

THE CHILDREN'S HOMER. By PADRAIC COLUM. The Macmillan Co.

ONE of the points of art is adaptation of the means to the end. If the children of America are nurtured on the world's greatest story, it will be very nice for everybody in thirty years or so. It seems hopeless to get the present generation to understand that unless they read Greek, they are savages, who, if they are not cannibals, are simply so because they have no skill in cookery.

So Padraic Colum has tried to civilize young America in the right way. No more important task has ever been undertaken, for civilization, education, are fundamental. Reformers usually make the mistake of the empiric, and try to relieve the symptoms. It is quite useless to try to relieve the symptoms of America.

Willy Pogany is not Flaxman, but he is Flaxman enough for children, and now and again, as in the picture facing page 106 (and several others), he is Flaxman enough for nearly everybody. (You cannot expect an illustrator as such to be altogether Flaxman in an age where artists have to earn their living.) But it is impossible to give too much praise to the prose of Padraic Colum. It is simple enough for a child who has just learned to read. It is good enough for a book-worm-eaten hag like myself, sodden on Sterne and Swift. A book like this revives the drooping flower of hope; so long as there are people willing to try, there is still hope for humanity.

A. C.