

## THE FRIARS' BOOK-SELF

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**Plays of Edmond Rostand.** Translated by Henderson Daingerfield Norman. Two volumes. Pp. 360, 370. \$10.50. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Great indeed was this poet of light, this French Catholic dramatist for whom, even during his lifetime, keen critics claimed a fellowship with Shakespeare. At any rate, every one acquainted with his plays knows that they are stamped with the seal of immortality. And now for the first time they have been put into a poetic English dress and brought out in two elegant volumes, the first of which contains, "Romantics," "The Princess Far Away," "The Woman of Samaria" and the inimitable "Cyrano de Bergerac," while "The Eaglet" and "Chanticleer" fill the second volume.

Lovers of the drama who approach this English version of Rostand's plays out of curiosity or on the general principle of condescension toward translations, will, after even the shallowest dip, suddenly find that instead of being mildly tolerant toward Mrs. Norman's work they have positively fallen in love with the two volumes. And they need not be afraid to acknowledge their capture, since there are many good reasons for it.

To work for nine long years at her labor of love, as this scholarly lady has done, is carrying conscientiousness and courage to an heroic degree. The task was enormous, and its difficulties must often have seemed insuperable. But devotion to a high cause can work wonders. The finished product is a grand achievement, a worthy tribute to Rostand's genius, and we firmly believe that it will rank with such great works as Chapman's Homer, Florio's Montaigne and Cary's Dante.

Fired by the high ambition "to tell exactly what Rostand said, and exactly as he said it," Mrs. Norman believes that no prose translation could possibly carry over the spirit of the original plays. She is right, and we do not have to know the French originals to prove it. What for instance would Cyrano's ballades be if done into mere prose? How could the lilt and music, the force, fire and beauty of any of these plays live and breathe and pulsate in crass prose when their creator embodied them in song? Therefore, Mrs. Norman takes Rostand's plays and translates them line for line into English verse. The only

change she makes consists in this that she chooses heroic couplets instead of Rostand's rhymed Alexandrines. This choice, however, as one of our leading critics says, is judicious. The plays abound with puns, clever phrases, metaphors, play on words, onomatopoeia and even slang; yet the gifted translator manages to give them to us in good English. This translation fills a need, fills it about as perfectly as English can do it, and proves abundantly that "what is well writ is wit in all languages."

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—N. J. E.

**Queen Victoria.** By Lytton Strachey. Harcourt, Brace & Co. Pp. 425. \$5.

Seldom indeed does it happen that the singer outdoes his song and that we admire the singer above his hero. Yet in a modern work of biography we have that peculiar condition of a man taking what he acknowledges to be a dull and uninteresting character and turning out by his sheer literary skill a very readable book. Lytton Strachey has chosen the life of the late Queen Victoria and with this vehicle he has made great gains towards the realms of biographical success. Universal acclaim has met this book and on the whole it has well merited such a reception; but when it comes to establishing this as the model for all future biographies we feel that we must draw rein on our enthusiasm. Strachey has done wonders with practically nothing and much praise is due him for the skill and grace with which he has developed a most entertaining book out of practically no material. But gazing at that fact from the opposite viewpoint we find therein the very reason which excludes it from model biography; he simply fails to carry enough freight in facts.

Victoria is revealed as a blind witness of a grand panorama. Shelley, Byron, Tennyson and the other celebrities of the Second Spring were in bloom around her and of all these Tennyson alone took her fancy. While Newman, Manning and Ward were causing such a ferment in the intellectual world she was absorbed in storing the forsaken garments of her dead consort. Her personal life was distinct in only one thing. Her marriage was for love and not for state, and the glamour of her courtship never flickered. As a queen, she was clearly a mistake and her glory was unconsciously borrowed and by no means earned. The picture that Lytton Strachey gives is keen, is impressive

and is so truthful and convincing that it is eminently not majestic.

The diction of Lytton Strachey is beautiful beyond our day and no one can praise him too highly on that score. Seldom in our age do writers strive for the grace and felicity of expression that garnishes the works of other epochs. That means too much work. But thanks to the genii of letters and labor Mr. Strachey has not spurned the polish of erasures. The smoothness, the balance, the simplicity of Mr. Strachey's writing tell a story of care spent on the turn of a sentence and the shade of a word.

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—J. S. W.

**My Brother, Theodore Roosevelt.** By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Pp. 365. \$3.00.

**Roosevelt in the Bad Lands.** By Hermann Hagedorn. Houghton-Mifflin Co., Boston. Pp. 491. \$5.00.

**Roosevelt, The Happy Warrior.** By Bradley Gilman. Little, Brown and Co., Boston. Pp. 376. \$3.50.

Three great periods in the career of this wonderful man are covered by the authors of these recent additions to the literature which has come to be known as Rooseveltian. In the literature which treats of our great American Presidents, there has been lacking many times an intimate knowledge of their lives prior to their arrival at the peak of success. Too little is known of their early surroundings, the childish ambitions and the sweet quiet atmosphere of a happy home life—in a word—there is seldom an authentic knowledge of those first impressions which by casting their characters in an heroic mold, gave to our beloved country men of real worth. However, in "My Brother, Theodore Roosevelt," Mrs. Corinne Roosevelt Robinson has not only supplied this knowledge of the boyhood days of our "Teddy," but at the same time she has given us a portrait of the inner man, the father and the devoted husband; of whom too little is known because his domestic life is overshadowed by his political greatness. This she has accomplished in a simple style, breathing love and respect. Truly "no sacrilege" has been committed "in sharing these memories with a people who loved him." Rather has she conferred upon a grateful people a happiness seldom realized. This book is a monument of love.

In "Roosevelt in the Bad Land," we follow our hero to the western plains, whence he had been driven to seek strength of

body. He returned from these vast solitudes bringing not only renewed health but new ideals as well. It was this new outlook which partook of the breadth and simplicity of the West, that helped to produce the indomitable Roosevelt. In this fascinating book every young American will find an inspiration which will inculcate a desire for self-betterment and self-achievement.

Still another view of Roosevelt is offered by a class-mate under the clever title of "Roosevelt, the Happy Warrior." Besides giving us an insight into the student days of Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Gilman clears up some hazy ideas of the political life and times of this great man. We have but one fault to find with the author, and that is, his too critical and hasty judgment of the incumbent of the presidential chair during the Great War. Many regretted Mr. Wilson's attitude in regard to the Roosevelt Brigade; but that is no reason for imputing to him dishonorable motives. History has yet to decide whether Mr. Wilson deserves blame or praise for many of his actions during that momentous crisis.

—M. D.

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**American Catholics in the War.** By Michael Williams. Macmillan. Pp. 467. \$2.50.

Do you remember the thrill that ran through the country back in 1917 when the news came forth that America had at last entered into the great struggle? Do you recall the demonstrations that were then held, the pledges of loyalty that were forthcoming both from individuals and from the various organizations throughout the land? Protestations of patriotism were rife during those days. But when the glamor and the novelty had worn off, and the nation had settled down to the heart-rending business of war, enthusiasm waned in many quarters. Promises that had been made were sometimes forgotten, and in some cases, even set aside in favor of individual interests. But there was one pledge that was accomplished in its entirety. On the eighteenth of April, 1917, twelve days after the declaration of war, the Archbishops of the United States met in Washington, and solemnly promised that the twenty millions of Catholics in the land, would do their utmost to help the Government win the war. This promise was fulfilled in a manner almost beyond the expectations of those who had made it. If you would know the



history of this fulfillment you cannot do better than read the latest book of Mr. Michael Williams, "American Catholics in the War"—a truly excellent work, chronicling the activities of the National Catholic War Council.

We have here a record that will forever give the lie to all who call in question the patriotism of American Catholics. The response of the Church in America was not something out of the ordinary; rather it was the natural consequence of the fundamental principles by which she is ever guided. In all the wars of the past she has taken the same position. Mr. Williams sketches for us in a summary manner, the history of the Church here from the coming of Columbus to the days of the late Cardinal Gibbons, skilfully delineating the part played by Catholics in forming, freeing and preserving the Republic.

The major part of the book is devoted to the labors of American Catholics in the Great War. The formation of the War Council; its aims; the story of the men concerned in it—all these are dealt with at length. An interesting chapter tells of the work of the individual parishes in fulfilling the pledge; in another we have a true appreciation of the sacrifices of our chaplains in the army camps and on the battle fields.

The Church in the United States surely owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Williams, and it is sincerely to be hoped that this book will have a wide circulation, not only among the members of the Church, but particularly among those who do not fully understand, or wilfully misinterpret its aims and principles.

—L. C.

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**What Really Happened at Paris. The Story of the Peace Conference,** By American Delegates. Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y. Pp. 528. \$4.50.  
**The Truth About the Treaty.** By Andre Tardieu. The Bobbs Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. Pp. 473. \$4.00.

Until our day the assembly which drew up the Treaty of Vienna had stood forth as the most important gathering of the Christian powers. But contrasted with the late Peace Parley, Vienna seems little more than a back-room gathering of leaders from municipal wards. Paris disposed of the world. How ill or how well this was accomplished is set down in excellent fashion in two modern works by men who themselves participated in the Treaty sessions.

"What Really Happened at Paris," written by American Delegates to the Peace Conference, comprises fifteen lectures delivered in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, by such eminent authorities as Colonel House, Samuel Gompers, Herbert Hoover, Admiral Mayo, General Bliss and others equally competent. Its merit lies in the fact that the deliberations of the Peace Conference are detailed not only by Americans for Americans but by Americans who actually participated. After sending these men to represent us at the Peace table, we now have the opportunity of hearing these same men report on the manner in which they executed their mission.

After having had the American view of the negotiations at Paris, it is interesting and instructive to see the French interpretation. "The Truth About the Treaty" was written by M. Tardieu, a member of the French Chamber of Deputies before the War, an officer at the Front throughout the War and the confidant of the Premier of France during the Conference. M. Tardieu has immediate information concerning his subject and he treats it intelligently, comprehensively and attractively. A distinguished American Delegate to the Paris parley avers that its deliberations took place behind closed doors. If this be true, M. Tardieu was on the inside when the closing occurred.

These two volumes are written by men who were doers of what they are now the scribes. Their word is not hearsay, but experience. Future ages will point back to these two works as sources of first-hand information on the greatest conference of modern history and from their oracular covers will proceed the deciding voice in many of the unhearkened disputes time must bring.

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J. B.

**The Social Mission of Charity.** By William J. Kerby. The Macmillan Company, N. Y. C. Pp. 196. Price, \$2.25.

"The object of this work," as we are told in the introduction, "is to discuss fundamental points of view in the relations between Catholic charities and the prevailing sociological interpretations of poverty and relief."

The various chapters herein treated contain much valuable information for Catholic "Good Samaritans" engaged in the field of charitable endeavor. In the first chapter the author relates the noble work performed by the Good Samaritan as men-

tioned in the Gospel according to St. Luke. He then clearly points out the newer and greater problem, with its consequent individual obligations, of dealing with thousands of poor and afflicted persons. "The duty is that of thinking. The problem is that of managing." A relation must be established between the many samaritans. "If we permit the samaritans to obey even their noblest impulses and yield to their deepest feelings of compassion as they wish without relation to one another, without knowledge of one another, without cooperation, without understanding and mutual appreciation, we defeat the noblest of all purposes."

An interesting and lucid chapter is devoted to a general analysis of the social background of poverty and the problems that it causes. "The remote background of poverty is found in the diversified gifts and powers of man. The economic background of poverty is found in this, that these unequal men, women and children are forced to compete for a living. When the competitive struggle is practically without restraint and the appeal to selfishness is fundamental, competition among unequals can lead to but one outcome, the victory of the strong and the defeat of the weak."

The social worker must be a veritable servant of the poor. "Self-seeking, odious comparisons and the like have no place in the ranks of charity. It is possible that we at times fail to realize the implications of our position that Charity is spiritual, a form of worship, of the supernatural order, and that self-seeking through it is a form of desecration."

"In Union there is Strength." This must be the motto of the social worker. Without method, without system, we shall accomplish but little; rather we shall prevent the progress of social service and lose a great deal of time, energy and resources by overlapping.

Dr. Kerby is well acquainted with the activities of Catholic charities because he is responsible for their organization in this country. His ability to treat and discuss this subject is unquestioned. He knows modern problems, social, economic and religious; and is the most universally recognized Catholic student of such problems in the United States. Suffice it to say that the renowned author has given us a kind, accurate and prudent reconciliation of the two positions—most necessary for all

Catholic priests on the firing lines. Dr. Kerby points out our opportunities without surrendering our noble traditions.

—J. V. D.

**The Mirrors of Washington.** Anonymous. Putnam. Pp. 176. \$2.50.

**The Glass of Fashion.** By a Gentleman with a Duster. Putnam. Pp. 256. \$2.50.

In the good old days when father was a boy, the appetite for gossip used to receive its satisfaction over the back fence. Today gossip is not restricted to mere back-fence bartering; she has branched out into a real commercial enterprise; she carries a complete canned stock and is prepared to meet every taste. If the taste pines after the soft whisper anent the big men of political life, then she kindly draws forth "The Mirrors of Washington." Or, if the customer craves the harvest of the unstuffed keyhole, friend gossip agilely reaches for "The Glass of Fashion."

Above all, these two books must be certainly classed as unique in the sense of the frankness they manifest. There is no mincing of words. The author of "The Mirrors of Washington" has chosen as his subject the dozen or so men who took the lion's share in the national life during the past few years. He has been at great pains to give their characters and careers a piercing scrutiny, and if he has allowed any of their undeniable virtues to go unmentioned, this was merely a sacrifice to his meticulousity in avoiding even the semblance of flattery in such a serious undertaking. Though at times one feels a good deal of sympathy for the rough treatment that our public men receive in this defenceless conflict, still it must be said that the great attractiveness of this work is gained, not so much at the expense of other men's reputations as by the snappy way the writer has of casting his darts.

Not only to political leaders falls the questionable favor of furnishing fun, copy and checks for the scribe of today. Fashion also comes in for her share in this little skit of public reprimand. "The Glass of Fashion" outlines its own game as "all those noisy, ostentatious and frivolous people, patricians and plutocrats," who have managed to place themselves in the seats of the mighty. Colonel Regginton and Mrs. Asquith have revealed how hopelessly the little circle in which these worthies move has been ensnared in the gossamer net of pleasure. "The



Glass of Fashion" stands over these "better-born" and with anonymous finger directs a censorial tirade on their follies and vices. Of course, not all aristocracy is included in this assault, but the author makes us feel sure that there are enough of the wrong kind to taint the atmosphere with the poison of their cynicism and brutalizing materialism. —M. S.

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### DIGEST OF RECENT BOOKS

The monumental work of editing the **Parochial Course of Doctrinal Instruction** has at last been brought to a happy and successful close. Since our last issue the final two volumes have been offered to the public. (Wagner, \$3.50 each, only in sets of four.) They are of a moral character and provide sermons for all Sundays and holydays of the year. Frs. Callen and McHugh, O. P., have maintained to the close the splendid reputation the early volumes justly received. Not only has this been the opinion of the critics who have examined them, but of all others who have ordered them. Not a year has passed and yet the publishers count the sales to the fifty thousand dollar mark. The influence of the work is not to be confined to America. A French edition will soon appear. Likewise the **Program** is under a process of translation. Work to that end is being prosecuted in Rome and an Italian edition can be expected soon. Another stupendous intellectual undertaking is the translation of the **Summa**. The English Dominicans are constantly at this task and as each volume is completed it is put in circulation. Their latest volume treats of the resurrection and the conditions after death, extending from Q. LIX of the Supplement to Q. LXXXVI. (Benziger, \$3.00). The simplicity, depth and directness manifested in Fr. Callan's **Commentary on the Four Gospels** merited such a flattering reception that the author has been induced to prepare a new and more complete edition of the same work. (Wagner, \$4.00.) When one mentions the Scriptures it is almost impossible to fail to recall the name of the illustrious **St. Jerome**, and especially is this true so shortly after the centenary in his honor. On this occasion, the late Holy Father issued a brilliant encyclical of which Kenedy & Sons offer a translation. But priests are not only students; they are also men of prayer. In their work of prayer they can be helped by the **Epitome of the Priestly Life**, by Canon Arvisenet. (Benziger, \$2.00). The modern Imitation had its origin in the land of the Shamrock. An old and faithful priest of Ireland, the world's seminary, gives us a sip of the fountain from which have flowed the living waters that have made Ireland's priests the ideal men of God. The Sisters who recite the Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary may find a great source of inspiration and practical piety in the **Psaumes et Cantiques** of Pere Hugueny, O. P. (Casterman, Paris.) The author has brought many years of his life as professor at Jerusalem to bear fruit in the production of this work. Another admirable work has come to the American public from across the waters. This has the advantage of being presented in our native tongue. We refer to **Jesus Christ, the King of Hearts**, by Rev. A. M. Lepicier, O. S. M. (Benziger, \$1.00). It contains most simple, and for that reason, stirring expositions of our relations to the Sacred Heart. It has, moreover, been adapted with suitable prayers for use at Holy Hour and First Fridays. Father Garische, S. J., has done wonders in his efforts to popularize works of a religious character and it

seems that he finds no difficulty in maintaining his standard. In his latest work, **Life's Lessons**, the author points out in his pleasing manner the use of the will, simple means of correcting our failures and the necessity of zeal in the work for God. (Benziger, \$1.50). Fr. Martin Scott, S. J. has withdrawn from the stirring field of apologetics to offer to the home an anti-toxin against some of the social maladies that are abroad today. The reverend writer of **You and Yours** takes each member of the family into his highly regarded confidence and after hearing their troubles, he offers frank, personal and constructive advice. (Kenedy, \$1.50). Fr. Francis X. Doyle, S. J., has treated of the domestic world in an equally interesting and instructive fashion. **The Home World** is a pleading for the superiority and survival of home life. The author's thoughts are pertinent to the needs of the day and they are set forth in a warm and earnest style. (Benziger, \$1.25.) There was another man who tried to give a little advice to this country. He set himself up to teach truth no matter what it cost. He called himself the Iconoclast and in the course of his image breaking he smashed a good many false notions about the Church and its doctrine. These writings have been gathered and are offered under the title of **Brann's Defence Against the Enemies of Catholicism**. No American pen and surely no non-Catholic ever before wrote such striking tributes to the virtues of Mother Church as this holocaust to truth. (Brann Pub., N. Y. C. \$2.25). Among the principal hagiographical works of the day, we find that the biographies of **St. John Berchmans** are receiving excellent attention. This is the third centenary of the Saint of innocence. An American Jesuit, Fr. James J. Daly, S. J., (Kenedy, \$1.50) and a French brother, Fr. Hippolyte Delehaye, S. J., (Benziger, \$1.50) have each prepared distinct studies of the patron of altar boys. Fr. Delehaye wrote his work in French but it has been ably translated. Fr. H. L. Blunt, LL. D., finds time in his busy life to present a book that one would hardly expect our day to bring forth. We are so used to hearing ourselves and our age scolded as one of indifference that it is very consoling to know that there is enough interest abroad to study the world's **Great Penitents**. (Macmillan, \$1.75). The great contrite hearts from the prodigal son down to our own day furnish matter for this distinct contribution to American religious literature. But in order to demonstrate that the great characters of penance fall under the attention of more than a few, we wish to call attention to a **Novena in Honor of Mary Magdalen**. The story of this great Scriptural character offers wonderful possibilities to the skill and high spirituality of the great retreat master Fr. C. M. Thuente, O. P. (Missionary A. of C. W., Milwaukee). Fr. Robert Kane, S. J., has collected some of his sermons for special occasions and edited them under the alluring title of **A Dream of Heaven**. (Longmans, \$2.00). The various Phases of Catholicity in Ireland furnish the bulk of the material. To those who have followed the writings of this venerable and poetic mind his very name is a pledge of fine diction. They are not to be deceived in his latest contribution to Catholic letters. No Catholic is unacquainted with the story of the glories of Ireland's faith, but very few of them know of one of the most ancient orders of that church Ireland has supported for so many trying centuries. **The Sacred Constantinian Order** traces its origin to the days of the Milan decree, and yet how few are familiar with its name or purpose! A comprehensive, but brief, exposition of the history and ideal of the order has been prepared by Ernest Gilliat-Smith. (Dutton). Particularly adapted to the Lenten season is **The Ascent of Calvary** by Pere Louis Rerroy. The original was produced in French but the present edition is a translation made by Marian Lindsay. This book shows the

grand history of Calvary in a new and personal light; the beautiful story of the human race as it is reflected by the ardent heart of an individual. To read this book is to pray. (Kenedy, \$1.50).

Joyce Kilmer once wrote "They only sing who are struck dumb by God." It seems tragic that this line should receive a sad fulfillment in his own family; but such seems to be the case. No previous lines of Aline Kilmer can even distantly compare with the personal, melancholy verses that she offers under the suggestive title of **Vigils**. (Doran, \$1.25). The stern call of death has awakened great emotions in the heart of another eminent authoress. Alice Brown has prepared an intimate portrayal and interpretation of the life of her friend **Louise Imogen Guiney**. The close friendship that existed between these two literary lights has added a touch of reverence and a ring of sincerity that is effective. (Macmillan, \$1.50). While speaking of this literary group it calls to mind the work of another of that double circle of letters and friendship, Robert C. Holliday. He has appeared in another collection of essays entitled **Turns About Town**. For the sake of those who have not followed the pen of Mr. Holliday we will note that he belongs to the Elian school. That affiliation, of course, is a pledge of fulness and purity of style and almost always both will be found in this young author's work. These last essays, however, betray the scars of hurry and in some places they could stand very much polish. (Doran, \$2.00). Of an entirely different school is the volume of essays appropriately called **Excursions in Thought**. Mudslinging may have some reason for concealing its source but nothing besides most exalted humility could have induced the author to sign his name as Imaal. These essays are really wonderful and combine depth of philosophical thought and effectiveness of word painting in a most entrancing degree. (Kenedy, \$1.50). There is another book that deserves mention among the works of literature though its name would class it with the works of hagiography. **St. John Baptist de la Salle** by Brother Leo is really the life of a saint but it is also the work of an artist. All the power of filial devotion, all the skill of an eminent writer make this a work of information, pleasure and instruction. (Kenedy, \$1.50). Since Brother Leo is a good Irishman his name calls our attention to some of the writings of the day on that all important subject. Above all our day has produced the first comprehensive collection of **Evidence on Conditions in Ireland** that the world has known since Malachy was a boy. This is a summary of the testimony of the witnesses summoned to the stand in the inquiry instituted to determine the real blame for the plight of Ireland. (A. Coyle, Bliss Bldg., Wash.) Kindred, though less statistical and more interesting is **What Made Ireland Sinn Fein**. John X. Regan has traced for his readers the genesis and ideals of Irish national tradition and aspiration as expressed in the utterances of the patriot Pearse, the historian MacNeill, the orator O'Connell and the publicist Griffith. (Harrigan Press). Ireland was not singular in having oppression within its bounds. We have had a little of that sort of thing in our own country and it is not too far back for the hand of the historian to reach. **Ye Olden Blue Laws** was a species of oppression that skulked behind the robes of righteousness. It is making a grand attempt to come back to power so Mr. Gustavus Myers is giving us a little advance information on what its history prophesies for its future conduct. (Century, \$2.00). **A Catholic Citizen** need not be so solicitous about his neighbor as his Puritan friend was; but he nevertheless has his duties as a citizen. These are ably set forth in the new text on civil government from the pen of John A. Lapp, LL. D. Universal ideals of fair play, justice and square dealing, Catholic opinions, declarations and moral principles permeate the work. (Macmil-

lan, \$1.00). Reginald L. Poole takes us back to the days when those moral principles received their final coordination and expression as Catholic doctrine. He presents **Illustrations of the History of Mediaeval Thought and Learning**. Time has set its stamp on this work and after thirty-eight years the demand for it is so great that the author has been induced to prepare a revision. A more scholarly work could hardly be found for the student of the history of philosophy. (Macmillan, \$7.00). A group of English scholars is reediting the works of the world-poet Shakespeare. Their second volume is the comedy, **Two Gentlemen of Verona**. The character of this enterprise is highly critical and the intention is to give Shakespeare as it was written. The efforts are of a high order and offer much material for thought to the advanced student but they should be avoided by a tyro. (Macmillan, \$1.40). As if in contrast to the humor of three centuries ago we offer the popular poems of Don Marquis. **Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith** is the title poem and it carries the worth of a book. It is so absolutely unique and stunning in its novelty that no one could resist it. The author has managed to entwine folly and philosophy in a manner that only peculiar genius would dare to attempt. (Appleton, \$1.75). After you have finished the foregoing poem and have had a good laugh then you can sit down and philosophize on the matter. **The Sense of Humour** presents a theory for laughter that Mr. Eastman claims to be absolutely original. It may be summed up as an intellectual jolt resulting from a sudden disappointment and a more pleasing and unexpected find. The treatment is very clever but at times it degenerates into flippancy. (Scribner, \$2.00). Among the list of original compositions we may freely class **His Reverence His Day's Work**. Rev. C. J. Holland has written about himself and as every one is best in what he knows best we are indebted to him for one of the best books of the season. No one seems to have ever thought that the prosaic life of a priest could offer topics of general interest but that idea must now be dissipated. The priest as he spends his day, as his brothers know him, is now introduced to the world. (Blase Benziger, \$1.50).

It is a wonderful gift to have been a real boy and if you were fortunate enough to receive that boon from Providence, then you can sit down and relish the terrible tragedy of a boy who wants to belong to **The Gang** but was always taunted with the stigma of being just a "kid." Joseph Anthony has written a most appreciative account of the Famous East Side. He has accomplished the remarkable feat of producing a delightful realistic novel. (Henry Holt, \$1.90). But should your fancy enjoy the flights to the realms where custom is a bit more genteel and manners have a greater polish, you will be able to find a clean and clever story woven from the simple fact that a young lady, Delight Lanier, receives in one and the same mail one letter from an attorney and another from a doctor. No, they are not love letters but one comes much closer than the other. The attorney tells her that she has inherited an immense fortune and the doctor supplies the encouraging information that she will be dead within a year. But she is not; she is married, and she calls the road up to the altar **The Year of Delight**. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., \$1.75). But after all, who ever heard of love and did not think of the sweet Irish colleens? One of these living darts of old Dan smote fearfully on the soul of **Denys the Dreamer**. But Denys was not only a dreamer; he was a doer also, especially in the courts of Cupid. K. Tynan Hinkson's touching portrayal of picturesque bog scenes, county fairs and lovable Irish traits go to make up a delightful novel. (Benziger, \$2.00). A consistent contributor of good Catholic literature is Isabel C. Clarke. She has written a number of inspiring novels where faith and fancy have their place but in no other has



she struck such a high note as in **The Light on the Lagoon**. (Benziger, \$2.00). Her plot is excellent and the dramatic sense she evidences in its development seems uncanny in its attractiveness. Though Conan Doyle may have shut up his shop of letters to chase ghosts around dimly lighted rooms, the reading public does not have to rue his absence. No more well balanced mystery story has made its appearance in years than **The Harapath Property**, by J. S. Fletcher. No blood, no impossibles, but just a logical procedure on a line of thought the most of us are not accustomed to follow. (Knopf, \$2.00). Not less interesting but of a different character is **Alias the Lone Wolf**, by Louis Joseph Vance. A round of rousing episodes, not too much of death and gun-play, seasoned with love, true and false, and crowned with a denouement wholly unexpected but satisfying is the summary of its attractions. (Doubleday Page. \$1.75). Our friend Bobby Burns avers that a "riband, star an' a' that" are not really the essentials of nobility. At any rate we have in fiction a **Boy Knight** who would feel very much out of place with the trappings of nobility about him. However Fr. M. J. Scott, S. J., has managed to instill in this young character just the thoughts and manners of the nobility our time requires, while all the while writing a very interesting book for the younger folk. (Kenedy, \$1.50).

