

**Those Delightful Americans.** By Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan). New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$1.50.

But the Americans are not the only delightful people in this book; the English visitors who come to New York, both man and wife and their friend, are just as delightfully and quizzically portrayed. There is something beautifully impartial and malicious in thus setting forth the frothy eccentricities of American society through the mouthpiece of these staid British cousins, who all the while are unconsciously betraying their own eccentricities of a duller sort. Indeed Mrs. Cotes's international satire reminds one of Milton's "two-handed engine at the door"—only the edge is very fine and the instrument very light, and we trust the "smite no more" need not be added. We are constrained to say, however, that the New York world so pleasantly ridiculed is the society of more than a decade, perhaps two decades, ago. The simplicity of the great city financier and his wife in their country estate is charmingly comical, but we cannot quite place these good folk on the Hudson to-day. Both the naïveté and the virtue of that life have passed away, and satire to touch the real conditions must assume quite another tone. But we laugh just as heartily at Mrs. Cotes's people, altho they may not seem exactly modern—up to date would be the better phrase.