

takes place within a single day; its characters are the six people who have come together on a holiday party to a little town on the Devon coast. In plot, the story belongs to the familiar order of the triangle; but what really matters is not the plot, but the presentation, at once subtle and brilliant, of Hermione Graham, modern, extremely civilized, *poseuse* almost to the core. The crux of the novel lies in that "almost"; there comes a moment when Hermione, the slim and cool, the delicate and imperturbable, "lovely in her remote inaccessibility", sees her real self — which is, as she admits, not a very nice self — and, what is worse, destroys the halo she has always worn in the eyes of the man who after all counts most. For none of those who, in one way or another, caught a glimpse of the real Hermione could endure her, however much they might adore the Hermione of their dreams. Very well written, handled with a graceful, apparently effortless dexterity, "The Last Day" is a novel for those who care for the complexities of character rather than for its simplicities.

Enacted behind the scenes of the political stage at Washington, the "Revelry" of Samuel Hopkins Adams's novel is of cynical type. The story centres about Willis Markham, President of the United States, whose views were those of a small town politician, but who did the very best he could according to his decidedly dim lights. He was personally honest, warmhearted, kindly, lovable, intensely loyal to his friends. He would not believe a word against the half dozen pals he loved, yet they were a crowd of crooks and grafters. Though several of them were truly fond of "Old Bill", they used him for their own purposes, which were identical: a desire to fill their pockets. There is a neatly woven plot, culminat-

ing in an oil scandal and Markham's narrow escape from impeachment, an escape effected in a way which gives him "an indestructible place in the love and trust and pious memory of the millions of ordinary, he-man and she-woman Americans of his own kind". Written apparently from inside knowledge of the political game, the novel holds one's interest, if it does not enhance one's respect for the powers that be in these United States.

Sequels are seldom satisfactory, and "Joanna Godden Married" is no exception to the general rule. It is well done, of course, and there are moments when Joanna shows something of that abundant vitality which made her early story so notable. But as a whole, the novelette is perfunctory, with a pervading air of having been written because the author was advised to write it, not because she was impelled by any vivid conception of character or situation. Of the eight short stories which complete the volume two are fairy tales, while the other six belong to the countryside. They are good average stories of no particular distinction.

The Dark Dawn. By Martha Ostenso. Dodd, Mead and Company.
The Last Day. By Beatrice Kean Seymour. Albert and Charles Boni.
Revelry. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Boni and Liveright.
Joanna Godden Married, And Other Stories. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. Harper and Brothers.

MARRIAGE FROM VARIOUS ANGLES

By Margaret Wade

TWO reporters, separated by a matter of five hundred years, deposit, as it were, on the well worn steps of the divorce court their views on marriage. On the one hand is "The Fifteen Joys

of Marriage", dating from circa 1400, and on the other, "The Marriage Market", containing more recent English matrimonial notes.

Apparently there is nothing new under the sun even in matrimony, since what are sardonically listed as the "Joys of Marriage" in the fifteenth century are indubitably paralleled by any number of anecdotes resurrected in "The Marriage Market". The ladies described in the quaint language of Mr. Aldington's fine translation are all so many gold diggers, although they were dubbed shrews, termagants, and scolds. But if the "Fifteen Joys", for all its quaintness, were to fall into the hands of a modern feminist there would certainly ensue an explosion — in fact a violent retort against the wretch who could launch such a lopsided indictment at woman, crediting her with all the vices from caprice to lechery, and bemoaning the fate of man trapped in matrimony. Nevertheless, until further notice, "The Fifteen Joys" will probably remain the standard work on marriage, receiving as it does daily corroboration from the tabloids.

"The Marriage Market" is an entertaining survey of the most notorious and the most notable cases of matrimonial failure and success from the Earl of Berkeley's belated secret marriage to Queen Victoria's indomitable matchmaking. Mr. Kingston allows the facts to speak for themselves. Although there are plenty of cases wherein the lady was conspicuously in fault, there is also a good deal of evidence to indicate that the man is often the marriage wrecker.

Either of these works would be exceptionally useful as a handbook for ladies who wish to annoy their husbands, for they both teem with practical hints on this indoor sport. Perhaps

their adaptation to this healthy purpose would give the men a bit of a jolt and discourage them from writing down so explicitly their domestic woes.

Count Keyserling's "Book of Marriage" will be treated at much length, I understand, in another issue of the magazine. If I say that it is too technical for treatment by me I do not mean that it is not a readable book. It is extremely readable. But when I discovered that the brave Count considers unhappy marriage as a fine thing for the development of character, discouragement overcame me. Now I am sure that there are plenty of unhappy marriages; if, therefore, Keyserling's theory is correct, the development of the race's character is progressing rapidly. But, one may say, what is character in comparison to happy marriage? Thousands of characters are sacrificed every day to love affairs.

To complete the bookshelf for marriagees, Professor Westermarck has condensed his "History of Human Marriage" into "A Short History of Marriage". (Why does the word "human" disappear, I wonder.) Here we go back to the origin of the institution, thence to such fascinating subjects as "Endogamy", "Exogamy", and "Marriage by Capture", and, finally, to "The Duration of Marriage and the Right to Dissolve It". A formidable index lists everything from "Adultery" to "Zoroastrianism".

The Fifteen Joys of Marriage. Ascribed to Antoine de la Sale (1388-1462). Translated by Richard Aldington. E. P. Dutton and Company (Broadway Translations).

The Marriage Market. By Charles Kingston. Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Book of Marriage. Edited by Count Hermann Keyserling. Harcourt, Brace and Company.

A Short History of Marriage. By Edward Westermarck. The Macmillan Company.

IN BRIEF REVIEW

ONE of the most thought stimulating books written for some time, on the basis of definite personal opportunity to draw deductions, is John Carter's "Man is War" (Bobbs-Merrill). It echoes Spengler's pessimist philosophy that all social institutions carry within them the seeds of death. It holds that violence — war — "expensive, absorbing and inefficient" yet "entirely satisfactory to the emotions of humanity", is the bloody mechanistic Seidlitz powder which will continue temporarily to clear the world's greed and ambition clogged system until man is extinct. The picture of our civilization as it is at present, of its masses and political leaders, in practice centuries behind the noblest rational idealist preaching of the day, is brilliantly drawn — in red and black. And though necessarily the author's conclusions are speculative, they are largely based on the logic of fact. Mr. Carter closes on a note of doom and despair: that this bad old world of ours will not change; that its period Saturdays must continue to have their blood baths. To this conclusion the whole past history of the human race is opposed. Man is a thinking as well as a fighting animal; he has ideals as well as biologic urges, logic as well as blood lusts. Nevertheless, "Man is War" is a book Americans should read: it is constructive; it reflects the world as it really is today without any bias, and should stimulate a desire to better it.

It is rather hard for anyone who attends a modern football game, in a monstrous stadium, surrounded by fur coats and gay hats and all the color of a

sporting crowd, to conceive of a time when the game was actually in disfavor, looked upon as a fearful and bloody battle of brute strength not fit for ladies to see. And harder is it to believe that one man could make the change from that primitive state to the modern game. But Harford Powel's biography of "Walter Camp" (Little, Brown) tells the story of this change, and of the man who effected it. Even for one supposedly not interested in the game, the book is really fascinating. Not that it is well written, for it is not. Nor is it even competent from the point of view of factual biography, there being several hiatuses of years in the account of Camp's life. But in the first place it tells the story of an intensely interesting and unusual figure, and in the second place it tells the story of football from an angle so different, so fresh, and so strange that the story should arouse the interest of the veriest tyro at sports.

During the last few years of the nineteenth century a new poetical era, which for sometime had been in the embryo, took definite form. It was sponsored largely by the Rhymers' Club, a small yet active organization of advance thought, including among its members such men as Ernest Dowson, Richard Le Gallienne, and W. B. Yeats. This group, together with a few additional writers, definitely cast aside the conventions of Victorian literature and set out to follow its own ideas. It is this new trend that C. E. Andrews and M. O. Percival have sought to illustrate in their collection, "Poetry of the Nineties" (Harcourt,