

## *An American Folk Tale*

**I**N "The Golden Village" (Bobbs-Merrill) Joseph Anthony has departed completely from the manner of his earlier novels. He has written a simple, pastoral, quietly emotional story of the search for happiness and, in doing it, has succeeded also in giving the poetry and the charm of certain immigrant attitudes toward America. This is an unusual book and one which should, I think, enjoy popularity as well as esteem. It has subtlety, charm, and fire — the magic of tramp-

ing on the open road. Stephen Romer and his grandfather are characters which stay pleasantly in the memory. The Magyar sage, turned tramp, preserves all his old world dignity, as he searches for the mythical "golden village" that he and his companions were to have built in America. He looks for ideals, and finds only realities. It is a wistful and an eternal theme that Mr. Anthony has chosen. If he does not always write with the poetry of rhythm one might desire, he yet writes clearly and with a good sense of color. He gives his story the quality of a folk tale. I should think "The Golden Village" would please young people, and all those who crave simplicity in a winter overflowing with volumes far from simple.

### *The Juror*

**H**AVE you ever served on a jury? If you have, you will find Francis L. Wellman's "Gentlemen of the Jury" (Macmillan) a book of entertaining memory. If you intend to serve on a jury you will perhaps find it instructive; but it is, I would say, for the man who has served. One chapter will give you especial delight — "History of Trial by Jury". Take this paragraph, for example, and meditate upon it:

Edwards, in his "Juryman's Guides", records cases where three of the jurors were found with sweetmeats in their pockets and the court held that, whether they had eaten them or not, they were finable — it being a very great misdemeanor. Once a juror had an orange, but he swore he carried it only for the sake of the *smell*, and so he was excused and the verdict was held good! In the same work an instance is given of a man who struck a juror at Westminster who had brought in a verdict against him. This man was indicted and arraigned at the suit of the King, and the judgment was that he

should go to the Tower of London and there remain in imprisonment all his life and that his right hand should be cut off and his lands seized.

### *The Modern Epitaph*

**C**RITICS have in advance pronounced "The New Spoon River" (Bonif, Liveright) not quite so good as Edgar Lee Masters's earlier volume. On a first reading of the new book I thought this to be true. Further investigations seem to me to reveal the fact that, while the later poems lack the novelty of a fresh idea, and the quaintness of time (they represent more recent gravestones), they are just as clever and quite as beautiful as those in "Spoon River Anthology". In fact, the book as a whole is more even. There are more fine sketches in it, and fewer failures. There is the striking "Henry Ditch", the beautiful and poignant "Louise Hedeem", the quietly ironical "Ike Sass". Others seem to me rather brittle and merely clever, like "Diamandi Viktoria":

My people came to the U. S. A.  
To live in a land of liberty.  
But I grew up in the U. S. A.  
In metropolized Spoon River.  
And I saw that the thing is money, money,  
And the gift of the gab for liberty.  
So I was elected county treasurer,  
And cleaned up quite a roll.  
You can fool all the people part of the  
time —  
And that is enough.

### *A Hero of Soft Edges*

**M**AY SINCLAIR is expert at pointing the finger of scorn at her heroes. That she does not do so at the mature Arnold Waterlow of her latest novel is probably regrettable to some; although

others, along with the author, may find much to admire in this long suffering and exceedingly magnanimous gentleman. Why did she feel it necessary to reconstruct and rewrite "Mary Olivier", and in a far less effective manner? Arnold may seem to you absurdly selfish in his attempts at tolerance, in fact, cruel. Although he may insult all your ideas of the way a gallant man should behave, it is perhaps true that Miss Sinclair is writing of a new age in which gallantry is frowned upon and the gallant is considered stupid. However you may feel about his passions, his soul wanderings in maturity, you are pretty sure to find him worth following as a child. The first part of "Arnold Waterlow" (Macmillan) is superb. The working of a child's mind, a sensitive child's mind, has never been better shown. Arnold is a mystic; and as a child mystic he is both believable and attractive. But when he becomes a man, it is a pity that he does not put off this mysticism — or, better perhaps, this variety of mysticism.