IN BRIEF REVIEW

JAMES LEWIS MAY, an English admirer of Anatole France, believes that "the Anatole France who will outlive the rest, who will indeed endure so long as literature continues to interest mankind, is Anatole France the poet". He has written a book about "the man and his work" in support of his thesis and to discharge, in part, his sense of obligation for the widened horizons M. France has given him in appreciation of literature and life. The book, "Anatole France" (Dodd,Mead), quite properly draws heavily upon M. France's autobiographical works, "My Friend's Book", "Pierre Nozière", "Little Pierre", and "The Bloom of Life". Though Mr. May enjoyed the advantage of personal association with the Master, the portrait he draws is literary rather than vivid. The second half of the book takes up France as short story writer, novelist, historian, critic, philosopher, and stylist, and gives a very good *précis* of his works. There is also a bibliography and index. The book is bound uniform with the edition of France's work issued by the same publishers and makes an excellent introduction to him, provided one keeps in mind the fact that he is reading an appreciator and advocate of the late Academician.

George Moore's mind is an open book. His public has always been taken completely into his confidence, and each new regurgitation of his musings, reflections, and twilight thoughts makes another book. His imaginary "Conversations in Ebury Street" have now been published for the first time in a regular American edition (Boni, Liveright). Mr. Moore writes beautifully in both French and English. One never forgets this, no matter how flaccid his thoughts, how disgusting his reveries. But if his ideas are sometimes amorphous, his opinions are as definite, crystal-clear, and fixed as if he were already canonized. His fancied interlocutors are Walter de la Mare, John Freeman, Granville-Barker, Desmond MacCarthy, Edmund Gosse, Dujardin, and Cunninghame Graham. They are the backdrop against which Mr. Moore projects his opinions upon George Eliot, art, Jesus, Landor, and adultery; his enthusiasm for Balzac, Manet and Monet; his antipathy for Thomas Hardy; and his unbounded admiration for the beautiful thoughts, the beautiful books, and the beautiful life which are, according to his notion, Mr. George Moore.

In "Napoleon and Josephine" (Brentano) Walter Geer gives an admirably simple and well synthesized account of the relations between this famous couple, presenting evidence to dispel some of the myths that have gathered about them. Josephine, it appears on the one hand, had, not beauty, but extraordinary bodily grace and charm of manner. She had, not intellect, but extraordinary *savoir-faire* and power of soft speech, which she used not only to her own advantage in her relations with Bonaparte, but to his considerable advantage in her relations with others. "I win battles; Josephine wins hearts", he said. On the other hand, if she was a model wife he was a model husband, who forgave

not only her past when he married her but her infidelity in the early years of their marriage; who continued to pay her enormous debts to the day of his abdication and then secured a generous provision for her in the treaty; and, most important, who never ceased to love her with his peculiarly blind love, even when he was unfaithful — most important since, as Mr. Geer points out, "the aversion which many feel towards Napoleon is not a little due to what they conceive to be the cruelty with which he treated the woman who for fourteen years was the companion of his glory."

"The Political Novel" by Professor Morris Edmund Speare (Oxford) is the most valuable study of that important development in modern English and American literature that we have yet read. Half of the present volume is given to an exhaustive analysis of Benjamin Disraeli, his genius, and his achievements as the founder and master of the nineteenth century political novel. There follow equally sound chapters on other and later novelists of political life: George Meredith, Trollope, Mrs. Ward, H. G. Wells, and our own Henry Adams and Winston Churchill. The work is devoid of pedantry and of the usual timid incertitudes of professorial labors. It has the authority of creative criticism.

Ralph D. Paine believes in the old-modish doctrine — since abandoned by the Lytton Stracheys and the Clinton Gilberts — that if one must write biography, one must love the subject. And so he undertakes to rescue the record of Joshua Barney, American seaman during the Revolution and the War of 1812, from oblivion. Joshua Barney of Baltimore, through a series of accidents, became commander of a ship at the age of fifteen. He bearded the governor of the port of Nice, engaged in an expedition against the Barbary pirates, and returned home at sixteen to serve in the Revolution. Taken prisoner five times by the enemy, he either escaped or was exchanged in the chivalrous naval manner of the period. Not the least interesting element of "Joshua Barney" (Century) is the picture Mr. Paine gives of naval courtesy between the British and American officers and the secret aid given by Englishmen in Plymouth, Bristol, and London to captured Colonial seamen. Indeed the entire story, as he treats it, is in the romantic manner which glosses over the unpleasant side of the conflict and makes the whole war a slight disagreement between very amiable gentlemen. But since Mr. Paine has been engaged for some years with the story of the American navy, the exploits of the past naturally have caught the interest which he formerly expended on the American college boy. Whatever one may think of the worth of this ecstatic type of biography, one must admit that Mr. Paine handles it well.

To those looking upon Freud as a mortal incarnation of His Satanic Majesty, "Sigmund Freud, His Personality, His Teaching and His School" (Dodd, Mead) by Franz Wittels will possibly emphasize the horns and the cloven foot. To those who see in him a major god, the book, translated by Eden and Cedar Paul, will appear blasphemous. But to those who detect in psychoanalysis neither sulphurous taint nor ambrosial flavor, the volume is a happy condensation of hundreds of books; it is a compact review of the Adler, Jung, and Stekel secessionist movements; it is a glimpse at the man whose name is as prominent as that of

any contemporary. The author has steered between the Scylla of esoteric scientific jargon and the Charybdis of Tridon's popular babble, to follow a clear expository course of sensible discussion. Then, too, the book holds this belated warning for the amateur: "An incomplete psychoanalysis, a dream interpretation severed from its connexion with the general course of the life to which it belongs, is as dangerous as an operation which the surgeon has left half-finished."

Chekhov admirers will be grateful to Louis S. Friedland for his compilation of this prolific writer's "Letters on the Short Story, the Drama and Other Literary Topics" (Minton, Balch). From the six volumes of Chekhov letters in the Russian, and from additional sources, the editor has selected those snatches of correspondence which bear largely upon Chekhov's own writing, the work of his contemporaries both in Russia and abroad, the creation of the short story and the drama, and his relationship with other writers, editors, dramatists, actors and managers in Moscow and the provinces. A. S. Souvorin, Maxim Gorky, and Constantin Stanislavsky were the recipients of many of these letters which explain much of what is found in Chekhov's work and throw some light upon the man himself. Due to judicious selection and careful editing, the volume will doubtless serve as a useful reference book to the student of the drama or short story, and is certain to be a mine of delight to the devotee of this Russian school of realism. It is, however, hardly a book which we should suggest as the ideal companion for a tedious railroad journey.

A reaction to vigorous nationalism has been so thoroughly felt since the Armistice that every phase of the movement has a significance far exceeding its merely picturesque qualities. Admiral Horthy triumphed in Hungary, Poincaré for a time in France, DeRivera in Spain, and Hitler and Ludendorff had their hour in Bavaria. But the rise of Mussolini and the Fascisti in Italy was more romantic than any of them, more successful, and politically more important. It is of the overthrow of bloc rule in Italy and of a policy opposed to both democracy and communism that Luigi Villari writes in "The Awakening of Italy" (Doran). If the reader is careful to remember that Signor Villari is writing a brief for Fascismo, he will find "The Awakening of Italy" not only a useful book but a fascinating one; for it covers thoroughly that critical decade in Italian history from 1914 to 1924. The author tells in detail of the Nitti, Giolitti, and Orlando ministries, of the march of the Black Shirts on Rome, of the negotiations between the King and Mussolini which preceded the formation of the present government; and provides a handbook of recent Italian history of more than ephemeral value.

"The Joys and Tribulations of an Editor" by L. Frank Tooker (Century) is the unpretentious and extremely interesting record of the author's forty years of service as reader and associate editor of "The Century Magazine". The book is a rich mine of reminiscent anecdotes concerning the great and the obscure men of letters who have come within the horizon of Mr. Tooker's acquaintance and friendship. Those chapters dealing with the author's professional labors as reader and "mangler" of manuscript submitted to the magazine are told with a frankness, sincerity, and dry humor which will appeal strongly to both the reader

unfamiliar with editing behind the lines and to the hardened veteran of Mr. Tooker's own calling.

The English have a knack, and a charming one at that, of recreating boy life. Their authors do it again and again and always manage to suggest something of the impishness, the idealism, the unconscious cruelty and humor of the young boy. Eden Phillpotts is no exception. "A Human Boy's Diary" (Macmillan) is packed with keen observation and an understanding of the young animal in his first year at school. Many of the boys and masters become real characters, especially "Siam", a Siamese who is deliciously drawn. The book lacks the vitality and exuberance of the few great boys' books, but for all that it is a capital performance.

Mystery keeps evergreen the memory of that fascinating woman, Cleopatra, siren of the ages. Heartless, we are told she was — calculating, remorseless. So much history says. But legend, which, with poetry, fills in the many historic gaps, tells otherwise; and which lover of romance shall complain? In his "Life and Death of Cleopatra", an English version of which (Doubleday, Page) has just been made by M. E. Poindexter, it is into legend that Claude Ferval dips; it is with conjecture and with delicate romance that he paints his portrait of her. A living, breathing woman, a creature of passion, of brilliance and of fire, her calculations and her aspirations transformed when she meets Antony, supreme love of her love ridden life — that is Cleopatra as M. Ferval sees her. He tells her story simply and well, and adds, as is his avowed aim, a little further light on "the mysterious ways of that wonderful woman".

Cyril J. H. Tolley, the English amateur, is known as possibly the longest hitter off the tee in the world of golf. He is a big man, still very young, with a brilliant war record, and his success has been notable and well deserved. In "The Modern Golfer" (Knopf) he writes of proper methods with the various sticks, adds a charmingly modest autobiographical chapter, and another on his two American invasions in 1920 and 1922. With his knowledge of the game, his generous appreciation of the skill of our leading golfers makes this chapter one to warm American hearts. Mr. Tolley writes almost as well as he plays, and we can add very little to that.

Lady Fraser has "culled" a volume of stories from Sir J. G. Fraser's monumental work on anthropology, "The Golden Bough", under the title "Leaves from the Golden Bough" (Macmillan). The book is for young people; its aim not to teach but "to amuse, to please". It is all about The Omnipresence of Demons, Trees tenanted by Spirits, Divining Rods, Why the Rajahs of Nagpur have the Serpent for their Crest, and The Miller's Wife and the Two Grey Cats. It is a pleasing conception, thus to make all the lore of the childhood of the race part of the inheritance of the childhood of the individual — stripped of its mystery and horror — and it is to be hoped that the book will find the public which surely exists for it.

Histories of the United States are moot subjects at the present time. Between the blasts of the professional patriots on one hand, and the destruction of our favorite myths by James Truslow Adams, the public has become interested in textbooks. "America" by Philip Krapp (Knopf) is one of the

latest offerings. It is a very readable and simple account of our history for younger readers. Wars are quite properly subordinated to more important material, but in every other way the story is made safe for snooping educational boards. No idols fall; indeed, there is a panegyric of Roosevelt. The arrangement of material is somewhat novel and makes for clarity. Philip Von Saltza's illustrations are pleasantly informal, suggesting the style made popular by Van Loon.

The casual reader who would glide quietly back into the peace and tranquillity of Victorian days will enjoy an occasional hour or two with William Hale White's "Letters to Three Friends" and also with Dorothy V. White's "Groombridge Diary" (Oxford). These two companion volumes, which supplement each other in an interesting manner, reflect the sunset years of one whom H. W. Massingham called the one imaginative genius of the highest order produced by English Puritanism since Bunyan. Mr. White is better known as "Mark Rutherford", the pseudonym under which he wrote two volumes of "spiritual autobiography" and several novels. A "Life of John Bunyan" also came from his pen, as well as a wide variety of literary articles which appeared in the leading English reviews. In one of his letters, Mr. White deplores "that reprehensible modern practice of raking together everything a man has written, however unworthy of him it may be" — and one is, therefore, thankful that he never saw his "Letters to Three Friends" in book form. For a few widely scattered critical observations, and an occasional glimpse of Ruskin, Tennyson, or the Pre-Raphaelites, fail to compensate for countless pages describing the physical discomforts and mental depression attendant upon old age. The intimate record of daily events is interesting in contrast to our present way of life, although the intimacy which appeals in a letter frequently does not stand the test of type. "The Groombridge Diary", however, makes better reading, to use a trite phrase. Mrs. White, some forty six years her husband's junior, is sufficiently detached to give the reader a purely objective picture of Mr. White's later life. She stresses the significant rather than the insignificant, and one has a notion that entries in this diary were made with an eye toward its ultimate publication.

In the pattern of a book of studies of the leading men of Europe, Sisley Huddleston, the great British journalist, has written a remarkable history of Europe after the world war. Underneath the interesting sketches of Ramsay MacDonald, Clemenceau, Masaryk, Lloyd George, Mussolini, Poincaré, Pope Pius XI, D'Annunzio, and other famous foreign figures, comprising "Those Europeans" (Putnam), lies an illuminating chronicle of the events and political intrigues of Europe since 1919; the Treaty of Versailles; the League of Nations; German Reparations; Fascism; the growth of Roman Catholicism and the papal influence; and other important movements. The author states openly truths about politics and diplomacy which the world has lacked the courage to admit. Mr. Huddleston is a better historian than a literary critic. In his essay on Anatole France, he does not write with the same bold sureness which distinguishes his other studies.

The maker of an anthology of American humor may well be puzzled as to what to choose from the superabundance of material, especially if, as in

"Sixty Years of American Humor" (Little, Brown), the selections are to be long enough to give a real taste of the writer's quality. It needs more than the four hundred pages of this work to cover the sixty years adequately. And the absence from the collection of such names as Frank Stockton and H. C. Bunner, when Octavus Roy Cohen, Ring Lardner, and Sam Hellman are included, leaves one puzzled as to Joseph Lewis French's process of selection. These still very much extant fun makers are properly (and happily) among those present, but why omit the giants of yesterday? It could also be wished that some less familiar example than Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog" might have been chosen. Nevertheless the anthology is a useful and a welcome volume. It renders a real service in reprinting a bit from "The Sparrowgrass Papers" of Frederick S. Cozzens — a book that is as freshly and delectably readable today as when it first appeared nearly three quarters of a century ago. The collection opens with Artemus Ward, and gives selections from Bill Nye, Eugene Field, Riley, "Mr. Dooley", and many others to the indubitably authentic representatives of the family of today, such as Irvin Cobb, Harry Leon Wilson, and Don Marquis.

"The Letters of Archie Butt" now appear (Doubleday, Page), edited, with a biographical sketch, by Lawrence F. Abbott. It is in no way surprising that the body of literature which is growing up around the memory of Theodore Roosevelt should be of surpassing interest, for very few even of the world's greatest men have had so much as he of what may be called a radiating personality. As Dr. Abbott remarks, "Roosevelt was more kinds of a man than biographical literature has heretofore attempted to embody in one person. No one of his associates . . . quite saw every side of him." Major Butt's letters thus give a glimpse of him which is not a repetition, or a version of something already recorded, but a new thing in itself. They are the "unstudied, spontaneous daily report of the little doings and casual sayings of a great man whose great deeds may be safely left to take care of themselves". But they are not trivialities: indeed, they will be indispensable as a source book for future historians who may seek to interpret the political life of their period. Moreover, they disclose the personality of their writer as a competent soldier, a shrewd, maturely wise observer, and a gentleman, in the finest sense of that much abused word. He is also an artist in expression: these letters are "literature" in themselves, though written with no view to publication. They cover the period from April, 1908 to March 5, 1909. The volume is well made, illustrated, and fortunately very fully indexed. It is worthy of a place beside Roosevelt's own letters.

Many Don Quixotes have tilted against the Napoleonic legend only to retire bruised and rather the worse for wear. Herbert A. L. Fisher is one of the last to ride forth to do battle, and that he comes back so little damaged is a credit to his scholarship and common sense. "Napoleon" (Holt) is a most readable book, which grants the Corsican a great intellect, and then proceeds to inquire what he did with it. He did a great deal, but Mr. Fisher doubts the results. Taking it all in all, Napoleon is still one up on the historians.

There is a striking sincerity and fearlessness in judgments which makes J. B. Priestley's "Figures in Modern

Literature" (Dodd, Mead) a revelation in literary criticism. He accepted the difficult task of writing critical estimates of nine authors, most of whom had not been treated at any great length before, and his performance is a literary delight. His enthusiasm over a bit of beautiful writing, an original turn of thought, or keen, flashing epigram is like a buoyant song; and yet, he has the courage to state his dislikes and disappointments in clear and unmistakable language. Arnold Bennett, Walter de la Mare, Maurice Hewlett, A. E. Housman, W. W. Jacobs, Robert Lynd, George Saintsbury, George Santayana, and J. C. Squire are the "Figures". "It must not be understood", writes Mr. Priestley, "that I necessarily consider these figures the most important in contemporary literature, but I do hold that they all are important." As an indication of Mr. Priestley's critical standard, he read fifty three books by Arnold Bennett before writing his essay. There are indeed few literary critics today who would respect an author sufficiently to do likewise.

There must be something wrong with the popular conception of Greenwich Villagers which pictures them as conversant with the works of Sigmund Freud, and as being averse to hard work. Plowing through the arid writings of the Viennese psychoanalyst is toil even when his subject matter is the interesting stuff that dreams are made of. But, whoever reads "Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego" and "Beyond the Pleasure Principle" (Boni, Liveright) must bear with two abstract theses as well. Each of these slender volumes is an attempt to widen the range of psychoanalytic science. In "Group Psychology" Freud seeks the binding principle of the group in the Libido. In "Beyond the Pleasure Principle" he seeks a more basic regulator of mental processes than the effort to gain pleasure and avoid pain. This he finds in an impulse toward repetition. Such a summing up is inadequate as a description of Freud's tentative conclusions — but for lack of a volume as big as the author's it must stand.

William T. Tilden, 2nd, a tennis genius, is most intelligently interested in the development, along proper lines, of the game to which he has contributed so much. His new book "The Common Sense of Tennis" (Simon, Schuster) covers a wide range — from advice to the "dub" to a discussion of professionalism. The latter is particularly interesting in view of the author's quarrel with the United States Lawn Tennis Association over his amateur standing. We think his position is the sound one, and that a too strict application of the amateur rules may bring about general disorganization. Mr. Tilden writes agreeably, but we wish he would avoid the use of nicknames in his discussion of famous players. It very definitely cheapens his style and brings it down to mere journalese. Tennis players are not professional baseball players or prize-fighters, and we prefer the use of the plain name, or even, as in English writing on amateur sport, the designation "Mr.", to a horrible miscellany of "Vinnies", "Little Bills", "Sandys", and such.

"Nothing is valueless which in any way relates to the great revolutionary drama." Thus Lucy Ellis and Joseph Turquan state the *raison d'être* for "La Belle Pamela" (Brentano). It is the biography of Pamela, natural daughter of Madame Genlis and the Duc d'Orléans. The book recalls that

the Revolution of 1789 sprang from the political designs and machinations of Madame Genlis, and was fostered by the nobility. Had the copious footnotes been incorporated in the text the reading would often prove less arduous. "La Belle Pamela" displays concinnity, however, and is an interesting commentary on the morals and manners during the period of the French Revolution.

Ever since we made acquaintance with "The Triumph of the Nut" we have been waiting for the next collection of Christopher Ward's hilarious parodies. Our impatience is now rewarded with "Twisted Tales" (Holt), which takes a fling at last year's best sellers. Here are such mirth dispensers as "Stummox" by Fannie Wurst, "The Blind Booby" by Carl Far Fetchten, "A Loose Lady" by Calla Wither, "A Cure of Soups" by Miss Eclair. Mr. Ward also has his fun with the classics. He demonstrates how Hergesheimer might have written the story of Antony and Cleopatra; how Romeo and Juliet might have fared at the hands of Zona Gale. Last comes "Chicago River Anthology", in which we distinguish voices purporting to be those of Sandburg, Anderson, and Hecht. We have just cajoled the editor into promising us for review Mr. Ward's next volume (surely there are more to come). For otherwise we shall have to perform a breach of reviewers' etiquette by buying the book.

Although the reader would have no objection to discovering a little more biographical material in M. A. DeWolfe Howe's volume on "Barrett Wendell and His Letters" (Atlantic Monthly), the book not only makes interesting reading but supplies one with a valuable index to the character, personality, and habits of thought of one of the most notable of recent critics and educators. As the title implies, Mr. Howe's undertaking is devoted largely to supplying us with the collected letters of Professor Wendell, a varied assortment exhibiting the distinctive impress of a penetrating and diversified mind; yet the few introductory chapters, wherein Wendell's career is somewhat inadequately outlined, constitute in some respects the most engrossing and informative section of the book.

While there may be a justifiable difference of opinion as to what constitutes the finest work of any writer of distinguished prose, yet D. C. Somervell, M. A., has made a commendable selection in the various essays included in "The Best of Matthew Arnold's Prose" (Doran). Matthew Arnold, as the compiler points out in his interesting and well reasoned introduction, is a writer from whose prose productions it is singularly difficult to choose; but since his prose at its best attains a high level of excellence, and since, moreover, it is in danger of being overshadowed by his poetry, the work of selection is particularly necessary in his case. Mr. Somervell, accordingly, has performed a valuable service for the reader who desires an acquaintance with Arnold's prose, and has not the time or the opportunity to browse through his numerous works.