

operation is apt to be serious, even dangerous, on those whose conventions are the thickest. But the treatment, painful though it may be, should prove efficacious for those with the temerity to allow the surgeon to cut.

"Simon Called Peter" by Robert Keable (Dutton) is the story of a smug and conventional minister who leaves England for the war and returns transformed by his experience with "publicans and sinners". In most respects the book is typical of the modern realistic school; it brooks no barriers in its endeavors after "frankness" and does not shudder at recounting the most unsavory and most unnecessary details of the life of its hero. The novel is interesting, although in places somewhat tedious; it presents for our inspection characters that are undoubtedly real, although by no means always agreeable; it is valuable chiefly as an authentic record of experiences in the war and as a testimony to the devastating moral effects of the conflict.

Marguerite E. Harrison's "Marooned in Moscow" (Doran) is an interesting, impartial, and exceedingly readable account of experiences in the Soviet Republic. Composed in a straightforward journalistic style, it gives one vivid glimpses of Russia as it is today; of the habits of the people and the workings of the government; of Russian methods of education, amusement, and punishment. The narrative is enlivened with numerous personal anecdotes that make it as entertaining as a piece of fiction. While Mrs. Harrison is by no means communistic in her leanings, she exhibits a tolerance that gives her book distinct value as a criticism of Bolshevism and Bolshevistic institutions.

In his essay on dancing, which prefaces "Poems of the Dance" (Knopf), Louis Untermeyer bewails the conventions which have compelled the metamorphosis of primitive abandon, and so creates an anticipatory delight for verses of unrepressed ages. Edward R. Dickson's anthology, however, is made up almost entirely of the expression of poets who knew nothing of the free bodies of days when neither flesh nor mind was bound in corset, and, to that extent, is disappointing. The sound of jungle music is not heard, nor are interpreting forms enraptured in tribal rites clearly or often seen. There is too much posturing; too little madness.

The quarrel between two great men is explained, if such a thing can be explained at all, in "The Nietzsche-Wagner Correspondence", edited by Elizabeth Foerster-Nietzsche (Boni and Liveright). The world looks for things constructive, and a quarrel being the reverse its exploitation is dull. But anything which lifts the veil to reveal the workings of master minds is interesting, and this the book in a measure accomplishes.

A haunting memory of O. Henry seems to persist through "Harlequin and Columbine" (Doubleday, Page)—a story written by Booth Tarkington about ten years ago, and now published in book form. Even a surprise ending is added to throw its weight with the atmospheric suggestion, making recognition of the many-sided Tarkington of 1922 more difficult. It is a delightful bit of a story of exaggerated types from a stage and a once-upon-a-time metropolitan boarding house, with just enough satire varnishing it here and there to keep it from being "sweet".

All but one of Lionel Johnson's "Reviews and Critical Papers" (Dutton) were published in "The Academy" in the years 1891-5. The author died in 1902, not widely known, but respected by many literary persons of ability. It is not slighting to this book to say that it will add little or nothing to the author's considerable reputation; these are well written reviews, but not his best reviews. It was Johnson's practice in reviewing a book to give praise if that were possible, and then by analysis to discover wherein the composition before him fell short of perfection. No one was ever more zealous for the fame of literature than he. He was always courageous, always honest, usually correct; and he always dared to give an opinion.

There is great variety in the poems of "Wild Geese" by Theodore H. Banks, Jr. (Yale), for it contains short lyrics, reflective poems of greater length, and a poetic play. The style is often over-precise, and the quality uneven, but the critical reader must take these as mere signs of immaturity, especially when he comes upon the fine lines of many of the longer poems. Here the poet breaks from his early formalism, and writes with a vividness that is memorable. Four poems of the seasons contain some of the best work in the book, and show descriptive and interpretive power, and a sincerity that promises excellent work to follow. Like many young poets, Mr. Banks writes often of nature and her moods, but he does more than describe; and he shows a deep, though a less experienced interest in all human emotions.

The frankness of childhood is always delightful if one has nothing to fear from it; and when it is safely between the covers of a book, as in Juliet M.

Soskice's "Chapters from Childhood" (Harcourt, Brace), one can revel in it. These are clear-cut impressions of people and places, treated with the unconscious humor and the penetrating wisdom of extreme youth. There are very pleasant chapters on school life in England and the contrast to it in a German convent, with such problems as anarchy and religion firmly solved. Like all children the author was sublimely unconscious of her background which happened to be the famous Rossetti circle, but her portrait of her grandfather, the artist Ford Madox Brown, is a rarely beautiful bit of work.

"The Pleasures of Ignorance" by Robert Lynd (Scribner), a series of essays borrowing its title from the first, is a mixture of keen observations, sprightly humor, and an occasional burst into sheer didacticism. Mr. Lynd is at his best in sketches of everyday events and objects. He finds interesting material about Easter eggs, insects, horse racing, and other commonplace things. "It is said that travelling by train is to be made still more uncomfortable. I doubt if there is a man of sufficient genius in the Government to accomplish this," he observes. Again, "Fortunately, the universe is the creation not of a manufacturer but of an artist." Such quips are food for both entertainment and thought.

Friedrich Nietzsche is much quoted, much discussed, little read, and little understood. Friends and foes alike have made a labyrinth of his work by barring all exits with the title, superman. As a matter of fact, Nietzsche was a typical Prussian with a penchant for thundering into Germany's ears that she had no soul and was going to