

London Reminiscences

"Old Mother London gave me the key to her streets, and diligently I used it," says Arthur Warren in *London Days*, a collection of essays which recount in charming literary style the author's impressions of London in the last quarter of the 19th century. Mr. Warren went to London as a boy fresh from college, eager to explore its treasures and to know its famous men. For nine years he was London correspondent of the *Boston Herald*; he had a wide acquaintance among the British celebrities of the times. In *London Days* there are entertaining personal reminiscences that give new sidelights on Gladstone, Meredith, Browning, Burns, Whistler, Parnell, and many other famous men whom Mr. Warren knew intimately.

London Days, by Arthur Warren. Little, Brown & Co.

Masks

Whenever George Middleton becomes sated with the vulgar pleasures of being the author of a Broadway success he publishes a book of one-act plays too good to appeal to the Philistine manager. The last one is *Masks*. The six plays are skilfully constructed, thought-provoking and, with perhaps one exception, interesting, but somehow they manage to rouse one's sympathies with the Philistine manager. There is no sign in any of them of a sense of humor, which is quite as essential to tragedy as to comedy, and it is not strictly good form for a person who possesses no "charm" to decry it so violently.

Masks, by George Middleton. Henry Holt & Co.

A Floral Offering

A contents page is for purposes of reference, not of diagnosis. Nevertheless, it is impossible to open *Christmas Roses and Other Stories*, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, to its garden of titles, and not feel that this contents page, at any rate, is alarmingly symptomatic. And one's fears are never appeased. The promise of sentimentality in this idea of naming each of a group of

stories after a flower is beautifully carried out; and furthermore, tho in some cases the flower connection within the story is brought about naturally enough, in other cases it is necessarily dragged in or patched on. There are enough hints and sudden brief disclosures of the distinguished author of "Tante" and "A Fountain Sealed" in *Christmas Roses* to make it, for anyone who knows those earlier books, worth reading—with whatever disappointment. It is too bad that clarity, simplicity and sharpness of outline have become in this latest volume dulled and indecisive.

Christmas Roses, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick.
Houghton Mifflin Co.