedell's favorite epithet of abuse—by proving that he was really "the last of the Church Fathers." Another of his heroes is the ex-Kaiser, a thinker, a statesman, and a martyr, whose chief misfortune was that he had an English mother. There are no philosophical thinkers outside Germany, and no

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