IN BRIEF REVIEW

THE little volume "Henry Cabot Lodge" (Houghton Mifflin) by Bishop William Lawrence is a model of what such an appreciative biographical sketch should be. It is just that: an unpretentious tribute by a lifelong friend, a personal evaluation of its subject as man, as scholar and historian, and as statesman. But Bishop Lawrence is not uncritical: nor is he ever fulsome. He has nowhere overdone it, and he has managed to present in brief outline an extraordinarily comprehensive study, with adequate background, so that the book has solid value as a bit of contemporary history. Yet the chief thing that emerges is a strikingly clear, vivid portrait of the man: a portrait that gives the reader a feeling that this is a remarkable likeness. Senator Lodge's place in the history of the past fifty years is, of course, a matter for the critical appraisal of the future historian; pending that, one may naturally expect a complete, critical biography. But this brilliant personal sketch will not be superseded: it is entitled to a place of its own, both as a footnote to history and as a piece of literature.

In view of the flaring commercialism of our times, the materialism that threatens to smother the arts, the political corruption and the economic class rule that brings rigid objections to child labor amendments and minimum wage laws, it is somewhat surprising to be told that America is a "nation of idealists". It is particularly surprising when this announcement comes from one who has written the "History of the Great American Fortunes" and the "History of Tammany Hall". Yet that Americans are fundamentally humane, benevolent and self sacrificing is the contention of Gustavus Myers in "The History of American Idealism" (Boni, Liveright). The author's method is a simple one: he painstakingly brings to bear numerous examples of American altruism, and quite as painstakingly omits the no less numerous examples of that which could hardly be mistaken for altruism. Quite in keeping with the tone of the book is the statement of Calvin Coolidge, quoted on the jacket: "The chief ideal of the American people is idealism." Mr. Myers himself is fully as original and perspicacious: he demonstrates that idealism is an ideal with us, but not that it is something attained.

In "Mere Mortals" (Doran), the inevitable sequel to "Post Mortem" of startling memory, Dr. C. MacLaurin of Sydney has done his bit in the contemporary psychophysical sweepstakes, and with a degree of fascination. His not to repeat the popular interpretation of great men that slowly broadens down from grandmother to grandmother. His to take a keen professional look at the hero of yesteryear and tell us what ailed him that he has grown so great. If it appears that the character of King Henry the Saint was largely the result of too many spankings in his infancy, that Dr. Johnson was frightened all his life at Queen Anne, that Luther's religious views grew from an earache — well, that is what appears. The Tudors, Ivan the Terrible, Frederick the Great,

Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, and Spinoza are only a few of the subjects of Dr. MacLaurin's scrutiny. The difficulty of completely explaining such persons as these on purely medical grounds is similar to that involved in squaring the circle or inventing perpetual motion. At least our author has steered fairly clear of the temptation to belittle end products because of lowly origins — a weakness that mars the work of some of the diagnosticians in his field. The intention stated in "Post Mortem" "to throw such light upon them [great persons] as is possible as regards their physical condition; and to consider how far their actions were influenced by their health", has been fulfilled, if we take into account the unavoidable limitations of the method. There can be no irrefragable proofs in the circumstances. Some of the links, as it were, are missing. Dr. MacLaurin himself reminds us that there can be no real diagnosis without seeing the patient. He has not seen the patients, but he has seen their pictures, and is able to exclaim over a painting of Queen Elizabeth, "That is not the portrait of a loose woman!" Here is good reading.

"He knows not France who knows not the Pyrenees." The same might also be said of Spain, which claims a generous portion of this land of adventure that has tempted brigands and gipsies and wandering soldiers of fortune since the days of Roland. In more recent times, it has been the retreat of Charlemagne, Hannibal, and summer voyagers not content with the Strand and the Rue de la Paix. One of these was Paul Wilstach, who came back with a book half written and has subsequently put on the finishing touches. "Along the Pyrenees" (Bobbs-Merrill) is nothing if not thorough. It abounds with facts, photographs, maps, routes, and suggestions for travel; yet it possesses, in full measure, what so many so called travel books possess not at all — charm. To read "Along the Pyrenees" is to promise oneself a glimpse of this region during the next trip abroad.

> Carcassonne, Perpignan, Mont Perdu, Pau!
> Cauterets, Ax-les-Thermes, Lourdes, Roncevaux!

There is poetry in the sound of the names, says the author; they march, they sing, they trip out with rhythm! And so does the reader sing as he marches along through Mr. Wilstach's melodious pages. Now and then, even the most sedate will find himself tripping rhythmically to the accompaniment of lutes and the songs of forgotten troubadours, and at no time will the journey be a wearisome one.

Are prejudice and legal disability all that prevent women from equaling the achievements of men, asks Dr. Paul Bousfield in "Sex and Civilization" (Dutton). In answer he contends not only that women's physical disabilities are exaggerated, but that their temperamental disabilities, though at present genuine, are entirely artificial, the product of environmental influences from earliest childhood. This he demonstrates as follows: Psychic energy is of one kind in male and female. A normal human being, moreover, applies this energy to various sexual aims in the same order in which they have occurred in biological evolution: first to autosexuality, then to homosexuality, and finally to heterosexuality; and whatever energy is not absorbed by erotic activities is set free for application to other purposes (sublimation). The difference, then, between male and female is only this: The male is allowed to complete the development,

so that such erotic energy as he employs is concentrated on the normal act of sex, is therefore small in quantity, and leaves a great deal of psychic energy to be transformed for other purposes; on the other hand, the training of the female prevents her from completing the development and causes her to retain a large proportion of the infantile forms of sexuality and of activities more properly subordinate to the normal act of sex, all of which absorb most of her energy and leave little for other purposes. "Assuming that every individual has a certain amount of energy or capacity for work, the efficiency of the woman, who is in reality of equal capacity with the man, is considerably reduced by what we may term 'the continual leakage of energy'." Woman will therefore be set free, not by enactment, but by an education which recognizes the equality of the sexes.

There is one book this season which will be the choice possession of all college professors. Its name is "Some Aspects of Modern Poetry" (Stokes). Its author is Alfred Noyes. One opens the cover expecting to see Sandburg, Masters, Robinson, and Marianne Moore, but one finds instead a large group of eminent Victorians all of whom are defended with exquisite kindness against the chaotic minds of today who sneer at Tennyson, who dismiss Alice Meynell as a Catholic saint, who often say that Henley and Dobson are not worth discussing. For Alice Meynell Mr. Noyes has made a cap of pearls. For Tennyson he has shaped a golden crown set with emeralds and garnets. For Henley and Dobson, six and eight pages each. Shakespeare is there, and following him is Longfellow with trembling beard. These essays are finely written with the scalding passion and irony of a mind which knows and loves English literature and cannot make room for the present, cannot adjust its imagination to anything but the past and its vivid security.

W. L. George again undertakes to display his extraordinary knowledge and understanding of that most incomprehensible creature, woman, in "The Story of Woman" (Harper). Mr. George not only sets forth his views on the trend of modern woman, but he delves into her history of forty thousand years ago. He is very brave to tackle such a subject in two hundred and fifty seven pages. Beginning with an account of the Neolithic Age, he discusses the days of the patriarchs, life during the height of Roman and Grecian culture, the influence of Christianity, the Renaissance, the seventeenth century, the Victorian era, early rebels, and concludes with a promise for the future. The book gives one a smattering of information which reference proves is not always accurate. To mention only two failings: Mr. George wishes to tell not *a* story, but *the* story of woman, yet he discusses only one racial group of women from each period. Also, in his consideration of the position of woman he fails to attach importance to the economic condition of each particular period, which naturally had direct bearing upon her status. "The Story of Woman" is obviously written to sell. It provides intellectual pap for American consumption.

The age of liberalism, believed here, remains still in the grey offing. On a tiny island off the coast of Spain exiled Miguel de Unamuno wrote mildly Machiavellian essays, while Alfonso breathed more easily. Exile can re-

sult from many causes, but one wonders at the reasons which prompted the exile of Unamuno. In his "Essays and Soliloquies" (Knopf) one can remark only a strange piety, some not too reddish ideas, and a Victorian veneer of style. The exiled gentleman writes reasonably pleasantly and with a style, if clarity can be called style. But his ideas are such as an aging, slipping Shaw might employ were he making a bid for readers become cold and forgetful. Mildness is here, and quietude and gentleness. There is talk of religious matters and some politics, but if there is harm it is not too apparent. It may be, however, that dark kings with handsome mustaches and unhandsome dictators have their own — or at any rate family — ideas about the fundamentals of exile.

The traveler who must follow schedule and feels impelled to rush from museum to picture gallery and from one ruin to another, in the most avid of sightseeing moods, will welcome Clara E. Laughlin's "So You're Going to Italy!" (Houghton Mifflin). Others will find the book disappointing. Miss Laughlin unnecessarily admits in one place that she has "just reread a great many books on Rome", and the number and length of the quotations she uses leaves little room for original work. She has accumulated facts and facts and still more facts, tied them together with a string of trivial remarks, and enveloped the whole in a flimsy wrapping of facetiousness — precisely what one would expect from the title. Mechanically, the book leaves little to be desired. It is of convenient size, the type is excellent, and the illustrations far and away better than those found in most travel books. Miss Laughlin considers, in the four sections of the book, Naples, Rome, Florence, and Venice, and the immediate vicinity of each centre. The hill towns, Sicily, and the Riviera are left for another volume.

It is impossible to read Thomas Moult's selection of "The Best Poems of 1924" (Harcourt, Brace) without getting the feel of the present day poetic trend: its pendulum swing from orthodoxy to radical forms and back again. This is a catholic little book, covering a wide range of expression, yet never swerving from the highest criteria of taste in the various literary camps. The compiler is singularly free from intolerances, either of the very old or the very new. He demands of the poets who are represented here honest artistic credibility and the use of a universal and dignified medium. Freshness of sound, sharpness of imagery, and a poignancy in emotional depth are frequent attributes of the work collected in this volume. From what must have been a fairly formidable mass of verse in American and English periodicals last year, the editor has chosen a satisfying and sensitive group. The word "best" must, of course, always have its private qualifications, but we have no hesitancy in saying that the poems in this little collection are all extraordinarily *good*. Examples from the English magazines seem rather more capable, more sure in their grasp of difficult and highly cadenced forms. Some of the American pieces are conventional in form: a sonnet by David Morton, for instance, strikes us as being as fine a thing of its sort as we have seen lately. Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Not Always" and the free verse sketches by Carl Sandburg, though characteristic, seem to fall short of the best work of these two really great artists. One wonders if

the constant use of one tool has made it perhaps too fine for æsthetic usefulness. John V. A. Weaver's "A Sailor Gropes for Words" is at once typical and vigorous. Of the English group, William H. Davies, the Sitwells, and John Freeman deserve more than passing attention. On the whole, Mr. Moult's collection is admirable, and its format, with decorations by Philip Hagreen, is delicate and effective.

It is almost impossible to think of the brilliant Casanova as old, in poverty, uttering bitter things about old age; impossible, too, to think of him without a large group of beautiful women to adore him. The last twenty four years of his life were not included by him in his Memoirs and, until recently, have remained hidden. Mitchell S. Buck has written a supplement to the Memoirs presenting this period, in "The Life of Casanova from 1774–1798" (Frank-Maurice). From England Casanova went to Venice, where ironically he was guardian of public morals. Intimately associated with him at this period was a young seamstress, Francesca Buschini, his last Venetian love, whose letters throw much light upon Casanova's life at this time. The year before his death, in response to a letter from Cecilia Roggendorff, he wrote a brilliant and brief summary of his life beginning with: "My mother brought me into the world at Venice on the 2d April, Easter day of the year 1725. She had, the night before, a strong desire for crawfish. I am very fond of them. I was an idiot until I was eight and a half years old. After having had a hemorrhage for three months, I was taken to Padua, where, cured of my imbecility, I applied myself to study, and, at the age of sixteen years I was made a doctor and given the habit of a priest so that I might go seek my fortune at Rome." And so he goes on through his amazing adventures.

Although Edward Shanks's "Bernard Shaw" (Holt) cannot truthfully be said to answer any pressing literary need or to cast much new light upon the by no means dim planet with which it deals, it serves nicely to carry on the attractive "Writers of the Day" series of pocket size critical biographies which contains such notable essays as those of Rebecca West on Henry James and Hugh Walpole on Joseph Conrad. Mr. Shanks takes up G. B. S. as novelist and critic, dramatist, writer of prefaces, and philosopher. He lays him down a trifle tritely as "a serious man with a real philosophy, in which he believes with all his heart". Incidentally, the study bristles with palpable hits. Mr. Shanks feels that Shaw is "essentially a man of the theatre" rather than a propagandist using the cart of Thespis for purely evangelistic ends. He is bold enough to point out Shaw's "peculiar weakness for cheap jokes", to describe a dramatic passage as "very trivial and a little vulgar", to repeat a malicious phrase about "the non sequitur, or Shavian method of reasoning", and to wager that "if we look at him in cold blood Mr. Shaw gives as much evidence of muddle-headedness as of common sense". In fact, "he is not an exceptionally reasonable man; and though his intellectual powers are great and flexible they are always completely at the service of his emotion and intuitions". Mr. Shanks has performed for Shaw the service G. B. S. performed for Shakespeare. He has made him human. A negligible postscript on "Saint Joan" might have been omitted. Bibliographies add to the book's value as a handy reference work.

If one cares for letters, and there are many who do, a generous supply will be found in John Gardner Coolidge's "Random Letters from Many Countries" (Marshall Jones). Always an inveterate traveler, Mr. Coolidge was in the diplomatic service until a few years ago, and his letters, written from 1887 to 1908, bear the postmarks of such focal points as Tokyo, Rio de Janeiro, Manila, Pretoria, Peking, Mexico City, and Managua, Nicaragua. There is decided color in the pages of this stout volume; the author was in Cuba during the Spanish-American War, in the Philippines at the time of the Insurrection, had a taste of shell fire from the Boers in South Africa, and witnessed stirring events in China, Mexico, and Nicaragua, serving as minister to the last named country. Mr. Coolidge shares something of the spirit of all adventurers, and his letters, although gentle and unassuming by contrast, have a suggestion of the Richard Harding Davis flavor. They have also the value of continuity, achieved through being written to a single person.

Books by pedagogues not infrequently bore. Not so "From College Gates" (Houghton Mifflin) by Caroline Hazard, president of Wellesley College from 1900–1911. The book is a series of addresses delivered upon various public occasions, and is divided into three parts. The first, "Outside the Gates", is a contribution to the history of the past fifty years in the movement for the higher education of women. "Through the Gates" pays tribute to "the influence of that bright spirit who shed her lustre upon Wellesley College, whose memory is now enshrined in the Hall of Fame" — Alice Freeman Palmer. "Within the Gates" is a survey of "the specific growth and development of Wellesley during the years of my administration". The book, in the main, is interesting and illuminating. It displays the fine ideals which actuated the leaders of the movement for higher education for women. It gives the layman an educational perspective.

Frankness to the limit of indiscretion is, of course, essential to an autobiography. The Princesse de Montglyon leaves little to be desired, in this respect, in her record of her life as "The Last of a Race" (Doran), although the book does not belong to the sprightly family of the *chroniques scandaleuses* of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Born at the ancient castle of Argenteau, on the eighteenth of July, 1862, the girl child, de Mercy Argenteau, was a disappointment, since a male heir was wanted for a line that reached back ten centuries. She grew up without the love of parents, was forced into a loveless marriage which ended in divorce, and was almost as unfortunate in her lover and in her son who abandoned her to go off with the elderly wife of his tutor. It is a dismal tale, culminating, fittingly, with the destruction of the beautiful old castle which the Germans wrecked at the opening of the war. It holds much of anecdote concerning celebrities: Napoleon, the Prince of Wales of the Eighties, and many lesser lights. The volume is handsomely printed and liberally illustrated.

"The Land of the Pharaohs" (Revell) by Samuel Manning, edited by James Baikie, is genial and diverting. If Dr. Manning's tour appears a trifle rapid and insensitive, his account is tolerant and never tedious. He projects the natives vividly, by quotation. For he questioned them persistently, and

their answers were quaint and explicit. Take the Arab who replied amiably, when sounded on the vicissitudes of bigamy, "Oh dey bery good, I give dem much stick." It is an alluring Egypt. Unfortunately, Dr. Manning's explorations occurred in the last century. He records that in Cairo an American remarked to him, with firmness: "Cairo is a big place. It will stand a lot of improving." We fear that it has been improved since Dr. Manning's inspection. As an authoritative guide his book is not to be recommended. It is for reading only.

Charles-Augustin Sainte-Beuve once classed himself among the souls that espouse the illustrious and become the servants of their glory. He began his literary career as a poet and he achieved fame as a critic; he ardently took part in the romantic movement when it began but his renown rested on his taste for the classics; in his youth he was a conspirator and he died a pensioner of the Empire. His truly memorable works, the "Causeries de Lundi", were written under such conditions that only the quality of the performance makes the term "hack-work" inapplicable. With such a subject, it is hardly to be expected that Lewis Freeman Mott's "Sainte-Beuve" (Appleton) would read like a Strachey biography. Anatole France in an essay in "The Latin Genius" did indicate that the career of Sainte-Beuve offered material for such a biography. Certainly his friends, including Victor Hugo, Châteaubriand, Madame Récamier, Gautier, George Sand, and Renan would have offered a wonderful background for a Life that was intended to be a pointed up picture of the middle half of the nineteenth century in France. Mr. Mott has more soberly decided on an authoritative work, worthy of being the first complete biography of its subject.

A cathedral to be appreciated must be seen. All that one can enjoy in a written description of it is the quality of the writing or the personality of the writer. Both of these, unfortunately, are missing from "The World of Today" (Putnam), which, in four volumes, edited by Sir Harry Johnston and Dr. L. Haden Guest, describes "all countries and peoples of the world, its beauty spots and wonder places". It is not much more interesting to read than a guidebook; but it is indeed "sumptuously illustrated" and for this reason well worth having.

"With the advent of the new architecture", writes Alan Stapleton, "we have begun to build for a race of giants, and the old familiar London of courts and alleys and winding lanes is passing." Carefully then Mr. Stapleton has preserved the flavor of this old London in "London Alleys, Byways and Courts" (Dodd, Mead). Sixty odd pencil sketches with accompanying anecdotes comprise a delightful history of "courts and alleys of old London — some of these — places where men lived before the dawn of our ultra-civilization; places where men still live". Mr. Stapleton is an excellent raconteur. He is neither pedantic nor pedagogical. He chats leisurely and intimately of Moll Cutpurse and Bet Flint, Ben Jonson and John Bunyan, Fetter Lane and Wardrobe Court, Paternoster Row and Chaucer's Tabard Inn. The sketches are excellent. Many of them are made in vignette, and Mr. Stapleton has combined a soft technique with the proper accent to give his work strength. His composition is good and there is a pleasing play of light and shade. The

book will endear London to Londoners, and strangers will heed the persistent call of the bowbells.

"Collected Poems" by Robert Underwood Johnson (Yale) represent forty years of labor by one who has endeavored consistently to follow the best traditions of English poetry, and has been measurably successful in producing work of finish and beauty. There is no outstanding originality about Mr. Johnson's poems, there is no world ranging imagination or deep sounding, compelling blast of emotion; the author has reached no untrodden height and raised no call unheard before; and yet within the domain of simple music and unpretentious subject matter he has been not ineffective, and in handling the conventional themes of springtime and love, of aspiration, patriotism and war, he is neither more distinguished nor less distinguished than a majority of the traditionally minded poets of the time.

Captain Vancouver, after his first view of Puget Sound, wrote that "to describe the beauties of this region will . . . be a very grateful task to the pen of a skilful panegyrist". The late William Watson Woollen, of Indianapolis, has performed much of that "grateful task" and has greatly extended it in the two large, handsomely printed volumes entitled "The Inside Passage to Alaska" (Arthur H. Clark), the subtitle to which more accurately describes it as an "account of the North Pacific Coast from Cape Mendocino to Cook Inlet, from the accounts left by Vancouver and other early explorers and from the author's journals of exploration and travel in that region". Mr. Woollen was a distinguished lawyer who was also a born naturalist, not of the laboratory but of the school of Muir. His interest in the northwest coast came late in life, beginning with a trip taken in 1912, but he devoted the remaining years until his death in 1921 to further travel and research in this region. The resultant material, as edited in these volumes by Paul L. Haworth, is best described as an "account": a composite of description and history, given unity by the fact that he follows, more or less, in the wake of Vancouver, digressing liberally however whenever he likes, as in the interesting chapters on the "trees and shrubs of the coast", on whales and the whale fisheries, and on the Indian natives. The book is well indexed: a valuable compendium of information and also a fluent narrative of travel among the myriad islands and waters of the region.

The Italian historian, Guglielmo Ferrero, in "The Women of the Cæsars" (Putnam) has written a work whose design is to bring into the foreground those feminine figures which in his own "Greatness and Decline of Rome" occupy a place of necessarily secondary importance. His intention has been to rescue such remnants of their realities as survive beneath the accumulated legends, misrepresentations, and slanders with which earlier historians have obscured them, and to present the facts in as truthful an aspect as the conclusions of his studies and researches warrant. The period he covers is that which begins with the marriage of Livia to the Emperor Augustus and ends with the death of Agrippina, mother of Nero, the last member of the line to reign.

After Alice Meynell's celebrated sonnet "Renouncement" had been praised by the great Victorians the poet held, until her death in 1922, a

unique place in English letters. The prophecy of her permanent place in literature may be guessed through the scholarly and humane study "Mrs. Meynell and Her Literary Generation" by Anne Kimball Tuell (Dutton). Miss Tuell reveals Mrs. Meynell against her distinguished backgrounds, identifies a quantity of her unsigned essays, and analyzes her rare poetic gift. The study is phrased with as scrupulous sense for the word as had Mrs. Meynell herself and shows, in the discovery of the paradox as the secret of Mrs. Meynell's swiftness of intellect and veritable mysticism, that Miss Tuell, too, possesses a "refined and immediate vision". An excellent introduction to Mrs. Meynell and her *fin de siècle*, Roman Catholic group, the book is perhaps rather intended for those who have previously enjoyed the poet. To them it is invaluable.

In his account of life in Russia during the war and the revolutions, "The Speckled Domes" (Scribner), Gerard Shelley at least attains the distinction of giving us a view of Rasputin quite unlike that usually presented. "At times", Mr. Shelley tells us, "Rasputin struck me as being very much like an Old Testament prophet. I think the secret of his power lay in the sense of calm, gentle strength and shining warmth of conviction." He does not believe any of the "wretched stories" of debauchery and evil doings told of Rasputin, all of which he considers calumnies of a sort characteristically Russian. For Mr. Shelley is sweeping in his condemnation both of the old aristocracy and of the intelligentsia — whom he stigmatizes as futile folk. Indeed, futility is the one label that nearly all observers, including the Russians themselves, agree upon as appropriate to the past ten years or more of Russian life. Mr. Shelley gives glimpses of it from many angles. He was in Russia at the outbreak of the war and he went through both revolutions, landing finally in a Bolshevik prison, and escaping at last disguised as a woman. He had the entrée to aristocratic society, and even to the Empress, of whom he thinks highly. Other chroniclers have supplied us with a sufficiency of the horrors of the red revolution: this book is of value chiefly as an appraisal of the degeneracy and morbidity of the "educated" Russian. Doubtless something might be said on the other side, but Mr. Shelley's picture is impressive. He is fluent and skilful in making a highly readable narrative.

Major General Sir Frederick Maurice's study of "Robert E. Lee, the Soldier" (Houghton Mifflin) is a valuable contribution to the vast body of authoritative works devoted to the military career of the great Virginian. But the present volume is, happily, more than an unbiased valuation of Lee's campaigns and battles, for it contains as well a singularly eloquent conception of Lee, the man. In estimating Lee's martial genius, General Maurice justly finds a place for him among the supreme commanders of history, and at the same time succeeds in realizing for us the likeness of one whose achievement as a human being was even loftier.

Mr. Pepys appears to have a rival. The first volume of "The Farington Diary" (Doran) gave promise of this some time ago, and the three succeeding volumes have admirably fulfilled this promise. Volume IV brings this inimitable narrative up to the beginning of 1808. It takes us back to the quiet, graceful, pleasure loving days of Merrie England, when George IV was Prince

of Wales, when Wordsworth wandered among the daffodils at Grassmere, when the famed Catalani drew her worshipers to Covent Garden, when Sir Joshua Reynolds was daubing great canvases with unforgetable oils, when Bonaparte's manœuvres on the Continent were but as summer thunder heard at a distance. Time slips away as we dine and chat and pursue the daily round of living with Farington, and the veil seems gossamer which would obscure from us these heroic figures of yesterday. Happy he who kept a diary, for he has served future generations no less than the artist or statesman! We owe a debt of gratitude also to James Greig who has, with intelligence and care, prepared the volume for publication.

The only connecting link between the papers which make up the delectable volume of essays by Jules J. Jusserand entitled "The School for Ambassadors" (Putnam) is "the pen which wrote them", yet the title is apt. As the author notes, the authorities maintain that the perfect ambassador should be as nearly omniscient as may be possible for humanity, and should be adept in many arts. Few diplomats of our day have come so close to attaining that ideal perfection as M. Jusserand: in scholarship and in human adaptability as well as in the narrower functions of his political office. Some of these essays, he explains, were "addresses which it took an hour to deliver and months to prepare: others were prompted by stays in particularly lovable spots like the Euganean Hills or Ronsard's Vendomois". The title paper is a revision of his presidential address before the American Historical Association, in 1921: a survey of the history of diplomacy since the thirteenth century.

In Henry Holt and Company's series, "Writers of the Day", another volume has appeared—"H. G. Wells", by Ivor Brown. The writer of this biographical summary of Mr. Wells's work has entered gracefully into the spirit of contemporary biographical style, which appears to be standing serenely, if somewhat contemptuously, apart from the more ragged prose of novels. While nothing like a comprehensive work is undertaken, the book is an easy and sufficient biography of what was and is really H. G. Wells—the writer's mind and his *esprit*. Wisely and concisely Mr. Brown has divided the interests that dominated the developing Wells, showing how those various interests influenced and were his writings; and carefully he has brought out the largeness of the details in the life of the English writer. Followers of Wells will be delighted to have their mentor so pleasingly explained; and others will find much information that is in itself good literature.

Musician's lives, as usually described, are as interesting and exciting as romances; they have in addition the glamor which attracts servant girls to stories of duchesses. Nathan Haskell Dole's "Famous Composers" (Crowell) should therefore be successful in arousing popular interest in music, for its purpose is avowedly to present life stories with the interest of fiction. What he gives, then, is chiefly narrative, with a sprinkling of anecdote and an occasional critical *obiter dictum* of no great originality or importance. This treatment, on the whole quite successful, may account for and justify the rather unsatisfactory choice of composers: they need not be first rate, they must be personages whose lives will furnish good copy.