it goes without saying that the former, at least, is an unqualified admirer. She delights to prate of the "Life Force," and is so fond of quoting Mr. Shaw that she does not hesitate to quote the same passage in more than one of her sententious chapters. Peculiarly unsatisfactory is

Bernard Shaw as Artist-Philosopher: An
Exposition of Shavianism. By Renée
M. Deacon. New York: John Lane Co.
\$1.00.
So far as we are concerned, the writer

So far as we are concerned, the writer of this little book might have saved herself the trouble of it all. Tho a Scottish newspaper calls it the best examination of Mr. Shaw's work yet published in English, the barbarity of the title itself seems to us to be matched by the text. Women's clubs may find it a good book for the subject of a conversazione, but that is really the highest praise honestly to be accorded to it; and we mean that praise to be equivocal. For the majority of readers the plays themselves, and their more or less critical prefaces, are a great

plenty, without scholia by the present writer, or even Mr. Chesterton. Perhaps

her superficial treatment of the play-wright's "Revolt Against Romance." What is "Romance," by the way? We know no better after reading this volume than we knew before. Little is said of Mr. Shaw as dramatist, and for that we are thankful. His pretensions to philosophy are, on the other hand, too charitably regarded. On page 66 a quotation is made from the Daily Telegraph, apropos of "Getting Married," which, in part, we append:

INTERVIEWER: Would it be indiscreet to ask you to . . . give some notion of the plot? . . . Mr. Shaw: The play has no plot. . . If you will look at any of the old editions of our classical plays, you will see that the descriptions of the control of the classical plays is a control of the classical plays.

tion of the play is not called a plot or a story, but an argument. That exactly describes the material of my play.

Puerilities like the above are reproduced without apology by the author of Bernard Shaw as Artist-Philosopher. Is not that fact rather suggestive of the thinness of the volume—intellectually as well as physically?