

New Books in Brief Review

Mr. Petre. By Hilaire Belloc. With 22 Illustrations by G. K. Chesterton. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. \$2.50.

THIS collaboration of talents has produced a most whimsical satire on English life and English finance and institutions. A gentleman arriving in England utterly loses his memory. Only one name, that of John K. Petre, occurs to him, and he naturally assumes that it is his. It happens to be that of a mysterious, gigantic, American millionaire at whose frown bourses tremble and brokers run howling to cover. In all innocence and vacuity the afflicted gentleman rages through the financial world of England and in a short space of time acquires a huge fortune without in the least knowing how it was done. Mr. Belloc is thoroughly successful in his satire. This very amusing book is illustrated by Mr. Chesterton with considerable dexterity and, of course, good humor.

A Gallery of Rogues. By Charles Kings-ton. New York: Fred. A. Stokes Co. \$3.50.

REMINISCENCES of English crimes, criminals, and trials by the author of "Dramatic Days at the Old Bailey," "Famous Judges and Famous Trials," and so forth. The book is in the old tradition of which the first respectable examples were "The Annals of Newgate" and the "Newgate Calendar." There is a good deal of curious information and reflection in these chapters which will appeal to that strange, large public which finds crime a fascinating subject and criminals unusually interesting personalities.

The Yu-Chi Stone. By Edmund Snell. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 7/6 net.

A WEIRD adventure in the mysterious East that follows the usual pattern of jungle tales from the moment the beautiful English girl insists on joining the jungle expedition until the villain is conveniently killed and she promises to marry the brave hero. Old stuff — hardly as thrilling as the jacket would have us believe.

Democracy. By Henry Adams. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$2.00.

A REISSUE of the anonymous novel concerning Washington life and the American scene in general written by Henry Adams about forty-five years ago.

The secret of its authorship has been well kept. The book was attributed to John Hay, to Clarence King, to a number of other well-informed observers, but not to Mr. Adams. It is written with a seriousness and an irony that make it still an important comment on American politics. The atmosphere of the American social scene has changed incredibly, and Mr. Brooks' dialogue is somewhat *démodé*, but the book has vitality today. Also, it has a plot construction, something lacking from most modern novels.

The Life and Letters of William Reed Huntington. By John Wallace Suter. New York: The Century Co. \$5.00.

THIS life of the rector of Grace Church, New York City, is marked by the directness, restraint, and serious purpose which animated Dr. Huntington himself. The inclusion of many and varied letters from his pen established still more clearly that extraordinarily fine and forceful personality which many of us so admired and revered. The book is a fitting tribute to his life, to his work as a rector, as a priest, as a theologian, as a constant striver after that church unity which he had most at heart. Also, it is a book which will be read with interest by those who never knew or knew of Dr. Huntington.

When the Movies Were Young. By Mrs. D. W. Griffith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.00.

WOULD you like to know how Mr. D. W. Griffith, Mack Sennett, Mary Pickford, and other well-known people happened to go into the movies? The wife of the famous producer tells all about the early days of moving pictures, and her book is full of entertaining anecdotes of poor and obscure people who are now rich and famous.

Literary Lanes and Other Byways. By Robert Cortes Holliday. New York: Geo. H. Doran Co. \$2.00.

MR. HOLLIDAY is steeped in letters and the accessory humanities. He has a pretty, confident style and a store of bright conceits. Over him hangs, however, the slight but distinct curse of literary quaintness. His humors are much appreciated by ripe Chaucerians, but to the general public they have that flavor of unreality that smacks of affectation, that deliberate archness and those quaint whimsies which we Babbitts run from like startled hinds before a bear. It is

very nice, if you like it. Few butter and egg salesmen will revel in this book.

Sketches of Eighteenth Century America. By St. John de Crèvecoeur. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$4.00.

WITH four exceptions, the letters in this volume have lain unpublished for nearly 150 years in the archives of the de Crèvecoeur family in France. The author of "Letters from an American Farmer," published in 1782, an intelligent young Frenchman, having married and settled down in the American colonies, chose, when the Revolution came, the side of the crown. Later he returned to the United States as French Consul to New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut. In his writings he describes the everyday life of Eighteenth Century rural America with a sympathy and a clarity which make his observations both agreeable and historically valuable. He was a partisan, but a fair-minded and generous critic.

The Jewish Anthology. Edited by Edmond Fleg. Translated by Maurice Samuel. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$3.50.

EXTRACTS from all manner of Hebrew writings, well chosen and admirably translated. The reader gets an excellent impression of the historic continuity by the Jewish genius and an acquaintance with some of the superb poetry and prose which has heretofore been inaccessible to most Gentiles.

Johanna Spyri's Childhood. By Anna Ulrich. Translated from the German by Helen B. Dole. New York: Thos. Y. Crowell Co. \$60.

LITTLE is known of Johanna Spyrie, the author of "Heidi." This slender book by a school friend is an intimate glimpse into her childhood.

Belshazzar. By William Stearns Davis. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

A REPRINT of the story of the fall of Babylon which in spite of industrious research does not quite succeed in being convincing. It is a little hard to get excited about the conquests and battles, love affairs, and palace intrigues of Belshazzar's day, unless the author hypnotizes us into believing in the reality of his characters. Mr. Davis does not altogether achieve this.