BODY AND RAIMENT. By Eunice Tietjens. 83 pages. Knopf.

The excellences of Mrs. Tietjens' latest volume make one the more regretful that she has been content to stuff it out with ineptitudes which come with a shock of disappointment. Like the little girl of proverbial extravagances, when she is good she is very very good, but when she is bad she is horrid. She is good when she goes her own way, when for all her "complex schooling" she chooses one interesting road and yields to another singular mood. She is bad when she lets a facility with rhyme and metre lead her into journalistic banalities, or, to a lesser degree, when she allows her admiration for Sara Teasdale's work to influence her own.

What one feels in this volume is more the things the author is striving for, than the emotion that impels her. The raiment is lovely and often original, but the power and insistence, the living marvel of the body is rather suggested than realized. Her most vivid moments come when she does the less ambitious thing, as in many of her love lyrics, in her poems in hospital, and, curiously enough, in the charming translations from the Japanese with which she concludes. Her war poems approach this level, but always stop just short of it. It may easily be that here the emotion was too intense for expression.

One of the curiosities of Mrs. Tietjens' method is her use of metrics. Her vers libre is seldom vers libre. She simply cuts her lines according to rhymes, leaving her metrical scheme intact, so that the effect is that of blank verse with internal rhymes. The strong feeling for metre may be at once what hinders her from absolute power in her larger efforts and what makes her slighter poems evocative. A sterner critical sense is what Mrs. Tietjens most needs. The material worthy of its employment is in her work.

SMALL THINGS. By Margaret Deland. 326 pages. Appleton.

Small Things is a transcript of one phase of the war as seen through a woman's eyes. Yet, such are Mrs. Deland's gifts that, though she does not seek the firing line nor haunt the hospitals, we have a sense that here at last, in her gay reminiscences of small events, her reports of conversations with American soldiers and with French civilians we have—the war. Here, also, in narrative form, is a capable woman's evaluation of the devoirs of self-sacrifice paid by France. All of the tales of atrocity are compressed into two or three grisly chapters, dripping with blood and horror. For the rest Mrs. Deland accepts German cruelty as the horrid symptom of a pathological and degenerate child. Ever and again she sets the scene for a grim story, circles about it uncertainly, hesitates to set her teeth into it, and veers off artfully with a dramatic: "But I will not tell you what they did . . ." or "I have spared you one incredible detail," and is thereupon divertingly reminded of an amusing occurrence that happened at the Y. M. C. A. but the other evening. For the mood of Small Things, despite an occasional taint of sentimentalism—Mrs. Deland had the greatest difficulty in realizing that war heroes are not necessarily "heroic"—is one of sanity and wholesome good humor. The volume is a salutary antidote for the grisly war-sensationalism of a Rupert Hughes.

THE SILVER AGE. By Temple Scott. 216 pages. Scott & Seltzer, New York.

Although this volume is launched in a fireside mood of reverie, with the first essay—which lends its title to the collection—cast in a mood of quiet reminiscence, there is an emphatic change of tone for the major portion of it. Most of the sketches—studies of character rather than deliberate attempts at story—are filled with the breath of youth, with an eager spirit of world conquest through the creation of beauty. There is no sighing over lost golden ages, nor lost silver ages either, but rather a clarion note of challenge to the oncoming workers. In pursuit of this theme, which turns the last of three of four sketches in the book into practical art symposiums, the theory of esthetics, and the theory of post-impressionism, and a half dozen kindred subjects in the field of art are thoroughly raked over the coals. Mr. Scott succeeds in putting fresh vital-

ity in certain rather frayed tenets, and they are borne in upon the reader's consciousness by the sanity and clarity of their expression. The two sketches entitled An Odd Volume and Any Vinders to Mend? are wrought with fine feeling and a sense for character drawing which brings them into clear relief. The old book peddler and the Polish glazier are deftly visualized and interpreted.

A group of artists and critics, arguing the meaning of art, and beauty, and "the Idea"—these provide the symposium of Fifth Avenue and the Boulevard Saint-Michel, and they reappear in subsequent pages, elaborating upon what they have already said. The author manages these scenes with skill, and builds up his artistic theories out of them. What he has to say is of a positive quality—a message which cannot be heard too often.