

New Books in Brief Review

Edward Everett. By Paul Revere Frothingham. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$6.00.

THE amazing thing about the career of Edward Everett is the ease with which it has been forgotten by the country at large. One of the most complete, all-round, really impressive careers in the history of the country — and yet outside of Bostonians and students of American history, how generally ignored! A brilliant preacher and professor of Greek, an orator and Congressman, Governor of Massachusetts, traveler and friend of European nobility and gentry, Ambassador to England, President of Harvard, Secretary of State, and United States Senator — always among the greatest, always sought after as orator or officer, Edward Everett's life represents as perfect an example of an "up stage" career as any in our history.

In many respects, the present generation will find it difficult adequately to appreciate his point of view. He was distinctly a gentleman of the old school and, as such, would be largely unintelligible to the flaming youth of today. This book is the first adequate presentation of his career and personality. Dr. Frothingham has used his material with discretion and distinction. His comments are enlightening, his criticism and praise discriminating. An eminent man is saved from an approaching semioblivion.

Bucolic Beatitudes. By Rusticus. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. \$1.50.

BLESSED indeed be the dog, the pig, the hen, the cow, the horse, and the garden that are responsible for this delightful book with its quiet style, its comfortable simplicity and charming little pictures. For many a day we have not seen a book of such agreeable quality.

The Mother's Recompense. By Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$2.00.

COMPETENT, skillful work, adequately chiseled and polished like a painting by a competent, but rather tired, artist. Mrs. Wharton seems to say, "About time for a new novel! This one will tell the story of a mother whose lover marries her daughter. A good plot, in three months I can do it." There is a sense of artificiality about the book. The emotional scenes are effective as a good emotional scene ought to be on the stage, but at heart the audience is cold. It

knows the suffering isn't real. Mrs. Wharton, who has written stories of genuine passion and strength, will only injure her fame by this conventional gesture in novel form.

Stolen Idols. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little Brown & Co. \$2.00.

DESERTING the *haut monde* of diplomatic intrigue on the Continent, Mr. Oppenheim reverts to the familiar Oriental idol stolen by an Englishman. In this case, his rather unsympathetic young hero is the heir to the mortgaged Ballaston estates. Suspicion concerning a timely but complicating murder vacillates around various members of the Ballaston family, but Mr. Oppenheim has an ace in the hole and produces it just at the psychological moment. A good Oppenheim story.

Pattern. By Rose L. Franken. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

WHAT this lacks in character, it gains in personality. A slight, charming study of a perfectly tangible person. A novel depicting a typical, feminine problem of whether or not too much introspection betters the pattern of one's soul.

The Dream Coach. By Anne and Dillwyn Parrish. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.25.

CHILDREN will enjoy this story of a coach that leaves every night for — no one knows where! Its passengers are a princess, a French boy, a Norwegian boy, and a little Chinese emperor. The fare is only forty winks!

Mirrors. By Margaret Tod Ritter. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

PRETTY good verse, on the whole, with some admirable sonnets and here and there an arresting touch as: "Smoothing the moonlight from your head" and, of a musician, "His hand laid loverwise along the wood!"

Face Cards. By Carolyn Wells. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

A FLIMSY mystery story which is unintentionally humorous. Humorous, that is, for at least the first two chapters in which you learn, with wonder at

the coincidence, that each of the leading characters is called after some particular face card. Thus, the vicious wife becomes the Queen of Diamonds because of her fantastic mania for those gems; the husband, a prominent "club man," bears the cognomen of the King of Clubs; the young knave who fascinates all womenkind is called — but I shall be giving away the whole plot. After all, one wonders why the author doesn't call a spade a spade.

Monsieur Ripois and Nemesis. By Louis Hémon. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

THE story of an irritating Don Juan, a cheap-Jack Frenchman in London, who would rank high among the worst cads in fiction. It is a sordid study, but a good example of a bad thing well done.

Famous Composers. By Nathan Haskell Dole. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$3.50.

A NEW and revised edition of a book about the lives of composers from Palestrina to Puccini, told with genuine "human interest." It is as much a record of their personalities as of their works.

The Annexation Society. By J. S. Fletcher. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.00.

MR. FLETCHER is really incorrigibly fertile. Whatever the season, there is always a new Fletcher book on the market, and what is more, a Fletcher book that even highbrowed people finish with regret. This one is no exception to the rule. Mr. Fletcher has a formula of which the most conspicuous characteristic is that it works.

With Pencil, Brush and Chisel. By Emil Fuchs. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$7.50.

A HANDSOME, beautifully illustrated autobiography of a popular painter and sculptor who gossips genially and entertainingly about all sorts and conditions of men. It is no reflection on Mr. Fuch's artistic integrity to say that in his memoirs he is more concerned with society in Europe, England, and America than with art. Perhaps for that reason his book is more agreeable reading than a more serious tome on modern art. The lavish and splendid illustrations provide a sufficient running comment on the quality of Mr. Fuch's work.