

of the weather. We could quote many passages to prove, what is already settled, that Miss Thomas has the true artistic touch in sketching from nature, a touch which brings out the inner meanings of things and sets free the secrets of color, sound and motion; but many more could be found to show that not her Muse, but her critical faculty, treads the grapes in her vat, to crush out strong juice, but not wine. There is good poetry and good poetry; we find Miss Thomas's poetry good. It is thoughtful, sound, colored with wisdom; if it does not take the imagination by storm or stir the deepest elements of life, it does charm the reflective organ and bring a calm pleasure to the cultivated intellect.

Greek Poets in English Verse. By various translators. Edited, with Introduction, by William Hyde Appleton. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.) The Professor of Greek in Swarthmore College has here brought together characteristic selections from English translations of Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Theocritus, Bion, Moschus, Apollonius Rhodius and Musæus, besides numerous examples from the Anthology. Most of the best translators are represented, and it would be hard to make a better selection within the same limits. The book is well printed and bound, and is furnished with an index, a table of contents, and a very interesting introductory essay by the editor.

Some Verses. By Felix N. Gerson. (Philadelphia: Edward Stern & Co. \$1.00.) Mr. Gerson rhymes with ease, and finds no trouble with meters. His verse is often musical, and with an active fancy he keeps his expression above the commonplace. To many readers some of these pieces will be touching and attractive.

A Second Book of Verse. By Eugene Field. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.) Facility is the word in speaking of Mr. Field's verse. One feels as one reads that here is a lightning calculator turned poet. We are always abundantly glad to greet one of his books, but frankly not so glad this time as at other times; still glad, and if we had room we would copy some good things.

The Plutocrat. A Drama in Five Acts. By Otto Frederick Schupphaus. (New York: A. Lovell & Co. \$1.60.) This drama in blank verse is written with skill and power, not the highest but notable, and the play of human life and interest is natural and often vigorously rapid. It is a play with a purpose strongly apparent turning upon the conflict between capital and labor.

Red Leaves and Roses. Poems, by Madison Cawein. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.) Here are poems brimful of imagination and running over with a flood which is a wild blur of colors. Mr. Cawein knows nothing of restraint nor of economy, all that he has, all that he can find he gives and adds usury in advance at ruinous rates. At every point his verse is just the opposite of Miss Thomas's, noticed above. Here is a provincial of provincials reveling in a rainbow glory of fine writing, hurling his adjectives with both hands and without reserve or caution, but always with flamboyant purpose and with gorgeous effect.

Horatian Odes. By John Osborne Sargent. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.) Dr. O. W. Holmes writes a gracefully appreciative introduction to this book, which is a volume of singularly clever translations of the Odes of Horace by the late John Osborne Sargent. The renderings are broad and free; but the Horatian spirit and grace are admirably expressed.

Poems. By Robert Loveman. (Tuscaloosa, Ala.) This booklet contains some pretty conceits clothed in musical verse. The author appears to be feeling out to find his note, and as yet at a loss; but if he is young the true song may yet come to him.

Back Country Poems. By Sam Walter Foss. (Boston: The Potter Publishing Co. \$1.50.) In these pages there is not a little of that free and easy homeliness of feeling and expression which stamps writing with authenticity if not with genius and gives it a certain rugged force. Mr. Foss has dry humor, a good command of the "back country" vocabulary, and an eye for the ludicrous. The publishers have given the book a good dress, and there are many illustrations.

From Heart to Heart. By Kate Vannah. (Boston: J. G. Cupples Company. \$1.25.) Genuine poetic art shows itself in this thoughtful and finished verse. Some of the sonnets are excellent in both conception and execution, and throughout the volume a high degree of dignity and literary propriety is joined with purity of thought.

The Shadows of the Lake. By Frank Leyton. (New York: Longmans, Green &

Co. \$1.25.) This is the fourth edition of a volume of poems keyed in a sad minor and tinged pretty strongly with spiritualistic jaundice. The author writes easy blank verse and lends his imagination readily to moods too vague for vigorous and clear expression.

Idealla. A Romance of Idealism. By Charles Grissen. (San Francisco News Co.) This pamphlet of verse is one of those pathetic evidences which continually come to us from provincial places showing how the leaven of culture works in out-of-the-way nooks and corners. The history of literature must not leave out the elements made up of works like this—they are the irony of intellectual development.

RECENT VERSE.

Fair Shadowland. By Edith M. Thomas (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.) Miss Thomas is a poet whose diction recalls that of Addison and Lamb. We read her verse with an eye turned back upon even earlier English literary manners, and feel that her book studies, more than her observation of life, come out in her best work and distinguish it. Evidently she holds to Ben Jonson's theory that it is better for poets not to be too greatly "presuming on their own natural"; indeed, her genius often seems cowed into submission by her sense of a classical duty to diction. The fear of being a Philistine has come near making her dull where naturally she could be most captivating. We make these remarks feeling that Miss Thomas's poetry is so good that it is worth while to treat it seriously. Many of the pieces in this little volume have a distinct and original quality curiously midway between the dramatic and the lyric. Miss Thomas never quite sings, in the true sense of singing; her lines never quite melt with the magic of melody, nor do her presentations ever wholly embody a purely dramatic vision; but withal she has a Greek mind, comes to nature with fresh eyes and a glowing imagination, breathes ozone and is not afraid