



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### **Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

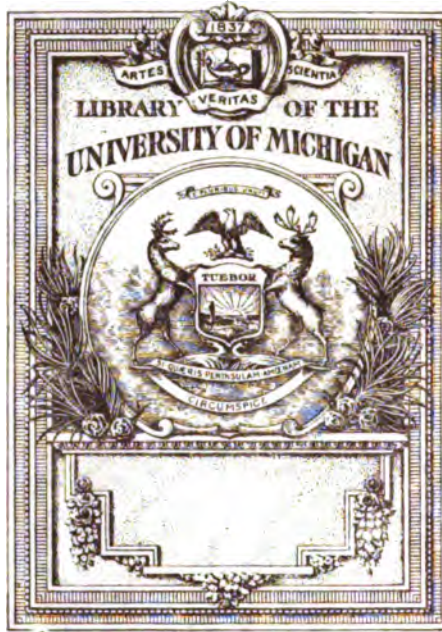
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### **About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





AP

2

1 B72









# THE BOOKMAN

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE  
OF LITERATURE AND LIFE



VOLUME XLVI

September, 1917—February, 1918

---

*"I am a Bookman."*—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

---

NEW YORK  
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY  
FOURTH AVENUE AND THIRTIETH STREET

COPYRIGHT, 1917, 1918, BY DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY, INC.

*All Rights Reserved*

# THE BOOKMAN

An Illustrated Magazine  
of Literature and Life

SEPTEMBER

A LEGISLATED PEACE

Carl H. P. Thurston

THE HOLY LAND: WHOSE TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

Ameen Rihani

THE PSYCHOANALYSTS

Havelock Ellis

THE DANGERS OF DEMOCRACY

Stephen Berrien Stanton

WASHINGTON SQUARE: A FEW PERSONAL  
RECOLLECTIONS

James L. Ford

THE PRINCIPALITY OF CANTU

Clair Kenamore

AMERICAN PAINTING

Charles L. Buchanan

FRAU COSIMA WAGNER

Archie Bell

**DODD, MEAD & COMPANY**

25 cents a copy  NEW YORK  \$3.00 a year

# Appletons' New Fiction



Emerson Hough's New Novel

## THE BROKEN GATE

By the author of "The Mississippi Bubble," "The Magnificent Adventure," etc.

This is a strong story of broken social conventions and of a woman's determination to live above the criticism she encounters everywhere, and for the son she adores. The attitude of the narrow community toward a woman who has "sinned" is pictured in all its dreadful reality as well as the attitude of the man, who goes his way uncriticised to a place of honor and respect among the people. The handling of the trying situations in this story and its dramatic conclusion has made it without any doubt the strongest novel Emerson Hough has ever produced.

Illustrated by Leone Bracker. \$1.50 net

## CHRISTINE, A Fife Fisher Girl

By Amelia E. Barr, Author of "Jan Vedder's Wife," etc.

A romance of Scotland among the fisher folk of Fife. The story is full of the delightful atmosphere of the sea and contains vivid pictures of the life of the fisherfolk.

Frontispiece in color. \$1.50 net

## COUSIN JULIA

By Grace Hodgson Flandrau

"Cousin Julia" is the socially ambitious wife of a rising business man of the Middle West. What happens when she attempts to arrange marriages for her daughters, who chance to have minds of their own, is delightfully told. The author's keen sense of humor makes the book most refreshing reading.

\$1.40 net

## THE QUEST OF LEDGAR DUNSTAN

By Alfred Tresidder Sheppard

One of the most daring books written in years. The story pictures the very soul of a man in quest of himself. For vividness of description and keen understanding of life it will stand alone; a literary achievement.

\$1.50 net

## ALEXIS

By Stuart Maclean

A romance for all music lovers. The story of the development of a gifted, attractive boy of humble origin into a music genius, and who is able to repay with the highest gift within his power the debt he owes his benefactor.

\$1.50 net



A New Edition of Stephen Crane's Masterpiece

## THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE

With a foreword by Arthur Guy Empey, Author of "Over the Top"

This book, which many critics consider the greatest war novel ever written, has been reissued in response to repeated requests. Arthur Guy Empey says of it, "The Red Badge of Courage" is not a story of war. It is war—the real, unvarnished thing. I have met every one of the characters on the fire-step of the trenches of France."

Bound in semi-flexible fabrikoid, and printed on thin paper. \$1.00 net

## THESE ARE APPLETON BOOKS

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY - - - 35 West 32d Street, NEW YORK

# INDEX TO VOLUME XLVI

September, 1917—February, 1918

## PART I.—INDEX OF TEXT

- Abbott, G. F. "Turkey, Greece and the Great Powers." ..... 289  
"Abington Abbey." Archibald Marshall.... 490  
About France. Albert Schinz..... 292  
About Rug Books. H. G. Dwight..... 83  
Ackerman, Carl W. "Germany, the Next Republic?" ..... 289  
Action and the Story. H. W. Boynton..... 689  
Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century, The. William Lyon Phelps. 125, 233, 428, 563, 636  
Æsthetic America. (Chronicle.)..... 73  
Afternoon. (Poem.) ..... 47  
"Airman: His Conquests in Peace and War, The." Francis A. Collins..... 290  
"Alabaster Box, An." Mary Wilkins Freeman. .... 93  
Allies Confer, The. (Chronicle.)..... 403  
Amen. (Poem.) Beatrice Witte Ravenel.... 555  
"American Adventures." Julian Street..... 335  
"American Dramatist, The." Montrose J. Moses. .... 348  
"American in the Making, An." M. E. Ravage. .... 330  
American Painting. Charles L. Buchanan... 38  
American Painting Versus Modernism. Charles L. Buchanan..... 413  
"America's Case Against Germany." Lindsay Rogers..... 289  
America's War Aims. (Chronicle.)..... 253  
Ancient Quarrel, An. (Chronicle.)..... 546  
Anderson, Isabel. (Mrs. Larz Anderson.) Madrid to Morocco. (Illustrated.)..... 191  
And His Bottle. (Chronicle.)..... 545  
Animals. (Poem.) ..... 426  
"Anne Perdersdotter." H. Wiers-Jenssen... 349  
"Answering Voice, The." Sara Teasdale.... 441  
"Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1917." William Stanley Braithwaite..... 678  
April Sequence, An. (Poem.)..... 45  
Archer, William. "God and Mr. Wells."... 723  
"Are We Capable of Self-Government." Frank W. Moxon..... 268  
Argument for My "The White Morning," An. Gertrude Atherton..... 630  
"Aristodemocracy. From the Great War Back to Moses, Christ, and Plato." Sir Charles Waldstein ..... 290  
Art and Romance of Manhattan, The. (Chronicle.) ..... 548  
As Good-Natured as He Is Lazy. (Chronicle.) ..... 257  
As He Writes. (Chronicle.)..... 546  
Atherton, Gertrude. "The Living Present." 343  
— The Women of Germany..... 630  
Atherton (Mrs.), on the German Women. (Chronicle.) ..... 402  
At Mass for the Soul of Sister Helena. (Poem.) Lucia Norwood Watson..... 146  
"Audubon, the Naturalist." Francis Hobart Herrick..... 329  
"Austria-Hungary." Wolf von Schierbrand 726  
Autumn. (Poem.) ..... 190  
Barbusse, Henri. "Le Feu."..... 90  
Barnard's Lincoln. (Chronicle.)..... 400  
Baroja, Pio. "The City of the Discreet.".. 607  
Beaufort, J. M. de. "Behind the German Veil." ..... 289  
Beck, James M. "The War and Humanity." 289  
Beck's Judgment. (Chronicle.)..... 257  
"Behind the German Veil." J. M. de Beaufort. .... 289  
"Behind the Thicket." W. E. B. Henderson. 207  
Bell, Archie. "A Trip to Lotus Land."... 335  
— Frau Cosima Wagner. (Illustrated)... 78  
Benevente, Jacinto. "Plays."..... 607  
Bennett, Helen. "Women and Work."... 345  
Benson, E. F. "The Tortoise."..... 491  
Best Plays of the Early Autumn Season, The. Clayton Hamilton..... 281  
Best Sixty-three American Short Stories for 1917, The. Edward J. O'Brien..... 696  
Binns, Henry Bryan. The Blacksmith' (Poem.) ..... 522  
— The Peacemaker—August, 1914. (Poem) 629  
Blacksmith, The. (Poem.) Henry Bryan Binns ..... 522  
Blackwood, Algernon. "Day and Night Stories." ..... 207  
"Blue Aura, The." Elizabeth York Miller.. 492  
Bois, Jules. Auguste Rodin..... 523  
Bookman in War-time, The. (Chronicle.)... 251  
Bookman Recommends, The.... 360, 500, 615, 729  
Bookman's Acknowledgment, The (Chronicle) 666  
Bookman's Mail Bag, The..... 99  
Book Mart, The.... 110, 222, 366, 510, 622, 736



- "Book of Self, The." James Oppenheim... 439  
 "Book of the West Indies, The." A. Hyatt  
 Verrill. .... 335  
 Books, Best Selling... 112, 224, 368, 512, 624, 738  
 Books Mentioned and Their Authors.  
     112, 224, 368, 512, 624, 738  
 Bottome, Phyllis. "The Second Fiddle."... 491  
 Boynton, H. W. Action and the Story... 689  
 — A Stroll Through the Fair of Fiction... 337  
 — Ideals and Allegiances in Current Fiction  
 .... 598  
 — Mr. Polly Being a Bishop..... 353  
 — Peak and Valley..... 486  
 — Some Stories of the Month..... 93, 205  
 — "The Sorry Tale," as a Tale..... 350  
 Brailsford, Henry. "A League of Nations." 287  
 Braithwaite, William Stanley. "Anthology of  
 Magazine Verse for 1917."..... 678  
 "Brazilians and Their Country, The." Clayton  
 Cooper..... 606  
 "Brazil To-day and To-morrow." L. E.  
 Elliott ..... 607  
 Breck, John. From Hungary..... 463  
 "British Exploits in South America." W. H.  
 Koebel ..... 606  
 "Bromley Neighborhood." Alice Brown.... 95  
 Bronner, Milton. Burke of Limehouse..... 15  
 Brown, Alice. "Bromley Neighborhood."... 95  
 Buchanan, Charles L. American Painting... 38  
 — American Painting Versus Modernism... 413  
 Bülow, Prince Bernhard von. "Imperial Ger-  
 many." ..... 286  
 Burgess, Katherine Stanbery. The Bookshelves 466  
 Burke of Limehouse. Milton Bronner..... 15  
 Burleigh, Louise. "The Community Theatre." 347  
 Burton, Richard. Some Art Books of the  
 Year. .... 477  
 Busy Days for Michael Monahan. (Chron-  
 icle.) ..... 666  
 Butler, Nicholas Murray. "A World in Fer-  
 ment." ..... 289  
 Buts De Guerre. (Poem.) ..... 553  
 Bynner, Witter. "Grenstone Poems."..... 440  
 "Cabin, The." V. Blasco Ibanez..... 607  
 Cable. (Poem.) Richard Butler Glaenger... 66  
 Caffin, Charles H. "How to Study Archi-  
 tecture." ..... 479  
 Caine, William. "Three's a Crowd."..... 692  
 Calypson. (Poem.) ..... 170  
 Carson's (Mrs.) Book. (Chronicle.)..... 552  
 Casuals, Romance, and Little Brown Boxes.  
 Wilson Follett..... 172  
 "Change of Air, A." Katharine Fullerton  
 Gerould. .... 691  
 Change of Mind, A..... 653  
 Chase, Arthur M. Travel in War Time.... 334  
 Chesterton, G. K. "A Short History of Eng-  
 land." ..... 270  
 Chevillon, André. "England and the War." 287  
 Chloe to Amaryllis. (Poem.)..... 427  
 "Choice Before Us, The." G. Lowes Dickin-  
 son ..... 287  
 Christine as a Critic. (Chronicle.)..... 397  
 Christine as a Hoax. (Chronicle.)..... 397  
 Christmas Eve, 1917. (Poem.) Glenn Ward  
 Dresbach. .... 391  
 Chronicle, A. (Poem.)..... 280  
 Chronicle and Comment,  
     69, 181, 251, 393, 545, 655  
 "City of the Discreet, The." Pio Baroja.... 607  
 Civil War and After, The. Luther E. Robin-  
 son. .... 592  
 Clark, Barrett H. "How to Produce Amateur  
 Plays." ..... 347  
 Clark, John Spencer. "The Life of John  
 Fiske." ..... 327  
 Coit, Stanton. "Is Civilization a Disease?" 275  
 Colbron, Grace Isabel. Wolf von Schier-  
 brand's "Austria-Hungary."..... 726  
 Collins, Francis A. "The Airman: His Con-  
 quests in Peace and War."..... 290  
 Colvin, Sidney. "John Keats."..... 609  
 "Coming Democracy, The." Hermann Fer-  
 nau. .... 287  
 "Community Theatre, The." Louise Burleigh. 347  
 Comstock, Harriet T. "The Man Thou  
 Gavest." ..... 208  
 "Concerning Painting." Kenyon Cox..... 478  
 Concerning "The Masque of Poets." Edward  
 J. O'Brien..... 676  
 Connor, Ralph. "The Major."..... 604  
 Conrad in Poland. (Chronicle.)..... 659  
 Conrad, Joseph. My "Lord Jim."..... 539  
 Conrad's Birthday. (Chronicle.)..... 552  
 "Conscript 2989." (Chronicle.)..... 660  
 Contemporary Poetry. Jessie B. Rittenhouse.  
     438, 575, 678  
 Cooley, William Forbes. A Democratic Peace. 225  
 — Patriotism: The Two Voices..... 136  
 Coolidge, Archibald Cary. "The Origins of  
 the Triple Alliance."..... 272  
 Cooper, Clayton. "The Brazilians and Their  
 Country." ..... 606  
 Corwin, Edward S. "The President's Control  
 of Foreign Relations."..... 269  
 Couperus, Louis. "The Twilight of the  
 Souls." ..... 489  
 Cox, Kenyon. "Concerning Painting."..... 478  
 Cram, Mildred. "Old Seaport Towns of the  
 South." ..... 335  
 Cram, Ralph Adams. "The Substance of  
 Gothic." ..... 477  
 "Creators of Decorative Styles." Walter A.  
 Dyer. .... 479  
 Daly, Joseph Francis. "The Life of Augustin  
 Daly." ..... 328  
 Dangers of Democracy, The. Stephen Ber-  
 rien Stanton..... 29  
 "Danish West Indies, The." Waldemar  
 Westergaard. .... 211  
 "David Harum" Exhibit, A. (Chronicle.)... 665  
 "Day and Night Stories." Algernon Black-  
 wood. .... 207  
 Dean, Frederic. Some Conductors and Their  
 Batons. (Illustrated.)..... 585  
 — The Opera—By, For and With Ameri-  
 cans. (Illustrated.) ..... 260  
 — When Rosita Renard Plays. (Illus-  
 trated.) ..... 462

- Decadentlet, The. (Poem.) Beatrice Witte Ravenel. . . . . 285
- Delafield, E. M. "Zella Sees Herself." . . . . 490
- De la Mare, Walter. "Peacock Pie!" . . . . 89
- Deland. (Poem.) Richard Butler Glaenger. . 169
- Delightful "Loiterer," A. (Chronicle.) . . . 548
- Democratic Aristocracy, A. Charles Ferguson. . . . . 147
- Democratice Peace, A. William Forbes Cooley. . . . . 225
- De Mussett (Alfred) in the Theatre. Clayton Hamilton . . . . . 668
- "Diary of a Nation, The." Edward S. Martin. 289
- Dickinson, G. Lowes. "The Choice Before Us." . . . . 287
- Dickinson, Thomas H. "The Insurgent Theatre." . . . . 347
- "Diplomatic Days." Mrs. Nelson O'Shaughnessy. . . . . 272
- Disappointing God, A. (Chronicle.) . . . . 185
- Disputed Passage in Garland's Book, A. (Chronicle.) . . . . 549
- Dobson (Austin) Once More. Brander Matthews. . . . . 528
- Dominian, Leon. "The Frontiers of Language and Nationality in Europe." . . . . 293
- Draft Army of Books, The. Montrose J. Moses. . . . . 625
- "Dramatic Works." Vol VII. Gerhardt Hauptmann. . . . . 349
- Dreams. (Poem.) Fyodor Tyutchev. . . . . 77
- Dreiser en Passant. (Chronicle.) . . . . 655
- Dreiser. (Poem.) Richard Butler Glaenger. 28
- Dresbach, Glenn Ward. Christmas Eve, 1917. (Poem.) . . . . . 391
- Song for the New Crusade. (Poem.) . . 142
- The Sower Who Reaped the Sea. (Poem.) . . . . . 67
- Dresser, Horatio W. "The Victorious Faith." 290
- Durant, Will. "Philosophy and the Social Problem." . . . . 277
- Dutch Memories. (Chronicle.) . . . . . 548
- Dwight, H. G. About Rug Books. . . . . 83
- Dyer, Walter A. "Creators of Decorative Styles." . . . . 479
- "Earliest Man." Frederick William Hugh Migeod. . . . . 274
- East Side Moving Picture Theatre—Sunday. (Poem.) . . . . . 572
- Eaton, Walter Prichard. "Green Trails and Upland Pastures." . . . . 336
- Echoes. . . . . 308, 464, 707
- "Elegy in Autumn." Clinton Scollard. . . . 682
- Elliott, L. E. "Brazil To-day and To-morrow." . . . . 607
- Ellis, Havelock. The Psychoanalysts. . . . 49
- Ellis, S. M. G. P. R. James in America. . . 713
- Ellwood, Charles A. "An Introduction to Social Psychology." . . . . 276
- Embers Speak, The. (Poem.) . . . . . 171
- Empey, Arthur Guy. (Chronicle.) . . . . 660
- "Empty House, The." . . . . . 96
- "England and the War." André Chevillon. 287
- English Poetry in the Twentieth Century, The Advance of. William Lyon Phelps. . . . . 125, 233, 428, 563, 636
- "Enlightenment of Paulina, The." Ellen Wilkins Tompkins. . . . . 691
- "Europe Unbound." Lisle March Phillips. . 287
- Evensong. (Poem.) Norreys Jephson O'Conor 124
- Ex-Czarina, The. Frances Evelyn Warwick. 561
- Exploring Russia. Abraham Yarmolinsky. . 481
- Factory-Girl. (Poem.) . . . . . 572
- "Faith, War, and Policy." Gilbert Murray. 289
- "Family of Noblemen, A." Mikhail Y. Saltykov. . . . . 485
- Fatherland. (Poem.) . . . . . 171
- Fay, Charles Edey. Autumn. (Poem.) . . . . 190
- The People Perish. (Poem.) . . . . . 472
- Ferguson, Charles. A Democratic Aristocracy. . . . . 147
- The Flag and the Fight. . . . . 249
- The Method of Prophecy. . . . . 647
- The Revolution Absolute. . . . . 647
- The University Militant. . . . . 369
- Fernau, Hermann. "The Coming Democracy." . . . . 287
- "Feu, Le." Henri Barbusse. . . . . 90
- Field, Louise Maunsell. Women and National Defence. . . . . 557
- Figgis, John Neville. "The Will to Freedom." . . . . 290
- "Fight for the Republic of China, The." B. L. Putnam Weale. . . . . 267
- Fisher, Mary. "The Treloars." . . . . 209
- Flag and the Fight, The. Charles Ferguson. 249
- Fletcher, Alfred C. B. "From Job to Job Around the World." . . . . 334
- Flock at Evening, The. (Poem.) . . . . . 675
- Follett, Wilson. Casuals, Romance, and Little Brown Boxes. . . . . 172
- Ford, James L. Washington Square. (Illustrated.) . . . . . 18
- "For France." Prominent Americans. . . . 292
- For the Young and Less Young. John Walcott. . . . . 493
- "Fortunes of Richard Mahoney, The." Henry Handel Richardson. . . . . 580
- "F. P. A." Scores Again. (Chronicle.) . . . 547
- "France: Her People and Her Spirit." Laurence Jerrold. . . . . 292
- Francis, C. M. Some Recent Books of War Adventure. . . . . 450
- Franck, Harry A. "Vagabonding Down the Andes." . . . . 334
- Freeman, Mary Wilkins. "An Alabaster Box." . . . . 93
- French Amazons. (Chronicle.) . . . . . 189
- Friendly Japan, A. (Chronicle.) . . . . . 252
- Friend of Lafcadio Hearn, A. (Chronicle.) . 255
- "From Job to Job Around the World." Alfred C. B. Fletcher. . . . . 334
- From Mars. (Chronicle.) . . . . . 253
- From Primitive Man to Modern Civilisation. Archibald Henderson. . . . . 273
- From the Letters of Mark Twain. (Chronicle.) . . . . . 546
- "Frontiers of Language and Nationality in Europe, The." Leon Dominian. . . . . 293
- Fryer, Eugenie M. "The Hilltowns of France." . . . . . 292
- Fuller, Henry. "Lines Long and Short." . . 429

- Garland, Hamlin. "A Son of the Middle Border." ..... 327
- Garnett's Judgment. (Chronicle.)..... 184
- George (Lloyd) Germany. (Chronicle.)... 664
- Gerard, James W. "My Four Years in Germany." ..... 286
- Gerard (Mr.) in Germany. (Chronicle.)... 71
- German Disarmament, A. (Chronicle.).... 183
- German Military Disaster Necessary, A. (Chronicle.) ..... 181
- "Germany, the Next Republic?" Carl W. Ackerman. .... 289
- Germany as a Frankenstein. Florence Finch Kelly. .... 177
- Germany's Terms. (Chronicle.)..... 183
- Gerould, Katharine Fullerton. "A Change of Air." ..... 691
- Gibbons, Herbert Adams. "The Reconstruction of Poland and the Near East."..... 290
- Gibson (Hugh) Speaks. (Chronicle.)..... 402
- Glaenger, Richard Butler. Snap-Shots of American Authors. (Poem.)..... 579
- Snap-Shots of American Novelists. (Poem.) ..... 28, 66
- Snap-Shots of English Authors. (Poem.) 164
- Snap-Shots of Foreign Authors. (Poem.) ..... 695
- "God and Mr. Wells." William Archer..... 723
- Godfrey, Thomas. "The Prince of Parthia." 346
- Goldberg, Isaac. New York's Yiddish Writers. .... 684
- Gorman, Herbert S. Michael Monahan's "New Adventures." ..... 724
- The Irish Home-Rule Convention. .... 331
- "Government of England, The." David D. Wallace. .... 270
- Graham, Stephen. "Priest of the Ideal."... 600
- "Russia in 1916." ..... 482
- "The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary." ..... 482
- Grayson, David. "Great Possessions."... 336
- "Great Possessions." David Grayson..... 336
- Great Story, A. (Chronicle.)..... 665
- "Green Mirror, The." Hugh Walpole..... 598
- "Greenstone Poems." Witter Bynner..... 440
- "Green Trails and Upland Pastures." Walter Prichard Eaton..... 336
- "Grim Thirteen, The." (Chronicle.)..... 186
- Group of American Biographies, A. Florence Finch Kelly..... 325
- Guést-Room Shelf, A. (Chronicle.)..... 657
- Hamilton, Clayton. Alfred de Musset in the Theatre. .... 668
- Brander Matthews's "These Many Years." ..... 357
- Le Théâtre Du Vieux Colombier..... 534
- Life and the Theatre..... 161
- Sidney Colvin's "John Keats."..... 609
- The Best Plays of the Early Autumn Season. .... 281
- The Editor. (Chronicle.)..... 256
- "The Problems of the Playwright."... 355
- Two Plays for Grown-Ups..... 473
- Hammer, S. C. "William the Second."... 290
- "Handbook on Story-Writing, A." Blanche Colton Williams. .... 612
- Harben, Will N. "The Triumph."..... 207
- Hartley, C. Gascoigne. "Motherhood."..... 345
- Hauptmann, Gerhardt. "Dramatic Works." Vol. VII. .... 349
- "H. C. L." Archibald Henderson..... 468
- Hearn on How to Read. (Chronicle.)..... 255
- Hearst (Mr.). Conquers New Worlds. (Chronicle.) ..... 186
- "Helen of Four Gates." Ex-Mill-Girl..... 94
- Henderson, Archibald. A Laughing Philosopher. .... 583
- From Primitive Man to Modern Civilisation ..... 273
- "H. C. L."..... 468
- Henderson, Daniel M. The New York Public Library. (Poem.) ..... 259
- Henderson, W. E. B. "Behind the Thicket." 207
- Hergesheimer, Joseph. "The Three Black Pennys." ..... 487
- Herrick, Francis Hobart. "Audubon the Naturalist." ..... 329
- Herron, George D. "The Menace of Peace." 289
- He Sings Because His Wife Has Gone Out of the House. (Poem.) ..... 48
- He Tells of Hoover. (Chronicle.)..... 545
- Hill, David Jayne. "The Rebuilding of Europe." ..... 286
- "Hilltowns of France, The." Eugenie M. Fryer. .... 292
- "History of the Civil War." James Ford Rhodes. .... 593
- "History of the United States Since the Civil War." Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer..... 596
- Holy Land, The. Ameen Rihani..... 7
- "Honest Abe." Alonzo Rothschild..... 594
- "How to Produce Amateur Plays." Barrett H. Clark..... 347
- "How to Study Architecture." Charles H. Caffin. .... 479
- Hughes, Rupert. "We Can't Have Everything." ..... 210
- Humphrey, Seth K. "Mankind: Racial Values and the Racial Prospect."..... 275
- Ibanez, V. Blasco. "The Cabin."..... 607
- I Come and Go. (Poem.)..... 573
- Ideals and Allegiances in Current Fiction. H. W. Boynton..... 598
- "Imperial Germany." Prince Bernhard von Bülow. .... 286
- "Inner Door, The." Alan Sullivan..... 97
- Inness, George, Jr. "Life, Art and Letters of George Inness." ..... 329
- "Inquiry into the Nature of Peace, An." Thorstein Veblen..... 287
- "Insurgent Theatre, The." Thomas H. Dickinson. .... 347
- Interned in Vienna. (Chronicle.)..... 659
- Interpreter Abroad, An. (Chronicle.)..... 258
- "Introduction to Social Psychology, An." Charles A. Ellwood..... 276
- Iowa's Bit. (Chronicle.)..... 396
- Irish Home-Rule Convention, The. Herbert S. Gorman..... 331
- Isaacs, Abram S. War and Religion..... 381
- "Is Civilisation a Disease?" Stanton Coit... 275

- Is the Pen Swifter Than the Sword? Carl H. P. Thurston..... 286
- "Ivory Tower, The." Henry James..... 690
- James (G. P. R.) in America. S. M. Ellis..... 713
- James, Henry. "The Ivory Tower."..... 690
- "The Sense of the Past."..... 690
- Japanese Commission, The. (Chronicle.)... 252
- "Jap Herron."..... 208
- Jarintzov, Mme. N. "Russian Poets and Poems, 'Classics' and 'Moderns.'"..... 485
- Jerrold, Laurence. "France: Her People and Her Spirit."..... 292
- Jerusalem Retaken. (Poem.) Norreys Jephson 'O'Conor."..... 652
- Jesse, F. Tennyson. "Secret Bread."..... 486
- "John Keats." Sidney Colvin..... 609
- Johnson, Douglas Wilson. "The Peril of Prussianism."..... 289
- Johnston, Alma Calder. Personal Memories of Walt Whitman. (Illustrated.)..... 404
- Jones, Thomas S., Jr. "The Voice in the Silence."..... 443
- "Joseph H. Choate." Theron G. Strong.... 328
- "Joyful Years, The." F. T. Wawn..... 96
- Kelly, Florence Finch. A Group of American Biographies..... 325
- A Message to Mothers..... 61
- Germany as a Frankenstein..... 177
- Kenamore, Clair. The Principality of Cantu. (Illustrated.)..... 23
- Kenton, Edna. "Maurice Guest" and "Richard Mahoney."..... 580
- Some Truths and More Surmises About Women..... 343
- Kerensky, The Man. (Chronicle.)..... 75
- Kester (Paul). Novelist. (Chronicle.)... 75-77
- Kingship in the Balance. Frances Evelyn Warwick..... 246
- Kipling Poems Done in Latin. (Chronicle.).. 553
- Koebel, W. H. "British Exploits in South America."..... 606
- "Ladies Must Live." Alice Duer Miller.... 694
- Last Suckling, The. (Poem.)..... 48
- Laughing Philosopher, A. Archibald Henderson..... 583
- Lay, Wilfrid. "The Sorry Tale," to a Psychoanalyst..... 351
- Leading New Books of 1917, The. (Chronicle.)..... 553
- "League of Nations, A." Henry Noel Brailsford..... 287
- Legislated Peace, A. Carl H. P. Thurston... 1
- Levine, Isaak Don. "The Russian Revolution."..... 483
- Liebknecht, Dr. Karl. "Militarism."..... 290
- Life and the Theatre. Clayton Hamilton... 161
- "Life, Art and Letters of George Inness." George Inness, Jr..... 329
- "Life of Abraham Lincoln, The." Ida M. Tarbell..... 326
- "Life of Augustin Daly, The." Joseph Francis Daly..... 328
- "Life of John Fiske, The." John Spencer Clark..... 327
- "Limehouse Nights." (Chronicle.)..... 188
- "Lines Long and Short." Henry Fuller.... 439
- Literary Competition, Unfair. (Chronicle.).. 73
- Literature as Always. (Chronicle.)..... 251
- Little Theatre an Open Door, The? Algernon Tassin..... 346
- "Living Present, The." Gertrude Atherton.. 343
- "Long Lane's Turning, The." Hallie Erminie Rives..... 98
- "Love Songs." Sara Teasdale..... 441
- Lowrie, Rebecca. Graven Images..... 707
- Lutz, Grace L. H. "The Witness."..... 601
- "Lyrics from a Library." Clinton Scollard.. 683
- McCabe, Joseph. A Romanoff Princess.... 154
- "The Romance of the Romanoffs."..... 484
- McCormick, Anne. Pompeii. (Poem.)..... 604
- McCutcheon (George Barr). Nature-Fakir. (Chronicle.)..... 188
- McCutcheon (Mr.) Solves the Riddle. (Chronicle.)..... 188
- McFee (William) Enlists for Duration of the War. (Chronicle.)..... 552
- McKenna, Stephen. "Sonia: Between Two Worlds."..... 205
- Madrid to Morocco. (Illustrated.) Isabel Anderson..... 191
- Magi. (Poem.) Charles L. O'Donnell..... 461
- Magnus, Leonard A. "Pros and Cons of the Great War."..... 290
- "Major, The." Ralph Connor..... 604
- Making of a Cartoonist, The. (Chronicle.).. 663
- "Mankind: Racial Values and the Racial Prospect." Seth K. Humphrey..... 275
- "Man Thou Gavest, The." Harriet T. Comstock..... 208
- Marcosson, Isaac F. "The Rebirth of Russia."..... 483
- Marks, Jeannette. "The Three Welsh Plays." 349
- "Mark Twain" on the Hereafter. (Chronicle.)..... 72
- "Mark Twain's Letters." Arranged by Albert Bigelow Paine..... 583
- "Marne Campaign, The." Major F. E. Whitton..... 289
- Marshall, Archibald. "Abington Abbey."... 490
- Martin, Edward S. "The Diary of a Nation." 289
- Masque of Poets, The. (Poems.) Edward J. O'Brien..... 45, 170, 278, 424, 572, 673
- "Masterpieces of Modern Spanish Drama.".. 607
- Mastery of Surprise, The. Blanche Colton Williams..... 165
- Matthews, Brander. Austin Dobson Once More..... 528
- Clayton Hamilton's "Problems of the Playwright."..... 355
- "These Many Years."..... 357
- Maurice (Arthur B.). His New Book. (Chronicle.)..... 545
- "Maurice Guest." Henry Handel Richardson. 580
- "Maurice Guest" and "Richard Mahoney." Edna Kenton..... 580
- "Menace of Peace, The." George D. Heron..... 289
- Message to Mothers, A. Florence Finch Kelly..... 61
- Method of Prophecy, The. Charles Ferguson..... 647

- Migeod, Frederick William Hugh. "Earliest Man." ..... 274
- "Militarism." Dr. Karl Liebknecht..... 290
- Millay, Edna St. Vincent. "Renaissance and other Poems."..... 682
- Miller, Alice Duer. "Ladies Must Live."... 694
- Miller, Elizabeth York. "The Blue Aura.".. 492
- "Missing." Mrs. Humphry Ward..... 599
- "Miss Million's Maid." Berta Ruck..... 693
- Monahan, Michael. "New Adventures."... 724
- Moore, John Bassett. "Principles of American Diplomacy."..... 269
- Moral Epoch, A. (Chronicle.)..... 70
- Morris. (Poem.) Richard Butler Glaenger.. 579
- Moses, Montrose J. "The American Dramatist." ..... 348
- The Draft Army of Books..... 625
- "Motherhood." C. Gascoigne Hartley..... 345
- Mountsier, Robert. Spiritism in England.... 513
- Moxon, Frank W. "Are We Capable of Self-Government." ..... 268
- "Mr. George Jean Nathan Presents." George Jean Nathan..... 348
- Murphy, Charles R. Roof-Builders..... 709
- Murray, Gilbert. "Faith, War, and Policy.".. 289
- "My Four Years in Germany." James W. Gerard. .... 286
- My Library. (Poem.) Clinton Scollard.... 540
- My "Lord Jim." Joseph Conrad..... 539
- Name, The. (Poem.)..... 424
- Nathan, George Jean. "Mr. George Jean Nathan Presents."..... 348
- "Nationalism." Sir Rabindranath Tagore... 290
- Nekrassov, Nicholas. "Who Can Be Happy and Free in Russia?"..... 485
- "New Adventures." Michael Monahan..... 724
- New Carmen, A. (Chronicle.)..... 185
- New Era of Vitalism, A. (Chronicle.)..... 395
- New York Public Library, The. (Poem.) Daniel M. Henderson..... 259
- New York's Yiddish Writers. Isaac Goldberg. .... 684
- Next Logical Step, The. (Chronicle.)..... 69
- "Nietzsche the Thinker." William M. Salter. 290
- Nightfall in the Tropics. (Poem.)..... 392
- No Camouflage for Booth Tarkington. (Chronicle.) ..... 258
- Novikoff, Olga. "Russian Memoirs"..... 483
- Oberholtzer, Ellis Paxson. "History of the United States Since the Civil War."... 596
- O'Brien, Edward J. Blanche Colton Williams's "A Handbook on Story-Writing." 612
- Concerning "The Masque of Poets.".. 676
- The Best Sixty-three American Short Stories of 1917..... 696
- The Masque of Poets. (Poems.) 45, 170, 278, 424, 572, 673
- O'Connor, Norreys Jephson. Even-song. (Poem.) ..... 124
- Jerusalem Retaken. (Poem.)..... 652
- O'Donnell, Charles L. Magi. (Poem.)..... 461
- Of Critical Methods. (Chronicle.)..... 184
- Of the Temperament of Degas. (Chronicle.) 398
- Old Inn by the Sea, An. (Poem.)..... 573
- Old Order Changeth, The. (Chronicle.)... 394
- "Old Seaport Towns of the South." Mildred Cram. .... 335
- One of the "Thirteen." (Chronicle.)..... 187
- On Musical Litterateurs. (Chronicle.)..... 396
- On Politics and History. Luther E. Robinson. .... 267
- "On the Nature of Peace." (Chronicle.)... 254
- On Totem Poles. (Chronicle.)..... 656
- Opera—By, For and With Americans, The. (Illustrated.) Frederic Dean..... 260
- Oppenheim, James. "The Book of Self."... 439
- "Origin and Evolution of Life, The." Henry Fairfield Osborne. .... 274
- "Origins of the Triple Alliance, The." Archibald Cary Coolidge..... 272
- Osborne, Henry Fairfield. "The Origin and Evolution of Life."..... 274
- O'Shaughnessy, Mrs. Nelson. "Diplomatic Days." ..... 272
- Ostrovsky, Alexander. "Plays."..... 484
- O'Sullivan, Vincent. "Sentiment."..... 693
- Other Books Discussed..... 211
- "Ouija Board" Book, Another. (Chronicle.) 71
- Our Chance to Make a World. (Chronicle.) 182
- Our Contemporary Deplores the Lot of Fiction. (Chronicle.)..... 665
- Our To-morrow. (Chronicle.)..... 251
- Overseas. (Poem.)..... 673
- Owen, Caroline Dale. (Mrs. Charles Snedeker.) "Seth Way."..... 602
- Passing of Privileges, The. (Chronicle.)... 394
- Patriotism and Brotherhood. (Chronicle).. 182
- Patriotism: The Two Voices. William Forbes Cooley. .... 136
- Peacemaker—August, 1914, The. (Poem.) Henry Bryan Binns..... 629
- "Peacock Pic." Walter de la Mare..... 89
- Peak and Valley. H. W. Boynton..... 486
- Peary, Rear Admiral Robert E. "Secrets of Arctic Travel."..... 334
- Peck, Annie M. "South American Tour, The." ..... 605
- People Perish, The. (Poem.) Charles Edey Fay. .... 472
- "Peril of Prussianism, The." Douglas Wilson Johnson. .... 289
- Personal Memories of Walt Whitman. (Illustrated.) Alma Calder Johnston..... 404
- Personal Side, The. (Chronicle.)..... 251
- Phelps, William Lyon. Dorothy Scarborough's "The Supernatural in Modern English Fiction." ..... 611
- The Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century... 125, 233, 428, 563, 636
- William Archer's "God and Mr. Wells." ..... 723
- Phillips, Lisle March. "Europe Unbound".. 287
- "Philosophy and the Social Problem." Will Durant. .... 277
- Phra's Adventure. (Chronicle.)..... 666
- Pilgrimage, A. (Poem.)..... 674
- Pinero, The Plays of. (Chronicle.)..... 256
- "Pistols for Two." (Chronicle.)..... 254
- "Plays." Alexander Ostrovsky..... 484
- "Plays." Jacinto Benevente..... 607
- Plume, The. (Poem.)..... 574

- Pompeii. (Poem.) Anne McCormick..... 604  
 Prayer Before Summer. (Poem.)..... 279  
 Prelude. (Poem.) ..... 278  
 "Present-Day Europe." T. Lothrop Stoddard. 289  
 "President's Control of Foreign Relations,  
 The." Edward S. Corwin..... 269  
 President's Message, The. Editor..... 541  
 President to the Pope, The. (Chronicle.).... 181  
 "President Wilson from an English Point of  
 View." H. Wilson Harris..... 201  
 "Priest of the Ideal." Stephen Graham.... 600  
 Prince of Parthia, The. (Chronicle.)..... 398  
 "Prince of Parthia, The." Thomas Godfrey. 346  
 Principality of Cantu, The. (Illustrated.)  
 Clair Kenamore..... 23  
 "Principles of American Diplomacy." John  
 Bassett Moore..... 269  
 Principles Only. (Chronicle.)..... 254  
 Prize War Poem, A. (Chronicle.)..... 553  
 "Problems of the Playright." Clayton Hamil-  
 ton..... 355  
 Professor and the Garden, The. Grant  
 Showman. .... 310  
 Professor Recovers, The. Grant Showman. 385  
 "Pros and Cons of the Great War." Leonard  
 A. Magnus..... 290  
 Psychoanalysts, The. Havelock Ellis..... 49  
 Putnam Weale, B. L. "The Fight for the Re-  
 public of China."..... 267  
 "Quito to Bogotá." A. C. Veatch..... 606  
 Raemakers at Work. (Chronicle.)..... 663  
 Ravage, M. E. "An American in the Mak-  
 ing." ..... 330  
 Ravenel, Beatrice Witte. Amen. (Poem.).. 555  
 — The Decadentlet. (Poem.)..... 285  
 Readers' Guide to Latest Books..... 104, 215  
 "Rebirth of Russia, The." Isaac F. Marcos-  
 son. .... 483  
 "Rebuilding of Europe, The." David Jayne  
 Hill. .... 286  
 "Reconstruction of Poland and the Near East,  
 The." Herbert Adams Gibbons..... 290  
 Reese, Lizette Woodworth. To Myself.  
 (Poem.) ..... 667  
 Rejected Imagination. (Chronicle.)..... 188  
 "Representative Plays by American Drama-  
 tists." ..... 347  
 "Renaissance and Other Poems." Edna St.  
 Vincent Millay..... 682  
 Revolution Absolute, The. Charles Fergu-  
 son. .... 647  
 Rhodes, James Ford. "History of the Civil  
 War." ..... 592  
 Richardson, Henry Handel. "Maurice  
 Guest." ..... 580  
 — "The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney.".. 580  
 Rihani, Ameen. The Holy Land: Whose to  
 Have and to Hold..... 7  
 Rittenhouse, Jessie B. Contemporary Poetry.  
 438, 575. 678  
 Rivenburgh, Eleanor. Stevenson in Hawaii.  
 (Illustrated.) ..... 113, 295, 452  
 Rives, Hallie Erminie. "The Long Lane's  
 Turning." ..... 98  
 Robinson, Luther E. On Politics and History. 267  
 — The Civil War and After..... 592  
 Rodin, A Good Book On, (Chronicle.)..... 662  
 Rodin, Auguste. Jules Bois..... 523  
 Rogers, Lindsay. "America's Case Against  
 Germany." ..... 289  
 "Romance of the Romanoffs, The." Joseph  
 McCabe. .... 484  
 Romanoff Princess, A. Joseph McCabe..... 154  
 Rothschild, Alonzo. "Honest Abe."..... 594  
 Ruck, Berta. "Miss Million's Maid."..... 693  
 "Russia in 1916." Stephen Graham..... 482  
 Russia in Revolution. (Chronicle.)..... 74  
 "Russia of Yesterday and To-morrow." Bar-  
 oness Souiny..... 483  
 "Russian Court Memoris, 1914—1916."..... 482  
 "Russian Memoirs." Mme. Olga Novikoff... 483  
 "Russian Poets and Poems, 'Classics' and  
 Moderns." Mme. N. Jarintzov..... 485  
 "Russian Revolution, The." Isak Don Le-  
 vine. .... 483  
 "Russians: An Interpretation, The." Richard-  
 son Wright..... 482  
 Sabatini, Rafael. "The Snare."..... 206  
 "Sacrifice and Other Plays." Sir Rabindra-  
 nath Tagore..... 349  
 Salter, William M. "Nietzsche the Thinker." 290  
 Saltykov, Mikhail Y. "A Family of Noble-  
 men." ..... 485  
 Scarborough, Dorothy. "The Supernatural in  
 Modern English Fiction."..... 611  
 Schierbrand, Wolf von. "Austria-Hungary.".. 726  
 Schinz, Albert. About France..... 292  
 — Science and Learning in France..... 445  
 Science and Learning in France. Albert  
 Schinz. .... 445  
 Scollard, Clinton. "Elegy in Autumn."..... 682  
 — "Lyrics from a Library."..... 683  
 — My Library. (Poem.)..... 540  
 "Second Fiddle, The." Phyllis Bottome.... 491  
 "Secret Bread." F. Tennyson Jesse..... 486  
 "Secrets of Arctic Travel." Rear Admiral  
 Robert E. Peary..... 334  
 "Sense of the Past, The." Henry James.... 690  
 "Sentiment." Vincent O'Sullivan..... 693  
 "Seth Way." Caroline Dale Owen..... 602  
 Sherman (Professor). His "Humanism."  
 (Chronicle.) ..... 656  
 Sherman (Professor). Literary Critic.  
 (Chronicle.) ..... 655  
 "Shield, The." ..... 484  
 "Shining Heights, The." I. A. R. Wylie.... 694  
 "Short History of England, A." G. K. Ches-  
 terton. .... 270  
 Short Story in America, The. (Chronicle.).. 187  
 Showman, Grant. The Professor and the  
 Garden. .... 310  
 — The Professor Recovers..... 385  
 Snap-Shots of American Authors. (Poem.)  
 Richard Butler Glaenzer..... 579  
 Snap-Shots of American Novelists. (Poem.)  
 Richard Butler Glaenzer..... 28, 66, 169  
 Snap-Shots of English Authors: G.K.C.  
 (Poem.) Richard Butler Glaenzer..... 164  
 Snap-Shots of Foreign Authors: Loti.  
 (Poem.) Richard Butler Glaenzer..... 695  
 "Snare, The." Rafael Sabatini..... 206

- Some Art Books of the Year. Richard Burton. . . . . 477
- Some Conductors and Their Batons. (Illustrated.) Frederic Dean. . . . . 585
- "Some Imagist Poets." . . . . . 439
- Some Memories and an Impression. Frances Evelyn Warwick. . . . . 561
- Some Recent Books of War Adventure. C. M. Francis. . . . . 450
- Some Stories of the Month. H. W. Boynton. . . . . 93, 205
- Some Truths and More Surmises About Women. Edna Kenton. . . . . 343
- Song for the New Crusade. (Poem.) Glenn Ward Dresbach. . . . . 142
- "Sonia: Between Two Worlds." Stephen McKenna. . . . . 205
- "Son of the Middle Border, A." Hamlin Garland. . . . . 327
- "Sorry Tale," and Other Books in Perspective. . . . . 350
- "Sorry Tales, The." Patience Worth. . . . . 350
- Souiny, Baroness. "Russia of Yesterday and To-morrow." . . . . 483
- "Soul of a Bishop, The." H. G. Wells. . . . . 353
- South American Literature for 1917. Thomas Walsh. . . . . 605
- "South American Tour, The." Annie M. Peck. . . . . 605
- Sower Who Reaped the Sea, The. (Poem.) Glenn Ward Dresbach. . . . . 67
- Speaking of Russia. Abraham Yarmolinsky. 149
- Spiritism in England. Robert Mountsier. . . . . 513
- Spiritualism, Good and Bad. (Chronicle). . . . . 72
- Stanton, Stephen Berrien. The Dangers of Democracy. . . . . 29
- Stevenson in Hawaii. (Illustrated.) Eleanor Rivenburgh. . . . . 113, 295, 452
- Stoddard, T. Lothrop. "Present-Day Europe." . . . . 289
- Stork, Charles Wharton. To a Bibliophile. (Poem.) . . . . . 706
- Street, Julian. "American Adventures." . . . . 335
- Stroll Through the Fair of Fiction, A. H. W. Boynton. . . . . 337
- Strong, Theron G. "Joseph H. Choate." . . . . 328
- "Substance of Gothic, The." Ralph Adams Cram. . . . . 477
- Suffrage Argument, A. (Chronicle). . . . . 551
- Sullivan, Alan. "The Inner Door." . . . . 97
- "Summer." Edith Wharton. . . . . 93
- "Supernatural in Modern English Fiction, The." Dorothy Scarborough. . . . . 611
- Tagore, Sir Rabindranath. "Nationalism." . . . . 290
- "Sacrifice and Other Plays." . . . . 349
- Tarbell, Ida M. "The Life of Abraham Lincoln." . . . . 326
- Tassin, Algernon. The Little Theatre an Open Door? . . . . . 346
- Teasdale, Sara. "Love Songs." . . . . 441
- "The Answering Voice." . . . . 441
- Teuton Efficiency. (Chronicle). . . . . 660
- Théâtre Du Vieux Colombier, Le. Clayton Hamilton. . . . . 534
- Theological Heroes. (Chronicle). . . . . 400
- "These Many Years." Brander Matthews. . . . . 357
- They Are Now "Crumps." (Chronicle). . . . . 554
- "Three Black Pennys, The." Joseph Hergesheimer. . . . . 487
- Three Books of the Month. . . . . 609, 723
- "Three's a Crowd." William Caine. . . . . 692
- "Three Welsh Plays." Jeannette Marks. . . . . 349
- Thurston, Carl H. P. A Legislated Peace. . . . . 1
- Is the Pen Swifter Than the Sword? . . . . . 286
- To a Bibliophile. (Poem.) Charles Wharton Stork. . . . . 706
- To Butterfly. (Poem.) . . . . . 47
- To Hasten Peace. (Chronicle). . . . . 393
- Tompkins, Ellen Wilkins. "The Enlightenment of Paulina." . . . . 691
- To Myself. (Poem.) Lizette Woodworth Reese. . . . . 667
- To Penetrate the German Morale. (Chronicle.) . . . . . 393
- "Tortoise, The." E. F. Benson. . . . . 491
- Train, Arthur. "The World and Thomas Kelly." . . . . 602
- Travel in War Time. Arthur M. Chase. . . . . 334
- "Trelgars, The." Mary Fisher. . . . . 209
- "Trip to Lotus Land, A." Archie Bell. . . . . 335
- "Triumph, The." Will N. Harben. . . . . 207
- "Turkey, Greece and the Great Powers." G. F. Abbott. . . . . 289
- Twenty Stars to Match His Face. (Poem.) . . . . . 427
- "Twilight of the Souls, The." Louis Couperus. . . . . 489
- Two Plays for Grown-Ups. Clayton Hamilton. . . . . 473
- Two Reviews of the Month. . . . . 89
- Tyutchev, Fyodor. Dreams. (Poem.) . . . . . 77
- "Uncollected Letters of Abraham Lincoln." . . . . 595
- "Unconquered." Maud Diver. . . . . 694
- Unhampered Imagination. (Chronicle). . . . . 187
- University Militant, The. Charles Ferguson. 369
- "Unseen Host and Other War Plays, The." Percival Wilde. . . . . 349
- "Vagabonding Down the Andes." Harry A. Franck. . . . . 334
- Vanished Cathedrals of France. (Chronicle.) 402
- Veatch, A. C. "Quito to Bogotá." . . . . 605
- Veblen, Thorstein. "An Inquiry into the Nature of Peace." . . . . 287
- Verrill, A. Hyatt. "The Book of the West Indies." . . . . 335
- "Victorious Faith, The." Horatio W. Dresser. . . . . 290
- "Voice in the Silence, The." Thomas S. Jones, Jr. . . . . 443
- Wagner, Frau Cosima. (Illustrated.) Archie Bell. . . . . 78
- Walcott, John. For the Young and Less Young. . . . . 493
- Waldstein, Sir Charles. "Aristodemocracy. From the Great War Back to Moses, Christ, and Plato." . . . . 290
- Wallace, David D. "The Government of England." . . . . 270
- Walpole, Hugh. "The Green Mirror." . . . . 598
- Walsh, Thomas. South American Literature for 1917. . . . . 605
- Walton, Sydney. Charles Lamb on the Crown Prince. . . . . 308

- "War and Humanity, The." James M. Beck. 289  
 War and Religion. Abram S. Isaacs. . . . . 381  
 War-Cries. (Poem translation.) . . . . . 554  
 Ward, Mrs. Humphry. 'Missing.' . . . . 599  
 Warwick, Countess of. "A Woman and the War." . . . . 344  
 Warwick, Frances Evelyn. (Countess of Warwick.) Kingship in the Balance. . . . . 246  
 — The Ex-Czarina. . . . . 561  
 — We Must Go. . . . . 143  
 Washington Square. (Illustrated.) James L. Ford. . . . . 18  
 Watson, Lucia Norwood. At Mass for the Soul of Sister Helena. (Poem.) . . . . 146  
 Wawn, F. T. "The Joyful Years." . . . . 96  
 "Way of Martha and the Way of Mary, The." Stephen Graham. . . . . 482  
 "We Can't Have Everything." Rupert Hughes. . . . . 210  
 Wells, H. G. "The Soul of a Bishop." . . . . 353  
 Wellsian Pastime, A. (Chronicle.) . . . . 185  
 Wells (Mr.) and Bishops. (Chronicle.) . . . . 399  
 We Must Face It. (Chronicle.) . . . . 181  
 We Must Go. Frances Evelyn Warwick. . . . 143  
 Wet Woods, The. (Poem.) . . . . 280  
 Wharton, Edith. "Summer." . . . . 93  
 "Wheels and Pinions." Blanche Colton Williams. . . . . 317  
 When Rosita Renard Plays. (Illustrated.) Frederic Dean. . . . . 462  
 Whitman, (Walt) Personal Memories of. (Illustrated.) Alma Calder Johnston. . . . 404  
 Whitton, Major F. E. "The Marne Campaign." . . . . 289  
 "Who Can Be Happy and Free in Russia?" Nicholas Nekrassov. . . . . 485  
 Wiers-Jenssen, H. "Anne Pedersdotter." . . . 349  
 Wilde, Percival. The Unseen Host and Other War Plays." . . . . 349  
 Williams, Blanche Colton. "A Handbook on Story-Writing." . . . . 612  
 — The Mastery of Surprise. . . . . 165  
 — "Wheels and Pinions." . . . . 317  
 "William the Second." S. C. Hammer. . . . 290  
 "Will to Freedom, The." John Neville Figgis. 290  
 "Wilson and the Issues." George Creel. . . . 204  
 Wilson (President) in Contemporary Critique. Luther E. Robinson. . . . . 201  
 Wise Virgins, And. (Chronicle.) . . . . 657  
 "Witness, The." Grace L. H. Lutz. . . . . 601  
 "Woman and the War, A." Countess of Warwick. . . . . 344  
 Women and National Defence. Louise Maunsell Field. . . . . 557  
 "Women and Work." Helen Bennett. . . . . 345  
 Women of Germany, The. Gertrude Atherton  
 "Woodrow Wilson as President." E. C. Brooks. . . . . 204  
 "Woodrow Wilson, the Man and His Work." Henry Jones Ford. . . . . 203  
 "World and Thomas Kelly, The." Arthur Train. . . . . 602  
 "World in Ferment, A." Nicholas Murray Butler. . . . . 289  
 World Organised, A. (Chronicle.) . . . . 393  
 World Parliament, A. (Chronicle.) . . . . 69  
 Worth, Patience (Mrs. John H. Curran.) "The Sorry Tale." . . . . 350  
 Wright, Richardson. "The Russians: An Interpretation." . . . . 482  
 Wylie, I. A. R. "The Shining Heights." . . . 694  
 Yarmolinsky, Abraham. Exploring Russia. . . 481  
 — Speaking of Russia. . . . . 149  
 "Your National Parks." Enos A. Mills. . . . 213  
 "Zella Sees Herself." E. M. Delafield. . . . 490

## PART II.—INDEX TO ILLUSTRATIONS

- "Among Us Mortals." . . . . 547  
 Anderson, Mrs. Larz. . . . . 189  
 Arden, Cecil. . . . . 261  
 Asch, Sholom. . . . . 663  
 Atherton, Gertrude. . . . . 402  
 Babcock, Edwin Stanton. . . . . 697  
 Beck, James M. . . . . 257  
 "Belmont," Paul Kester's Home. . . . . 76  
 Brubaker, Howard. (Brevities—October.) . . . 697  
 Burt, Maxwell Struthers. . . . . 697  
 Bynner, Witter. (Brevities—December.) . . . 591  
 Campanini, Cleofonte. . . . . 591  
 Cantu, Colonel Esteban. . . . . 24  
 Carson, Norma Bright. . . . . 551  
 Cobb, Irwin S. . . . . 698  
 Conrad, Joseph. . . . . 658  
 "Conscript 2989." . . . . 661  
 "Crumps" What's the Use? . . . . . 355  
 Damrosch, Walter. . . . . 585  
 Dwight, H. G. . . . . 669  
 Ficke, Arthur Davison. (Brevities—December). . . . . 700  
 Frank, Waldo. . . . . 263  
 Galli-Curci, Amelita. . . . . 550  
 Garland Homestead, West Salem, Wisconsin. 403  
 Gibson, Hugh. . . . . 701  
 Glaspell, Susan. . . . . 189  
 Greene, Captain Frederick Stuart. . . . . 257  
 Hamilton, Clayton. . . . . 702  
 Hartman, Lee Foster. . . . . 659  
 Houghteling, Captain James L., Jr. . . . . 77  
 Kester, Paul. . . . . 703  
 Kline, Burton. . . . . 664  
 Kync, Captain Peter B. . . . . 74  
 "Land of His Fathers, The." (Chronicle) . . . 703  
 Lewis, Addison. . . . . 401  
 Lincoln, Abraham. . . . . 79  
 Liszt, Franz. . . . . 549  
 "Loiterer in New York, A." . . . . 587  
 Lubimova, Tamara. . . . . 587



McCutcheon, George Barr.....	190	Synon, Mary.....	704
Monteux, Pierre.....	590	Tarkington, Booth.....	259
Morley, Christopher.....	657	Teasdale, Sara (Mrs. E. B. Filsinger.)	
Peterson, May.....	264	(Brevities—September.)	
Pinski, David.....	662	Wagner, Frau Cosima.....	79
Renard, Rosita.....	463	Washington Square.....	19-22
Service, Robert W. (Brevities—November)..		Wheeler, Mrs. Post.....	661
Some Conductors and Their Batons.....	585-591	Wheeler, Post.....	661
Steele, Wilbur Daniel.....	704	White, Major Stewart Edward.....	664
Stevenson in Hawaii.....	113-123, 297-304, 457-460	Whitman (Walt) Personal Memories of..	405-408
Stransky, Josef.....	589	Widdemer, Margaret. (Brevities—December).	

# THE BOOKMAN

*A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE*

SEPTEMBER, 1917

## A LEGISLATED PEACE

BY CARL H. P. THURSTON

### I

OUR allies, with the notable exception of Russia, seem to have determined that there shall be no peace until it can be dictated to a thoroughly defeated Germany; and a campaign to win our allegiance to this programme is being carried on with great energy. To our surface emotions it makes a strong appeal. We want to "lick" Germany because we are filled with righteous indignation at her crimes, and we want to "win the war" decisively because we cannot help thinking of it as a sublime game in which a tie would be almost as discreditable as a defeat. Yet deeper than these, and more powerful than either, is our desire to put an end to war forever; and it is this that will determine our ultimate policy.

From this point of view there are three fundamental objections to the proposed plan:

First, it provides too fertile a soil for the absurd superstition that when Germany has once been crushed war will automatically vanish from the surface of the earth. Under the spell of this belief, ably invoked by those dark forces which are working in every nation for the preservation of war, we shall undoubtedly fail to take adequate

precautions against future appeals to arms by other nations.

Second, any terms which would satisfy a triumphantly victorious coalition would fill Germany and her allies with such bitter resentment that a war for revenge would be inevitable within a generation. The deposition of the Hohenzollerns would be particularly dangerous.

Third, no one has yet proposed any measures, short of the total extermination of the race, which would make it definitely impossible for Germany to make war once more if the will to war remained. We are asked to have a blind faith in the virtue of a military triumph.

Remembering also that this is the costliest of all possible plans, for it would unite every German, Liberal as well as Conservative, in a determination to fight to the last mark and the last drop of blood rather than deliver his Fatherland to the tender mercies of its enemies, it would seem advisable to give the alternatives a more serious consideration than our war party has yet permitted.

### II

The favourite remedy of diplomats in whose hands a troublesome war has been placed for treatment is the negotiated

peace. By a delicate adjustment of boundaries, fortresses, colonies, spheres of influence, and indemnities they satisfy national aspirations, smooth down ruffled dignities and restore for the time being that precarious state of equilibrium which we call peace. But at best it is only a makeshift, a temporary sop to the dogs of war. The pangs of land-hunger arise once more, grievances accumulate, and the world discovers that its peace conference has after all done nothing to keep it from tumbling helplessly into another war.

But this most stupendous of wars has outgrown, or is at least in the process of outgrowing, the negotiated peace, just as it has outgrown most of the other apparatus which it inherited from the past: weapons, uniforms, tactics, generals, cabinets, kings and czars, constitutions, and even human liberties. It is not merely that a larger proportion of the *intelligentsia* than ever before has determined that the peace which ends this conflict must be as durable a peace as the human mind can construct—that alone would not be enough. But beneath that lies the intense and widespread passion that has persistently hailed this war as first of all a war for principle. It has not been the war for England, or for Italy, or for Russia, or even for France, but the war for the little nations, the war to end war, the war for civilisation, and the war for democracy. The idealism of the people will never permit it to end in a sordid trading across a mahogany table.

To this determination the idea of a dictated peace makes a certain appeal. It is able to pose as a peace based firmly on principle—the principle of nationality, the safety of the little nations, restitution, reparation, and guarantees, and all that. But however noble the principles evoked to grace a dictated peace, their practical application is always so ludicrously one-sided that they are soon degraded to the rank of pretexts. The Trentino is made over to Italy because it is inhabited by Italians, but the Germans in Alsace-Lorraine are blandly ig-

nored. These troublesome provinces are returned to France because their seizure in 1871 was a wicked act of aggression; but Egypt, Tripoli, Morocco, Macedonia and Gibraltar remain where they are. Bohemia is freed from Austria and Poland from Prussia, but Ireland has to be content with one more promise of home rule. When the diplomats have finished applying the fine phrases of the nation to the map they retain about as much resemblance to principles as might has to right. To many people in this country this fact is very obvious, and it is the chief source of their unwillingness to fight the war to a finish.

Beneath the passion for principle still another force is working against peace by negotiation, unconscious and inarticulate perhaps, but mighty. Never before has the burden of war—taxes, suffering and death—rested so heavily on so many of the plain people, the people to whom a son or a husband or a brother means much more than some distant strip of land. Never before have so many peoples been united in a single cause, or has a common sympathy been so widespread. There is a growing tendency to think oftener of the common woes of humanity than of the isolated grievances of states. A distrust of statesmen and a suspicion of diplomats is abroad; the people want no more "delicate negotiations" and no more "crises." The conservatism of the peasant and the farmer is reaching out toward a more stable world. Whether these forces or the old forces of a narrow nationalism will prevail no one can say, but it is significant that in the only land in which government has sprung fresh from the people and is not yet crusted over with tradition, the cry of "No annexations, no indemnities, and the free development of all nations" has gone out to the world. There is a contagion in these words which will be hard to combat.

### III

The Russian formula has one great merit which has thus far received too

little attention; it attacks war, as I shall try to show later, in its most vulnerable spot. But it is much too simple for this complicated world. If war is to be done away with, an intricate mechanism must be set up in its place to arrange peacefully all those changes which are implied in a phrase like "the free development of nations." Territory will have to change hands occasionally, rights will have to be enforced and wrongs punished, conflicting policies will have to be reconciled. The three fundamental principles of the Russian declaration must be expanded into a network of practical laws; and in all this specialists in the art of government must play a large part. They should be forced to work, perhaps, in connection with men whose function might be compared to that of the tribunes of the people; but we cannot hope to secure world peace by mere acclamation. It must be laboriously worked out in convention.

We come, in short, to the notion of peace by legislation as the natural goal toward which our hopes are tending.

Just here we touch conservatism in its most sensitive spot; the theory of the sovereignty of the state plays the same part in our politics that the theory of the divine right of kings did in an earlier age. At the sound of the word "legislation" every statesman will promptly exclaim that no nation could ever agree to be bound by a council of representatives from all the nations; that no patriotic citizen would submit for a moment to such dictation. Few of the liberal-minded men who have organised the leagues to enforce peace in England and America have ventured to hope that the world was ready for a world parliament.

But the notion of peace by legislation does not necessarily involve the creation of a permanent world parliament and the destruction of the old idea of sovereignty. It is very flexible, and can expand or contract as circumstances demand. It would demand nothing at first but an agreement among the bel-

ligerents that instead of trying to dicker and compromise until they had achieved peace they would try to evolve certain principles by which all the questions in dispute might be resolved, and that these principles should be held valid for the future as well as for the present. If the conferees should find, after discussion among themselves and consultation with their governments, that they could go even farther than this, why so much the better; but no government would be asked at first to commit itself to more than this. The suggestions which follow later are only an indication of what might be hoped for under favorable conditions.

To the mere outsider conditions do seem unusually favourable. For three years we have been engaged in battering the extreme theory of state sovereignty that flourishes in Prussia; and it would seem that some of our blows must have recoiled on our own theories and weakened their defences to a considerable extent. They had already begun to show the effects of the growth of the civilised world during the past century toward homogeneity and interdependence. As far back as 1815 the Congress of Vienna laid down certain principles for the control of navigation on international rivers and they were generally accepted as binding on all nations. Since then commerce and transportation have shown such a thoughtless disregard of national boundary lines that international regulation has become necessary in one field after another; and it has nearly always infringed on the free and independent sovereignty of the separate states. The postal service to foreign countries, telegraphs, wireless, quarantines and other questions of public health, railways, monetary systems, weights and measures, and a multitude of lesser interests have all been regulated by commissions which had power to bind the participating governments. Maritime law and labour legislation have been unified through the work of international committees; and we have an international copyright and an inter-

national registry of trade-marks. The conferences at The Hague have tended in the same direction, even though the Powers have not yet consented to be bound by their results until they have officially accepted them.

Our Mexican troubles and our patience in the face of the German submarine campaign have shown that in this country, at least, hair-trigger patriotism has lost its popularity. We have seen already that in the rest of the world patriotism alone has proved insufficient as an inspiration to battle. And in the last of the many war cries which have been brought in to supplement it, "the war for democracy," there is still further hope. If the world has really begun to care enough for democracy to fight for it, is it too much to expect that it will be willing to trust it a little further than ever before? to experiment a little more boldly with an international democracy? Again, after having sacrificed millions of lives and billions of dollars in a war to end war, could we be genuinely unwilling to add to these in order that they might not have been offered altogether in vain, the sacrifice to a world parliament of some small fragment of our right of local self-government? Would it be so much harder for an American to submit occasionally to the decision of a majority of Englishmen, Frenchmen and Italians in some purely international question than for a Republican to submit a hundred times as often to a Democratic majority in city, state and nation?

Yet there does exist an antagonism to the idea, and about it one curious fact should be noted. In recent years few men have been willing to admit that they themselves would find the tyranny of a world parliament unendurable. Most of us think our own particular selves too enlightened for that. It is always "the state," or "no true patriot," or "the plain people," or "the government," or "our interests," or some other remote abstraction to which these intractable sentiments are attributed. We

are simply dealing with one more of those political bubbles which were blown in an age of autocracy and national isolation and have little relation to the present era. If it has not yet been punctured it is chiefly because it has drifted off into an ethereal altitude at which it cannot easily be reached.

#### IV

Peace by legislation has a further advantage over both the traditional types of peace. Its machinery could be set in motion at once, without waiting for the end of the war; for its terms would not depend on the magnitude of our military victory, but on the eternal principles of justice and the nature of men and states. The very existence of its convention would be the strongest safeguard we could devise against the efforts of our own reactionaries to convert this into a war for conquest and revenge, and the most powerful weapon we could forge against the reactionaries in Germany, who are able to control the people only by making them believe that we are already waging a war for conquest and for conquest only. The troublesome question of sovereignty, as I have said, would not have to be dealt with at the beginning. The argument that we need all our energies and all our brain power to defeat Germany and have none to spare for peace need not be taken seriously.

A certain element, filled with the self-righteousness that has been the chief by-product of the war, would assert that only the belligerent Allies were morally fit to legislate for the world, and that the Central Powers must be excluded from the convention. Others would wish to include Austria, Turkey and Bulgaria, but bar Germany. A practical majority, however, would probably decide that it was better to risk the possibility that the Teuton delegates might corrupt the rest of the world than to reject their views without a hearing. And their presence there at all, whatever their political colour, would be a

powerful lever in the hands of German and Austrian Liberals.

The question of the relative voting power to be given to the Great Powers and to the smaller states, which has caused so much bickering at other international conferences and has been such an obstacle to concerted action, could now be disposed of quite simply. The smaller belligerents have already grown accustomed to having their fate settled quite arbitrarily by their more powerful allies, and they would be thankful for whatever representation might be accorded them. The states that are still neutral might be invited to participate in the convention if they were willing to accept the representation allotted to them. It would be desirable to make the terms liberal enough to attract a good majority of them, for the success of peace by legislation would depend, from every point of view, on its universality.

The method of choosing delegates might profitably be left to the separate states. The same causes which have produced coalition cabinets would probably assure representation for every important group within each nation.

The Hague would have first claim to be the place of meeting for the convention.

## V

The sudden development of the art of aviation in the last dozen years has made us all more cautious in the use of the word "impractical." And the idea of the World State, although its larval, worm-like, or contemptible stage, has been many centuries shorter than that of the art of flying, has already reached a more advanced state than the latter could boast of fifteen years ago. Many people already believe that it will come within a few generations at the most. Not a few dare to hope that we are already on the verge of it.

Is it too much to imagine our convention to legislate peace being allowed to report two alternative plans to its governments, a timid one and a bold one—if it is still too Utopian to expect it

to present the bold one alone? The timid one would probably provide for a plebiscite of the inhabitants of any disputed territory, such as Alsace-Lorraine, promise certain liberties to racial minorities throughout the world, reduce armaments, forbid discriminatory tariffs, provide for free access to the sea for all nations, regulate commerce in all undeveloped countries, and provide some means of international reparation for citizens who have just claims against a foreign state. There would also be some indemnities for claims growing out of this war. It would try to discourage war in the future by organising the world into some form of the League to Agree to Arbitrate.

The bold plan would write, "War must go!" at the top of the page and subordinate everything else to that one end. Instead of merely piling up obstacles in the way of any nation that found itself in a belligerent mood, in the hope that before they were removed the people would have cooled off sufficiently to accept some peaceful solution, it would go to the root of the matter and starve out war by rendering it unprofitable. "Go to war as often as you like," it would say to quarrelsome and ambitious nations, "but remember that we, the rest of the world, will not permit you to gain anything by it. If you seize territory we shall take it away from you. If you collect an indemnity, we shall force you to return it. If you destroy a city, you must rebuild it." For the sake of a clean start and to show good faith, the belligerent nations would give up annexations and indemnities. They would admit that even though Germany had started the war their own inertia in failing to organise the world sooner was largely responsible, and they would not ask for damages. Belgium, of course, would get an indemnity, for her case *had* been provided for; and there might be a few other claims based on the violation of well-established law. But for the most part they would take their medicine.

An international police would be set

up to enforce these rules. An international police does not seem so impractical as it did before all the races of the world had fought side by side for three years and more in France and Flanders. Quartering a certain percentage of the troops of each nation in foreign lands would make them readily accessible for service wherever they might be needed. Each nation would agree to furnish additional quotas whenever they might be needed.

It would be frankly recognised that adjustments of territory, colonies, markets, tariffs and immigration laws, which have always in the past been accomplished by war, will still be necessary. The principles suggested in the other plan for the settlement of the questions arising out of this war would be accepted as the basis for the settlement of future disputes, and others would be added from time to time as the world demanded them. Courts would be set up to which cases based on these rules and on the common body of international law might be referred. Councils of conciliation and arbitration commissions would attempt to find satisfactory solutions of the cases which the law did not cover. Decisions according to law would be enforced; acceptance of arbitration would be voluntary. There would be some form of permanent executive.

## VI

In former times it would have been in order to speak of the immense difficulties involved in the organisation of such a project, but now it would only be a mark of disrespect to our allies. The erection of the administrative structure of a world state would hardly be worth mentioning beside their achievements of the past three years. The only obstacles that demand serious consideration are the sentimental ones, and the best way to determine their strength is to give the plan a trial. Three years ago anyone who prophesied that both England and America would adopt conscription would have been

laughed into silence, but it has been done, and done successfully. If the idea of the world state seemed worth while it could unquestionably be "put over" within a few years, and without asking for more than five per cent. of the annual cost of the war as an advertising appropriation.

If the idea were fundamentally unsound, the most lavish use of books, newspapers, billboards, speeches, celebrations, monuments, parades and moving pictures would fail to make it popular. But it is only an extension of the basis of all civilised life, the doctrine that title to property shall never pass from one hand to another by extortion, but only by contract or due process of law. It offers a greater security to each nation than an enforced appeal to arbitration; and its vigorous, constructive programme makes a stronger appeal to individual loyalty as well. Even if it should break down, the arbitration scheme could be held in reserve as a second line of defence against revolution or civil war. And neither of these bogies is alarming enough to deter us. We are too well aware that if we take no precautions at all we shall have to face them anyway, under another name.

The vital question is, How would it affect Germany? The auspices are all favourable. We know that a majority of the German people are, by nature, lovers of peace. Whatever their attitude toward treaties, it has become second nature to them to respect and obey a law. We know from England's reception when she entered the war how little stomach they have for actually facing the whole world on the field of battle. Those who have followed the debates in the Reichstag before this war know how necessary it was to appeal to fear of Russian imperialism and French *revanche* to secure appropriations for a large military establishment. With nothing more to fear on any side, and with a tremendous national debt on their hands, it would be difficult for the most supreme war lords to keep the martial

spirit alive. The pan-Germans themselves are not all Thors, Chamberlains and Bernhardis. Many would turn with relief to the new peaceful methods of fulfilling their national aspirations. And when the German troops have returned from their long years in the trenches, and the frontiers are once more opened, the censorship abolished, and the cohesive force of war removed, William

II. and his adherents will have to face a fiercer opposition and a sterner questioning than the history of the Hohenzollerns has yet recorded. Whatever freedom the German people succeed in gaining for themselves will be worth twice as much to the world as an unlimited amount of democracy forced upon them. The goose-step is out of place on the path to Liberty.

## THE HOLY LAND : WHOSE TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

BY AMEEN RIHANI

THE Holy Land is the home to-day of the Mohammedan, the Christian and the Jew, to mention them in the order of population. And never in its history has the problem of Who Shall Rule the Country been solved to the satisfaction of all the people that are historically, racially and religiously related to it. The Romans solved it to the satisfaction of Rome; the Arabs solved it to the satisfaction of Islam; the Crusades solved it partly to the satisfaction of Christendom; the Turks solved it according to the will and pleasure of the Padishah; but in every instance, from our modern point of view, the sword of conquest ultimately failed. Nor did European diplomacy, which complacently tolerated the Turk for four long centuries, succeed in finding any better solution than that which engendered the Eastern Question and the capitulation scheme. And now that the Turks have abolished the capitulations and are at war with civilisation itself, one of the great Powers of Christian Europe is trying again, both by diplomacy and the sword, to cut the Gordian Knot of Palestine. I did not mention the Jews, who had no chance whatever in the past and who would solve the problem to-day by Zionism and agricultural projects. Of

course a temporary solution is possible again any time either by conquest or purchase or diplomacy. The Jews have the money to buy the Holy Land; England has the men to conquer it; Italy or France, through diplomatic bargainings and precarious political combinations, may acquire control of the country. But any of these solutions, as history proves, has no permanent value, is only a repetition of past experiments that succeeded only in further complicating the problem. And in the light of modern civilisation the world has a right to demand and to expect a better, a broader, a more just and permanent solution.

Who is to Have and to Hold the Holy Land? postulates the question: Who is to be the future arbiter of its destinies, the recognised head of its people?—recognised not only by the Christian world, but also by the Mohammedans and the Jews. In other words, Who is to be the master ruler and builder of the people and the land? To be sure, no Christian Power to-day, in its aspirations to annex Palestine to its dominions, is in any way actuated by the ancient crusading spirit. There may be a leaven of religious sentiment at the heart of its strivings, but religious fanaticism, religious madness, is dead. On the



other hand, the Holy Land is not attractive enough commercially, agriculturally or economically to engage the interest of the least Chauvinistic of the champions in Europe of the policy of conquest and expansion. Why, then, should it continue to be so coveted and desired? For there is no doubt that any of the great Powers of Europe, at any other time but this, were the question, Who Shall Have Absolute Control of Palestine? opened for discussion and final settlement, would draw the sword for it. An insignificant spot like Akaba, once almost precipitated a war between England and Turkey. And last March the English troops might have taken Gaza and marched into Jerusalem were it not for one of England's allies; for it is now certain that not for military, but rather mainly for political reasons, did the English expedition halt five miles south of Gaza. Soon after that Mr. Lloyd George went over to one of the coast towns of France, where he met representatives of the French and the Italian governments; and a few days later it was reported in the press that Italian troops were to join the British-Palestine expedition.

There may be a sort of religious motive, a Church motive rather, in Italy's desire to participate in the expedition. In recent years, before the war, Italy has been trying to replace France as the protector of the Near East Christians, and the Vatican encouraged its ambition and supported its claims. To be sure, the Vatican would desire that a Catholic power control the holy places of Christendom. Hence the move that Italy made. But it can hardly be said that England is acting under clerical pressure and guidance in her plan of conquest. England wants Palestine not for itself, but for what there is beyond it—not as an object, but as a means. It is now an open secret that she wants to extend her line of occupation to Haifa to have control of the Hijaz railway and thus keep an eye and a hand on the new Arab kingdom of Hijaz. Moreover, some English statesmen seem to think

that the Power holding Egypt should also acquire Palestine, which otherwise might become a perpetual menace to Egypt's safety. And should England's ambition be opposed by her allies or one or two of them she would likely use the Jews as a means to the accomplishment of her end. A British-Palestine Committee has already been formed in England with a weekly organ *Palestine* "to urge upon the British Government the importance of including Palestine within the British Empire when the peace settlement comes to be made, and of giving every facility and encouragement for the development in Palestine of a Jewish national life."

In other words, England might champion Zionism if Zionism helps her to get Palestine. And if her allies now refuse to let her enter alone into the country, and might in the final settlement of things refuse to let her occupy it, she has Zionism as an argument in her favour; and, availing herself of that famous declaration of the Allies that every people has a right to choose its own government, will say to the objectors: But here are the Jews, who want to establish a Jewish State in Palestine under the protection of England. Napoleon employed the same tactics when he invited the Jews of Africa and Asia to place themselves under his leadership for the purpose of re-establishing ancient Jerusalem. In plain language, *he* wanted Jerusalem, and he would enter the city on the back of the Jews, which the Jews were shrewd enough to see. Now, will England succeed where Napoleon failed? And will the Zionists be satisfied with such a solution of their problem? It is noteworthy that England long cherished this idea of Napoleon, for as far back as 1852 an Englishman published a pamphlet in which he advocated the establishment of a Jewish State, urging it as a matter of great importance to Great Britain for the purpose of safeguarding the overland route to India.

It is the purpose of this article to show that it is neither to the interest

of England nor the Jews nor the world that any one of the great Powers of Europe should occupy Palestine or that the Jews should be allowed to establish there a Zion State. It is not true, in the first place, that England's interests will be compromised or her sovereignty in Egypt threatened if she does not include Palestine in the British Empire. On the contrary, if she installs herself north of the Arab desert, between Syria and Egypt, she will have to face a triple opposition, a triangle, so to speak, of antagonistic forces. For all of these countries, Egypt, Syria and Arabia are, unlike India, close to European anti-British influences and to the intrigues of European combinations opposed to England that will encourage and instigate all sorts of nationalist movements against her. There is already a movement on foot for the promotion of pan-Arabism, and it is not unlikely that the Arabs, the Syrians and the Egyptians will be united in the future in a common cause. As for the Hijaz railway, England can be within reach of it and can ultimately, if necessary, control it, better through Gaza than through Haifa. A branch line can be built straight from Gaza through Petra along the ancient Roman road to join the main line at Ma'an, and this will be a shorter and more convenient branch than that of Haifa, which joins the main line at Dar'a after zig-zagging through the valley of Yarmouk.

It is not really Palestine, as I said, that England wants, but the economic opportunities and transporting facilities that the country affords. And it may be that her supreme interest is not in the Hijaz railway, but in the railway which in the future will connect the Mediterranean with the Persian Gulf, and which will be the shortest route to India, running through either upper or lower Syria. Does England then want Syria, too? It does not seem so to-day, if the high French authorities I have talked with are neither misinformed nor misguided. But she does want the control of an overland route to India;

for she realises that the Bagdad railway will be connected by a branch line at Aleppo with Alexandretta, which seaport is not likely to be under her direct control, and that the industrial and commercial developments of Syria and Mesopotamia will necessitate the construction of a direct line between Damascus and Bagdad, which will eventually reduce the importance of the Suez Canal as the gate and chief highway of the East. Hence her desire to have the control herself of an overland route to the Orient, which necessitates, it will be admitted, the control of one of the eastern Mediterranean ports. This brings us back to Gaza, the possible boundary, after the war, between Egypt and Palestine. And Gaza in the hands of England, with the Tih desert behind it as a bulwark to Egypt and a branch line to Ma'an and thence through Damascus or Aleppo to Bagdad, will safeguard her authority in the Valley of the Nile and give her the key to an overland route to India. If this is too long a route, however, it is possible to construct a railway straight through the desert along the line of 30 degrees latitude, following the ancient caravan route through Jauf to Basra—a railway already contemplated, to be built with British capital and to be under British control. I do not think there will be any objection to this project, since it connects two ports occupied by England and renders unnecessary her occupation of Palestine under Zionist or other pretexts. And if she renounces her plan of occupying Palestine she will, no doubt, advocate the broader principle that none of the great Powers of Europe should have absolute control of the land, and thus she will be helping to solve the problem in a way that is fundamentally just and justly modern—in a more comprehensive, a more permanent and a more liberal manner. A solution based on the recognition of the spiritual and material rights and interests of all the parties concerned is what we want to-day.

For not only the Christian world, but

the Mohammedans and the Jews, all have a claim on Palestine. Jerusalem, it will be recalled, was the proudest of the Khalif Omar's conquests, and to this day it remains to the devout Moslem the third of the three Holy Cities. Ismail is buried there according to Mohammedan tradition, and the Mosque of Omar is one of the famous sanctuaries of Islam. Conquest after conquest followed that of Omar. Abbasides and Fatemites fought over the Holy City and the Land; Seljuk Turks from Khorasan devastated the country; and the Mamluke Bibars saved it from the Mongol hordes of Hulago the destroyer of Bagdad. Tamerlane also visited Palestine, Sultan Selim marched through it to conquer Egypt, Napoleon tried to free it from the Turkish yoke and Mohammed Ali's troops trod the same historic path. The Crusades, I need but mention; but the kingdom of Jerusalem died young and barren. Now the English expedition is within fifty miles of the Holy City. Are the experiments of the past, none of which can be said to have succeeded, to be repeated again? Are we to have another conquest to be followed by another war or another crusade? Modern civilisation says, No. The spirit of Democracy says, No. The chastened conscience of the world says, No! No! Neither England nor Italy, nor any other European Power, should enter Palestine as a conqueror, but as a liberator. Free it by all means of the Turks—break the yoke that Sultan Selim fastened upon the country and the people. The Turks have no more right to remain in Syria and Palestine than they have to remain in Arabia. But the Turk once gone and forever, *inshallah*, who will come to take his place? I did not express myself rightly. For there is not one among the civilised Powers that can or will take the place of the Turk. Who is going to *govern* the country? is the question. Protestant England? The Vatican and the Catholic world will not consent to it. Catholic Italy? The Protestant world will protest. Orthodox Russia? Allowing that the

New Régime will renounce its war policy of "no annexation and no indemnity," both Protestantism and Catholicism will say, No. How can the jealousies and the rivalries of the European Powers be overcome, or at least neutralised? By giving Palestine back to the Arabs—by establishing a successor there of the Khalif Omar? Personally, though a Syrian by birth and Arabic my native language and Young Arabia one of my pet subjects and dreams, I do not think the Arabs ought to be encouraged in extending their sway, at present, any further north than the boundaries of Hijaz, until they prove themselves capable of establishing and maintaining a liberal government, or of emulating, at least, their great ancestors of Cordova and Bagdad. Give them a chance? Yes. And by all means let their independence and national integrity be respected. But the government of Palestine is certainly too big and too difficult a task for them now.

## II

What about the Jews—the Zionists? A question that suggests another; namely, Is Zionism the best solution to the problem of Whose to Have and to Hold the Holy Land? I wish to say at the outset that I have no prejudice whatever against the Jews and that I am, to a certain extent, in sympathy with Zionism. I would even say with Mr. Zangwill: "Give the land without a people to the people without a land" if Palestine were really without a people and if the Jews were really without a land. But in England, in America, in Germany, even in Russia to-day, they are just as much at home as their poor brethren in Palestine. They enjoy equal rights and equal opportunities, to say the least, with the citizens of the countries they have made their own.

Why, then, should the Jews of the world want to be cooped and cribbed in Palestine? I am not certain that they do. And I am not certain, either, that the Jews of America, even the

ultra-Zionist element, would want to establish a Zion State in Palestine under the aegis of England. But I maintain that such a State, whether under the protection of England or any other Power, or even independent in its sovereignty, will not promote the deeper interests of Zionism and will, moreover, prejudice the interests of the Jews outside of Palestine. In the first place, the Jews of to-day are a commercial people and Palestine has no commercial opportunities to tempt even the ghost of a Phœnician. But waive this argument and let us look into the agricultural aspects of Zionism. True, the Jews that established themselves in recent years in Palestine have proven to be excellent colonists compared with the natives whether Syrians or Arabs or Jews. But what agricultural opportunities does Palestine offer, not to a few colonists, but to the Jewish nation that will want to settle there? Strictly speaking, Judea is the home of the ancestors of the Jews. But Judea nowadays does not attract them as settlers, and the few Jewish colonies have thrived only in places like the plain of Sharon and Esdraelon. No colonies have been elsewhere successful. For outside the rocky wilderness of Judea, good only for outlaws and troglodytes, the barren waste of Moab, the salt marshes of the Ghor, the parched land of the Negeb, there is in this, "least of all lands," but the ancient Phœnician coastal plain, the plain of Sharon, beginning at Gaza and disappearing north of Carmel, about a hundred miles long and fifteen wide, and Esdraelon and upper Galilee that are suitable for any extensive agricultural project. This "mere fringe of verdure on the edge of the great desert," this "strip of sown land on the borders of the waste," will barely support to-day a population of 600,000 souls; and in most parts of the country life is impossible except for nomads who wander from place to place and prey upon the settled agricultural population. Because of the lack of security and protection against these Arab raids, people dare not cultivate any crops on the bor-

der of the wilderness, which offers to the raiders the only available refuge in times of drought. And at other times, in fact; for whenever the Bedouin Arabs come in contact with a settled agricultural population, raids are almost inevitable. Excepting upper Galilee and Esdraelon and the plain of Sharon, therefore, nowhere in this stricken and forsaken land of the Prophets is there any place attractive enough for agricultural pursuits or suitable for colonisation.

And this is a condition, whose disadvantages, agricultural and commercial for purposes of Jewish settlement, the leading Zionists themselves realise. Leo Pinsker said, as quoted by Dr. Gottheil in his excellent book on the subject, that the home of Jews need not be in the Holy Land, "but wherever a fitting soil can be found for them." It is the God-idea and the Bible, he argues, that have made Palestine holy, not Jerusalem or the Jordan, and these ideas can be carried by the Jews into any land in which they may settle. To their great leader Theodor Herzl also, Palestine is but one of the various possibilities for Jewish settlement as, for instance, any of the South American republics. It will be recalled, in this connection, that England once offered the Zionists a tract of land in East Africa. But in the form of agreement that was to be entered into between the British Government and the Jewish Colonial Trust, Ltd., for the establishment of a Jewish settlement in East Africa, Herzl laid down certain conditions upon which alone the scheme could be acceptable, chief among which was that "the territory has to be sufficiently extensive to admit an immigration of such a character as should be eventually a material relief to the pressure which to-day exists in Eastern Jewry."

That Palestine, or, strictly speaking, the four or five thousand square miles of cultivated soil therein, is not sufficiently extensive for the purposes of Jewish settlement is realised by Herzl himself and other noted Zionists. There are still more vital objections to the

project. Zionism as an agricultural community in Palestine will clash with the vested interests of the present inhabitants, the Mohammedans and the Christians. Zionism as a spiritual centre of Jewry will reawaken that terrible and pernicious spirit of religious jealousy and prejudice which has been for centuries the mara of the people and the land. "The idea of the settlement of the land of Israel was so closely associated with orthodox tenets," to quote again from Dr. Gottheil's book, "that it may well be said to be a part of the silent creed that usually goes hand in hand with official and doctrinal presentment of the principles of a religion." There is no doubt, therefore, that one of the essential features of Zionism is the establishment of a state based upon Jewish orthodoxy and consequently Jewish sectarianism. They would develop religion at the expense of nationality. Whereas the Syrians of to-day and the up-to-date Mohammedans aspire to something higher than sectarianism, are abandoning religion as a political issue, as a safeguard to nationality, and would, in a word, develop a national spirit even at the expense of religion. In this sense then Zionism is reactionary; for religious nationalism, which has been the curse of the Eastern Christians, and which is at the root of all the past misery and sufferings and degradation of the Near East people, is gradually losing its influence and power.

And is it not a fact which history corroborates and Islam to-day exemplifies, that to introduce religious traditions and beliefs into politics is as pernicious to religion as to the state? And is it not a fact also—a truism really, which nevertheless requires affirmation—that nationality is above religion? The Syrians and the Arabs themselves, Mohammedans and Christians, are beginning to realise this, and the Syrian nationality of to-morrow will embrace all the religious elements and professions of Syria and Palestine. The Syrian Jews, the Syrian Christians, the Syrian Mohammedans, will all be the citizens of

one country, a country that should remain one and indivisible and that will yet, and soon let us hope, enjoy the blessings of a liberal and just government where everyone, Christian, Mohammedan and Jew, will share equally the same rights, religious and political, and the same equality of freedom and protection. And while every people will continue to cherish its own traditions, and to find its highest spiritual expression in its own religion, they will all be brought together in the common bond and under the all-embracing influence of a new-born national faith.

Indeed, we have had enough in the East of political states based on sectarian principles, or even on religious ideals. In them is the root of all social ills, all political evils and all the religious enmities and contentions. We have had enough of them—the world has had enough of them—and it is high time that that stricken land should enjoy the blessings of a higher form of government. Is not Islam a pathetic example of the utter failure of a theocratic state? But even the Mohammedan world these days is undergoing such reforms as will ultimately result in the separation of Islam as a religion from Islam as a political issue, a political bond. It must be remarked also that the Reform Jews advocate a separation between religion and nationality; they find Zionism too orthodox. But the orthodox Jews do not find it sufficiently religious. They respond to the appeal it makes to them in the name of the ancient faith, but the colonising idea, which it puts forth in the name of the ancient home, does not seem to be sufficiently appealing. They object perhaps to the rebuilding of the temple with the revenue of Wine Associations.

In either case Zionism in its religious aspect is not liberal, progressive; it is reactionary. But let it not be supposed that in this view of it we should oppose the aspirations of the Jews for a spiritual and separate nationality, a racial and religious consciousness, which, after all, can be accomplished without going back

to Palestine. On the contrary, a Zion State in Palestine, if it proves to be a success, will gradually become too small for the Jews; and in the process of expansion they will find themselves facing two alternatives, either of which is fraught with danger: they will either have to fight the Arabs or assimilate their culture as a means of commercial and financial exploitation. No one, not even the ultra-Zionist, will suppose that it will be possible for the Jews to impose their own culture upon their Syrian and Arab neighbours. They have not been able to do this in the past; they will not be able to do it at present or in the future. Any attempt in this direction will lead to religious conflicts, and will revive the sinister spectre of religious bigotry and fanaticism.

No, Palestine is not the place for the establishment of an essentially Jewish, a religious state—a theocracy; Palestine is not the place where one of the three monotheistic religions should wield again the sceptre of authority and power. Palestine belongs to the Jews, the Christians and the Mohammedans, is the spiritual heritage of them all. To-day the Mohammedans are in the majority; and if the Jews should succeed in establishing themselves there, the present occupants, the Christians and the Mohammedans, would be forced to emigrate. The Arabs, moreover, would never rest until they get back the land. If they were pushed back into the desert they would become a perpetual menace to the Jewish State, which would be subject more than ever to continuous raids and invasions. And in an armed conflict between the Arab and the Jew, no one doubts who would succumb. The Jews are not a war-like people; commerce and agriculture are the eternal woovers of peace and security. And there will be no peace and security in that stricken and forsaken land if the Zionists and the Arabs are to be neighbours.

Zionism in Palestine would mean eventually Arabism in Palestine; in a word, another theocracy just as narrow and just as bad. And another theocracy

would mean constant European intervention, another crusade perhaps, a reversion, in fact, to the old solution of the problem. Why not solve it now and forever? The world to-day demands and expects a better solution than any of those of the past. Civilisation demands that there shall be no more massacres of Maronites by the Druse, of Jews by the Christians, of Christians by the Mohammedans, of Armenians by the Turks. The civilised world wants some one to keep the peace in Palestine. And Zionism, to be sure, cannot do this as long as there are Arabs in the desert. For the sake of the Jews themselves, therefore, the world should see that Zionism is not established in the Holy Land.

Another consideration, which has not escaped the Zionists themselves: if the Jews are to have a place which they can call their home, their nation, their kingdom, the Jews in other parts of the world, whose financial and commercial interests are such as not to permit them to go back to the Land of Promise, will be exposed from time to time to the dangers of anti-Semitism. You have a home now; why do you not go back to it? Indeed, it will work untold injuries upon the Jews in other countries where they will be recognised, and with justice, as foreigners, aliens, and where they are now enjoying their rights to "Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness." Moreover, those that do not go back to Zion will find themselves hyphenated, so to speak, in their adopted countries and their citizenship will be questioned. It might be even repudiated should ever the interests of the Zion State clash with the interests of the countries in which they live. And whenever there is trouble between them and their neighbours the Zionists will be tempted to utilise their foreign asset in seeking to enlist in their favour the sympathy and support of the government of their American, for instance, or their English brethren. The Arabs, too, will find plenty of designing European statesmen to espouse their cause. The result:

How about Shomrim

A constant howl for help from the Holy Land. The moral: Keep the Arab and the Jew at a safe distance from each other. Zionism in Palestine, I repeat, will mean eventually Arabism, nay, Islam, in Palestine. The new King of Hijaz, or his successor, with a united Arabia behind him, in spite of England's watch-dogs and restriction treaties, will march northward and enter, as the Khalif Omar, the Holy City. Is it not right, wise and just, therefore, to insist that no theocracy, Jewish, Mohammedan or Christian, should be set up again in Palestine? Surely the peace of the world demands this: the interests of the world, the progress of the world, depend, in a measure, upon it. And neither a successor of King Solomon nor of Omar the Righteous nor of Godefroy de Bouillon do we want again in the Holy Land.

If none of the great European Powers should occupy it and if the Zionists should not be permitted to establish there a Jewish State, who, then, shall be the ruler and benign genius of the land? It would be a boon to the country and to the world if Europe and America, in a disinterested and idealistic spirit, could give Palestine to-day a man that will rightly and justly be a successor to the three historic worthies I have named—to Solomon, Godefroy and Omar: a man that will place the Holy Land on the holier ground of liberty, equality and progress; a man that will accord the Mohammedans, the Christians and the

Jews equal rights, equal protection and equal religious freedom; a great man of these times who will not need to play one race against another, or one sect against another; who will not hold the interests of the country subservient to the interests of his home government; who will have at his command a well-organised army to keep peace in the land and around it, as well as among the Christian sects that still fight over the Sepulchre; who will establish a system of education that will have for its supreme purpose the welding together of the various religious elements in a common national bond; who will render safe and attractive the pilgrimage to the Holy Place of Christianity and Judaism and Islam; who will, in a word, be the father in the land of an era of light and learning and freedom, of prosperity and peace.

It is not difficult to find such a man in England, say, or in America, or in France; but he cannot possibly rule the country according to these high ideals and lofty moral standards, if he is not independent, if he is not absolute sovereign of the people and the land. In other words, he must hold office, not in the name of his government, whose interests he will have to maintain uppermost, whose foreign policy he will have to uphold and promote, but in the name of the people of the country, of the natives themselves—the Syrian Christians, the Syrian Mohammedans and the Syrian Jews.

# BURKE OF LIMEHOUSE

BY MILTON BRONNER

VIOLENT times seem to beget in those who stay quietly at home a taste for a brutally realistic literature. After the abortive Russian revolution of 1905, when the Czar crushed the rebels with an iron hand and all Russia seemed once more sunk in hopeless and helpless despair, there was an unprecedented production of novels and stories whose realism was unusually frank, even for that country. Strangely enough, it was also pornographic. It was as if by mutual consent of writers and reading public they had said, "Very well, if we cannot have political freedom we will have freedom in our novels. Nay we will go beyond freedom. We will have license."

In Great Britain to-day, confronted always by the terrible lists of her dead and wounded, with signs of mourning and war's wreckage on every hand, the book that has gone speedily into three editions and has already made an English reputation for its author is not of the kind to make sad ones smile and anxious ones forget. It is not light and airy at all. It is one of the most frankly and brutally realistic books that has appeared in our tongue in a long time. Yet it won its audience despite the fact that circulating libraries barred it, and it has been crowned by the high praise of men like Wells and Bennett, themselves masters in the writer's craft.

Thomas Burke is a man of whom little is known. Presumably his *Nights in Town*, a London autobiography, tells of his life and adventures in the world-city, but the book attracted so little attention that its revelations—if there were any—were speedily forgotten. Undaunted by this, he produced the volume that has given him his present standing, *Limehouse Nights*.\*

\*Since this article was written, this book has been issued in this country under the

Limehouse is a London region of mean shops, low groggeries, humble tenements and small cottages near that part of the Thames where are situated the West and East India docks. In addition to the white people who live there, and the Malays and Lascars who flock from the ships, there is a large permanent and a considerable transient Chinese population. So much is this the case that the section is known as Chinatown, just as are similar territories in New York and San Francisco.

Burke has not sought to prettify his Chinatown. In the main, he has not attempted to become sentimental over it. He has not donned rose-coloured glasses. Whether he is treating of a romantic, a tragic, or a comic theme, he seeks always to be scrupulously truthful. In his wanderings in Limehouse he most often found Chinese whose morals were none too good, English brothel-keepers, thieves and scarlet women. And he takes these people as his *dramatis personæ*. For the most part he is realistic in a romantic manner. There is brutal realism, but it appears as if it were wrung from the heart of a man who preferred to be a poet. On the very first page of his book the reader is confronted by this:

It is a tale of love and lovers that they tell in the low-lit Causeway that slinks from West India Dock Road to the dark Waste of Waters beyond. In Pennyfields, too, you may hear it; and I do not doubt that it is told in far-away Tai-Ping, in Singapore, in Tokio, in Shanghai, and those other gay-lamped haunts of wonder whither the wandering people of Limehouse go and whence they return so casually. It is a tale for tears, and should you hear it in the liliated tongue of the yellow men, it would awaken in you all your pity. In same title by Robert M. McBride and Company.—*Editor's Note.*



our bald speech it must, unhappily, lose its essential fragrance, that quality that will lift an affair of squalor into the loftier spheres of passion and imagination, beauty and sorrow. It will sound unconvincing, a little . . . you know . . . the kind of thing that is best forgotten. Perhaps . . .

There follows a tale of a Chinaman and a child; of how the Chinaman found her in an unbelievable brothel and took her home with him to love and worship as a fragile thing apart, something too holy to be sullied. The piece has its tragic ending—the child is beaten to death by her prize-fighter step-father, the Chinaman kills himself, and the child's murderer dies from the bite of a poisonous snake left for him by the Chinaman as a "love-gift."

Gaily deceptive, Burke pens lines like these:

Sweet human hearts—a tale of carnival, moon-haunted nights; a tale of the spring-tide, of the flower and the leaf ripening to fruit: a gossamer thing of dreamy-lanterned streets, told by my friend, Tai Ling, of West India Dock Road. Its scene is not the Hoang Ho or the sun-loved islands of the East, but Limehouse. Nevertheless it is a fairy tale, because so human.

What follows is not keyed up to this pitch of poesy at all. Instead, it is an outrageously frank and comic story of how three Chinamen and one white man disputed as to which was the father of the expected child of Marigold Vassiloff, who, as you may judge, was no saint. Once more turn the pages. Burke begins:

Memory is a delicate instrument. Like an old musical box, it will lie silent for long years; then a mere nothing, a jerk, a tremor, will start the spring, and from beneath its decent covering of dust it will talk to us of forgotten passion and desire. Some memories are thus moved at sight of a ribbon, a faded violet, a hotel bill; others at the sound of a voice or a bar of music, or at the bite of a flavour on the palate or an arrangement of skies against a well-known background. To me return all the unhappy, far-off things when I smell the

sharp odour of a little dirty theatre near Blackwall. Then I think upon all those essences of life most fragrant and fresh, and upon . . . Gina Brentano.

There ensues a story of how Gina developed as a child dancer, how she fell, and passed off the stage, both of the theatre and of life. Beware of the Greeks bearing gifts. Beware of Burke charming you with his highly polished, more or less dreamy opening passage. It is a lure, a promise not to be kept. The poet in him sets his trap for the attention of the reader, and, once he is caught, certain grim matters are set down with no respect for feelings. Shocking situations are reported as they might be by a court attaché—if the latter were an artist. The dialogue is set down without an attempt to Bowdlerise it. Ugly words, coarse slang, meaningful phrases are all put in. One reads a Satanic tale of how a man tortured his child into committing a murder he himself was too cowardly to perform and then was trapped; or a nightmare story of the terrible white parrot which, like its master, was a devil incarnate and lived to avenge his death; or a Poe-like story of the gorilla and the girl.

It is a book that, in the main, is concerned with the dark phases of life. Men commit murder or torture children; women avenge great wrongs by arson or by poison; policemen's tools hand over criminals to the waiting constables. All this sounds uninviting enough. But such a description does not convey the whole truth. The fact is that Burke has cast a glamour over his pages that prevents his stories from being merely studies in the sordid and the morbid. He has seen things with sharp vision and he has etched them just as clearly. But somehow also he makes you feel that he has viewed life with pity and tenderness and loving comprehension. He has charity for all because he tries to understand all. These puppets of his are for the most part unlovely, their lives grimy enough, and yet he manages to make one realise there is loveliness amid the crime and the squalor.

Bayswater may call some of these things beastly, but Burke shows how Limehouse finds some of these things beautiful. Again and again the reader is adjured to be gentle, to be pitiful, and if he can bring himself to this frame of mind he is apt to see these things as Burke sees them. He sees the high passion, the sudden deep love, the heroism amid the ugly and the criminal. He separates the human gold from the overplentiful human dross.

Burke is decidedly a find. Not since the days when Kipling burst upon the English world has any writer displayed more sheer power and driving force. When he wills it, he has command of fine prose. He has a pen that records things as they are. He has the ability to seize and hold one's attention. He can spin a yarn. And he has the old and invaluable trick of concealing a surprise in the end of his story. He has followed up his success with a slender volume of verse, *London Lamps*. Many of these poems celebrate particular streets in London, just as Arthur Adams and Douglas Goldring have done in recent years. There is nothing very inspired about these pieces. It is only when he sings of his yellow men and of Limehouse that he becomes really interesting. Indeed, some of these pieces sound like a versified appendix to *Limehouse Nights*.

Yellow man, yellow man, where have you been?

Down the Pacific, where wonders are seen.  
Up the Pacific, so glamorous and gay,  
Where night is of blue, and of silver the day.

Yellow man, yellow man, what did you there?

I loved twenty maids who were loving and fair.

Their cheeks were of velvet, their kisses  
were fire,  
I looked at them boldly and had my desire.

Yellow man, yellow man, why do you sigh?  
For flowers that are sweet, and for flowers  
that die.

For days in fair waters and nights in  
strange lands,  
For faces forgotten and little lost hands.

There are many things to be seen  
and heard down by the West India  
Dock Road, things that one book of  
prose and one little sheaf of rhymes  
have not exhausted. Burke's books may  
sell and money may come to him, but  
one vision slips away from  
Fleet Street and Picadilly and going  
back there where life may be ruder, but  
where likewise it has sharper savour:

Black man—white man—brown man—yel-  
low man—

Pennyfields and Poplar and Chinatown  
for me!

Stately moving cut-throats and many-col-  
oured mysteries,

Never were such lusty things for London  
lads to see!

On the evil twilight—rose and star and  
silver—

Steals a song that long ago in Singapore  
they sang;

Fragrant of spices, of incense and opium,  
Cinnamon and aconite, the betel and the  
bhang.

Then get you down to Limehouse, by rig-  
ging, wharf and smokestack,

Glamour, dirt, and perfume, and dusky  
men and gold;

For down in lurking Limehouse there's the  
blue moon of the Orient—

Lamps for young Aladdins, and bowies  
for the bold!

# WASHINGTON SQUARE

## A FEW PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

BY JAMES L. FORD

TO THE loose methods of speech and writing, now unhappily prevalent, are due the widespread misapprehensions regarding Washington Square and its confounding in the popular mind with Greenwich Village. The last-named lies between Houston and Fourteenth Streets and Sixth Avenue and the North River. The Washington Square region consists of the square itself and its immediate neighbourhood.

There is no quarter that holds a more honoured place in the annals of the town for solidity and eminence in the arts as well as in social graces, but of late the professional bohemians who infest the southern extremity and its immediate purlieus have made it almost infamous in the minds of the respectable element and have even invaded the fine old hostelry that lies a block to the north—the hostelry that entertained the Prince of Wales in 1861, and is still famous for its good cooking.

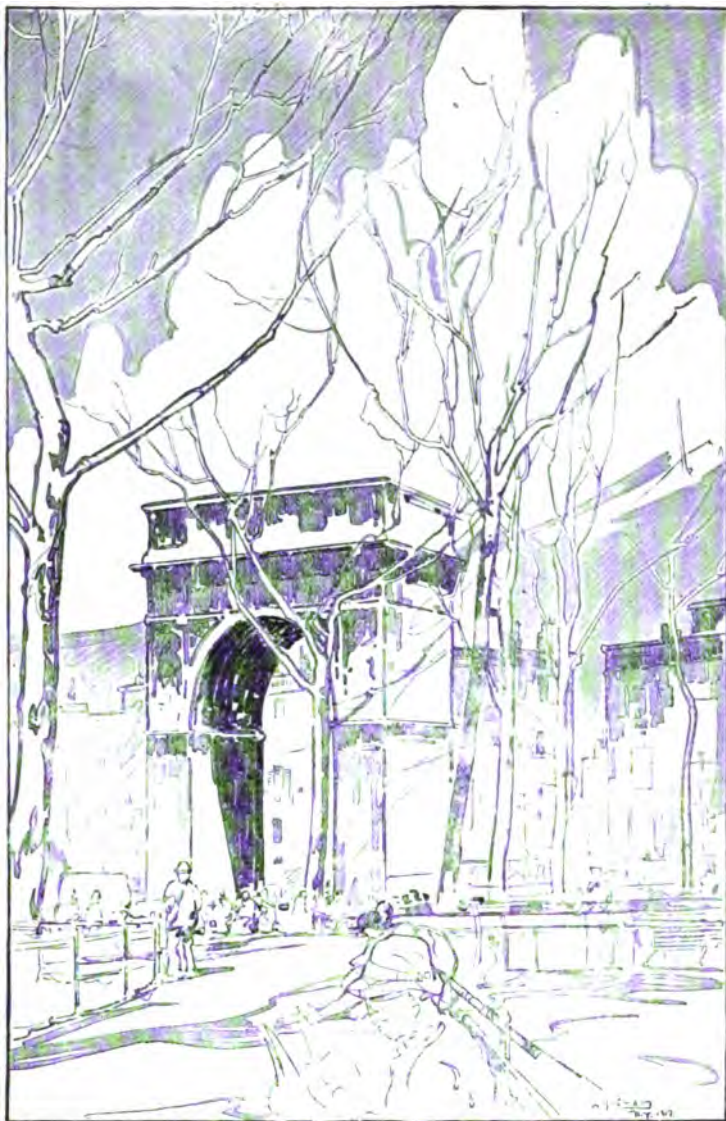
The north side of Washington Square still retains its old-time atmosphere of dignity and worth. Its houses, which are all practically alike, were built from fortunes accumulated slowly and legitimately before the Civil War at a time when the harbour was white with sails, and steam and the Atlantic cable had not stripped our great merchant service of all its old-time romance and profit. These houses are of generous width and depth, and their back yards extend to what were originally stables, but are now largely tenanted by those artists who pride themselves on their picturesque quarters in the Washington Square Mews. The Mews itself is merely a lane roughly paved with old-fashioned cobblestones, and it is difficult for the chance passerby to distinguish between the children of an impres-

sionist painter and those of a chauffeur, for they all play there together. A few of these houses on the north side are in the hands of their original owners, one of whom died there, a few months ago, after a continuous residence of fifty-seven years.

The old University building of grey stone, which stood on the eastern side of the square until a few years ago, has sheltered a great many artists and writers of genuine distinction. It was here that John Winthrop wrote *Cecil Dreme*, and it was from those old, stone portals that he went out in 1861 to give his life for his country. Robert C. Minor, an artist who was not appreciated until he was in his grave, occupied his rooms in later years. William Henry Hurlbut, the editor of the *World*, and a man of brilliant attainments, lived under the same roof and entertained men and women of the highest distinction. In this building Professors Morse and Draper took the first photograph of a human being.

The region just south of the square was once the most openly disreputable quarter of the city, but the abandoned classes never succeeded in invading the square itself. In time commerce, the most potent of all municipal reformers, drove out the disreputable resorts and rebuilt the streets for the wholesale silk trade.

North of the square lies what is still one of the finest sections of New York, and one of genuine historic interest. It would be impossible to name the many families of great social and commercial eminence who have pitched their tents there. The Tenth Street Studios, still standing, have, like the University Building, sheltered innumerable painters and

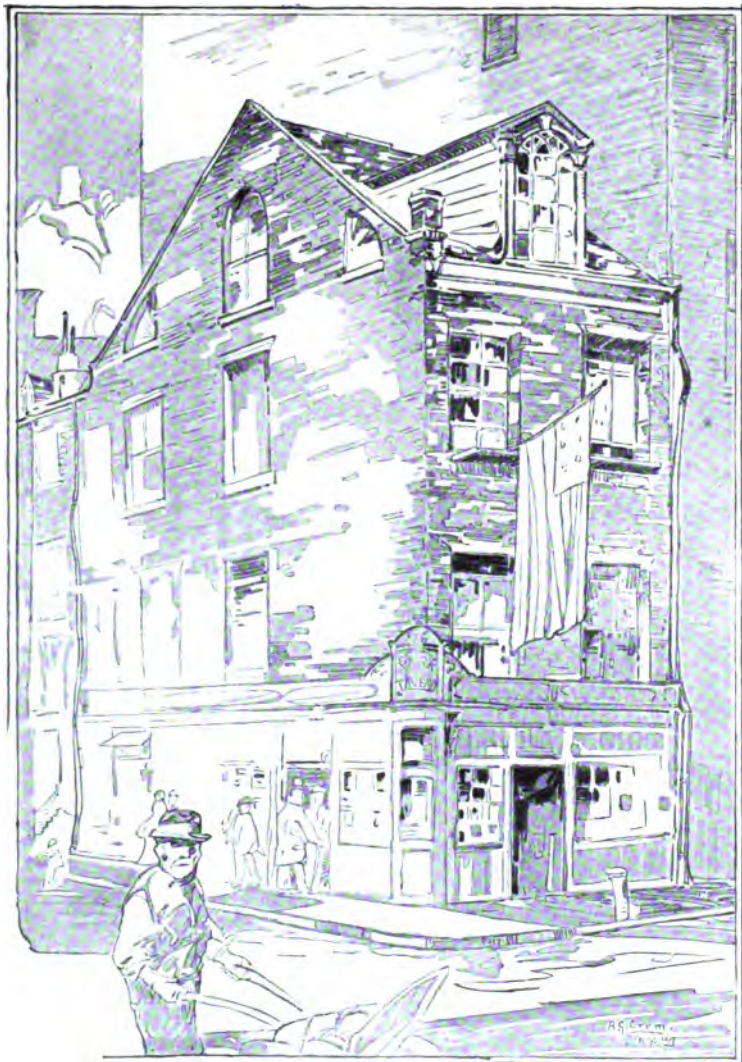


WASHINGTON SQUARE AND ARCH

sculptors, and it was here that what was always termed the "North River School" of art may be said to have had its headquarters. These were the painters who made the landscapes in the old Broadway and Fifth Avenue stages as pot-boilers, for magazines were few and far between in those days and illustrative art was in its infancy. In Ninth Street

between Fifth and Sixth Avenues there lived in the year 1837 one of the most famous and extraordinary men that the world has ever seen. Here in a small bedroom Louis Napoleon lived and dreamed of the imperial power that he knew awaited him in the future. He went from this house to Europe to see his dying mother, and some years later

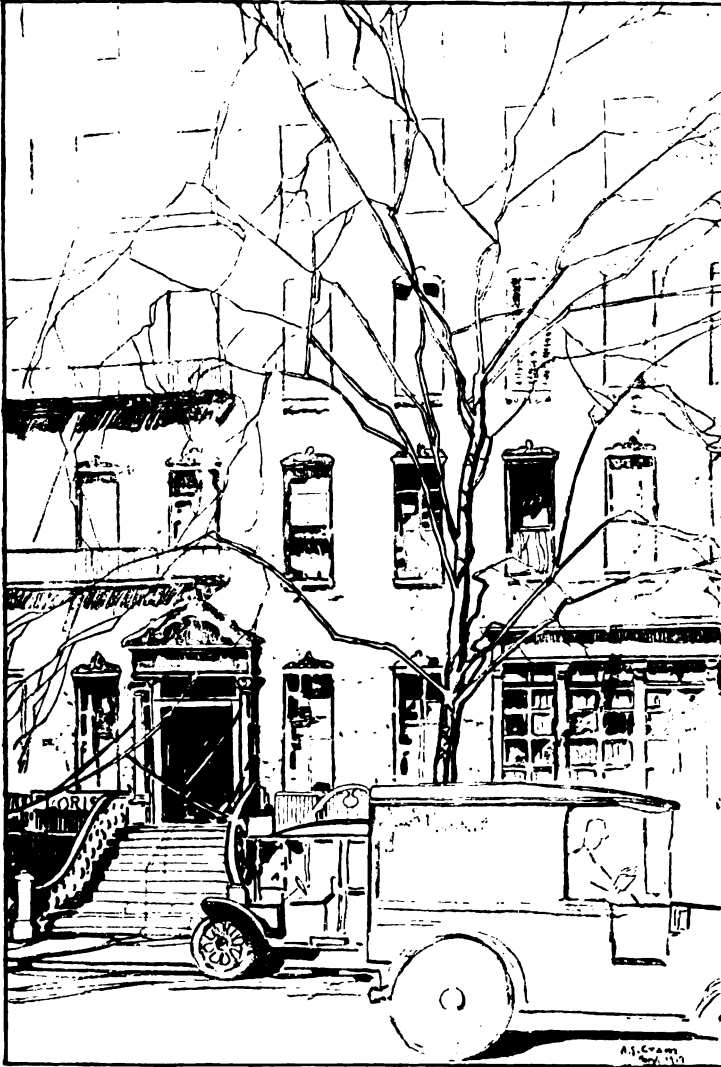
## Washington Square



THE OLDEST BUILDING ON WASHINGTON SQUARE, STILL STANDING ON THE SOUTH SIDE

this dreamer of West Ninth Street addressed a dozen words to the Austrian ambassador who had called to pay his respects at the beginning of the new year, and in one brief sentence set all Europe a-tremble with excitement. Another man who also figured later in French affairs was a constant frequenter of the square and its nearby resorts, though I am not able to state au-

thoritatively that he actually lived there. Clemenceau, the French statesman and former Prime Minister, was one of the famous coterie of bohemians who, during the sixties, tried to re-create the kingdom of Henri Murger in Pfaff's beer cellar situated on Broadway about where the Broadway Central Hotel now stands. Pfaff's was still the resort of writers and artists in my own early days, and



THE BREVOORT HOUSE

was afterward removed to Twenty-fourth Street where it ultimately perished.

Thirty-odd years ago the square was inhabited by many men and women who have since become famous. To mention the names of these would be to print an almost complete roster of the artistic and literary professions of that day. In a small house between Ninth and Tenth Streets Edwin Abbey and John Parsons

had their home, and later the Tile Club and the Authors' Club held their meetings there. It was here that the late Laurence Hutton was entertained by his friends on the eve of his marriage and a notable company it was that sat around the board. It included John Fiske, Edwin Booth, Mark Twain, H. C. Bunner, Bram Stoker and others who have escaped my memory.

It is to the south side of the square as





WASHINGTON SQUARE SOUTH: THE STUDIO QUARTER

it exists to-day that the whole region owes its rather unsavoury name. Here the professional bohemians whose favourite motto is "share and share alike," and who never have anything to share, make night hideous with their unseemly revels. The excellent little French restaurants of an elder day have, for the most part, disappeared from the nearby side streets and in their places are to be found such resorts as "Polly's," "The Mad Hatter," "The Samovar" and

"The Candle-Stick." In these quaint effect is aimed at; tallow candles are used for light because they are more odourous than gas or electricity and prevent the patrons from seeing what they are eating. The number of young women who frequent these resorts at all hours of the night, singly, in couples or in groups, and without male escort, never fails to surprise visiting strangers. These are the so-called "bachelor girls" celebrated by the Sunday press. Many

of them really paint or draw or act or sing, but a greater number merely pose and talk.

A number of small shops bearing names calculated to attract attention and dealing largely in "quaint novelties" of a kind that are sold in every department store have sprung up within recent years in or near the square. They are usually decorated in some original fashion and draw many purchasers from the Riverside Drive.

When other means of livelihood fail, the professional bohemians organise cos-

tume balls or "routs," as they call them, which not only yield a profit through the sale of tickets to those verdant outsiders who are always eager to taste the joys of bohemia, but also procure for them considerable free advertising through the printing of their names and even their portraits in costume in the daily and weekly press.

It is a far cry from the north of the square to the south; from Murger's Mimi and Schaunard to the ticket-selling *poseurs* of what they ostentatiously call "the quarter."

## THE PRINCIPALITY OF CANTU

BY CLAIR KENAMORE

THERE is one place on the North American continent where a German reservist may be certain of a welcome. That is in the romantic domain of Colonel Esteban Cantu, who writes after his name "Governor and Military Commander of the Northern District of Lower California." This is not because Governor Cantu is particularly pro-German, but because Germans have served him well, and because the attitude of his neighbour to the north is not of great moment to him.

Conditions which obtain in Lower California are not duplicated in any other place on the globe, to my knowledge, and the government as it stands to-day is a testimonial to Cantu's shrewdness and nerve, no less than to his lack of morals. For the first time in nearly four hundred years Lower California is self-supporting. It is a free principality, owing no allegiance and paying no tribute to any other government whatsoever, and the state, the law, the parliament, the judiciary and the military—is Cantu. A notable figure is this dapper little blond gentleman, who rules a province in which he is not popular, who commands a makeshift army of

seventeen hundred men in which he has no confidence, who defies his powerful neighbour states, and who holds his own power by his wits and the gifts of fortune. He is an *insouciant* Ajax, who, if he hears, never heeds the mutterings of the thunder. The lightning has been for years delayed.

While revolutions were the only business of Mexico, none of the leaders paid much attention to Cantu. He was left alone, except for an occasional proposal of alliance from Villa or Carranza. He treated these with contempt. He is of the Diaz clan, and such people as the revolutionists warring in the Central States were far beneath him. Since Carranza has been established in Mexico City he has several times pointed out to Cantu the advisability of coming into the fold. Cantu has remained unmoved. Carranza has threatened. Cantu has sneered. He has cajoled, and Cantu has laughed. Carranza's government has not obtained one peso of the revenue which Cantu has collected. He has been permitted to issue none of the licenses. He grants none of the concessions. Cantu rides alone. As a preliminary to a bluff that he was about





Copyright by H. Bolanos.

COLONEL ESTEBAN CANTU

to send troops against Lower California, Carranza despatched a customs collector with a carload of stamps to take post at Mexicali. Citizens of Lower California took his money away from him, and Cantu gave him railroad fare back to Mexico City. The carload of stamps was returned by express, collect. That was considered a great joke in the Southwest.

Cantu's career, briefly told, is this: He was an honour student at the Mex-

ican Military Academy at Chepultepec, and as such, attracted the attention of President Diaz, so he was attached to the President's staff. After the storm clouds of revolution had lowered about the old President Cantu was sent to Lower California with a new governor, who soon departed, leaving Cantu in Command. When Diaz was overthrown Cantu virtually severed his connection with the mother country. He was left in command of an isolated state, without friends

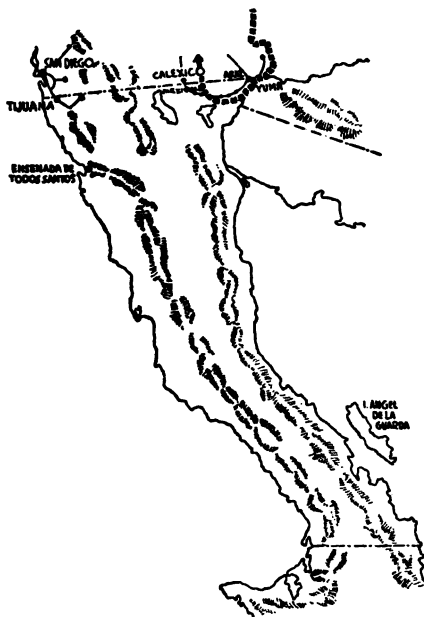
or fortune, the hot desert to the south of him, the warring mainland of Mexico to the east, the cold and unresponsive Pacific Ocean to the west and the colder and more unresponsive United States to the north.

Did he falter or repine? He did not. He set to work and made of his patrimony a garden spot. He gathered about him clever, brainy people and made his court the last stand of the Cientificos. He planted parks, built schools and roads and watched the development of the biggest gambling house in the world. He gave free rein, under a heavy impost, to the opium trade, and there is amassed to-day in his territory half a million dollars' worth of smoking opium waiting for a market. Just now Cantu is at Ensenada, where the ocean breezes ride in on top of the long rollers from the Pacific, but his capital is at Mexicali. In midsummer the temperature sometimes rises as high as 125 degrees at Mexicali. One hundred and ten at midnight is a matter of moment and importance to those present. Such a condition is not unknown there.

The thermometer is not the only feverish thing in that far land, which lies below the level of the sea. There is an electric condition which causes everybody to drive automobiles at the fastest, to play roulette at the limit, and to plant cotton, pick and gin it in an excited way. Cantu remains very calm. He watches the surge and swirl of his subjects with an earnest, appraising eye. He notes the tides of trade, and ascertains whether the most prosperous are sufficiently taxed. If they are not, the tax is immediately applied.

Cantu's independence of the central Mexican Government is the product of his own aversion to the principles of the new government, and it is made secure by his geographical isolation, an isolation almost as magnificent as England's. The southern portion of the peninsula of Lower California is a loyal Carranzista district. One would think that the proper way to reach Cantu would be to land an army in loyal territory and

march it north against the upstart governor. But it cannot be done. Lower California is about eight hundred miles long. It is the mother of the California in the United States, and has been ruled by white men for three hundred and fifty years, but in all that time no wheeled vehicle has passed from one end of the peninsula to the other. The land probably is the most poorly watered in the world. For scores of miles on end the deep desert sand is the only thing to be



seen. Cactus and boulders break the monotony, and the far rim of desolate mountains. It is a land of terror and thirst. In these desert wastes are scattered a few little hidden valleys which seem like glimpses of Paradise. They are full of waving palm trees and the stream of water which gives them life. But the valleys are too few and far between to make the movement of troops through the country possible.

In 1747 Marie de Borja, Duchess of Gandia, lay a-dying. It occurred to her that it might be a good idea to do an act of piety (the English of the family name is Borgia). So she left a large

sum of money, sixty thousand pesos, I believe, to the Jesuits. With this money they were to found three missions in the three most inaccessible spots on the globe. The Jesuits built all three missions in the interior of Lower California. The whole peninsula is just as wild and forlorn now, as it was then, except for a few little towns around the fringe of it. Hundreds of miles of the weary coast line will show no sign of habitation.

In contrast to the deserts of the interior and the sea-coasts, the country about Mexicali presents the greatest contrast in this land of contrasts. The land there is as rich and as prosperous as any in the world, and this condition makes another mighty bulwark in Cantu's defence. The condition is peculiar. The Imperial Valley, famed in story, is watered from the Colorado and Gila rivers, which drain the higher slopes of Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona, but the water flows toward the Gulf of California, and goes from the United States across the border into Mexico before it is turned north again to do its work of irrigation in the United States. The great canals and ditches circle Cantu's little capital city of Mexicali. All the water goes under Cantu's control before it is used, and he is the boss of the water. The American engineers, who keep the system of supply canals in repair, work in Lower California only by grace of Cantu. The supply of water, which is as the life blood in the veins of the valley, is Cantu's to give or withhold. There was no more desolate desert in the world than the Imperial Valley before the water was harnessed. It was a waste of sun-baked land, hemmed in by mountains which converged the rays of the sun. The bed of the valley sloped away to two hundred and sixty feet below sea level. Even the rattlesnakes and tarantulas, the only inhabitants, found difficulty in sustaining life. Now sixty-five thousand people live there. It has big towns, with street cars and moving-picture shows and chambers of commerce.

This year the crops will sell for a sum equal to the interest on five hundred million dollars.

In the upper, or southern, end of the valley, across the line in Lower California, the Colorado flows to the sea between well-built walls. Cantu could blow up the levee on one side and let the whole river into the valley, leaving the ditches unsupplied; or he could blow up the levee on the other side of the river and turn the valley dry again. Either would be fatal to the American end of the Imperial Valley. These possibilities were pointed out to me by Cantu's prime minister. That the governor ever would resort to such desperate means, he said, was impossible, unthinkable. It could never happen. Except, of course, under one condition. That condition was that the United States should so far forget itself as to permit Carranza to send troops through United States territory to move against the government of Lower California. Californians would not like to see Carranza troops oust Cantu. I doubt if they would meekly permit them to pass through California to make war on him. If we should allow such a movement of troops it must be through the Imperial Valley. Carranza would not advance his interests, except sentimentally, by taking the few towns on the west coast. It would never do to let troops, hostile to Cantu, enter Lower California by way of Yuma, because they would pass over the essential and immensely valuable works of the irrigation system, the head gates, dams and levees that insure the prosperity of the valley. It would be too much to expect Carranza soldiers to pass over that section and do no damage.

Now, California from which the peninsula depends, is a great state, somewhat fond of dancing and light wines, but with strong ideas along some lines. It is greater now than ever, since its vote elects presidents. Colonel Cantu saw that his free-and-easy country might offend its neighbour to the point of international complications, so he thought it would be well to have an American

lawyer. He chose Mr. Isadore Dockweiler, of Los Angeles. Besides being a good lawyer, Mr. Dockweiler is the Democratic national committeeman from California, and generally credited with throwing California into the Democratic column at the last election. It would seem assured that when he makes a hurried trip to Washington his client to the south of the line will have at least a respectful hearing. All the protests of the ultra-moral element in California against the reprehensible ways of the Cantu government have been unavailing at Washington. Carranza's requests for aid in recovering the rebel state and whipping it again into line with the mother country have all been denied. All the big cotton plantations below the line are run by Americans, and the system of taxes and duties is one of the most ingenious of Cantu's creations. In spite of this they are prosperous almost beyond belief. The Americans do considerable grumbling, after the manner of men heavily taxed, but to a man they are strongly pro-Cantu. They will not consider the idea of changing the security of the present corrupt and unauthorised government for the moral and upright dominion of Carranza, with the accompanying anarchy, irresponsibility and weakness.

It would be profitless to point out all the iniquities which flourish under Cantu. A few will suffice. At Mexicali is the Tecolote gambling house, proudly proclaimed the largest in the world. Fifty games of various kinds are running. Each game will accommodate from a dozen to twenty players. The bar is one hundred and sixty feet long. The dance-hall girls come from the four quarters of the world. The patrons of the place are Americans, Mexicans, Chinese, Japanese, Hindus, Germans and Indians. There may be a few other breeds, unclassified, for many of the ghastly drug users who gather there have lost their racial traits. This place pays Cantu fifteen thousand dollars a month license. Tijuana is the popular resort on the western coast. It has a

race-track, which caters exclusively to Americans, and its gambling house has more tinsel, but for concentrated wickedness and vice, Tijuana cannot compare with Mexicali.

Soon after Cantu came into power he gave a monopoly to a French citizen of Ensenada for the refining of opium. The raw opium was brought from India. This man flourished greatly, despite his heavy taxes, until the smuggling of opium into the United States gained such proportions that several capable American revenue men were sent down to end it. They did so, but there is now the great store of contraband in Lower California ready to be smuggled across. In fairness, it should be said that Cantu now declares himself to be opposed to the drug traffic.

Smuggling aigrettes is now the only traffic with which line officers have constant trouble. These are bought by tourists usually. In the back room of the establishment of a Chinese merchant, in Mexicali, I was shown what good authority declared was the finest collection of aigrettes in the world, and I was assured by the proprietor that the prices were shamefully low.

If a weak place should appear in Colonel Cantu's military scheme and Carranza should discover a way to give fight, Cantu would appeal to the United States for protection. It is his idea to ask the United States to assume a protectorate and guardianship over the northern district of Lower California somewhat similar to that which was placed over Cuba, with the eventual object of permitting the district to enter the Union as a territory. This sounds rather visionary to a staid American, but it is only part of a contingent programme to Cantu.

Lower California has had many a bizarre government, but none like today's. Cortez sent from there pearls to the King of Spain which are said still to be in the crown. The Jesuits ruled as civil governors for more than a century, and the ruins of twenty-five missions testify to their ministry. That was

the most prosperous period of the peninsula's history. "Nicaragua" Walker, the "Grey-eyed Man of Destiny," captured the peninsula with a band of adventurers from San Francisco, and proclaimed it an American state. He was driven out. In 1911 two dreamers, Stanley and Bertholt by name, led a band of Industrial Workers of the World into the territory, captured the government, and declared it a workingman's republic. Both were killed after five months of power, and their followers, the flotsam of the world, floated on.

Colonel Cantu, who is about thirty-five, married the daughter of Frederick Datu, a German, and Datu, like a good father-in-law, relieves the governor of

many business cares. In tracing back a monopoly, such as for cotton ginning or flour milling, you are likely to find that the corporation was founded on a concession granted by the governor to Frederick Datu. The governor does not look like a Mexican or a soldier or a clever ruler, but he is all three. He would have been taken for a German travelling in hardware or machinery before that species vanished. What his end will be is hard to conjecture, but it cannot be denied that he has taken the material which fell to his hand and wrought with it amazingly. He is the only survivor of the Diaz element still in power. It is hard to believe that he is the fittest.

## SNAP-SHOTS OF AMERICAN NOVELISTS DREISER

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

You, at least, have provoked  
Opinion.  
How many, how many,  
Have done more than sneak along  
The groove of tradition?

You, at least, have created  
Two women and one man  
Who cannot die.  
How many, how many  
Can preserve their own puny souls  
From daily living death?

# THE DANGERS OF DEMOCRACY

BY STEPHEN BERRIEN STANTON

AT A recent dinner of the New York Association of Stock Exchange Brokers, Mr. Otto H. Kahn remarked "When the right of suffrage was thrown open to the masses of the people of England, a great Englishman said, 'Now we must educate our masters.'" That was a necessity, however, which the framers of our Constitution did not foresee. The electorate of Colonial days was homogeneous, whose majority voice was approximately the voice of the country's best and most intelligent. Moreover it was racially fairly uniform, and though not all of one stock it was generally speaking of the best blood of the lands to which it owed origin. To give such a people universal suffrage was the natural step and one fraught with no apparent danger. There was not then in prospect the epoch-making mechanical inventions which have brought industrialism into the world and created the great wage-earning classes, possessed of little of the community's intelligence or education; and which have led to the loss of that sturdy sense of independence on the part of the individual characteristic of colonial times. There was not then in prospect the tidal waves of immigration which were to swamp the native stock and entirely change the political complexion of the people, introducing into America the proletariat of Europe. How different the framework of our government would have been had these factors been foreseen can only be surmised; what qualifications would have been attached to the franchise. Suffice it to say that the republican principle of democracy encounters obstacles to-day which were not thought of when it was launched, therefore not provided for nor safeguarded against, and which unless the dangers and the necessities involved are recognised, may easily prove its undoing.

We must indeed educate our masters. But how get them to submit to education? Masters are not in the habit of thinking they need it, nor of putting up with any attempt in that direction on the part of the servant. Unless already possessed of intelligence and right thinking, the ruling majority seldom accepts the counsel offered or the measures framed by the right thinking few. On any specific issue, neither the people nor their representatives are inclined to brook enlightenment or leadership from the better informed. The education can therefore seldom be direct; it comes too late in regard to questions where judgment has already been formed. But indirectly it is still possible through the development, training, broadening, uplifting of the popular mind, so that thereafter the people will be qualified to pass correct judgment on questions as they arise. Efforts to this end are outside the field of politics, and must be exerted through the deeper-lying influences that affect the consciousness of the people. The real control of affairs, therefore, the actual guidance of the nation's destiny, is to be exercised through those humanities that mould public opinion, elevate sentiment and spread ideals. The school, the press, the pulpit, the home, literature, art—all these become the true arena for the reformer; through activities that stimulate the higher life of the community rather than in a political career is the opportunity for leadership found. Official politics deal with the will rather than with the welfare of the people. Executives that are the executants of the majority mind, legislatures composed of representatives that are merely that, can be expected to accomplish little more than the partisan and personal wishes of their constituents—and they do not disappoint. In a democracy, all political evils if traced back

far enough find their cause in the quality of the electorate. Representation like water cannot rise above its source, and all too truly we have the government we deserve. We have unwise legislation because ill-qualified, incompetent legislators. We have incompetent legislators because of corrupt and uneducated or uninformed constituents. No betterment is in prospect until the level of voters is raised.

It is obvious, however, that a lump may easily get beyond the power of heaven. Just as the foreign influx may exceed the community's assimilative capacity, so may population grow in numbers or deteriorate in quality beyond the community's redemptive capacity. Now that the flood-gates of the franchise have been thrown wide open, they cannot again be shut (note, however, the recent adoption by Congress of the literacy clause of the Immigration Bill, and of the literacy test for voters by the New York Senate); the only hope lies in controlling the stream higher up. How long can we expect our *laissez-faire* policy toward immigration, toward the growth and character of the population, toward real universal education to continue without dragging the community down beyond rebuilding? Has not our master become a majority which is ominously near the mob level; is not democracy in danger of becoming a kakistocracy? When we contemplate the inefficiency in office, the demagogic subservience of legislatures, the intemperance of public opinion, the sensationalism of the yellow press, the general drift toward abolition of constitutional restraints, it can certainly no longer be claimed that the majority's voice is, as in the early days of the republic it approximated, the voice of the community's best. Let political capacity become and remain a minority possession, and the end is in sight. Democracy may be defined as a fundamental trustfulness in nature: instead of a belief that "the best is none too good," a realisation that "the worst is not so bad." But in this reliance upon nat-

ural forces, civilisation must not forget that it has to a certain extent eliminated nature's checks and safeguards, thereby necessitating new measures of protection. It must not forget that nature limited and selected. So long as society allows numbers to increase faster than material resources and civilising influences, imbeciles and other undesirables to perpetuate their kind, immigration to swamp the national powers of absorption, children to reach maturity without the training, education and culture necessary to good citizenship, what hope can there be for a justification of the democratic faith?

"Man is a fighting rebel who at every forward step lays himself open to the liabilities of greater penalties should his attack prove unsuccessful," says the author of *The Social Direction of Human Evolution*.<sup>1</sup> Repeatedly in history has the idealism of political optimists brought reforms to birth prematurely, thereby involving the world in new perils to avert which it has been under the necessity of assuming new burdens. Where there should have been gradual transition, sudden change has made doubly difficult of introduction though at the same time doubly imperative the conditions precedent of the reforms. Thus the sweeping adoption of universal suffrage, like the precipitate emancipation and enfranchisement of the Southern negro, came without adequate preparation for it—without provision for its practical working and without safeguard against its dangers. Before adopting democracy the equality presupposed by it should be made certain; one should not entrust himself to a master until sure he has the qualifications as such. Advocacy of the people's will is always with the mental reservation that it be intelligent and just; when steps are not taken to make it so and keep it so, popular government is bound to be a failure. Commenting on the argument of the historian Lecky that in practice democracy is necessarily the rule of ignorance, Giddings in his *Elements of Sociology* con-

<sup>1</sup>Wm. E. Kellicott, 1911.

cedes that "the stability of democracy thus depends, first, upon the acceptance by the many of guidance from those whose superiority is real; secondly, upon an unselfish activity on the part of the superior few." But in that case, why bestow rule upon the majority and not rather restrict it to these superior few? Once the franchise is given to all, there is no longer any salvation but in ensuring character and intelligence to all. Democracies are committed in practice to the high ideals which they have in theory assumed.

What then are the practical measures that for very self-preservation a democracy must adopt; that constitute the organic law of its existence?

First, the equality that is professed must be backed up by an equality that is actual; political equality must become an equality of intelligence and character. With manhood suffrage goes manhood mentality, or it is a mockery; if we expect the ballot to be intelligently used, we have to make those who use it intelligent. It is not enough that we abolish illiteracy—a trained intellect must be made universal. Every citizen should be capable of forming an intelligent judgment and bearing his part in an enlightened community. Not until the mental and moral advantages enjoyed by the few are made possible to the many can there be the homogeneous citizenry demanded by democracies. In Woodruff's penetrating phrase, "the units necessary for the future democracy are being evolved at the same time as the organism itself." Our compulsory education standards need to be raised, expanded and—enforced. There should be equality of opportunity for all, to the end that the community may become uniform in quality. Unless there is a levelling up there will be a levelling down; privilege is its own nemesis. As the nation could not endure half slave and half free, so can it not endure half qualified and half disqualified.

Second, the community may no longer disregard the make-up of its membership; an elementary eugenics, at least,

must be adopted. How can a nation progress that allows the deficient, the imbecile, the insane, the criminal not only to impose but to perpetuate the burden of their existence? "It has been the perpetual wonder of philosophers from Plato onward that men have bred their dogs and horses and left any man or woman, however vile, free to bear offspring in the next generation of men."<sup>1</sup> An individualism that, rather than invade personal affairs or encroach upon personal liberty, prefers to see its asylums filled, its community life endangered, is past expostulation. It is not the purpose of this article to go into any discussion of the eugenic question, but the following brief reference to statistics showing the appalling rate of increase in the above classes may not be amiss. Between the years 1850-1904 the inmates of prisons in the United States have quadrupled in percentage to population, and the insane in asylums between 1880-1903 more than doubled; the percentage of homicides and murders has trebled in the past fifteen years (1911). A total of three million dependents and defectives are thus partially itemised by Kellicott; insane and feeble-minded, two hundred thousand; blind, one hundred thousand; deaf, and deaf and dumb, one hundred thousand; paupers in institutions, eighty thousand, forming less than one-half of the whole number in the community and "two-thirds of whom have children and are also physically or mentally deficient"; prisoners, ten thousand, and "several hundred thousands more that should be prisoners"; juvenile delinquents in institutions, twenty-three thousand; cared-for in hospitals, dispensaries, and "homes" of various kinds in 1904 in excess of two millions. The English statistics of 1901 show that "sixty-five thousand seven hundred idiots and lunatics (one-third of the total) were legally married and free to multiply their kind and worse." All data tell "the same story—rapid increase of the unfit, defective, insane, criminal; slow increase,

<sup>1</sup>Social Forces in England and America. H. G. Wells.



even decrease of the fit, normal, and gifted stocks. Whetham writes, 'although this suppression of the best blood of the country is a new disease in modern Europe, it is an old story in the history of nations and has been the prelude to the ruin of states and the decline and fall of empires.'" Professor Karl Pearson has pointed out that one-fourth of the population produces one-half of the next generation; allowing for the unmarried and for the death rate reduces this one-fourth to about twelve per cent. "Is there any relation between this super-fertility and the possession of desirable or undesirable characteristics?" asks Kellicott. "We may answer at once—there is a distinct and positive relation between civic undesirability and high fertility." In the opinion of the Superintendent of the Ohio Institution for the Feeble-Minded "unless preventive measures against the progressive increase of the defective classes are adopted, such a calamity as the gradual eclipse, slow decay, and final disintegration of our present form of society and government is not only possible, but probable." Preventive eugenics alone offer a solution of our protean police and prison problems; the practice whereof would save a community millions in money and endless energy that are now wasted on protective and repressive measures, leaving those then constructively available. According to the well-known sociologist Saleby,<sup>1</sup> our whole social salvation lies in getting "the right people born and the wrong people not born"—regarding the latter half of which, at least, there can be no dispute. An official of the New York State Charities Aid Association in an address at Plattsburg has just given the numbers in the State hospitals for the insane as approximately thirty-eight thousand and of the feeble-minded as twenty-four thousand (only six thousand of whom are provided for), adding "So long as mental defectives are allowed at large to marry and produce their kind, we are

<sup>1</sup>Parenthood and Race-Culture. By C. W. Saleby.

making sure of a bumper crop of paupers, defectives, criminals, degenerates, and ne'er-do-wells in the generations to come," and recommending "more adequate segregation of the feeble-minded, especially women of child-bearing age, by enlarging and increasing the number of State institutions for their custody, care, and training."

Third, not only in regard to quality but in regard to numbers as well must a democracy exercise supervision and control over population. The industrial law of supply and demand is also a sociological one; whenever growth of population outstrips means of subsistence or opportunity of employment or the general needs and facilities of civilisation, there is sure to ensue disorganisation and deterioration. One of the most serious evils in America is the mania for size and for statistical growth, and chiefly so because evidence of unmindfulness or disregard of the fundamental welfare. The superficial advantages, in the way of commercial importance or assessable values, to be gained through census-increase, have made our cities indifferent to the civic disarray and planlessness, the lowered living conditions, the unemployment, the lax enforcement of educational and cultural standards, the general maladministration of public affairs which are consequent thereupon. And this is true of the country as a whole.

Now it is perfectly plain that the sustaining and civilising capacity of a community is proportioned to an approximately given size of population; the community is incapable, at any one time, of taking care of, feeding, clothing, training, educating, employing more than a certain number. To let population increase other than at a gradual and orderly rate and as these facilities allow, is therefore to disorganise the communal life, destroy the homogeneity of the community, lower the standards of existence, and give progress a set-back all along the line. It is only the part of ordinary national economy to see that such permissible number is not greatly exceeded. Without quan-

titative regulation it is impossible to preserve any qualitative level; the pressure of population inevitably lowers that already attained and makes any attempt to raise it a task of Sisyphus. Every practical socialism would require as a first step a knowledge of the number with which it has to deal; nor can any scheme of wealth-equalisation or permanent abolition of poverty be successful except upon a numerical basis involving limits. Edward Isaacson<sup>1</sup> says, "no socialistic Utopia which assumes the right of every individual to be fed and clothed, and also to bring up a family of more than two children, can give a permanent solution of the social problem." Here again must it be remembered that in removing (at least in part) the checks by which nature through destruction of the superfluous and unfit limits population, civilisation is bound at its peril to adopt means whereby these become unnecessary; must prevent what it has become too merciful to destroy; must put into operation a real substitute for natural selection. The Malthusian doctrine has long since put mankind on notice of this fact. In the language of Sir Ray Lancaster, "the unregulated increase of the population, the indiscriminate, unquestioning protection of infant life and of adult life also—without selection or limitation—must lead to results which can only be described as general degeneration." "Practically in many parts of the world already the (Malthusian) limit has been approached so closely that it is the duty of the individual in many cases not to have children, and the duty of society to see that he does not."<sup>2</sup>

"The relation of democracy to the birthrate seems rather far-fetched, but it is really so intimate that one depends on the other," according to Dr. Charles E. Woodruff, author of that remarkable book, *The Expansion of Races*. "With the intelligent adaptation of numbers to prospects ceases population-pressure, the principal cause of war, mass poverty, wolfish competition, and class conflict;

for in the words of Huxley, 'so long as unlimited multiplication goes on, no social organisation which has ever been devised, no fiddle-faddling with the distribution of wealth, will deliver society from the tendency to be destroyed by the reproduction within itself in its intensest form of that struggle for existence, the limitation of which is the object of society.' Once it seemed as if man's propensity to multiply foredoomed the race to live ever in the presence of vast, immedicable want and woe. . . . The wheel of Ixion, the cup of Tantalus, symbolised humanity striving ever by labour and ingenuity to relieve itself of a painful burden, only to have that burden inexorably rolled back upon it by its own fatal fecundity. The unlooked-for promptness with which, under the influence of democracy and public education, the masses have acquired a sense of responsibility in the matter of family, bids us look for a time when the spectre of over-population, with strife, misery and famine in its ghastly train, will be finally laid, and society will for the first time become master of its destiny."<sup>2</sup>

So cogently is the case put by Wells in his *Social Forces in England and America* that the passage should here not be omitted: "A state whose population continues to increase in obedience to unchecked instinct can progress only from bad to worse. From the view of human comfort and happiness, the increase of population that occurs at each advance of human security is the greatest evil of life. The way of nature is for every species to increase nearly to its possible maximum of numbers, and then to improve through the pressure of that maximum against its limiting conditions by the crushing and killing of all the feebler individuals. The way of Nature has also been the way of humanity so far. But it is a conceivable and possible thing that this margin of futile struggling, pain and discomfort and death might be reduced to

<sup>2</sup>Western Civilization and the Birthrate." Prof. Edward A. Ross, American Sociological Society, 1906.

<sup>1</sup>The Malthusian Limit.

<sup>2</sup>Ibid.

nearly nothing . . . by preventing the birth of those who would in the unrestricted interplay of natural forces be born to suffer and fail. The method of Nature 'red in tooth and claw' is to degrade, thwart, torture and kill the weakest and least adapted members of every species in existence in each generation, and so keep the specific average rising; the ideal of a scientific civilisation is to prevent those weaklings being born. In the civilised state it is now clearly possible to make the conditions of life tolerable for every living creature, provided the inferiors can be prevented from increasing and multiplying. But this latter condition must be respected."

The control of the birthrate is thus the key to progress. In it Havelock Ellis sees "the only available lever for raising the level of our race;"<sup>1</sup> and of its decline among the more civilised communities Woodruff remarks "instead of race suicide, it is race preservation. The awful density of populations in large cities is difficult to imagine—a density so great that three days' interference with the streams of food pouring in results in tens of thousands of deaths. What is the use of over-populating the land this way, and then feverishly increasing the food supply in a vain effort to stop starvation? . . . Why do we want the world's population to increase, if it is only to multiply the number in distress?"<sup>2</sup>

Tenfold greater becomes the menace from over-population by reason of the tendency of the birthrate to decrease among "good-class" births and to increase only among "bad-class." Population grows far faster at the bottom than at the top. The selective action of the birthrate "is not only a selection in favour of lower economic and social classes, but also very markedly a selection in favour of the foreign blood."<sup>3</sup> Difficult as it may be to suggest any remedy for this state of affairs, the necessity of finding one is no less apparent. There is in the

widespread movement for the endowment of motherhood, with its special encouragement of good-quality births, a hint as to how bad-quality births might be discouraged through penalisation, and the Utopian schemes of Mr. Wells contemplate measures whereby absolutely effective guarantees should be taken to this end. These, however, can only be regarded as a temporary expedient until the uplifting forces otherwise operative in the community shall have eliminated from it any whose offspring would be unwelcome. The one effective method—as well as the easiest and quickest—of stopping the present excessive increase at the bottom of the social scale is, as already emphasised, to see to it that no such bottom exists, but that the community shall be as nearly as possible uniform throughout. To "compulsory education and the opportunities which are offered at present for intellectual improvement," Professor William B. Bailey, of Yale, looks for the solution of this problem. Mr. Balfour has recently pointed out that the remedy is to be found in this gradual movement of social reform in the conditions of life. "For it is education, sobriety, and some degree of well-being which lead to the control of the size of families, and as it is social amelioration which brings this result about, it is a result which we may view with equanimity."<sup>4</sup>

Regarding the theory that pressure of population upon means of subsistence is necessary as a whip to energy, we may dismiss it as a specious slur upon human motive. Sociologists of the Benjamin Kidd school argue that only through over-crowding and the struggle for existence can the ability and genius of the individual be developed and the advance of the race achieved. But this is in conflict with the fundamental hypothesis of democracy, to wit, that the welfare of the many should not be sacrificed to the advantage of the few. If the progress of mankind were indeed dependent upon the degradation of the masses in order that the struggle, the competition, might

<sup>1</sup>Problem of Race Regeneration.

<sup>2</sup>Expansion of Races.

<sup>3</sup>Miss Emily Balch of Wellesley.

<sup>4</sup>Havelock Ellis, *supra*.

continue, then would democracy be the most absurd and reactionary of political systems. Real democracy requires equals and the elimination of destructive social forces, and works in direct opposition to any so-called evolutionary method of progress. As to the military strength a nation might gain from excessive population, it is enough to say that not only is it doubtful that quantity is stronger than quality ("True, food for cannon is cheap. But cannon are not cheap. In the struggle, a nation which enjoys a safe margin from want possesses a decided advantage"—Bailey) but that, war being the antithesis of civilisation, the shaping of a community's internal development to meet the requirements of war stultifies civilisation itself. The argument only furnishes one more proof of the irreconcilability of war and progress and of the absolute necessity for a league of peace as a condition precedent to any lasting melioration of mankind. It may be mentioned that the selective action of war is eugenically the most disastrous, as shown by the aftermath of the Napoleonic wars.

Fourth. Intimately connected with and involving all three of the foregoing problems is that of immigration, the distinctively American problem. A stop must be put to the stream that is pouring into our midst the ignorant, degraded hordes of Europe and Asia. Least of all can a democracy afford to become mongrel. In the eight years following 1900, six million people—one-quarter of the total immigration to date—landed on our shores, a number sufficient to "repopulate all the five older New England states as they stand to-day" and nineteen of the newer states.<sup>1</sup> Foreign-born or of foreign parentage are: in Boston seventy per cent. of the population, in New York eighty per cent., in Milwaukee eighty-six per cent. (figures of 1908). Were we to eliminate these foreigners and their children, it has been estimated, says Ripley,<sup>2</sup> that "Chicago with to-day a population of over two millions would

<sup>1</sup>Wm. Z. Ripley, "Races in the United States," *Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1908.

dwindle to a city of not much over one hundred thousand." Only fifty-three per cent. of our entire population in 1900 were native whites of native parents; of the remainder over thirteen per cent. were foreign-born and twelve per cent. coloured. In the New York City public schools there are some eighty-two nationalities represented.

"It is not alone the rapid increase in our immigration that merits attention. It is also the radical change in its character; in the source from whence it comes."<sup>3</sup> Down to 1875 there had been scarcely any immigration except from kindred or allied races. Then a great change took place. In 1903 more than seventy per cent. of the immigrants came from Austria-Hungary, Russia and Italy. In 1907, out of a million and a quarter, about nine hundred thousand were from those three countries. "We have even tapped the political sinks of Europe, and are now drawing large numbers of Greeks, Armenians, and Syrians."<sup>4</sup> The influx is chiefly from parts of Europe and Asia "where there is much less brain than the Aryan possesses—men of different breeds, difficult to amalgamate with Aryans, who cannot understand Aryan democracy."<sup>5</sup> Southern and southeastern Europeans form the bulk of our immigration, nationalities that are "with the exception of the South Americans the most mongrelised people of the world."<sup>6</sup> The net result has been to produce "a congeries of human beings, unparalleled for ethnic diversity anywhere on the face of the earth."<sup>7</sup>

Our culpable inaction in this regard has been due in large part to the traditional sentiment that America should be "an asylum for the oppressed," a sentiment that, says Grant, is "sweeping the nation toward a racial abyss."<sup>8</sup> Those "who desire that the United States should discharge the functions of a

<sup>2, 3, 4</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>5</sup>Woodruff, *supra*.

<sup>6</sup>Race or Mongrel, Alfred P. Schultz.

<sup>7</sup>Ripley, *supra*.

<sup>8</sup>The Passing of the Great Race.

world-asylum forget that asylums are not governed by their inmates."<sup>1</sup> "Why not acknowledge at once that our altruistic desire to help all lower races, even if they starve us, is suicidal, unscientific, a blunder?"

But perhaps the gravest question raised by this miscellaneous immigration is that of the resultant mixture of racial blood. Whatever may be poetically said of this country as the Melting Pot, the prosaic fact remains that the hope to evolve a superior race from a conglomeration of races is one upon which analogous experience throws much doubt. On this point, however, there exists among ethnologists a wide diversity of opinion. "Is the result likely to be a superior or an inferior type? Will the future American two hundred years hence be better or worse, as a physical being, because of his mongrel origin?" asks Ripley. "The greatest confusion of thinking exists on this topic. Evidence to support both sides of the argument is to be had for the seeking." While, on the one hand, he queries whether the whole evolutionary hypothesis does not compel us to think that through the variation of type from which effective choice by selection results, a favourable result will be the outcome, on the other hand, he queries whether "there may not emerge a physical type tending to revert to an ancestral one, older than any of the present European varieties. The law seems to be well supported elsewhere, that crossing between highly evolved varieties or types tends to bring about reversion to the original stock." He regards both, however, as unsettled, and looks to the future to decide. In a chapter entitled "The Mingling Place of Races,"<sup>2</sup> Giddings, after stating that in North and South America the population produced "will be a hybrid of elements more diverse than have hitherto been combined," remarks that "generations far in the future will know, what it is impos-

sible for us to know or with much confidence predict, whether the qualities of such a race will be on the whole inferior or all in all superior to the qualities of the more homogeneous stocks that have bred in the world hitherto."

One writer goes so far as to say that "race-blending produces a type superior in fertility, utility and cultural worth to one or both of the parent stock."<sup>3</sup> But the general consensus is to the contrary. "The available evidence rather strongly supports the presumption that hybrids produced by the crossing of varieties much alike are vigorous, adaptive and competent. Quite different apparently are hybrids produced by the crossing of widely dissimilar varieties or races."<sup>4</sup> Likewise, the testimony of Schultz that "immigrants are of value to a country if the immigrants are of a race akin to that of the inhabitants, and if their number is not greater than can be absorbed." But that "the attempts at creating perfect man, or 'The American' by a fusion of all human beings is similar to the attempt at creating the perfect dog by a fusion of all canine races. Every animal breeder knows that this cannot be done." Unhesitating was the reply of Herbert Spencer, when questioned by Baron Kaneko as to the intermarriage of foreigners and Japanese which he characterised as one of the most difficult problems—"There is no difficulty at all. It should be positively forbidden. It is not at root a question of social philosophy. It is at root a question of biology. There is abundant proof, alike furnished by the intermarriage of human races and by the interbreeding of animals, that when the varieties mingled diverge beyond a certain slight degree the result is inevitably a bad one in the long run." "Let anyone who doubts the evils of the mixture of races and is inclined from mistaken philanthropy to break down all barriers between them, come to Brazil," wrote Agassiz. "He cannot deny the deterioration consequent upon an amalgamation of races." The history of civilisa-

<sup>1</sup>Mayo Smith.

<sup>2</sup>The Western Hemisphere in the World of To-morrow.

<sup>3</sup>The Effect of Racial Miscegenation, Earl.

<sup>4</sup>Giddings, *supra*.

tion shows that racial stocks have never been mixed with profit, is the categorical statement of President Eliot in the matter.

In any event, the loss of the Anglo-Saxon ascendancy through this foreign influx is clearly foreshadowed. Statistics show that immigration has not so much augmented the population as replaced therein the original Anglo-Saxon element; that, had there been no immigration at all since the early part of last century and had the native stock increased at its former rate, its descendants would now be equal in number to the total population to-day. "If the Melting Pot is allowed to boil without control, and we continue to blind ourselves to all 'distinctions of race, creed, and colour,' the type of native American of Colonial descent will become as extinct as the Athenian of the age of Pericles, and the Viking of the days of Rollo."<sup>1</sup> "Racial heterogeneity due to the direct influx of foreigners in large numbers, is aggravated by their relatively high rate of reproduction after arrival. The danger with us lies in the fact that the low and declining birthrate is primarily confined to the Anglo-Saxon contingent,"

<sup>1</sup>Passing of the Great Race, *supra*.

says Ripley. "And yet, after all," he concludes, in a burst of optimism with which we may fittingly end this discussion, "is the word 'danger' well considered for use in this connection? Encompassing these racial phenomena with the wide, sweeping vision of a Darwin, Huxley, or Wallace, dare we deny an ultimate unity of origin to all the peoples of Europe?" The Anglo-Saxon's burden is "so to nourish, uplift, and inspire all these immigrant peoples of Europe that in due course of time, even if the Anglo-Saxon stock be physically inundated by the engulfing flood, the torch of its civilisation and ideals may still continue to illuminate the way."

From the foregoing review of the dangers threatening democracy the necessity of measures along the suggested lines will be apparent. Through their adoption, it is submitted that the initial mistakes of democracy may be retrieved, its safety and progress assured; that unless and until they are adopted, however, there is little hope for improvement in the body politic but, on the contrary, ground for misgiving as to the outcome of that great democratic experiment in which we are embarked and upon which the attention of all nations is focussed.

# AMERICAN PAINTING

BY CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

PERHAPS the most valuable and unquestionably the rarest of mortal faculties is the instinctive, instantaneous and occult ability to detect and to appreciate the essential gist of things. To apprehend from the thousand and more deceptive, contradictory and inconsequential indications the significant indication is a knack possessed by about one human being out of every half million. When all is said and done, this supreme acuteness of perception is the animating component of all vital criticism (which remains at best mostly a felicitous and inspired hinting), and compared to the clairvoyant accuracy of this kind of second sight, so to speak, the most profound demonstration of a literal nature appears a mere futile waste of effort. A dominant attribute of genius, it is warred against persistently and vehemently by collective stupidity. Collective stupidity hates and fears it because the possessing it makes for power. It is inarticulate. It cannot explain the unconscious process by which it reaches its conclusions and convictions. It is a blind, unreasoning bump of locality. If you look for a manifestation of it in Wall Street, you find it buying Steel Common at twenty-two when the community in general is buying government bonds. In the art world it buys Corots at fifty dollars apiece. When the rank and file have recognised Corot's merits, and conventional competition is boosting his prices to unheard of heights, it turns its attention to Monet, Manet, Degas, Pissarro. In this country, Mr. Thomas B. Clarke conclusively demonstrated his possession of this superlative prescience when he stocked his house from cellar to garret with the paintings of one George Inness, paintings accumulated at an average price, I believe, of anywhere from two hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars apiece.

Irrelevant as these few remarks may at first sight appear, I am, nevertheless, compelled to urge them upon the attention of the reader. I am trying to throw into sharp and unmistakable relief the capacity of accurate and original discernment as opposed to the average poverty of imagination and lack of inspirational insight. It is this latter condition, apparently inherent in the scheme of things, that must be appreciated if we are to understand and to combat the abysmal and incredible short-sightedness that we encounter in any consideration of American painting. I confess I am at times almost discouraged at the enormous amount of obtuseness and perverted preconception that obstructs and obscures a clear and comprehensive revelation of this subject. Not only must the critical faculty exert itself in its accustomed task of discrimination, but the press agent must justify the critic's efforts by first proclaiming and demonstrating the fact that such a thing as American painting really exists. It does not exist for eight out of every ten persons. It may have existed once or it may be going to exist in some miraculous and problematical future, but the possibility that it is right bang in front of them now never by any chance enters their heads. The duck takes to water no more inevitably than the human mind takes to fallacy; but in the matter of American painting it is more than fallacy that we encounter, it is sheer, inexplicable ignorance. Persons whose one and only distinguishing characteristic appears to be a total unreceptiveness to what is going on directly under their very noses are allowed to write about the conditions of art in this country. Apparently they know absolutely nothing about the conditions of art in this country. They are either congenitally unsympathetic to the point of view of

American painting—therefore obviously unable to accord it an equitable consideration—or they are completely out of touch with the concrete and demonstrable trend of things. I say concrete and demonstrable advisedly. Whether for good or ill, the physical and external aspects of the art of painting are almost inextricably woven into the question of an intrinsic artistic merit, and in recording them one is merely dealing with the impersonal and unprejudiced matter of statistics. There may properly exist a difference of opinion over the abstract question of æsthetic merit. Later, when I shall indulge a few estimates of my own regarding the individual significance of certain American painters, I shall accept the possibility that my preferences may be wrong and that yours may be right. But there must be a common meeting ground even for the widest subsequent disagreements, and this meeting ground can be none other than a mutual recognition of existing actualities. I would put the following questions to the professional disparagers of American painting: Are you acquainted with the conditions about you? Why have you ignored the consistent and unmistakable significance of the American auction-room records of the last ten years? Have you even so much as followed them? Why do you suppose that houses of fundamental foreign affiliations like Knoedler and Company and Scott and Fowles are considering it advisable to advertise their participation in the handling of American paintings? You do not suppose that they are doing it for love, do you? Do you know or care a row of beans about any of these things, or are you concerned merely in maintaining your idiosyncrasies of personal prejudice and inclination?

It is not my habit to speak disparagingly of the writings of others, but I cannot resist using as an illustration, a sort of text, so to speak, an article that very recently appeared in one of the most prodigal of our popular magazines. The article was really pre-eminent for the

consistency of the misinformation that trickled through it. It was one of those kinds of articles that make a facile appeal by utilising the line of least resistance. Human beings readily assimilate the sort of thing they have been hearing for years; offer them a new point of view and you come perilously close to offending them. In this case the line of least resistance consisted in calling attention to the lack of an artistic atmosphere in this country, the inability of the native painter to make a living, the fact that there was no American painting and never would be under the circumstances, the fact that we had no patrons of contemporary native talent, and so on and so on. Well, after we have satisfied ourselves that we are really awake and have not dreamed this remarkable statement, we ask ourselves, seriously and a little bewilderedly, where this person could have come from who writes on American painting and yet has apparently not progressed beyond the point of view of a quarter of a century ago. An anecdote is included of a Frenchwoman who purchased a painting by Claude Monet for two hundred francs when that painter was struggling obscurely through the early stages of his career. Speculation being the most alluring and popular side of art, we have heard this sort of thing from time immemorial. But the same thing has repeatedly taken place in the art of this country. Our writer instances this lady as an example of a class of dilettanti indispensable to the encouraging and maintaining of each oncoming generation of artists. The gentleman's contentions, proclaimed with the royal irresponsibility of utter ignorance, touch their high-water mark in the monstrous and incredible statement that we have no such class in this country, that we have only collectors of assured and redoubtable works of art, that, in other words, we have no supporters of contemporary native talent.

One cannot help wondering what Mr. Thomas B. Clarke, Mr. William Evans, the late Mr. George Hearn, the famous Mr. Freer of Detroit, Mr. Burton



Mansfield of New Haven, Dr. Alexander Humphries, Mr. Alexander Hudnut and fifty other collectors of American art would think of this remarkable statement. No supporters of contemporary American painting! What kind of American painting? Could our friend have had in mind those innumerable young gentlemen of extreme and exotic predilections whose acutest reactions to art are secured over a café table? Our friend may very possibly have mistaken some frustrated effort of Macdougall Alley for the conditions obtaining in the authentic and nation-wide activities of American painting. Obviously, his intelligence and his sensibilities have not been quickened into an ability to distinguish between those kinds of American painting that are substantial and permanent, and those kinds that are transient and inconsequential. That dominant continuity of purpose and achievement, that is as clearly discernible in our painting as the backbone in the human anatomy, does not exist for our friend who writes as though this country had never known an Inness, a Winslow Homer, a Blakelock, an Alden Weir, a J. Francis Murphy among its painters, and a Freer, a Hearn, an Evans and so on among its collectors. As a matter of cold fact, it is open to question whether any nation—even the French nation—has shown a more inspired capacity for appraising the future possibilities of its native talent than this nation has shown. What shall our friend say of Mr. Freer's anticipation of Whistler's prestige at a time when Whistler's reputation was founded on idiosyncrasy rather than on intrinsic merit? What shall he say of the score of Dwight W. Tryons owned by Mr. Freer, of the score of J. Francis Murphys owned by Mr. Hudnut? What shall he say of the original impulse given to a native art by the extraordinary perspicacity of the aforementioned Mr. Thomas B. Clarke? It has been estimated that Mr. Clarke possessed, at one time, over a hundred pictures by George Inness, pictures purchased direct from the artist. If this is

to any degree an exaggeration, it is so slight a one that it may well pass for the truth. If our friend will go into the house of William Macbeth, dealer in American paintings, he can very probably secure a list of a half hundred names of persons in the city of New York alone who are acquiring, and have been acquiring for years back, paintings by American artists at prices ranging from four or five thousand dollars down to two hundred and fifty dollars or less. Supporters of American painting! Market for American painting! I should not be surprised if there were two collectors of American painting to every one collector of foreign painting. How else shall we explain the obvious prosperity of the house of William Macbeth, a house that has dealt exclusively in paintings by American artists? How else shall we explain the fact that a hundred or two hundred American artists who need to sell, at the very least, a dozen paintings a year in order to make a living, manage to make a living? Evidently there is a market for American paintings.

I emphasise the following facts: For a score or more of years now we have seen a certain class of American painting consistently increase in market value, artistic prestige and popular appeal. I wish to underline the fact that this statement is not an expression of an individual opinion. Whatever my own personal feelings may be as regards the subject of American painting (for that matter, whatever yours may be), I merely say: Here are the records, the cold, concrete, impersonal, ascertainable records. And these records demonstrate beyond the faintest shadow of a doubt that there is such a thing as American painting, that a certain distinct trend is observable, and that this trend is accorded by the American people the kind of recognition and patronage that makes for permanence. A quarter of a century's steady, sure, natural growth has secured the position of Inness and Winslow Homer. Veritable giants, both of them, we do not hesitate now to ask whether

the kind of painting they represent has ever been more successfully exploited. Allied to them in breadth and nobility of vision, although falling indubitably short of them in technical facility and beauty of handling, we have Martin, Wyant and Fuller. In our immediate time the tradition of these men has been exquisitely ramified by the notable activities of Hassam and Weir, the fluent if somewhat mellifluous charm of Tryon and the really remarkable subtlety of Murphy. There can be not the slightest doubt that the increasing popularity of the American painter has been the feature of essential significance in the auction-room records of recent years. A price brought by a certain picture, interesting though it may be, cannot be accepted as conclusive. In the present instance, however, the thing we simply cannot get away from is the slow, sure, inevitable growth of a substantial appreciation in the market values of the best kind of American paintings. During the last year a Winslow Homer sold for twenty-seven thousand dollars, an Inness for forty thousand dollars. Among living painters J. Francis Murphy led with his "November Greys" bought by Mr. Palmer, of New London, for seven thousand five hundred dollars. In the famous Alexander Humphries' sale (the conspicuous feature of the last winter's art activities), Murphy's "Approach to an Old Farm," for which Dr. Humphries had originally paid nine hundred and some odd dollars, sold for five thousand dollars. The famous Fuller, "Girl with Turkeys," bought by Dr. Humphries for two thousand five hundred dollars, sold in this sale for fifteen thousand six hundred dollars. These prices are not sporadic. They are not the work of a clique. They are not the result of a spurious manipulation on the part of one house or a group of houses. They have simply just happened. Twenty years ago Martin, Inness, Wyant, Homer and Blakelock could have been purchased for two hundred dollars up to a thousand. A half dozen years ago Murphy could have been bought for one-

third the price he consistently sells at to-day. His "Misty Morning," purchased in 1911 for eight hundred and fifty dollars, sold in 1917 for three thousand five hundred dollars, a profit of over two hundred per cent. for the purchaser. And before we take leave of this rather barren matter of statistics, let it be emphatically recognised that American painting has done what it has done in the face of an almost overwhelming foreign competition, the prestige of continental precedent, the prejudice of stupidity or dishonesty and the obtuseness of critic and press. There has been no press agent working for the American painter in this country; the press agenting has all been in the favour of the foreign goods, counterfeit or legitimate, that have been literally dumped into this country from abroad for the last fifty years. If American painting has done what it has done under conditions of so adverse a nature, we may safely assume that it possesses an inherent strength of unquestionable significance.

Now how shall we reconcile these indubitable and demonstrable realities with the vast amount of a seemingly ineradicable prejudice, ignorance and extremity of opinion that we encounter among the younger set of painters and critics? Perhaps the following few suggestions may be not altogether impertinent:

By the very nature of the case, America has always been a kind of enormous receptacle for the art of Europe. A young land, loosely cultured, stupendously wealthy, it has been looked upon, consciously or otherwise, as a legitimate prey by the salesmen of exotic wares. Now it is perfectly obvious that, in the beginning, whatever art we had must, of necessity, be imported. We were able to pay any price for art. There was no limit. Art values rose to such exorbitant heights that Europe simply could not or would not compete with us. Foreign art dealers concentrated their attention on this country. Branch offices were opened. Corots, Daubignys, Diazs and so on *ad infinitum* came pouring

into this country. Then we had the Dutch landscape men, Israels, Mauve, the Maris brothers. Then came Monet, Manet, Pissarro, Degas, and so on and so on.

Now it should be recognised beyond the shadow of a dispute that in acquiring the works of foreign painters the American millionaire is acting quite within his rights. If an extraordinary Hals, Rembrandt, Turner, Corot and so forth is on the market, there is no reason why Mr. Frick or Mr. William Clarke should not buy it. The trouble is that in the beginning this overwhelming flood of foreign art swept the critical equilibrium of this country clear off its feet. Instead of our native painting being accepted and judged impartially and dispassionately, it was either completely ignored by the class of persons that ought to have known better, or fatuously and indiscriminately patronised by a class of persons that knew absolutely nothing. To this day—although conditions have materially improved—the outstanding characteristic of artistic activity in this country remains the lack of unprejudiced perceptions and appraisals on the part of contemporary discrimination. A publicity and emphasis that might better be accorded any one of a score of our men is too often accorded to infirm Whistlers, Monets of feeble quality, indifferent Barbizons, and so on. Our reporters of painting—too seldom do they merit the once honourable appellation, critic—are lacking that poise of perception which instantaneously and inevitably distinguishes between a spurious originality and a genuine progress, a transient prettiness and a valid beauty. They are so fearful lest they be considered parochial that they go to the extreme of a persistent preoccupation with alien activity and excess. They have not achieved an indispensable neutrality between the sentimental claims of a local talent and the fallacious lure of exotic prestige, the stultifying influence of precedent and the illusion of modernity. Of course exceptions must be made. Reviewing the exhibition at

the Carnegie Institute some years ago, the brilliant and fearless art critic of *Town Topics* (yes, I said *Town Topics*) had this to say of Murphy's "Brow of the Knoll," a picture now owned by Mr. Alexander Hudnut: "But even contemporary French and English landscape fails to compete with the kind of work J. Francis Murphy is doing." Honourable mention should also be made of the efforts of Mr. Caffin, Mr. Royal Cortissoz of the *New York Tribune*, a man of wholesome common sense, nimble wit and gracious susceptibility, and Mr. Duncan Phillips, cultured and disciplined aristocrat of æsthetics. I advance and recommend the point of view of these gentlemen not because their estimates of individual merit agree with mine (as a matter of fact, I deplore Mr. Caffin's wholesale endorsement of Tryon, and Mr. Cortissoz's protuberant predilection for Alden Weir), but merely because they are aware of conditions about them and because they respond sympathetically and intelligently to these conditions. Criticism has never sold pictures to that legendary character, the bloated bondholder, but it can and should induce a favourable and intelligent receptivity on the part of the public. That is all one can ask of it. And yet, curiously enough, if the American painter need no longer die in order to make a living, thanks are due to the sagacity of the American business man and to the common sense of the American people. The Thomas B. Clarke sale of American pictures, held in New York City February 14, 15, 16 and 17, 1899, directed the attention of the American people to the fact that pictures were being produced in this country that were not only selling for real money, but were bringing, proportionately, the kind of prices that Barbizons were bringing. A buying movement set in; the future of American painting was secured. In these days when the contemporary painter—Dewing, Tryon, Weir, Murphy, Dessar, Dearth—asks thousands of dollars for a painting, and, what is

more, gets it, it is sad to think that Martin, Wyant, Robinson and Twachtman were fortunate if they could dispose of their paintings at all, and that Blake-lock, undernourished and harassed beyond endurance, was consigned to an asylum for the insane. This, however, is one of art's eternal platitudes, a platitude more common perhaps to painting than to any other of the arts.

Unfortunately, while all these developments were taking place, young America, identifying art with a smoking jacket and a bow tie, abandoned the frugal and necessitous isolation of its homeland to seek its fortune in the inspiring environment of continental æsthetics. It was assumed that one could express one's self in Paris more easily than in Perth Amboy. Of course there was something to this, but not everything. So it happened that during the time George Inness was putting the soul of this country on canvas, and Winslow Homer was absorbing the rugged, stark, spray-spattered spirit of the Maine Coast, and Wyant and Murphy were absorbing the spirit of the Catskills, our young men were absorbing the spirit of Montmartre. These young men were painting very much like other young men. They gathered together in precious and exclusive conclave. They became active partisans of "movements." They learned how to do it very much as the other fellows did, but in gaining a cosmopolitan facility they lost their æsthetic soul. There can be absolutely no question over the fact that sometimes they justified themselves by improving upon their models. Our Mr. Childe Hassam, for example, is a hundred times a stronger painter than Mr. Claude Monet. Unfortunately, the spirit back of the work of these men has lost something of what one might call an original integrity. In a word, it is not an indispensable point of view. Unfortunately again, it is too often this sort of thing that foreign critics see when they come here. They do not see Fuller's "Girl with Turkeys," Inness' "Tenafly Oaks" or "Midsummer Foli-

age," Murphy's "Brow of the Knoll" or "Upland Pastures, Morning," that noble, luminous apotheosis of homely, naked, native soil owned by Mr. Adolph Lewesohn. As for our younger men, both painters and critics of painting, I repeat that their reaction to the spirit of our native atmosphere has been perhaps irremediably impaired and adulterated by influences fictitiously and, I dare add, cheaply ultra. They have facts to their finger tips on Matisse, Cézanne, Van Gogh, Gauguin, but they know next to nothing about Weir, Tryon, Murphy, Wyant, Inness, Homer, Martin, Blake-lock. They plead for a national music and ignore a national painting. They do not realise that an authentic æstheticism reveals itself through its ability to recognise and appraise, each for their individual inherent worth, things widely, even totally, dissimilar. A supreme capacity for the appreciation of "Tristan" need not preclude an enjoyment of "Butterfly"; one may yield upon occasions to the hypnotic ecstasy of Debussy's harmonic system, and yet retain a vigorous response to the rugged, primitive energy, humour and pathos of a folk-song. But our younger set holds a fine scorn for the kind of painter that I have endorsed in these pages. Apparently, said younger set is unaware of or indifferent to the fact that for a quarter of a century now the pictures painted by the American painter have been steadily increasing in value, and that a steady accumulation of these pictures by collectors and museums scattered throughout the country is in progress. Why should our professional progressives, our chronic malcontents, react favourably to a wistful, rural, sentimental and spiritual point of view that, however much it may reflect the essential gist and pith of this country's innate identity, yet remains incomprehensible to their complex and supersophisticated organisms? We may feel that a Murphy and a Wyant, with their affectionate response to the arid pathos of naked and isolated areas, are the equivalent to a verse of Burns or

a folk-song; our friends who are out of touch with the stark humanity, the frank, sweet winds and wood odours that permeate these pictures, fail to see that a characteristic American spirit has been perceived and permanently recorded. Who of them could recognise, for example, the chill, chaste, reticent New England spirit that Mr. Alden Weir places so consummately upon canvas? Why should they recognise a thing that they have not felt? Art is not altogether—as so many would have us think—a detached, impersonal thing; at its greatest it is experience miraculously welded into patterns so sheerly beautiful that we should enjoy them if for nothing more than the beauty, and quite regardless of the significance of their contents. But if we would receive the full import of the work of art, we must be in a thorough sympathy with the actuating spirit back of it. Here is one of those obvious things so obvious that it is constantly ignored or forgotten. A mere exposition, no matter how earnest, honest and intense, of a mood, experience, racial characteristic and so on must not detain us if it falls short of a certain measure of artistic facility. For example, that vastly overestimated work "Boris Godounoff" is a curiosity, if you will, but hardly a work of art; and no one in their senses would urge a consideration of parochial or national artistic activity if, from a technical standpoint, that activity were incompetent. We can maintain, however, that in the best work of the American painter a

perfect co-ordination is accomplished between a veracious representation and a superb and satisfying craftsmanship. That we hesitate to believe in the excellence of our painters is, as I have repeatedly pointed out, a survival of that time in our history when we valued European art not dispassionately and on its merits, but, instead, with a kind of wholesale, take-it-for-grantedness now happily a part of the past. Even yet it is a little difficult for us to acknowledge that an *Ethan Frome* is a piece of literature that may hold its own in any company, or that an Inness such as was on exhibition last season at the gallery of Messrs. Scott and Fowles may be the equal of any painting of its kind that the world has so far seen.

Much to my regret, the space at my disposal has not allowed me to attempt a sheerly critical estimate of the collective and individual work of American painting. As to this collective and individual worth opinions differ. Many will dismiss American painting for a negligible thing scarce worth an argument, a mere sterile replica of the art of the past. Others, besides the present writer, believe that it possesses an integrity of its own, and that it may even represent an inestimable development in the art of painting. However this may be, this article has attempted merely to emphasise those features of the matter that are susceptible to an actual demonstration, and to record certain saliences of an unmistakable sequence and significance.

# THE MASQUE OF POETS\*

EDITED BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

## AN APRIL SEQUENCE

### I

#### *Premonition*

WHERE does the wind from the wilding blow  
Troubling the dream-caught woods of dawn  
With hushed remembrance of woven music  
Out of the shadowy gates of horn?

Under the still-fringed water-meadows  
Colour is veining the grassy ways.  
Over the dove-clad clouds of winter  
A lark's cry falls through the ringing haze.

Wind and water and star-paled heaven  
Mingle in colour and whisper of wind.  
Earth and air call unto the Father.  
Can April wonder be far behind?

### II

#### *Tiding*

When all the tides of April  
Are rising in the air,  
And flowing grass and cloud  
And sea are fair,

Light circles in the flower  
And flesh and foam,  
And body unto body  
Now turns home,

\*"The Masque of Poets" is made up of the following contributors: Thomas Walsh, Witter Bynner, Margaret Widdemer, Amelia Josephine Burr, Anna Hempstead Branch, William Rose Benét, Sarah N. Cleghorn, William Alexander Percy, Christopher Morley, Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Vincent O'Sullivan, John Gould Fletcher, Grace Hazard Conkling, Sara Teasdale, George Sterling, Harriet Monroe, Edgar Lee Masters, Arthur Davison Ficke, Bliss Carman, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Lincoln Colcord, William Stanley Braithwaite, Conrad Aiken, Josephine Preston Peabody, Amy Lowell, Charles Wharton Stork, Edward J. O'Brien. The series will continue throughout the year, and, probably in the November number, the poems, given hitherto anonymously, will be listed with their authors' names. In the meantime, correspondence regarding the poems and their authorship is invited by the Editor.

## The Masque of Poets

While He whom, clad in colour  
 And dream and prayer,  
 Light heralds, rises naked,  
 And white, and fair.

## III

That skylark curving toward the south  
 And circling idly up the wind,  
 Unmindful of the winter's way,  
 Leaves melody behind.

Proclaiming through his arch of gold  
 From heaven high to earth's deep,  
 The wind that blows the stars to flame  
 Cradles flowers in their sleep.

## IV

*April Flame*

Wind of the foaming air,  
 Ripple over my heart,  
 With April flame bend low,  
 Of mine a part.

Flower of the western sky,  
 Blow in my flesh,  
 With April laughter mine,  
 Caught in my mesh.

Stars of the budding night,  
 Shine on my brow:  
 Make of these smouldering fires  
 White wisdom now!

## V

Why grieve to see the light in air,  
 Or sigh, of April fain?  
 White orchards all afoam with stars  
 Shall flower the dreaming plain.

For spring comes white with morning,  
 And laughs the clouds away.  
 Why grieve that April flame is fled?  
 Arise, and shout with May!

## AFTERNOON

Some one is coming to call.

Up the red brick path between daffodils dancing  
I see white ruffles that blow:  
A parasol, dipping against the sun.  
It is some one stout, and warm in her new white gloves.

My old green apron is smudged with the garden-mould.  
My hands are the hands of a peasant-woman. My hair  
Comes tumbling down into my eyes.

I wish I could lie down flat like a child  
And hide in the grass, while she rings and rings,  
And sticks her card under the door with a sigh,  
And puffs away down the path.  
I wish—but the parasol bobs,  
And she bobs like a mandarin's lady,  
Smiling and bridling and beckoning.

If I were a daffodil, in an apron of green and gold—

But there she stands on the path,  
And her gloves are so new they squeak with newness and stoutness,  
And I know she will talk of the weather and stay an hour—

If I were a daffodil—  
Or a little cool blinking bug  
Down in the daffodil leaves—

## TO BUTTERFLY

Do you remember how the twilight stood  
And leaned above the river just to see  
If still the crocus buds were in her hood,  
And if her robes were gold or shadowy?  
Do you remember how the twilight stood  
When we were lovers and the world our wood?

And then, one night, when we could find no word,  
But silence trembled like a heart—like mine!—  
And suddenly that moon-enraptured bird  
Awoke and all the darkness turned to wine?  
'How long ago that was! And how absurd  
For us to own a wood that owned a bird!

They tell me there are magic gardens still,  
And birds that sleep to wake and dream to sing,  
And streams that pause for crocus skies to fill;  
But they that told were lovers and 'twas spring.  
Yet why the moon to-night's a daffodil  
When it is March—Do you remember, still?



## The Masque of Poets

## THE LAST SUCKLING

Mother, in some sad evening long ago,  
 From thy young breast my groping lips were taken,  
 Their hunger stilled, so soon again to waken,  
 But nevermore that holy food to know.

Ah! nevermore! for all the child might crave!  
 Ah! nevermore! through years unkind and dreary!  
 Often of other fare my lips are weary,  
 Unwearied once of what thy bosom gave.

(Poor wordless mouth that could not speak thy name!  
 At what unhappy revels has it eaten  
 The viands that no memory can sweeten,—  
 The banquet found eternally the same!)

Then fell a shadow first on thee and me,  
 And tendrils broke that held us two how dearly!  
 Once infinitely thine, then hourly, yearly,  
 Less thine, as less the worthy thine to be!

(O mouth that yet should kiss the mouth of Sin!  
 Were lies so sweet, now bitter to remember?  
 Slow sinks the flame unfaithful to an ember;  
 New beauty fades and passion's wine is thin.)

How poor an end of that solicitude  
 And all the love I had not from another!  
 Peace to thine unforgetting heart, O Mother,  
 Who gav'st the dear and unremembered food!

## HE SINGS BECAUSE HIS WIFE HAS GONE OUT OF THE HOUSE

He sings because his wife has gone out of the house:  
 Bending over the table in the twilight of the room  
 He sings soft old things he sang when he was a boy,  
 And near his chair stays listening a grey mouse.

He sings because the gay loud woman is out in the town,  
 And in his heart there is a quiet, and the room is so still  
 That the grey mouse preens its whiskers far away from the wall,  
 For the man's voice is dreamy and kind like those who are very ill.

And he wonders if some day his wife will go out of the house  
 And leave him alone with the mouse, too still to feel more  
 Than the waves and the waves of quiet in the darkened room,  
 As he lies with the sun on his face through a chink of the door.

# THE PSYCHOANALYSTS

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

IN 1895 an unostentatious book quietly appeared in Leipzig and Vienna entitled *Studies of Hysteria* (*Studien über Hysterie*), written jointly by two authors, Dr. Josef Breuer and Dr. Sigmund Freud. There was no public ready to receive the book; it attracted little attention, and had a small sale. In England and America it remained almost unknown, so that it is now a satisfaction to the present writer to recall that perhaps the first full and sympathetic exposition in English of the views set forth in this book appeared in the first volume of his own *Studies in the Psychology of Sex* in 1898. Yet these studies of hysteria, as an attentive reader could scarcely fail to realise, turned over a new page in medical psychology, and the new page was of fascinating interest. A case of hysteria was no longer to be regarded as on the psychic side, almost beneath a physician's serious attention, nor was it to be settled merely by an accurate description of the physical symptoms, after the manner of Charcot's school, to which, in the first place, Freud himself had belonged. It was a mystery to be patiently investigated, a mystery to which the key often lay far back and forgotten in the patient's history, and when skilfully used, with knowledge and insight, the patient's medical history acquired not only psychological significance, but something of the interest of a novel. Freud himself clearly recognised this and stated, even in this first book, that it was by a representation of psychic processes, "such as we are accustomed to receive from the poet," that he had gained his insight into the nature of hysteria.

Priority in the inception of the ideas contained in this book, and the treat-

ment based on them, belongs, as Professor Freud has since acknowledged, to the elder writer, Dr. Breuer. After acting as the missionary for the conversion of his more famous colleague, Breuer disappears from the psychoanalytic scene. He was indeed an unconscious if not unwilling missionary in this field. He pointed out the road, but could not accompany the disciple far along it. He signed with Freud the statement in the Preface that "sexuality plays a leading part in the causation of hysteria," and elsewhere makes the emphatic statement on his own account that "the great majority of serious neuroses in women arise from the marriage-bed." But it would appear, from what Freud has more recently said, that on this fundamental question of sex Breuer never fully shared the revelation, as Freud has himself put it, Breuer guided him to an insight which he himself never gained.

The process, so far as the change of attitude toward sex is concerned, may deliberately be termed "conversion," and it is that term (*Bekehrung*) which Freud himself applies to it; for we may best understand it as of the nature of a religious conversion, a changed attitude toward the world and the revelation of a mission in life.

We have to remember that Freud was the pupil of Charcot and under Charcot's inspiration was preparing to devote himself to the physical aspects of nervous disease and to physical treatment, especially electro-therapeutics. Charcot was indifferent to the psychic side of his cases and—following the French medical tradition and well seconded by his pupils—he regarded the recognition of a sex element in the causation of disease as degrading. That

attitude was the outcome of the whole of Charcot's temperament and habit in approaching disease, as was clear at once to anyone who saw him—as I still vividly recall him—in his dealings with patients at the Salpêtrière. One realised that he felt a complete mastery of the case and that he regarded it as a purely physical problem; for the patient himself, and for any communication that the patient might be able to make, he felt evidently an almost contemptuous disdain. There could be no attitude more directly opposed to that which Freud ultimately reached. But it was in that atmosphere Freud was trained to approach nervous disorders. We can well believe that, when at length faced by the mysterious Sphinx of sex he had flouted and met with the stern demand why he had persecuted her, Freud passed through a deep spiritual upheaval, a complete revelation comparable to that experienced by a still greater Jewish apostle of truth in days of old on the road to Damascus. If we are tempted to think, as most of us certainly are tempted to think, that the convert has sometimes been dazzled by his new vision and drawn by his convictions to excess, we may learn to view these results with a more sympathetic tolerance if we understand how, certainly on the basis of a favourable soil, they were originally brought about.

It can scarcely be said that there seems to us much excess to-day in this early volume of *Studies on Hysteria*, although, Freud tells us, its unconventional views sufficed to create around him a vacant space even in the circle of his friends. Much as the Freudian doctrines and formulas have been transformed since, not only was the sexual element in the causation of hysteria here clearly recognised at the outset, but the chief lines of its psychic mechanism were set forth. The doctrine of the "suppression" of unpleasant, and usually sexual, experiences into the unconscious was there, and, Freud has lately de-

clared, "the doctrine of suppression is now the foundation pier on which the structure of psychoanalysis rests." There was also the doctrine of "conversion," by which an emotional experience may be changed into a physical, and usually pathological, phenomenon having no conscious or apparent resemblance to its emotional cause, which this process, more or less, relieves and removes, so that, as Freud expressed it, "the hysterical symptoms are built up at the cost of the remembered emotions;" at the origin the physical pain or disability had been associated, in time, with the emotional experience, but the link had never been recognised in consciousness. We see again in this book the conception of "symbolism," which was afterward to play so important and so much discussed a part in Freud's teaching; in this first book, however, the symbolism of objects was, as Freud has since acknowledged, overlooked though present, and the symbolism revealed was a symbolism of situations, a sexual situation being represented by an analogous situation on a different and more avowable plane; it was, therefore, more a physiological than a psychic symbolism. In this first book, once more, we have the tendency for the sexual exciting cause of the disorder to be traceable further and further back toward early life, although there was, as yet, no definite assertion of "infantile sexuality," which was not put forward until 1905. Finally, the Freudian method of treatment was in principle here established as a method of drawing out and bringing to the surface of consciousness a repressed and corroding element, a method by Breuer termed "cathartic," though Freud himself later termed it "analytic," probably because he felt unable to accept Breuer's conception of "a foreign body in consciousness." No extreme position at any point can, indeed, be said to be taken in this first book, and it is probable that many to-day who view psychoanalysis with horror might peruse the volume

with a degree of assent they would not have felt when it was published, for even the opponents of Freud have now absorbed some of the ideas he has flung into modern currents of thought.

For my own part, it seemed a fascinating book even when it was first published, and I read it with sympathy and real enlightenment, if perhaps some reserves of judgment. The attitude of Charcot toward sex in relation to hysteria was by no means universally shared in England. Various physicians had stated their belief that the sexual emotions, by no means necessarily or usually in their coarser aspects, played an important part in the causation of hysteria. I had myself, a year earlier (in *Man and Woman*), ventured to express the opinion that the part played by the sexual emotions in hysteria was underestimated. So that I was fully prepared to accept the conclusions of the authors of the *Studien über Hysterie*, and indeed read the book with rare intellectual delight, not because its thesis agreed with my own, but because that thesis was presented with a sympathetic intuition and a power of skilful analysis which had never before, even by Janet, been expended on the delicate and elusive mechanisms of the disordered emotions. I still think that there is no simpler or more persuasive introduction to Freud's work than his first book.

Freud was pleased with my recognition of the book and from that time began an exchange of publications and occasionally of letters. He found in my *Studies* helpful suggestions in the development of his own doctrine, suggestions which I had not myself been inclined to carry to an extreme or dogmatic form. In this way he was encouraged by the "Histories" of normal persons in the third volume of my *Studies*, as well as by an instructive article published by Sanford Bell in the *American Journal of Psychology*, to follow up the task he had already begun of pushing back the sexual origins of

neuroses to an ever earlier age, and especially to extend this early origin so as to cover not only neurotic but ordinary individuals, an extension of pivotal importance, for it led to the Freudian doctrine becoming, instead of a mere clue to psychopathology, a principle of universal psychological validity. In this way he finally reached that conception of constitutional "infantile sexuality" which he regards as so fundamental, and his opponents as so horrible. He also adopted some of my terminology, such as "auto-erotism" and "Narcissism." The first of these two terms, however, I may remark, the Freudians have often perverted and confused. This was not entirely due to Freud himself who, when in 1905 he first adopted the term, found its chief significance in the fairly legitimate sense of a sexual impulse which was not directed toward other persons and found its satisfaction in the individual's own person. But, subsequently, Freudians have often used the term to indicate a sexual impulse which not only found its satisfaction within the individual's own person, but was actually directed toward his own person. Now that is what I had termed Narcissism, and regarded as a sub-division of the great group of auto-erotic phenomena. The essential characteristic of an auto-erotic manifestation, as I had devised the term, was that the erotic impulse arose spontaneously and from within and was not evoked from without in response to the developed normal appeal of an attractive external influence. I formed the word on the model of such words as "automobile," which means moving *by itself*, and not, as the Freudians would have it, *toward itself*. I regard erotic dreams in sleep and erotic reverie in waking life as the typical form of auto-erotism, and the term seemed to me a convenient way of grouping together a large number of phenomena for which no common name had previously existed. That is why I consider that the Freudian tendency to limit the term to

a single group of manifestations is illegitimate and confusing, for it stultifies a useful name for which there is no other convenient equivalent. So far as I know, indeed, no Freudian has attempted to justify this perversion of the term.

The point is worth mentioning because it indicates a frequent Freudian tendency to looseness in definition. This is to be noted, but not altogether to be blamed. Definitions are not so essential in the biological sciences as in the mathematical sciences. Moreover, the Freudians are at the beginning of their science, if science it may be termed, while precisely accurate definitions come at the end of an investigation and not at the beginning. This looseness of definition has been a part of the vital growth, the perpetually shifting new development, which has so strikingly marked Freud's work.

Freud's conceptions have indeed grown marvellously. The *Studien über Hysterie* have long been left behind. He is perpetually remoulding his ideas, as his experience widens and his insight becomes more penetrating, introducing new ideas, extending them into new fields. From hysteria psychoanalysis was applied to other groups of psycho-neurotic disorders: first to morbid obsessions and impulsions, then to all sorts of psychic disorders, including various forms of insanity, though it may be doubted whether it has worked out as well in any of them as in hysteria; and in the severe forms of mental disease, as Freud himself has pointed out, it is helpless. The application of the Freudian ideas to the normal child was, as has been said, a pivot on which the whole doctrine has turned. It involved, first of all, a new elaborate analysis of all that is meant by sexuality. The infant, the young child, is, of course, not sexual in the limited and localised sense which we have in mind when we think of sexuality in the adult. In the young child, as viewed by Freud, sexuality is generalised and may take on many

forms—forms which in later life, if we found them associated with a specific underlying sexual impulse, we should call perverse. Therefore Freud regards the child as "polymorph-perverse" and, as is indeed well recognised (and as my own investigations had repeatedly shown), the sexual perversions of later life may largely be regarded as a persistence of, or a return to, the impulses of child life. The extreme and pronounced way in which Freud set forth his doctrine of infantile sexuality aroused much opposition and resentment among many people who failed to realise that sex in early life is a very different thing from sex in adult life. Later Freud deprived this objection of its force by a dextrous turn of the artist's hand, which became necessary at the point he had reached; he enlarged the whole conception of sexuality, and "Libido" for him became practically the manifestation of any pleasurable desire. The extension of the Freudian domain to cover the normal child necessarily led on to the inclusion of the normal adult and all his activities. Freud was greatly helped and encouraged here by the application of psychoanalysis to dreams. We may all, he holds, apply psychoanalysis to ourselves, and demonstrate the validity of its principles by studying our dreams. He attaches supreme importance to this field of investigation: "dream interpretation is the foundation stone of psychoanalysis." His largest and most elaborately detailed book is on dreams, *Die Traumdeutung*. It was certainly a legitimate and hopeful field of investigation—though there are some of us, some even who have given special study to the analysis of dreams—who doubt whether the great and rich field of dream-life can be so entirely squeezed into the limits of the Freudian formulas as Freud has asserted, and who cannot possibly accept the wild statement that before psychoanalysis dreams were regarded as "a purely bodily phenomenon," outside psychology. Only one further extension of the Freudian con-

ception was possible, and that Freud eventually took. Having included individual psychology in his domain, he proceeded to incorporate also therein, collective psychology, so that finally psychoanalysis could be applied to all the highest social manifestations of human development.

A few years ago Freud himself published a schematic outline of the various sciences to which psychoanalysis had been applied or become applicable:\*

(1) it helps to explain much in the science of language; (2) it modifies the hypotheses of philosophy and stimulates philosophical activities in new directions; (3) it affects biology, not only by, for the first time, doing justice to the place of the sexual function in humanity, but by acting as a mediator between biology and psychology; (4) psychoanalysis brings new contributions to our conception of evolution, showing that the old axiom, that the development of the individual repeats the development of the race, applies also in the psychic sphere, and indicating that infantile psychic formations persist in the adult; (5) it also contributes to the history of civilisation, not only by helping to explain myths and legends but by illuminating the origin of great human institutions as attempts to relieve human needs which cannot be directly gratified; (6) in the fine arts it plays a similar part, explaining alike the hidden motives of the artist and of his audience in seeking to resolve a conflict which might otherwise work out disastrously; (7) it likewise concerns sociology, for the forces which cause repression and suppression of the individual are mainly engendered by docility to social demands; (8) psychoanalysis is, further, of the greatest importance for the sciences of education by revealing the true nature of childhood and enabling the educator to avoid the danger of too violently repressing instincts which may seem to the adult vicious and abnormal, but which are only rendered dangerous

\**Scientia*. Vol. XIV, 1913, p. 169.

by the adult's futile attempts to crush them, instead of allowing them in due course to be sublimated, for "our highest virtues have arisen as reactive sublimations from the foundation of our worst predispositions."

What is Freud's vocation? One is tempted by this enumeration of the fields in which he claims to be working to ask a question to which the answer may not be quite obvious. He started as a medical psychopathologist, but medicine covers now only a small part of his field. We cannot even describe him as a man of science, for he attaches himself to no particular science—even as a psychologist he is too large to be fitted into any school—and his activities are individualised, intuitive, and conceptual to a degree which removes them from the impersonal and objectively verifiable basis of science. He enters the philosophic domain and might by some be termed a metaphysician; but here, again, apart from the fact that, as he himself has frequently observed, he has always deliberately avoided the study of philosophic literature, he by no means lives, as the philosopher is bound to live, in the world of ideas, but is primarily absorbed in the active manipulation of human nature. His activities are, indeed, above all, plastic and creative, and we cannot understand him unless we regard him as, above all, an artist. He is indeed an artist who arose in science, and to a large extent remains within that sphere, with disconcerting results alike to himself and his followers, when he, or they, attempt to treat his work as a body of objectively demonstrable scientific propositions. It has thus happened that nearly all the chief and ablest of his early supporters—Bleuler, Adler, Jung and Stekel—have successively left him. For in art we are concerned with matters of taste and sympathetic insight, which one person may feel and another not, or even the same person may feel to-day and cease to feel to-morrow. Freud himself has stated that he cannot psychoanalyse a

patient unless he experiences sympathy toward that patient; it is the artist's attitude. What is peculiar about Freud's art is the novelty of the medium in which its plastic force is exercised. It is not a physical medium, it is not even a purely intellectual medium, such as is dealt with by the philosopher who also is in his way an artist. Freud's art is the poetry of psychic processes which lie in the deepest and most mysterious recesses of the soul. He began with themes which, novel as they were, at the same time were not difficult to follow. But as his art developed he proceeded to weave ever subtler and more daring harmonies, as his technique became firm, often choosing the very simplest theme for development into an elaborate structure. A beautiful instance of this is his essay on Leonardo da Vinci, in which he builds up the whole of Leonardo's character from one slight childish reminiscence which that great man chances to have recorded. Freud's daring virtuosity is perhaps shown even more remarkably in his essay on Jensen's novel, *Gradiva*, in which he elaborately psychoanalyses an imaginary story; the results are altogether disclaimed by the novelist, but they perfectly illustrate the psychoanalyst's conceptions. Truth or fiction, to the artist it is all one, even when the artist is a psychoanalyst, for he is only concerned with truth to his art.

Freud's method is so complex, so novel, so startlingly opposed at many points to accepted belief (and therefore so apt to arouse both bitter hostility and ardent enthusiasm) that it is not possible to expound it fully and fairly in a small space. A brief outline of some of his main positions may perhaps be helpful.

As Freud views the psychic field the largest and even the most important part of it lies in an unconscious region. A main part of the art of the psychopathologist, and indeed of the psychologist generally in Freud's sense, consists in tracing the passage of infantile im-

pulses into the unconscious, in discovering the processes of conversion which take place in this obscure region, and in bringing them again to the conscious surface of life, in which transformation not only is the abnormal rendered normal, but those sublimations take place in which human culture consists. Normally the process is a part of human evolution; abnormally, in neurotic persons, the process miscarries and the help of art is necessary to render the process natural. This art is the whole of psychoanalysis.

Freud traces back the processes with which he deals to roots in early childhood, to an infantile disposition with certain resultant psychic mechanisms, and that is largely why they are lost from ordinary view in the unconscious. The later psychic developments are highly important, but they are always obscurely connected with more fundamental, however concealed, roots in childhood or infancy, even though ultimately they are shaped by human imagination into the great figures and conflicts of Myth and Religion and Art.

This infantile source of later psychic processes is, in Freud's view, sexual, though, as already indicated, a dexterous sleight of the artist's hand has later enlarged the conception of sexual pleasure by combining it with all pleasure, thus taking away the ground from the anti-Freudians' feet. On infantile sexuality, and on its significance for all later life, he lays great stress. The infant's sexual life he regards as highly complex. It primarily consists in simple tactile pleasures, in thumb-sucking, in friction of the various body openings, or of other sensitive spots. It develops into a special interest in the activity of the excretory functions. Extending to other persons, it tends to attach itself in the boy's case to his mother, in the girl's case to the father, as well as between brothers and sisters, and it also tends to ignore the adult distinction of sex: "You will not be wrong," Freud says, "in attributing to

every child a fragment of homosexual aptitude." These special attractions may easily become special aversions. Fundamentally, however, they are wishes. A sexual wish is, in Freud's view, fundamental.

In the course of the development, however, the infantile wish, as a result of important conflicts, disappears into unconsciousness and is replaced in consciousness by some other manifestation. This is inevitable, for, as the subject grows older, the moralised emotions of shame and disgust, acting as censors, drive the infantile "sexual" wish out of the conscious field. Fragments, indeed, of this infantile state of desire may in some cases persist in the form of fixed perversions. Perversions are related to neuroses as positive to negative. In the neuroses the same original impulses are at work, but they are working from the unconscious side, all the intensity of the suppressed emotion becoming transferred to the physical symptom. Disease is thus, in Freud's words, a flight from unsatisfying reality into something which, though biologically injurious, is not without advantage for the patient, for it is a kind of cloister into which, with his transformed infantile longings, the patient retires when deceived by the world or no longer able to fight against the world. We imagine that we can destroy our childish and primitive impulses by some miraculous process and change them into nothing. It is not so, says Freud. Nothing is destroyed. We can at the most shift our desires into the unconscious, convert them into morbid shapes, or sublimate them, and then not entirely, into exalted ideal impulses. Spirit is as indestructible as matter; that is Freud's great discovery. Freud's work is the revelation in the spiritual world of that transformation and conservation of energy which half a century earlier had been demonstrated in the physical world.

That is an abbreviated description of a state of things which, as Freud now

views it, is of universal extension, and represents a fundamental human process of supreme importance. It is only in the rare cases in which it is intensified through occurring in abnormal persons that it becomes morbid and demands the physician's attention. The method by which the physician of Freud's school investigates this state of things, by bringing it to the light of consciousness and, in so doing, relieving it, is the famous method of psychoanalysis.

At first, when working with Breuer, Freud used hypnotism as the vehicle of his method. He has, however, long since abandoned that method as capricious and mystical, while in many cases the patients could not be hypnotised at all. He prefers to investigate the patient in the normal state by what he terms the analytic method. For a doctor to find out what he is ignorant of by addressing questions to an equally ignorant patient seems unpromising. But Freud remembered that he had seen Bernheim show at Nancy that, when a patient appears ignorant of what happened to him in a previous hypnotic state, his ignorance is not really absolute, but may with skill be overcome. He found it was the same with the early emotional experiences which lay at the roots of these patients' neuroses. Freud encourages the patient to say everything, however irrelevant or indecorous or silly, which comes into his head, while he, as it were, stands by and watches these bubbles from the psychic depth, on the look out for those which furnish a clue to the nature of the process beneath. Jung developed a valuable branch of this psychoanalysis with his method of free association, which consists in reading out a string of words to the patient, telling him to say at once what each word suggests, and noting down the results, in the faith, often verified, that in this way the patient will unconsciously give away secrets that are unknown even to himself, not merely by the nature of the words



that he responds with, but by his hesitation in responding at all to certain words. This method Freud regards as the psychoanalytic equivalent of the chemist's qualitative analysis.

As the patient's real history is thus brought to the surface and revealed, slowly and laboriously—and Freud admits that the process is extremely slow and laborious—the patient is enabled to become conscious of the morbid process and in so doing is greatly assisted in casting it off. In that way the psychoanalytic method is, as Breuer termed it, cathartic, and, as Freud points out, it is the very reverse of the hypnotic method, for while hypnotism seeks to put something into the patient, psychoanalysis seeks to take something out, and is, as Freud has himself said, analogous to the sculptor's art.

This conception of psychoanalysis was a brilliant idea for which Freud deserves all credit. It has not, however, been pointed out, so far as I am aware, that Freud had a forerunner in the idea, though not in its clinical and therapeutical applications. In 1857 Dr. J. J. Garth Wilkinson, a noted Swedenborgian mystic and poet of his time, published a volume of mystic doggerel verse written by what he considered "a new method," the method of "Impression." "A theme is chosen or written down," he stated; "as soon as this is done the first impression upon the mind which succeeds the act of writing the title is the beginning of the evolution of that theme, no matter how strange or alien the word or phrase may seem." "The first mental movement, the first word that comes," is "the response to the mind's desire for the unfolding of the subject." It is continued by the same method, and Garth Wilkinson adds, "I have always found it led by an infallible instinct into the subject." The method was, as Garth Wilkinson viewed it, a kind of exalted *laissez-faire*, a command to the deepest unconscious instincts to express themselves. Reason and will, he pointed out, are

left aside; you trust to "an influx" and the faculties of the mind are "directed to ends they know not of." Garth Wilkinson, it must be clearly understood, although he was a physician, used this method for religious and literary and never for scientific or medical ends; but it is easy to see that essentially it is the method of psychoanalysis applied to one's self, and it is further evidence how much Freud's method is an artist's method.

When we survey the Freudian conception of psychoanalysis, it is manifest that the core of it is its doctrine of sex impulse as appearing in infancy, passing through various phases and processes, mostly involving conflict, and ultimately developing—except when by miscarriage it takes on morbid shapes—into the loftiest cultural shapes that humanity can create. It is not only the core of Freudianism, it is also the chief point of attack for the opponents of Freud. It must be said that Freud has never compromised on the matter and to-day he vigorously reproaches Adler and Jung, once his chief lieutenants, for seeking to minimise or explain away the sexual core of psychoanalysis. It may indeed be said that Freud has even gone beyond his own thesis in his emphasis of sex. He is quite aware that he uses the term "sexuality" in, as he says, "a much wider sense than is usual," and no one has so well shown how different the sexual world of childhood is from that of the adult as Freud himself in his study of the sexual theories of children; these theories commonly devised by children to explain the mysteries hidden from them are not only different from the adult's facts, they usually leave out entirely all that the adult means by sexuality. So that when the ignorant adult approaches the sexual feelings of childhood he is apt to make the crudest and most lamentable mistakes. Yet Freud himself has encouraged this error and exposed his position to quite unnecessary attacks by speaking of childish sexual psychology in terms of adult physical

facts. This is notably the case as regards Freud's introduction of the term "incest-complex" and by his acceptance as typical in this respect of the altogether adult story of Œdipus and Jocasta. Although a very little consideration should have sufficed to show that these adult conceptions are on a different plane from the emotions and ideas of children, and though Freud had himself shown how totally unlike the adult's are the ideal and undefined sexual visions of the child, the leader's confused mistake has been followed by a sheep-like flock of Freudians who have thereby copiously aided the unnecessary indignation of their opponents. For the truth is that, with a different conception of "infantile sexuality" on each side, the Freudian and the anti-Freudian have each alike been fighting in St. Paul's words, "as one that beateth the air."

We must at the same time remember that the Freudian emphasis on infantile sexuality, however careful and guarded the terminology adopted, would still have shocked and repelled the average conventional man and woman. In the matter of sex we are all a little mediæval. Hunger and Love, said Schiller, are the two great pillars which support the world. It shocks us not at all when the importance of the pillar of Hunger is emphasised, and even exaggerated, as it may be by the political economist. But it is another matter when we find the pillar of Love emphasised and even exaggerated. It is only the child of genius, trained to deal with facts and to follow Nature wheresoever she seems to lead, who is innocent of this prejudice and bewildered by the outcries he unwittingly evokes. A distinguished thinker, James Hinton, who, like Freud, began as a physician and gradually extended his speculations over the central facts of life, was such a child of genius worshipping and following Nature. "How utterly," he wrote, "all feeling of impurity, or reason for special feeling at all, is gone from the sexual pas-

sion in my mind! It stands before me absolutely as the taking of food. I cannot even recall why the feelings of special impurity cling about it. It has taken its place in my mind absolutely afresh, and as one with all that is most simple and natural and pure and good."\* It was in this spirit that Freud formulated his theory of "Libido," with its infantile manifestations and marvelous transformations, serenely pursuing his way, while the conventional world was shocked, and even his own chief supporters often fell away, Adler depriving "Libido" of its love constituent and Jung even transferring it into a vague metaphysical abstraction.

There is, however, no need to fall back on this, the fundamental justification or condemnation—as we choose to see it—of genius. We may preserve our usual worldly attitude and yet be able to discern that, when the misapprehensions arising from bad terminology and extreme statement are put aside, the essentials of the Freudian vision of life may still be found acceptable. We have refused to face them, but we have obscurely recognised them, and they have even been plainly expressed, especially by poets and novelists. Let us take as an example one of the insights of Freud which has most aroused antagonism: the emotional relationship between mother and son, to which there is a corresponding relationship between father and daughter. This is notably a case in which feelings which are entirely plain to see have not yet been seen merely because people were unwilling to see them. Mothers had been suckling their children for untold millions of years before, a century ago, Cabanis pointed out the nature of the delicious pleasure often—or, it is probable, normally—experienced in suckling, and it is not surprising that another century should have elapsed before Freud pointed out that this pleasure is mutual, although in the infant it can only be termed

\*Mrs. Havelock Ellis, *James Hinton: A Sketch*, 1917, p. 107.

"sexual" if we are careful to understand that sexual pleasure at this early period is an altogether different thing from what it becomes later. It normally remains a different thing even for a considerable period, and toward the mother it is permanently a different thing, for the son always feels as a child to his mother, yet on this basis, which we may regard as physically non-sexual and emotionally sexual, the relations of mother and son may be, Freud would be inclined to say quite normally, comparable to that of lovers. Let us turn to a novel, called *Comme tout le Monde*, written a few years ago by Madame Lucie Delarue-Mardrus, one of the best women novelists of France to-day. As the title indicates, it is a commonplace story, the ordinary story of an ordinary middle-class girl, wife, and mother, who experiences the ordinary joys of life and the ordinary deceptions. Yet the story is told with such art and such insight that, commonplace as it is, and even because it is commonplace, we are made to feel that it is a completely veracious record. Isabelle, the young Norman lady who is the heroine, has two sons, and the elder, Léon, adores her; his earliest childish letters to her express this adoration; when he goes to school at the age of seven he kisses the little cakes his mother brings him because they have been in her hands. But in a few years' time he becomes self-conscious and conceals his feelings; he loves to be in his mother's presence, but he is shy, reserved, and awkward, and is apt to get on his mother's nerves, all the more so, as she, on her part, adores her younger son, through private emotional associations preferring him to the elder boy, who in secret writes verses, and addresses a poem to Joan of Arc, whom he sees in vision "beautiful as my mother." While still a schoolboy he dies, and only then it is that his mother realises the adoration expended upon her, and, too late, passionately responds to it. We may, again, turn to a recent English writer, "Anna Wickham," a

mother of sons, who writes verse of a notably powerful, sincere, and poignant order. In a volume of hers we find the lines:

My little son is my fond lover.

Sometimes I think that I'll be scarcely  
human

If I can brook his chosen woman!\*

These emotions are experienced, they are even expressed (perhaps especially by women, as the sex of the writers I have quoted indicates), but we have put them aside, have carefully avoided considering their significance, at the most have explained them, or ridiculed them, away. So that when at last the child of genius appears upon the scene, and sees, and realises what he sees, and proclaims it aloud—as the child in the fairy tale cried out: "The Emperor has no clothes on!"—the world is shocked though it has only been told what in reality it already knew.

We must not, however, conclude that Freud has herein performed an altogether unnecessary task. True, the "incest-complex" is a terminological absurdity, since the sexual theories of childhood are absolutely unlike those of the adult, and the adult's attitude has no more meaning for the child than, it would usually seem, the child's attitude has for the adult. Yet the sexual emotions remain on the psychic side the same, however unlike the ideas and the objects aimed at. Freud, with his artist's instincts, sensitive to Nature—for both the artist and the scientist are explorers and revealers of Nature—has not only been more acutely aware of the existence of these infantile emotions than any before him, but he has more accurately investigated them, and he has, moreover, devised or created a dynamic mechanism into which they beautifully fit, to emerge at last, by a process of sublimation, in the highest manifestations of the human spirit.

~~The~~ domain in which Freud works is largely that which he terms the "Un-

\*Anna Wickham, *The Man with a Hammer*, p. 44.

conscious," the mighty treasure-house in which all the apparently forgotten experiences of our lives are stored. It is a mysterious and gloomy region, admirably adapted for the operation of Freud's artistic genius. But we may do well to remember that it is a vast region and contains many things. With his complete sincerity, simplicity, and natural gift of divination, Freud has been happily inspired, into whatever excesses of exaggeration we may believe he has sometimes fallen. But less finely gifted men may not fare so well in the Unconscious. They must select among the facts they find, and in their selection ordinary psychoanalysts who have not the sensitive *flair* of genius to guide them will be guided by the rigid and systematic theory which has them in its clutches. This has been pointed out by Poul Bjerre of Stockholm, not an opponent of psychoanalysis, but himself a distinguished psychoanalyst, writing in Freud's own organ.\* He is especially referring to those who expect to find the "incest-complex" everywhere, and who accordingly find it. "Life cannot be pressed into a single theory," he adds, "however impressed it may be by the highest genius, and however comprehensive." If these wise words linger in our minds we shall view Freud and his opponents alike with toleration and often with sympathy.

It is not possible here to discuss those notable psychoanalysts who were once Freud's chief disciples and coadjutors and are now his rivals or opponents. It is the less necessary since, if we are mainly looking at psychoanalysis from the angle of sex, it cannot be said that they have added much to what Freud has brought forward, though they may sometimes have taken much away. They have all done good work. Professor Bleuler was a distinguished psychiatrist before he joined Freud, of admirable solidity, judgment, and insight. Stekel is a capable, energetic, and indus-

\**Jahrbuch für Psychoanalytische Forschungen*, Vol. V, 1913, p. 692.

trious worker. C. G. Jung, belonging to Zürich, where the first large movement of Freudian appreciation began, was an early adherent. He not only devised the associative method of exploring concealed psychic states, but introduced the term "complex," a much used, and, as Freud thinks, much-abused if not unnecessary term, though, it must be added, Freud employs it himself. Of late years Jung has written copiously, and especially a very lengthy essay on the "Transformations and Symbols of Libido."\* In this luxuriant jungle of philosophy and philology Jung wanders with random and untrained steps, throwing out brilliant suggestions here and there, hazarding the declarations that "the soul is all Libido," and that "sexuality itself is only a symbol," conveying the general impression of a strayed metaphysician vainly seeking for the Absolute. He remains a psychoanalyst, but from Freud, who has never fallen into such extravagances, he has wandered far. Freud himself, in a contribution to the history of the psychoanalytic movement, written with all his transparent sincerity and instinctive charm, sums up an account of his former disciple's relation to the movement by saying that Jung has furnished the psychoanalytic instrument with a new handle and then proceeded to put in a new blade. Alfred Adler is entitled to more respectful consideration, and herein I am also expressing Freud's opinion. There is nothing of Jung's obscurity and confusion; indeed Adler may be said to err in the opposite direction by becoming too precise, narrow, and coherent. His chief conception is that of the "impulse of aggression" and the "masculine protest" on which he places extreme emphasis. This is the impulse by which we seek to fortify our weakest side, even that based on bodily defect, so that it develops into the domi-

\*Jung's work has been published in this country under the title of "The Psychology of the Unconscious" (New York: Moffat, Yard and Company).—*Editor's Note.*

nant aspect of our character. We may often see this illustrated by those undeveloped persons who by dint of physical culture ultimately come to regard themselves, and indeed may actually become, superior to the average in physical development. This conception has proved fruitful, and Adler has succeeded in forming a school of co-workers. All these investigators are not to be despised. But Freud remains the man who first devised the instrument of psychoanalysis as it is now known, and who revealed the world in which it operates.

It must not therewith be concluded that any of the conceptions Freud has so artfully woven will of necessity endure permanently. He changes them so often himself that it would be foolish to suppose that his successors will not continue the same process. In this respect we may compare him with Lombroso, another Jew of genius, who also began as a psychopathologist and also gradually extended his conceptions over

a wide sphere of abnormal and normal life. His theories have been proved to be often defective, even his facts will not always bear examination; he himself admitted that of the structure he had raised perhaps not one stone would remain upon another. Yet he enlarged the human horizon, he discovered new fields for fruitful research and new methods for investigating them. That was something bigger than either a sound theory or a precise collection of facts, for we do not demand of a Columbus that he shall be a reliable surveyor of the new world he discovers. Freud, similarly and to a greater extent, has enlarged our horizon. He has shown the existence of a vast psychic field of which before we had but scanty intimations. The human soul will never again be to human eyes what it was before Freud explored it. He has revealed the possibility of new depths, new subtleties, new complexities, new psychic mechanisms. That is the great and outstanding fact.

# A MESSAGE TO MOTHERS

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY.

BEING one of them, I am moved to write this message to the mothers of America, for it is the outcome of three years of feeling about the war that has searched the depths of my heart, of constant reading about its every phase and of thought about it that has been, at least, earnest and sincere. Thought and reading and emotion have all joined together to produce in me the profoundest conviction I have ever known that civilisation's finest and most valuable fruits are at stake and that we must send our sons to the slaughter fields in order that they and their sons and daughters will not be cast back into the dark centuries, to climb again the long road their ancestors have toiled over in order to reach the levels we have won.

If we think that we have evolved anything worth while here in this beloved country of ours, if we think that we have advanced the cause of humanity by our labours, our ideals and our sacrifices in the past, and if we feel the least shred of gratitude for those before us who made possible better, freer and richer lives for each succeeding generation, then there is nothing for us to do but to give all that we have to those lines of khaki-clad men who are crossing the ocean to save for our grandchildren the things we value. The darkest, most backward-looking, most appalling forces that have menaced the forward-moving spirit of civilisation in many and many a year are what we are going forth to fight, and they must be overcome and sent to that limbo in which humanity disposes of the Franksteins that every now and then have thought to possess and enslave her.

There is no escape from the choice. We must either fight, to the last man and woman of the nation, until those dark forces are overcome and plucked

out and cast away, or we must submit and let them devour the world. We have passed through our Gethsemane in which we shuddered away from the awful, the loathesome task and said, "Let this cup pass from me!" And now that we have taken up the cross and set our feet toward Calvary we must go with the clearest understanding and the farthest vision and the most solemn conviction, so that our hearts will not break and our resolution falter under the burdens and the sorrows that will weigh us down.

I am not of those who think we should have entered the war before we did. It seems to me that we served the cause of civilisation better, made surer the unity of the nation and gained the advantage of putting upon the enemy the complete onus of our entrance by staying out of the conflict until the situation left possible no other course. It surely is not worth while now to recount the reasons that urged us to action. Only those who are at heart traitors both to their country and to the onward-looking spirit of civilisation, or those who have allowed pacifist theories to bemuse their sense of the actual, or those who cannot control their shrinking from the horribleness of war now have any doubt about the righteousness and the necessity of the course upon which America has entered. The first are ordinary criminals, or rather, extraordinary criminals, since, with even less of the sense of right and wrong than is possessed by common malefactors, they seek to injure and betray, *en masse*, all the people of a great community. The only adequate answer to them is the law court and the jail. In the second class are to be found a few men and women of high character and distinguished achievement who are so obsessed by

pacifist convictions that they can see nothing but their own dreams. They do not hate war any more than do the rest of us; they do not perceive any more clearly its senselessness, its awful waste, its utter loathsomeness. But their minds are set so deeply into the groove in which they are accustomed to think and work that they cannot see over the top.

A force powerful and sinister has set out to impose its will upon the rest of the world, to make all civilisation over in its own evil image, to destroy the most cherished ideals and attainments and possessions of our own and other nations. It recognises no force but material power, no right but might. Against such a power, already fighting desperately and determined to crush opposition, which recognises as reason or morality nothing that does not work toward its own purposes, it is worse than futile—it is mischievous—to oppose at this moment anything but the most powerful physical force it is possible to summon. To talk pacifist theories now is as pitifully foolish as for a child to attempt to stop the conflagration of a city by blowing soap bubbles at it.

When Dr. David Starr Jordan and the People's Council and the Union Against Militarism and their associates and followers hold meetings and talk pacifist doctrines and demand peace regardless of consequences it is impossible not to cry out, "Oh, blind and foolish and wicked!" For every meeting they hold, every argument they make, every weak-willed convert they gain—if, indeed, they gain any—are just so much help given within our own borders to our enemy and theirs. They merely make the war longer, perhaps by a month, perhaps by many months. They are adding to its cost in, none can say, how many millions of dollars; how many thousands of lives; how much suffering and sorrow. Upon their hands and upon the hands of all those who have tried to obstruct the nation's preparations, from members of the Senate down

to German spies, will be the blood of thousands of the sons of American mothers. When once the nation has decided to fight it is no time for any loyal son or daughter to attempt to hold her arms. They can retire to their cellars and sulk, if they like, but in heaven's name let them cease from giving aid to the enemy.

As for those who cannot quite convince themselves of the necessity of our joining the warfare because they shrink from its awful features, or because they do not understand its seriousness and how appalling would have been the alternative, there is only one thing for them to do. And that is, to lessen their ignorance. If they will inform themselves thoroughly upon all the causes of the war they will be so filled with horror by the nature and the purposes of that force which we are fighting that all their shrinking and their doubts will end.

It is not worth while to inquire into the immediate causes that led to the outbreak of the war three years ago. Thousands upon thousands of pages have been written about it. But the occasion, the final cause, of any war is only the match laid to a trail of powder that leads to a mine. The mine and the trail were made ready long before, and when history weighs the evidence it is only these that count. The match becomes no more than a matter of curious interest. And when history studies the course of affairs that led up to this present world war the things that will stand out prominently will be the spirit that had been fostered for years in Germany, the attitude toward the rest of the world in which the people of Germany had been drilled by their government; the aim toward which Germany for years had consciously and purposefully striven. It was these that caused the war. White books and blue books and the murder of a prince were merely incidental. And it is these that will continue to cause wars, endlessly, unless either they are allowed to dominate the world or they are plucked out and cast from the world

as Satan was hurled from the battlements of heaven.

Of the spirit that has been rampant in Germany ever since the beginning of the war, a spirit that strikes one cold with the horror of it even in a war-stricken, suffering nation, one gets illuminating glimpses in a book by D. Thomas Curtin, a young American newspaper man, *The Land of Deepening Shadow* (George H. Doran Company). He has spent a good deal of the time since the beginning of the war and until as late as last January in Germany, and he contrived by various expedients to go about the country a great deal, and so to come into contact with all classes in many different regions. He tells how the government sedulously inculcates and fosters in the people, both adults and children, the spirit of hate. He heard a famous professor of the University of Berlin deliver a "hate lecture" to a big audience in Munich in which the *élite* of that city filled the hall even to standing room. The professor told them, through an hour and a half, about their duty to "hate the very essence of everything English," to "hate the very soul of England," and ended by assuring them that "hatred is the greatest force in the world to overcome tremendous obstacles" and that "either one must hate or one must fear." There were nods and sighs of assent all through the lecture, and at its end a tumult of applause, exclamations of "beautiful" and "wonderful" and a rush of the throng to the stage to shower him with congratulations and admiration. The children in the schools are trained to hate the enemy, to worship the militaristic state, to love and venerate the Kaiser. Among the songs they sing, written especially for use in the schools, is one which demands, "Strike dead everything which prays for mercy, shoot everything down like dogs," and cries out, "More enemies, more enemies, be your prayer in this hour of retribution." Appalling as is the poisoning of the minds of the children, Mr. Curtin found the gospel of hate that was

preached from the pulpits and sung by the congregations of the churches still fiercer and more venomous. Even if a pastor, by reason of having a Christian spirit in his own heart, detests this propagation of hate, he cannot help himself. He is the puppet of the state, just as are the professor, the schoolmaster and the newspaper, and they all are merely parts of the great state military machine that has worked for years and is still feverishly working to mould men and women into the spirit that will serve its purposes. Whatever the government wishes the people to believe or for whatever purpose it wishes to have their support, it uses this machinery to bring about the desired result. Mr. Curtin says that long before it announced the unrestricted U-boat campaign it had begun to set in motion a campaign of hate against America as virulent as that against England in order to make sure of the wished-for national frame of mind.

Going further back and giving a view of the prevailing ideas and tendencies in Germany before the war, A. D. McLaren's *Germanism from Within* (E. P. Dutton and Company) shows that all the appalling German characteristics and ambitions and purposes which have only begun to be slowly realised in their full monstrosity by the rest of the world since the beginning of the war have, for many years, been definite forces in the moulding of German national life and individual character. Mr. McLaren is an Australian who for thirty years has been deeply interested in German life, literature and philosophy, and had spent the six years preceding the war living in Germany in intimate association with many classes of the people, but especially with those of higher intellectual training and occupation. He writes with unusual philosophic calm and with a temper so coldly judicial that for any sign of belligerent hostility his pages display he might as well be writing about the Martians. He saw much in Germany that pleased him, and sometimes he compares the German with the



English way of doing something or other to the advantage of the former. But this honest and impartial observer, scrutinising the ideals, the tendencies, the purposes manifest in the life of the German people for years before the war, saw in them the sources of what has actually happened since; saw the forces at work that made inevitable a war of conquest to be carried on regardless of the laws of nations and of humanity; saw the fostering and the rapid growth of a national spirit of megalomania bent on world dominion and persuaded that any means would be justified that would forward that purpose. In another book by this same author, *Peaceful Penetration* (E. P. Dutton and Company) can be studied some of the infamous means which the German Government has taken to aid that ambition. It is a chronicle of combined political and commercial intrigue, of spying by every class of German agent from bank clerk and missionary and visiting scientist to diplomatic attaché and ambassador, of incessant underhanded malevolent activity in all parts of the world that ought to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every honest-minded person with a drop of German blood in his veins. Miss Edith Keen tells in her *Seven Years at the Prussian Court* (John Lane Company) about an organisation of which she had knowledge and whose leaflets of instruction she saw which had for its purpose the training of men "in the art of stirring up sedition and rebellion and giving trouble to foreign governments generally." The Emperor himself selected the men, who were ex-army officers, to be trained in this deceitful, diabolical means of injuring another country while professing friendliness.

Germany's methods in this present war and the war itself as having been long held in the purpose of the government as a step toward world domination are examined by Jacques de Dampierre in *German Imperialism and International Law* and carried back to the steady and insistent teachings of German writers of high influence upon statecraft,

world power and military matters. One cannot read the book with its extensive quotations and frequent references without seeing every move of Germany in the war and in the events which led up to it foreshadowed, vindicated, theoretically proved to be right and just—because for the power and glory of the empire—by these German professors, publicists, generals. They prove by their own words, do these ardently German writers, that the German Government was looking forward to a war of conquest and was zealously evolving and nourishing the necessary spirit among its people for such an enterprise.

Just what that enterprise was André Cheradame lays bare in *The Pan-German Plot Unmasked* (Charles Scribner's Sons), where it is shown that the ruling powers in Germany have long been contemplating and making ready for armed aggression that was to end only when it should reach its predetermined purpose of making Germany the mistress of the world. Mr. Cheradame's temperate and well-reasoned book has its every statement and argument based upon and proved by the writings of Germans themselves. The picture he makes of Germany's purpose toward the rest of the world is painted in colours that were "made in Germany." Another revelation of the spirit of modern Germany is to be found in *Gems of German Thought* (Doubleday, Page and Company), wherein William Archer presents without argument or comment, except in a brief introduction, a compilation of extracts from dozens of German writers, professors, journalists, pastors, publicists, some of them dated before and others since the war began. They reveal a state of mind in Germany as to the worship of war, justification of international perfidy, intrigue, tricky faithlessness, glorification of might as proving right, national megalomania and hatred of other nations, that is staggering and nauseating to the non-German mind. It must be remembered that this is all German testimony against Germany herself and that those who give it show not the faintest conception that

it is utterly damning, that it is worthy of anything but the highest praise.

Such is the spirit and such are the aims, as depicted by her own people, of the nation with which we are at war. If that nation wins, if there should be even a compromise peace that would leave in control of Germany the powers that have fostered and trained that spirit and with those aims bedeviled the German people, it will mean continued war, war, war, until that spirit has dominated the world. A German, Friedrich Naumann, a member of the Reichstag and a publicist of high reputation, has told in *Mittel-Europa* (Alfred A. Knopf) what Germany purposes to do after she wins this war, either in outright fashion or by a compromise peace, and his foreshadowing of plans and methods and achievements has had warm approval by the ruling forces of the empire. He reveals a future Germany that is to be more militant than ever, with far more power behind her, defiant of the rest of the world and setting forth to win supreme power over it.

It is the spirit of Germany that must be conquered, that evil spirit that has been conjured up by her ruling classes and fostered by every means in their power. They have made it a national spirit with which the rest of the world cannot live. Out of Germany's own mouth has come the ultimatum, either that spirit conquers and moulds the world or it must be utterly overcome and cast away. It can be conquered only in one way, by the complete overthrow of the royal dynasty and the establishment of a government that can be moulded and controlled by the people. That is the only possible guarantee that another world war, more bloody, more horrible, more devastating than this, will not ravage the world in another generation. Germany's apologists and defenders are loudly crying out that the German people have the right to choose their own government. They have not the right to choose a government that is a menace to the rest of the world.

Subservient though the German peo-

ple seem to be, and as perhaps most of them are, to the evil spirit which dominates them, there is plenty of evidence that there are some Germans who have not permitted their vision of right and justice to be perverted and who would welcome the opportunity to form a democratic government. Hermann Fernau, from his refuge in Switzerland, sends out his appeal to the German people in favour of *The Coming Democracy* (E. P. Dutton and Company) and works for the establishment of a republic. Christen Collin, Norwegian author and professor, tells in *The War Against War* (Macmillan Company) of German thinkers known to him who long for liberty, justice, equality and peaceful aims but who dare not speak aloud. Once let the now dominant power in Germany be completely conquered and cast out and such as these would be free to come forth and exercise their influence. And in them lies Germany's only hope.

No matter with what bleeding hearts and saddened homes and piled up sacrifices, we must fight on, and on, and on, with every ounce of our strength, because only so can we save our own country from early subjugation and help to save for the rest of the world the ideals of democracy in which we believe. We must win, wholly and completely win, for only so can we hope that the nations will evolve some plan of confederation that will make impossible a repetition of this cataclysm. It will not be easy and we, optimistic Americans, have only a faint idea of all the difficulties that lie in the way, because we know, and heretofore have cared, so little about the jealousies, envies and suspicions and the distrust of peaceful agencies and kindly purposes that have for centuries controlled the relations between the nations of Europe. Henry Noel Brailsford in *A League of Nations* (Macmillan Company) tells what those difficulties are and shows how, with the help of the United States, they can be overcome and the world started upon a new and brighter and more hopeful path.

But all that can be no more than a far-off dream until the evil spirit that has deluged the world with blood has been utterly destroyed. And therefore we, in America, having set our hand to this work, must determine that it shall be thoroughly done and that there shall be no peace that will leave in the seats of power anywhere the ambition to conquer and dominate.

This, then, mothers of America, is why we must Godspeed our sons across the Atlantic, and work for our arms with all our might, because it is only by America's help that the war can be won, the purpose that caused it struck down,

the freedom, the hopes, the ideals of our own home land assured and all the world "made safe for democracy." To that end must we not only bear with fortitude whatever burdens and sorrows the war may lay upon us and work for its success, but we must set our faces sternly against the specious arguments and false promises of pacifists, socialists, enemy emissaries, who would have us welcome any peace that would bring about merely the early laying down of arms. We must determine and cry it from every housetop that there shall be no peace until Germany casts out her evil spirit.

## SNAP-SHOTS OF AMERICAN NOVELISTS CABLE

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

To read your tales  
Is like opening a cedar-box  
Of ante-bellum days,  
A box holding the crinoline and fan  
And the tortoise-shell diary  
With flowers pressed between the leaves  
Belonging to some languid *grande dame*  
Of Creole New Orleans.

# THE SOWER WHO REAPED THE SEA

BY GLENN WARD DRESBACH

The road was dusty and the grass was grey  
Along the roadside. In the harvest field  
That I was passing heat-waves surged above  
The fallen grain, and butterflies moved there  
Like derelicts of Dreams. An old man stopped  
His reaping and looked up with reddened eyes.  
Dust from the grain had settled on his face  
And sweat had washed innumerable paths  
To nowhere. When he saw me watching him  
A smile broke through the crust, and then he laughed,  
"Go wash *your* face if you'd make fun o' mine."

"How is the crop?" I asked.

He mopped the sweat  
Upon his brow and answered, "None too good.  
I sowed too late in season for the drouth."  
"The same with me," I said.

"What did you sow?"  
He asked me, looking at my city clothes.  
"Some wild oats and a bag o' Dreams," I said,  
And laughed a little harshly—for the dust.

He thought awhile, and then his deep voice said,  
"Well, we are better off than one I knew—  
The sower who reaped the Sea, the bitter Sea!"  
"Who reaped the Sea?" I asked, in wonder, then.  
"Who reaped the Sea," he said, "the bitter Sea!"

"I have not always lived here," he went on,  
"In youth I left a place where dikes hold back  
The sea from little valleys cool and green.  
I lived in a small town, and worked with iron  
Beside a man of iron. One day he hurled  
His tools aside—and cursed the town and went  
Out of the shop with hate for everyone!

"Later I heard that he had bought a farm  
That covered a small valley near the town.

"His valley was more favoured than the rest  
That first year, and while crops about us failed  
His ripened well, and gave a golden yield.  
And while the town went hungry he sent off  
His harvest to another town that paid  
A price a little higher. People went

## The Sower Who Reaped the Sea

To him and begged to buy some of his grain.  
 'O, no,' he said, 'While I lived in your town  
 I had to pay the prices asked of me.  
 I'll sell where I do best. That settles it.'

"The next spring found him sowing in his fields.  
 The warm days made his little valley green.  
 The summer turned it into living gold.  
 And on the summer evenings he would sit  
 And chuckle as the valley waved at him  
 A host of gleaming hands. . . . Again the town  
 Was hungry, and the people went to him  
 And begged to buy his grain. He laughed at them.  
 'Once I was hungry in your cursed town.  
 Who ever helped me?' he yelled out at them.  
 'A few days and I shall be reaping, fools,  
 As I have sowed. Who has a better right?'

"A great storm broke the dike the very night  
 Before he was to reap. We heard the Sea  
 Rush with a purring madness as it came  
 Into the little valley near the town.  
 The morning after, all the storm had passed.  
 Most all the valley where he had his farm  
 Was under dark green water. Just a few  
 Tall heads of grain stuck up—and they were dead.  
 The water rocked them back and forth. Some folks  
 Went down to see the valley. And they found  
 The farmer, waist-deep, grasping at the grain.  
 He did not see the people. All who saw  
 Said he was weeping, and his bitter tears  
 Made little splashes on the bitter sea!

"A woman cried to him, from out the crowd,  
 'You have a mighty harvest on your hands.  
 You should be happy. You have reaped the Sea!'"

## CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

THE opening paper in this month's BOOKMAN, "A Legislative Peace,"

### A World Parliament

advocates an association of the allied nations in the formation of a world parliament, looking eventually to a further consolidation of the nations into a world state. The first duty of the world parliament which the author, Mr. Thurston, advises for immediate establishment, would be the enunciation of those eternal principles based on "justice and the nature of men and states" by the guidance of which the allied nations stand ready to legislate peace for the world: no indemnities or annexations, freedom of commerce on the world-highways, the right of small nations to an independent existence and a fair opportunity for development, a plebiscite among the inhabitants of a disputed territory to determine their own allegiance, the guarantee of justice to racial minorities in such provinces, and the gradual regulation of customs duties on the principle of revenue only (no nation would need to encourage a diversity of industries to the point of "self-sufficiency," and each people would eventually engage naturally and in accordance with economic pressure in those pursuits for which their environment and temperament make them best fitted). With the establishment of this world parliament and the declaration of the principles determining international action, the allied armies in Europe would at once take on the character of an international police engaged in subduing lawlessness and defending the world's civilisation. And should the people in Germany or in any of the Central Powers, at any time before a decisive defeat, see the wisdom of the world federation and the justice and

equity of the principles upon which the rest of the world is ready to legislate peace, it can reasonably be hoped that they would follow the example of Russia and emancipate themselves from their military autocracy, voluntarily join the world state and subscribe to the principles of the world parliament. Should Prussianism continue dominant, the outlaws must—and will—be beaten and their anti-social activities restrained by force so as to maintain the peace and welfare of humanity.

• • •

Such a programme may at first consideration seem an idle, Utopian dream,

**The Next Logical Step** another visionary scheme too impracticable to apply to work-a-day human nature.

And *before this war* the obstacles to human progress were breaking down too slowly and with too many retrogressions to encourage a hope for an early amalgamation of human interests; but with the necessity for united action so many of the old, conservative, selfish lines have been swept aside with hardly a protest (witness the passage of the food bill—the biggest step in state socialism ever taken by our country)—and we are so rapidly accustoming ourselves to think in terms of international interests that an international co-operation to enforce the principles of civilisation *between* states in the same manner as these principles are maintained *between* individuals and groups *within* state boundaries is no longer an imaginary, impossible plan—rather does it force itself upon us as the next logical step for the peoples to take. As Mr. Thurston in his paper, "A Legislated Peace," very justly points out: "In former times it would have

been in order to speak of the immense difficulties involved in the organisation of such a project, but now it would only be a mark of disrespect to our allies. The erection of the administrative structure of a world state would hardly be worth mentioning beside their achievements of the last three years. . . . An international police force does not seem so impractical as it did before all the races of the world had fought side by side for three years, and more in France and Flanders. . . . The idea of the world state, although its larval, worm-like stage has been many centuries shorter than that of the art of flying, has already reached a more advanced stage than the latter could boast of fifteen years ago. Many people are ready to believe that it will come within a few generations at the most. Not a few dare to hope that we are already on the verge of it." And if we are on the verge of a world state, if the nations are sick of the mutual jealousies that have made existence as uncertain as that of Damocles with Dionysius's sword suspended over his head, let America, the fighting nation with the least hate, take the first practical step in offering the programme for a world parliament; and just as President Wilson before our entry suggested "a league of nations," now that we are in the struggle we are so much the better prepared to suggest an even closer co-operation in a world state.

• • •

In response to President Wilson's suggestion for a league of nations made in his speech before the

**A Moral League to Enforce  
Epoch Peace, at Washington**

a year ago last May, Mr. H. N. Brailsford, an English publicist and authority on international relations, has written a volume, *A League of Nations*, just published in this country, in which he reviews intensively the problems before the warring nations and the methods by which such a league may be established. Mr. Brailsford's mind

still clings to the historical, traditional background of national thinking and the archaic diplomacy of the "balance of power" and for that reason the programme he advances for a combination of the nations is mild and full of compromises to the feelings of nationalism and jealousy that flourished before the war and that have in many minds been strengthened by the war. But the significant fact is that he quite recognises the limitation of the European view, that he himself has to a degree broken from it and that his hope for a sane, human settlement of the war and for the establishment of a peaceful world lies in American intervention—not so much in military effort, for the United States had not entered the conflict when he wrote his book, but rather in American influence in the adjustment to follow hostilities. Mr. Brailsford comments with much emphasis upon this country's abandonment of its traditional, historical isolation, a step that was put into concrete expression with President Wilson's offer of America's power to help make an "end in the world of the possibility of prosperous aggression." It is worth while to quote again the fundamental principles that Mr. Wilson laid down:

1. That every people has the right to choose the sovereignty under which they shall live.

2. That the small states of the world have the right to enjoy the same respect for their sovereignty and for their territorial integrity that the great and powerful nations expect and insist upon.

3. That the world has the right to be free from every disturbance to its peace that has its origin in aggression and disregard of the rights of peoples and nations.

The declaration of these principles with the offer of American prestige, moral and physical, to maintain them throughout the world, is called by Mr. Brailsford "an epoch in the world's moral evolution."

The much heralded story of his experiences in Germany by our former Ambassador, Mr. Gerard in Germany, is beginning to appear serially, at the time of this writing, in the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* under the title, "My Four Years in Germany." The early installments are interesting and to a degree sensational—the first article gives both the text and a photographic reproduction of the cablegram in the Kaiser's own handwriting, written in Mr. Gerard's presence and delivered to him for transmission to President Wilson, personally, at the very opening of the war. Up to now it has been withheld from publication, but President Wilson's permission to use it enables Mr. Gerard to bring a serious indictment against the Kaiser over the the German raid through Belgium. The Kaiser's statement is that Belgian territory "had to be violated by Germany on strategical grounds, news having been received that France was already preparing to enter Belgium"—an excuse that Mr. Gerard fitly characterises as weak, adding that there was "not even a pretense that there had ever been any actual violation of Belgium's frontier by the French prior to the German invasion of that unfortunate country." In the Kaiser's message the word "news" was written above the word "knowledge" which had been crossed out. Compare this sentence with one taken from Von Bethman-Hollweg's speech before the Reichstag delivered just six days previously, with every word of which the Kaiser was of course familiar: "We knew, however, that France was ready to invade Belgium." The same flimsy excuse—and while the Chancellor felt the necessity of elaborating a false rumour into "knowledge" because of the inherent weakness of his position, evidently the Kaiser with either more disregard for the moral niceties of his action or with more genuine respect for the truth, confined his statement to the word "news." Continuing Mr. Gerard's account, we find more interesting

anecdotes and side-lights on the events in Berlin of those early days, especially of course the events affecting American citizens in Germany at the time. Every reader of Mr. Gerard's work, however, cannot help but be struck with the loose way it is thrown together—its lack of continuity and its general jumble of impressions unilluminated by any imaginative insight and unenlivened by the personal detail of his encounters with the German Court and inner circles of German commerce and finance that would have made his work so much more vivid and attractive and even valuable from a historical point of view. We have learned to expect so much from Mr. Gerard as an American Representative and as a representative of so much that is best in American character, that we are selfish enough to feel disappointed because he does not number among his many qualities the command of literary technique at the disposal of the trained writer.

• • •

Last month we spoke of the "Patience Worth" case in connection with her latest novel, *The Sorry Tale*, that, it was alleged, was dictated over the ouija board to Mrs. John H. Curran, of St. Louis, by the spirit calling herself "Patience Worth." Now comes an even more interesting case in the form of a novel, *Jap Herron*, purporting to be dictated in a similar manner to Miss Emily Grant Hutchings and her collaborator, Mrs. Lola V. Hays, both also of St. Louis, by no less a personage than Mark Twain. The story is unquestionably in Mark Twain's style: it is set in his Missouri country, the conversation is in the dialect that appears in *Huckleberry Finn*, and the type of humour recalls the enjoyment experienced in reading *Innocents Abroad*. From internal evidence there is at least no contradiction to the theory of its origin. The method followed in taking the dictation over the ouija board and the history of the work are described by Miss Hutchings in an



opening section of the book. Quite by chance Miss Hutchings was present at a demonstration by Mrs. Hays when "Mark Twain" appeared. Later, working with Mrs. Hays at the ouija board. Miss Hutchings learned from the alleged spirit of Mark Twain that he had some literary work to give the world and that he had been waiting for her to help him. Many conversations in sane, natural style followed, the ouija board's writings being characteristic of Mark Twain as we know him in his memoirs and his books. After the dictation of the story was completed, upon Miss Hutchings's remarking, "It's pretty short for a book," came this reply:

Did you ever know about my prize joke? One day I went to church, heard a missionary sermon, was carried away—to the extent of a hundred dollars. The preacher kept talking. I reduced my ante to fifty dollars. He talked on. I came down to twenty-five, to ten, to five, and after he had said all that he had in him, I stole a nickel from the basket. Reason for yourselves.

• • •

Again in a final conversation after the completion of the book, Mark Twain is reported as saying:

**"Mark Twain" on the Hereafter** There will be a great understanding some day. It will come when the earth realises that we must leave it, to live, and when it can put itself in touch with the heavens that surround it. I have met a number of preachers over here who would like to undo many things they promulgated while they had a whack at sinners.

There are hardshell Baptists who have a happy time meeting their members, to whom they preached hell and brimstone. They have many things to explain. There is one melancholy Presbyterian who frankly stated the fact—underscore "fact"—that there were infants in hell not an ell long. He has cleared out quite a space in hell since he woke up. He doesn't rush out to meet his congregation. It would create trouble and be embarrassing if they looked around for the suffering infants. As I said before, there is everything to learn, after the shackles of

earth are thrown aside. I would like to write a story about some of these preachers, and the mistakes they made, when the doctrines of brimstone and everlasting punishment were ladled out as freely to the little maid who danced as to the harlot. It showed a mind asleep to the undiscovered country.

• • •

Whether the alleged origins of these "ouija board" books are true or false, **Spiritualism, their appearance and Good and the public's interest in them furnish a Bad curious phenomenon.**

The recent increased and widespread interest in spiritualism is of course due to the war, and when a loss has occurred in one's own intimate circle as is the case in so many, many thousands of stricken homes, the question becomes poignantly vital. Sir Oliver Lodge's *Raymond* in which he relates his communications with his son who was killed at the front, really brought the interest in such manifestations to a head in this country, although the "Patience Worth" case has been before the public for a long time. Undoubtedly Sir Oliver and the St. Louis people connected with "Patience Worth" are thoroughly honourable and sincere and their statements of fact may be relied upon, whether or not we differ from them in the field of opinion and conclusion. The psychoanalyst is one who would so differ. His explanation is an activity of the Unconscious of the operator of the ouija board or mental telepathy as the case may be.

There is another, and this time quite unfortunate, side to this interest in spiritualism. During such a time of widespread personal bereavement, when the question of survival takes on an added, sensitive meaning, it is unfortunate that any of the clap-trap charlatanism of the popular "séance" of commercial savour should gain circulation—at least we should have only sincere reports even though they be proven far from the truth. *Spirit Intercourse, Its Theory and Practice*, by J. Hewat McKenzie, smacks to us altogether too much of the

vaudeville variety of phenomena to warrant any credence. The section describing the location, geography, flora and fauna of the hereafter is so preposterous as to furnish a certain amusement if one can forget the tragic side of such misleading, hope-destroying accounts. If we tolerate, take an interest in, and support sincere contributions to the inquiry such as Sir Oliver Lodge's and Maeterlinck's, we should as effectively discountenance the methods of the mountebank who tries to commercialise a world-tragedy for his own monetary advantage.

• • •

Of the effect of the "Patience Worth" literary activity upon that part of the literary profession that is still struggling in the bonds of humanity, Mr. William Trowbridge Larned has this heart-felt skit in *Reedy's Mirror* (of St. Louis):

Brothers, whose toil tricks out *your* sorry tale,

Weavers of thought in multi-patterned scheme:

Rise from your revels!—cloying cakes and ale.

Seldom still are things just what they seem;

The literary milk is minus cream.

Twelve hours a day—nor four—your stint shall be;

Who writes with ouija board upon her knee,  
Royal her road, betrod by kings and dukes.

Behold in Patience Worth—the super-She—  
*Our bread and butter swiped by lady spooks!*

Against the classic authors ye prevail—

Their candle casts no longer such a beam:  
Austen's unread, and Thackeray's turned stale;

Few who withstand the "modern" mode and theme.

Even against the amateurs who teem  
In bush and by-way fortified are ye.

But heaven save our poor posterity

From all such fearsome psychologic flukes  
As that no seer could possibly foresee:

*Our bread and butter swiped by lady spooks!*

Poor driven drudge, creating by the bale,  
Whose pen once paused when he had writ a ream!

What earthly author would not quake and quail—

Whether he go a-following the gleam,

Or urge his elbow to "success de steam"—  
Sole man-power of a fiction factory.

The gods seem deaf for all his dolourous plea;

Instead, their skies shed curious things *de luxe*,

Signed "Patience Worth."—Hence take the hint from me:

*Our bread and butter swiped by lady spooks!*

#### ENVOI

Princes, whose plot is held in simple fee,

You cannot guess the aches and agony,

The pangs of parturition. Else, gad-zooks!

So might you feel, if you were only we,

The pangs of parturition. Else, gad-

*Our bread and butter swiped by lady spooks!*

• • •

The æsthetic discovery of America may be said to have begun in the great

**Aesthetic America** Dream City which Chicago erected to the memory of Christopher Columbus, and it

has proceeded with true Elizabethan fervour ever since. Elsewhere in this issue,

Mr. Charles Buchanan makes the voyage in a swift seventy-four gun frigate.

Mrs. Lorinda Munson Bryant's craft, *American Pictures and Their Painters*, is

surely a shallop—or perhaps even a pinnacle. Yet like the modern "rubberneck-

wagon" it is capacious and designed to hold a large multitude of those who are

taking the journey for the first time. Your true voyage of discovery should be

catholic and indiscriminating, and avoid sophistication as the ancient mariners did

the devil, and Mrs. Bryant violates none of these canons. She has unearthed many

new bits of human interest from her material, she is simply and unfailingly appreciative, and she has covered the

ground more thoroughly than her more



"THE LAND OF HIS FATHERS." WILLIAM R. LEIGH. THE SNEDECOR GALLERY, NEW YORK. FROM "AMERICAN PICTURES AND THEIR PAINTERS" BY LORINDA MUNSON BRYANT

critical predecessors. William Keith is rescued from his isolation in the wilds of California, and at the other extreme John Marin, Benton, Zorach, Ray, Macdonald-Wright, and Russell are given a chapter of their own. Between these are many of the newer names that have seldom found their way between the covers of a book: Schofield, Hawthorne, Luks, Spencer, Garber, Lever, Mora, Seyffert, Pearson, Sloan, Rosen, and a score of others. Those who are making their first voyage will find Mrs. Bryant

a sympathetic guide; others will value her book for its treasure-trove of un-hackneyed illustration.

Mr. Isaac F. Marcossou has just returned from Petrograd, where he witnessed the opening weeks of the Russian Revolution. In a foreword to his book, *The Rebirth of Russia*, he writes:

I found the capital delirious with freedom—the people still blinking in the light of the

sudden deliverance. I saw the fruits and the follies of the new liberty.

Whatever social and economic excesses impeded the era of reconstruction—and no one can deny that the path of the infant republic is beset with peril—the larger fact obtains that the Russian Revolution of 1917 set up a distinct milepost in all human progress. If the war which has reddened Europe has achieved no other result, it would have been worth its dreadful cost in blood and treasure. The liberation of the Slav has changed the trend of universal thought, and will affect and underlie the coming centuries. It wrote on the walls of the world the solemn warning that Autocracy's day was done.

• • •

It is a most interesting and valuable book that Mr. Marcossou has given us

**The Man  
Kerensky**

—not serious history as he justly says, but frankly journalistic, and we may add that

it is journalism illumined with a brilliant imagination that makes its reading effective and inspiring from cover to cover. Of particular interest just at the moment is Mr. Marcossou's account of the Russian dictator, Kerensky, a man barely thirty-five years of age, and yet embodying in his personality the hope of Russia, and one of the great hopes of the allied cause:

Kerensky was born in Simbirsk, where his father was principal of the local high school. He received his first instruction at Tashkent, where he completed the high-school course, after which he studied law at the University of Petrograd. He could not afford to embark at once upon the uncertain sea of a new legal practice, so he became assistant to a Commissioner of Oaths and subsequently became one of these officials himself.

While at school Kerensky was known for his ready speech and fervid oratory, which let loose at the slightest provocation. When he finally took up his law practice in Petrograd he immediately allied himself with the Labour Party, and at once made his presence felt. . . . His attitude in the Fourth

Duma, to which he was elected from the Government of Saratoff, heightened the impression that perhaps this young spread-eagle orator who had a speech for every occasion, was something of a man after all. . . . Although he was a member of the Duma, his real interest and association—born of every bond of birth and conviction—was with the Extremists. When revolution broke, he found himself in a curiously anomalous situation. The conservatism of the Duma claimed his loyalty, while, on the other hand, the fierce and unrestrained radicalism of the Socialists and their allies in the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates appealed to his fervour and his imagination. . . . It was then that Kerensky cast his lot with Reason and with that great decision—it was merely part of his destiny—he became Russia's Handy Man. . . . How Kerensky survived those weeks was a miracle. His none too robust constitution was subjected to a well-nigh incredible strain. Day and night he was in almost continuous conference—pleading, debating, arguing. When he rose to speak in the public assemblies he was the target of bitter verbal attack; when he went forth into the streets his life was in constant danger. He lived on his nerves and his indomitable will kept him going.

By what process did he achieve this compelling triumph over all obstacles? In the answer is his first kinship with Lloyd George. It lies in an oratory that is perhaps his greatest gift. Like the wizard Welshman who has stood so often in Britain's breach, he speaks with an emotion that becomes a sweeping flood of passion. He lacks the Lloyd George brilliancy of imagery and he has none of that poetry and vision which are the birthright of "England's Darling." But he has a personal appeal that is well-nigh irresistible. It is convincing because it is sincere.

• • •

Vaughan Kester, who made a name for himself with *The Prodigal Judge*, has a brother who Paul Kester, "also writes." Mr. Novelist Paul Kester has essayed the fiction world with a novel dealing with the race problem



"BELMONT," MR. KESTER'S PRESENT HOME NEAR ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA

and called *His Own Country*, which has just been published. His reputation, however, heretofore, has been as a dramatist, and perhaps the most successful of his plays was *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, as produced by Julia Marlowe. Other plays of his are *The Countess Roudine*, and *The Cousin of the King*. The Kesters came from the Middle West, Paul arriving in this world in 1870 at Delaware, Ohio. Later he and his talented brother Vaughan and his mother moved to the shores of the Potomac, and took up the then simple life of Tidewater, Virginia. In 1892, the literary gravity that centres in New York had its effect, and the two brothers moved to that city. In 1900, Paul returned to Virginia, and settled down at Woodlawn Mansion, a few miles from Mount Vernon, where he lived for the next five years. But it was in 1905 while living for a short time in England that he first conceived the plan of *His Own Country*. After an interval of study over the problems and conditions described in his book, he began his final work, and for the last two years has devoted himself exclusively to it.

When asked recently if he did not fear that the present absorption in the great world war would diminish public interest in his novel, *His Own Country*, Mr. Kester expressed a decided opinion to the contrary. He said:

No, I do not think so. The race problem is always with us, and as my story deals in a serious way with its more serious aspects, I do not think it can be untimely. New phases of this great problem come up from day to day—but the problem itself is as old as history—very likely it will remain a problem to the end of history. Racial differences and the prejudices resulting from them have always confronted practical statesmen. The old method of dealing with them was by conquest, subjugation, or extermination. Such methods are now obsolete. Better ones must be found. Understanding must precede intelligent action along any lines, and my reason—perhaps I would better say my justification—for writing *His Own Country* has been my hope and belief that it would bring some little considered phases of this menacing and mighty problem more clearly before the minds of read-

ers who live remote from it, yet whose consent is necessary, as it should be in a democracy, to any adjustment or settlement of living conditions where the races are existing side by side.

With the publication of his book, Mr. Kester has for the time being given up literary work in order to do his bit in the national crisis; and to that end, he is now cultivating every tillable foot of his country place near Alexandria, Virginia, where he and his mother have made their home since 1911. On the opposite page is shown a picture of his estate, "Belmont," giving some hint of the lovely country on the Virginia side of the Potomac. For Alexandria, one of the most picturesque of the old-time Virginia towns that preserves intact the atmosphere of the old South before the war, is almost directly across the river from Washington and only a few miles from Mount Vernon. During his literary work, Mr. Kester has had the advantage of the wise and helpful friendship of W. D. Howells, his mother's cousin.



PAUL KESTER, AUTHOR OF "HIS OWN COUNTRY" AND BROTHER OF VAUGHAN KESTER

## DREAMS

BY FYODOR TYUTCHEV

Translated from the Russian by Abraham Yarmolinsky

As ocean's stream begirds the earthly sphere,  
So man's existence is with dreams encircled.  
When night arrives, the element unseen  
In secret tides around our mainland surges.

Its voice is heard, entreating, rousing, urging;  
The magic skiff stands ready for the sail.  
The tide swells fast and bears us with its lilting  
Away, where waves in shoreless darkness roll.

The heaven's dome, ablaze with starry glory,  
Mysteriously issues from the depths,  
And lo! we sail across abysses burning,  
And fire is the wake we leave behind.

# FRAU COSIMA WAGNER

BY ARCHIE BELL

I ASKED a journalist who had interviewed popes, emperors, kings and the most celebrated men in all parts of the world: "Who is the greatest woman in the world?" He replied: "There are two: the Dowager Empress of China and Cosima Wagner of Bayreuth, Bavaria." Since he spoke, Hsi Tai-hou has gone to her ancestors and her sceptre is held by no successor; Frau Cosima is still enthroned at Bayreuth, but her court is one of ghosts and memories. But the favourite daughter of Liszt, whom Richard Wagner called "the greatest musician of them all," is an unseen queen. She is blind, very feeble, and seems only awaiting the final summons from earth. Her throne is now

in a balcony overlooking the reception-room at *Villa Wahnfried*, where Richard Wagner spent the happiest days of his life and from the windows of which his grave is visible in a little plot of garden now covered by English ivy. She hears the guests arrive and depart and listens to their conversation, but Cosima remains unseen. She has not the strength to meet strangers and meeting old friends causes too much excitement and is invariably followed by the flood of tears, which the physicians have said accounts for her present condition and must be avoided. Cosima sits in her gallery and the guests come and go; but she might be with the celebrated father of whom she seems to be a living image,



FRAU COSIMA WAGNER

so far as her presence is revealed to those who pay her homage at her beautiful villa.

Cosima's daughter, Eva Wagner Chamberlain, and her husband, the Englishman, Stewart Houston Chamberlain, invited me to *Villa Wahnfried* just at the outbreak of the present war, that I might have but a peep at Frau Cosima and hear a few details concerning her



FRANZ LISZT, FATHER OF COSIMA WAGNER.  
NOTE THE FACIAL RESEMBLANCE TO HIS  
DAUGHTER

that have not found their way into the vast literature that has been written concerning her and her circle. As I was entering the tree-bordered avenue that leads to the villa, Ferdinand, King of Bulgaria was just leaving. As he reached the stone steps, he said to Cosima's son-in-law: "I have just heard the French language spoken more perfectly than ever before in my life."

"Yes," explained Chamberlain, "he has conversed with Frau Cosima. He requested that privilege, and she, hearing

him, said: 'A king does not request—he commands.' So he was taken to her balcony and they have been together for two hours."

Frau Cosima wanted to go into the house-garden and she was assisted in descending the stairs by her daughter.

"Ah, the roses are still in bloom, I see," she said, catching their fragrance. "Listen!" A thrush was warbling in the *Hofgarten* that comes to the back fence of the Villa. "Take me nearer to him," she said and Eva Wagner led her to a rustic bench. The thrush continued its song. Frau Cosima listened and understood. In a cracked, ancient voice that seemed to come from another world, she sang the Bird Song from *Siegfried*. The thrush replied more shrill than before and Frau Cosima repeated her song. There seemed to be an uncanny understanding between them and both seemed to be almost merry in the experience.

At length the thrush flew away. Frau Cosima smiled sadly and gave a signal that brought her daughter to her side. They paused beside a rose bush and the old lady reached out her bony Lisztian fingers and twisted the stem of a rose. They stepped to the ivy plot bordering a slab of granite and the widow of Richard Wagner, following a custom of many years, dropped the daily flower on his tomb and her lips murmured, as if she breathed a prayer. She came back into the house and was led not to her balcony, but to her apartments, where she could retire. It had been an exciting day—two hours' animated conversation with a king—and her watchful daughter was fearful of the result.

"I knew her for years before I came into the family," said Chamberlain, "and now as then, she seems to me to be the most marvellous woman in all the world. Memory? There seems never to have been such a memory as hers! She is able to give a *verbatim* report of a conversation that took place twenty, thirty, even forty years ago. She seems to forget nothing in her vast experience of life. Just for example, most of us believe that we are fortunate in recalling the titles



of books that we read years ago. Frau Cosima not only recalls the titles of the principal literature in at least three languages, but she recalls the names of the principal characters, even in novels, and sometimes she has amazed us by repeating dialogue and descriptions from books that she could not have seen for many years.

"The specialists tell us her blindness is caused from excessive weeping. Frau Cosima wept almost incessantly for eight years after Richard Wagner died, and this coupled with her work in the bright rays of the limelight at the theatre completely ruined her organs of sight. During her life with Wagner, her only thought was the advancement of his ideals. Since his death, her life has been consecrated to the fulfilment of his great desires.

"The world does not know that when Richard Wagner died, he left debts amounting to fully three hundred thousand marks and his assets did not amount to more than ten thousand dollars in American money. Frau Cosima arose to the occasion, and enlisting the services of the banker, Von Gross of Munich, she undertook the artistic and financial direction of everything relating to the *Festspielhaus* and the various properties of her late husband. She had made a vow to do what Richard Wagner had aimed to accomplish before his death. She worked in the theatre early and late, personally superintending the scene-painting, the lighting, the costumes, the rehearsals of the Flower Maidens in *Parsifal*, teaching the girls how to dance as well as to sing, coaching a great prima-donna who was to sing Brunhilde. And in addition, she was in control of and responsible for all finances. Frau Cosima not only achieved the Wagnerian ideal, but she accumulated a large fortune in so doing. She has guarded the memory of Richard Wagner as Fafner guards the *Ring* treasures.

"Perhaps the world knows or suspects as much; but there is also much that the world does not know and which the world will not know for many years—

not until Frau Cosima has been laid in her grave. It may surprise many people to know that the manuscript of *Meine Leben*, the great Wagnerian autobiography—one of the sublimest human documents of modern times—is in her handwriting. It was she who composed the voluminous record; only she, it appears at the time of its composition, had the prophetic mind to appreciate its tremendous importance to readers of the present day. Richard Wagner had kept notes and diaries of his earlier life and his experiences in various cities and countries. It was Frau Cosima who induced him to devote a part of each day to reviewing them. Her questions and conversations, her requests for further details and information, revived memories that otherwise must have been lost to the world. Wagner's habit was to prompt his memory of dates and persons by referring to old note-books and odd bits of paper. A professional interviewer, perhaps best of all, would appreciate her colossal task. His wife sat at her desk in the big music room and he paced up and down the floor, as he chatted familiarly of what now occupies a prominent place in musical history. She wrote down what he said; and then she went over her mass of notes and arranged the great *Autobiography* for publication.

"It is hinted sometimes in the American and English journals that parts of this autobiography were suppressed by Frau Cosima. That there were parts of it objectionable to her and that she withheld these chapters for later publication, perhaps following her own death" I said.

"I am in a position to say to you that this is not so. Why should she have had a desire to suppress what she had written for publication? No, the volumes as they appear in the original German edition are exact copies of the original manuscript.

"And is there no 'authorised' Life of Cosima Wagner? Has she never authorised her own biography, her memories of her celebrated father, her life as the wife of Hans von Buelow, as the wife of Richard Wagner, and as the

great and dominant figure of Bayreuth, the acknowledged centre of the musical world, as relates to the music-dramas of Richard Wagner, both in their inspiration and performance?

"If I may digress a little before answering that question, there is another of the wonderful things about Frau Cosima. The fiercest limelight of publicity has been upon her for many years; but she has attempted to avoid it, excepting as it was to the glory of her late husband, the master-composer. Liszt lies in his tomb here at Bayreuth—a tomb designed by Frau Cosima's son—but his daughter's one great ambition in life seems to have been to maintain the Wagnerian supremacy. Her life with Wagner was a blissful experience in his turbulent career, and since his death, it has been one of perpetual adoration of his memory. No, there is no *Life* of Frau Cosima authorised by her and she wants none. One of the first promises she exacted from me, before I became a member of the family, was that I should refrain from writing of her in whatever I might write of Wagner and Bayreuth. This was difficult, in view of the fact that from the time of my arrival in Bayreuth, she was the central pivot of the entire organisation.

"But here I recall something else that seems to be known only to the privileged few. In a chest, which we call 'Cosima's Strong Box,' there is something more important to the world than an authorised *Life* of her would be, something that is of vastly more significance than any of the alleged suppressed chapters of *Autobiography* would be. Wagner recorded that he first saw Cosima Liszt at the home of her grandmother, the mother of Liszt, in Paris. At that time, she was little more than a child and he seems to have observed her only as the daughter of his friend. He has made frequent reference to her in his writings, but you will recall that *Meine Leben* comes to a close with his permanent establishment in Bayreuth and the erection of the *Festspielhaus* by the Bavarian king. From her first to the last day as his wife, Frau

Cosima kept a voluminous diary. Of her style and of her ability in the selection of materials, we have ample opportunity to judge, after we know that it was she who wrote Wagner's *Meine Leben*. As I said before, Cosima guards this diary well, although it was written for publication and is in its final form at the present time. It will not appear in print until after her death and even then, perhaps not for some time. It seems to me, knowing the principal facts in the matter, that this is likely to prove to be one of the literary and musical treasures not only of our time, but of all time."

A side of Frau Cosima that has been overlooked by the world, excepting those great musical stars who have gone to her for instruction, is that she is the world's greatest storehouse of information in regard to the Wagnerian traditions, which are as the law of the Medes and Persians in the operatic centres. It is true that we often believe that the Shakespearean traditions have become almost extinct in America, because the knowledge of them is possessed by a small group of men and women, most of whom are no longer actively engaged in theatrical work. The Wagnerian traditions intact remain in the mind of a feeble and tottering old lady. Prior to Richard Wagner's death, she had been content and happy to be the wife of the great composer. She had heard him tell of his aims and ambitions and perhaps gave more than a usually attentive ear. She was at his side as he worked, and as heretofore related, she wrote his life's story. But up to the time of his death, she concerned herself with the affairs of his household, receiving his guests, and personally arranging the details of the continuous functions at his villa, which had already become a place of pilgrimage for the great. He gladly acknowledged her as his inspiration, and she acted as a buffer between him and the great public that demanded so much of his time and attention, which she appreciated could be turned to better account. She knew of his work, presumably, much as the wife of any author knows of the

growth and progress of her husband's compositions.

Here, however, came to view Frau Cosima's most amazing qualities. She was no longer a young woman when her husband died. As the world moves, she was ready for retirement from an active career. Until that time, she had not been actively engaged in the theatre. But she went to the great *Festspielhaus* as full-fledged and experienced artistic director and impresario. That she could master the financial situation was not so surprising to all who knew her; but she amazed even the stars and directors by her peerless knowledge of the technical details in connection with the entire Wagnerian repertory. I recall that the late Lillian Nordica told me that she learned more in one hour with Frau Cosima, more about the interpretation of a Wagnerian rôle, than she had learned in years of rehearsal elsewhere in opera houses. Madam Schumann-Heink, who is known as "the last of the Old Guard" at Bayreuth, gladly acknowledges that she learned from Frau Cosima what she had been unable to learn elsewhere. The same with the celebrated Lohengrin, Tristan or Siegfried. He may have sung the rôles and achieved fame by doing so in other cities; but when Frau Cosima consented to instruct him, he learned much that none of his other instructors had known.

When Cosima was an elderly woman, she astounded the assembled stars at a Bayreuth rehearsal, by going on the stage and teaching the Flower Maidens in

*Parsifal* how to dance correctly. It has been said by the experts that there is not one minutest detail of the long repertory that she does not know, exactly the inflection that should be given each phrase, exactly where characters should stand on the stage, what should be every gesture, costume, even physical appearance.

And how did she know it all? Perhaps nobody knows. She believes it all came from her love for the Master, Richard Wagner. She did not know that she knew, until it was required of her. First of all, she cherished a memory that dominated her thought and action. Her aim was to achieve his ideal. Death intervened, so she stepped into action and proved herself the greatest Wagnerian director the world has ever seen.

Frau Cosima Wagner of Bayreuth! She sits in eternal darkness, and hers is a sadness that prompts tears during the majority of her waking hours, tears that have flowed over her cheeks in a never-ending stream for many years. Daughter of the greatest pianist, wife of the greatest composer, and recipient of the world's honours, she has known the great joys and the great sorrows of a great life. She can smile, but it is not human agency that prompts the smile; rather it is the song of the thrush that lifts the eternal burden. And even to the thrush, she speaks in the language of Richard Wagner. Perhaps all history records, no more absolute devotion.

# ABOUT RUG BOOKS

BY H. G. DWIGHT

## II

I HAVE already intimated, and I am ready to repeat, that it is possible to go too far in making merry over books that never intended to say the last word on an extremely complicated subject. If the reader will grant me that it is one of the first impulses of man to laugh at the misnaming of things and places familiar to him, I will grant the reader that it is something for an inhabitant of New York or Philadelphia to have found out where so many of the rugs on his floor came from—and that the present critic, for his own part, knows very much less about technical details than the most unreliable of the writers he criticises. I will also grant that rugs and words are something alike in that they are the common property of all mankind, and not, like marbles or canvases or other products of the more aristocratic arts, the guarded possession of a chosen few. Consequently, the bonds between art and industry in these two forms of weaving are vaguer than in certain other departments of creative activity. And the owner of ten or twenty-five or sixty Asiatic rugs needs less courage to make a book about them than the possessor of a similar number of old Chinese porcelains or Italian paintings. Moreover, there is not yet, as more than one writer of rug books has pointed out, an authoritative literature on the subject. The field is still open to whomever will take it.

But it will never be taken in any such way as the one hitherto followed by American writers. It is no flattering proof of what we know of the East and its arts, or of the standards of criticism accepted among us, that publishers can go on issuing these more or less expensive picture books, improvised out of

Mr. Mumford and water. Whether we regard rugs as works of art or as household conveniences, surely they deserve a study no less specialised than etchings, say, or textiles. The simplest handbook of any other art or industry presupposes a background of knowledge entirely foreign to these books. The fact is that not one of their authors possesses the equipment to write a satisfactory rug book. If I include Mr. Mumford in this assertion I must repeat that he deserves great credit for his pioneer work in an empty field. His followers, however, have done practically nothing to clarify and add to the data which he made available to them. For they persist in following a method by which it is hopeless to arrive at any solid result.

Their method, one gathers from their books, is to sit down with Mr. Mumford in one hand and a school geography in the other, dictating until they feel the need of illumination on some obscure point—when they seek enlightenment from an Armenian rug peddler or from the buyer of a department store who has been three times to Smyrna, Constantinople, Tiflis, and Tebriz. Their conception of "the Orient," at any rate, seems not to differ very materially from the Persian idea of *Firengistan*, which for the common run of Iranians lumps America with Europe and presupposes for us all a common history and language. Otherwise how could Mr. Ellwanger, for instance, declare that Arabic is the *lingua franca* of the Near East (page 122), or how could his colleagues one and all trot out their *heibelik*, *namazlik*, etc., as applicable to all saddlebags, prayer rugs, and so forth? They are not to blame for not knowing Arabic, Armenian, Greek, Kurdish, Persian, Turkish, and the various dialects of those languages which are spoken in dif-

ferent localities. But they are hardly to be commended for undertaking to volunteer information about matters of which they know little or nothing. It naturally makes one distrust everything they have to say. And I for one am unable to comprehend their childish faith in the gentlemen of the trade.

It is true enough that our knowledge and enjoyment of Oriental rugs has been gained chiefly in the way of trade, and that dealers were long, and perhaps still are, our best authorities. But while some dealers are educated men, and have enjoyed wide experience in centres both of rug selling and rug weaving, they do not appear to be the ones to whom the rug-book people apply. It is unnecessary to point out that because a man happens to buy or sell rugs, and knows how to distinguish many varieties of them, or even to speak one or two of the languages of their makers, he is not therefore infallible with regard to every aspect of the trade. For the rest, few Armenian rug dealers in America ever set their foot in any centre of rug weaving or ever troubled themselves about little matters like geography, ethnology, orthography, or philology. Few of them, either, ever hesitate for an answer. For the Oriental point of view is that courtesy requires a reply to a question, the actual truth of the reply being quite a secondary matter. Few American buyers, furthermore, remain in the countries they visit long enough to acquire much firsthand information. And the professional rug buyer is first and foremost a business man, not much more likely than his Armenian colleague to ask himself or anyone else questions about the broader aspects of the industry in which he is engaged. He is, I like to think, constitutionally more willing to utter the simple phrase, "I don't know." But it is as easy for him as for any one else to give a particular fact a general application, or to think that "Iran" and "Kermanshah" and "Khiva Bokhara" are good enough names for certain recognised kinds of rugs.

I have perhaps gone too far about to

intimate what might have been said in a sentence that the writer of a satisfactory rug book should be a connoisseur doubled by an Orientalist. He should possess exact and detailed knowledge of rugs, their manufacture, the places they come from, and the languages of those places, to say nothing of their history, their religion, and their art; and he should have in him enough of a critical method to be capable of putting his material into workmanlike form. It would be an immense advantage to him, too, if he were something of a cartographer! I may seem to wander from any practical point; but the whole groundwork of this art, whose masterpieces bear the names of cities, provinces, and tribes, is geography. Only on geographical lines can any clear idea be gained of the different schools of rugs, or any foundation be laid for their history and an understanding of their mutual relations. A primary essential, then, of a satisfactory rug book is that it should contain reliable maps. In this respect the existing books are woefully inadequate. Few of them have even approximately accurate maps of Western Asia, while none of them give detailed charts of the different centres of weaving. Their classifications suffer accordingly. Most of the books make a point, for instance, of enumerating the provinces of Persia. But they also adhere to trade names, however contradictory to fact. And besides taking unaccountable liberties with the map, they further confuse the reader by jumping from their original geographical classification to other systems based on similarities of weave or design. Thus most of them make a distinction between a Meshed rug and a Khorasan—Meshed being, of course, the chief city of that province—while maintaining a mysterious silence with regard to other weaves of Khorasan. Mr. Mumford, again, invents the name Kirmanieh, under which he includes not only Kerman, but "Khorasan," Meshed, Herat, and Shiraz. And Dr. Lewis transfers Kashan to Azerbaizan, further making distinctions between Ardelan and East-

ern Kurdistan, which do not square with the truth. As for the Central Persian province of Irak Ajemi, theoretically extending from the Elburz range to Isfahan, it means to the Persians the country around Sultanabad, the Fera'-han-Saruk-Serabend country, which may be stretched to include Kashan. This comparatively small area produces more rugs than any other in Persia, and it is by no means inaccessible. Yet over it reigns in the rug books a twilight of darkest Africa. How, then, until the writers of the books know what they are talking about, and what perhaps no one in the American trade is competent to tell them, can they possibly classify with accuracy and perspective?

The problem, I admit, is far from simple. But it will never be solved in a New York library—or even in the saloon of an excursion boat on the Great Lakes, where, I am informed, one of the most popular of our authors composed his *magnum opus*. Dr. Lewis tells us that there are over fifty varieties of rugs (page 161). If he had said five hundred he would have fallen short of the truth. The fact is that there are many more kinds of rugs than anyone seems to suspect, which partly accounts for such absurd trade names as "Iran" and "Kermanshah." Such trade names as Mahal, Mushkabad, and Savalan, on the other hand, are more legitimate, having been invented by modern manufacturers to designate different grades of their own Sultanabads. But there are undreamed of subtleties even behind the most straightforward name. A Hamadan, for example, is universally described as having a camel border, or a camel ground diapered in a lighter shade, with what the rug books elegantly call a pole medallion. Whereas the majority of Hamadans are of quite other types. And until 1912, or thereabouts, not one of them came from the town of Hamadan. The plain *shotori* (camel-coloured) Hamadan is made in the adjoining district of Mehraban, while the diapered or *shiré-shekeri* (syrupy!) is from Dargezin. Others are from

Borchalu, Erzamfud, Famenin, Injelas, Kabutraheng, etc., all as truly Hamadans as the camel rugs, because they are woven in the region of Hamadan and marketed here, yet each distinctly recognisable to the expert by its own local characteristics. And every other rug centre has its own similar subdivisions, most of which remain unknown to the books.

An accurate geographical background would give us more light than we now possess with regard to the beats of nomad tribes, and help us to understand the relations between different weaves. And it is closely related to the historical background. This has hitherto been treated in far too summary a manner, with more information about the Jews and the Egyptians than about the people of the colder regions, which are the true habitat of the rug. A pretty point, for instance, waits to be established as to how much the Turks took with them into Asia Minor, and how much they found there when they arrived. There are resemblances between Anatolian, Caucasian, and Turkoman weaves which look like landmarks of an old migration. This is, of course, a subject excessively difficult to approach, by reason of a lack of documents. Yet certain documents wait to be deciphered, in the shape of historic rugs in public and private collections. These are the old masters of the art, which with the exception of the Ardebil of South Kensington and a few other famous carpets remain strangely unknown to most of our experts. There are entire books to be made out of the museums. And more to the point than quoting Scripture and the Odyssey, or describing the jewelled carpet of Ctesiphon, would be a chapter—there is room for a sizable monograph—on the rugs of pictures. The old Dutch and Italian painters could furnish out between them a priceless collection, which should shed no little light on the history of our art. Of this Mr. W. A. Hawley, at least, is aware, if he has not found time to go so thoroughly into the subject as Bode and Les-

sing (*Oriental Rugs Antique and Modern*).

A detail of less importance, but one of which a scholarly rug book would take cognisance, is that of spelling. There is the more excuse, as I have already said, for the inconsistencies and inaccuracies in which our authors abound, because the Roman alphabet was not invented to spell the English language and because the users of that language have not yet fully agreed on how to convey its sounds. The case is further complicated by the fact that other sharers of the Roman alphabet have sounds and systems of their own, into which the rug-book people, as well as geographers and writers of travel, occasionally dip. Hence that *d* in *sedjadeh* and that *t* in *khatchli*, which are necessary to the Frenchman but superfluous for us. A more serious complication is that Oriental languages contain sounds for which we have no exact equivalent. Then the same name may be pronounced differently in different parts of the same country. Nor, again, is it always easy to settle on the form of a name. To the people of Persian Kurdistan the name of their capital, known to us as Sehna or Senna, is Senendúch, while Persians and Turks speak of it as Siné. The ancient city of Gordium, equally well known in carpet literature, enjoys a no less wonderful variety of titles, of which the Turkish is Györdéz and the modern Greek Yórtēs—with the *th* hard. But even when we agree on a form we seldom agree how to convey the sound of that form to the Anglo-Saxon eye and tongue. I think it quite hopeless to attempt to do so by means of any phonetic system, relying on the more purely English combinations, like *ee*, *oo*, final *ie*, and all the rest. There are too many phonetic systems, and too few people understand each other's. Moreover, they are rarely consistent or complete. Mr. Mumford and his family, for example, refer to a well-known Persian province as Azerbijan. This spelling takes for granted, I suppose, that the reader will pronounce the *i* as in kite, but neglects to consider the

fact that the other vowels must be uttered in a way which does not come natural to Anglo-Saxons. Our only hope is to adopt some system like that of the Royal Geographical Society, happily coming into vogue among our own editors and map-makers. If you have to learn its conventions in order to be able to use it, so do you with any other system—English being the patch-work language it is. And this system has the great merit of being both simple and logical.

Another detail in which the existing rug books fall lamentably short is that of illustration. And it is the less pardonable because so many of them bid for favour on the score of their coloured plates. As a youthful reader of romance I was always deeply offended when a heroine expressly described by the author as blonde was portrayed by the illustrator as a brunette, or when the death of the villain was depicted a dozen pages before or after the event. In the course of years my destiny led me into the retreats where these crimes are committed, and I have come to understand how they take place. But with me, I fear, to comprehend is not to pardon. As a mature reader of rug books I continue to be offended by pictures that seem to be chosen for airy reasons of decoration or availability, that put the student to the greatest possible inconvenience in comparing them with the text, or that fail to do all they can for him in the thorny matter of classification. Mr. Hawley does more for his reader than any one else, and Dr. Lewis is in this respect more satisfactory than Mr. Mumford—though I have reason to suspect that if Mr. Mumford had been allowed to make his later editions more than reprints he would have improved them in this as in other particulars. But no rug book that I have come across illustrates all the stock designs, or inserts the illustrations at the right place. A small black-and-white, setting forth an essential point at the psychological moment, is worth more than the most elaborate coloured plate stuck in where

it is most convenient for the folder of the sheets and most economical for the publisher of the book.

Among other matters worth consideration, that of the technical processes of rug weaving will bear more study than has yet been given them. I am told by those who know more about such things than I do that the variety of knots and their spacing between strands of the foundation is greater than the rug books would lead us to believe, and that the last word has not been said about the materials used. Although the high dry climate of the Asiatic plateau is commonly averred to be responsible for the sheen and softness of the best rugs, none have a greater softness or sheen than the old Anatolians, whose wool was produced not far from sea level. And it is a fact that perhaps the most perfect rugs made in Persia to-day are woven at Kashan out of Australian wool, which is finer and silkier than any grown in "the Orient."

As for dyes, ancient and modern, the rug-book people beat their breasts a little more vehemently than they need. They mourn the growing rarity of the old vegetable dyes, and they do well. They omit to add, however, that as appalling horrors have been perpetrated with vegetable dyes as with mineral. Nor are the former so fast as the rug books contend. On the contrary, the beauty of vegetable dyes is that they will fade. The point is that they fade evenly, one shade toning into another. Whereas aniline dyes fade unevenly. The reds have a tendency to retain their vigour, while certain other colours eventually disappear. A greater fault is that they tend to harden the wool, thereby dulling the sheen which is the honour of old age. But in Persia and Turkey, at all events, aniline dyes are employed by no means so generally as the rug-book people imagine. Not only are there in Persia penalties against their importation, and against the exportation of rugs in which they are used, but it is quite incorrect to say, as Dr. Lewis does (pp. 78, 218), that two-thirds or three-

quarters of modern Turkish rugs are aniline dyed. What neither he nor any one else mentions is the growing employment of alizerine dyes. These also tend to harden the wool, though it remains for a later century to determine the ultimate effect of this process. But their greatest fault is the mythic virtue attributed to the vegetable dyes: they will neither fade nor wash out.

Then there is more to be learned than we yet know about the colour scales of different weaves, and their schemes of colour combination. A point in this connection which has never been taken up is the one of outline. If you look into a Persian rug you will discover that each figure is bounded by a line of another colour, sometimes so fine as to be almost imperceptible. Nevertheless this inconspicuous outline has an extraordinary effect on the field of colour it encloses. The same tone will have an entirely different effect, or shade into different directions of the spectrum, according to the tint of its outline. Some schools of rugs, like the Bijar, follow invariable rules for outlining. A knowledge of any such law, therefore, would, of course, be a help in identification.

A subject of the utmost complexity, and one which awaits a profounder scholarship than has yet dealt with it, is that of design. There is much easy talk in the rug books about tribal marks and symbols, about Greece, Egypt, further Asia, and Central America, about palms, lotuses, and Trees of Life, to say nothing of knots of destiny, stars of the Medes, shields of David and Solomon, and S's of the Fire Worshipers. It all tends, however, to excite rather than to satisfy our curiosity. When Dr. Lewis announces (page 147) that he has devoted more consideration to this topic than any of his predecessors, he forces the critic to add that if one removed from his chapter on design everything relating to China and India there would be little left besides hearsay or guesswork. And the point of this criticism lies in the fact that he omits from the



remainder of his book any mention whatever of Indian rugs, while to the subject of China he devotes a grand total of six pages.

As our authors study the map, and read in Mr. Mumford—whose treatment of this vast subject, however inadequate, is again more worthy than that of his colleagues—of the caravans, the conquests, the migrations, which have swept back and forth across Asia, it no doubt seems highly plausible to them that a motive originating in Egypt or India should find lodgment in Persia or the Caucasus. Nor can any one deny that the transfusion of decorative ideas is as old as the swastika. The period of *chinoiserie* in European ornament is one fanciful chapter of this tendency. I myself might write another on the unexpected places where I have found familiar details of rugs. I have seen on an old Resht embroidery, and above a dado of very Chinese-looking tiles in a fifteenth-century mosque at Adrianople, the identical border of reciprocal trefoils which is characteristic of Caucasian weaves. I have also seen Bulgarian towels ornamented after the fashion of Anatolian rugs, to say nothing of Kurdish and Persian ones. Then many of the so-called Rhodian plates, as of the Turkish tiles of the sixteenth century, bear the bent and serrated lance-leaf of the *mahi* (fish) or Herat design. But no one who has not been in the East can realise the immense conservatism of Oriental peoples, their instinctive suspicion of anything foreign, or the extreme difficulty they still have in communicating with one another. And the gentlemen of the rug books incline to forget that wool rugs are primarily the product of cold climates. One should think twice, therefore, before accepting the theory that so characteristic a Persian design as the spindle, alias the "pole medallion" of the rug books, is derived from so exotic a plant as the lotus, or that a palm could suggest very much to a man who never set eyes on one. Even the cypress is too much a friend

of the sun to be very familiar to the highlanders of Western Asia. I question, moreover, whether it is safe to identify the latter with the Tree of Life, the "sacred Cocos," and other mythic vegetables. The Mohammedan Tree of Life, or the *tuba*, as Mr. Mumford correctly names it, is, of course, an authentic specimen of the botany of design. I see no reason, however, to jump to the conclusion that the weavers of Kerman were thinking about it when they created their delightful pots of flowers. Nor does Mr. Hawley inspire me with confidence when he naturalises Chinese symbols of connubial happiness in Persia. His pair of ducks on an animal rug in the Metropolitan Museum might perfectly be hens, pigeons, or poppinjays.

As for the so-called Persian pear pattern, concerning which the rug books evolve so many fanciful theories, I know no more about it than they. But I do know that the Persians call it the *buté*, meaning twig or bush, by which they further designate the camel-thorn of their bare plains. And I have seen the same design on old Indian silks, as in photographs of a foliated Egyptian damask of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, of a Rhages jar of the thirteenth century, and of the tiles of the mosque of Sidi Okba in Kairuan, which were imported from Bagdad in the ninth century; while the Turks used to employ a similar motive in the form of a cypress with a bent top. Only under the most serious reserves, therefore, should one countenance any legend of crown jewels, Hindu rivers, and what not. If the *buté* represents anything at all—on which there is no reason to insist—it is probably a conventionalisation of some plant form, and far more ancient than the regalia of so modern a dynasty as that of the Hajars.

In any case, these are questions not to be answered by rug peddlers or by gentlemen who have been three times to Tiflis. Having been there myself only twice, I say no more!

## TWO REVIEWS OF THE MONTH

### I

#### WALTER DE LA MARE'S "PEACOCK PIE"\*

TO FIND a new volume by Mr. Walter de la Mare, already known to American readers through *The Listeners* and *Songs of Childhood*, is to discover a rare and exquisite flower in the sometimes unweeded garden of modern poetry. *Peacock Pie* may fairly be called new, though 1912 saw the publication of a first edition in England. It did not then, however, find its way across the ocean, and the illustrations by Mr. Heath Robinson give the book, for children at any rate, an added value.

Mr. de la Mare has never lost his way to the land of dreams. "The pleasant land of Make-Believe," into which the little boy of Stevenson's *Child's Garden* can escape at will, is a region fully explored and charted, and the adventures to be encountered there are familiar to every child. In the opening chapter of *Peter Ibbetson*, du Maurier, with his artist's memory, catches the unreasoning raptures of childhood as no other writer has ever done. But du Maurier, in spite of his talent for light verse, was no poet, and his charming little Gogo Pasquier is no more so than his creator. The childhood world of Peter Ibbetson is made of realities, realities transformed into things rich and strange, perhaps, but still to be seen and known. The child who speaks in Mr. de la Mare's poems, however, is in Cowley's famous phrase, irremediably a poet. If the wonderful children of the Yorkshire moors had not been cheated of childhood's heritage of irresponsibility, one might picture them tiptoeing through the heather, away from the stony bleakness that they called

\**Peacock Pie*. By Walter de la Mare. Illustrated by Heath Robinson. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

home, to know fellowship with "slim Melmillo," who called the birds

to rest

In the hollow of her breast.

But to see Mr. de la Mare's visions, childhood needs a background not of grey, but of silver.

Poetry about children is not always poetry for children, as all children know and most compilers of anthologies forget. The arresting beauty of Mr. de la Mare's poetry sets the adult reader to wondering by what grace that is denied to other poets of the first rank he can enter so easily into the kingdom of childhood. For in the rich variety of his poetry he speaks to all children, not merely to a few. The child who will listen to nothing more than the jingle of rhyme can hear it in singing verse like that about "Poor Jim Jay" who

Got stuck fast  
In yesterday.

or in the curious music of

Thousandz of thornz there be  
On the Rozez where gozez  
The Zebra of Zee:  
Sleek, striped, and hairy,  
The steed of the Fairy  
Princess of Zee.

The child who finds delight in sharing the life of whatever walks on four feet can have kindly commerce with the wisest of donkeys and gentlest of comrades, Nicholas Nye; the child who loves wonder-tales about every day doings can read how the fairy helped the old woman who

Went blackberry picking  
From Weep to Wicking.

Even the slow imagination of the dullard can respond to the verse about the poor dunce's complaint of the clock:

Why does he still keep ticking?  
 Why does his round white face  
 Stare at me over the books and ink,  
 And mock at my disgrace?

Again, it might be the very utterance of  
 the wondering little Hartley Coleridge  
 that ends "Hide and Seek."

Hide and seek, say I  
 To myself, and step  
 Out of the dream of Wake  
 Into the dream of Sleep.

It is perhaps in this understanding of the  
 whole of childhood that something of his  
 secret lies. Yet even in his poems for  
 children he is more than a poet for chil-  
 dren. Each year-laden reader who can  
 look through the magic casement of Mr.  
 de la Mare's verses will see among the  
 shadowy figures that flit about the moon-  
 silvered lanes a tiny ghost that was once  
 himself.

A haunting consciousness of the un-  
 seen pervades the poet's child-world as  
 it does that of the older world to which  
*The Listeners* is addressed. The lovely  
 innocence of childhood, like the austere  
 purity of the Lady in Comus, hears  
 "airy tongues that syllable men's names,"  
 in all that seems solitude. Outdoors and  
 indoors the unknown companionship is  
 always there. A thin voice goes

Piping airs  
 Along the grey and crooked walks

of a haunted house. Under the mistletoe

Just as I sat there, sleepy, lonely,  
 Stooped in the still and shadowy air  
 Lips unseen, and kissed me there.

There is "nobody at the window, no-  
 body at the door," yet

A clear still eye  
 Peeps closely through the casement as my  
 steps go by.

In some of the poems in the fourscore  
 and odd that make up *Peacock Pie* the  
 poet has, it may be admitted, strayed be-  
 yond the range of childhood. Here is  
 "The Song of Shadows," for example,  
 one of a half-dozen or more that might

perhaps be set to better advantage than  
 in a book designed for children.

Sweep thy faint strings, musician,  
 With thy long lean hand,  
 Downward the starry tapers burn,  
 Sinks soft the waning sand;  
 The old hound whimpers couched in sleep,  
 The embers smoulder low;  
 Across the walls the shadows  
 Come, and go.

Sweep softly thy strings, musician,  
 The minutes mount to hours,  
 Frost on the windless casement weaves  
 A labyrinth of flowers;  
 Ghosts linger on the darkening air,  
 Harken at the open door,  
 Music hath called them dreaming.  
 Home once more.

The hushed wonder of these lines will  
 touch the spirit of children less than that  
 of their elders. But Mr. Robinson's  
 drawings, closer to the familiar realities  
 of life than the poetry he is seeking to  
 interpret, have a cheerful certainty  
 which will help to lead childish adven-  
 turers happily across the threshold of  
 Mr. de la Mare's world of magic and  
 mystery. And who but Gradgrind him-  
 self could be ungrateful for the largesse  
 that is content to offer such poems to  
 child readers?

*Maude Morrison Frank.*

## II

HENRI BARBUSSE'S "LE FEU" ("THE  
 LIFE OF A SQUAD")\*

The sub-title, the "Life of a Squad,"  
 is somewhat misleading. There is much  
 more than the life of a squad in this bril-  
 liant and varied narrative, which re-  
 cords or divines wide areas of experience.  
 It is not a chronicle, still less a diary,  
 but combines pictures of men in masses,  
 and of individual types, moralisings, im-  
 pressions, observations, episodes, into a

\*This review is based on the French edi-  
 tion. The book will be published in an Eng-  
 lish translation early this fall by E. P. Dut-  
 ton and Company, New York.—*Editor's*  
*Note.*

sort of epic of army life from the point of view of a private soldier. There is a common point of view among private soldiers, says M. Barbusse, despite their personal diversity, for under the grinding of the same harsh conditions they come to think alike; and their thoughts are very simple.

"Here there's no looking ahead. You've got to live day by day, hour by hour, if you can."

"Sure, old nut-face, got to do what they say till they tell us to quit."

"There you are," yawned Mesnil-Joseph. The sun-burned, dirt-stained faces grew thoughtful. Drawn from every corner of the land and herded at the front, these men all have the same feelings: Renouncement of all attempt to understand; renouncement of all attempt to be themselves; hope of escaping death; and determination to live as best they can.

Another point in common is the love of grumbling. They grumble at each other, at the people at home, at journalists, peasants, cooks, slackers, the government, food, weather, everything, and with a fine impartial vivacity; in fact they have made an art of it, which they pursue for its own sake, the richness and vigour of the invective often having no relation to the importance of the grievance. When the cook is ten minutes late there is a profane splendour in their language that recalls our ancient masters and shows how far we have fallen in the arts of objurgation. Shakespeare might have used these rich repulsive metaphors, but nowadays with us the language of abuse is so impoverished that the vocabulary of a strong man swearing in his wrath will barely fit a child's vexation.

They are good and very expressive haters but they do not hate the German private soldiers. They think the journalists in the rear have lied about them. The usual *boche*, they say, is about like the usual *poilu*; only he is the dupe of his superiors. That sort of training might turn any man into a German; it might even turn a dog. The *poilus* are quite large-minded on this

subject. But on the subject of the German officers they admit of no argument. They are "a special kind of vermin," the German officers, "the microbes of the war"—

I saw one of 'em once, a prisoner. The putrid lump! A Prussian colonel, with a coronet and gold blazon, looking down at everyone from the top of his stiff collar. "Wait, old bird," said I, "I'll make you rattle, I will." I took my time, and got my range behind him, and I landed a kick with all my might. He fell down flat, half strangled.

Strangled?

Yes, with rage when he learned what had happened, to wit, that he an officer and noble had had his hinder parts kicked in by the hob-nailed shoe of a simple *poilu*. He went off letting out yells like a woman, and gesticulating like an epileptic.

And the German officers are not the only microbes of war. The men for whom M. Barbusse speaks hate everybody and everything that brought on the war, governments, classes, dogmas, influences of whatever sort and in whatever country which contributed to the result:

Against you and the general good—and you are the general good—there are the brandishers of swords, the money-getters, gamblers, financiers, big and little traffickers, buttressed in their banks or in their houses, their heads stuffed tight with dead doctrines and shut up like strong-boxes.

And the silly folk who get drunk on the noise of drum and fife; and those old troglodytes who swear by tradition that every bad thing must continue to be; and the priests with their laudanum of kingdom come; and the historians, economists, and the whole tribe of muddle-headed theorists who proclaim the antagonism of race and turn patriotism into a homicidal insanity.

The short view is the sickness of the human spirit. The learned are a breed of ignoramuses who lose sight of the simplicity of things, extinguish it, blacken it

with formulas and details. You learn from books the little things, not the big ones.

As to morality, they denature it. How many crimes have they turned into virtues, by a single word, calling them "national." And truth, they disfigure it. For the eternal verity they substitute each one his national verity. So many peoples, so many truths, each twisting, falsifying the truth. These are the creatures with their childish, contemptible discussions that you hear above you whining: "It was not I who began it. It was you." "No, it was not I: it was you." And so on—"You began it." "No, *you* began it"—babble that keeps the wound of the world open for all time, because the people who do the talking are not the ones who are concerned and because the talkers have no real wish to put an end to it. All those folk who cannot bring and do not wish to

bring peace on earth; all those folk who hitch themselves for one cause or another to the old order of things and find reasons for that old order or trump them up; they are your enemies. Just as much your enemies as the German soldiers who are lying about you—poor dupes shamefully deceived and brutalised—domestic animals. They are your enemies no matter where they were born, or how they pronounce their names, or what language they do their lying in. Look at them in the sky and on the earth; look at them everywhere. See them just once, for what they are, and remember it forever!

"They will tell you," groaned a man on his knees, digging the earth with his hands and shaking his shoulders like a dog, "My friend you're a hero.' I don't like to have them tell me that."

*Frank Moore Colby.*

## SOME STORIES OF THE MONTH\*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

ONLY last year Professor W. L. Phelps said, in *THE BOOKMAN*, "Every line in the books of Miss Wilkins reads as though it had come out of the author's actual experience. She is primarily truthful, and never prepares an artificial effect—never sacrifices reality for sensation." Even at that time there were bits of Mrs. Freeman's work which must have escaped Professor Phelps's eye. She had made several clumsy and flimsy experiments in the direction of romance of the pretty sort. The attempt to harness her staid and penetrating art to the skittish fancy of Miss Florence Morse Kingsley has been singularly unlucky. *An Alabaster Box* is a figment whose effect, such as it is, is purely artificial. Mrs. Freeman's part in the enterprise would seem to have been to overlay the unstable fluff of the narrative with a stout fabric of New England dialect. The story itself has been painfully put together. You may fashion a pillow out of the silk of milkweed, if you have patience to gather and clean and pack, but it will be a slimsy affair in the end, and none the better for a cover of the heaviest ticking. The truth is there is little life or nature in this book, little truthfulness

and not a great deal of amusement. It is pretty frankly fabricated, "built around" a situation. A country banker betrays his trust and ruins his clients, and is sent to jail. There is nothing novel in this, for, if we are to believe the story-tellers, most American country bankers are frauds and embezzlers. The fresh situation consists in the return of the banker's daughter to "Brookville," and her attempts by means of charity and public service of all kinds, to make atonement and restitution. She is not under her own name, and is making fair headway, when the father's release from prison and return to the village gives away the truth. Then comes the test for the girl's two wooers, which the feeble and snobbish young parson fails to pass, and the honest son of the soil passes with ease. The jail-bird father takes himself off, and the village rises and calls the damsel blessed, and all is well. The situation is good enough, the plot might be vitalised, but there is no creative breath here, no sincere characterisation. It is a pity that Mrs. Freeman should lend her name and her left hand to work so shallow and perfunctory as this.

\**An Alabaster Box*. By Mary Wilkins Freeman and Florence Morse Kingsley. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

*Summer*. By Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

*Helen of Four Gates*. By an Ex-Mill-Girl. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

*Bromley Neighborhood*. By Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company.

*The Joyful Years*. By F. T. Wawn. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

*The Empty House*. New York: The Macmillan Company.

*The Inner Door*. By Alan Sullivan. New York: The Century Company.

*The Long Lane's Turning*. By Hallie Erminie Rives. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Her own New England, the scene of the early tales, is an affair of black and white, of strong crude forces and repressions. Such is the New England of Mrs. Wharton in *Ethan Frome* and *Summer*. But while Miss Wilkins's voice had always a certain raw tang of the native, altogether lacked grace and flexibility, *was* the voice of rustic New England, Mrs. Wharton has had the task of subduing her rich and varied and worldly instrument to its provincial theme. She has succeeded: *Summer* shows all the virtue of her style and none of its weakness. Here is no rou-

tine elegance, no languor of disillusion, no bite of deliberate satire. As in *Ethan Frome*, this writer who has come perilously near being the idol of snobs shows herself as an interpreter of life in its elements, stripped of the habits and inhibitions of the polite world. The story lacks the tragic completeness of the earlier one, has indeed a species of happy ending,—an ending, at worst, of pathos not without hope. The scene is the New England village of North Dormer, once as good as its neighbours, but now deserted and decaying in its corner among the hills. It is vignettted in a few sentences at the beginning: "A little wind moved among the round white clouds on the shoulders of the hills, driving their shadows across the fields and down the grassy road that takes the name of street when it passes through North Dormer. The place lies high and in the open, and lacks the lavish shade of the more protected New England villages. The clump of weeping willows about the duck pond, and the Norway spruces in front of the Hatchard gate, cast almost the only roadside shadow between lawyer Royall's house and the point where, at the other end of the village, the road rises above the church and skirts the black hemlock wall enclosing the cemetery." The Hatchards are the great people of the place, with an elderly spinster still solvent and in residence, and a Memorial Library bearing musty witness to that distinguished and now extinguished author, Honorius Hatchard, who had hobnobbed with Irving and Halleck, back in the forties. Another old family are the Royalls. Their present representative is the middle-aged lawyer who, after showing promise elsewhere, has returned to North Dormer while still a young man, for the apparent purpose of going to seed there at his leisure. Above the village, though at distance—fastness of a strange community of outlaws and degenerates—towers the craggy mountain from which, years back, Lawyer Royall has rescued a child. As Charity Royall she grows up in his household, and after his wife's

death becomes its unchallenged ruler. Her little liking for Royall himself he has destroyed by making, in his "lonesomeness," a single false step toward her. Her own lonely lot in unyouthful North Dormer is lightened only by the vague dreams of girlhood. Then the fairy prince comes in the person of a young architect from the city whom certain local relics of fine building have attracted to the neighbourhood, and whom a swift romance with the girl Charity holds there. She becomes his mistress, he deserts her in her "trouble," she turns desperately to the haunt of her people, "the Mountain"; and is rescued for a second time and finally by Lawyer Royall. In her marriage with the aging man whom she has scorned there is, we really believe, some chance of happiness, or at least content. Young love is dead, but old love is ready to creep into its place. Mrs. Wharton has often been accused of bitterness; let her critics note that the whole effect of this powerful story hangs upon our recognition of the power of simple human goodness—not "virtuousness," but faithful, unselfish devotion of one sort or another—to make life worth living.

Until the end itself, *Summer* has seemed to be moving, as *Ethan Frome* moved, toward some grim catastrophe. So with *Helen of Four Gates*, a douer and terrible tale of rustic England, the England of Hardy and of Phillpotts. We look for some such crash of fate or passion in the outcome, as, for example, in that of *The Whirlwind* of the latter chronicler. It does not come. At the eleventh hour, through the tiniest of loop-holes, escape is achieved. But until that hour it is a cruel tale, gloomy and haunting as *Wuthering Heights*, or, let us say, *The House with the Green Shutters*. *Four Gates* is a North of England village, narrow, self-centred, bound by its own conventions. The strange figures in it are old Abel Mason, a well-to-do farmer of bitter nature and violent moods, and his daughter. Mason confesses to a drop of madness in his veins, and predicts that the girl who

bears his name will show it in time. In reality she is not his daughter, but the child of the woman who has thrown him over for another man. In vengeance the old man lives for the sake of torturing this child, whom everybody believes to be his own. She has given her passionate heart to Martin Scott, Mason's "hired man," as they say in New England—an honest fellow, but less courageous than she. Over them both Mason dangles the sword of Helen's hereditary madness. Finally Martin's courage gives out, and he leaves Four Gates and Helen. In despair the girl permits herself to be married to an ex-tramp whom Mason has hired for the purpose, and the advanced stages of her torture begin. Presently she finds herself with child, is filled with despair and loathing, but in the end determines to see it through, to meet whatever fate may have in store. Then comes the return of Martin Scott, a broken man, and her dead heart rises to welcome him. But it all seems black and hopeless; that the child of her hate is born dead does not release her, Martin himself is on the verge of death. Then the very might of her love wrests him back. They determine to take their hour of happiness and to meet the inevitable end together, when fate or Providence turns kind, and they are enabled to salvage some years, at least, of happiness, from what has seemed the total wreck of their lives. Here, as in *Summer*, the rising inflection at the end of the tale is a heartening thing for the reader who has braced himself for unmitigated tragedy. If there is artifice in it, that is a kindly artifice such as, we must recognise, the Powers themselves do not disdain to employ on fit occasion. Nature does not always work by rule of the average probabilities.

For Miss Brown rural New England is a scene of more varied colour and contour than for Mrs. Freeman or Mrs. Wharton. And with all her fidelity to detail she is essentially romantic. The neighbours of Bromley are Yankee to the bone, but in the end they have to

do what their literary sponsor's warm fancy demands of them. Bromley was "a country neighbourhood, part of a New England township of that name, where everybody took back to English ancestry and clung with unthinking tenacity to old habits of thought." A few old families had always been in the ascendant, among them the Neales and the Greenes. Now, there is Thomas Neale, the prosperous farmer, a man used to having his own way, a martinet in his relation to his wife and his two sons. He covets the little acreage that several generations back had been carelessly cut from the Neale property by a too-generous Neale ancestor and given to the Brocks. Coveting it, he will stick at no means of getting it, down to bullying the new-made widow of the latest of the Brocks. Ardelia Brock is a silly woman, and might have been easy prey for Neale but for her daughter Ellen, who is of sterner stuff. Secretly on their side are Neale's wife Mary, a woman of heroic mould, and his son Hugh, who loves the virginal Ellen. The sordid motive of "property" is to the fore, it will be observed, as the motive which governs only less generally in the New England than in the Old. It dominates also in the relation of the brothers Greene, the elder of whom has defrauded the younger of his heritage; and, by way of Aunt Tab and her wood-lot, it brings about the physical downfall of Neale himself. Thomas Neale, to tell the truth, is a figure almost as inhumanly consistent as Abel Mason in *Helen of Four Gates*. Mr. Phillpotts would have tempered both of them, brought them within range of our sympathy. Neale's authority is based upon a colossal pettiness. He turns his oldest son out of his house for walking home from a dance with the inhibited Ellen. A man sore-stricken in body, he will not speak for months, even to his wife, because his sister has sold her own property without his consent. He is the type of Yankee who systematically bites off his own nose to spite his face. We believe in him as a type; as a man he is nothing but a



bogey, since Miss Brown does not permit us to find anything likable or tolerable in him. It is hinted, to be sure, that there is the seed of something pure and generous in his relation to his wife which may in time grow to respectable maturity, but we have little hope of him. Mary Neale is the really strong character of the book, a woman of heroic gentleness, a Ceres whose bounty is inexhaustible. Ellen Brock, too, is a fine portrait of proud maidenhood. The story in which these people are involved has too conscious a "plot," but that seems the fate of Miss Brown's extended novels. For the rest, this is a book animated with zeal for the defence of the world against tyranny. Miss Brown has a hearty scorn for our official neutrality and our general indifference during the early years of the war. She represents her Bromley as a community of dullards and slackers, lighted by the torch of one or two prophets who really see what is going on in the world, and what Bromley's part in it should be: "Since the war began," cries old Sally Wheeler, "I really believe I've seen up into the stars, and down through the middle of the earth. And the thing I've seen clearest is the sacredness of the soil you were born on and the duty you owe the dead that worked on it and died for it. You can't be unfaithful. You can't. . . . I believe there's something over and above what we call America, and that they can't down. The politician that only wants to get votes out of her—he can't down her. And these men round here that don't know there's a war going on till you scream it at 'em—they can't down her. And when the minute comes she'll get up and—my God, Ellen Brock! she'll take the sword."

We are brought into the trenches before we are done with *The Joyful Years*, and trench life is pictured vividly enough; but it is, after all, chiefly a convenience for rounding off what is essentially an old-fashioned love story. There are only three persons of much

account in the narrative: Cynthia Bremner, young and fair; Shaun James, middle-aged novelist, one of the poor but distinguished sort, and Peter Middleton, well born but also poor. Cynthia's father and mother, Sir Everard and Lady Bremner, are the disdainful British aristocrats of immemorial story. They suspect Shaun James, for whom Cynthia has sworn friendship, of wishing to marry her, and he is, of course, ineligible. Therefore, with the well-known fatuousness of their kind, they thrust young Peter upon her by way of diversion, believing that his youth and impecuniousness make him absolutely "safe" as a companion for any daughter of theirs. But young love laughs once more at bank accounts, and the upshot is a runaway marriage, abetted by the self-sacrificing Shaun. Some play is made with the modern motive of the young girl's revolt against the "economic" slavery to which she is held by her Victorian parents, but the fact that she has no cheque-book or latch-key of her own appears to have small actual bearing upon the story. In due season the proud Sir Everard, again true to form, forgives the errant couple, contenting himself with making his daughter a mean allowance. Peter, however, has meanwhile budded forth into a promising caricaturist, and the way seems fairly clear for the young couple when the war breaks out. Shaun at once enlists and begs Peter, for Cynthia's sake, to consider him his representative at the front. This will not do for Peter, who, though he hates war and believes himself a coward, must play the game for England. The trenches show him as brave as his comrades, and presently relinquish him, not too seriously crippled, to the arms of Cynthia. The tale is told in very leisurely and feminine fashion, and its endless descriptions are touched with a sort of mild eroticism; it seems that we shall never get to the end of the heroine's physical charms.

*The Empty House* is a book of more serious character, a novel of pur-

pose, or, as we now say, of ideas. Its problem is the difficult one of woman's direct responsibility to the race, of the right relation of wifedom and motherhood. The concrete instance is presented with vigour and sincerity. A girl grows up facing an awful example of what marriage may bring to a woman. Her father boasts of being "an old-fashioned man, with old-fashioned ideas about a family." In spite of warnings, he holds his wife, year after year, to the business of child-bearing. When she finally dies at her post, the woman, and his little daughter, who has overheard the women's talk, hold him responsible as her murderer. The girl lives in the fear of marriage, and resists the love which leads to marriage. When she finally succumbs it is with the explicit understanding that there are to be no children. After marriage neither she nor her husband is awakened to any desire for children, and for a time they are sufficient to each other. Then the man begins to be absorbed in his job, as men will be, and the wife, having no job, is discontented. Presently, dotting upon him as she does, she begins to be ambitious for him and to interfere, openly and secretly, with the business of his life. He must succeed, he must show himself the peer of other men of their set. Pitting her will and cunning against his will and enthusiasm for honest work, she contrives to put him under an intolerable strain which in the end kills him. Long before the end she has heard the truth, unbelieving, from the lips of a German scientist who sums up the disease of American women as a disease not of sexlessness, but of unsatisfied sex. In refusing children they perpetrate "a crime against nature, a biologic sin." From wishing to love without consequence or fulfilment, this type of woman is condemned to love more always, to be destroyed by loving, and, very often, to destroy her mate. "The more she has not children," growls the great man, "the more by nature she must have him. He is her necessity—her life. . . . She must drive him; she

must love and have his love—each according to her nature. By extravagance, by lightness, by interference, by too much anxiousness of love. Each according to her nature—but all for sex, for love. And if for one man only, then so much the more dangerous. She seeks, she drives; often, many times, she drives him—for love. She kills him, often in his business, literally—as by her hands." The woman does not believe it; but it is all happening to her, and the end is not spared. And there is nothing left for her, since she has put all her eggs in one basket and smashed them all at a stroke, as if deliberately. A story with an idea, a moral if you like, and yet not a tract, for these people have the breath of life in them, are real as the action is real, however slightly both may be outlined.

Among current problems which the story-tellers are trying to interpret, the case, or the pickle, of capital and labour is now a familiar one. Several recent novels may be recalled which have dealt more or less hopefully with this theme. The trouble with most of them is that they attempt to solve the problem by means of some infallible key or specific. This is not true of *The Inner Door*. It is a book of spiritual quality, an interpretation, not a solution. Its spirit is embodied in the devoted and mystical Sohmer, who sees so far beyond the scene of the moment, and aspires to something so much higher for "his people," the workers, than any improvement in hours or wages. A great rubber factory in the Canadian town of "Brunton" is willed by its owner to his daughter Sylvia, who has just reached womanhood, with the instructions, "Keep the wheels turning, and hang on to Pethick." Pethick is the manager, a man who has risen from the ranks, but whose whole strength and soul have long been given to increasing the profits of the business at all costs. Sylvia is already betrothed to brilliant young Kenneth Landon. She is, however, to spend a year abroad before their marriage. Kenneth wishes to

win his own spurs in the meanwhile, that he may not be merely the amiable husband of a rich woman. Immediately after her departure circumstances change his plans, and he enters Sylvia's factory as a common workman, under an assumed name and without her knowledge. Chance brings him into the Sohmer household, and here he falls under the influence not only of the benignant Dane, but of his daughter, who has inherited his singleness of mind and greatness of soul. In the factory Kenneth sees at once that everything is ordered for the profit of the owners at the workers' expense. There are malcontents, some of them moved by selfish considerations, a few, like Sohmer, by their desire for justice to all men. The manager, Pethick, is ruthless in his expedients for speeding up the output without increasing the outlay of the mill. The issue is one of those indeterminate clashes of force which result in a momentary readjustment through compromise. It is not reached till after the martyrdom of Sohmer. He himself has looked for no sudden triumph of right: "This thing we both want," he says, "is like a tree, not a volcano. One cannot in any way see it grow, but it grows nevertheless. And so in it the work of any one man is not to be found by itself, but all men satisfied must be to have it seem that their work is lost." So he goes out of life, quietly and greatly as he has lived, feeling his effort not in vain. Meanwhile a bond has grown between Kenneth and Greta Sohmer; in the end it is revealed to Kenneth that she and not the worldly and shallow Sylvia is his real mate, the companion of his future adventures in the service of his kind. There is nobility in this book, with its vision of a future for humanity beyond our turmoil. "To-day the world is tired," says Sohmer, with his high simplicity, "and our rest is not rest at all, but for another struggle only a preparation. But some day there will come the one thing that the

world has not yet tried, and yet waiting for it has been so long. . . . God."

Drink is the theme underlying the somewhat artificial structure of *The Long Lane's Turning*. It is a story of romantic contrivance based upon the working out of a preconceived idea. If it were crudely done, one might dismiss it as a tract of melodramatic colour. That astounding coincidence which brings together in a far place Harry Sevier, and the former client whom he has wronged, and the girl Echo, and the villain Craig, demands an unquestioning credulity of which the higher art of fiction and of drama has no need. Nor is it safe to scrutinise the possibility of the culminating scene, in which the masked Sevier converses undetected with men who are his own intimates and supporters. This, in short, must be taken as a romance—an arrangement rather than an interpretation of life. Its substance need not be rehearsed here. The action involves (involves overmuch at times!) a number of interesting persons, and whatever flimsiness may be discerned in the plot, there is none in the style. Here also we have a summing up of the matter from the lips of the central figure, Sevier, the jail-bird who is nevertheless to be governor: "There was an Eye that watched and a Hand that overruled," he said slowly. "Even the evil and the hatred—the temptation, the sin and the pain—the penalty—it overruled them all. Drink made the man who shot Craig a criminal—yet but for that burglary you might now be Craig's wife! Drink sent me to Craig's house that night—yet but for that journey I could not have saved you. Drink closed the prison door on me, but only there—I know it now!—could I have mastered it! And if I have won in this campaign and if I sit—with you, my darling!—in the Mansion on the Hill, it is because of what I learned within these walls—the knowledge of what drink has done to men!"

## THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL BAG

GALVESTON, TEX.

DEAR AUTHOR OF "THE INEVITABLE ADVENTURE":\*

TO-DAY I read your story. Sitting in a corner of the public library (for those who are forever buying postage stamps cannot be forever buying magazines) I read. And the tears rolled down my cheeks, and I made a great and disturbing noise snuffing them up, and finally gave myself over to the luxury of them and that pain which is the most heart-breaking of all pains—the overpowering longing for the unattainable.

For I have heard the call that the City sends to its children, wherever they may be. It is shouted to me between the covers of every magazine that I pick up; the ocean argues it, and beckons, and challenges. The whistle of a train in the dead of night is like a sudden, imperative summon—and I can never answer the summon. New York is not for me.

Ah, but I know New York. And love it—and glory in it. It is my city. Distance cannot keep me from belonging. A family that is separated is still a family. A mere matter of some thousand intervening, inconvenient miles cannot keep me from living in Greenwich Village! I know its crooked streets, its colours, its sounds. How do I know this? By that sixth sense which puts you in places; which enables you to shade with your imagination the rough sketch that a story gives of a place or a city.

Besides, to those of us who live in what we write it is impossible not to live in what we read. And so I, too, have bohemia. Since it is a state of mind it is just as real to me here as to you there. But there is this difference.

\*"The Inevitable Adventure" is the title of an article that appeared in the July BOOKMAN.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

If success comes to you, your village will rejoice with you. New York will applaud as you climb the golden ladder. If success comes to me, it will be here in my little room, with never a toast or a taper, and only myself for the shouting and the tumult.

To-day, after I read your article, I went down to the ocean and sat on a rock, with the spray splashing in my face. The ocean brings me nearer to my city. This touches there. These waters—so I like to fancy—sweep beneath the Statue of Liberty, glide along in the shade of those mountains erected to mart and trade, and lap the wharves. As I watched, a long grey shadow, far out, milky with distance, slipped down the ocean's edge, under the eaves of the sky.

It was going to New York.

And I stood upon the deck and waved and waved and waved. I was leaving more than just my home and loved ones. I was leaving the little girl of me—the one who dreamed, and built the beautiful plans. Now the dreams were over. I was stepping into the future, that future which had looked so bright that the glory of it shone across my girlhood years, making of privation and trouble petty things; whispering in my ear, "Hardship and poverty—these are your tools. You cannot build without them. It is opportunity, not obstacle. To write you must live. This is living!"

So I stored it all away in my treasure chests, and waited and served my apprenticeship happily. And to-day I and my treasures were sailing forth to the test. We were going to discover if there was real gold in the nuggets.

At last we came to New York. Misty-eyed, choky-throaty, I watched the mighty buildings drawing nearer, going higher—piercing the blue vastness at eagle heights. This was the cul-

mination of another's plans; these had risen from some timid boy's day dreams.

By and by, after the way of fairy tales, I found myself in the Village. I think I did not have to look for bohemia. It was there, about me. The streets were tinged with the hue of it; the hurrying steps, the cries, the sounds, held the minor note of it. And in the restaurant where I went—trembling with eagerness, half afraid—it shone round and about, making of the plain food, whatever it was, ambrosia for the gods.

Here and there I caught snatches of vague things—a word thrown from table to table, a gay group just vanishing around a corner, a bar of laughter from a taxi window—the undercurrent of fascinating things happening about me. It set a thousand ideas darting into my brain, like winged birds that dip and touch the water and are gone again. This was a story-teller's happy hunting ground.

Soon I was a part of the Village, working in my little room, dining here and there, passing and repassing in halls and on the streets others who thought and worked as I did, and were interested in the things I found interesting. How it fed the soul! How it kindled the sparks of imagination and creation! The struggle, the work, the faith in one's ability, and the daily intercourse with those whose gods were mine—success and fame and riches could hold nothing greater than this. Here was fulfillment!

Listen, you—I have never known an established writer. I myself write because—why, *because*. I cannot help it! The things are there, pounding with their persistent little knuckles to be let out. They are bigger than I. I am clay in their hands. They have their way with us.

I do not know if my writing holds promise, except that I get an occasional acceptance. My little craft sweeps headlong down the river, because the current of thought is swift and will not be still, but I do not know the port, or any of the mileposts. There is nothing

to follow except, now and then, that fleeting glimpse, on ahead, of a wraith of a pilot who has been called Inspiration.

I am glad there are some in bohemia who are gathering the happy things. Let him who yelps of sham receive only the sham. Some there are who see the stars, and to have the power to see a thing is to be very near to it.

Your optimism makes it happier, somehow, for those of us who know bohemia and can never know it; who have it in our hearts, and can never so much as touch it with the tips of our fingers; who have heard the call, and have discovered the road, and have seen the lights of the city, but for whom the gates are forever closed.

N. P.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

In your magazine for June, page 361, the writer refers to the Chinese as the "Jews of the East." In explanation of that reference he continues "each man is for himself and does nothing for his town or for society in general." It was a matter of deep regret to me to find an interesting and instructive article marred by the presence in it of a statement so misleading and by implication so pernicious as that above referred to. The Jews have been so long so extensively and so unjustly victimised by prejudice and its evil progeny that every fair-minded and humane writer ought scrupulously to avoid any reference or statement that may add to the burden which the Jews have already to carry. It is absolutely untrue, as the writer implied, that the Jews as a body anywhere are only for themselves and do nothing for society in general.

There are parasitic Jews just as there are parasites among other denominations or racial groups. Others can lay claim to no monopoly of any kind of deficiency or delinquency. This, however, does not warrant the broad, baneful and illogical generalisation which would at-

tribute the shortcomings of some to the generality, or even to the many. Intelligence knows, as candour must confess, that as is evidenced conspicuously everywhere the Jews contribute their share, or, as might be expressed in present day parlance, "do their bit" for the promotion and welfare of the general good.

Accordingly, as one who for many years has tried to effect more kindly relations between Jews, Christians and others, I desire to protest against careless reference to my people and to plead for such considerate treatment of them, along with all others, as will lead to a hastening of the realisation of that fraternity which is so sorely needed in the world at the present time, the absence of which previously accounts so largely for the calamitous catastrophe which has caused the world to suffer such a carnival of carnage.

RABBI ALEXANDER LYONS, PH.D.

RICHMOND, VA.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

I read Mr. Ranck's letter in the August number regarding Mayne Reid with interest, and think your printing of the vindication of Poe worth while, as it is now difficult to find in such a form. Most biographers of Poe have quoted from Reid's vindication, and Mr. Woodberry's revised *Life of Poe* in addition gives further light into Reid's associations with Poe, from an article by Howard Paul in *Munsey's Magazine* for September, 1892. The Reid article on Poe originally appeared under the heading "A Dead Man Defended," in the April, 1869, number of *Onward*.

Reid, in his reference to "blackguard," as applied to Poe, recalls the criticism of Alexander Smith in *Leaves from American Poets*, London, 1866. There the phrase "Blackguard of genius" appeared, grounded, as usual, on Griswold's statements about Poe.

This epithet was used again by the editor of the *British Weekly* in the issue of March 29, 1917, in his criticism on Poe's *Helen*. Although the editor of

the *British Weekly* had his attention called to this phrase of Smith's in a personal letter from a correspondent several weeks prior to the appearance of his criticism, he appears to have appropriated it as his own in his note.

J. H. WHITTY.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

Being a close follower of Sara Teasdale's work, I think I ought to be able to recognise her style of writing. Am I right in saying that "Laggard" was written by her?

SAMUEL HELLER.

WALTER'S PARK, PA.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

Apropos of the article in the August number of *THE BOOKMAN* under the title simply of "Henry James," the impression is somehow conveyed that it may be more interesting to read about Henry James than to read the man himself. I had been reading—or reading at—*The Wings of a Dove* for the first time, and just before seeing the article in *THE BOOKMAN* I came upon this sentence on page 145, Volume 2, Scribner edition:

Not yet so much as this morning had she felt herself sink into possession; gratefully glad that the warmth of the southern summer was still in the high, florid rooms, palatial chambers where hard cool pavements took reflections in their lifelong polish, and where the sun on the stirred sea water, flickering up through open windows, played over the painted "subjects" in the splendid ceilings—medallions of purple and brown, of brave old melancholy colour, medals as of old reddened gold, embossed and beribboned, all tones with time and all flourished and scalloped and gilded about, set in their great moulded and figured concavity (a nest of white cherubs, friendly creatures of the air), and appreciated by the aid of that second tier of smaller lights, straight openings to the front, which did everything, even with the Baedekers and photographs of

Milly's party dreadfully meeting the eye, to make of the place an apartment of state.

As a bit of descriptive writing, Ruskin, Symonds, Howells have done it so much better and more simply—and as a situation, read Flaubert and de Maupassant. Reading Henry James is often like a game of hide-and-seek in which we come out bewildered, empty handed, not having been able to find what Mr. James has so carefully hidden. Mr. James has seemed out of his generation. He should have lived in the *cinque cento*, when men had time to incise the Lord's Prayer or the Ten Commandments on a bit of gold or a piece of parchment no larger than a dime—and when people had time and patience to decipher and to applaud. Certainly no golden nor precious thought is buried in the hundred and fifty-five words that begin the twenty-fourth chapter of the second volume of *The Wings of a Dove*. This sounds Biblical—one feels inclined to ask, What is Henry James, and did he write seriously or with a twinkle in his eye, and, if he could be so vulgar, with his tongue in his cheek? Personally I have heard him described as a belated but cultured Pickwick.

CAROLINE B. KUELM.

LUDINGTON, MICH.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

I wish to add a few words—or perhaps, more correctly speaking, an explanation—to my communication on religion in *THE BOOKMAN* for July. I maintained there that nature, which the rationalists regard as the supreme being, is not unmoral and indifferent to good and evil, but is thoroughly beneficent and reveals in its processes all the ideals found in humanity.

But to many persons this view will at first appear untenable. Nature, it will be said, is everywhere wasteful and cruel, millions of germs being produced and only a few succeeding, species contending with species, life endlessly feeding on life—whereas human beings are

sympathetic and helpful, and unwilling that any should suffer or should toil in vain. But this argument, it should be stated, is unsound in its conception both of nature in general and of human life. First, there is vastly less suffering in the aggregate among the lower animals than some of the professed Darwinians have supposed. Death in most cases is sudden, and the periods of suffering, generally speaking, when compared with even the briefest lives, are short. The impression given to the impartial observer by plant and animal life during the periods of growth, in the woods or along the stream, is usually not that of gloom and misery, but of joy and surging energy. Second, it can easily be shown that humanity is not nearly so considerate of life as some of its extollers contend. When we consider the enormous amount of plant and animal life that is slaughtered for food and sport, the human race must be looked upon as the most life-destroying type of animal that nature has ever produced. Let those who condemn nature first justify themselves. But even viewed on the more spiritual side, the absolutely safe and unadventurous manner of existence is, after all, not the full expression of human ideals. The simpler joys and pursuits are, of course, necessary and pleasant; but there exist in all of us deeper yearnings and aspirations. We see ourselves as factors in the cosmic development in the universe, and we regard it not as a sacrifice but as a sacred privilege to aid in this process. We willingly toil, suffer, even die if necessary; and we ask only the assurance that our labours, whether great or small, shall be conserved and shall endure. It is not that we seek destruction; our real aim is rather to attain a higher form of being.

The same principle has operated always in the evolution of life. The lower forms have not been destroyed in the absolute sense; they have contributed—perhaps willingly for all we know—to the life of the higher forms. So in us, the tendency and the deepest desire are not only to live in the limited sense, but

also by living to contribute to still higher orders of existence.

It may be asked, Shall we then seek to justify the present war? The answer is emphatically, No. It may be the war was inevitable; it may be evil forces are thus being released that had no other outlet. There is also the consolation that in the scheme of nature none of the millions of lives in the war have perished in vain and none of the anguish and sorrow throughout the world will go unrewarded. But whether viewed in the light of human evolution alone or in the light of the infinite cosmic development, the war stands out as something abnormal and hideous. It is not at all like the general process of evolution as revealed in the course of the ages, in which lower life rises from less complex and rude forms to those more elaborate; it resembles rather the

occasional cataclysms—the earthquakes, the volcanic eruptions, or the clash of stellar systems. Like these, it may be inevitable, and it may be necessary for the attainment of higher good. But, like these, too, it is not the normal and ideal form of being, and to the infinitely deeper consciousness of nature it must be infinitely more loathesome.

There is no gulf between nature and humanity except that created by selfish interests rooted in systems of thought that have been overthrown. The deepest ideals of mankind and the laws of nature are one harmonious system, and the hope for the ending of the present misery throughout the world, and the realisation of higher welfare in the future lies in the study of these laws and in the adjustment of thought and conduct in compliance with them.

CYRUS H. ESHLEMAN.



# READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

## Biography

**In the World.** By Maxim Gorky. New York: The Century Company. \$2.00.

The second volume of Gorky's autobiography

**The Story of Cooperstown.** By Ralph Bird-sall. Cooperstown, N. Y.: The Arthur H. Crist Company. Seventy illustrations from photographs. \$1.50.

A narrative in twenty chapters of Cooperstown from the earliest times, persons and events having been selected for their story interest.

**Henry Thoreau, as Remembered by a Young Friend.** By Edward Waldo Emerson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25.

Recollections of the poet-naturalist, by a son of Ralph Waldo Emerson—both personal memories and those of Concord people who knew Thoreau best.

## Domestic Science

**Woodcraft for Women.** By Katherine G. Pinkerton. Outing Handbooks. Chicago: Outing Publishing Company 80 cents.

In fifteen chapters.

**The Book of Home Nursing.** By Francis Campbell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company \$1.25.

A practical guide for the treatment of sickness in the home, by a trained nurse: a non-technical book intended by the author to serve as foundation for specialised training.

**Hygiene of the Face and Cosmetic Guide.** By Richard W. Müller, M.D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$2.00.

In two parts: how to preserve the skin by intelligent care; a collection of recipes and directions not accessible before.

## Drama

**The Play of Life.** American Dramatist Series. By Alta Florence Armstrong. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.00.

An elaboration of the statement, "All the world's a stage."

**The Sorceress.** A Drama in Five Acts. Contemporary Dramatists Series. By Victorien Sardou. Authorised translation from the French by Charles A. Weissert. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.00.

A story of Granada and the Inquisition.

## Economics

**Workmen's Compensation.** By J. E. Rhodes, 2nd. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

A history of the workmen's compensation movement in this country and an outline of the principles on which it is based.

**The Emancipation of the American City.** By Walter Tallmadge Arndt. New York: Duffield & Company. \$1.50.

A study of Home Rule and of agencies to realise the municipal ideal of service to its citizens.

## Essays

**Present-Day American Poetry.** Studies in Literature. By H. Houston Peckham. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.00.

A collection of articles from various magazines, dealing with problems of interpretation and criticism in present-day criticism.

**Petain, the Prepared.** A Message to American Manhood. By Edward Earle Purinton. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. With Portrait. 50 cents.

The story of the great Frenchman, voicing the "preparedness" theme.

**The Moderns.** By John Freeman. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$1.75.

Nine essays in literary criticism, including such subjects as Shaw, Wells, Conrad, and Bridges.

**The House in Order.** By Louis Collier Willcox. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 25 cents.

Reprinted by request from *Harper's Weekly*.

## Feminism

**The Living Present.** By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.50.

A discussion of all phases of women's work in war-time, and of many problems to be solved when peace comes.

## Fiction

**Jap Herron.** With an introduction, "The Coming of Jap Herron," by Emily Grant Hutchings. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. With Portrait. \$1.50.

A novel written from the ouija board.

**The House of Landell.** By Gertrude Capen Whitney (Mrs. George Erastus Whitney). New York: R. F. Fenno & Company. \$1.35.

A love story in which the marriage problem is developed.

**Ranny.** Otherwise Randolph Harrington Dukes. By Howard Brubaker. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. \$1.40.

A tale of the activities of a boy which made him an important figure in his town, his family, and other families.

**The New Carthage.** By Georges EEkhoud. Translated by Lloyd R. Morris. New York: Duffield & Company. \$1.50.

A story of the city of Antwerp before this war, by the Belgian novelist, and dedicated to King Albert of the Belgians.

**Sube Cane.** By Edward Bellamy Partridge. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. \$1.35.

A humorous story of the escapades of a small boy.

**Summer.** By Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton & Company. \$1.50.

A New England story of a waif's love affair and marriage.

**The Joyful Years.** By F. T. Wawn. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.50.

A love story of out-of-doors, in which the characters "find themselves."

**The Long Lane's Turning.** By Hallie Erminie Rives. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A love story of the Old South.

**Where It Touches the Ground.** By Montayne Perry. New York: The Abingdon Press. 75 cents.

A temperance story—the visualisation of a love story from "a movie."

**The Master of the Hills.** By Sarah Johnson Cocke. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.50.

A story of two generations of Georgia folk.

**From Death to Life.** Gems of Russian Literature. Volume I. By A. Apukhtin. New York: R. Frank, Publisher. Translated from the original by R. Frank and E. Hughes. Portrait and seven pen-and-ink drawings.

Seven chapters of the author's experiences in death and re-birth.

**Turn to the Right.** By Bennet Musson. From the play by Winchell Smith and John E. Hazzard. New York: Duffield & Company. \$1.35.

The story of the American drama, "Turn to the Right."

**The Whistling Mother.** By Grace S. Richmond. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Company. Frontispiece. 50 cents.

A little war-time story for mothers and sons.

**Martie, the Unconquered.** By Kathleen Norris. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35.

The story of a Western girl's childhood, unfortunate marriage, and later solution of the modern woman's problems.

**A Young Lion of Flanders.** By J. Van Ammers Kueller. Translated by C. Thieme. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. Illustrated by Louis Raemakers. \$1.50.

A tale of the terror of war.

**In the Night.** By R. Gorell Barnes. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. \$1.25.

A tale of mystery, written by a soldier on a leave of absence and intended by the author to divert soldiers.

**Gone to Earth.** By Mary Webb. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.50.

A story of the remote countryside, dealing with elemental love and jealousy.

**The Inner Door.** By Alan Sullivan. New York: The Century Company. Frontispiece. \$1.35.

A love story, with the background of the ever-present war between labour and capital.

**The Interlopers.** By Griffing Bancroft. New York: The Bancroft Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A story of love and life in the Southwest, in which a young Harvard doctor fights his way to success.

**Limehouse Nights.** By Thomas Burke. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. \$1.50.

A collection of fourteen realistic stories of London's Chinese quarter

**The House with the Mezzanine and other Stories.** By Anton Tchekoff. Translated from the Russian by S. S. Kotliansky and Gilbert Cannan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Seven stories by the Russian author, including the longer narratives such as the novelette, "My Life, the Story of a Provincial."

**The Fighting Man.** By Alden Brooks. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.35.

Six war stories by a former war-correspondent and American ambulance driver, now an officer in the French artillery.

**The Snare.** By Rafael Sabatini. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.25.

A love story of the days in which Wellington drained the power of Napoleon by drawing Messina into Portugal.

#### General Literature

**Through the Year with Thoreau.** Edited by Herbert W. Gleason. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$3.00.

Passages from Thoreau's writings descriptive of New England nature in the four seasons of the year, profusely illustrated with Concord photographs.

**The Journal of Leo Tolstoi.** Vol. XII of the Borzoi Russian Translations. (First Volume—1895 to 1899.) Translated from the Russian by Rose Strunsky. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.00.

Translator's introduction, text of the Journal, notes by V. G. Chertkov, sketch of the life of Tolstoi, list of his writings and index.

**Some Modern Belgian Writers.** By G. Turquet-Milnes. With a prefatory note by Edmund Gosse. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. \$1.00.

A critical study of eight Belgian writers, including Maeterlinck, Verhaeren, and Destrée brothers.

#### Juvenile

**The Getting Well of Dorothy.** By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

The adventures of a small girl taken to Switzerland to recuperate after a serious illness.

**Gardening for Little Girls.** Practical Arts for Little Girls Series. By Olive Hyde Foster. New York: Duffield & Company. Illustrated. 75 cents.

Sixteen chapters of practical suggestions for both mothers and children.

#### Miscellaneous

**Auction Bridge Crimes. Laws of the Game.** Volume I—Polite Knavery. New York: R. F. Fenno & Company. \$1.00.

A satirical arraignment of twenty common faults of our partners, indexed and with scoring table.

**Touring Afoot.** By C. P. Fordyce. Outing Handbooks. Chicago: Outing Publishing Company. 80 cents.

Thirteen chapters for the "hiker."

**Hints on Landscape Gardening.** By Prince von Puckler-Muskau. Translated by Bernard Sickert and Edited by Samuel Parsons. With illustrations and maps. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

In two parts: thirteen chapters on landscape gardening in general in Part I; and a description of the Park in Muskau in Part II.

**The New Country Church Building.** By Edmund de Schweinitz Brunner. New York: Missionary Education Movement of the United States and Canada.

Nine chapters, containing plans for modern community church buildings.

**Lake and Stream Game Fishing.** By Dixie Carroll. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. Illustrated. \$1.75.

The sport of angling—written in the vernacular of the sportsman.

**Science and Learning in France.** With a survey of opportunities for American students in French Universities. An Appreciation by American scholars, Northwestern University, Editor, John H. Wigmore.

The work of a hundred American scholars, in some twenty-three chapters, with three Appendices.

**The Challenge of St. Louis.** By George B. Mangood. New York: Missionary Education Movement of the United States and Canada.

Ten chapters dealing with the religious, educational, family, and social life of the city.

### Poetry

**The Shadow.** Anonymous. A Pastoral. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

A poem in four parts, in which a young English parson works under the shadow of the war.

**In War Time.** By May Wedderburn Cannan. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. 90 cents.

Fifty poems of peace and war.

**Saber and Song.** By William Thornton Whitsett. Whitsett, N. C.: Whitsett Institute. \$1.25.

A collection of fifty-five poems of varied subjects and treatments, idealistic and religious in spirit.

**Jevons Block.** By Kate Buss. Boston: McGrath-Sherrill Press. Illustrated.

A book of sex-enmity: a collection of poems, some of which appeared in magazines.

**Poems of Charles Warren Stoddard.** Collected by Ina Coolbrith. New York: John Lane Company. With portrait. \$1.25.

Some sixty poems selected by Mr. Walsh from the complete collection.

**Twenty-five.** By Elmer Allen Bess and Emma Caughey Bess. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. 75 cents.

A little book of poetry and poetic prose about occasions and conditions arising in the lives of a couple married twenty-five years ago.

**The Limeratomy.** By Antony Euwer. New York: James B. Pond. \$1.00.

A limerick anatomy in which the various parts of the body and their afflictions are described in limericks.

### Politics

**President Wilson.** From an English point of View. By H. Wilson Harris. New York: Frederick A. Stokes.

A pro-American's view of the President's career and of American politics.

**The Origins of the Triple Alliance.** By Archibald Cary Coolidge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

An account of the doctrines and events which produced the triple alliance—covering the period of European diplomacy in which Bismarck is the dominant figure.

### Religion

**The Love Letters of St. John.** New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.25.

Love letters of history, attributed to Saint John and Antione, one of the Greek herææ.

**The Oracles of God.** Library of Religious Thought. By Samuel A. Martin, D.D. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

The contents of the Old Testament Scriptures in concise form: a textbook for schools and Bible classes.

**White Knights on Dartmoor.** By Olive Katherine Parr (Beatrice Chase). London: Longmans, Green & Company.

The organisation of the Crusade of the White Knights, as a remedy for the social evil.

**Heroes of the Campus.** By Joseph W. Cochran. Philadelphia: The Westminster Press. 60 cents.

The records of thirteen students who were Christian heroes.

**A Concise History of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America.** By William Henry Roberts. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work. 50 cents.

A new edition of the book first issued in 1888.

### Psychology

**Spirit Intercourse.** Its Theory and Practice. By J. Hewat McKenzie. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.50.

The author's evidence of the continuity of life beyond death, with psychical phenomena including the first steps in the science of spiritual intercourse.

## Science

**Alcohol. Its Relation to Human Efficiency and Longevity.** By Eugene Lyman Fisk. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. \$1.00.

The author's evidence along three lines: Food Value, Social Value, Demands upon body, mind, and life.

**The Mastery of Nervousness.** By Robert S. Carroll, M.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

Twenty-three chapters, based upon the re-education of self.

**Sex-Hygiene. A Talk to College Boys. Present Day Problem Series.** By Frederic Henry Gerrish, M.D., LL.D., Bowdoin College. 60 cents.

A scientific and ethical lecture, delivered to the Freshmen of Bowdoin College.

## War

**Why Italy Entered into the Great War.** By Luigi Carnovale. Chicago: Italian-American Publishing Company. Illustrated.

Half in English and half in Italian: a lengthy apologia based on Italian history, and events leading up to Italy's declaration of war against Austria.

**Kelly of the Foreign Legion.** Letters of Legionnaire Russell A. Kelly. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. Illustrated. \$1.00.

Letters previously printed in the New York *Evening Sun*, together with sketch of the Foreign Legion.

**The British Navy at War.** By W. MacNeile Dixon. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 75 cents.

The accomplishments of the British Navy in the present war, including an account of the Jutland sea fight, and the submarine.

**The Boys' Camp Manual.** By Charles K. Taylor. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.

A handbook of military and all-round training.

**The Junior Plattsburg Manual.** By Captain E. B. Garey and Captain O. O. Ellis. With a foreword by Major-General John F. O'Ryan. New York: The Century Company. \$1.50.

For boys' camps, high schools, and other educational institutions desiring a presentation of the elements of military training.

**A Soldier of France to his Mother.** Letters from the Trenches on the Western Front. Translated, with an Introduction by Theodore Stanton, M.A. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. \$1.00.

From a young French painter who died at the front in 1915.

**You Are the Hope of the World.** By Hermann Hagedorn. New York: The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.

An appeal to the boys and girls of America, in eight chapters.

**The Air Man. His Conquests in Peace and War.** By Francis A. Collins. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$1.30.

Eleven chapters on such subjects as the tyro's training, the art of navigation, types and methods of use of aeroplanes, and the progress of aviation in the war.

**America's Case Against Germany.** By Lindsay Rogers. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.50.

An untechnical statement and explanation of the legal grounds of America's case against Germany.

**The Reconstruction of Poland and the Near East.** By Herbert Adams Gibbons. New York: The Century Company. \$1.00.

An authoritative treatment of the situation, pointing out the fundamental bases of a just settlement.

**A Student in Arms.** By Donald Hankey. Second Series. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.50.

More essays by the author of "A Student in Arms," including the "Don't Worry."

**The Peril of Prussianism.** By Douglas Wilson Johnson, Columbia University. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

An address delivered before the annual convention of the Iowa Bankers' Association at Des Moines.

**The Retreat From Mons.** With an introduction by Field-Marshal Viscount French. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 50 cents.

An authoritative story told from official records by a member of the British General Staff.

**America and the Great War for Humanity and Freedom.** By Willis Fletcher Johnson, A.M., L.H.D., American Foreign Relations, New York University. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company.

Twenty-nine chapters on such topics as the causes and issues of the war, the history of events prior to the conflict, facts and figures concerning the forces engaged, America's resources.

**Christine.** By Alice Cholmondeley. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

Letters from a girl at a German hospital three years before the war, and giving the state of the German mind at that time.

**A World in Ferment.** By Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

Interpretations of the war for a new world: thirteen chapters, including such topics as "The Present Crisis," "The Russian Revolution," "The International Mind."

**A Soldier's Memories in Peace and War.** By Major-General Younghusband. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. \$5.00.

Twenty-one chapters of reminiscences, anecdotes and stories with such titles as: "A Subaltern's First Battle," "The Spanish-American War," "South African Jottings."

**Towards the Goal.** By Mrs. Humphry Ward. With a preface by Theodore Roosevelt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

A woman's letters from the front: a sequel to "England's Effort"—a revelation of the verification, at the front, of the prophecy implied in the first book.

# THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of July and the first of August:

## FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City.....	His Own Country	Where Your Treasure Is
New York City.....	His Family	Summer
Albany, N. Y.....	The Red Planet	Summer
Atlanta, Ga.....	The Red Planet	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Boston, Mass.....	Bromley Neighborhood	The Red Planet
Boston, Mass.....	The Red Planet	The Hundredth Chance
Boston, Mass.....	The Red Planet	The Definite Object
Baltimore, Md.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	His Family
Baltimore, Md.....	The Red Planet	The Cinema Murder
Birmingham, Ala.....	The Red Planet	The Definite Object
Chicago, Ill.....	The Red Planet	The Light in the Clearing
Chicago, Ill.....	Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Road of Ambition
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	His Family	The Light in the Clearing
Cleveland, Ohio.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Hundredth Chance
Dallas, Texas.....	The Light in The Clearing	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Denver, Colo.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Yukon Trail
Des Moines, Ia.....	The Light in the Clearing	The Road to Understanding
Detroit, Mich.....	The Definite Object	Changing Winds
Indianapolis, Ind.....	His Family	His Own Country
Jacksonville, Fla.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Bab: A Sub-Deb
Kansas City, Mo.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Definite Object
Louisville, Ky.....	The Dark Star	Those Times and These
Los Angeles, Cal.....	The Red Planet	Summer
Milwaukee, Wis.....	The Light in the Clearing	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Minneapolis, Minn.....	His Family	The Red Planet
New Haven, Conn....	The Red Planet	Bromley Neighborhood
New Orleans, La.....	The Hundredth Chance	His Family
Norfolk, Va.....	The Red Planet	The Definite Object
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	The Road to Understanding	The Light in the Clearing
Portland, Me.....	The Red Planet	His Family
Providence, R. I.....	The Red Planet	Mistress Anne
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Red Planet	The Definite Object
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Definite Object	The Light in the Clearing
Portland, Ore.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Richmond, Va.....	The Red Planet	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Rochester, N. Y.....	The Light in the Clearing	The Red Planet
San Antonio, Tex.....	The Lovers	Cecilia of the Pink Roses
San Francisco, Cal....	His Family	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
San Francisco, Cal....	The Red Planet	Summer
Seattle, Wash.....	His Family	Bab: A Sub-Deb
Spokane, Wash.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Dark Star
St. Paul, Minn.....	The Light in the Clearing	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Light in the Clearing	The Treolars
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Hundredth Chance	The Definite Object
Toronto, Can.....	The Hundredth Chance	Changing Winds
Toledo, Ohio.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Bab: A Sub-Deb
Utica, N. Y.....	His Family	Greenmantle
Washington, D. C.....	The Red Planet	The Dark Star
Worcester, Mass.....	His Family	Mr. Britling Sees It Through

(Continued)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Secret of Storm Country	Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Lifted Veil	Cap'n Abe, Storekeeper
The Red Planet	Love's Inferno	The Definite Object	Enchantment
The Definite Object	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	His Family	The Light in the Clearing
Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Definite Object	American Ambassador	The Light in the Clearing
His Family	The Definite Object	Where Your Treasure Is	Summer
Where Your Treasure Is	Bromley Neighborhood	Summer	His Family
His Family	Summer	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Bromley Neighborhood
A Diversity of Creatures	The Definite Object	The Hundredth Chance	Wildfire
His Family	The Hundredth Chance	Summer	Bab: A Sub-Deb
His Family	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Light in the Clearing	Bromley Neighborhood
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Hundredth Chance	The Preacher of Cedar Mountain	The Dark Star
The Definite Object	The Red Planet	Over the Top	Road to Understanding
The Red Planet	Changing Winds	The Definite Object	Bab: A Sub-Deb
The Definite Object	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Changing Winds	My Country
Bab: A Sub-Deb	Mistress Anne	Oh, Mary, Be Careful	Road to Understanding
The Definite Object	His Family	Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Red Planet
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Road to Ambition	The Red Planet	The Secret of the Storm Country
The Light in the Clearing	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Mistress Anne	Paradise Auction
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Red Planet	Changing Winds	The Light in the Clearing
The Light in the Clearing	The Red Planet	Mistress Anne	The Son of Tarzan
His Family	The Red Planet	The Light in the Clearing	Bab: A Sub-Deb
The Red Planet	Bromley Neighborhood	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Secret of Storm Country
His Family	Changing Winds	The Definite Object	The Light in the Clearing
Road to Understanding	The Red Planet	The Preacher of Cedar Mountain	The Dark Star
Summer	Changing Winds	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Summer	His Family	Where Your Treasure Is	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
The Light in the Clearing	Mistress Anne	The Definite Object	The Worn Doorstep
Bromley Neighborhood	The Cinema Murder	Changing Winds	His Family
The Red Planet	The Definite Object	His Family	The Chosen People
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Definite Object	Bromley Neighborhood	The Hundredth Chance
American Ambassador	Cap'n Abe, Storekeeper	The Definite Object	Where Your Treasure Is
The Hundredth Chance	His Family	Mistress Anne	The Cinema Murder
The Cinema Murder	The Hundredth Chance	Bromley Neighborhood	His Family
When a Man's a Man	The Hand of Fu-Manchu	The Red Planet	The Light in the Clearing
Summer	The Light in the Clearing	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Those Times and These
The Definite Object	Mistress Anne	Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Cinema Murder
The Hand of Fu-Manchu	Summer	The Dark Star	Jerry of the Islands
The Red Planet	The Hundredth Chance	In the Wilderness	Bab: A Sub-Deb
Greenmantle	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Lydia of the Pines	Mistress Anne
Jerry of the Islands	The Light in the Clearing	Cappy Ricks	The Hundredth Chance
The Red Planet	Road to Understanding	Wildfire	Mistress Anne
His Family	The Red Planet	In the Wilderness	The Cinema Murder
Bromley Neighborhood	The Red Planet	The Sorry Tale	The Road of Ambition
Bab: A Sub-Deb	In the Wilderness	The Triflers	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
In the Wilderness	The Light in the Clearing	The Red Planet	Bab: A Sub-Deb
The Red Planet	The Light in the Clearing	The Definite Object	In the Wilderness
The Definite Object	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Red Planet	Wildfire
Summer	Bromley Neighborhood	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Hundredth Chance
The Red Planet	The Definite Object	Paradise Auction	Bab: A Sub-Deb



## BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

The Plattsburg Manual. O. O. Ellis and E. B. Garey.  
 Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. R. W. Service.  
 God the Invisible King. H. G. Wells.  
 A Student in Arms. D. W. A. Hankey.  
 Over the Top. Arthur Guy Empey.  
 The Land of Deepening Shadow. Thomas D. Curtin.

Laugh and Live. Douglas Fairbanks.  
 Germany, the Next Republic? Carl R. Ackerman.  
 Carry On. Coningsby Dawson.  
 Why We Are at War. Woodrow Wilson.  
 The Battle of the Somme. Philip Gibbs.  
 Behind the German Veil. J. M. de Beaufort.

## BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 110 and 111) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives 10
" " " 2d " " " " 8
" " " 3d " " " " 7
" " " 4th " " " " 6
" " " 5th " " " " 5
" " " 6th " " " " 4

1. The Red Planet. Locke. (John Lane.) \$1.50 .....	306
2. Mr. Britling Sees It Through. Wells. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.....	216
3. His Family. Poole. (Macmillan.) \$1.50 .....	193
4. The Definite Object. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50 .....	176
5. The Light in the Clearing. Bachelor. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50....	167
6. Summer. Wharton. (Appleton.) \$1.50 .....	127

## A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

The American Ambassador. L. Byrne.  
 Bab: A Sub-Deb. Mary R. Rinehart.  
 Bromley Neighborhood. Alice Brown.  
 Cap'n Abe, Storekeeper. James A. Cooper.  
 Cappy Ricks. Peter B. Kyne.  
 Carry On. Coningsby Dawson.  
 Cecilia of the Pink Roses. K. H. Taylor.  
 Changing Winds. St. John G. Ervine.  
 The Chosen People. Sidney L. Nyburg.  
 Cinderella Jane. Marjorie Benton Cooke.  
 The Cinema Murder. E. Phillips Oppenheim.  
 Come Out of the Kitchen. Alice D. Miller.  
 The Dark Star. Robert W. Chambers.  
 The Definite Object. Jeffery Farnol.  
 A Diversity of Creatures. Rudyard Kipling.  
 Enchantment. E. Temple Thurston.  
 God the Invisible King. H. G. Wells.  
 Germany, the Next Republic? Carl R. Ackerman.  
 Greenmantle. John Buchan.  
 The Hand of Fu Manchu. Sax Rohmer.  
 His Family. Ernest Poole.  
 The Hundredth Chance. Ethel M. Dell.  
 In the Wilderness. Robert Hichens.  
 Jerry of the Islands. Jack London.  
 The Land of Deepening Shadow. Thomas D. Curtin.  
 Laugh and Live. Douglas Fairbanks.  
 The Lifted Veil. Basil King.  
 The Light in the Clearing. Irving Bachelor.

The Lovers. Elizabeth R. Pennell.  
 Love's Inferno. Edward Stilgebauer.  
 Lydia of the Pines. Honoré Willsié.  
 Mistress Anne. Temple Bailey.  
 Mr. Britling Sees It Through. H. G. Wells.  
 My Country. George R. Brown.  
 O, Mary, Be Careful! George Weston.  
 Over the Top. Arthur Guy Empey.  
 Paradise Auction. Nalbro Bartley.  
 The Plattsburg Manual. Ellis and Garey.  
 The Preacher of Cedar Mountain. S. D. Page.  
 The Red Planet. William J. Locke.  
 Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. R. W. Service.  
 The Road to Ambition. Elaine Sterne.  
 The Road to Understanding. E. H. Porter.  
 The Secret of the Storm Country. Grace M. White.  
 The Son of Tarzan. E. H. Burroughs.  
 The Sorry Tale, "Patience Worth." (Mrs. John Curran.)  
 A Student in Arms. D. W. A. Hankey.  
 Summer. Edith Wharton.  
 The Treolers. Mary Fisher.  
 When a Man's a Man. Harold Bell Wright.  
 Where Your Treasure Is. Holman F. Day.  
 Wildfire. Zane Grey.  
 The Worn Doorstep. Margaret Sherwood.  
 The Yukon Trail. W. MacLeod Raine.

# THE BOOKMAN

An Illustrated Magazine  
of Literature and Life

OCTOBER

THE ADVANCE OF ENGLISH POETRY	William Lyon Phelps
PATRIOTISM: THE TWO VOICES	William Forbes Cooley
WE MUST GO	Countess of Warwick
A DEMOCRATIC ARISTOCRACY	Charles Ferguson
LIFE AND THE THEATRE	Clayton Hamilton
A ROMANOFF PRINCESS	Joseph McCabe
The Gay and Pious Elizabeth	
SPEAKING OF RUSSIA	Abraham Yarmolinsky
THE MASTERY OF SURPRISE	Blanche Colton Williams
GERMANY AS A FRANKENSTEIN	Florence Finch Kelly

**DODD, MEAD & COMPANY**

25 cents a copy NEW YORK \$3.00 a year

# NEW MACMILLAN BOOKS

NOW READY

H. G. Wells' New Novel

## THE SOUL OF A BISHOP

By the author of "Mr. Britling"

As in MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH, Mr. Wells shows the astounding effect of the Great War on the normal civilian life of England, so in this new novel he shows its effect on that bulwark of society, the church. . . . The publication of THE SOUL OF A BISHOP comes at an apt moment—the moment when America is beginning to realize her own part in the world crisis and envisage some of the material and spiritual transformations it may bring. \$1.50

### KING COAL

By Upton Sinclair. A powerful novel revealing the actual conditions in the coal mining camps. \$1.50

### THE ROMANCE OF KING ARTHUR

With illustrations and decorations in color and in black and white by Arthur Rackham. Abridged from Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, by Alfred E. Pollard. \$2.50. Limited Edition, \$12.50. (Ready Oct. 19.)

### THE LIFE OF AUGUSTIN DALY

By the late Joseph Francis Daly. An intimate record of the New York stage in the middle nineteenth century. Ill. (Ready Sept. 19.)

### GRANNY MAUMEE

By Ridgely Torrence. Plays for a negro theatre including "The Rider of Dreams" and "Simon the Cyrenean." \$1.50.

### LOVE SONGS

By Sara Teasdale. New lyrics by the author of "Rivers to the Sea." \$1.25.

### THE COLLECTED POEMS OF WILFRID WILSON GIBSON, 1904-1917.

With frontispiece portrait of the author. \$2.00

### TENDENCIES IN MODERN AMERICAN POETRY

By Amy Lowell. An analysis of the six leading American poets. (Ready Oct. 3.)

### THE HEART OF THE PURITAN

By Elisabeth Deering Hanscom. A keen revelation of Puritan temperament. (Ready Sept. 26.)

### THE RELIGIOUS EDUCATION OF AN AMERICAN CITIZEN

By Francis Greenwood Peabody. The influences which direct and the qualities which mark the religious education of an American citizen. \$1.25

### A SON OF THE MIDDLE BORDER

By Hamlin Garland. "An autobiography that ranks with the very greatest in literature." William Dean Howells. Ill. \$1.60. Autograph Ed. \$2.50.

### CHRISTINE

By Alice Cholmondeley. "A novel which is absorbingly interesting with much in it of beauty and even more of truth." —*N. Y. Times*. \$1.25

### NATIONALISM

By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. The lectures delivered by Tagore in his recent tour of the United States. (Ready in Oct.)

### JAPAN IN WORLD POLITICS

By K. K. Kawakami. "Not often does one find a book in Japanese relations that will compare with this in sanity." —*N. Y. Times*. \$1.50

### THE IRISH HOME RULE CONVENTION

By George W. Russell (A. E.) and Sir Horace Plunkett. With an introduction by John Quinn. \$0.50

### THE FOOD PROBLEM

By Vernon L. Kellogg. With introduction by Herbert Hoover. Surveys the food resources of this country and indicates the steps which must be taken for their conservation. \$0.50

### A SHORT HISTORY OF SCIENCE

By W. T. Sedgwick and W. H. Tyler. A clear non-technical treatment of the subject. (Ready Sept. 19.)

### RECOLLECTIONS

By Viscount Morley, O.M. This is the great biography of a great man, and without doubt is the most important book of its kind which has appeared perhaps in the last decade. 2 vols. (Ready in Nov.)

Winston Churchill's New Novel

## THE DWELLING PLACE OF LIGHT

Published October Tenth

America, dynamic, changing, diverse, with new laws and old desires, new industries and old social rights, new people and old—this is the environment in which Mr. Churchill places the heroine of his new novel. He has never written a more entertaining story; he has never written one that is more significant in its interpretation of human relationships to-day. Ill. \$1.60.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, Publishers, New York

# THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

OCTOBER, 1917

## STEVENSON IN HAWAII

BY ELEANOR RIVENBURGH

### I

THE European trail of Robert Louis Stevenson, well worn by literary guides, is familiar to those who have followed his career. The life of the novelist in Samoa has been described for us by no less gifted a pen than his own. Glimpses of the author among the islands of the South Pacific have been afforded those who have sought to follow the disconnected trail of his wanderings. Yet little has been chronicled of the distinguished writer in Hawaii, that land of sea and sunshine which gave him new strength and inspiration, and where, favoured by royalty and gratified by the love of valued friends, the author gave some of his most important work to the world.

The close friendship between the family of Robert Louis Stevenson and Mrs. Caroline Bush, of Honolulu, had its incipency in an expedition sent in 1887 by His Hawaiian Majesty, King Kalakaua, to Samoa, when Mr. Henry Poor, a son of Mrs. Bush, became travelling companion of Mr. Joseph Strong, the son-in-law of Mrs. R. L. Stevenson. It was during the political disturbances in Samoa, when, encouraged by the support of the German trading firms, Tamasese, the rebel chief, had risen against King Malietoa.

Affairs at that time were deplorable, the islanders and Europeans both desiring some form of stable government. The King held his position by moral force alone, his name and family being traditionally revered. The officials exercised no functions and the government no authority, as it awaited in apathetic resignation some solution to the situation.

Mr. Strong, who had accompanied the expedition in the schooner *Kaimiloa*, and Mr. Poor, Secretary to the Embassy, were provided with entertainment on the voyage by the exchange of reminiscences, and almost immediately the friendship between them was established. Upon the arrival of the vessel at Apia a cottage was engaged, the two companions sharing it for several months till their return together to Hawaii.

Thereupon Mr. Strong and his wife, who had remained in Honolulu, became the house guests of Mrs. Caroline Bush, through whose social prestige they not only were introduced to court life, but later became favourites of King Kalakaua.

On the 24th of January, 1889, the yacht *Casco* arrived after a long and rough voyage from Tahiti. The vessel was boarded off the harbour by Mr. and Mrs. Strong, and the party, met by



THE COTTAGE AT SAMOA. MR. JOSEPH STRONG, SON-IN-LAW OF MRS. R. L. STEVENSON, IS SEATED AT THE EASEL. IN THE STEAMER-CHAIR IS MR. HENRY POOR, SON OF MRS. CAROLINE BUSH, A CLOSE FRIEND OF THE STEVENSON FAMILY AND SECRETARY OF THE HAWAIIAN EMBASSY TO SAMOA

Mr. Poor on their arrival at the dock, were driven directly to the home of his mother, whose invitation they had accepted.

This old house, still standing, though fated to be supplanted in the near future by a more modern dwelling, attracts but an indifferent glance from those unfamiliar with the past when its doors swung wide in open-hearted hospitality. It now adjoins a pretentious hostelry, to which it bears an humble contrast in its old-fashioned garden of tropical trees.

Manuia,\* the beach residence of Mr. Poor, was placed at once at the disposal of the Stevenson family, who proceeded without delay to take up their quarters in the pretty cottage at Waikiki.

Mr. Stevenson's call upon His Majesty, King Kalakaua, having been returned—the *Casco* and *Nyanza*, lying alongside, being beautifully dressed with

\*Samoan word meaning "welcome."

flags for the occasion—the author and his family became the incentive for a "luau" given in their honour by Mr. Poor.

This was an elaborate and typically Hawaiian feast. A large fine mat had been spread on the floor in the living-room, the guests being seated around it. For days the forest uplands had been searched for the fragrant foliage of wild ginger and fronds of the "palapalai," or mountain fern. These plants, at that time rare, are now quite extinct in the islands of Hawaii, and it was only after a diligent quest that a sufficient quantity was secured.

A congenial group gathered on this festive occasion, His Majesty, King David Kalakaua, and Her Royal Highness, Princess Liliuokalani, his sister, being numbered with the guests.

The old-fashioned "luau," which has disappeared with those Hawaiians whose



MANUIA, THE BEACH RESIDENCE OF MR. HENRY POOL. THIS COTTAGE WAS PLACED BY THE OWNER AT THE DISPOSAL OF THE STEVENSON FAMILY, WHO TOOK UP THEIR QUARTERS THERE IMMEDIATELY UPON THEIR ARRIVAL IN HAWAII

culinary skill made possible its achievement, was a feature of island hospitality to delight the memory, and for that given at Manuia both land and sea had yielded their choicest delicacies.

Bundles of "ti"\* leaves, untied by the guests, offered their steaming aroma of chicken cooked with cocoanut, roast pork, laulau,† mullet, tuna and clams. There were many dainties of limu,‡ sea eggs flavoured with rock salt pounded into roasted kukuinuts, puddings of baked sweet potatoes, or taro, and cocoanut cream, with here and there a calabash of poi.§ This feast, with its inviting fragrance of food cooked underground, its perfume of tropical plants, the music of a Hawaiian quintette, the hulas (native dances) by maidens in

\*A tropical plant.

†Pork, beef and salmon cooked together.

‡Edible seaweed.

§The staple food of the Hawaiians, a glutinous substance of pounded taro, slightly fermented.

grass skirts, and the stately waving of kahilis,¶ deeply impressed the visitors in contrast to the more simple order of the Polynesians.

After the royal toasts had been acknowledged and the merriment of the guests had for the moment subsided, Robert Louis Stevenson, drawing from the pocket of his coat a small packet, presented to the King a golden pearl, reading the lines by which it was accompanied:

The Silver Ship,\*\* my King,—that was her name

In the bright Islands whence your fathers came;

The Silver Ship, at rest from winds and tides,

Below your palace in your harbour rides,

¶Feathered staves used in all royal ceremonies.

\*\*Called "Silver Ship" because, being painted grey, it looked like silver when sailing into the harbour at twilight. A native appellation.



THE "LUAU" AT MANUIA, GIVEN IN HONOUR OF THE STEVENSONS BY MR. POOR—A TYPICALLY HAWAIIAN FEAST. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT SEATED: MR. LLOYD OSBOURNE, MR. STEVENSON, HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS LILUOKALANI, HIS MAJESTY KING KALARAKUA, MRS. THOMAS STEVENSON ("MOTHER"), MRS. JOSEPH STRONG, MR. JAMES ROBERTSON, CHAMBERLAIN TO THE KING

And the seafarers, sitting safe on shore,  
Like eager merchants count their treasures  
o'er;

One gift they find, one strange and lovely  
thing,

Now doubly precious, since it pleased a  
king;

The right, my liege, is ancient as the lyre,  
For bards to give to kings what kings ad-  
mire;

'Tis mine to offer, for Apollo's sake,  
And since the gift is fitting, yours to take;  
To golden hands the golden pearl I bring,  
The ocean jewel to the Island King.

The home of Mrs. Charles A. K. Hopkins, the daughter of Mrs. Bush, who was a child during the visits of Robert Louis Stevenson to Honolulu, is replete with mementoes of the author and his Hawaiian associations.

On each side of the entrance one is shown the "kahilis" which were waved above His Majesty and Mr. Stevenson on the occasion of the feast at Manuia. The feathered staff to-day is a rare relic of the past régime, and these two "kahilis," with their plumage of black and white feathers mounted above deep handles of cut ivory inlaid with mother-of-pearl and elaborately hand-carved tortoise shell, are especially interesting and attractive.

Surmounting a pedestal, and highly polished with native oils, is the silver-mounted calabash of koa from which King Kalakaua and Mr. Stevenson shared their poi, while on the walls are numerous portraits and enlargements of pictures taken at the time by Mr. Strong.

Mrs. Hopkins, in recalling her recollections of the author, took issue with the assertion that he was not particularly fond of children.

"Mr. Stevenson was so wonderfully sweet and kind to us," she said, "I remember him distinctly in his white flannels, velveteen jacket, loose shirt and flowing tie. At first my playmates were in awe of a figure so unusual, and I wondered why he wore his hair so long. But we were, nevertheless, attracted to

him, and hovered near him whenever opportunity afforded.

"As a child I fear my impressions of my distinguished friend were coloured by considerations other than his lovable character. I often sat upon his knee, listening to his fairy tales of Hawaii, which so completely possessed me that at their conclusion I would timidly reach up and touch him to assure myself of his reality.

"There are two occasions when the author impressed me with his appreciation of the sentiments of children. One of these was at a birthday party given for me by Mr. Stevenson. We had been playing musical games on the lawn—introduced for the first time in Hawaii—when Harry Byng, who had but recently arrived, passed along the road with his trained bear.

"To the delight of the children, who were eager to see the performance, our host summoned the man into the grounds. It was a dancing bear that at the end of his act had been taught to pass his master's hat around. Mr. Stevenson must have anticipated this feature toward the conclusion of the dance, for I remember that he approached all the little children in turn, giving to each of us a few coins, that none might feel embarrassment at being unable to respond.

"The other occasion which I recall," concluded Mrs. Hopkins, "was one afternoon when I passed down Fort Street on my way from school. I was with several of my friends when I recognised Mr. Stevenson. I do not remember that which led to the suggestion, but a few minutes later we were all crossing the street and heading straight for Thrum's, a shop where books and toys were offered for sale. Once within, we were bidden to make our choice, and a merry time we had of it. But finally we had all decided on our preferences, and passed out of the shop, each child carrying home a reminder of our benefactor's generosity."

Another instance of Mr. Stevenson's love of childhood is seen in the affec-





THE LITTLE PRINCESS KAIULANI, DAUGHTER OF GOVERNOR CLEGHORN AND HIS WIFE, PRINCESS LIKE-LIKE. HER DEPARTURE FOR SCHOOL IN ENGLAND WAS MADE EASIER FOR HER TO BEAR BY STEVENSON'S SPLENDID TALES OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE THAT HE TOLD TO HER UNDER THE GREAT BANYAN TREE IN FRONT OF HER HOME

tionate regard in which the writer held Princess Kaiulani. This child, daughter of Governor Cleghorn and Princess Like-like, had begun preparations for her departure to a school in England when the novelist and his family arrived, but at the end of the four months that intervened they were bound by ties of friendship.

After the death of her mother the little maid had lived with her father and the attendants of the household, in the seclusion of her home at Aindahau, an old mansion lost in the tropical forest by which it was surrounded. Here, in the late afternoon, when the quiet was broken only by the cry of the peacocks piercing the grove with their strident



A "POI" FEAST. POI IS THE STAPLE FOOD OF THE HAWAIIANS, A GLUTINOUS SUBSTANCE OF POUNDED TARO, SLIGHTLY FERMENTED. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: MR. STEVENSON, HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS LILIUOKALANI, HIS MAJESTY KING KALAKAUA, MRS. R. L. STEVENSON

note, and the voices of birds pulsated through the thicket, the little maid, at the approach of a familiar figure down the long drive, would hasten forward with a smile of welcome, to walk back with her hand in that of her friend. And under the great banyan tree before the portals of the house, where often the comrades of Governor Cleghorn gathered for tea, the child would listen to splendid tales of travel and adventure invented for her by Robert Louis Stevenson, who sought thus to inspire her timid heart with courage, and to blunt the keen unhappiness she felt at the prospect of separation from her father.

It was then that, moved by his affection for the child, Mr. Stevenson wrote for her the following verse:

Forth from her land to mine she goes,  
The island maid, the island rose,  
Light of heart and bright of face;  
The daughter of a double race.

Her islands here, in southern sun,  
Shall mourn their Kaiulani gone,  
And I, in her dear banyan's shade,  
Look vainly for my little maid.  
But our Scots islands far away  
Shall glitter with unwonted day,  
And cast for once their tempests by  
To smile in Kaiulani's eye.

"Written in April to Kaiulani, in the April of her age, and at Waikiki, within easy walk of Kaiulani's banyan. When she comes to my land and her father's and the rain beats upon the window (as I fear it will) let her look at this page; it will be like a weed gathered and pressed at home, and she will remember her own islands, and the shadow of the mighty tree, and she will hear the peacocks screaming in the dusk and she will think of her father sitting there alone."—R. L. S.

But many changes were fated to occur.



PRINCESS KAIULANI ON HER RETURN FROM ENGLAND, WHERE SHE HAD BEEN EDUCATED TO ASSUME THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF ROYALTY. HER HOPES PERISHED WITH THE HOPES OF HER PEOPLE

The child, educated to assume the responsibilities of royalty, returned to her native land, where her young life, blossoming into womanhood, withered in the bud and perished with the hopes of her people; where her father, grieving in the sunset of his years, meditated in his loneliness on the uprooting of the old traditions and the passing of his most cherished dreams.

The estate of Governor Cleghorn, bequeathed to the government for a public park at his death, some years ago, and rejected by reason of certain conditions included in the will, was later converted into a family hotel, and the tract, now on the market as bungalow sites, has been completely despoiled of its historical associations.

The necessity for retirement and work on the part of Mr. Stevenson weighed heavily upon him, and the frequent interruptions to which he was subjected at Manuia—always inviting to the passer-by with its rustic garden-house and its informal cup of tea—led the author to determine upon a reception day, when he and his family would be

at home to friends. At the same time an offer of securing the adjoining residence of Mr. Frank Brown was presented to Mr. Stevenson, who prepared forthwith to move into the new quarters, with its comfortable house, its cottages and spacious lawns.

One morning, before the departure of her guests, Mrs. Bush, who had been spending the week-end at the beach, was confronted, on awakening, by a heap of birthday gifts on her dressing-table, including a remembrance from every member of the Stevenson family. The token from the author, a trifle appreciated at the time, has long since been forgotten, but the typewritten lines over his signature by which it was introduced are remembered still with grateful affection, for, on folded pages of correspondence paper, faded and crumpled from tender handling, which are graciously brought out for the inspection of visitors, the following verses appear:

Dear lady, tapping at your door  
Some little verses stand,  
And beg on this auspicious day  
To come and kiss your hand;

Their syllables all counted right,  
 Their rhymes each in its place,  
 Like birthday children at the door,  
 They want to see your face.

Rise, lady, rise and let them in,  
 Fresh from the fairy shore;  
 They bring you things you wish to have,  
 Each in its pinafore.  
 For they have been to Wishing Land  
 This morning in the dew,  
 And all your dearest wishes bring,  
 All granted home to you.

What these may be they would not tell,  
 And could not if they would;  
 They take the packets sealed to you  
 As trusted servants should;  
 But there was one that looked like love,  
 And one that smelt like health,  
 And one that had a jingling sound,  
 I fancy might be wealth.

Ah, well, they are but wishes still;  
 But, lady dear, for you  
 I know that all you wish is kind;  
 I pray it all come true.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

One of the gifts most treasured by Mrs. Bush was a dress pattern of handsome black brocade, presented to her by Mr. Stevenson's mother. It was only on the rarest occasions during her life that Mrs. Bush could be persuaded to wear the gown, and in the fulfilment of her wish she was laid away in it on her death in 1915.

Although the residence of Mr. Brown, where the Stevensons lived in Honolulu, afterward became the property of the late Judge Hart when the site was subdivided, the houses that sheltered the author and his family have undergone



STILL STANDING ON EMMA STREET, HONOLULU, IS THE HOME OF MRS. CAROLINE BUSH. IT NOW ADJOINS A PRETENTIOUS HOTELRY TO WHICH IT BEARS A HUMBLE CONTRAST IN ITS OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN OF TROPICAL TREES. IT WAS MRS. BUSH WHOSE HOSPITALITY AND SOCIAL PRESTIGE INTRODUCED MR. AND MRS. STRONG TO COURT LIFE



AN EVENING WITH A FELLOW SCOT. MR. MCPHERSON OF THE KILAUEA PLANTATION IS TELLING A FUNNY STORY. THIS IS THE INTERIOR OF THE COTTAGE IN HAWAII, WHERE MR. STEVENSON HAD SPENT THIS ENTIRE DAY AT WORK UPON A MANUSCRIPT

few alterations. The outbuildings have been moved, fences now separating them from the main building, but the general appearance is unchanged.

At that time there were two cottages in the grounds, the one near the beach being used by Mr. Strong as a studio, the other, facing the road, becoming the hermitage of Mr. Stevenson. This cottage consisted of but one room, rustic and charming without, covered with a flowering passion-vine in its grove of oleanders, but humble indeed within, with newspapers pasted over white plaster and cracks impossible of concealment.

It was here, often indisposed and confined to his cot, that the author wrote the closing chapters of *The Master of Ballantrae*; here that his closest friends, dropping in of an evening, often glimpsed him through the broken window, chatting gayly to some fellow Scot or playfully "tooling" on a flageolet, his evening paper open on his knees.

These were quiet days for Robert Louis Stevenson. His delicate health steadily improved in the restful atmosphere of his Waikiki home, sheltered from intrusion, but open always to friends, who, driving by, frequently dropped in for a sociable hour. Perhaps it would be some warm afternoon—the author having left his workshop for the more comfortable shade of the lanai\*—that some welcome guest would find him, listening in detached silence, pencil in hand, to the chit-chat of his family. Or it might be during an evening of music, when he who happened in would be expected to contribute his share of the entertainment.

On such an evening, after a merry little dinner at the Stevenson home, Professor Scott, an exceedingly amiable but

\*The al fresco living-room of the family, decorated with hanging-baskets and tropical plants in great profusion, was one of the most attractive features of the old-fashioned homes of Honolulu.



AN EVENING OF MUSIC AT THE STEVENSON HOME. THE PARTY HAD HAD A MERRY LITTLE DINNER AT WHICH PROFESSOR SCOTT WAS PRESENTED WITH A PENNY WHISTLE FOR THE ORCHESTRA. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, STANDING: PROFESSOR M. M. SCOTT, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TOKIO, MR. LLOYD OSBOURNE, CAPTAIN OTIS OF THE YACHT *Casco*, AND MR. HENRY POOR. SEATED: MR. STEVENSON, MRS. STEVENSON, MRS. JOSEPH STRONG AND "MOTHER" STEVENSON

august gentleman, calling on the author, suddenly found himself hailed by the assembled guests as the missing member of their orchestra, and, accepting the penny whistle proffered him, proceeded to provide more fun than music to delight his appreciative audience.

"It was when I was teaching in the University of Tokio that I first became personally interested in Robert Louis Stevenson," said Professor Scott in a recent interview, "when one of my friends, remarking that he had been a classmate of the author at the University of Edinburgh, entertained me for the greater part of an evening by recounting incidents in Stevenson's career.

"Some years later in Honolulu my wife and I became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Strong. They had engaged a cottage in our neighbourhood, and as we found them exceedingly clever and interesting, we soon became the best of

friends. It was in our home that Mrs. Strong spent most of her time during her husband's absence in Samoa, and it was she who, after the arrival of the *Casco*, presented us to her step-father, Mr. Stevenson.

"I shall never forget the pleasant hours I spent thereafter over the teacups with the family. They were so original and so interesting! Mother Stevenson I recall with particular delight, so prim a figure in her black silk gown and widow's bonnet, silently sewing or knitting, in perfect unconcern in the midst of their playful pranks.

"I recall, too, one evening," continued Professor Scott, "when, in a discussion with Mr. Stevenson about the poem he had written for His Majesty, I made bold to remark that, although he might have conceived it as original, the idea of the golden hands of the King, whence in the old days all bounty was

supposed to flow, seemed suggestive to me of the Anglo-Saxon poems.

"But at this his fine eyes burned.

"'Why, man,' he exclaimed, leaning forward in genuine surprise, 'I never

read a single line of Anglo-Saxon poetry in my life!

"And in the laughter that followed the writer joined as heartily as the rest."

*(To be continued.)*

## EVENSONG

BY NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONNOR

O SHEPHERDS' Piping, herald of the Night  
 Who comes with Silence up the coloured vale,  
 Treading how gently, clad in greyish white;  
 Poignantly, Piping, sound your reedy wail!  
 For Day departed moves in funeral train  
 Tended by Twilight, and, in deepest rose,  
 The splendid Sunset melts beneath the main  
 While sweet the sea-wind with cool softness blows.  
 As when a mother gathers to her breast  
 A child who frets for Day's remembered smart,  
 Now light fades quickly in the ashen west,  
 And Night-peace falls across my troubled heart.  
 Flutes, for the night through let my mind be still,  
 And God keep safe with Him my stubborn will!

# THE ADVANCE OF ENGLISH POETRY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

## PART I

*Meaning of the word "advance"—the present widespread interest in poetry—the spiritual warfare—Henley and Thompson—Thomas Hardy a prophet in literature—"The Dynasts"—his atheism—his lyrical power—Kipling the Victorian—his future possibilities—Robert W. Service.*

ALTHOUGH English poetry of the twentieth century seems distinctly inferior to the poetry of the Victorian epoch, for in England there is no one equal to Tennyson or Browning, and in America no one equal to Poe, Emerson, or Whitman, still it may fairly be said that we can discern an advance in English poetry not wholly to be measured either by the calendar and the clock, or by sheer beauty of expression. I should not like to say that Joseph Conrad is a greater writer than Walter Scott; and yet in *The Nigger of the Narcissus* there is an intellectual sincerity, a profound psychological analysis, a resolute intention to discover and to reveal the final truth concerning the children of the sea, that one would hardly expect to find in the works of the wonderful Wizard. Shakespeare was surely a greater poet than Wordsworth; but the man of the Lakes, with the rich inheritance of two centuries, had a capital of thought unpossessed by the great dramatist, which, invested by his own genius, enabled him to draw returns from nature undreamed of by his mighty predecessor. Wordsworth was not great enough to have written *King Lear*; and Shakespeare was not late enough to have written *Tintern Abbey*. Every poet lives in his own time, has a share in its scientific and philosophical advance, and his individuality is coloured by his experience. Even if he take a Greek myth for a subject, he will regard it and treat it in the light of the day when he

sits down at his desk, and addresses himself to the task of composition. It is absurd to call the Victorians old-fashioned or out of date; they were as intensely modern as we, only their modernity is naturally not ours.

A great work of art is never old-fashioned; because it expresses in final form some truth about human nature, and human nature never changes—in comparison with its primal elements, the mountains are ephemeral. A drama dealing with the impalpable human soul is more likely to stay true than a treatise on geology. This is the notable advantage that works of art have over works of science, the advantage of being and remaining true. No matter how important the contribution of scientific books, they are alloyed with inevitable error, and after the death of their authors must be constantly revised by lesser men, improved by smaller minds; whereas the masterpieces of poetry, drama and fiction cannot be revised, because they are always true. The latest edition of a work of science is the most valuable; of literature, the earliest.

Apart from the natural and inevitable advance in poetry that every year witnesses, we are living in an age characterised both in England and in America by a remarkable advance in poetry as a vital influence. Earth's oldest inhabitants probably cannot remember a time when there were so many poets in activity, when so many books of poems were not only read, but bought and



sold, when poets were held in such high esteem, when so much was written and published about poetry, when the mere forms of verse were the theme of such hot debate. There are thousands of minor poets, but poetry has ceased to be a minor subject. Anyone mentally alive cannot escape it. Poetry is in the air, and everybody is catching it. Some American magazines are exclusively devoted to the printing of contemporary poems; anthologies are multiplying, not "Keepsakes" and "Books of Gems," but thick volumes representing the bumper crop of the year. Many poets are reciting their poems to big, eager, enthusiastic audiences, and the atmosphere is charged with the melodies of ubiquitous minstrelsy.

The time is ripe for the appearance of a great poet. A vast audience is gazing expectantly at a stage crowded with subordinate actors, waiting for the Master to appear. The Greek dramatists were sure of their public; so were the Russian novelists; so were the German musicians. The "conditions" for poetry are now perfect in England and in America. We have got everything except the Genius. And the paradox is that although the Genius may arise out of happy conditions, he may not; he may come like a thief in the night. The contrast between public interest in poetry in 1917 and in 1830, for an illustration, is unescapable. At that time the critics and the magazine writers assured the world that "poetry is dead." Ambitious young authors were gravely advised not to attempt anything in verse—as though youth ever listened to advice! Many critics went so far as to insist that the temper of the age was not "adapted" to poetry, that not only was there no interest in it, but that even if the Man should appear, he would find it impossible to sing in such a time and to such a coldly indifferent audience. And yet at that precise moment, Tennyson launched his "chiefly lyrical" volume, and Browning was speedily to follow.

Man is ever made humble by the facts

of life; and even literary critics cannot altogether ignore them. Let us not then make the mistake of being too sure of the immediate future; nor the mistake of overestimating our contemporary poets; nor the mistake of despising the giant Victorians. Let us devoutly thank God that poetry has come into its own; that the modern poet, in public estimation, is a Hero; that no one has to apologise either for reading or for writing verse. An age that loves poetry with the passion characteristic of the twentieth century is not a flat or materialistic age. We are not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.

Whatever may be the modern attitude toward military warfare, in the world of thought and spirit this is essentially a fighting age. The old battle between the body and the soul, between Paganism and Christianity, was never so hot as now, and those who take refuge in neutrality receive contempt. Pan and Jesus Christ have never had so many followers, all volunteers. The Christians insist their Leader rose from the dead, and the followers of Pan say their god never died at all. It is significant that at the beginning of the twentieth century two English poets wrote side by side, each of whom unconsciously waged an irreconcilable conflict with the other, and each of whom speaks from the grave to-day to a great concourse of followers. These two poets did not "flourish" in the twentieth century, because the disciple of the bodily Pan was a cripple, and the disciple of the spiritual Christ was a gutter-snipe; but they both lived, lived abundantly, and wrote real poetry. I refer to William Ernest Henley, who died in 1903, and to Francis Thompson, who died in 1907.

Both Henley and Thompson loved the crowded streets of London, but they saw different visions there. Henley felt in the dust and din of the city the irresistible urge of spring, the invasion of the smell of distant meadows; the hurly-burly bearing witness to the annual conquest of Pan.

Here in this radiant and immortal street  
Lavishly and omnipotently as ever  
In the open hills, the undissembling dales,  
The laughing-places of the juvenile earth.  
For lo! the wills of man and woman meet,  
Meet and are moved, each unto each en-  
deared

As once in Eden's prodigal bowers befel,  
To share his shameless, elemental mirth  
In one great act of faith, while deep and  
strong,

Incomparably nerved and cheered,  
The enormous heart of London joys to beat  
To the measures of his rough, majestic  
song:

The lewd, perennial, overmastering spell  
That keeps the rolling universe ensphered  
And life and all for which life lives to long  
Wanton and wondrous and for ever well.

The *London Voluntaries* of Henley, from which the above is a fair example, may have suggested something to Vachel Lindsay both in their irregular singing quality and in the direction, borrowed from notation, which accompanies each one, *Andante con moto*, *Scherzando*, *Largo e mesto*, *Allegro maestoso*. Henley's Pagan resistance to Puritan morality and convention, constantly exhibited positively in his verse, and negatively in his defiant Introduction to the Works of Burns and in the famous paper on R. L. S., is the main characteristic of his mind and temperament. He was by nature a rebel—a rebel against the Anglican God and against English social conventions. He loved all fighting rebels, and one of his most spirited poems deals affectionately with our Southern Confederate soldiers, in the last days of their hopeless struggle. His most famous lyric is an assertion of the indomitable human will in the presence of adverse destiny. This trumpet blast has awakened sympathetic echoes from all sorts and conditions of men, although that creedless Christian, James Whitcomb Riley, regarded it with genial contempt, thinking that the philosophy it represented was not only futile, but dangerous, in that it ignored the deepest facts of human life. He once asked to have

the poem read aloud to him, as he had forgotten its exact words, and when the reader finished impressively

I am the Master of my fate:  
I am the Captain of my soul—

"The hell you are," said Riley with a laugh.

Henley is, of course, interesting not merely because of his paganism, and robust worldliness; he was a true poet, with the poet's imagination and gift of expression. He loved to take a familiar idea fixed in a familiar phrase, and write a lovely musical variation on the theme. I do not think he ever wrote anything more beautiful than his setting of the phrase "Over the hills and far away," which appealed to his memory much as the three words "Far-far-away" affected Tennyson. No one can read this little masterpiece without that wonderful sense of melody lingering in the mind after the voice of the singer is silent.

Where forlorn sunsets flare and fade

On desolate sea and lonely sand,  
Out of the silence and the shade  
What is the voice of strange command  
Calling you still, as friend calls friend  
With love that cannot brook delay,  
To rise and follow the ways that wend  
Over the hills and far away?

Hark in the city, street on street  
A roaring reach of death and life,  
Of vortices that clash and fleet  
And ruin in appointed strife,  
Hark to it calling, calling clear,  
Calling until you cannot stay  
From dearer things than your own most dear  
Over the hills and far away.

Out of the sound of ebb and flow,  
Out of the sight of lamp and star,  
It calls you where the good winds blow,  
And the unchanging meadows are:  
From faded hopes and hopes a gleam,  
It calls you, calls you night and day  
Beyond the dark into the dream  
Over the hills and far away.

In temperament Henley was an Elizabethan. Ben Jonson might have irri-

tated him, but he would have got along very well with Kit Marlowe. He was an Elizabethan in the spaciousness of his mind, in his robust salt-water breeziness, in his hearty, spontaneous singing, and in his deification of the human will. The English novelist, Miss Willcocks, who is completely a child of the twentieth century, has remarked, "It is by their will that we recognise the Elizabethans, by the will that drove them over the seas of passion, as well as over the seas that ebb and flow with the salt tides. . . . For, from a sensitive correspondence with environment our race has passed into another stage; it is marked now by a passionate desire for the mastery of life—a desire, spiritualised in the highest lives, materialised in the lowest, so to mould environment that the lives to come may be shaped to our will. It is this which accounts for the curious likeness in our to-day with that of the Elizabethans."

As Henley was an Elizabethan, so his brilliant contemporary, Francis Thompson was a "metaphysical," a man of the seventeenth century. Like Emerson, he is closer in both form and spirit to the mystical poets that followed the age of Shakespeare than he is to any other group or school. One has only to read Donne, Crashaw, and Vaughan to recognise the kinship. Like these three men of genius, Thompson was not only profoundly spiritual—he was aflame with religious passion. He was exalted in a mystical ecstasy, all a wonder and a wild desire. He was indubitably an inspired poet, careless of method, careless of form, careless of thought-sequences. The zeal for God's house had eaten him up. His poetry is like the burning bush, revealing God in the fire. His strange figures of speech, the molten metal of his language, the profound sincerity of his faith, have given to his poems a persuasive influence which is beginning to be felt far and wide, and which, I believe, will never die. Alfred Noyes complains that the young men of Oxford and Cambridge have forsaken Tennyson, and now read only Francis

Thompson. He need not be alarmed; these young men will all come back to Tennyson, for sooner or later, everybody comes back to Tennyson. It is rather a matter for joy that Thompson's religious poetry can make the hearts of young men burn within them. Young men are right in hating conventional, empty phrases, words that have lost all hitting power, hollow forms and bloodless ceremonies. Thompson's lips were touched with a live coal from the altar.

Francis Thompson walked with God. Instead of seeking God, as so many high-minded folk have done in vain, Thompson had the real and overpowering sensation that God was seeking him. The Hound of Heaven was everlastingly after him, pursuing him with the certainty of capture. In trying to escape, he found torment; in surrender, the peace that passes all understanding. That extraordinary poem, which thrillingly describes the eager, searching love of God, like a father looking for a lost child and determined to find him, might be taken as a modern version of the one hundred and thirty-ninth psalm, perhaps the most marvellous of all religious masterpieces.

Thou compassest my path and my lying  
down, and art acquainted with all my  
ways.

Thou hast beset me behind and before, and  
laid thine hand upon me.

Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or  
whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there;  
if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou  
art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and  
dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;  
Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy  
right hand shall hold me.

The highest spiritual poetry is not that which portrays soul-hunger, the bitterness of the weary search for God; it is that which reveals an intense consciousness of the all-enveloping Divine Presence. Children do not seek the love of their parents; they can-

not escape its searching, eager, protecting power. We know how Dr. Johnson was affected by the lines

Quærens me sedisti lassus  
Redemisti crucem passus  
Tantus labor non sit passus.

Francis Thompson's daily walks by day and by night had magnificent company. In the country, in the streets of London, he was attended by seraphim and cherubim. The heavenly visions were more real to him than London Bridge. Just as when we travel far from those we love, we are intensely aware of their presence, and know that their affection is a greater reality than the scenery from the train window, so Thompson would have it that the angels were all about us. They do not live in some distant Paradise, the only gate to which is death—they are here now, and their element is the familiar atmosphere of earth.

Shortly after he died, there was found among his papers a bit of manuscript verse, called "In No Strange Land." Whether it was a first draft which he meant to revise, or whether he intended it for publication, we cannot tell; but despite the roughnesses of rhythm—which take us back to some of Donne's shaggy and splendid verse—the thought is complete. It is one of the great poems of the twentieth century, and expresses the essence of Thompson's religion.

"IN NO STRANGE LAND"

O world invisible, we view thee:  
O world intangible, we touch thee:  
O world unknowable, we know thee:  
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,  
The eagle plunge to find the air,  
That we ask of the stars in motion  
If they have rumour of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,  
And our benumbed conceiving soars:  
The drift of pinions, would we harken,  
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places—  
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!

'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces  
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)  
Cry; and upon thy so sore loss  
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder  
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing  
Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,  
Cry, clinging heaven by the hems:  
And lo, Christ walking on the water,  
Not of Genesareth, but Thames!

There is a man of genius living in England to-day who has been writing verse for nearly sixty years, but who received no public recognition as a poet until the twentieth century. This man is Thomas Hardy. He has the double distinction of being one of the great Victorian novelists, and one of the most notable poets of the twentieth century. At nearly eighty years of age, he is in full intellectual vigour, enjoys a creative power in verse that we more often associate with youth, and writes poetry that in matter and manner belongs distinctly to our time. He could not possibly be omitted from any survey of contemporary production.

As is so commonly the case with distinguished novelists, Thomas Hardy practised verse before prose. From 1860 to 1870 he wrote many poems, some of which appear among the Love Lyrics in *Time's Laughingstocks*, 1909. Then he began a career in prose fiction which has left him to-day without a living rival in the world. In 1898, with the volume called *Wessex Poems*, embellished with illustrations from his own hand, he challenged criticism as a professional poet. The moderate but definite success of this collection emboldened him to produce in 1901, *Poems of the Past and Present*. In 1904, 1906, 1908, were issued successively the three parts of *The Dynasts*, a thoroughly original and greatly planned epical drama of the Napoleonic wars. This was followed by two books of verse, *Time's Laughingstocks* in 1909, and *Satires of Circumstance*, 1914; and he is a familiar

and welcome guest in contemporary magazines.

Is it possible that when, at the close of the nineteenth century, Thomas Hardy formally abandoned prose for verse, he was either consciously or subconsciously aware of the coming renaissance of poetry? Certainly his change in expression had more significance than an individual caprice. It is a notable fact that the present poetic revival, wherein are enlisted so many enthusiastic youthful volunteers, should have had as one of its prophets and leaders a veteran of such power and fame. Perhaps Mr. Hardy would regard his own personal choice as no factor; the Immanent and Unconscious Will had been busy in his mind, for reasons unknown to him, unknown to man, least of all known to Itself. Leslie Stephen once remarked, "The deepest thinker is not really—though we often use the phrase—in advance of his day so much as in the line along which advance takes place."

Looking backward from the year 1917, we may see some new meaning in the spectacle of two modern leaders in fiction, Hardy and Meredith, each preferring as a means of expression poetry to prose, each thinking his own verse better than his novels, and each writing verse that in substance and manner belongs more to the twentieth than to the nineteenth century. Meredith always said that fiction was his kitchen wench; poetry was his Muse.

The publication of poems written when he was about twenty-five is interesting to students of Mr. Hardy's temperament, for they prove that he was then as complete, though perhaps not so philosophical a pessimist, as he is now. The present world-war may seem to him a vindication of his despair, and therefore perhaps not so shocking as to those who pray to Our Father in Heaven. He is, though I think not awedly so, an adherent of the philosophy of Schopenhauer and von Hartmann. The primal force, from which all things proceed, is the Immanent Will. The Will is un-

conscious and omnipotent. It is superhuman only in power, lacking intelligence, foresight, and any sense of ethical values. In *The Dynasts*, Mr. Hardy has written an epical illustration of the doctrines of German pessimism.

Supernatural machinery and celestial inspiration have always been more or less conventional in the Epic. Ancient writers invoked the Muse. When Milton began his great task, he wished to produce something classic in form and Christian in spirit. He found an admirable solution of his problem in a double invocation—first of the Heavenly Muse of Mount Sinai, second, of the Holy Spirit. In the composition of *In Memoriam*, Tennyson knew that an invocation of the Muse would give an intolerable air of artificiality to the poem; he therefore, in the introductory stanzas, offered up a prayer to the Son of God. Now it was impossible for Mr. Hardy to make any use of Greek Deities, or of Jehovah, or of any revelation of God in Christ; to his mind all three equally belonged to the lumber-room of discredited and discarded myth. He believes that any conception of the Primal Force as a Personality is not only obsolete among thinking men and women, but that it is unworthy of modern thought. It is perhaps easy to mistake our own world of thought for the thought of the world.

In his Preface, written with assurance and dignity, Mr. Hardy says: "The wide prevalence of the Monistic theory of the Universe forbade, in this twentieth century, the importation of Divine personages from any antique Mythology as ready-made sources or channels of Causation, even in verse, and excluded the celestial machinery of, say, *Paradise Lost*, as peremptorily as that of the *Iliad* or the *Eddas*. And the abandonment of the masculine pronoun in allusions to the First or Fundamental Energy seemed a necessary and logical consequence of the long abandonment by thinkers of the anthropomorphic conception of the same." Accordingly he arranged a group of Phantom Intelli-

gences that at once supply adequately a Chorus and a philosophical basis for his world-drama.

Like Browning in the original preface to *Paracelsus*, our author expressly disclaims any intention of writing a play for the stage. It is "intended simply for mental performance," and "Whether mental performance alone may not eventually be the fate of all drama other than that of contemporary or frivolous life, is a kindred question not without interest." The question has been since answered in another way than that implied, not merely by the success of community drama, but by the actual production of *The Dynasts* on the London stage under the direction of the brilliant and audacious Granville Barker. I would have given much to have witnessed this experiment, which Mr. Barker insists was strikingly successful.

Whether *The Dynasts* will finally take a place among the world's masterpieces of literature or not, must of course be left to future generations to decide. Two things are clear. The publication of the second and third parts distinctly raised public opinion of the work as a whole, and now that it is ten years old, we know that no man on earth except Mr. Hardy could have written it. To produce this particular work required a poet, a prose master, a dramatist, a philosopher, and an architect. Mr. Hardy is each and all of the five, and by no means least an architect. The plan of the whole thing, in one hundred and thirty scenes, which seemed at first confused, now appears in retrospect orderly; and the projection of the various geographical scenes is thoroughly architectonic.

If the work fails to survive, it will be because of its low elevation on the purely literary side. In spite of occasional powerful phrases, as

What corpse is curious on the longitude  
And situation of his cemetery!

the verse as a whole wants beauty of tone and felicity of diction. It is more

like a map than a painting. One has only to recall the extraordinary charm of the Elizabethans to understand why so many pages in *The Dynasts* arouse only an intellectual interest. But no one can read the whole drama without an immense respect for the range and the grasp of the author's mind. Furthermore, every one of its former admirers ought to reread it in 1917. The present world war gives to this Napoleonic epic an acute and prophetic interest nothing short of astounding.

A considerable number of Mr. Hardy's poems are concerned with the idea of God, apparently never far from the author's mind. I suppose he thinks of God every day. Yet his faith is the opposite of that expressed in the "Hound of Heaven"—in few words, it seems to be, "Resist the Lord, and He will flee from you." Mr. Hardy is not content with banishing God from the realm of modern thought; he is not content merely with killing Him; he means to give Him a decent burial, with fitting obsequies. And there is a long procession of mourners, some of whom are both worthy and distinguished. In the interesting poem, "God's Funeral," written in 1908-1910, which begins

I saw a slowly stepping train—  
Lined on the brows, scoop-eyed and bent  
and hoar—  
Following in files across a twilit plain  
A strange and mystic form the foremost bore

the development of the conception of God through human history is presented with great skill in concision. He was man-like at first, then an amorphous cloud, then endowed with mighty wings, then jealous, fierce, yet long-suffering and full of mercy.

And, tricked by our own early dream  
And need of solace, we grew self-deceived,  
Our making soon our maker did we dream,  
And what we had imagined we believed.

Till, in Time's stayless stealthy swing,  
Uncompromising rude reality  
Mangled the Monarch of our fashioning,

## 132 Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century

Who quavered, sank; and now has ceased  
to be.

Among the mourners is no less a person  
than the poet himself, for in former  
years—perhaps as a boy—he, too, had  
worshipped, and therefore he has no  
touch of contempt for those who still  
believe.

I could not prop their faith: and yet  
Many I had known: with all I sympathised;  
And though struck speechless, I did not  
forget  
That what was mourned for, I, too, once  
had prized.

In the next stanza, the poet's oft-ex-  
pressed belief in the wholesome, antiseptic  
power of pessimism is reiterated, to-  
gether with a hint, that when we have  
once and for all put God in His grave,  
some better way of bearing life's burden  
will be found, because the new way will  
be based upon hard fact.

Still, how to bear such loss I deemed  
The insistent question for each animate mind,  
And gazing, to my growing sight there  
seemed  
A pace yet positive gleam low down behind,

Whereof, to lift the general night,  
A certain few who stood aloof had said,  
"See you upon the horizon that small light—  
Swelling somewhat?" Each mourner shook  
his head.

And they composed a crowd of whom  
Some were right good, and many nigh the  
best. . . .  
Thus dazed and puzzled 'twixt the gleam  
and gloom  
Mechanically I followed with the rest.

This pale gleam takes on a more vivid  
hue in a poem written shortly after  
"God's Funeral," called "A Plaint to  
Man," where God remonstrates with  
man for having created Him at all, since  
"His life was to be so short and so futile:

And to-morrow the whole of me disappears,  
The truth should be told, and the fact be  
faced  
That had best been faced in earlier years:

The fact of life with dependance placed  
On the human heart's resource alone,  
In brotherhood bonded close and graced

With loving-kindness fully blown,  
And visioned help unsought, unknown.

Other poems that express what is and  
what ought to be the attitude of man  
toward God are "New Year's Eve," "To  
Sincerity," and the beautiful lyric, "Let  
Me Enjoy," where Mr. Hardy has been  
more than usually successful in fashion-  
ing both language and rhythm into a  
garment worthy of the thought. No one  
can read "The Impercipient" without  
recognising that Mr. Hardy's atheism  
is as honest and as sincere as the re-  
ligious faith of a nun, and that no one  
regrets the blankness of his universe  
more than he. He would believe if he  
could.

Pessimism is the basis of all his verse,  
as it is of his prose. It is expressed not  
merely philosophically in poems of ideas,  
but over and over again concretely in  
poems of incident. He is a pessimist  
both in fancy and in fact, and after  
reading some of our sugary "glad"  
books, I find his bitter taste rather re-  
freshing. The titles of his most recent  
collections, *Time's Laughingstocks* and  
*Satires of Circumstance*, sufficiently indi-  
cate the ill fortune awaiting his per-  
sonages. At his best, his lyrics written  
in the minor key have a noble, solemn  
adagio movement. At his worst—for  
like all poets, he is sometimes at his  
worst—the truth of life seems rather ob-  
stinately warped. Why should legiti-  
mate love necessarily bring misery, and  
illegitimate passion produce such perma-  
nent happiness? And in the piece, "Ah,  
are you digging on my grave?" pes-  
simum approaches a *reductio ad absurdum*.

Dramatic power, which is one of its  
author's greatest gifts, is frequently  
finely revealed. After reading "A  
Tramp-woman's Tragedy," one unhesi-  
tatingly accords Mr. Hardy a place  
among the English writers of ballads.  
For this is a genuine ballad, in story, in  
diction, and in vigour.

Yet, as a whole, and in spite of Mr.

Hardy's love of the dance and of dance music, his poetry lacks grace of movement. His war poem, "Men Who March Away," is singularly halting and awkward. His complete poetical works are interesting because they proceed from an interesting mind. His range of thought, both in reminiscence and in speculation, is immensely wide; his power of concentration recalls that of Browning.

I have thought sometimes, and thought long  
and hard,

I have stood before, gone round a serious  
thing,

Tasked my whole mind to touch and clasp  
it close,

As I stretch forth my arm to touch this bar.  
God and man, and what duty I owe both,—  
I dare to say I have confronted these  
In thought: but no such faculty helped here.

No such faculty alone could help Mr. Hardy to the highest peaks of poetry, any more than it served Caponsacchi in his spiritual crisis. He thinks interesting thoughts, because he has an original and a profound mind. It is possible to be a great poet without possessing much intellectual wealth; just as it is possible to be a great singer, and yet be both shallow and dull. The divine gift of poetry seems sometimes as accidental as the formation of the throat. I do not believe that Tennyson was either shallow or dull; but I do not think he had anything like so good a mind as Thomas Hardy's, a mind so rich, so original, so quaint, so humorous, so sharp. Yet Tennyson was incomparably a greater poet.

The greatest poetry always transports us, and although I read and reread the Wessex poet with never-lagging attention—I find even the drawings in *Wessex Poems* so fascinating that I wish he had illustrated all his books—I am always conscious of the time and the place. I never get the unmistakable spinal chill. He has too thorough a command of his thoughts; they never possess him, and they never soar away with him. Prose may be controlled, but poetry is a possession. Mr. Hardy is too keenly aware

of what he is about. In spite of the fact that he has written verse all his life, he seldom writes unwrinkled song. He is, in the last analysis, a master of prose, who has learned the technique of verse, and who now chooses to express his thoughts and his observations in rime and rhythm.

Rudyard Kipling is a Victorian poet, as Thomas Hardy is a Victorian novelist. When Tennyson died in 1892, the world, with approximate unanimity, chose the young man from the East as his successor, and for twenty-five years he has been the Laureate of the British Empire in everything but the title. In the eighteenth century, when Gray regarded the offer of the Laureateship as an insult, Mr. Alfred Austin might properly have been appointed; but after the fame of Southey, and the mighty genius of Wordsworth and of Tennyson, it was cruel to put Alfred the Little in the chair of Alfred the Great. It was not an insult to Austin, but an insult to Poetry. With the elevation of the learned and amiable Dr. Bridges in 1913, the public ceased to care who holds the office. This eminently respectable appointment silenced both applause and opposition. We can only echo the language of Gray's letter to Mason, 19 December, 1757: "I interest myself a little in the history of it, and rather wish somebody may accept it that will retrieve the credit of the thing, if it be retrievable, or ever had any credit. . . . The office itself has always humbled the professor hitherto (even in an age when kings were somebody), if he were a poor writer by making him more conspicuous, and if he were a good one by setting him at war with the little fry of his own profession, for there are poets little enough to envy even a poet-laureate." Mason was willing.

Rudyard Kipling had the double qualification of poetic genius and of convinced Imperialism. He had received a formal accolade from the aged Tennyson, and could have carried on the tradition of British verse and British arms. Lord Tennyson himself was



not more of an Imperialist than Mr. Kipling; he believed religiously, as Mr. Kipling believes, in the beneficence of British conquests. Results have often seemed to justify this faith, even though the method may not always commend itself to foreign spectators.

Walk wide o' the Widow at Windsor,  
 For 'alf o' Creation she owns;  
 We 'ave bought 'er the same with the sword  
 an' the flame,  
 An' we've salted it down with our bones.  
 (Poor beggars!—it's blue with our  
 bones!)

Hands off o' the sons of the Widow,  
 Hands off o' the goods in 'er shop,  
 For the Kings must come down an' the  
 Emperors frown  
 When the Widow at Windsor says "Stop!"  
 (Poor beggars!—we're sent to say  
 "Stop!"!)

Nor has any Laureate, in the history of the office, risen any more magnificently to an occasion than did Mr. Kipling at the sixtieth anniversary of the reign of the Queen. Each poet made his little speech in verse, and then at the close of the ceremony, came the thrilling *Recessional*, which received as instant applause from the world as if it had been spoken to an audience. In its scriptural phraseology, in its combination of haughty pride and deep contrition, in its "holy hope and high humility," it expressed with austere majesty the genius of the English race. The soul of a great poet entered immediately into the hearts of men, there to abide forever.

Rudyard Kipling's poetry is as familiar to us as the air we breathe. He is the spokesman for the Anglo-Saxon breed. His gospel of orderly energy is the inspiration of thousands of business offices; his sententious maxims are parts of current speech: the victrola has carried his singing lyrics even farther than the banjo penetrates, of which latter democratic instrument his wonderful poem is the apotheosis. And we have the word of a distinguished British major-general to prove that Mr. Kip-

ling has actually wrought a miracle of transformation with Tommy Atkins. General Sir George Younghusband, in a recent book, *A Soldier's Memories*, says, "I had never heard the words or expressions that Rudyard Kipling's soldiers used. Many a time did I ask my brother officers whether they had ever heard them. No, never. But, sure enough, a few years after the soldiers thought, and talked, and expressed themselves exactly as Rudyard Kipling had taught them in his stories. Rudyard Kipling made the modern soldier. Other writers have gone on with the good work, and they have between them manufactured the cheery, devil-may-care, lovable person enshrined in our hearts as Thomas Atkins. Before he had learned from reading stories about himself that he, as an individual, also possessed the above attributes, he was mostly ignorant of the fact. My early recollections of the British soldier are of a bluff, rather surly person, never the least jocose or light-hearted except perhaps when he had too much beer."

This is extraordinary testimony to the power of literature—from a first-class fighting man. It is as though John Sargent should paint an inaccurate but idealised portrait, and the original should make it accurate by imitation. The soldiers were transformed by the renewing of their minds. Beholding with open face as in a glass a certain image, they were changed into the same image, by the spirit of the poet. This is certainly a greater achievement than correct reporting. It is quite possible, too, that the *officers'* attitude toward Tommy Atkins had been altered by the *Barrack-Room Ballads*, and this new attitude produced results in character.

At all events the transformation of character by discipline, cleanliness, hard work, and danger is the ever-present moral in Mr. Kipling's verse. He loves to take the raw recruit or the boyish, self-conscious, awkward subaltern, and show how he may become an efficient man, happy in the happiness that accompanies success. It is a Philistine goal,

but one that has the advantage of being attainable. The reach of this particular poet seldom exceeds his grasp. And although thus far in his career—he is only fifty-one, and we may hope as well as remember—his best poetry belongs to the nineteenth century rather than the twentieth, so universally popular a homily as "If" indicates that he has by no means lost the power of preaching in verse. With the exception of some sad lapses, his latter poems have come nearer the earlier level of production than his stories. For that matter, from the beginning I have thought that the genius of Rudyard Kipling had more authentic expression in poetry than in prose. I therefore hope that after the war he will become one of the leaders in the advance of English poetry in the twentieth century, as he will remain one of the imperishable monuments of Victorian literature. The verse published in his latest volume of stories, *A Diversity of Creatures*, 1917, has the stamp of his original mind, and *Macdonough's Song* is impressive. I rather regret that this book also contains his English Song of Hate, to answer the imprecatory psalm from Germany. And in a poem which does not appear in this collection, but which was written at the outbreak of hostilities, Mr. Kipling was, I believe, the first to use the name *Hun*—an appellation of considerable adhesive power. Do roses stick like burrs?

His influence on other poets has of course been powerful. As Eden Phillpotts is to Thomas Hardy, so is Robert Service to Rudyard Kipling. Like Bret Harte in California, Mr. Service found gold in the Klondike. But it is not merely in his interpretation of the life of a distant country that the new poet reminds one of his great prototype; both in matter and in manner he may justly

be called the Kipling of the North. His verse has an extraordinary popularity among American college undergraduates, the reasons for which are evident. They read, discuss him, and quote him with joy, and he might well be proud of the adoration of so many of our eager, adventurous, high-hearted youth. Yet, while Mr. Service is undoubtedly a real poet, his work as a whole seems a clear echo, rather than a new song. It is good, but it is reminiscent of his reading, not merely of Mr. Kipling, but of poetry in general. In "The Land God Forgot," a fine poem, beginning

The lonely sunsets flare forlorn  
Down valleys dreadly desolate;  
The lordly mountains soar in scorn  
As still as death, as stern as fate,

the opening line infallibly brings to mind Henley's

Where forlorn sunsets flare and fade.

The poetry of Mr. Service has the merits and the faults of the "red blood" school in fiction, illustrated by the late Jack London and the lively Rex Beach. It is not the highest form of art. It insists on being heard, but it smells of mortality. You cannot give permanence to a book by printing it in italic type.

It is indeed difficult to express in pure artistic form great primitive experiences, even with long years of intimate first-hand knowledge. No one doubts Mr. Service's accuracy or sincerity. But many men have had abundance of material, rich and new, only to find it unmanageable. Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Rudyard Kipling succeeded where thousands have failed. Think of the possibilities of Australia! And from that vast region only one great artist has spoken—Percy Grainger.

(To be continued.)

# PATRIOTISM: THE TWO VOICES

BY WILLIAM FORBES COOLEY

"ONE of the things hidden from the wise and prudent and revealed unto the simple minded is patriotism," said a distinguished sociologist, in introducing Major Gordon ("Ralph Connor") to an American audience. But is it a revelation—a principle from above? Or is it a survival of the clamour of the primitive human pack?

The question is not new. The substance of it is found in such different writers as Stirner and Tolstoy; but the urgency of it was never so great as to-day. Out of the present horror of sensitive minds over humanity's desolation; out of the defeat of our hopes for the humanisation of the nations, and our dismay as the aboriginal barbarian thrusts himself through the rent domino of civilisation, comes a great emotional re-enforcement of patriotism's impeachment at the bar of reason. Is it not enough that so many men should be beasts—swine or cattle, wolves or tigers—but must some devil, or hereditary crotchet of mind, enlist the nobler portion of mankind in the hateful cause of world destruction? If only the beasts fought with one another—subjugator with subjugator, robber with robber—we might look on with a certain cynical acquiescence, as often we do at the combats on the stock exchange, feeling that a rough kind of moral purgation was going on. But it is not so, the supreme condemnation of patriotism, the accusing voice declares, is that it seduces the good even more than the evil. It deceitfully engages in the mêlée of man's undoing some of the nobler impulses of our nature—the disposition to serve one's kind, self-sacrificing devotion to an ideal, and so forth. In patriotic service of "The Fatherland" countless Germans—the good no less than the bad—must march through the shrieking, stabbing barrage

and face the barking death of machine guns, while under the like patriotic urge the vanishing manhood of France, the idealist and the bully, must meet dismembering shell and smothering gas. But for patriotism, such Satanic orgies would be impossible, for most of those now so vehemently seeking each other's lives have no natural hostility. It is the traditionally sanctified cry of country which calls them forth to the evil task of mutual destruction.

Man in his fatuity has ever had a pitiful habit of enslaving himself to gods of his own creation. In our time patriotism is the most potent form of this idolatry. Our symbols are less naïve than those of ancient times; a piece of coloured bunting suffices. But the worship appears to be much the same; for, in the last analysis, what did Nebuchadnezzar's golden image, three score cubits high, or the statue of the reigning Cæsar, stand for but just the state, the state in its might and its glory, as contrasted with other and inferior peoples? Nor is it a truer worship in its modern form. As of old its actual works belie its specious claims and fair appearance. For all its pretence of love for the homeland, it is quite content in times of peace that that land should be a mere tilting ground for the adventures of greed—an arena where the strong exploit the weak, and programmes for human service and honourable dealing *on the part of the state* are pushed aside as unpractical and sentimental. It is only when the primitive instinct of combat is appealed to, and the opportunity to destroy something appears, that it awakes from its sloth and turns to action.

Such a human factor, the voice insists, bears evident earmarks of primitive impulse. It is the tribal spirit of self-maintenance surviving long after all

justification for it. It is the narrow, exclusive interest of the clan, from the viewpoint of which the stranger is presumptively an enemy—the outlook of rude, childish men, who have not yet discovered the vast superiority of co-operative world life to isolated tribalism. It is group morality still entrenched, and excluding rational morality. At the bar of reason it stands under three-fold conviction: as an agency of *moral degeneration*, of *provincialism*, and of *political reaction*.

Of moral degeneration, because it converts respectable men and women into spies and agents of lying intrigue, and at the trump of war prompts otherwise worthy citizens to bloody and destructive deeds. The savagery of Attila is repeated in Belgium, and justified as part of the exploits of "our brave army," whereas like deeds perpetrated anywhere between the Meuse and the Memel would be inexpressibly wicked. The patriotic hero is the figure depicted in the sixty-third chapter of Isaiah, trampling the tribe's enemies in his fury and staining his raiment with their life-blood!

Nor is the provincialism of patriotism less manifest. A century of fourth of July orations pitifully exemplify it, orations the gaudy rhetoric of which reveals the narrow outlook of speakers and hearers alike. More through the conceit of patriotism than from any other cause has it come about that the United States, which has averaged over one war to a generation, has generally gone into war unprepared, and has won its ends only at a rationally shameful cost in blood and treasure. Through the same obsession of national superiority full many greatly needed improvements in politics and industry have been headed off. What call have we, the modern chosen people, to learn from the "effete monarchies"? and how absurd to think that the antipodes can suggest improvements to our superiority—the Australian system of registry of land titles, for example! Such patriotically induced provincialism is to the clear eye of reason the logical antecedent of disaster, and a

major cause of intellectual, and ultimately of industrial stagnation—a mental attitude directed toward an ultimate condition like that of Spain or Turkey.

Somewhat differently, but not less really, is patriotism an agency of reaction, a subtle ally of old abuses and class oppressions. These to the patriot have the false standing of prescription, a certain tolerableness just because they are institutions of his country. To the patriotic Briton the inefficiency of the privileged classes, and the drunkenness so common in classes high and low, are not the offensive things that they should be; the glamour of "Old England" is over them. The subtle sceptre of the "Idol of the Den" sways his judgment. And if at length the popular demand for reform becomes formidable, then it is a favourite device of entrenched oppressors to raise the bogey of peril to the state, and smother the reform movement under a blind resurgence of patriotism. Witness the almost complete absorption of even the German socialists into the Hohenzollern world-dominating movement.

Is it not time to have done with this mischievous sentiment, time to ban it, along with envy and hatred and revenge, as an enemy of human welfare? Loyalty should not be directed to a part of mankind at the cost of the whole. What we need is not nationalism, but internationalism, not tribalism, however enlarged and refined, but world-wide brotherhood. It is a barbarian delusion that the real interests of any people can be permanently advanced at the cost of other peoples. The common good is the test of right conduct in collective no less than in individual behaviour. But patriotism has no place for this fundamental principle. It makes for division, and inter-group hostility, not for a world order based upon Christ's principle of mutual service. It is occupied, and never perhaps more busily than to-day,\* with breaking up the rising world consciousness, and defeating the needed and

\*In Austria, Russia, and the Balkans, for example, and in Ireland and South Africa.

longed-for "parliament of the world." Therefore, away with patriotism, and in with brotherhood!

Can adequate reply to this arraignment be made, an arraignment that, with all its passion, is supported by such a body of facts? One thing should be manifest: no mere waving of flags, or singing of the national anthem; no quoting of Scott's "Lives there a man with soul so dead," is adequate reply; for that intellectually is begging the question—mere blind reassertion of the sentiment in question.

Nor will the answering voice be able, perhaps, to enter any wholesale denial as regards the results of the kind of patriotism which has been most common in the world. One serious and weighty point, however, it may make, and should make, at the outset. It is that the elimination of patriotism from human nature *in general* is a quite impossible enterprise, a Utopian remedy. The sentiment roots far too deeply in our biological structure—in instincts which are integral to the surviving human type. On the *altruistic* side it is directly traceable to the fighting partiality and self-forgetfulness of the protecting male in the higher gregarious animals, the instinctive impulse, say, of bull or ram to thrust himself forcibly between the enemy and the threatened herd. Another altruistic root—since boys are sons of their mothers and trained by them—is the tender instinct of the female, leading her to cherish and protect the object of her love. These are exceedingly primitive impulses in human nature, as is shown by their presence in the higher animals. Nor is patriotism less deeply rooted in man's *egoism*, which, despite a common uncritical opinion, is by no means a mere polite word for selfishness. A potent form of egoism is the impulse to achievement, self-enlargement, and display, and this, when socialised, is a prime root of patriotism. When, as often happens, the self-realising impulse finds its ends in the common good; when it becomes expanded and elevated, and identifying itself with the social whole, makes the

group's fortunes and aims its own, then patriotism in an absorbing form is the result, patriotism as an egoistic impulse or disposition, a social enlargement and glorification of the self. Under its spell the private in the ranks, or the common man in the procession, feels himself a greater being than before, one playing a more magnificent part in the world. This, says something within him, is really living; now mighty things are possible. This stirring experience is instinctive; its appeal does not rest upon education, or the lack of it. It moves the man of brawn, and it moves the man of brain, as one may see by turning to the eleventh canto of Lowell's "Commemoration Ode." Furthermore, this sentiment, through its connection with the welfare of the group, has, by natural selection, been firmly established in human heredity. The groups which lacked it have succumbed. The groups that survived in the rude days of the past—that is, the nations of to-day—have won out in the struggle for existence just because they possessed it.

Now, is it likely that a sentiment thus ruthlessly inbred into the very fibre of the earth's present inhabitants, thus deeply rooted in primal instincts on both sides of our nature, and yielding to its possessors both the high spiritual joy of self-abasement in behalf of a recognised superior (the group), and the intoxicating sense of self-enlargement and magnified achievement—is it likely that such a sentiment will yield the field at the behest of any merely intellectual conclusion? It is exceedingly unlikely as regards the mass of mankind. All men feel, and all act on impulse; but, aside from their vocational activities, only a few men think, in the sense of guiding their conduct by reflective processes. Even so thoroughgoing a socialist as Max Eastman recognises this. Patriotism, he says, is "something that no pledge or resolution, no theory, no gospel, no poetry or philosophy of life, no culture or education, and not even your own financial interest can ever conquer."\*

\**The Survey*, January 1, 1916.

This statement may, of course, be challenged as too sweeping. It certainly is conceivable that in time patriotism should be banished from the breasts of the educated classes, but, so long as men in general continue to be swayed by elemental impulses, would that be desirable, even from the internationalist's point of view? We know that many of our fellow-citizens would not appropriate our goods, even if they had every opportunity to do so with immunity, but does that knowledge make us favour the abolition of police and courts and bolted doors? The international situation appears to be much the same. With human nature constituted as it is, what would a non-patriotic people, or a divided and so feebly patriotic people, have to expect from the world—what but exploitation by peoples of ruder culture and more single purpose? Full often has this natural outcome been illustrated in the tragic experience of the race from the days when rude Sparta humiliated intellectual Athens and "macht-politik" Rome overran the Greek world. The programme of banishing patriotism from the world and replacing it by universal brotherhood thus reduces to something less, and something worse, than an "iridescent dream"; in its net upshot it is a device for facilitating the exploitation of the ethically more advanced peoples by the more unscrupulous.

The voice of criticism offers a different programme for the sentiment of patriotism, as it does for every integral constituent of human nature, religion, for example. Patriotism should be trained, not extirpated. Like human nature in general, it is neither good nor bad in itself; it has moral character only as it is directed to worthy or unworthy ends.\* Its need is moralisation—uplift-

\*To the same effect spoke Secretary Lane in his Flag Day address in 1914: "I [the flag, conceived as speaking to Americans] am whatever you make me, nothing more . . . your dream of what a people may become. . . . Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment. But always I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for. . . . I am the

ing, refining, and broadening. It must be converted from a *selfish* group interest into a *rational*, or moral, group interest; that is, related up in due subordination with the sentiment of the brotherhood of man. Nor does there appear to be any insuperable obstacle. Although all too often patriotism has included hostility to the foreigner as such, it need not do so.† National interests only need to be construed in high enough terms to convert the foreigner into a friendly, albeit emulative, neighbour. Only when the desires of two peoples are fixed upon the same object, and that is of limited extent—Alsace-Lorraine, for example—are they necessarily in conflict. No zealous endeavour on the part of France and Germany to be foremost in science or art or any form of human excellence—least of all any form of human service—need lead these peoples to feelings or acts of hostility. As well argue that college athletic teams must necessarily be enemies to each other. The problem of the redemption of patriotism is simply part of the problem of the moralisation of society. Once establish the common good as the true goal of all, men and nations alike, and patriotism becomes simply the ambition of a people to do a high and worthy part in the achievement of that good, to furnish for it a unique and distinctive contribution, such as no other people can duplicate. For the finer type of patriots this is already the content of the sentiment,‡ and however far at present the common run of citizens may be

clutch of an idea . . . the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation."

†Says Bertrand Russell: "The good at which it aims is a good for one's own nation only, not for all mankind." This is quite certainly an error as regards the higher type of patriots—can one believe it of Lincoln while reading his second inaugural?—and it does not appear that it need be true of any honest-hearted citizen.

‡Cf. Rose Pastor Stokes's words in resigning from the Women's Peace Party: "I would serve my country, but I am not a patriot. . . . I seek for this country, as for the world, the highest good. . . . I would fight or serve, if called upon . . . as an

from this ideal, it is none the less the true ideal toward which popular education in school and church and press should strive.

It may still be maintained, no doubt, that the patriotic ideal involves provincialism; but, if so, it is provincialism of a worthy kind. It is not the provincialism which sees the whole merely as fringe to the part, as in the case of the Greeks and Barbarians, Jews and Gentiles, the "Middle Kingdom" and the "foreign devils." It is rather specialism, localisation and definiteness in interest and duty, recognition by a people of its special field and task and type of service. To effect this transformation it is only needful that the great truth in the internationalists' plea should be clearly recognised and heartily espoused, the truth, namely, that *the supreme unit is the race* and not the tribe, mankind and not any fraction of it; that, therefore, true devotion to one's country includes a recognition of that country's duties as well as its desires; and that, as President Hibben has said, a nation "fails to fulfil its destiny if it is wholly self-centred and self-absorbed." That truth once established and enthroned, it is impossible that rational patriotism should conflict with rational philanthropy, or universal brotherhood. As well maintain that care of one's digestive system militates against regard for the body as a whole, or that an individual investigator's special concern with electro-dynamics is hurtful to the cause of science. Indeed, in a sense all scientific inquiry to-day is provincial; it is specialised. Now, in the ethico-social field, no less than in the fields of physics and physiology, an organic situation is involved; that is, the part in its normal functioning serves the whole as well as itself, and the whole reacts help-

infinitesimal part of a great instrument, in use since the beginning of history, for the perfecting of human unity and human freedom." One does not see why Mrs. Stokes should reject the word "patriot." "Jingoes" certainly have no copyright upon it. Indeed, David Starr Jordan, going to the opposite extreme, declares that "true patriotism is but another name for tolerance and humanity."

fully upon the part, giving it the most favourable conditions for successful activity. Only through such organic relation of the tribe to the race, the nation to the world, with its special attention to the local interest and task, can the universal good be really secured. The vast enterprise of human betterment requires specific effort in countless ways and in definite times and places; it calls for the concerted, manifold, and *distinctive* services of all the peoples on the earth. It is not to be achieved by mere vague desires for improvement, however widespread. As well trust to the clouds of steam which hang over tropic seas to run our factories. Each nation must grapple with the task of progress as that task presents itself within its own borders, and must do it in the way for which it is best fitted.

Be it so, it may be objected, why have any national *sentiment* about it? Because thereby attention to the task and interest in it is greatly fostered. We appreciate the universal only through the partial.\* Men's minds reach broad outlooks only with difficulty. The more local and concrete an object, the more readily the average mind becomes interested in it. Indeed, after three years of world war not a few of our citizens still think we should not concern ourselves with a foe who is beyond the sea, and not yet desolating our farms and wrecking our cities. Most men will evidently have but a vague perception of humanity's well-being, and but a feeble interest in it, if that well-being is not some way localised for them—concretely represented in country and community.

Nor is this the whole truth by any means. The factor of emulation must

\*So Prof. Royce, in discussing "the problem of educating the self-estranged spirit of our nation to know itself better," says, "we need . . . a new and wiser provincialism . . . the sort of provincialism which makes people want to idealise, to adorn, to ennoble, to educate their own province; to hold sacred its traditions, to honour its worthy dead, to support and to multiply its public possessions." (*Philosophy of Loyalty*, p. 245.)

come in for the full development of interest and effort. William James averred that rivalry does four-fifths of the world's work. Let those who wish disparage this factor upon ideal grounds. It is certainly a fundamental constituent of human nature, as little to be exorcised as aversion to pain. The human mind gets its appreciations largely through contrast. Light and dark, hard and soft, work and ease, pleasure and pain, and the like, get much, if not all, of their meaning through their differences one from the other. By the nature of the mind, therefore, the homeland of each people will *through its distinctiveness* awaken a sense of possession, and arouse interest and call forth service, to a degree that is impossible in the cases of such universals as mankind and the world, *which have no competitors upon their own plane*. The effort to make that homeland in some sense *über alles* will have an attractiveness which can attach to no purely universal, *and therefore non-emulative*, endeavour.

It is manifest, then, that however it may be with certain intellectuals, men in general *will* make their distinctions of interest between parts of mankind, and *will* in some form cherish their partialities. Indeed, those who in these days are the loudest prophets of internationalism and the severest critics of patriotism, themselves exemplify the statement; for they stand as distinctly for a class group—the wage earners—as the patriot stands for a local group. With not a few of them animosity to the *bourgeoisie* and to “capital” outruns all ordinary international hostility of Frenchmen and Germans. At this writing their latest demand in Russia is a “dictatorship of the proletariat”—universal brotherhood with a vengeance! If then, partialities are bound to exist either along geographical or social lines, would it pay society to banish nationalism, if that were possible, in order that class interests and class antagonisms might do their perfect work? Will suspicions and animosities and conflicts be less hurtful

when directed against our neighbours than when against strangers in distant lands? The latter we can reach and hurt only with difficulty, but the former lie ever-exposed to abuse and exploitation, to bomb and torch. If divisions must needs be, surely it is to be counted to patriotism for righteousness that it divides men upon lines perpendicular to the social strata, and in so doing, in the measure of its strength, moderates the lateral industrial antagonisms, and binds the classes together in heart and purpose.\* There is no such thing as a sound society, one either safe or happy, made up of mere contiguous classes, without common interests and ends, duties and tasks. The fabric of a real society is always composed of two sets of dynamic relations—the warp of class needs, desires, and aims and the woof of the organic (that is, national) interests, duties, and ideals. There are social observers who predict a bloody industrial revolution in the near future. If such a catastrophe ever does occur, the salvation of society will lie with those intelligent men—of all classes—who have developed a high and rational patriotism, a patriotism which is moral because it recognises and provides for the interests of all classes and of fellow peoples, and which is politically sound because it seeks to create an *organic national and world situation*—an order of things among men in which the common good will be sought and achieved through the co-operation and mutual service of whole and part, the class giving loyal devotion to the nation, and the nation securing to each class just and helpful conditions of life and progress; and, in the larger field of the world, the nation finding its true life in its needed and characteristic contribution to universal human good, while the Parliament of Man (or League of Peace) guards and furthers the just claims of each people for welfare and development. The fundamental idea of such patriotism is, of course, far

\*For anarchists and other social revolutionists this is its condemnation. *Hinc illa lacrimae*.



from new; for it is essentially Jesus' idea of mutual service as the necessary basis of a successful society, whether that

society be small or great, but we humans, with our predatory social heritage, have been dullards in learning it.

## SONG FOR THE NEW CRUSADE

BY GLENN WARD DRESBACH

THE love of Freedom and Mankind  
 Too long our Arms delayed.  
 Now for that love, no longer blind,  
 We send the New Crusade!  
 Against the Foe our might is hurled  
 To save our Land, to save the World,  
 To bless a cleansed posterity  
 With all the New Age hopes to be!

The love of Earth and Brotherhood  
 Shall lead to Victory.  
 Torn lands, the battered hill and wood  
 The healing spring shall see.  
 And all who died shall live indeed,  
 And all who toiled in Earth's great need,  
 Near noble dead and near the Lord,  
 Shall look on Earth and have reward.

And War that kills the millions brave  
 And sends tears like a flood  
 Shall fall upon his sword and rave  
 And die in his own blood.  
 And Despots shall be tombed with him,  
 Leaving their all on pages dim  
 With people's tears. . . . Democracy  
 Shall spread like Sun on land and sea!

# WE MUST GO

BY FRANCES EVELYN WARWICK

(Countess of Warwick)

THE words I have written at the head of this paper express the conviction that has been forcing itself upon me for a long time past and, in the light of latter day developments, appears to stand beyond the reach of doubt. We who must go are the aristocracy of England in our position of hereditary landowners. Let the newly made peers of the last decade, who won their spurs in the factory or the political clubs, the lobby of the House of Commons, the drawing-rooms, take heart of grace. They are not aristocrats any more than the actor is when for three hours out of the twenty-four he becomes a duke at the bidding of a playwright. Plutocrats, bureaucrats, peers, call them what you will, the great majority have no single instinct in common with the class into whose diminishing ranks they have endeavoured to force their way at the point of the cheque book.

As I write the country rings with suggestions for the betterment of the conditions under which land is cultivated, but as I see them the suggestions are in no instance drastic enough. The only cure for present evils seems to me to be state ownership, the abolition of all private property in the earth that was given to all of us in common. There are two classes of large landowners, the aristocracy and the plutocracy. Let us see how they are handling what they regard as their property, taking the aristocracy first. As a class they have been good landlords within limits, but the limits are very marked because they have always been a narrow-minded body. The average chatelaine who plays the part of Lady Bountiful is to me an abomination because her philanthropy is so closely associated with religion, personal pride, and party politics. Let me

give a few instances. I have known estates where the tenants are expected to belong to the Church of England and non-Conformity is barred or persecuted. It is associated with radicalism and therefore suspect. Some farmers and very many labourers and small village tradesmen have been ruined or exiled from the place of their birth because their opinions are contrary to those of the landlord. A suspicion of voting for the wrong candidate, i.e., for the man who is neither conservative nor unionist, is fatal and leads at least to boycott. Men and women on such estates must rule their lives to order, think as they are told to think, do as they are told, "thank the Lord for daily rations, and bless the squire and his relations." If our aristocracy possessed the sweetness, the light and the overwhelming wisdom necessary to justify their rôle as supreme dictators all would be well, but I cannot reckon in their ranks more than half a dozen whose claims would bear even a momentary consideration.

My memory travels back to the extraordinary outburst of indignation among the county magnates that followed Mr. Jesse Colling's suggestion that every man should possess three acres and a cow. The wrath of the landowners was only equalled by their amazement. An earthquake would have shocked them less.

How little the aristocracy understand the democracy that was first revealed to me at Chatsworth many years ago when the late Duke of Devonshire was alive and Joseph Chamberlain, one of the great men of our times, had parted with Mr. Gladstone on the Home Rule question. There was a big house party at the Duke's Derbyshire home to meet Royalty, and to the intense surprise and

alarm of all the assembled guests save Royalty, which had of course been consulted, the Duke said he had invited Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and that he would arrive in the evening. The amazement among the ladies was unbounded. "What can he be like?" said one who shall be nameless, to me, "I hear such dreadful things about him, he has made shocking speeches." I endeavoured to console her. "I don't suppose he knows how to eat," remarked another anxiously. "I'm told these people never learn the difference between a knife and a fork. It will be terribly embarrassing for all of us and for him too. I think it's a terrible mistake to ask him down." I remember how the guests assembled as though to see a strange animal released from a menagerie and the curious feelings that ran through them as some said afterward, when the great statesman, cold, imperturbable, complete master of himself and of his hereditary enemies, took his place among the Duke's guests and struck the empty babblers dumb. He had split the barque of Liberalism from stem to stem, he had given a new life to moribund Conservatism, but the chief concern of some of those he met for the first time was to see if he ate his peas with a knife and mistook the functions of spoon and fork. Then at least they would have had the solid satisfaction of knowing he was damned past redemption. But, alas! he did none of these things.

It may be urged that this is ancient history. I say that the strange attitude of mind that prompted the view of Joseph Chamberlain is typical. Only two or three years ago I learned that when a certain peer visits one of his shooting estates the village inn is not allowed to receive visitors nor are any of the tenants of the estate permitted to harbour as much as a relation. Some plebeian might come "betwixt the wind and his nobility." Can these things endure in the twentieth century? Can the people capable of creating such conditions be permitted to enjoy and hand down to their heirs, the freehold of English

earth? Let common sense answer the question.

I turn to the plutocrats, the men who have bought land and titles in the open market, and believe me the one is nearly as readily purchased as the other. They have not the old feudal tradition of the aristocracy. All their lives they have been accustomed to make business ventures pay, and while they value the prestige that a great estate confers, they demand five or six per cent. on their outlay and employ an agent who will see that they get it. My enquiries, extending over a term of years, confirm the common evidence that the landlord of this class is a bad landlord. Moreover, he is more greedy about his game rights than any other species of the *genus* landlord, and in many instances the Ground Game Act under which the farmer may keep down hares and rabbits becomes a dead letter. The "new" landlord has ever been the terror of the hunt, and whatever the faults of the hunt it has done much for horse-breeder and farmer in the past, sufficient at least to deserve a reasonable epitaph. The "new" landlord overstocks his coverts, and if the birds eat the farmer's grain he thinks it is rather smart of them. He throws out the old hands whom the feudalist for all his faults would have kept in employment even though they could not quite earn their wages, *noblesse oblige*. In short, he treats the land on strictly business lines, not for the benefit of agriculture or the state but for the sake of a good investment.

I have felt for many years past that for the betterment of social conditions in England a supreme sacrifice is required; war has deepened and strengthened the conviction. It seems to me no more than an act of justice that the remains of the valiant men who offered their lives for Britain should have the freedom of Britain for their reward. There is no one member of my own class who would claim to have done more for his country than any of the rank and file, and it can be no justice that calls men to fight for the land and leaves it in the

hands of a fraction of those who fought. To me it is impossible that in the future His Grace or My Lord should own square miles of the Mother Earth for which Tom died and Dick was sore wounded and Harry fought unscathed. Use and wont are hardened sinners, but surely even they must turn from such a prospect. The country has great needs, and if it is to remain solvent the united work of one and all following the latest developments with the most complete equipment will be inevitable. The old feudal landlord will be an anachronism, the new money-spun landlord an abomination, only the state can own the land in trust for those who can make it productive. Little more than half a century has passed since in Japan the Samurai surrendered their privileges into the hands of the Mikado, and with their sacrifice the new Japan was born. If we are to look for a like spirit in this country surely it must be among those to whom good fortune and the accident of birth have given the best chance of understanding the hideous inequality from which they derive their benefits. Suppose that our aristocracy as a class were to emulate the Samurai, that they were to place at the disposal of the state the Mother Earth that belongs to the state by right. They might reasonably accept a moderate recompense—something that would provide for them and their children on the scale of modest living that will become the rule when we begin to meet the price of war. Our little world is made up of people inferior in the capacity of doing to the butler who controls the pantry, the keeper who looks after the covers, the groom who cleans the stables. We have been brought up as parasites and should not be too heavily penalised for a fault that is not our own. But the position so long held was anomalous enough before the war, after the war it will be an impossibility if national progress is to be unfettered.

How far fairer it would be for us to recognise and accept the truth and go as the Moors went from Spain, where they,

too, had become an anachronism, though the beauty that made their sojourn remarkable lingers to this day. If we would make the supreme sacrifice of our tradition we could trust the common sense of our countrymen to see that no plutocrats devoid of all tradition stepped into the place we had vacated. We could make our bargain with the state that it should be the supreme landlord spending the rent to make the lovely countryside at least as valuable to national life as the ugly town. We who came into the high places of England with the false halo of conquest would retire from them in the real halo of renunciation, and our act of supreme sacrifice would be a better memorial than the best of us could have hoped to gain.

The old and middle aged among us might have no further part to play, but the young, or many of them well bred, well reared, well trained, would make their mark and feel the joy of living in open competition with all and not as a pampered and privileged parasitic class. Many have revolted against the conditions, for as the years pass and knowledge grows, it becomes increasingly difficult to reconcile fortune with justice. I believe that a landless aristocracy could and would serve the country in many ways that are at present impossible or at best difficult. After all, there is nothing startlingly novel in a plan that was adopted successfully by the Japanese more than half a century ago, and as for the question of its novel and revolutionary character I am convinced that we are approaching an era of still greater change. The fashion in which the state has turned to plans and programmes persistently advocated and still more persistently decried down to the time war broke out has a significance it would be well to bear in mind.

State ownership alone will serve to yield the best results and to repopulate the countryside. Let every man occupy just as much land as he can farm and no more, and if he needs others to help him, let each and all share the fruits of their labours. Let him be at liberty to

increase his holding as more care to join him and as his family grows, if he has boys who will work on the land and girls for the poultry yard, orchard and dairy. Let the English farmer and those who work with him and share the results of the work practise the relationships that exist in Scotland, where farmer and farm labourer were educated side by side in the village school and the actual farming is the best in the empire. I said "educated"—they do not give children an education in the English village school. Those who know Scotland will understand what I mean. From end to end of England let the state own the soil, and in return for the fair rent it yields, give proper education, good housing, light, water, drainage and the rest. Let it have farming taught on scientific lines and end the haphazard

methods from which the greater part of England is suffering and see that in every village there are sufficient facilities for reasonable recreation to remove the reproach of dullness from the countryside. Above all, let the children be taught that the fuller cultivation of the land is one of the highest and best of human labours.

The great landowners have had their chance for centuries. Their failures outnumber their successes until these last are felt to be quite inconsiderable. In the light of our latter day crisis it can be seen beyond all possibility of doubt that there is no salvation in them. It is time that they should go, and only the state can replace them if England is to respond to the needs of the immediate future. I have written with full knowledge of the facts.

## AT MASS FOR THE SOUL OF SISTER HELENA

BY LUCIA NORWOOD WATSON

You were very tired, little Sister.  
 Who knows what comes to you?  
 I cannot pray for you  
 To wake to shuddering ecstasy,  
 To the rapier lights  
 Of the Church's Heaven  
 And the *Gloria in Excelsis*.

I know you are too tired.

# A DEMOCRATIC ARISTOCRACY

BY CHARLES FERGUSON

"THE trouble with your American democracy," said Thomas Carlyle, "is that there is nobody in the United States whose business it is to stand up steadily for the public."

Through all the tortuous chapters of *Sartor Resartus*, *The French Revolution* and the other scornful, rousing, will-stirring books of the Chelsea sage, there runs, as everybody knows, a single strain or *leit motif*. Carlyle shouts to the world in a clangorous symphony of splendid words: "Masses of men cannot succeed—cannot do anything worth doing—cannot even live for long—unless some of the men in the mass are public men—public to the core—seeking their own fortune, power, life, only in and through the success of the public."

That is Carlyle's idea of an authentic aristocracy. He did not invent the idea. He discovered it. It is implicit in universal history and in all great literature. It is the truth that explains the existence of a *beau monde*, an elite of force and fashion in all ages and in all lands. Everywhere and from the beginnings of historic peoples there seems to have been some kind of special order of nobles or gentry whose distinction, sifted to the bottom, was or was supposed to be, its aloofness from small and private preoccupations, its social representativeness and public responsibility. Even after the sense of public mission has gone clean out of a dominant class—leaving it narrow, acrid and illiberal—it still keeps the bare letter of the immemorial tradition. It reports its insignificant doings under the head, Society—in token of the fact that it occupies the hollow place where the social spine should be.

Now we have inherited from the age of petty handicrafts a theory that there is no need of public-mindedness in the

working world—that there is need only of compunctions or commercial honesty. This theory lies imbedded in the minds of many business men and politicians and seems to form the basis of their thinking or their thoughtlessness on social economics. It is, I submit, a superstition. It will not bear a moment's observation.

The confusion that has come upon the world could not have befallen, I think, if there had been any fair representation of the aristocratic attitude toward life in the centres of great business in Europe and America. What was needed were public-minded men—men who instinctively used their own lives and fortunes to underwrite the life and fortune of the public—in the great credit centres and news centres. And it appears that at this moment there is no possible escape from the confusion—that we shall go on and on to an ever deepening misery and bewilderment—unless the organisation of industry and commerce can develop an aristocracy strong enough to dispossess the private-minded persons who now hold the governing centres of business.

Have we not grievously misunderstood the meaning of democracy? This attempt to compose a great society by a nice balancing and counter-checking of millions of small and suspicious egotisms—has it not always been flatly impractical? As a matter of social science and sound philosophy the practical problem of democracy seems to be this: *to find a self-rectifying method for the establishment of an elite—a free and self-governing leadership. The trouble with the old aristocracies was that the method of their establishment was such that in the course of nature they tended constantly toward private-mindedness or privilege.*

Probably no aristocracy was ever born

base. For aristocracies are begotten out of social disorder and travail, and in their beginnings their very existence proves that they are worthy, that they stand for so much of public order as is intelligible to the times. But the history of the world is a reiterated tale of the degeneration of aristocracies. They gradually cease to be aristocratic. They lose energy, intellect and taste—as their order ceases to be concentric with the public order. It is not a question of sacrificial devotion. It is a question of being first-rate—not second-rate—in sense and sensibility. First-rateness is, I suppose, always aristocratic and public-minded; while second-rateness is private-minded every day and public-minded only in stress of war or on holiday occasions—that is, mixed-minded or mongrel-minded.

Revolutions seem in general to be due to the persistence of legal power in powerless hands. New autocracies arise because the old have grown weak and stupid. The new succeed because they are relatively intelligent and magnanimous. We cannot escape from confusion so long as we cherish the Miltonian myth that the devil is fearfully intelligent—and that first-rate intelligence must be bound down by the law-wythes of the Lilliputians. On the other hand we are likely to discover a plain way into a new and spacious age as soon as we are able to see that people absorbed in their private fortunes can never by any possibility be more than smart, can never achieve intellectual power—that

great intelligence is in its very nature generous. We shall see also that great intelligence is necessary for the successful-co-ordination and control of the massive and delicate machineries of modern civilisation, and that to produce men who are able to do this is to produce men that can be trusted to do it.

Thus we are in sight of a solution of the problem of self-rectifying aristocracy. The method of establishment that was needed in order to keep a predominant order from becoming a *faineant* privileged class, *is furnished by the development of a high tensioned productive and commercial system that cannot be run by knaves or fools.* The stupendous catastrophe that focuses in Europe and spreads through the whole earth, demonstrates the need of a social Samurai or new order of chivalry to replace the traffickers and money-changers, the profiteers and small promoters who have mismanaged the great central exchanges, the centres of information and of credit in our complex modern life. An aristocracy based upon scholastic learning, as that of China, or upon land tenures as were the aristocracies of mediæval Europe, can decay and yet hold on. But the masters of the fine human arts and the great engines—who shall bring order out of this present wreck—*will be held to valour by the increasing delicacy and intensity of their task.* They will win because they will serve. *And they cannot outstay any intermission in the service.*

# SPEAKING OF RUSSIA

BY ABRAHAM YARMOLINSKY

*This article was written before the defection of Kornilov and it goes to press just as news of the counter-revolution against the Provisional Government is reaching this country. The author's forecasting of developments is, therefore, truly remarkable and his judgment of conditions is shown by events to be thoroughly sane. Moreover, this article contains perhaps the first accurate statement of Kerensky's position in Russia that has appeared. In this country the hope has been father to the belief that Kerensky was the "strong man" to curb Russia's license and to lead her to a glorious destiny. Mr. Yarmolinsky outlines Kerensky's true strength and his power and opportunity.—EDITOR'S NOTE.*

## I THE EBBING TIDE

THE Russian proletariat, partly owing to the assistance of the *intelligentsia*, has outstripped all the other social groups in the intensity of its class consciousness and revolutionary maturity. This peculiarity of Russia's development accounts for the dominating rôle which Labour and its ideology of political and social democracy have played in the shaping of the present revolution. It is now well established that, although representatives of the Duma opposition assumed the leadership of the revolution, the behaviour of the Liberals during the decisive moments of the struggle was rather a sad one. The real maker of the revolution was the Council of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies, which sprang spontaneously from the popular movement and which embodies the ideals of Russia's socialistic democracy. For the first time the power of this political body was amply displayed in the clash which early in May occurred between the Council and the bourgeois cabinet in connection with the government's war policy. The story is in everybody's memory. The opposition triumphed, several ministers, members of the moderate Constitutional-Democratic Party, resigned, and the Council, in defiance of Socialistic traditions, assumed a considerable portion of the bur-

den of power. Ever since then Russia has been ruled by His Majesty the Workman. Before the eyes of the startled world the Russian bear seemed to leap from the régime which has been wittily described as "despotism tempered by assassination," straight into the millennium of socialism.

At present, at the close of the sixth month of freedom, the semi-socialistic government is still at the helm, but the observer cannot help feeling that the mighty tide of political and social radicalism, which has submerged Russia and whose spray has reached the four corners of the earth, is beginning to ebb. The recent Extraordinary National Conference has clearly shown that the conservative forces are rapidly rallying and gathering impetus. The very fact that the conference was held in Moscow is symbolic of Russia's changing mind. Moscow, the depository of Russia's past, is the emblem of the conservative tendencies of Russian life, while Petrograd, the magnificent whim of a czar who was a great ruler and a still greater revolutionist, symbolises its boundless daring and mighty urge. Moscow, the slow, the sedate, is the country's generous heart; Petrograd, the City Phantasmal, in whose mists reality dissolves into phantoms and phantoms appear real, is Russia's ever active brain, now delirious and hallucinatory. The shifting of the cen-



tre of political life from the seething cauldron of the northern capital to the quiet of Moscow is a sign of the times.

A sobering is noticeable among the Radicals themselves. The manifold responsibilities of power have turned visionaries into men of action and intransigent doctrinaires into opportunists. It has brought together, for instance, men like the former "terrorist" Savinkov and General Kornilov. But, of course, the main powers behind the conservative opposition are the industrialists and landowners, whose economic interests are threatened by the socialistic tendencies of the revolution. Conservatism feeds also on the elemental sentiments of patriotism which has been generated by the military reverses, on one hand, and the centrifugal forces set free by the revolution, on the other.

## II AT THE CROSS-ROADS

The Provisional Government would have us believe that its rule has been strengthened by the Moscow Conference. It has announced semi-officially that all the various political groups represented at the extraordinary assembly were united in their loyalty to the present government, and that there were no dissensions concerning the following three points:

1. The vigorous defence of the country.
2. A strong government.
3. An indivisible Russia.

Unfortunately, the actual situation does not bear out this optimistic view. It would be futile to deny that to-day Russia is a house divided against itself and that this division grows sharper with every hour. Under the influence of the military débâcle in the North, the conservative forces are rapidly growing stronger and more conscious of themselves. A conflict between them and the revolutionary government seems inevitable. New Russia is at the cross-roads of her destiny.

It is important clearly to see the things for which the two opposing ele-

ments stand. The present government represents the resultant of the radical forces which have hitherto shaped the revolution. It is supported by the Council of Workmen's, Soldiers', and Peasants' Deputies and by the radical intellectuals. This central current of the revolution stands for the prosecution of the war, but at the same time it works for the liberalisation of the allied war aims, in order that a negotiated peace might be obtained. The revolutionary government cherishes no illusion as to the possibility of immediately rebuilding Russia on the pattern of the Marxian doctrine, but it stands for thoroughgoing social reforms, such as nationalisation of the land. It has abandoned the policy of governmental non-resistance, but it avoids the use of force. It has curbed the Finnish separatists, but it has granted autonomy to Ukraine. The present government stands for an indivisible Russia, for order and for discipline in the army, but above all it stands on guard over the revolution and its democratic acquisitions, and as the guardian of the newly won freedom it loathes the idea of military dictatorship.

The acknowledged leader of this current is Premier Kerensky, the hero of the revolution. The leader of the opposition is General Kornilov, a soldier every inch of him. He represents patriotic and nationalistic Russia, and he is supported by the conservative elements of the population and by a portion of the army. Kornilov's party dreams of a military dictatorship and a war cabinet pledged to an unqualified prosecution of the war. Kornilov is not by any means an enemy of the revolution, but he would not hesitate to sacrifice the acquisitions of the revolution if the interest of a successful defence of the country demanded that sacrifice. His rule would mean the abandonment of revolutionary innovations in the field of economical and social policy and a return to the old, well-tried methods of statecraft. It would also, probably result in the partial resurrection of the traditional Russian imperialism and official nationalism. And

who knows whether Kornilov's triumph would not finally lead to something in the nature of a monarchistic restoration?

The Provisional Government is endeavouring to stem the tide of conservatism. Kerensky is still strong and he controls the situation. Furthermore, the grave military situation which Russia faces at present will probably compel the factions to sacrifice their differences for the sake of saving the country from the foreign foe. Nevertheless, an open clash between Kerensky's party and the conservative opposition can hardly be avoided. In the near future the country may have to choose between Kerensky and Kornilov. No one knows which side will triumph. The friends of Russia ardently hope that the conflict, "a fight between conquerors," will assume the mild form of a cabinet crisis, and that the young republic will be spared the trials of a civil war.

### III KING HUNGER

In diagnosing the present political situation in Russia one important fact has often been overlooked, namely that King Hunger, who, in the memorable days of March last, fought against Czar Nicholas, is at present aligned with the enemies of the revolutionary democracy and its lawful executive organ, the Provisional Government. The stomach has a logic of its own. The people who relegated the old Russian régime to the archives of history fought for bread as well as for freedom. The revolution has given them the freedom for which their souls yearned but failed to supply them with bread. It is an open secret that the new government has so far been unable to cope successfully with the food and transportation problems. The situation is avowedly desperate, famine is threatening both the rear and the front, and the bankruptcy of the country's industrial life seems imminent. The fault hardly lies with the revolutionary government, but the Man in the Street is not in a position to judge impartially.

Russia's molten body and soul are being cast into a new mould, and the process is painful. Small wonder then, that the Man in the Street groans and grumbles. He does it all the more openly and boldly that he has been led to believe in the sacrosanctitude and sovereignty of the collective will of himself and of others like him. This popular discontent has been on the increase ever since the first cabinet crisis, caused by Milyukov's note to the allied powers, put an end to the honeymoon of Russian freedom.

This brewing discontent with the new government is to-day one of the chief hopes of counter-revolution in Russia. It is a fertile field for royalism, anti-Semitism, and other forms of reactionary propaganda, and it partly accounts for the success which the opponents of the Provisional Government on the extreme Left have obtained among the lower classes and the soldiers. The monarchistic reaction is raising its head. According to newspaper advices, a large royalist conspiracy was discovered during the recent National conference in Moscow. At present, the Byzantine nightmare of czarism is, it seems, a lifeless corpse, *iam foetet*. Still royalism as a political factor cannot be completely disregarded. The course of revolutions is as tortuous and uncertain as the way of an eagle in the air. This is especially true of upheavals which bring into play forces as mighty and confused as those stirring in the Russian Colossus.

It would also be rash to minimise the importance of the counter-revolution on the Left. It is represented by the socialistic faction referred to as *Bolsheviki*, or Maximalists, or Leninites. The Left opposition is almost as old as the revolution itself. It is a thorn in the flesh of new Russia and a source of constant tribulation to the government. The *Bolsheviki* are the fanatics of the revolution. Collaboration with the "bourgeoisie" is, in their opinion, a deadly sin. They have no patience with the Provisional Government, which they consider too moderate and they call on the

workmen to overthrow it and declare instead the political dictatorship of the proletariat. They also preach the immediate socialisation of the land and the control of the proletariat over the production and distribution of commodities. Of the war they would dispose by having all the warring peoples make each a revolution and set up revolutionary governments, which would, of course, conclude peace in no time. Under the present conditions of unrest and confusion a faction of this sort, demagogic in its methods and anarchistic in its tendencies, may prove a formidable force.

#### IV WAR AND PEACE

One of the popular fallacies about the Russian revolution is that the overthrow of czarism was merely a radical measure taken by the people against a pro-German government, for the purpose of a more vigorous prosecution of the war on the side of its allies. In reality, the March events were not only a revolt against autocracy, but also a protest against this war. The revolution brought a message of peace and brotherhood to a world writhing in the agonies of a fratricide war. In an historical utterance, which reminded mankind of the cry of the great French Revolution, the new democracy appealed, over the heads of diplomats and rulers, to the belligerent nations, to stop this war, thus crystallising the idea of peace as a pact between free peoples. Ever since then universal peace has been one of the main concerns of the best minds of Russia. Yet, in spite of all their efforts, the Russian radicals have found no practical way of extricating the world from this war. The celebrated Russian formula of "a peace without annexations and without indemnities, on the basis of national self-determination," is, after all, little more than a magnificent gesture of repentance and emphatic repudiation of the traditional Russian imperialism.

In the allied countries these pacifistic tendencies of the Russian revolution were interpreted as an indication that the

leaders of the young democracy urged the nation to conclude a separate peace with the central powers. The course of the revolution has proved, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that this interpretation was false. It is true that the people at large are longing for peace and that, in principle, Russian democracy rejects the continuation of the war as a way of settling the issues of international adjustment raised by the struggle. It is also true that the Russian socialists have pinned their faith on the Pentecost of Stockholm. Nevertheless, to-day there is not a single political group in Russia which preaches the gospel of a separate peace. The separate peace party has been wiped out by the revolution. The present German offensive in the North is in itself an indication that the Central Powers have lost all hope of coaxing Russia into a separate peace. Such a peace is too undemocratic and anti-national to find any following in Russia. The people have no illusion as to the sinister consequences which such a compact would have for the future of Russia and for the world. Even the propaganda against Russian allies and their war policy which is conducted by the *Bolsheviki*, aims not at a separate peace with Germany, but rather at the fantastic policy of a separate war with her. They would have Russia quit the imperialistic conspiracy of Anglo-French capitalists, which in their opinion this war is, and fight the Teutonic autocracies single handedly. The overwhelming majority of the leaders of the Russian people are convinced that, under the present conditions, only a consorted military effort of all the allied nations can bring peace to humanity. Kerensky leading an attack against the enemy is the symbol of the attitude of the revolution toward this war. In this point both Kerensky's party and its opponents are in perfect agreement. What abates the war enthusiasm of the Russian democracy is, to speak with Mr. Tereshchenko, the Ministry of War, "the fear lest, bound by its old treaties it should be forced to work for annexationist aims

which are alien to it." If it is true that the highest purpose of the struggle waged by the Entente Allies is universal peace based on a League of Nations, free Russia has surely been eminently loyal to that purpose.

#### V THE ARMY

The German offensive is likely to silence Russian pacifism, for a time, at least. At present the supreme task of the government is to save the country from the invader. Unfortunately, the army is in a state of demoralisation, the completeness of which has been amply demonstrated by the Galician débâcle and the fall of Riga.

In his speech at the Moscow Conference General Kornilov attributed the demoralisation of the army to "the whole series of measures taken by those who are completely foreign to the spirit and needs of the army." The general alluded to the "Decree Regarding the Fundamental Rights of Men in the Fighting Services" (promulgated by the Provisional Government on May 27th), which has transformed the Russian army into the most democratic military organisation in the world. Indeed, the sudden transition from the old, indescribably brutal military machinery to the new system naturally affected the discipline in the ranks. But the democratisation of the army is only one of the factors which have brought about its disintegration. The fact must not be overlooked that the uniform-clad Russian peasant, ignorant, primitive, swayed by rumours and panics, construed freedom as synonymous with the cessation of this war which he did not want in the least. Hence—fraternisation with the enemy and desertion. Then came the Leninites, probably aided by German spies, and told the soldiers that this war was a land-grabbing game and that the Russian army was being driven by the government to fight for conquests which will enrich the Anglo-French ruling classes. Later the Russian soldier learned that the allied governments replied quite

evasively to the suggestion made by Russia to revise the allied war aims on the basis of a peace without annexations and without indemnities. As a result of these various influences, the army, *la grande muette*, broke its age-long silence of obedience and refused to shed its blood.

At present, when Germany, it appears, is intent upon crushing its defenceless Slav neighbour, the war will acquire a new meaning to the Russian, and in the near future, if the offensive goes on, the world may behold the spectacle of a nation rising to repel the invaders and rapidly regenerating the combative spirit of its troops.

#### VI THE PILGRIMAGE

It is certain that the Russian revolution has been somewhat of a disappointment to a considerable number of those who were prompt to hail its august advent. The Russian upheaval has proven something altogether different from the tamely, well-bred, and pathetic thing which many had imagined it to be. The Russian people are new to the fine art of making a *coup d'état* after the time-hallowed French recipe. It would be futile to deny that the effect of the wine of freedom on many weak Russian heads was not unlike that produced by Circe's magic potion on Ulysses's companions, and that the drunken voice of the eternal Caliban celebrating his emancipation from his old master may be distinguished in the mighty symphony of Russian freedom. The upheaval set free not only the constructive energies of the Russian multitudes, but also the primitive, irrational, destructive nihilism, which is one of the mystical aspects of the complex Slav soul.

Surely the blunders and failings of the Russian revolution are many and grave. Still they do not obscure the fundamental fact that for the last six months the world has been watching the spectacle of a great people striving, in the midst of the most trying circumstances, to give reality to a social system more truly democratic than any the world has yet seen. The

first footsteps of free Russia, for all her errings and sins, are like red flashes on the grey vastness of history's torrent. The Russian revolution is still in the

making. The war may arrest its course, but when the struggle is over Russia will resume her pilgrimage to the New Jerusalem of social justice.

## A ROMANOFF PRINCESS

### THE GAY AND PIOUS ELIZABETH

BY JOSEPH McCABE

THE second daughter of Peter the Great and Catherine is one of the most piquant figures in the series of Romanoff women. Inheriting a large measure of her father's spirit of independence, she had been encouraged by the quaint experiences of the four reigns through which she had lived before, in her thirty-third year, she herself seized the throne. She had grown up, a sharp and merry blue-eyed girl, at the court of her mother, the Empress Catherine, the one-time servant-girl and drudge of the camp, and her mother's friend and minister, Prince Menshikoff, the former vender of meat-pies. Then, in her later teens, she had for three years watched the pathetic reign of her nephew, Peter II. The boy had been fascinated by his pretty and lively young aunt, and she had seen with disgust the efforts of the scheming Dolgorukis to capture him. Next she had studied the astute trickery of the Empress Anne, and had noted with disdain the barbaric splendour and power to which Anne had promoted her low-born lover, the Duke Biren. Elizabeth had sought consolation in gallantries of her own until Anne threatened to send her to a convent.

At her death, in 1740, Anne had left the throne to the infant son of Anne of Brunswick, and the deeper disdain into which the court now fell had prepared the way for a fresh revolution. Anne of Brunswick was a weak, silly, sentimental woman, supremely incapable of ruling. She spent her time in morbid

intimacy with a German adventuress, Julia Mengden, while her German husband surrounded himself with favourites of his own country. Russia rumbled with murmurs against the foreigners, and Elizabeth's French physician, Les-tocq, and the French envoy, the Marquis de la Chétardie, secretly urged her to head a revolution. Their relations were suspected, and the Princess had to be cautious. Chétardie took a villa up the Neva, and Elizabeth was fond of boating, so that she contrived many a seemingly casual meeting. She had also a few confidants at court who were ready to speculate on the chances of a revolution, and she had, especially, the affection of the guards. Like her mother, she was amiable with the soldiers. She held their children at the font and inquired genially about their families. Ostermann, the wise old German councillor who had survived all revolutions at court, detected the conspiracy, and Anne was directed to charge her with treasonable relations with France and Sweden, the enemies of Russia. The interview ended in sisterly tears and embraces, and the conspirators got speedily to work.

Ostermann, seeing the weakness of Anne, ordered the guard to be ready to leave for the frontier within twenty-four hours. It was probable, he mendaciously said, that Sweden was about to reopen the war. He had recently quarrelled with Elizabeth, and had no mind to see her empress. This was on December 5th, the day after her inter-

view with Anne. That night at ten the conspirators met to decide upon immediate action; Lestocq, the doctor, went out into the snow to see that all lights were out at Ostermann's mansion and the palace. They were as feeble a group of conspirators as ever engineered a revolution in Russia, and Elizabeth wavered between dread of a convent and eagerness for the throne. The most active and eloquent of them was the French physician. Then there were Vorontsoff, her chamberlain; Schwartz, her music-master; the brothers Schuvaloff, gentlemen of her household, and Alexis Razumovsky, her lover at the time, of whom we will see more. They raised Elizabeth's courage to the required pitch, and Lestocq stealthily introduced twenty grenadiers of the guard who professed that they were—for a consideration—ready to die for her. Elizabeth donned a cuirass under her cloak and slung a crucifix at her breast, and then, after a long and fervent prayer, committed her fortunes to Providence and the modest skill of her friends. Her lover was left to guard the house.

At two in the morning the party passed swiftly through the frozen streets to the Preobrajensky barracks. A small crowd of about two hundred soldiers gathered round Elizabeth and listened to her appeal to support her, the daughter of Peter, and exterminate the foreigners. They would cut them to pieces, they assured her; and she had to explain that she would have no bloodshed. Other soldiers joined them, and presently a troop of four hundred marched with her and her supporters to the palace. It was the tamest revolution Russia had yet seen. Ostermann, Golovkin, and the other leading ministers were pinned into their mansions; the few loyal guards at the palace were thrust aside; and the Princess Anne and her friend Julia awoke to find Elizabeth in their bedroom at the head of a crowd of grenadiers.

Anne was not of the stuff of heroines. She meekly begged Elizabeth to spare her family and not take away her dear

Julia, and she and her imperial baby were put upon the sledge and driven to Elizabeth's house. The blaze of fires in the courtyard and noise of soldiers soon roused the city, and courtiers and soldiers rushed out to study the situation. It is said of Lacy, the Irish commander, that, when a friend asked him which party he stood for, he promptly replied: "For the party that is in power." Few were so candid in speech, but all behaved alike. They rushed to take the new oath of allegiance, and the Empress Elizabeth inaugurated her reign.

Elizabeth insisted that there should be no bloodshed, but what happened may give the true measure of such advance as this indicated. The little Emperor Ivan and his parents must, she said, receive a pension and go back to Germany. Anne and Anthony, glad to escape so lightly, started for the frontier, but a courier reached them before they had left Russia, and they were imprisoned at Riga. After a time they were transferred, still prisoners, to Oranienburg. Whether Elizabeth was struggling with her own glimmer of conscience or with less humane counsellors, it would be difficult to say. She consulted everybody. Was her life really in danger, or might she follow the impulse of humanity and let the weak-minded couple depart? Humanity was a new and rare thing in Russia. They were eventually banished to the frozen shore of the Arctic Ocean, where they lived in the hut of a common peasant.

The "clemency" of Elizabeth—of which the decrees of the time speak—was equally exhibited toward the surviving servants of her father and her predecessor. Away with the Germans, was the cry; and a few distinguished Russians were included in the batch of prisoners who now looked forward to the customary reprisals. Old Ostermann, gouty and stoical, had fought Elizabeth, and he knew that his forty years of sound service would count for nothing. He was to be broken on the wheel. Münnich was to lose his hands and his head; Golovkin his head; and

so on. A vast crowd gathered in the square on January 29th to see the "traitors" butchered. At the last moment an order of the Empress spared Ostermann the wheel and changed the sentence to decapitation. The old man moved toward the block, and a new order changed the punishment to exile. He quietly asked for his coat, and was packed off to the bleak northern region to which he had once helped to send the former minister Menshikoff. The crowd murmured when fresh orders from the Empress cheated them of the sight of blood. General Münnich was sent to the spot—the very house—in Siberia to which he had sent the minister Biren, who was summoned back to life. They met on the way, in Siberia, and bowed; and the great soldier settled down to rearing chickens and growing vegetables. The others were scattered over the bleak North. There had been no torture of witnesses—though much suborning of witnesses—and no bloodshed. Russia was improving.

While the goats were scattered, the sheep were gathered on the right hand. Vorontsoff became a leading minister, and his humble colleagues strutted also in gold lace and silks. Lestocq, first physician of the new court, was so richly rewarded with gold and favour that he imagined himself the prime spirit of the new régime, and presently came to grief. The Marquis de la Chétardie became a saviour of Russia (which he would like to ruin in the interest of France, and indeed expected to be at least gravely weakened under the rule of Elizabeth), and soldiers kissed his hand. The guards, heavily rewarded, put on insufferable airs; and wandered insolently about the palace as if they were part-owners of it. The state of the court was chaotic, and foreign envoys sent word home that Russia would sink back into barbarism.

The strange fortune of Alexis Razumovsky deserves a paragraph. He was a tall, handsome Cossack, with fine black eyes and eyebrows and a rich black beard: a man in his thirty-fourth year

when wealth and power were thus thrust upon him. Twenty years earlier he had been a guardian of his father's sheep and a chorister in the church of the little Cossack village where his mother kept an inn. An imperial courier, passing through, had heard him sing, and had sent him to St. Petersburg to be trained and then got him a place in the choir of the imperial palace at Moscow. He was then twenty-two, and Elizabeth saw and appropriated him for her household. The Marquis de la Chétardie says that one of her maids first appropriated the handsome Cossack, and Elizabeth got the news from her. To tell all the legends of the Russian court would need many volumes, and would offend the taste of our polite age, but no one seriously questions that Razumovsky took the place of Elizabeth's latest lover whom the Empress Anne had sent to Siberia.

At Elizabeth's accession he was made a count and a field marshal. He was never spoiled by prosperity—"You may make me a field marshal," he said genially, "but you'll never make me a soldier"—and never interfered in politics. He took his great wealth pleasantly and generously, and drank royally. His brother and relatives were—not by him, but by the Empress—similarly enriched, and even his old Cossack mother was brought from her inn, richly dressed, and presented at court. There was a story that the bewildered woman took her own reflection in the glass for the Empress and nervously curtsied to it; which would not flatter Elizabeth, as she was still one of the most handsome women of Russia.

Whether Elizabeth ever married Razumovsky cannot be exactly determined. It is generally accepted that she privately, at the instigation of her confessor, married him in the fall of 1742. Elizabeth openly doted on him, and would always have him with her. He kept his even temper when, in her later years, she returned to her early license, and he was present at her death; after which, it is said, he was seen to burn a casket of

papers which may have included a wedding certificate.

A still greater favourite, in a different way, was Elizabeth's nephew, Karl Peter Ulrich, son of the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp and Anne of Mecklenburg, the elder daughter of Catherine and Peter. His mother had died of consumption a few months after his birth at Kiel, in 1728, and her sickly taint was on the boy. He was mean in body, intellect, and character, and as his father had died when he was eleven, his education had been rough. Elizabeth sent for him, gave him excellent tutors, and completely spoiled what bit of manliness he had. He was made a grand duke and heir to the throne—being the last male with any Romanoff blood—and, as he disliked the Empress's feminine circle, he surrounded himself with Germans, affected a contempt for Russia, and laughed at his aunt's amours. He made peep-holes in the chamber in which she rioted at night, and called the maids to enjoy the spectacle.

But Elizabeth was very far from being a fool. She adopted Peter in order to keep the crown in her father's family, making, out of dynastic feeling, a mistake which wise men like Marcus Aurelius had made. For the government of the country she chose her men well, as a rule, and she tried to put a stop to the disgraceful rivalry which had so often rent the court. At first her chief ministers were her grand Chamberlain, Prince Tcherkasky, a corrupt old noble of the traditional school, and his son-in-law, Trubetskoi. But she saw the greater merit of Michael Bestuzheff, the Grand Marshal of her household, a grave and learned man, and his able younger brother, Alexis, who was to become her chief minister.

Elizabeth herself was lazy. She let documents wait weeks for her signature and at ordinary times paid little attention to affairs. Her more resolute admirers say that she was so conscientious that she took weeks to consider a matter. She was, in point of fact, a thorough patriot, eager to maintain the work of

her father; but most of her time was spent in the preservation of her health and beauty and the satisfaction of her insatiable thirst for pleasure. Her toilet took several hours every day, and it did not generally begin before midday, as she was apt to sit up with her intimate friends until the early hours of the morning. It is said that she drank heavily in her later years. Her chief passion was for dress and entertainment. In a palace fire she lost four thousand costly dresses, yet there were fifteen thousand in her wardrobe when she died. She had a large and opulent figure—a little too opulent as time went on—a face with few rivals in Russia, charming blue eyes and dark-golden hair.

One of her characteristics was a love of dressing as a soldier or sailor. She had a good warrant for this in the example of her parents; and, to say the truth, she thought no lady of her court could match her in male dress. So fancy-balls became very frequent, and Elizabeth, who was still fond of dancing and hunting until she grew too heavy, made a handsome Dutch sailor or colonel of the guard. She would change her garments three times in a ball, a dozen times in a day. Like the Empress Anne, she set her face against the old Russian debauches, and was for a French elegance, or a poor imitation of it. Luxury of every kind she encouraged, until the court shone with diamonds and gold brocade; and for her operas, singers were brought from the ends of Europe. Reading was bad for the health, she said, and she avoided it.

She was, and always had been, very pious. There she differed emphatically from her father, and the orthodox clergy fell furiously upon dissenters and seceders. She observed the fasts rigorously; she knelt in prayer until she fainted; and she had a great veneration for the relics of the saints and holy places. To the end, she made pilgrimages afoot to famous shrines like the Troitsa monastery. In her youth she had made the journey in a day, and had had a lover to meet her there. Now she



would walk out a few miles from Moscow—the court spent one year in four at Moscow—then ride back to the city, and begin her pilgrimage on the morrow at the point where she had left it the day before. It often took weeks to make a pilgrimage. She insisted so closely on decency that one day, as she prayed in church, it occurred to her that the angels painted on the walls were really cupids, and she had them repainted. Her own gallantries we will see later.

With all this she, as I said, paid substantial attention to the interests of Russia. Sweden had collapsed in the late struggle, but Chétardie and Lestocq were instructed to induce her to be generous and give it some of the territory taken from it. It is generally difficult to disentangle the action of a sovereign from that of her advisers, and Elizabeth may have more credit for firmness than she deserves. She, at all events, refused, and the war went on until Sweden was crushed. Russia kept a large part of Finland. At last intercepted letters made it plain to the Empress that the gallant French marquis who bowed and flattered her was really trying to injure Russia in the interest of his country, and he had to go. She was, however, still infatuated with France and her French doctor, though Count Bestuzheff, who became her chief adviser, persistently warned her against France. Lestocq, who took bribes from all powers and fancied himself a master of intrigue, now, with the aid of the French minister, made a desperate attempt to win her.

Elizabeth's chief rival in good looks was Natalia Lapukhina, a noble lady of equal freedom in manners and morals who had viciously tormented Elizabeth when she was the Cinderella of the court. To her surprise she had been, at the coronation, made a Lady-in-Waiting. But she remained insolent, and at a ball she appeared in a pink robe and with pink roses in her hair; and pink was understood to be an imperial monopoly at Elizabeth's court. Elizabeth's temper was much shorter than her prayers. Many a maid got the heavy

imperial slipper across her mouth for talking when the Empress dozed on her couch, and her language at times resembled that of the guards. She had a buffoon cruelly tortured for playing a trick which frightened and upset her. She now fell furiously upon the audacious Lady-in-Waiting. She sent for scissors, made her kneel while she cut off the roses (and hair along with them), and cuffed her twice across the face. "Serves her right," she said, when they told her that the countess had fainted. To her bosom friend the Countess Bestuzheva, wife of the elder Bestuzheff, Natalia often told what she thought of the Empress, and in both families the talk over the tea was mildly seditious. Lestocq got his agents to ply Natalia's son, young Colonel Lapukhina, with drink and learn it.

And on July 21, 1743, the physician rushed to the palace with a report of a conspiracy. Elizabeth lived in daily dread of a conspiracy, knowing how easy such things were in Russia. She cowered behind a hedge of soldiers and let Lestocq arrest whom he would. She had humanely abolished torture and the death sentence; but this was a different matter. Natalia and her husband and a score of others were imprisoned, and the old torture-chamber rang again with the shrieks of delicate women whose limbs were stretched until they cracked. It is said, but it is difficult to believe, that Elizabeth was secretly at hand to hear their confessions. There was, in fact, no conspiracy to confess, but Lestocq was one of the commissioners appointed to examine the prisoners, and Elizabeth was stung by the table-talk that was wrung from them. One of the women was pregnant, and the Empress was asked to spare her the torture. "She did not spare me," said the daughter of Peter the Great.

They were all condemned to death. For ten days Elizabeth lingered over the sentence, but in the end she observed her own decree. She commuted the sentences to exile, flogging, and mutilation. Natalia Lapukhina, a beautiful woman in

the prime of life, was partly stripped before an immense crowd, and brutally knouted. She sank, covered with blood, to the floor of the scaffold, and the executioner roughly finished his work, and, with a brutal laugh, offered to sell her tongue to the highest bidder. Countess Bestuzheff slipped a bribe into the man's hands. The lash fell less heavily on her white back, and less of her tongue was cut out. The mutilated wretches went the worn way to Siberia and the North. Count Michael Bestuzheff, who was innocent, was despatched on a foreign embassy. Alexis, at whom the French had chiefly aimed, was untouched. He was astute as well as able.

At the end of the year Elizabeth transferred the court to Moscow, and prepared it for a new sensation. She had chosen a bride, or a girl to be trained as bride, for her wastrel of a nephew. After her weakness for France, which was then a deadly rival of Russia, came a weakness for Frederick the Great, who was far more cynical and crafty in his professions of friendship and determination to sacrifice Russia's interests to his own. He flattered Elizabeth, and laughed at her. Hearing that there was question of a future empress, he strongly recommended the daughter of the Prince of Anhalt-Zerbst, one of his own generals. A courier sped to the little court where Sophia Augusta Frederika lived quietly with her mother, and that lady, a remarkably ambitious person for her station in life, hurried to St. Petersburg and on to Moscow. Both Peter and Elizabeth were indecently impatient to see the bride-elect, and they professed themselves entirely satisfied with the quick-eyed, precocious maiden of fourteen who would one day be Catherine the Great.

The years that followed were filled with the European struggle, which does not much concern us here. The capture of the letters of Chétardie exposed the machinations of both France and Prussia. Elizabeth found herself described as living in a state of "voluptuous lethargy," and her passion for France

and Frederick suddenly chilled. Alexis Bestuzheff became her chief counsellor, and inclined her toward England and Austria. The court was honeycombed by intrigue, and even the favourite Les-tocq was at length (1748) detected in his treachery. He was put to the torture and banished.

Elizabeth was not long drawn out of her "voluptuous lethargy." In fact, the attainment of middle age seemed to bring back the looseness of her youth, and her lovers were the jest of the courts of Europe. One of her pages, Ivan Shuvaloff, was promoted and placed in apartments near those of the Empress. Ivan took his good fortune modestly, but the customary tribe of relatives appeared and blossomed into wealthy and influential courtiers. Count Bestuzheff and others were alarmed, and they put in the way of the Empress a very handsome young amateur actor named Beketoff. Elizabeth genially added the youth to the intimate circle which caroused in her room at night, but Peter Schuvaloff, uncle of the earlier favourite, did not like the prospect. The more credible version of his action is that he met young Beketoff one day, and, impressing upon him how much the Empress liked to see her favourites fresh and healthy, gave him a box of ointment for his face. There was in the stuff something which caused an eruption of the skin, and his condition was represented to the Empress in such a light that she fled.

The later years of the reign were filled with the inevitable Prussian war. After years of diplomatic struggle Elizabeth, in 1756, concluded an alliance with England. To her great disgust, and Bestuzheff's grave danger, England then formed an alliance with Frederick, and the French redoubled their efforts to oust Bestuzheff and recover the friendship of Russia. By this time the Princess Catherine openly disdained her husband and went her own way. For years the Empress, eager to see an heir to the throne she would leave to Peter, tried to bring them together, but each hated the other, and Catherine found consolation

elsewhere. In 1754, however, Catherine had a son who was presumed to be a Romanoff. Elizabeth fell ill, and Bestuzheff, believing that she would die, approached Catherine, through her latest lover Poniatowski, and suggested that he could make her Empress and she should support his anti-French and anti-Prussian policy.

Elizabeth recovered, however, and declared that the good of the world demanded the destruction of Frederick of Prussia, who had said caustic things about her. The Seven Years War opened, and Russia joined France and Austria against Prussia. The Russian army under General Apraksin won a great victory, and then, instead of pressing it, retired. Now this coincided with a second serious illness of the Empress, and the French envoy raised a cry of treachery. Vorontsoff, who waited impatiently for the official shoes of Count Bestuzheff, and hated Catherine, joined the French in demanding an inquiry. Bestuzheff's papers were searched, and it was found that he had been in communication with Catherine. A plot was easily constructed out of this material. Bestuzheff was to raise Catherine's baby to the throne and make her Regent; and Apraksin's troops were withdrawn toward the capital for the event of the death of Elizabeth.

Catherine in later years looked back with a shudder upon that critical time. Bestuzheff contrived to send her word that he had burned her letters, and there was no danger, but she saw a very serious danger. She wrote to Elizabeth, and for weeks she received no answer. At last she was summoned to the Empress's room. Her enemy, Alexis Shuvaloff, was with the Empress, her husband, another enemy, waited in the room, and on the table she saw letters that she had written to Apraksin. They were innocent letters, but what right had she to communicate with commanders in the field, as if she were already Empress? With tears and prayers she mollified the angry

Empress, and her enemies were beaten. Apraksin died of "apoplexy," and Bestuzheff was compelled to retire to his estates.

For the brief remainder of the reign of the Empress Elizabeth, Catherine went warily. Elizabeth, who was little beyond her fiftieth birthday, would not control her appetites, and her health slowly departed. She became a chronic invalid, and would lie for hours on a couch admiring the little babe, Paul, who would carry on the line of the Romanoffs. Some misgiving in regard to the future seemed to trouble her. Peter, though a Romanoff, was emphatically and brutally German. He lived in an entirely German atmosphere—an atmosphere of smoke and beer-fumes and Teutonic disdain of everything Russian. Catherine, on the other hand, had developed into a thorough Russian. Her strong sense and feeling of policy told her to eradicate all Germanism from her composition and wholly transnationalise herself. Peter had an immense admiration of Prussia and Frederick, while Catherine was a Russian patriot.

And Elizabeth hated Prussia. Throughout her last years she kept alive the League against Frederick and spurred her generals in the struggle. Frederick sought peace, and she refused it. France and Russia became faint under their efforts and sacrifices, and she lashed them to the task. All through the year 1761 her strength ebbed, and she saw Frederick sinking from defeat to defeat. Would death spare her to see Prussia crushed? Would that unhappy nephew take over her power before her work was completed, and spare his idol? Her own ministers drooped, and her resources wore thin, but she cried for decisive and utter victory. In December a fit of coughing brought on hemorrhage, and she entered the last stage. She died on January 11, 1762, in the fifty-third year of her age, by no means the least picturesque figure of the Romanoff gallery of monarchs.

# LIFE AND THE THEATRE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

THE quickest answer to the question, "What is the purpose of art?", would come with the retort courteous, "What is the purpose of life?"; for both aims are indeed identical, since art is nothing else than the quintessence of life.

The purpose of life has been discussed ever since the human race became articulate; and an adequate review of this discussion would require a *résumé* of all the great religions of the world. Without attempting to cover the entire subject, the present writer asks permission to offer an opinion concerning what appear to him to be the noblest and the meanest answers to this all-important question.

The most ignoble definition of the purpose of life—with the exception, of course, of that definition which is proffered at the present moment by the German Kaiser and his tributary deity—was formulated, in fairly recent times, by the Puritans of England and the Calvinists of Scotland. According to the concept of these dour, sour, glowering religionists, this world is nothing but a vale of tears, through which a man should slink whining, like a beaten dog with his tail between his legs, in the hope of being caught up subsequently into a nobler and a better life which shall offer to him a renewal of those opportunities for positive appreciation which, on principle, he had neglected throughout the pitiful and wasted period of his sojourn upon earth. The Puritans and Calvinists warned their devotees against the lure of beauty, and branded it as an ensnarement of the devil; and, by this token, they are damned, if there is such a sentence as damnation in the supreme court of everlasting law.

The noblest answer to the basic question, "What is the purpose of life?", was

asseverated by the noblest men who ever lived,—those great Athenians who crowned this earth with their Acropolis, two thousand and four hundred years ago. These men asserted that our world should be regarded as a valley of soul-making,—a sort of training-camp for infinite futurity, in which the individual should find an opportunity to indicate his worthiness to live, by accepting every offered chance to prove himself alive.

That lovely and lasting phrase, "the valley of soul-making," was not invented by the ancient Greeks: it was formulated by John Keats, who is their true apostle to all modern nations, and, because of that, the greatest poet of recent centuries. It was Keats, also, who was destined to remind a forgetful world that "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty," and that both of these ideals are identical with the ideal of Righteousness. There is one God, in three aspects:—Beauty, which appeals to the emotions; Truth, which appeals to the intellect; Righteousness, which appeals to the conscience. This is the Gospel according to John Keats: this is the Law and the Prophets.

If this world—according to the ancient Greeks—is to be regarded as a valley of soul-making, and if—according to the apostolic vision of John Keats—there is no basic difference between Beauty; Truth, and Righteousness, it becomes the duty of every transient visitor to this valley to develop—in the little time allotted to him—what Mr. Kipling has described as "the makin's of a bloomin' soul," by keeping his spirit at all moments responsive and awake to every drifting evidence of what is True or Beautiful or Right.

This conception of the world as a training-camp which offers an appren-

ticeship for infinite futurity is an idea which appeals very strongly to the present writer at the present moment. It may not be absolute, but it is at least inspiring,—more inspiring, indeed, than most of the other ideals that have been offered by a searching study of all the great religions of the world.

If the purpose of life is to prove ourselves alive, in order to indicate our fitness for continuing to live in some hypothetical domain where second chances are accorded in the future, it behooves us to live as intensely and convincingly as possible throughout that fleeting period of three score years and ten which is allotted to us, on the average, in this immediate valley of soul-making.

It is only at infrequent intervals throughout our period of living that the best of us is able to feel himself to be alive. Sir Thomas Browne has penned an eloquent comment on this fact, in the concluding section of his famous *Letter to a Friend*, in which he says,—“And surely if we deduct all those days of our life which we might wish un-lived, and which abate the comfort of those we now live; if we reckon up only those days which God hath accepted of our lives, a life of good years will hardly be a span long.” There is also—in the record of eternal literature—a comparatively recent poem by John Masefield, called *Biography*, in which the poet, bemoaning the ironic chance that many inconsiderable days in his experience may be reduced by his biographer “to lists of dates and facts,” celebrates with lyric eloquence the unrecorded dates of several magnificent impressions and expressions of the soul which would escape the merely secondary apperceptiveness of any scholarly investigator.

The purpose of life appears to be to live while yet we may—as the poet Tasso told us, in one of the most forlorn and lovely passages of lyric literature,—to seize every fleeting opportunity for feeling and asserting that we are alive, in order to indicate our fitness for continuing to live in some hypothetic future region, “beyond the loom of the

last lone star through open darkness hurled.” Immortality, in order to be won, should be deserved; and no man is worthy of eternal life unless he has accepted every chance for living that has been offered to him in his transitory progress throughout this drear but dreamful valley of soul-making.

We feel ourselves to be alive only at those divided and ecstatic moments when we overwhelmingly become aware of the identity of Beauty, Truth, and Righteousness, and thereby undergo an instant flash of cosmic consciousness. It is evermore our purpose to repeat these moments. We desire to live, in order to feel and to prove ourselves to be alive. Many of us follow false allurements—drink or drugs, religion or the unspontaneous and manufactured fire of simulated love; but if such mortals fail in their pursuit, their failure should be written down to inexperience and not necessarily to conscious abnegation of a floating and far-off ideal. “Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty”; and this axiom is so augustly sound that it is nobler to faint and fall in the pursuit of some *ignis fatuus* of truth or beauty than to slink through all experience reservedly, like a cringing cur with tail between the legs.

In the experience of the average man—whose acuteness of perception in the intellectual, emotional, or moral sphere is merely ordinary—the actuality of living offers only infrequent and wistful opportunities for life. For this reason, he is required to rely on art, to present to him those opportunities for life that he has missed. Art extracts the quintessence of life, and serves it up freely to millions of men who, because of their own dulness, have not been able to extract it for themselves. Art offers, to the average man, the only royal road [or short-cut] to an appreciation of all the wonders of this valley of soul-making, and affords him the only available opportunity to experience the sense of life vicariously.

This, then, is the excuse for art, and the answer to any theoretic question that seeks to probe its purpose:—the aim of

art is to provide a sense of life for men who, in themselves, are not sufficiently alive to create art by their very living.

We may come now—as a corollary of this thesis—to consider the proper function of the theatre. The theatre exists—in theory—as an institution which promises to provide the ordinary man with a keen impression of life, in exchange for two dollars of money and two hours of time. The theater promises the public a more instant and intense sensation of the miracle of life than is usually offered in a month of living. The average man has only a few years to live—in this valley of soul-making; and if he can save a day, a month, or possibly a year by going to the theatre, he is more than willing—as the phrase is—to “take a chance.” But in response to this fidelity, which can only be regarded as idealistic, the theatre incurs and is required to assume the duty of offering to the average man the promised taste of life.

There are two ways in which the theatre can furnish to the public a vicarious experience of life: first, by imitation, and, second, by suggestion. The first method is employed by the realists, and the second method is employed by the romantics. This is not a time to argue concerning the respective merits of these two contrasted methods: it is sufficient, in the present context, to state that neither method can succeed in practice unless it shall convince the public that the two hours required for the traffic of the stage have been spent more profitably in the theatre than they might have been spent elsewhere.

The average spectator—disappointed, for the moment, by his individual experience of living at large—attends the theatre in the hope of quickening his consciousness of life. He wants the play to happen not so much upon the stage as in himself. He goes to the theatre—quite literally—to enjoy himself:—that is to say,—his own contributive response of emotion and of thought. The play must happen *to him*; or else, by his judgment, the play must be dismissed as a

failure. He is seeking an opportunity to live and to feel himself alive; and, if this opportunity is not accorded to him, he will warn his friends away from the production that he has attended.

For this reason, a realistic play that invites the quick response of recognition for facts that have been faithfully observed must carry out the letter of its contract; and a romantic play, which pretends, without reliance on admitted and accepted facts, to suggest some evident, irrefutable law of nature, must also convince the members of the audience that they have really witnessed vicariously a vision of life itself, as life is generally understood.

Nothing, in the theatre, can ever be successful unless it offers some vicarious experience of life. The best-made play will fail, unless it affords some suggestion of life that is more potent than its emphasis on mechanism. The popularity of actresses and actors is measured by the extent of their ability to seem alive. This ability, in many cases, may result from training and experience; in many other cases, it may result more directly from that inexplicable power which is commonly described as “personality.” Life is what the public seeks, in going to the theatre, and the appearance, or else the illusion, of life is what it welcomes and rewards in those who exert themselves behind the footlights.

The same distinction may be recognised in studying the effect upon our public of the many non-dramatic entertainments that are offered in our theatre. Take the Hippodrome, for instance, in which no attempt is made to present what is commonly regarded as a play. In the course of the current “show” at the Hippodrome, the response of the public may be rated directly in proportion to the sense of life that is suggested by the various numbers. The scene which depicts the departure of a troop-ship from New York arouses great enthusiasm because all male America at present may be dichotomised into men who are about to go to France and men

who would like to go. The members of the Mallia Troupe of comic baggage-smashers amuse the public, because their antics exhibit merely a logical exaggeration of the method that is commonly employed by express companies in handling personal property. The evolutions of the Berber Troupe of acrobats arouse enthusiasm because they stimulate every

spectator to an imaginary emulative exercise of similar dexterity and grace. But, on the other hand, those numbers on the programme which offer to the public a vision of anything less vivid and less real than the public previously has experienced, fall dead,—because they are unable to compete against a conscious and embattled sense of life.

## SNAP-SHOTS OF ENGLISH AUTHORS: G. K. C.

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

Is it for himself or the people  
 That he sets off these fireworks?  
 One sees him materialise from the shadows  
 A Brobdingnag pygmy or a Lilliput giant  
 Jovially cursitating in the moidering flare  
 Of pinwheels that whiz back on themselves,  
 Or silhouetted against Gargantuan set-pieces  
 Whose knights become windmills; whose anarchists, kings.  
 There is always the titillating dread  
 Of his patting or clutching too long  
 The tail of some hair-trigger sky-rocket.  
 Would it burst and bemuse him with suns  
 Or lift him and land him in—  
 Mystical earwigs,  
 What thimblery Heaven, what Amalthæan Heil?

# THE MASTERY OF SURPRISE

BY BLANCHE COLTON WILLIAMS

"WE MUST have stories with a 'punch,' " declares the editor.

"An unexpected twist at the end—that's what I like!" says the average reader.

"Give me some shock of heaven or hell!" demands the critic.

The reader of short stories expects, nowadays, the surprise ending. Rather is he surprised if he fails to find it. He feels as insipid, and judges as commonplace, the ending, which however strong and logical, contains not some unlooked for element. The ideal dénouement is striking yet natural; the unexpected, unnatural ending is as absurd as the simple, natural solution is too "easy." Yet notwithstanding that this is the era of the surprise dénouement—for it finds its greatest development in the twentieth century—it made classics of at least two stories long before 1900. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Marjorie Daw" is nigh unto fifty years of age; de Maupassant's "Necklace" is somewhat younger. Among the masters following Aldrich and de Maupassant are O. Henry, Leonard Merrick, William Wymarck Jacobs, and a few prominent disciples. Hosts of minor writers are learning this trick of the trade.

Everybody knows the letters that Edward Delaney, "at the Pines, near Rye, New Hampshire," wrote to his friend John Flemming, who lay abed of a broken leg, in West Thirty-eighth Street, New York. And everybody knows that the young woman so delicately yet so powerfully described as to catch the fancy of Flemming did not, after all, exist. And nearly everybody remembers that it is the very last sentence which reveals the hoax Delaney has played, and the consequences of which he has fled to escape: "For oh, dear Jack, there isn't any colonial mansion on the other side

of the road, there isn't any piazza, there isn't any hammock—there isn't any Marjorie Daw!"

Not everybody recognises, however, nor for some time did story writers themselves seem to recognise, that this dénouement is but an instance of a general method. It is being used frequently now. Deceit practised by one character upon another need not be revealed until the end of the story. Such deceit may be unpleasant or pleasant. Now, the reader of "Marjorie Daw" just escapes the bitterest disappointment; but, fortunately, he may guess before the dénouement what Flemming did not foresee—and will, therefore, find compensation in his own superiority, or in Flemming's discomfiture. Even if he does not begin to suspect Delaney's ruse, still he finds consolation in the fact that Flemming was hoaxed: Misery loves company.

This first general means of creating surprise, O. Henry employed—with variations—in "The Furnished Room," "The Caballero's Way" (wherein disguise enters, by way of carrying out the deceit), "Lost on Dress Parade," and elsewhere. The best example of the type, perhaps, is "The Furnished Room." The story opens with a young man who is searching among the tenements in a squalid section of New York. At the last house he takes lodgings.

As the housekeeper moved away he put for the thousandth time the question that he carried at the end of his tongue:

"A young girl—Miss Vashner—Miss Eloise Vashner—do you remember such a one among your lodgers? She would be singing on the stage, most likely. A fair girl of medium height and slender, with reddish, gold hair, and a dark mole near her left eyebrow."

"No, I don't remember the name, . . ." the housekeeper deliberately replies.



The story continues with the young man's despair, the visitation of the mignonette ghost and the suicide.

Then comes the revelation of the deceit:

It was Mrs. McCool's night to go with the can for beer. So she fetched it and sat with Mrs. Purdy in one of those subterranean retreats where housekeepers foregather and the worm dieth seldom.

"I rented out my third floor back this evening," said Mrs. Purdy across a fine circle of foam. "A young man took it. He went up to bed two hours ago."

"Now, did ye, Mrs. Purdy, ma'am?" said Mrs. McCool with intense admiration. "You do be a wonder for rentin' rooms of that kind. And did ye tell him, then?" She concluded in a husky whisper laden with mystery.

"Rooms," said Mrs. Purdy in her furriest tones, "are furnished for to rent. I did not tell him, Mrs. McCool."

"'Tis right ye are, ma'am; 'tis by renting rooms we keep alive. . . . There be many people will rejict the rentin' of a room if they be tould a suicide has been after dyin' in the bed of it."

"As you say, we has our living to be making," remarked Mrs. Purdy.

"Yis, ma'am, 'tis true. 'Tis just one wake this day I helped ye lay out the third floor back. A pretty slip of a colleen she was to be killin' herself with the gas—a swate little face she had, Mrs. Purdy, ma'am."

"She'd a-been called handsome, as you say," said Mrs. Purdy, assenting but critical, "but for that mole she had a-growin' by her left eyebrow. . . ."

The shock of this ending is dependent on Mrs. Purdy's lie. The reader is not hoaxed, or cheated, however; for the tragedy she concealed, outweighing the secondary consideration of the falsehood, staggers one by its importance and impresses by its fitness. Moreover, the narrator dares use abundant clues. The personality of the woman is such that one may suspect her of lying, even before the act; the suggestion in the fragrance of mignonette confirms the suspicion that Eloise Vashner has occupied the third

floor back. Further, by keeping the spotlight on the young man—until the final shift—the author makes easier the working of the deceit.

The influence of "Marjorie Daw" is traceable also in the stories of Leonard Merrick. This English writer's own testimony indicates as much:

I never hear the absorbing art of the conte mentioned without my thoughts darting to a short story that I read more than twenty years ago and have never seen since. Sometimes I wonder whether I have been unconsciously influenced by it in determining the form of several of my own experiments in this field of fiction. It happens occasionally that I am paid the high compliment of being told that as a short-story writer I "owe much to an attentive study of the methods of Maupassant and Anatole France." And then I have not the least hesitation in saying that I owe nothing at all to it. But I would not declare with such certainty that I owe nothing to the swirl of enthusiasm that I felt as a boy on the afternoon that I read Thomas Bailey Aldrich's *Marjorie Daw*. . . . —*New York Times*, Jan. 25, 1914.

Mr. Merrick's surprises, as mere exercises of the technical gymnast, are marvels of cleverness. Consider, for example, his "Tragedy of a Comic Song." Before summarising the plot and discussing the dénouement let us glance at the beginning and observe the whimsical manner:

I like to monopolise a table in a restaurant, unless a friend is with me, so I resented the young man's presence. Besides he had a melancholy face. If it hadn't been for the piano-organ, I don't suppose I should have spoken to him. As the organ that was afflicting Lisle Street began to volley a comic song of a day that was dead, he started.

"That tune!" he murmured in French. If I did not deceive myself tears sprang to his eyes.

I was curious. Certainly, on both sides of the Channel we had long ago had more than enough of the tune. That the young

Frenchman should wince at the tune I understood. But that he should weep!

. . . I smiled sympathetically. "We suffered from it over here as well," I remarked.

"I did not know," he said in English that reproved my French, "it was sung in London, also—'Partant pour le Moulin?'"

. . . "Monsieur, it is my 'istory, that comic tune!"

The narrative told by the gentleman centred about three young people: the poet Tricotrin, the composer Pitou, and the singer Paulette Fleury. Poet and composer, each in love with the girl, made for her the song, "Partant pour le Moulin." The *raconteur* concluded:

"Listen! when they have gone to call on her one afternoon, she was not at 'ome. What had happened? I shall tell you! There was a noodle, rich—what you call a 'Johnnie in the Stalls'—who became infatuated with her at the Ambassadeurs. . . . Well, she was not at 'ome because she had married him. . . ."

"What a moment! Figure yourself what they had suffered—both! They had worshipped her; they had made sacrifices for her; they had created for her her grand success; and as a consequence of that song, she was the wife of the 'Johnnie in the Stalls!'"

As he finished, he heard again the strains of the tune floating up from the street.

"I cannot bear it," he murmured. "The associations are too pathetic."

"They must be harrowing," I said. "Before you go, there is one thing I should like to ask you, if I may. Have I had the honour of meeting Monsieur Tricotrin, or Monsieur Pitou?"

He stroked his hat and gazed at me in sad surprise. "Oh, but neither, Monsieur," he groaned. "The associations are much more 'arrowing than that—I was the 'Johnnie in the Stalls!'"

It is clear that the surprise in this last line results from a new turn. The man who told the story did deceive, it is true, but he did so by implication, trusting to a false inference on the part of his auditor. The reader does not

enjoy the story less because—on retrospect—he indulges the suspicion that the stranger was "working off" a trick, quite consciously, upon his friend of the restaurant. But more important with respect to the surprise of the reader are these truths: First, the author has skilfully employed the "angle of narration" or "point of view"—in the technically narrative sense; second, he has calculated on the reader's expectancy of a more conventional conclusion. As the story progresses the reader is sure—as the auditor was sure—that the tearful gentleman is one of the rejected suitors. All the details seem to bear him out in this assurance. But the ending offers an entirely different reason for the tears.

This means of effecting surprise has been employed recently in a story by Holworthy Hall ("The Luck of the Devil," *Century*, June, 1916); it was thoroughly understood by O. Henry, as anyone may deduce from a study of "The Hiding of Black Bill." The tactics in all three stories are identical. O. Henry elsewhere takes advantage of the well-known principle that a reader helps to invent the story. O. Henry grants this privilege, and then by his own actual ending shows the reader that he, the author, has not fallen back on the hackneyed situation and obvious conclusion the reader has constructed in a too conventional way. "Girl" is an excellent illustration.

The first scene is in the law office of Robbins and Hartley. A man with an air of mystery about him enters and speaks to Hartley: "I've found out where she lives." Then he presents the name, Vivienne Arlington, and the address. Hartley shortly afterward leaves the office and makes his way to the Vallobrosa apartment house. He finds Vivienne in. Observe the description of Vivienne:

[She] was about twenty-one. She was of the purest Saxon type. Her hair was a ruddy golden, each filament of the neatly gathered mass shining with its own lustre and delicate gradation of colour. In per-

fect harmony were her ivory-clear complexion and deep-sea blue eyes.

Hartley reproaches her for not having answered his letter. By this time the reader is somewhat puzzled, wondering whether Hartley's design is laudable. When he recalls meeting her at the Montgomerys', he gives the reader a clue, "I shall never forget that supper!" There is a hint of complication in the question he puts to her:

"Is there anybody else?"

There is. Mr. Rafford Townsend is coming for his answer. Hartley goes out, meets Townsend in the hall, and declares by the law of the jungle that the kill is his.

After he goes back "to his wooing" there is a hint of further complication.

"Do you think I would enter your house while Heloise is there?"

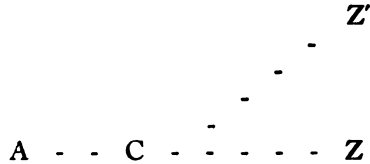
"She shall go," he declares, "I will send her away to-night."

Then follows the dramatic climax, "My answer is yes; come for me when you will!"

The swift drop to the dénouement shows Hartley one hour and forty minutes later at his suburban home. He is met by a woman who runs gladly to meet him. Hartley whispers to her, "Oh, Mamma!" she cries ecstatically, "Vivienne is coming to cook for us. . . . Go down, Billy, and discharge Heloise. She has been drunk again the whole day long."

Now, there is no earthly reason why two servants should not have the names of Vivienne and Heloise. But conventions in literature, which follow conventions in life, do not usually regard these as instances of typical nomenclature. Bridget and Becky are the conventional representatives. But O. Henry caught his opportunity for securing material out of the incongruous. It is incongruous that a beautiful cook should live in the Vallombrosa. So far as fairness to the reader is concerned, the surprise is better than that of "Marjorie Daw"; so far as possibilities are concerned, the

result is better than "Goliath." There, the origin is out. For Aldrich's story by this title counts for its effect on the reader's assumption that a dog by the name of Goliath must of necessity be a giant. O. Henry repeated this surprise formula in "October and June." Gouverneur Morris played with it brilliantly in "Suffrage in the Wild-wood" (*Cosmopolitan*, March, 1916). The method may be represented in diagram:



A Z is the course of the story as the author devised it. But the reader falling upon a false clue at C, let us say, a clue derived for the most part from his reliance on the hackneyed, constructs the story in his own manner and foresees an ending at Z'! He receives a shock on leaping from Z' to Z.

Besides, open deceit, implied deceit, clever management of the "angle of narration," and the reliance on a reader's sense of convention to finish the story differently from the author's plan, there is a final patent trick. It may be regarded, even, as a blanket method, covering under its folds the cases mentioned above. A surprise may be effected by lifting an event or fact out of its natural order, and placing it at the end of the story. There, if suspense has been adequately handled, its effect is in proportion to the time it has been withheld. Plot order and method of narration are both responsible for the shock. If A, B, C and so on down to Z represent the regular sequence of events, then an important point—represented by any letter—may be deferred and placed after Z. Thus:



This is the method which is most outstanding in "The Necklace," in O.

Henry's "Double Dyed Deceiver," and in Jacobs's "The Third String." The former as the pioneer deserves attention. Madame Loisel borrowed from Madame Forestier a diamond necklace. Having lost it, she replaced it with another. For the new necklace she paid a large sum, and then worked ten years to repay it. At the end of the time she learned that the first necklace was paste. She would have found this out in the usual course of events, when she borrowed the necklace, or when she replaced it. Why was it that she did not find out? A careful reading of the story will justify the assertion that although there are two "scenes" between the ladies, there is no reason why, in either, Madame Forestier should have mentioned that the necklace was not genuine. On the other hand, it would have been natural enough had Madame Forestier said, "It's only paste; your delay does not matter." If she had done so, however, the story would not have existed. It is, then, the withholding of the fact that makes the astounding dénouement, joined, as it is, to the method of narration which keeps in prominence the figure of Madame Loisel.

These, then, are the chief methods of

creating surprise\* They are found usually in combination—as the adduced examples indicate—but they may operate singly; they are employed again and again, but not always with ease or distinction. Obviously, some character in the story may be surprised, and with him the reader; or the reader may be the only one not "in the secret"; again, the reader may find out what some character never learns. But whatever the nature of the surprise, pleasant or unpleasant, to character alone or reader alone, or both, it should enhance the comedy of a humorous story and the tragedy of the one that is gruesome. Though unexpected, it should be natural. It should stand the test, always, by a second reading of the story which will corroborate fair dealing on the part of the author.

\*It is true that a pun may be at the basis of surprise; for example, see O. Henry's "Ransom of Mack." It is also true that a character's forgetfulness may be exaggerated, to end a farcical story in a humorously fitting style; as, for example, in "The Romance of a Busy Broker." But these causes for surprise are trivial, and usually so work as to leave the reader with a "sold out" feeling. By their very nature they have not been adapted to the more pretentious conte. Some of these narratives dependent on lapse of memory are mere farcical anecdotes, as "From the Cabby's Seat."

## SNAP-SHOTS OF AMERICAN NOVELISTS

DELAND

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

How thrilling but hard  
 For the spirit of old New England  
 To act young,  
 For the rock to compromise  
 With the moss,  
 Warm heart of a woman  
 Smiling through granite lips.

# THE MASQUE OF POETS\*

EDITED BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

## CALYPSO

WANDERER, we must part—so the gods decree.  
You must go again to Ithaca.  
The cold green waves will wash you of the memory of me,  
Breaking on the coast of Ithaca.  
Built we a house of dreams, beautiful in seeming,  
But for those the Thunderer wakes there is no more dreaming.  
Go now, spread your sail, turn your prow to sea—  
Yonder lies your way to Ithaca.

Theirs is to obey whom the gods command—  
Holy is the hearth in Ithaca.  
Home and harvest are waiting for your hand—  
Fruitful are the fields of Ithaca.  
Love the life you chose while it still is yours for living  
Lest the jealous gods recall the treasures of their giving.  
Passes our dream like our footprints in the sand—  
Granite are the cliffs of Ithaca.

*I have sent him back at the gods' decree—  
I have sent him back to Ithaca.  
Never will I walk again beside the twilight sea  
On the shore that looks toward Ithaca  
Lest the wind should bring to him a breath of days gone by,  
Of the beauty and the sorrow of his madness, that was I—  
Peace to him and his, O'Zeus! I ask no more of thee.  
Peace upon that home in Ithaca!*

\*"The Masque of Poets" is made up of the following contributors: Thomas Walsh, Witter Bynner, Margaret Widdemer, Amelia Josephine Burr, Anna Hempstead Branch, William Rose Benét, Sarah N. Cleghorn, William Alexander Percy, Christopher Morley, Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Vincent O'Sullivan, John Gould Fletcher, Grace Hazard Conkling, Sara Teasdale, George Sterling, Harriet Monroe, Edgar Lee Masters, Arthur Davison Ficke, Bliss Carman, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Lincoln Colcord, William Stanley Braithwaite, Conrad Aiken, Josephine Preston Peabody, Amy Lowell, Charles Wharton Stork, Edward J. O'Brien. The series has continued throughout the year, and in the November number, the poems, given hitherto anonymously, will be listed with their authors' names.

## FATHERLAND

Come fingered as a friend, O Death!  
 Unfrock me, flesh and bone;  
 These frills of smile and moan,  
 These laces, traces, all unpin;  
 These veins that net me in,  
 This ever lassoing breath,  
 Remove from me,  
 If here is aught to free!

To know these hills nor wait for feet!  
 O Earth, to be thy child at last!  
 Thy roads all mine, and no white gate  
 Inevitably fast!

To enter where thy banquets are  
 When storms are called to feast;  
 And find thy hidden pantry stair  
 When Spring with thee would guest;

Into thine attic windows step  
 From humbled Himalays,  
 And round thy starry cornice creep  
 Waylaying deities;

Though for my hand  
 Space hold out spheres like roses, and  
 Like country lanes her orbits blow—  
 My Earth, I know,  
 If thou be green and blossom still,  
 That I must downward go;  
 Leave stars to keep  
 House as they will;  
 The winds to walk or turn and sleep,  
 Seas to spare or kill;  
 Behind my back shall sunsets burn  
 Bereft of my concern;  
 Each wonder passed  
 Shall feed my haste,  
 Till I have paused, as now,  
 Beneath a bending orchard bough,—  
 An April apple-bough,  
 Where southern waters creep.

## THE EMBERS SPEAK

I was the acorn that fell  
 From the autumn bough  
 In the warm earth to dwell;  
 I grew to a branch somehow;

And I waved in the nightly storm,  
 And sheltered the kine  
 When the hills were yellow and warm  
 With the noon divine.

I, too, 'mid the sheathing moss  
 Felt the axe's blow,  
 And fell, with a thunderous loss  
 Of the stars I know  
 And the clouds that sift no more  
 Through my shattered limbs;  
 Save where the hearthstones roar  
 And the dying ember dims.

## CASUALS, ROMANCE, AND LITTLE BROWN BOXES

BEING A SHORT COMMENT ON "CASUALS OF THE  
 SEA," AND ON WILLIAM McFEE, ITS AUTHOR\*

BY WILSON FOLLETT

THERE must be a few happy conscientious persons who can compete in eulogy of this remarkable book without having to suspect themselves of inventing or exaggerating their views for the occasion. With those few, the owner of this pen may fairly claim a place; for, long before there was any thought of competition, the same unassuming steel did itself the honour to recognise *Casuals of the Sea* as "by all odds the most notable recent work of fiction from an author not previously known," "a movingly sad, not exactly a tragic tale of lovable ineffectual people hunting for a lost clue to life." Now that those quite disinterested words stand committed to irrevocable page-proof, it is something more than a pleasure to turn back and amplify

what they tried to express about Mr. McFee as artist, philosopher, and friend.

### I

He is artist, if not before everything, then *in* everything, and by this seal and token: that to think of him is to think first of the multitude of things, great and small but always specific, through which he expresses himself. Ideas he has, and a personality: he can be described, if one choose, as a flavour, an essence, a colour, a temperature, a breeze from a definite quarter. But only on synthetic second thought; for he translates himself, in the instinctive part of the memory, into the thousand aspects of his known, his mirrored and recorded world. He does not merely make the specific illustrate the general, as a parable illustrates a text: he makes the general *become* the specific, as a principle becomes an action, or as thought becomes language. In short, you make your trip through his world, the world of his book, and you do not remember

\**Casuals of the Sea: The Voyage of a Soul*. By William McFee. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. This is the paper that won the \$100 prize offered by Doubleday, Page and Company for the best essay on "Casuals of the Sea." The contest was open to all and Mr. Follett's work was selected out of hundreds of manuscripts submitted.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

it as the world at all. You remember it as Little Brown Boxes.

The original Little Brown Box, you will remember, was that tiny Billiter Lane tobacco shop in which young Hannibal Gooderich began working out his economic destiny at ten shillings a week and a commission. A somewhat gawky young dreamer, he is put there as clerk by the proprietress, his cousin Amelia, a material-minded and patronising young woman. She feels for Hannibal all the condescension of the thrifty for their poor relations; she thinks of him as an appurtenance bought and paid for, like the shop; she will tyrannise over him as she chooses, she will marry him if or when she likes. To her, this shop, "no larger than an ordinary shipping case," is Romance; "she had imagination and saw her Little Brown Box throwing off other Little Brown Boxes until London was studded with them." But to Hannibal, Romance is something other than this. He "felt the tentacles of Commercialism closing around him. . . . Across the way a steamship company exhibited a picture of a great liner at anchor in some tropical port of the Far East, the white hull surrounded by boats full of naked brown men, the blue sea rimmed by mountains of a deeper blue and crowned by a violet sky. To see 'strange lands from under the arched white sails of ships!'" Thus one's meat is the other's poison. The same Little Brown Box, to her the threshold of life, is to him a door slammed in the face of all his secret aspirations. Which is the way of human nature, the way of life. The social philosopher who understands this magnetism and repulsion of the same things for different persons generalises the phenomenon into something like "the sacredness of difference." But the artist who understands it particularises it into Little Brown Boxes.

It is, I take it, this instinct for the specific as a final and adequate expression of the general which anoints the artist above his fellows. Saying less, he means as much—and reveals everything. The general alone is but truth; the

specific alone is but realism. It takes both become one to make the truth of art.

This marriage of truth and fact is the prime distinction of *Casuals of the Sea*. Not only are the pages crowded, as Dickens's proverbially are, with concrete physical things so vivid that they have almost the glitter of animation; but the existence of these things is surcharged with intention. A "smudged and crinkled copybook" in a snowdrift, the lost property of one young candidate for a flogging, stands for the eternal antagonism of schoolboy and schoolmaster. The Ideal Plant of a schoolroom botany chart—"It made you feel keenly what a botched, un-science-and-art-like job the Creator had made of His Flora anyway, with nobody to show Him how"—is the embodied futility of pure academicism in education. The naïve and often grotesque hero-worship of young boys crystallises in the prestige of Bert Gooderich, who could spit blood, and the transient and feeble popularity accruing to those envious ones who used cough mixture, "which only made a brown stain." Three examples will serve as well as a thousand to prove that Mr. McFee works everywhere under the insistent necessity of materialising the spiritual, giving the abstract a local habitation and a name.

And the final proof is in his characters—folk not composed but born, and kept consistent not by mere workmanship but by the force of the life that is in them. We do not have to ask whether they "act in character," because they *are characters* and not actors. We see them, as Mr. Chesterton would say, "in a perpetual summer of being themselves."

## II

To be an artist in this sense is to be a white light shining through a clear window into a curiosity shop. From the facets of a thousand gems there, many of them common and tawdry enough but now and again one rarely precious—from the surfaces of objects



grotesque and beautiful, the light is refracted to us in all the colours of the spectrum. We actually *see* nothing but the curiosity shop. But we know that the window is there, as a condition of our seeing anything at all; and there are shadows to tell us from what angle the light enters.

It is important to know through what window of purpose or philosophy Mr. McFee illuminates the various giants, gargoyles, and normal human beings of his curiosity shop—important, and fairly easy. His world, as we have seen, is a world of Little Brown Boxes, each Little Brown Box a shrine of Romance to some of us, to others a cage full of smoke and musty packing straw. And his view of humanity is briefly this, that the process of life is, for all of us, mostly a process of trying to get out of the Box in which we do not belong and into the one in which we do belong; and it is often very doubtful whether the one in which we do belong exists at all; and if it does exist it is often not to be found, or it turns into something else as soon as we have found it. Most of us fail to arrive; we are the Failures, the ones who stick in the morass of obscure unfulfilment between the start and the destination. These are the Casuals,

frail craft upon the restless Sea  
Of Human Life . . .  
The feckless wastage of our cunning  
schemes.

But at least we have dared the start.  
Failures we may be, but not so abjectly  
as those who kept what they had and  
never risked

The mute soul's agony, the visions of the  
blind.

Hanibal running away from his amorously tyrannical cousin, poisoning his lungs in the coal-dust of a freighter's bunkers, rousing himself again from a vegetative life to follow his dream and dying at last in the clutch of it, cuts a finer figure than any of his irreproachable relatives the Browns, who "held

betting to be one of the seven deadly sins" and, as the wildly adventurous climax of their prosperity, "worked up from one mantle to three on the gasolier." His sister Minnie, refusing the sanctioned relation with a loathsome little ninny and deliberately becoming the mistress of a great man, is at least more of a heroine than Mrs. Wilfley, a sample, by the way, of what Mr. McFee really hates in womankind—Olga Berenice Wilfley, faddist, theosophist, hack writer of advertisements, author of *The Licencees of Love*, "an expert pilferer of ideas," and an expert also in "that cleverness which consists in knowing just how much people will stand." Better the Casuals, those who have no illusions about themselves and go out with sealed orders into "death's dateless night," than those others who refuse all the challenges of life and remain placidly at their anchorage. Mr. McFee has no contempt for success: witness his general approbation of Anthony Gilfillan, promoter, financier, and eventually man of the great world. But his special interest is in those who achieve what the world calls failure—that is, or may be, some sort of moral success without any of the tangible rewards. These are his Casuals of the Sea.

He is at bottom, then, an exponent of the tragic inequality between what the soul asks of life and what life furnishes. Because we dream more than we get and are constantly urged from within to dare the impracticable, it appears that there is an incurable maladjustment between the individual and the nature of things. This is a philosophy of ironic detachment with which many books have made us familiar—notably those of Mr. Conrad, between whom and this author there are some striking temperamental resemblances.

But it is to be noticed that this philosophy is either pessimistic or optimistic, hopeful or despairing, according to whether it puts the emphasis on the world's inferiority to the soul or on the soul's superiority to the world. Anyone can read the brute fact, that life is al-

ways withholding that which we never cease to demand. But the brute fact does not in itself tell us whether we shall draw despair from the evil limitations of the world, or hope from the splendid audacities of the soul. Mr. Grober, the fatalist, represents the pessimistic view when he says: "The torments of a Lost Soul are radiant bliss compared with the life of an Idealist in a world of Stark Reality!" But Grober is not McFee; he is not even Hannibal.

As a matter of fact, Mr. McFee is so far from being a cynic that he sees in the soul itself a kind of self-justifying and self-sufficient life; the soul alone is a cosmos, and to dream greatly is in itself a sort of realisation. To this intense inward existence, the unfriendly pressure of outward circumstance is somehow, obscurely, an encouragement. The dream were less beautiful if there were nothing to make it preposterous, the flame less hot if there were no hostile airs to blow upon it. In the very fact that so many fair hopes persist in the face of doom, the significance of hope is multiplied. In short, there is no courage without peril—and to exult in the courage of man is a more humane mood than to be doleful about the peril that surrounds and engulfs him. This vivid, courageous, and ardent life of the soul is the one indestructible thing.

I should not like to be accused of reading this idea into Mr. McFee's book: let us have it in words of his own:

And then another vague idea grew up in his [Hannibal's] mind, an idea that perhaps a man's life was not a complete thing in itself, that perhaps it was but a bead on a string, a link on a chain, the visible part of an invisible continuity. In the light of that thought, death seemed a small and theatrical affair. Was that, then, a solution? It did somehow link up the confusing accidents of existence. It did make the pain seem less sharp. The essential product of one's life was indestructible, and lived on. . . .

### III

The Little Brown Box is, then, something more than a tobacco shop on a mean street; the two generations of Gooderiches and Mr. Grober and the other Casuals are something more than illustrations of the part played by mere chance in human lives. And, finally, the Romance of the book and of my present title is something more than the quest of strange lands or strange loves, something more than even the mysterious chances that guide the voyaging of any isolated soul. I was to speak of Mr. McFee as friend: and I can do so best by the suggestion that the really thrilling Romance of the book is the Romance of his friendship with his Casuals—and with us other Casuals. It is in his discovery of them, in our discovery of them through him, and in the triangular community of solicitude thereby established, that the author brings off the finest of his paradoxes—a detached and somewhat ironic view of life converted, by the warmth of an unaffected human sympathy, into the pure spirit of comradeship.

The superficial evidences of this profound moral sympathy are two in number, and they may appear to contradict each other. The first is the author's extraordinarily accurate interpretation of the world's attitude toward conduct which it regards as wayward. Mrs. Gooderich, to be sure, judges her daughter Minnie's waywardness with narrow inconsistency, forgetting that Minnie was born out of wedlock. But other people, with far less reason to be charitable, have been unfailing in their charity to the mother in her forgotten youth, and are now indulgent toward the daughter. The common posture toward the derelict is one of mildly cynical, sometimes helpfully humorous resignation, together with an obscure sense of fellowship. "A trouble is a trouble, and the general idea . . . is to treat it as such, rather than to snatch the knotted cords from the hand of God and deal out murderous blows." By this one frank gesture, Mr. McFee

sweeps away a deal of melodrama and trumpery heroics usually allotted in fiction, and usually not in life, to the "disgraced" girl.

The other evidence of his sympathy is, curiously enough, what some readers will object to as the cynical flippancy of his style. It seems to me that the accent is sometimes, not often, unduly raucous; but the explanation is very simple. Partly, Mr. McFee resorts to hardness of manner because he distrusts his own softness of heart; the guard against sentimentalism must not be let down. And partly, he tells us the whole unflinching truth about human baseness because he wants to glorify the human nobility that can persist in spite of it. To belittle sin is to discount virtue; and you will not prove that idealism is strong by showing that it is easy.

It is, then, Mr. McFee's irony that views the greater part of mankind as Casuals of the Sea. But it is as certainly his friendship that puts the Cas-

uals and the author and his readers together into the same boat. This moral identification of the author with his material and with his readers—a thing quite distinct from an author's inartistic intrusion of his own personality—is a remarkable fulfilment of the saying that "Art must make friends with Need, lest it perish." The book finds some human creatures in their need, which is where all human creatures are most akin; and then the author takes his reward, and gives us ours, in his and our sense of kinship with them. It is not preaching or canting, it is not officious or interfering: it is not even visibly *there*. It is something effected off the stage altogether, in the audience, and it leaves the whole drama technically as objective as ever. But it is an effect which the author could scarcely have wrought without the most profound and definite intention. It is one chapter of the Romance of the Future—the Romance of a world made one in self-knowledge and in need.

# GERMANY AS A FRANKENSTEIN

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

WHETHER or not outraged right visits retribution upon the individual it surely does upon those large and continuing groups of individuals that we call nations. The conviction does not necessitate belief in a moral order governing the universe, but can be the result of inductive reasoning alone. It is a satisfactory belief to hold in the present crisis of world affairs because it offers a reasonable explanation of the great war. It answers that question "Why must it be?" which still gnaws at the heart of every thinking and feeling person after he has put in days upon days on vari-coloured books of diplomacy, volumes of history, piled up discussions of economic rivalries, political aims, psychological characters and all the rest of the vast literature that has already gathered around the vexed question of who caused the war. No matter how clear may be the blame, in whole or in part, in one or several quarters, back of the last argument and the final conclusion still looms the unsatisfied demand for some sort of moral explanation, something that will show that it proceeds from causes commensurate with the immensity of its sabotage, causes that vindicate themselves to man's reason and seem to be within his possible control in the future. For many people, I am sure, the need to find such an explanation is imperative if they wish to preserve an atom of faith in the moral government of the universe.

For myself, I have found that explanation in the belief that conduct prepares its own reward. If nations worship false gods, deny justice, throw their influence against that which is eternally right, they are piling up a score against themselves which presently they will have to pay. Practically all the nations of the world had been conniving at

wrong doing, turning away from the demands of right and justice, worshipping false gods. And now they are having to meet the consequences of their failure to live up to the best they knew. In the September BOOKMAN I spoke of Germany as one of the Frankensteins of civilisation. If we will look back along the course of history we will see many Frankensteins with which civilisation has had to dispute world way, after long fostering of them and delight in them. We once had one of our own in the institution of slavery. From its beginning the whole nation tolerated human bondage. Because it seemed to bring material prosperity, added to the comforts and the luxuries of those who held the upper hand, increased the general store of gold, through years and years our forefathers smiled upon slavery, encouraged it, excused it, made concessions to it, were blind to its monstrosity, allowed it to grow and grow until at last it reached such size and strength that it determined upon domination. The whole country was responsible for slavery, the whole country had sinned alike in the creation and the fostering of that Frankenstein, and the whole country had to pay for its wrongdoing with bloody stripes.

Napoleon, greatest of criminals, was another Frankenstein for whom the nations had to pay. At his advent they welcomed him for his service, they praised and flattered him, they let him have his way. And as he went on, growing more and more powerful, they withheld their hands, they aided him when they could gain advantage, they connived and compromised, and presently they discovered he had grown so great he was about to eat them all. And all Europe had to pay with slaughter immeasurable and vast devastation because

it had winked at injustice, struck hands with wrong, worshipped success.

Behind Napoleon lay the wreckage of another battle with a Frankenstein, the old aristocratic régime in France that had grown huge and monstrous on the life blood of the nation that tolerated it. The stench of its wickedness rose to heaven as it fattened upon the human rights it incessantly outraged. But the nation had to pay mercilessly for the lives it had crushed, the rights it had violated, the wrongs it had visited upon the helpless. It was as monstrous a Frankenstein as any that civilisation has ever pampered and fostered into supremacy, but it went down in the blood and fury of the Revolution. So, finally, does every one go down.

For man's slow progress upward through the centuries has been one fierce and desperate struggle after another with some fetish, economic, social, political, religious, that he has created, fed upon crimes and follies, fattened upon wrong-doing and injustice, until he has seen how loathsome it is. Then he has given battle to his own creation and mounted to higher levels over its dead body.

Germany and the conditions and ideals of modern civilisation which had made it possible for the German Empire to set forth upon world conquest can be seen now to stand out as the Frankenstein of the twentieth century. All the rest of the world has helped to feed and foster the monster, has joined in its iniquities or tacitly condoned them, has admired and commended and has been eager to share in whatever benefits could be won from the creature's growth. So now all the world is paying the penalty for its lack of vision, suffering for its sins of omission and commission.

At the bottom of the making of this Frankenstein was the worship of material success and the uncurbed longing for wealth and power, individual or national or both, which have dominated men and nations. We here in America have sinned grievously in that respect,

in our own actions and in our moral estimates of others. Therefore must we repent in salt and bloody tears,—and resolve that we will not so sin again.

All the world knows now and all the world is shocked and horrified by the monstrously immoral character of the principles upon which Germany guides her national conduct. All the world knows and is horrified by the shamelessly immoral attitude of the German government toward its own people. All the world knows and despises the cruelty, deception, megalomania, treachery, lying, intrigue, barbarity, injustice that the German nation has been practising and defending and glorying in. But all these things were either true in fact before the war or were implied and evident in the spirit and the principles, the ideals and the purposes in which the whole German nation was being trained. And yet all the world, which now scorns and loathes, until three years ago wondered, admired and applauded. Why? Because Germany was succeeding, was making wonderful strides in material wealth and prosperity, was piling up riches—mostly in corporate hands—and was gaining as a nation immense economic and political power.

It is no more than five or six years since one of the most prominent university presidents in the United States, head of one of the largest and most important of our educational institutions, expressed in columns and columns of print the warmest admiration for the German Kaiser, praised him unstintedly as the possessor of great and noble qualities and lauded him as the main factor in world peace and the chief hope of the world for continued peace. Now he looks at Emperor William with the same amazed and horrified eyes as do the rest of us. He is typical of thousands upon thousands of others in our own and other lands. But Emperor William is exactly the same man, exactly the same ruler, holds just the same ideals and purposes, is guided by the same principles now as then.

Blind admiration did not stop at the

head of the German Empire. We heard endless praise of German laws for the protection of German workmen, and that sincerest flattery which expresses itself in imitation was already at work. Ex-Ambassador Gerard in his book, *My Four Years in Germany*, shows how those laws work to make the labourer practically a serf to his employer and how, combined with other conditions, they result in bitter poverty and helplessness. We read many admiring accounts of German municipal administration and now we are learning that it is only part of a system that makes of the German citizen a docile sheep to be herded where and how the government wants him. For the last quarter century or more we have heard the German educational system extolled to the skies; all the world has resounded with admiration of German scholarship; from the ends of the earth streams of students have poured into the German universities; German progress in science and German methods in extending its practical application have won universal praise. Now, American educators are deploring the deadening effects of German methods and wondering why they did not discern long ago the greater vitality and fruitfulness inherent in the French; German scholarship is seen to have resulted quite frequently in dust heaps of small value; in America at least the painful discovery has been made that German universities could and did, in some subtle way, poison the roots of patriotism; German science is known to have been mainly pilferings from elsewhere applied to German industrial enterprises and developed into wealth for Germany. German efficiency, German adaptability, German enterprise, German success in industry, commerce, and extension of influence and power, were lauded ceaselessly and held up as models. Now, in the eyes of the world they have become the shame of the nation for which they formerly won so much admiration because the political intrigue and treachery with which they were always

coupled has outraged all sense of square dealing.

All these things would have been as evident before the war if those who admired and praised so easily had used the same intelligence they do now, if they had looked below the surface of material success, if they had searched even a little for animating purposes and controlling principles. As I showed in a previous article in *THE BOOKMAN*, out of her own mouth Germany has spoken her condemnation. For the utterances of her ruling class, her public men, her teachers, her philosophers, her preachers, all those who mould and guide and voice the ideals and spirit of a nation, have proved her belief as a nation, as a people, that there is no right but might; that any means is justified that wins success, no matter how evil may be the wished-for end; that war is a glorious activity to be desired for its own sake; that Germany must and will grow greater and more powerful until she conquers the world, and that it is the duty, the pleasure and the pride of every German man, woman or child to do everything possible toward that end.

All this megalomania, lust of wealth and power and lack of moral sense—unfailing characteristics of every Frankenstein the world has ever struggled with—were easily discoverable, it is now evident, in the pre-war Germany. Why were they not pointed out and held up to the execration they deserved and are now getting? Here and there a publicist or public man, one or two in England, one or two in France, none at all in America, spoke some small measure of the truth. But none of these, so far as I have read their books, saw much except political danger for his own country or suggested any means of meeting the menace, except those of increased armaments and more astute diplomacy. And few have listened even to their warnings, or believed that any danger threatened. The gasping amazement with which all the world witnessed the outbreak of the war proves how utterly blind it had been.

Why had it been so blind when Germany had been for years so openly proclaiming her purpose, her malevolent spirit, her lack of moral sense? Was it not because of the glamour of German success in the gaining of wealth and power? Was it not because all the world, with her, was worshipping the golden calf? Was it not because most of the world still believed in war that the whole of the world neglected to take any really efficient measures to prevent such a cataclysm as has befallen? Was it not because all the world was too indifferent, too doubtful, too immoral to demand the rule of justice and right that might have dared to make this attempt to gain universal power?

The nations, the individuals that compose them, you and I, we have all won the just reward of our blindness, our complacency, our unwillingness to condemn injustice and wrong, our inability to see them for what they are, our faith in material power, our admiration for material success. We have all helped to foster a colossal Frankenstein, we have all worshipped at its feet, and now we are paying the penalty.

It is not in Germany alone that this twentieth-century Frankenstein must be fought. There is its most congenial home, there it found the best environment and there it has reached a development that dwarfs its manifestations in other countries. That is the one that must first be overcome, because it has challenged civilisation to the combat. But afterward, if the other nations do not take timely warning and attend each to its own Frankenstein, recognise it for the evil thing it is and for the menace it may become, and stop its growth or in some way make it harmless, disaster will result.

Humanity is forever nourishing some Frankenstein in its bosom and presently paying for its infatuation with the costliest of prices. But the fact that stands out most brightly,—that is full of hope and promise,—is not that humanity does nourish so base a creature upon follies and crimes and wrongs, but that when the Caliban gets large enough and foul enough humanity does recognise it for what it is and is always willing to pay the cost of getting rid of it rather than submit to it—and that humanity is always, finally, the one that wins.

## CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

IN A little book, *The Menace of Peace*, Mr. George D. Herron well

**We Must Face It**

points out the moral that adorns the tale of German social philosophy. If the world ac-

cepts a peace to-day based on the *status quo ante*, such as His Holiness proposed, it would mean the virtual triumph of the German idea with the German domination of Europe in another ten or surely twenty years and the re-establishment of just those nice balances of jealous powers whose slightest derangement could again precipitate war. The German conception of society, as Dr. Vernon Kellogg so ably described in the August *Atlantic Monthly*, is mechanistic with its base on the rigid operation of the biologic law of natural selection. Germany believes that she is a race of super-men, that in the struggle for existence her type of social organisation is both destined by God and of course determined by the law of selection to survive. For the welfare of humanity, then, Germany has a *duty* to impose her *kultur* on the race and so to lead the world on to heights of achievement inextricably bound up in the Divine Plan as developed by a German civilisation. Should Germany fail, "kultured" Germans would not want to live in a world so topsy-turvy—a world in which the unfit not only survive but actually defeat the fit, the chosen of God. So the Germans infuse something of the Old Testament spirit into their actions: we hear them talk of the Chosen People, the Will of the God (of Germany), the Wrath of the Almighty. From this belief and this devotion, their dauntless sacrifices arise, their fearlessness of death for the Fatherland and for the Emperor: they would die rather than survive a defeated Germany.

Can such a people be democratised? President Wilson thinks so, we Ameri-

**A German Military Disaster Necessary**

cans hope so, a little group of internationalist thinkers in the Reichstag apparently

intends so. But a calm consideration of the temper of the Germans does not encourage the hope. Such a violent change in the orientation of German character probably will need a great catastrophe for its accomplishment—a great military disaster. Such has been the history of both nations and individuals; great developing changes are accomplished by some sort of violence, to uproot a time-worn idea requires the agency of a revolution. And in the case of the Germans, this revolution, this catastrophe, is being quickly and satisfactorily arranged for. The mobilisation of our National Guard and the first instalment of the National Army means, if she can but read the writing on the wall, the downfall of Germany's military power. This is the task to which we must dedicate ourselves, our efforts, our property; and it is in the temper of America that, having undertaken the task of policing the world, we shall "see the job through" and pay again in this generation the price of blood and suffering for the purchase of that that is dearer than either—our own self-respect.

...

President Wilson's renunciations in his reply to the Pope are magnificent:

**The President to the Pope** "no restitutions meant to cripple some nations and benefit others," "no reprisal upon the German people," "wrongs ought to be repaired, but not at the expense of the sovereignty of any people," and especially the dictum against an economic war after



the war. Those declarations will work in two ways. First they have vastly strengthened the Allies' ideals and purposes, they have aroused enthusiastic sympathy in every people of Europe that is opposed to Germany, and they are sure to sustain and strengthen the failing military power of Russia. Secondly, nothing could do more than such a statement to strengthen the hands of the radicals in Germany. Germany is still fighting largely because she believes that any weakness will mean the enslavement of the Fatherland, the starvation of her people through an economic war. With this statement of war purposes, *some* element in Germany must question the more pertinently the faith of her leaders. Whether President Wilson's reply will sufficiently weaken German militarism to hasten her military disaster is questionable, but it surely will strengthen allied determination toward this result.

• • •

But there is still another aspect to the President's words that is infinitely more significant. We are beginning to assume in **Our Chance to Make a World** our thinking the overthrow of Germany; so

that the greatest, most tremendous thought before the world to-day is: when this war is over, what sort of a world shall we make for ourselves to live in? A world of balanced jealousies and feverish armament? God forbid. It must be a world without crippled nations, without smouldering revenges, without racial wrongs, as President Wilson has asserted before the whole world. To accomplish this we believe in:

1. General disarmament.
2. A world-parliament to enunciate the principles of international comity, to draft the laws of international relations.
3. An international executive to apply international law.
4. An international police force under the orders of the international executive.

This in bare outline seems the most practical machinery for perpetuating world-peace. In its essence it

means simply an extension of our law orbit: we obey a city's police regulations unhesitatingly because we believe that, if not the best, they represent the best obtainable effort to harmonise neighbourly relations; we obey national laws because we believe in the community of ideals and purposes that makes a nation, because we are patriots. We can as easily obey international laws drawn up by the most intelligent, skilled representatives of each human group—men actuated by the welfare of the whole world—because we can now, joined by the common feelings of human loss and the common purposes of achievement, see that the whole world is but a human family whose interests are fundamentally identical: because, in short, we are all joined in the great adventure of making the human spirit at home in its environment—of making the world a good place to live in. General disarmament, a world-parliament, an international executive with an international police force—let us strive for this programme, modified and improved very probably, but certainly a thought, an effort in the right direction.

• • •

This ideal of internationalism, the ideal of an organic world in which the nations shall emulate **Patriotism and Brotherhood** each other in service to the common human brotherhood, implies an essential criticism of the orthodox "patriotism" that is now, in the crisis of war, asserting itself in every belligerent country—the type of patriotism that impulsively cheers the might and glory of the state as contrasted with inferior peoples, the patriotism that carried the barbarism of savages throughout Belgium but regards every retaliation as the brutishness of "foreign devils." Such a patriotism harks back to the earliest human psychology; it was the group patriotism, or group consciousness, that determined survival and through the process of selection has become part and parcel of

our own mental fibre. A discussion of this value in our social life and of the problem that it presents is made in this issue by Professor Cooley, of the department of philosophy of Columbia University. Professor Cooley maintains that this patriotism must be trained, not extirpated, that it must be "converted from a selfish group interest into a rational, or moral, group interest," that we must recognise the truth that "the supreme unit is the race and not the tribe, mankind and not any fraction of it." "The problem of the redemption of patriotism," he continues, "is simply part of the problem of the moralisation of society." Before the war the ideas of internationalism were used by social agitators largely in the attempt to consolidate the interests of their class throughout the different nations: internationalism was a propaganda idea used to divide society laterally into class antagonisms. Now under the fusion of war's intense struggle we can see that the internationalism that means a common pooling of human interests is the only solution of the problem of war and peace.

• • •

Germany's peace terms are being fore-casted in Washington at the time of our going to press. These terms which Germany is formulating in reply to the Pope's plea are said to include the following:

Restoration of Belgium and Northern France, to be paid for out of the sale of Germany's colonies to Great Britain.

Alsace and Lorraine to be independent states.

Trieste to be a "free port."

Serbia and Rumania to be restored, and Serbia to have a port on the Adriatic.

The Balkan question and the status of Turkey to be subjects for negotiation.

Disarmament and international police.

Freedom of the seas, with Great

Britain in control of the English Channel until the projected tunnel is built between Dover and Calais.

There are many points for dispute in such proposals: England would undoubtedly demur at paying for colonies she has already conquered, France would probably refuse anything but the absolute annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, Italy means to have Trieste, and it hardly seems likely that Turkey would be a willing partner to her Allies' offer to settle her fate in conference with her enemies. But all these considerations probably matter very little—the note will not be taken seriously because the world is now so thoroughly aroused to the German menace that a German military disaster, due either to the strength of her opponents or to the defection of her people, is necessary before the world can be assured of Germany's peaceful acquiescence to a place in the family of nations. What is of definite interest in the peace terms, however, is the reported suggestion of the German Government for disarmament and an international police. Although the terms as a whole will by no means end the war, these two proposals will give a great impetus to the only practical solution of the war menace, the best effort to establish a permanent peace; they will help to publicise both in Germany and in the Entente countries the ideas of disarmament and international police, with their necessary extension into a world parliament.

• • •

Disarmament by Germany, however, cannot be accepted on her mere promise in her present frame of mind. The disclosure of the German envoy's notes from Buenos Aires to Berlin, via the Swedish legation and Stockholm, show German diplomacy even more thoroughly outlawed, further removed from the standards of intercourse of civilised nations, than even when Zimmerman sent out his infamous Mexico-Japanese plot note. A promise by the present German Govern-

ment, unsupported by the strongest demands of the German people, to carry out a thorough German disarmament would hardly be acceptable to the nations whose trust the German Government has outraged, whose peoples the Germans have scientifically ravaged and despoiled. We must win on the field—and we must win again in the courts of humanity that shall determine the kind of world we shall live in after this war, a world to be based on community interest and not on either paper claims or “national aspirations.”

...

We bear no grudge against Mr. Edward Garnett for comparing at intervals large blocks of contemporaneous English and American literature to the disadvantage of the latter. Very likely if we went into this wholesale business of literary comparison, we should render the same decision. But the reasons assigned by Mr. Garnett for the inferiority of American authors seem sometimes a little dubious. This, for example, is how he explains his preference for the rank and file of present-day English poets over their American contemporaries: In England, he says, “the literary soil has been fructified by the germs of poetic association since the days of Chaucer.” That is the great advantage, he thinks, that the native English poet has over the native American; and in reading American verse, even very good verse, he is struck by the “thinness of the literary humus.” Now the “literary soil,” though an agricultural metaphor in good standing, is of very little use to us as an explanation. An American poet can get himself planted in any literary soil he chooses. He can send his roots down through the thickest sort of humus, down through all the fructifying poetic germs of Chaucer’s day, and even beyond them. Indeed he has often done so, sometimes to advantage, and sometimes not; for the truth must be told that nine times out of ten, it does not

depend on the humus or the germs, but on the sort of poet that is therein planted.

...

Small blame to Mr. Garnett, however, if his explanations do not always explain. His method is one that might make any man at times inarticulate. One conceives of Mr. Garnett as having two large bins on his premises, one for English literature as fast as it appears, and the other for American. As soon as the bins fill up, he reviews them both in a single article for some magazine. In writing this article, he is often obliged to carry in his head at the same time at least thirty contemporary English novelists and an equal number of Americans, many of them so very bad that they would be likely to damage the head that carried them. And not only does he never get them mixed up, but he can make quite extraordinary distinctions between them. Of two novelists he will often explain just why one is the more remarkable when neither of them seems remarkable at all; and of three poets racing, one would suppose with all their might, toward oblivion, he can often pick out with an appearance of certainty the one that will get there first. We do not deny that he is often right, or that he performs his task with efficiency. Yet as a critical method it does not seem like selecting the fruit in the literary garden (if we may continue that striking agricultural metaphor); it seems more like mowing the lawn. Any man who makes a practice, for example, of dispatching in a few days every six months the entire crop of light literature that has emerged in the interval, is apt to blunt the edge of his literary distinctions. It is generally impossible to be a sound critic and a cumulative book index at the same time. Not that Mr. Garnett goes quite so far as that, but his industry certainly does outrun at times the capacity of his literary judgment. Take, for example, his last review of a score or so of poets in the *Atlantic*

*Monthly*, in which Mr. Frost's *Mountain Interval* suggests to him only the following reflection: "It occurs to one that possibly . . . Mr. Frost has evolved a new theory of verse. . . . Does he hold that one subject is as desirable, one word as beautiful, as another? But *Mountain Interval* shows that they are not." This seems decidedly obtuse, especially when you see with what enthusiasm he can hail almost any mediocrity. But it does not really prove that he has bad taste. It merely proves that he has blunted it by too much rapid tasting. It might happen to any one who set out, very likely against his real inclination, to dispose of a score or two of recent poets in a bunch.

. . .

A truly Wellsian pastime is the popularisation of God. In *Mr. Britling*

**A Wellsian Pastime**

Sees It Through the hero, one who has always intellectualised his problems, is brought face to face with a great emotion, and through its agency, in his own soul, he finds his God. In *God the Invisible King* Mr. Wells gave us a series of essays, first on the heresies that convention and formalism had encrusted about the idea of God, and then on the true nature of the God that is Captain and King of the human adventure. In still a third book this year, published this month, Wells continues the theme of the God of traditional formalism versus the God of our common humanity. It is a novel, this third book, called *The Soul of a Bishop*, and in it the content of *The Invisible King* is worked out in the life of an Anglican bishop who, like Mr. Britling, discovered his God. His Grace, the Bishop, is first disgruntled and disturbed in his complacent cosmology by the agitation of his radical labouring flock who are on the point of a class war. Then comes the Great War and visions to the soul of the Bishop, and he begins to view the Church and the Priestly Order in a new light. It is a great soul-struggle that he goes

through with, but he achieves finally an entirely new orientation.

. . .

The first section of *The Soul of a Bishop* is doubtless of much more interest in England than in **A Disappointing America**. With us our God

clergy are more responsive to social changes, more ready for self-criticism, more objective in their tenets of theology. In fact a sane, healthy questioning has become so characteristic of our leading theological schools that many times the old line, rigid, orthodox trustees have made scandals out of the "liberalism" that seems to them to be carrying their churches to perdition. In England, however, the Established Church is one of the main pillars of the accepted order of society, and so it was quite proper that in his programme Mr. Wells should have allotted so much space and effort to breaking through its defences. But to us this part of the book makes rather stupid reading—too we have had *The Inside of the Cup* and thinking people are now about over that stage of wonder at what is the matter with the churches: they know the matter is there and many of the clergy do, too, and we know it will work out all right. It is in the constructive part of Mr. Wells's book that our chief interest lies—and it is just in this part that we find our chief disappointment. Wells's God is the most dissatisfying thing he has ever done. We were not converted; we did not even feel like trying a prayer. Mr. Wells himself is a demi-god among intellects; man's God is the object of an emotional craving: the two entities, Wells and God, are atomically antagonistic.

. . .

Up to last month, New York had known three Carmens worthy the name

**A New Carmen** —Minnie Hauck, Calvé and Bresler-Gianoli. Impresario Gallo —he of the visiting San Carlo Opera Company—has added a fourth, Ester Ferrabini. This new-

comer has youth and beauty—a very lithe youth and a devilish beauty—the grace of a panther and the seductive clamour of Shaw's superman: no male escapes her from the little fat chorusman who happens to be nearest her enveloping arm to the tall Captain of the Guard. The very exclusiveness of José draws her to him as by a magnet. Hers are no parlour manners—she wants him and she proceeds to get him—be her wiles those of a courtesan or a society expert, she cares not. She knows her Merrimée better than did Calvé—or, at least, she expresses a keener appreciation of the one-at-a-time attack. Her dismissal of the Captain, once she has a prospect of lassoing José, is as complete as her severance of all relations with the *passé* José after her submission to the toreador. The acting of this new Carmen has been here dilated upon to the exclusion of her singing. As a matter of fact, the lady is herself authority for the statement that her voice is too high for the music and that in her interpretation of the part she surrenders the possibilities of musical excellence to the more—to her—telling possibilities of the dramatic situation. None of her predecessors has been more alive to the intensity of the drama as such—albeit each one of the three had a lower range of voice and, for this reason, a better quality for dramatic expression. But this fact seems to bother Madame Ferrabini not in the slightest. She sings the music well always—at times, gloriously. But it is ever the presence of the person she is representing, Carmen, that one sees and feels. In the dance, for example, it is a panting, loving tigress that is singing the music as an *accompaniment* to the sharp clicking of the castanets and the swift movements of her rhythmic feet; in the card scene you hear more of a croon and a series of half-muttered oaths than the regulation vocal performance of an aria. But be it remembered that her voice is never inadequate. It is a young, vibrant voice—a caressing voice—a voice full of warmth and passion; and when the lady asserts that it is too high for the

music of *Carmen*, you smile—and know better.

• • •

A breezy "casual comment" from our neighbour, *The Dial*, seems to cover the case adequately:

**Mr. Hearst  
Conquers  
New Worlds**

The tentacles of Mr. Hearst have reached out and have gathered in another representative periodical. The International Magazine Company, which has already appropriated the *Cosmopolitan* and *Harper's Bazar*, is now reported as having closed in on *Puck*. Having conquered the library table and the boudoir, Mr. Hearst is now to conquer the barber shop. The library table, thanks to him, is not what it once was, nor is the boudoir; so why should one expect the barber shop to remain unchanged? The Hearstian breeze wafts itself over flowery banks stealing and giving odours, and often making two odours, or two dozen—though of a pungent sort not hitherto known or relished—grow where but one grew before. The man who is waiting two or three minutes for the next vacant chair was well worth going after. He is many, and in those two or three minutes he may be able, if taken decisively in hand (as he doubtless will be), to come to important determinations in matters of statesmanship and of sociology. The saloon as a political molecule threatens to pass: welcome the newer and better (or different) political molecule, the tonsorial parlour.

• • •

An interesting experiment in the literary world is the publication of a book entitled *The Grim Thirteen*. It is made up of thirteen short stories that because of unconventionality of treatment, and not because of lack of merit, were rejected by leading fiction periodicals. In an introduction Mr. Edward J. O'Brien, a short-story critic and the editor of the yearly *Best Short Stories* volume, recounts the occasion of *The Grim Thirteen* and the reasons for the experiment. It all grew out of a discussion as to whether, if Poe were living to-day, the American magazines would publish his

stories. The general opinion of the gathering, story writers themselves, was that they would not. There is a taboo, it was maintained, against grim or gruesome stories in editorial circles, American editors believing that the public demand the happy ending. "And then the inspiration came," writes Mr. O'Brien, "why not try to find thirteen hoodooed masterpieces by thirteen unlucky masters, and throw them upon the mercies of the public for a vote? No sooner suggested than done. . . . So here they are."

. . .

The first condition of selection was a repeated rejection by American magazines. With that condition met, the further

**The Short Story in America** selection was based on literary excellence. Mr.

O'Brien points out that the vogue of the short story has spread so widely as to be practically coextensive with the population of the country. The commercial rewards to successful short-story writers are of course very great and the more this is true the greater becomes the influence of those rewards upon the matter and manner of the American short story. Nevertheless, Mr. O'Brien is of the opinion that the short story is "the characteristic contribution of America to literature," and for that reason "it behooves every American writer to search deeply in his heart for the assurance that his creative work is the sincere and influenced expression of what he most desires to say." "It is especially necessary," he continues, "that he should not permit himself to compromise his standards by yielding to the pressure of high commercial rewards, when those rewards imply a moulding influence upon his literary work."

. . .

The thirteen short stories in *The Grim Thirteen* are examples of sincere imagination, unhampered by editorial considerations. They went their appointed way to the magazines and were found "unavail-

able," showing that these thirteen writers at least have found that some of their finest imaginative work could not achieve publication without modification. For this reason Mr. O'Brien is of the opinion that "much fine and sincere work is lost every year to America by reason of these restrictions." As an illustration Mr. O'Brien picks out of the "thirteen" group "The Abigail Sheriff Memorial," by Vincent O'Sullivan. This story, he says, challenges the intellect and "intellectual pleasure is not the chief end sought in the American short story of the present day."

. . .

The story of "The Abigail Sheriff Memorial" opens in New York City with

**One of the "Thirteen"** the experiences and feelings of a down-and-out artist who has sold

his soul to the gambling devil. You get quite excited about him and interested in his fate. What ghastly crime is he about to commit, what strange, unearthly destiny is in store for this night hawk, this human flotsam obsessed with a "flawless system" to beat the game? And there is his friend Jennie—a model, her shoulders had been painted by somebody—don't forget Jennie. Then the scene shifts to a New England backwater town and to David Sheriff, a plump-faced fool. It is still all well with us: David *must* lead a double life, or something at any rate is going to happen to him. Let us wait patiently. Then comes Miriam, wife to David. (Miriam's sister, Abigail, had been David's first wife.) Ah, here it is at last: the hidden mystery, the tragic masque of crime, the buried skeleton! The plot thickens, with Miriam to the surface—maybe Jennie is a love child, cast out to a life of crimson; or maybe it is the artist who is her "false step"; or maybe she has a guilty knowledge of David's hidden trespasses; or maybe the artist just *has* to kill David to avenge a great dishonour. Surely there are possibilities here. At last (soft!), the dénouement: Miriam killed her sister to get her hus-

band for herself! That is the skeleton, that the crime, the hidden mystery. And was it for this that all this structure was evolved? What of David, what of Jennie, what of the Artist? They all slough off, every one of them, without any kind of fate from gods or men. And with them disappear all the hopes, all the scents aroused by our detective instincts—all the broken threads of interest trailing off in the wind.

• • •

We tried to get intellectual pleasure from this story. We have heard it said that cross-sections of life, projected at random, are good "realism." But we ourselves are old-fashioned enough to like a little art—in our provincialism we confess to a preference for, say, "The Tell-tale Heart": we suspect that Poe would not have had any too great trouble getting that story published, were he among us to-day. Possibly we are guilty of the modern sin of class-consciousness, possibly we are too conventional in our liking for technique and too unappreciative of pure psychology, but the fact is that in the case of at least one of The Rejected Thirteen—well, we do not so much blame our friends, the fiction-magazine editors!

• • •

Since Graustark is closed to tourist travel because of the war, Mr. George Barr McCutcheon has turned his literary fancy from the romantic scene of his earlier thrillers to the very unromantic atmosphere of the New England backwoods. But in his *Green Fancy* he manages his usual lightsome touch and disposes, to the reader's edification, of the destiny of one of the Balkan states and of the pretensions of some plotters whose evil machinations against the throne and the crown jewels are hatched up near the Canadian border. One phase of the book, however, gives us deep distress. With its publication McCutcheon has

joined the ranks of the nature-fakirs. We do not speak with the knowledge or with the authority and prestige of Mr. Roosevelt, but we say nevertheless with all the firmness in our power: Katydids, Mr. McCutcheon, do not make the night hideous *in the spring*.

• • •

We apprised Mr. McCutcheon of this little discrepancy in his excursion in the realm of nature with the result that he explained the whole situation most satisfactorily in the following letter. We apologise to Mr. McCutcheon for our lack of *finesse* in not grasping the solution at once.

I am glad you have enlightened me in regard to the katydid. I confess I was puzzled. Now I know it wasn't a katydid that made the noise, at all, at all,—as O'Dowd would say. The cleverness of those rascals up at Green Fancy is something uncanny. They deceived me entirely,—and I created them, too, mind you. It is perfectly clear to me now that the katydid *couldn't* have made the noise, for the simple reason that the thing wasn't born. So it must have been one of the many ways those ingenious conspirators had of signalling to each other in the forest. How simple it all is when one stops to think,—which I didn't, of course. Now that a little light is thrown on the matter, any simpleton can see how the rascals outwitted me. They merely *imitated* the katydid! Fortunately, however, it would appear that I am the only one they fooled.

• • •

The most startling meteor to swing into the publishing world recently is Burke's *Limehouse Nights*, which we understand is now in its second edition. Mr. Milton Bronner wrote in the September BOOKMAN the very first appreciation of Burke's work to appear in this country, the actual writing of this paper being done, of course, long before an American issuance was given to Burke's stories. It

was Mr. Bronner, readers of *THE BOOKMAN* will remember, who also first "discovered" Masefield with an appreciation of his work in *THE BOOKMAN*. Burke is indeed, as Mr. Bronner says, a "find." With his tales of London's Chinatown Burke has opened up a new literary field and has added to the distinct originality of his own style the originality of a comparatively unworked literary *milieu*.

• • •

The women in the French munition factories show no signs of physical breakdown, if Mrs. Atherton's new book, *The French Amazons*, is to be believed. According to this authority, the tossing of thirty and forty-pound shells is now a simple matter to girls who before the war engaged



CAPTAIN FREDERICK STUART GREENE, EDITOR OF "THE GRIM THIRTEEN." CAPTAIN GREENE BELONGS TO THE 302D REGIMENT, ENGINEERS, OF THE NATIONAL ARMY



MRS. LARZ ANDERSON AS HEAD OF THE RED CROSS REFRESHMENT CORPS IN WASHINGTON, D. C. HER BOOK, "ODD CORNERS," OF WHICH SEVERAL CHAPTERS HAVE APPEARED IN "THE BOOKMAN," WILL BE PUBLISHED THIS MONTH

in nothing more strenuous than the manufacture of paper flowers. Mrs. Atherton made a journey to France especially to study the work of women in the war. She found them employed as letter-carriers and farmers, nurses, policemen, mayors of the villages. They are taking up duties which formerly were dependent entirely upon the greater physical capacity of men. According to Mrs. Atherton, a race of Amazons is being evolved, whose brawny muscles and strapping shoulders bid defiance to any "superior" attitude on the part of men. But they still powder their noses—the author herself remarked it—and she thinks it likely that they all cherish hopes of a happy romance when war is ended.

• • •

The war has brought changes from the biggest to the smallest things of life.



Governments fall and governments rise,  
 nations are abolished and new ones  
 made, men rise to fame  
**With the** over night and heroes  
**Passing of** do their duty, strange  
**Time** new monstrous crea-  
 tures of human ingenuity rear their  
 mechanical frightfulness in the battle's  
 storm centre, ideas spread like wild-  
 fire over continents and Democracy  
 "camouflages" in varied forms about  
 the world. Then in the littlest things  
 of life, too, there are events. Mr. Hearst  
 is pleased to exemplify the roaring lion  
 that we are taught to believe seeketh  
 whom it may devour, Mayor Thompson  
 (he of Chicago) continues at large, while  
 the People's Council have not where  
 to lay their heads. Recently our  
 neighbour, *The New Republic*, became  
 so excited over the "war after the war"  
 that it devoted two leading editorials in  
 the same issue to this subject and, *mirabile*  
*visu*, these editorials are diamet-  
 rically opposed to each other in belief  
 and policy. We quote: Page 116,  
 "Economic war after the war has re-  
 ceived its final quietus"; page 123, "the  
 economic war that must inevitably fol-  
 low the war" (no, no, the editors, all  
 of them, are sober, learned gentlemen;  
 even we ourselves know one of them  
 very well). But what affects us most  
 nearly and dearly, what brings with it  
 a touch of sorrow, even a feeling of per-



THE LATEST PICTURE OF GEORGE BARR MC-  
 CUTCHEON. HIS "GREEN FANCY" WAS PUB-  
 LISHED LAST MONTH

sonal loss, is the recent defection of one  
 of *THE BOOKMAN*'s old friends—a man  
 whom we have never met, but of whom  
 we had become so fond that the loss of  
 his monthly advice involuntarily prompts  
 the bitter cry of "enemy within."  
 "F. P. A." no longer finds fault with  
*THE BOOKMAN*. *O tempora, O mores!*

## AUTUMN

BY CHARLES EDEY FAY

Brave Summer's bugles sing retreat,  
 Her routed splendours all are gone,  
 And in the distance fades the sound  
 Of sunburnt legions tramping on.  
 But loud the shout and high the song  
 That fill the laughing countryside,  
 As Autumn's bronzed battalions wave  
 Their flaming banners far and wide.  
 The asters with their purple plumes,  
 The sumac red and golden-rod  
 Lift up their ancient triumph hymn,  
 While all the wayside burns with God.

# MADRID TO MOROCCO

BY ISABEL ANDERSON

(Mrs. Larz Anderson)

They have scattered olive branches and  
rushes on the street,  
And the ladies fling down garlands at the  
Campeador's feet;  
With tapestry and broidery their balconies  
between,  
To do his bridal honour, their walls the  
burghers screen.

They lead the bulls before them all covered  
o'er with trappings;  
The little boys pursue them with hootings  
and with clappings;  
The fool, with cap and bladder, upon his  
ass goes prancing,

'Midst troops of captive maidens with bells  
and cymbals dancing.

—*Old Spanish Ballad.*

A ROAR rises from the Carrera San Hieronimo. Cries of fakirs, calls of men selling papers or lottery tickets, warnings of coachmen. Every now and then a band goes by, playing in the curious muffled manner of the Spanish, with sudden wild bursts of the fanfare and the drums. On the corner there is the music of the blind guitarists and the singing of a child, and a bagpipe which a man blows into whenever there is



THE ROYAL WEDDING IN MADRID. "THE COACHES WERE GLORIOUSLY PAINTED WITH ARMORIAL BEARINGS AND LACQUERED IN COLOURS AND GOLD"

a chance of his making himself heard. The heat is so great that the people walk the streets all night. There is as much going on at four in the morning as at four in the afternoon. All day and all night the crowded life of the city passes beneath our windows.

The streets are gay with flags and strings of lights. The houses have their balconies hung with banners and scarfs of many colours, red and yellow predominating. Some families display their coats of arms embroidered on great red velvet squares, while others hang out rare tapestries.

Royal carriages without number make their way through the throng with footmen in red stockings and coachmen in wide, gold-banded hats, and men in uniform, and royal escorts of dragoons for the visiting princes. There are guards set in front of the palaces where ambassadors are housed. In front of the Medina Coeli, where the Austrian archduke stops, great footmen in yellow are lolling, to the vast delight of the people, and a bugler stands ready to do the honours when another ambassador pays his visit.

This is no ordinary holiday. Madrid



A CAMEL CARAVAN AT TANGIER

is making ready for the wedding of the King.

The ceremony was to take place the last day of May, and a few days before the King went north in his special train to the border to meet his bride, the Princess Victoria. All along the route soldiers were stationed, and platforms were cleared wherever the train stopped, so that no harm might befall her. At Irun the King met the royal party and conducted them to the Pardo Palace, near Madrid, to remain for the week before the wedding. Things had been brought from other palaces to make the place pretty for the Princess, and it had been given a thorough cleaning—which it no doubt needed.

The wedding day was hot and sunny, but brilliantly clear. The procession began to pass our windows about half after nine. The street was lined with soldiers, mounted and on foot, and army officers and diplomats in magnificent uniforms drove by on their way to the church, and women in beautiful white dresses, with mantillas, feathers, jewels, and trains of every colour.

There were two of these processions, one with the King and the other with Princess Victoria, and both were quite prompt in coming. They moved along with spacing and dignity, and everything was so well done that even to the republican mind it was not in any way absurd.

Heading the pageant came the fine mounted *carabinieri* with their cocked hats and red plastrons. Mounted *major-domos* followed them, reappearing at intervals with each escort, and sky-blue lancers, and dragoons in great helmets and feathers, and heralds in carriages of state, with huge coats of arms, and trumpeters who every now and then blew blasts on their trumpets. There were processions, too, of "horses of respect," covered with superb trappings of richly embroidered velvet and led by splendid footmen.

Then came the great coaches of the grandees with gorgeous lamps at the four corners and crowns and magnificent

trappings in the colours of the family. Footmen with powdered hair and staves walked solemnly at either side. On the horses' heads were plumes of vast size and lovely hues that waved as they passed, and the harnesses were mounted with gold or silver. These carriages were drawn by two horses each.

Following this part of the procession came the foreign princes in coaches drawn by four horses, and then the members of the Spanish royal family, drawn by six. These coaches were even more gloriously painted with armorial bearings and lacquered in colours and gold, and the royalties occupying them were brilliantly clad.

Preceded and followed by a handsome staff and escort, came the King's great tortoise-shell coach, drawn by eight big white horses decked with snowy plumes. Alongside walked the gorgeously liveried servants and the guard of honour, some of whom were soon to die. The King was greeted with great applause.

Just ahead of His Majesty's carriage went a lacquered gold coach with eight horses, more splendid than any that had gone before. But it was empty—the "coach of respect," to be used in case of accident. Later on in this eventful day it was destined to be so used.

A shorter procession, much like the first, followed after a pause of fifteen minutes. At the end of it came the Princess Victoria, who was also much cheered.

No words can give any idea of the regal splendour of the whole spectacle. There wasn't a single tawdry touch, or a tinsel look to suggest the circus, as is so often the case with royal progresses nowadays. It must have been quite like this in olden times. Each carriage and each man, each horse, every trapping, was a study in glorious colour. The crimson and canaries, olives and deep reds, exquisite blues, with deeper shades, mustards and pinks, were like those of old tapestries and old stuffs, all beautifully subdued. There wasn't a garish note.

After the marriage ceremony had been performed at the church the two pro-

cessions joined and returned over the route as one, the King and his Queen riding together in the royal coach and bowing to the right and left amid great cheering. As they passed I wondered if they really were happy, and what their lives would be. We watched the wonderful pageant defile across the square, which was all gay with the red and yellow, and turn up the narrow street opposite, the fateful Calle Mayor.

Although the police had been told that there was danger of a bomb in the Calle Mayor, the awful thing was allowed to happen. A man whose movements would seem to have been suspicious enough, threw a bomb from a window that would surely have hit its royal mark exactly if it had not struck a telegraph wire and burst in air. As it was, it killed the footman who was walking within a few feet of the King, and also the great white horses at the pole. It devastated the escort and killed or wounded over a hundred of the bystanders. Broken glass cut the King's coat, but a medal he was wearing saved him from a wound. The Queen's dress was spattered with blood, but she was unhurt.

The leaders of the coach were so frightened that they ran and dragged the other horses, some of them dead or dying, for forty yards before they could be stopped. Then the King got out, helping the Queen to the empty coach of respect ahead. Some English secretaries, who had come back from the ceremony and were watching the procession from a balcony, came down and did what they could to help. The King talked incessantly, but the Queen said not a word. She told some one afterward that her first thought, as she saw the bomb explode and blow a soldier to pieces, was, "That is meant for me. Will it kill me, too?" Both were very pale. Poor innocent creatures—she so young and so pretty, and he so plucky and genial!

When they reached the palace it is said he put his arms about her and kissed her, and said, "God save my Queen!"

It is the custom for the royal family, when one of them has escaped some danger, to go to a certain church and give thanks, but the Queen absolutely refused to go, and took to her bed and cried.

Next morning I heard a great commotion outside and rushed to the balcony. There were the King and Queen going slowly by in an auto, almost unaccompanied, to visit the wounded in the hospital. The people were so excited and enthusiastic that they fairly climbed into the car. Later in the day the brave young King walked through the streets alone, amid great cheers. But everybody was on edge; there were several panics over nothing at all—an orange tossed from a balcony, or a signboard that caught fire.

Saturday was the date set for the court ball and the bull fight in honour of the King's wedding. The ball was turned into a reception, but the rest of the programme was carried out. The people were eager to see their young sovereigns again, and their curiosity was gratified, for the royal family—except the English members—drove in semi-state to Los Toros.

The scene was a gay one. The royalties in open landaus with four horses and outriders were followed by carriages with foreign princes and diplomats. The ladies wore their best white lace mantillas and high shell combs with carnations of the national colours, red and yellow. The bull ring became gay as a blossoming garden. No one could help being keenly alive to the beauty of the spectacle.

Since we had the good luck to have places in an upper box we watched the young Queen take her seat by the King's side in the royal enclosure near by, and noticed that as she waved the white scarf for the bull fight to begin her self-possession never failed.

Three superb enamelled coaches drove into the ring bearing grandees of Spain, who alighted before the King and Queen and with low bows presented other grandees dressed as knights of old.

After them came swaggering toreros in costumes of brilliant colours, then the matadors, cappas, picadors, banderilleros, and mule drivers, all bowing as they passed. A murmur of admiration rose from the crowd, for it was a wonderful sight. Nothing like it had been seen for generations; it was the splendour of Charles V.

The first bull fight was given in old Spanish style. The pen opened and a wild black bull came proudly into the ring amid cheers. Two grandees dressed as knights and riding beautiful spirited horses circled round him and stuck in slight picks which broke half way and were left in his shoulder. It was so skilfully done that the bull's horns never struck the lively horses, and the bull, poor beast, soon sank upon his knees in exhaustion. He had been teased and worried till his proud spirit was broken. Then, with one adroit lunge of the matador's sword, he fell dead, and the populace applauded loudly.

The second bull fight was in the fashion of to-day. The bull, entering with a mad rush, was easily enticed by a cappa toward a poor, decrepit horse stupified with morphine and blindfolded. As the bull charged the horse the picador thrust his pick into the animal's shoulder. The enraged creature, in a frenzy, drove his sharp horns again and again into the miserable horse till it fell writhing to earth.

This was arranged to happen directly in front of the royal box. It was the Queen's first experience of a bull fight, and she witnessed it with apparent calmness, with never a change of colour. She must not flinch. On guard before this alien race, she again showed her Anglo-Saxon self-control as nervelessly as when the terrible bomb was thrown.

No firecrackers were needed for this bull. Amid great cheering he chased the toreros till they were forced to jump over the barrier. He killed five horses in his fury. Then he became exhausted and his end was near. Up came a matador and slew him with one stroke of his sword.

The rest we did not see, for we left, having had enough.

The night after the bull fight came the court reception. Except the palace in Petrograd, the one in Madrid is supposed to be the finest in the world. It is an enormous place, large rooms, marble floors, brocade on the walls, and painted ceilings. One room had a very decorative ceiling in porcelain. There were many pictures, mostly by Goya. The ballroom had fine tapestries set in the wall; in three adjoining rooms they were hung as we had never seen any before, overlapping each other and looped back at the doors and windows. They were wrought with gold and silver thread especially for Spain by Flemish artists. There are supposed to be seven miles of them stored away in the palace, a few being taken out at a time for special occasions like this.

The King and Queen received the diplomats in the throne room, which is all red and gold. Then they walked through the other rooms, stopping sometimes to talk with friends. Ahead of them were the Spanish royal family, the Queen's mother, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and some grandees. After we had caught a glimpse of the procession we went back to the tapestry room, in which we were much interested, and where there were only two or three others besides ourselves. Suddenly, to our surprise, the royalties came marching through again, so we had a good bow from the bridal couple all to ourselves.

By far the most beautiful of the ceremonies connected with the wedding was the High Mass, which was celebrated in the royal chapel of the palace. But even the special ambassadors did not see it, for only the King and his court and the foreign princes were permitted to attend. For all that, we saw the High Mass.

Our diminutive friend Antonio, who seemed able to do many things, hurried us through the crowd that thronged the great galleries of the courtyard outside. Tagging on to the coat tails of some

grand official, we were passed through guarded doors and up back ways, mounting steep service stairways, till we came to a large room directly over the high altar of the royal chapel. There, through a grille, we could look on in comfort at the whole ceremony, while sweet incense rose from the burners below to delight our senses.

The chapel was a vast octagonal hall, very lofty and stately, rich with marble and gold and frescoes. Opposite the deep chairs of the cardinals rose the royal throne with the seats for the infantas and grandees of Spain near by. On the other side were benches for the officials and suites of the court. The suites of the foreign princes stood in an enclosure, while the princes themselves sat in boxes which opened into the chapel as in a theatre. Because the Queen Mother was not of Spanish blood, she, too, occupied a box, and with her—in pale blue satin—sat the Princess of Wales.

The halberdiers took up their stations. The only movement during the whole ceremony which was not devotional was the changing of these men, who stood like statues till they were on the point of fainting. The doors were opened, and we could see the crowds in the gallery outside. Through them came slowly in procession a train of gentlemen-in-waiting and chamberlains, all in gorgeous dress. As they passed before the altar they bowed and crossed themselves, then turned and bowed to the Queen Mother in her box, and took their places on the benches.

Following them came three cardinals in wonderful red robes with their attendants, and they genuflected and crossed and bowed. The King and Queen entered next, taking their places on the magnificently embroidered throne, the infantas of Spain following. Then came another procession, this time with many ladies in white mantillas and beautiful dresses of pale yellow and blue; they revered first, the cross, then the King and Queen, the infantas, and the Queen Mother. The chapel was

filled with a blaze of colour as they took their seats.

After the Mass there was a *Te Deum* in recognition of the King's escape from the bomb. The orchestra for the occasion was fine, and the singing almost divine. The King performed all the devotions with much pomp, the Queen in her new religion following. It was one of the most perfect ceremonials I have ever seen. Before it was quite over we went down and were admitted to the sacristy, which had windows overlooking the galleries, so we saw the whole procession once more as it left the chapel.

A church service in Spain is always like stepping back into the Middle Ages. They say the Spanish are the most eloquent of all the Catholic clergy, and that Castilian is really the only language in which to address God.

A few weeks before going back to Madrid for the King's wedding we had been in Seville for the celebration of Holy Week. Those wonderful processions! There is nothing like them anywhere else in the world. They are made up of floats belonging to different churches and societies whose members walk with them. Most of the organisations adopt dominoes of some distinctive colour with high pointed hats from which long visors fall over the face and form a mask. Sometimes long trains are worn which are allowed to drag on the ground when passing the royal box.

The floats are from ten to twenty feet long and each one is borne by a score of men walking beneath. These men wear turbans so long that they form a sort of padding for the shoulders where the weight of the float falls. The procession moves very slowly, for the reason that they can only march about a hundred yards without stopping to rest. Besides being attended by the members of its own organisation, each float is also accompanied by soldiers and a band. The costumes of the members vary, now black velvet, or purple, or blue and white, or—like the members of the butcher society—those of Roman sol-

diers. Some who were doing penance marched without shoes. Several girls took part in the procession we saw, one of them dressed as St. Veronica, with bare feet and long hair falling over her brown robe.

There were many figures of the Virgin, each on its own float and dressed in a superb robe of red or black or purple velvet with a long train embroidered in gold or silver. They are carved from wood and have painted faces and real hair. From neck to waist they are bedecked with wonderful jewels and wear crowns of real gems and rings and bracelets galore, and each one carries daintily a lace handkerchief. In front of them is a perfect forest of tall candles and at either corner a silver lamp. Often the base of the float is of silver, too. Even while peasants were starving, the sum of thirty thousand dollars was easily raised to buy a diamond crown for a Virgin.

The societies are composed of poor as well as rich members, of course. The cigarette factory girls' float, which represented a Virgin—like most of the others—was the most popular in the procession. The King left his box and, with his suite in uniform at his heels, joined the group and marched with them. This caused much cheering, for he was very popular and this was his first visit to Seville.

It was very gay that afternoon on the stand where the young monarch sat. All the seats were taken and it was much like a horse show—young men visiting the boxes and much flirting going on, for this is one of their few chances. Most of the women were dressed in black brocade with black mantilla, but wore bright roses in their hair and a gaily coloured petticoat, and many jewels.

Later that same afternoon we went to the cathedral to see the ceremony of the washing of the feet. Twelve men from the poorhouse had been selected, bathed, and given new suits for the occasion. They sat on a platform, each with a towel over his shoulder. The boot and

stocking were taken from one foot which was dipped in a basin that a priest carried; this priest touched the foot with the towel and then the bishop kissed it. The robes of the bishop and canons were very handsome, and there was much incense.

Late in the evening the "Miserere" was sung very impressively in the cathedral, which was almost dark, lighted only by candles here and there, and filled with crowds of worshippers. The brilliantly lighted floats were carried through and then another procession began which lasted till four or five in the morning. I was standing there in the crowd and feeling very serious and religious when I was suddenly brought back to this world by a naughty Spaniard, who pinched me.

On Wednesday of Holy Week occurs the service of the rending of the great white veil behind the high altar, to symbolise the rending of the veil of the temple at the time of the crucifixion. Those of us who were not fortunate enough to have hired chairs stood during the ceremonies. Before us, and between us and the high altar, was a low railing with a great golden gate; at either side and in the centre were three pulpits. Behind us another golden gate led into the enclosed choir which is found only in Spain. Three priests mounted into the pulpits and chanted, each in turn. The service of the rending of the black veil is held on Saturday. At this ceremony there is a sound as of thunder, and the veil parts in the centre and disappears—this is perhaps the most impressive of all the services of Holy Week.

During Thursday and Friday of this week not a carriage was allowed in the streets. We were out in ours a few minutes longer than we should have been, for no one had told us about the custom, and in consequence we received a message from the governor and were obliged to pay a fine.

Thursday morning the King, with his mother and sister and a suite and guard, walked through the streets and prayed before the Virgin at various churches.



A bull fight was to have taken place on Easter Sunday, but did not because the picadors struck. A law had been passed forbidding them to use such cruel picks. This made it more dangerous for them, since the bull did not tire so quickly, and it also resulted in the death of more horses. The matter was finally arranged, and the fight came off the following Tuesday. The first bull killed only one horse and was not considered "brave." We could not sit through any more, however—that was quite terrible enough.

Before leaving for Granada and other places we had a glimpse of the Alcazar, the famous old Moorish palace where the King stays when he is in town. It was in good condition and very beautiful, but seldom used. Our consul took us through the royal apartment, the King having just left for Madrid. The furniture was old and in bad taste, and the pictures of no value—in fact, the rooms reminded one of a shabby hotel. In the lovely tropical garden outside, where the roses were in bloom, they showed us a tree planted, it was said, by Columbus.

Everyone who goes to Spain visits Granada, so I suppose I must say a word about it, although we have read its story so often. The cathedral with its tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella was disappointing, but I think the garden of the Generalife, the summer palace of the Moorish kings, is the most enchanting place in the world. It is a series of gardens on a hillside with fountains and orange trees and great climbing roses, and flight after flight of stone steps with water flowing down a runnel in the top of the balustrades. From the highest point one has a superb view of lofty snow mountains and the luxuriant plain beneath, and looks down upon the huge walls and towers of the Alhambra fortifications on a hill below. Within the walls are hotels and dwellings, and the imposing though unfinished palace of Charles V.

There is also the old Moorish palace, the Alhambra, which is considered one

of the wonders of the world. It is indeed a marvel of beautiful work in plaster with ceilings of wood inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, or with pendants in the form of stalactites. As the Mohammedan religion forbids the representation of man or beast, the designs are principally letters. The building was in fairly good condition, for it was being restored in many places. The baths of the sultan are handsome, but not so fine as some we saw in India.

The marriage tower was kept by two women whose parents had lived there before them till they were struck by lightning and killed. The sisters are obliged to ring the bell every hour during the night, for the irrigation of the fields is regulated by it.

A familiar figure about the hotel and the Alhambra grounds is the old king of the gypsies, picturesque in his quaint costume. Many of his people live not far away in caves dug out of ledges of rock, not wandering as most gypsies do, but staying there from one generation to another. Their rooms are white-washed and kept very clean, with brass dishes shining on the walls. A garrulous old woman, whose palm I had crossed with silver, told my fortune. With mysterious signs she offered me some well-worn cards to cut and bade me make a wish. Then she herself cut and re-cut the cards and laid them out, while the bold, hard-faced gypsy girls and the lying, thieving gypsy men stood close to listen. It was the usual story—a dark man, danger (the card with the dagger), adventure (the card with the lantern), and money, with the bag of gold. But with the bright pans gleaming on the walls and reflecting the fire-light on those dark faces with flashing black eyes and sinister glances it made a weird sight that I have not forgotten.

We left Granada and the beautiful snow mountains and went down to the plain, where the poppies were in bloom. This is the land of oranges, olives, corn, and grapes, and we passed fields where the black bulls that were being raised

for Los Toros were pastured. On the way to Gibraltar there were groves of cork oaks, their trunks showing orange where the bark had been stripped off.

As we steamed across the Straits from Algeciras the mountains on the coast of Africa changed from pale blue to grey and brown and green. The little walled town of Tarifa, the last stand of the Moors, slipped past us, while away in the distance Cape Trafalgar stretched out into the Atlantic.

At first glimpse Tangier was disappointing—just a town of white houses piled up on the hillside. But when we had had the excitement of landing, with shouting Moors and Berbers and what-nots fighting for us, and had passed the Water Gate into the winding ways and got into the squalour and rags—never have I seen such rags as in Tangier!—we began to realise that it had the atmosphere and charm of the East.

From the terrace of our hotel outside the walls we could look out upon the great busy market with all its life and bustle. People streamed past like ants and here and there, rising above them, was the fine figure of a horseman all enveloped in his burnoose and riding his red-saddled Arab. Crowds of people sat on the ground about a story-teller, who also fenced with sticks for the amusement of his patrons. Donkeys stood patiently by, waiting for the loads of grass on their backs to be sold. Women, too, were beasts of burden, for many of them bore bundles of sticks which they had brought into the city from miles away and were waiting to sell. Under cover, we heard, there was still the buying and selling of slaves.

The different sects of Mohammedans with their music and their flying flags of yellow or green-and-yellow, the tomb of a local saint in the centre of the square with its rag of red flag, the cemetery below where miserable little processions passed in and out all day long, gave us always something to look at. Then there were the beggars, who seemed to make the bridges their special haunt—dreadful creatures, many of

them blind and all in rags. Some had had their eyes put out by their masters for stealing.

In a small whitewashed hut sat Raisuli's judge in summary court with gesticulating crowds forever quarrelling before the door. Raisuli seemed to be a very powerful and much dreaded man. All disputes in his district were taken to this judge of his in the market-place. He had two enemies shot while we were in Tangier, and it caused a lot of excitement, making it dangerous for foreigners to go far outside the city. All the legations were in his district, and the friends of the men whom he had killed were anxious to capture a foreign diplomat and hold him till they were given Raisuli in exchange.

Stories of residents in Tangier made us realise that we were within the sway of Oriental justice. Here the sultans and bashaws and caids ruled undisturbed and their will was law. All the legations could do in those days was to try to keep out of trouble. The situation was all the wilder because everyone in Tangier knew that so many countries were hungering for Morocco that no one would give way to another. The squabble at Algeciras had made them realise their independence of foreigners and their ability to fight among themselves as they pleased, and to treat foreigners as they chose.

The streets of the city were narrow and dirty, and most of the people one saw were men. Women of the better class never go out except on Fridays, when they may visit other women, and on the one day in the year when they go to the mosque. The houses are white and are much like those of the Spaniards, with a court in the centre. The doorway of a Moorish house is closed only by curtains, but when the owner wishes privacy he leaves a slipper outside. Men have been known to wall up the door on going away for several months, leaving their wives and servants with food inside. They told us that in Fez, the capital of Morocco, no one was allowed to sell or rent a house to a missionary,

and that one man who did so had been crucified.

A Mohammedan can have four wives and as many slave women as he can afford. He can divorce any one of his wives at any time by giving her back the amount of money she came to him with, and she can marry again. The husband may pick out any child of any wife to succeed him.

Wives are supposed to cook the food for their husbands, to make their clothes, and grow fat. Country women have more freedom than those in cities, for they are obliged to work outdoors, and in that way they meet men and marry the one they care for. In the wedding ceremony they must lift the veil, and if they are being married to some one they do not like they can refuse to lift it.

The shereef of Wazzan married an English woman who was governess in the family of Mr. Perdicaris.\* The shereef, who was the son of a black slave, asked if a daughter of his could be taught by the governess, and so came to know and love her. Mrs. Perdicaris sent her back to England to her parents, hoping to prevent the marriage, but the shereef sent to ask them for their daughter's hand, promising to divorce the three wives he already had. The girl returned to Morocco and married him. Three years later Mrs. Perdicaris had a letter from her saying that she was being slowly poisoned, and begging for help. Mrs. Perdicaris went to the English minister, who sent word to the shereef that his wife must be given up to them at once, alive. So she was, and at the time we were there lived in a nice house with one of her sons, who had married a Moorish woman. The shereef died soon after, and she now points to his photographs with much pride.

Morocco is the land of presents. If you admire anything it will probably be given to you, but—a gift of equal value is expected in return. The Sultan always gives a foreign minister a horse

\*Mr. Perdicaris was the American who was kidnapped by Raisuli.

and saddle or a carpet, and swords or daggers to the secretaries of legation.

An American whom we met had been to Fez, which is a four to six days' journey from Tangier. The Sultan of Morocco, who lived there, had taken a fancy to him and presented him with a mule and a saddle of red velvet and gold, and also with a "holy" horse which had been to Mecca. He told us that the natives used to come to see it, and kiss it, and it was always the first horse in the stable to be fed. On the other hand, happening to admire the American's riding crop, he took it and said, "This is a nice one. I will keep it." A cigarette case and other things went the same way. Once when they were riding together the American chanced to admire a house they were passing. That night the Sultan bought it for him!

Early one evening as we stood in a window overlooking Tangier there was a report of a gun from the mosque. This was followed by the wildest fusillade all over the town, from roof tops and from the midst of the crowd in the market below our windows. There was smoke everywhere, and we could hear the whizz of bullets. The noise lasted for some time, and we were much relieved later to learn that it was not a riot, but simply a celebration in honour of the new moon, which was specially welcome this month because Mohammed's birthday occurred in it.

After dinner one night in the consul's garden some native musicians grouped themselves against a wall beneath some vines, looking very picturesque in the dim lantern light. A flute player gave us the wild music of the land, and the others played with their quaint instruments. Among the tunes was the old Lament of the Fall of Granada, which tells of the grief of the Moors at being driven from their homes in Spain. This reminded us of something we had heard, that the Moors of to-day still treasure the keys of the houses in Granada which their ancestors left four hundred years ago, never to see again.

# PRESIDENT WILSON IN CONTEMPORARY CRITIQUE\*

BY LUTHER E. ROBINSON

THE interpretation of contemporary personages and events loses the contagion of sweetness and light which springs from an ample perspective. It suffers the illusions of judgment too close to its objects of regard. On the other hand, it often avails, even by force of special pleading, to indicate useful lines of evidence or by its sins of omission induce a search for better standards of judging well. Stimulating public opinion by definitely selected persons and points of interest, it helps to create an atmosphere of new ideas by the challenge it throws out to those whose complacency or bias of mind has stood them in stead of trustworthier conclusions.

In our country, criticism of this instrumental sort, especially in the field of politics, is too little cultivated. We need more of it for its synthetic effects upon our diverse currents of public sentiment. It should come to us in the form of thoughtfully written books for the home and the library. Our daily papers cannot answer for it, inasmuch as the judgments of the press are, for the most part, newsy, fluctuating, and impressionistic. Our periodicals are too versatile in matter to give it more than occasional consideration. Although we are traditionally a party people, independent thinking and voting have made prophetic progress among us in recent years. Our few books on public leaders and policies

\*President Wilson from an English Point of View. By H. Wilson Harris. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Woodrow Wilson, the Man and His Work. By Henry Jones Ford. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Woodrow Wilson as President. By E. C. Brooks. Chicago: Row Peterson and Company.

Wilson and the Issues. By George Creel. New York: The Century Company.

at home too often lack the freedom from prepossession or expediency or academic manner which the catholicity of our national development might easily suggest. For this reason, a well-considered foreign view of our national policies and personalities is all the more welcome.

A very compact, well-balanced book has been written by H. W. Harris, of London, to interpret President Wilson and his measures to English readers. It was published in England just before our declaration of a state of war with Germany, but the recent American edition includes the author's account of the circumstances leading to the rupture. The book is semi-biographic. The main facts of the President's nativity and education, of his professional and literary life, are outlined by way of prelude to the larger purpose of exhibiting his acts and motives as a statesman. At the opening of the European war, the President's attitude of strict neutrality was felt by many in Great Britain to stand for American indifference to the issues and tragedies involved. The English public needed an explanation of our point of view by one of their own number. Believing that "The relation between Great Britain and America will be among the most powerful factors in world politics after the war," Mr. Harris hoped by his effort to help effect a closer understanding between the people of his country and those of our own.

Such a purpose, always welcome whether in peace or in war, could best be served by a clear-eyed summary of the President's life, particularly of his principles of statecraft. The language of the book, always simple and dignified, nowhere weakens to the impulse of British predisposition. The impersonal temper in which with expert brevity the author

has aligned and appraised the acts and objects of the President's domestic policy will be gratifying to his readers on this side. Mr. Wilson's practical philosophy of corporate control and monopoly, of tariff and finance, of labour and capital, as well as of the articulation to be desired of incoherent and duplicating agencies for the sake of greater economic efficiency, are presented with clearness and candour. His ideas of government are shown to have evolved with remarkable unity from his earlier days of academic reflection to his later successes in directing the course of congressional legislation. At the conclusion of his book, Mr. Harris reproduces the President's address to the Senate on January 21, 1917, and his second inaugural. These he regards as containing the Executive's fullest expression of the future rôle of the United States in international politics—a frank abandonment of the "detachment and isolation that for ninety years has been the corner-stone of her foreign policy."

In his accurate and sufficiently detailed exposition of our politics, Mr. Harris does not forget to remind his audience of points of difference between American and British processes of government, not so fully, of course, as we get them from Mr. Bryce or Lord Charnwood. The institution of a presidential programme through the *milieu* of congressional committees has seldom, if ever, furnished a more interesting example of the practice and tendency of our constitutional system than during Mr. Wilson's first administration. This is well illustrated by what the author has to say in his chapter on "The Attack on Privilege," discussing the late tariff and currency acts. The growing leadership of our presidential office in legislative initiative is a development analogous to the similar function of the British Prime Ministry. Mr. Wilson's incumbency has strengthened this analogy somewhat. Readers of Mr. Harris's volume who have noticed this tendency will be interested in his reference to the President's early predilection for gov-

ernment by Cabinet responsibility. His sympathy for this method is shown to date as far back as 1879, when as a senior at Princeton he published a well-conceived article in the *International Review* endorsing "Cabinet Government in the United States."

The President's leadership in the legislative programme of his first term confronted a situation whose difficulty this English writer notices with a directness it deserves. Although nominated and elected by forces in revolt against "machine rule," his advent to the Executive office carried with it the necessity of reshaping the ideals of his own party in Congress to a point of knowledge and courage sufficient to support the new ethics he proposed to advance both in law and administration. This as we know called for patience and tact of a high order. It is doubtless too early to consider at length the importance of Mr. Wilson's ideals on party or political standards. It is clear that he has followed his settled convictions in this direction. Some years before there was any expectation that he would be called to the responsibility, he recorded as his view of the presidency that the party nominating the Executive "cannot but be led by him in the campaign; if he is elected, it cannot but acquiesce in his leadership of the government itself."

His responsibility for the conduct of our foreign affairs has, of course, involved the points at which criticism has shot its most ardent shafts at the President. One might gather from this English view that it is too early for an impartial verdict here also. Mr. Harris indicates the right and left sides of the elusive Mexican problem and invites the reader to make his choice. He notes, however, the President's committal to the doctrine that "nationals of one state operating in another state for their own benefit do so at their own risk," and finds in this attitude not only a "striking departure from international practice," but an inconsistency when opposed to some of the ideas which Mr. Wilson later expressed in his speeches on "pre-

paredness." It may be admitted that Mexican atrocities received a more clement treatment than the distresses inflicted upon our citizens and their rights by a government from which the President had every reason to expect the ability and the sense of humanity to maintain treaty obligations and respect for international practice.

The frankest defence of the President's policy of non-intervention in Mexico comes from Mr. Henry Jones Ford, professor of politics at Princeton, in his volume on *Woodrow Wilson*. There is no question in his mind but our citizens go to other countries at their own risk; that they may expect nothing more from their government than that it will insist "on legal treatment and reparation" for the "violation of rights secured by treaty and acknowledged by international law." The proper *modus*, he thinks, is to demand satisfaction for injuries received. This *modus* the administration has pursued toward Mexico, and the "Carranza Government has acted with promptitude and energy in pursuing and executing bandits implicated in the murder of American citizens." This orthodox position would be simple if it satisfied all of the conditions or provided for every exigency. The very existence of "rights secured by treaty or acknowledged by international law," insisted upon, would undoubtedly require a government to share the risks of its citizens engaged in residence and business abroad, and might easily call for intervention in behalf of their rights secured by treaty where no reparation for serious injustice were made. But in the case of irresponsible Mexico, too much torn by internal troubles for impatient action on our part, there was every reason for both forbearance and prevision. The "adroit utilisation of opportunities to establish more cordial relations with all the American countries" was a practical wisdom which both Mr. Ford and Mr. Harris lay to the President's credit. This forward-looking result, not to speak of Mr. Wilson's expressed sym-

pathy for the Mexican people in their hard struggle for emancipation, naturally placed our country in a far happier position to face the complicated international burden thrust upon us by the quarrel, and its event, with Germany.

Collateral with Mr. Harris's purpose to enlighten an uncomprehending British public on the policies of the administration is his pertinent observation of British short-sightedness in judging America exclusively "by the Eastern States." This defect arises, he remarks, from the British habit of reading American papers from east of the Alleghenies only and ignoring those west. In working out its destiny, the West, he admits, has social and economic ideals of its own. "It fears and hates war for reasons that demand respect"—some of them "pardonably lost on the average Englishman," though not on Mr. Wilson, "who never allowed himself to forget that he was President of the West as well as of the East." It is likely that Mr. Harris virtually parallels the prevailing sentiment of this country in his opinion of the President that "No statesman living to-day has more consistently, more resolutely, or with deeper conviction applied in the government of a great commonwealth the lessons of a discerning, a sober and a constructive liberalism."

It is the province of political interpretation to indicate the blemishes as well as the distinctions of statecraft. The interpreter must be expected to speak with knowledge and restraint in commending what he regards as well done no less than in charity or rebuke of what he believes to be ill done. Mr. Harris does not pass over certain infelicities of speech by which the President has at times confused the public mind and produced the impression of hesitation or conscious inconsistency in ideas. These apparent delinquencies he connects with those well-known addresses containing the expressions, "too proud to fight," "peace without victory," "with the causes and objects of the war we have no concern," etc. The misfortune

of these expressions, as he correctly sees them, lay not in their true interpretations, but in the misconception they could so easily engender.

From his ability to look at both sides of a question with admirable disinterestedness, Mr. Harris has approached a more complete standard of interpreting the President than Professor Ford has succeeded in doing. The latter's book is full of useful information about Mr. Wilson. The chapters on his "Career as an Educator" and "His Books and Essays" surpass the corresponding sections of the English volume. The chapter on "Personal Traits" is capital. It is the most luminous "side-light" on the President's personality yet published. The Appendix reproduces the Palmer letter of February, 1913, giving Mr. Wilson's views on the proposal to make a president ineligible for re-election. That part of the book dealing with the President's public acts was written (and well written) to espouse his re-election. Here one fails at times to find the judicial temper that belongs to the historical spirit and method.

In still less degree is this temper and method employed in the book on *Woodrow Wilson As President*, by Professor Brooks, of Trinity College. This volume is an anthology of the President's public utterances, not a biography. As a compilation it is quite useful for libraries, where students of our politics and history may find in severalty Mr. Wilson's views on numerous questions of import in our time. The running comments prefacing the selections are full but uncritical. The writer is an ardent advocate of every act and attitude of the President *sans condition*. So is Mr. George Creel, in his piquant little volume on *Wilson and the Issues*. This racy *apologia* of the President's political achievements during his first four

years of service must have delighted many a well-wisher for the choice of Mr. Wilson for a second term. It must have furnished flavorful *divertissement* to some independents leaning in the same direction. The book supplied a telling counter-irritant to the highly seasoned stump arraignments of the opposition. As a piece of special pleading, but very ably briefed, it must find repose in the libraries as a document of interest chiefly to the special student of our party politics.

It is indeed difficult, if at all possible, in portraying a contemporary, to escape the pitfalls of prepossession or of illusion. It is of course easier to write with a personal purpose, to maintain a special thesis. Moreover, as Mr. Bryce once pointed out in an essay on Gladstone, it is difficult to explain or judge a man whose activities have covered various fields of endeavour. The task is rendered less simple in the case of men who, like Gladstone and President Wilson, appear to unite strong individuality and unquestioned scholarship with marked political astuteness. Yet, whatever its shortcomings, every book written in good earnestness about a living leader or contemporary event of public interest helps on to a just, if long deferred, estimate. These books on President Wilson, among others, touch in common the clear note of modern democracy, to which he has perhaps given the noblest expression in our day. For possibly no better formula for government by the people, in its fateful struggle against the rule of force, has been conceived in our time than may be found in his late response to the peace proposals of the Pope. The perfect utterances of that great state paper must have brought high spiritual satisfaction and cheer to the friends and forces of popular government around the world.

## SOME STORIES OF THE MONTH\*

By H. W. BOYNTON

SONIA is a story of our own day and hour. The two worlds of its subtitle are the worlds of a past and a future separated by the war. The action brings its characters to the hour of self-realisation; their development belongs chiefly, after all, to the past. Most of the narrative, therefore, is given to the ante-bellum England which, however spiritually wandering, seemed so physically safe. The book is rather closely analogous to St. John Ervine's *Shifting Winds*. Here also is told at great length the story of a group of young Britons, making their way together through public school and university, sharing work and play and boyish dreams of ameliorating the sadness and reforming the corruption of the existing world. We are spared nothing of detail as to their speculations and arguments, hardly an aspect of the political and literary life of England during the past two decades is untouched upon. Nor does the chronicler, Oakleigh, hesitate to pause frequently for dissertation and commentary upon his records; his whole conscious life is tied up with

\**Sonia: Between Two Worlds*. By Stephen McKenna. New York: George H. Doran Company.

*The Snare*. By Rafael Sabatini. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

*Behind the Thicket*. By W. E. B. Henderson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

*Day and Night Stories*. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

*The Triumph*. By Will N. Harben. New York: Harper and Brothers.

*The Man Thou Gavest*. By Harriet T. Comstock. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

*Jap Herron: A Novel Written from the Ouija Board*. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

*The Treloars*. By Mary Fisher. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

*We Can't Have Everything*. By Rupert Hughes. New York: Harper and Brothers.

the public fortunes of England in a fashion hard for an American to understand: "I can just remember, as a child of six, the fall of Mr. Gladstone's third administration. . . . I remember remotely and indistinctly fighting a young opponent at my private school over the rejection of the second Home Rule Bill; two years later Liberalism went behind a cloud, the Liberal Unionists came in welcomed and desired, and almost immediately—as it seemed—we were busy preparing for the Diamond Jubilee." An uncle of Oakleigh's is a political power in London, and Oakleigh himself in due time enters the arena, with a high heart. But his uncle's pessimistic forecast is presently justified; the nephew finds that politics is less a mission than a game, and he is pretty well disillusioned and weary of effort to improve the world when the war takes matters, for better or worse, into its own hands. So it happens with his two best friends. One is Jim Loring, who is also the Earl of Chepstow: with all his brilliancy of mind, he sees nothing ahead but the following out of the traditions of his class; there are too many difficulties in the way of letting himself go, of generously abandoning himself to his kind. As for O'Rane, with his fierce dreams for human liberty and happiness, he is on the way to madness when the battle-call summons him to a concrete duty. O'Rane is the real hero of the story—and, on the whole, its least real person; a kind of super-adventurer, before whose magnetism all men bow, He knows great sorrows and makes theatrical use of them, does a good deal of snivelling over himself, first and last. In his treatment of Sonia he is an undeniable bounder. He is supposed, of course, to atone for everything and to vindicate himself, once for all, by his extraordinary martyrdom at the front;



but he remains a woman's hero, a species of Byron-Rochester-Manisty (Does anybody remember Mrs. Ward's Manisty?) such as few male readers can really admire. The book does not end without its prophecy as to the nature of the new world toward which we are moving: "A generation has gone to war," cries O'Rane, "and two-thirds of its manhood will never return. A third may come back, and when peace dawns it will light up an England of old men, women, and boys. The returning troops who have looked death in the eyes and been spared—were they spared for nothing? Destiny, Providence, God, Luck, even. You may choose your name. If they come back when others as good or better are blown or tortured to death, do you suppose their escape hasn't bred in them a soul? For a day and a night they have lived the Grand Life; will they slip back? If they'll die for their country, won't they live for it? Can't you dream of a New Birth . . . ?"

In *The Snare*, that skilful romancer Rafael Sabatini offers a not ungrateful diversion from the present with its troubles, by recolouring and revivifying a certain troublous incident out of the past. It is an incident of Wellington's campaign against the French in Portugal. Wellington was out to save Portugal, but there were traitors in high places secretly opposing his methods and playing the spy for the enemy. His plan involved laying waste great tracts behind the frontier reaching to fortifications secretly prepared, before which, already starving, the French should be brought up short and forced to turn. It was to be a bold stroke against the Napoleonic principle of "living on the country." But it all depended on secrecy and unity of action. Suddenly the drunken blunder of a young English officer gives the plotters their chance to upset the delicate balance. Their influence causes the Portuguese Council of Regency to demand that the culprit be made a scapegoat. He is at large, and it falls to his brother-in-law, O'Moy,

British Adjutant-General at Lisbon, to promise that he shall be shot when taken. From this situation develops a coil of circumstance whose disentangling any reader who is at all susceptible to romantic narrative will follow with breathless interest. It is decidedly the sort of plot that ought not to be given away by the reviewer. Mr. Sabatini shows his quality by giving his *personæ* enough characterisation (and not too much, as may easily be in romance) to lift the performance from the earthy status of the cheap thriller to the celestial plane of romance.

The effect of *Behind the Thicket* is also romantic, although the element of romance emerges slowly from the satiric realism of the greater part of the narrative. Not until the very end do we perceive that six-sevenths of these pages have been introductory, and that the brief concluding Third Book contains the real gist of the matter. A fairly prosperous couple of Londoners, some time married, are ordered out of the city for the sake of their six-year-old boy, and take a house in rural but accessible "Wokeborough." The mother is herself rather delicate, and in this very neighbourhood, during the months before the boy Michael's birth, has developed a strange sensitiveness of response to nature, "a modern Pan-worship deriving from a deep and little-worked vein of sensuousness which underlay her nature." The boy has inherited this. In most respects and in most moods he is normal enough, but at times the woods call him irresistibly, and he is good for nothing till he has responded, at least momentarily, to the call. I falls to him in due time to take up the ordinary life of the respectable young Londoner in the conventional business office. Outside the steady pressure of this slavery the world slowly crowds in upon him—a very modern world. Worldly women tempt him—in vain, because of a strange dream in his heart. His sister falls in with a fast Bohemian set, imbibes the doctrine, and becomes

the mistress of a musician, and in the end goes wrong altogether. Two or three chapters here embody an unsparing and quite shattering realism. Michael's mother is dead, his sister worse than dead, his whole world in a meaningless coil. From it all he makes his final escape to his beloved forests. Alone in the woods, Michael swiftly reverts to an ancient character, sloughs off the habits and senses of civilisation, and becomes a faun whose nymph, dimly visioned in her earlier state, now awaits him. Their moment of perfect union is broken by the wrath of Dionysos: in the throat of the dead faun the only human being who could have comprehended finds the arrow of the jealous god.

The short Third Book might very well stand by itself as an imaginative sketch rather in the manner of Mr. Blackwood. Several of the new *Day and Night Stories* by that delver into the occult have much the same idea as *Behind the Thicket*. In "The Touch of Pan," an Englishman is drifting wearily toward marriage with a woman of the fast, modern type. The life of his class disgusts him, but nothing better seems attainable. Then, at the eleventh hour, he is released. At a fashionably dissolute house party he finds a daughter of the family who is kept in the background, a girl of mind and character so simple and complete that her people think her an idiot. The strange pair are drawn together at once, are sure, without any stages of acquaintanceship, that they belong together. They meet that night in the forest, to become faun and nymph among the riotous people of the night, and to be sealed to each other by Pan himself. From their excursion into the unmoral pagan world of nature they return to gaze with horror at the deliberate and joyless immorality of the country house set. "Initiation" describes a similar reunion with primitive nature on the part of a New York banker in whose commercial soul has survived a trace of the

love of pagan beauty which had inspired a remote English ancestor. The other tales all have to do with the borderland between life and death, with reincarnations, or with other subliminal matters. It is probably coincidence that the title of this book has already been used for two volumes of more or less creepy stories by Mr. T. R. Sullivan, published in the early nineties. Mr. Blackwood's fancies are to my mind more effective in these brief sketches than in the long-drawn narratives of *Julius Le Vallon* and *The Wave*.

The American novels of the moment are nearly all of romantic temper. In *The Triumph* Mr. Harben holds to his usual local Georgian setting, but this is a story of Georgia in the time of the Civil War. The central figure, Andrew Merlin, is a hater of slavery, and long before the outbreak of the war has taken his stand for the preservation of the Union. He is shiftless in practical matters, and his family standard of living is not much above the level of the poor whites. His brother Thomas, on the contrary, is a wealthy planter and slave-holder, a dogmatist and fire-eater of the true antebellum type. The two are strongly, not to say artificially, contrasted in every possible way. Their differences of opinion are made less tolerable by an unlucky business connection, in which Andrew's tactlessness is chiefly at fault. Then open rupture comes: a slave is turned over to the unwilling Andrew in payment of a debt, and the whole countryside is outraged when Andrew lives up to his principles by first treating the negro as an equal, and then actually setting him free. Only the zealot's daughter stands by him; his wife despises him, and his son enlists under the Confederacy after he himself has joined the Northern forces. The end of the military struggle means little peace for him, he comes home crippled to find that his son has been killed, that his wife hates him, and that he is expected to walk softly in the presence of his neighbours. This is not in him; he is as

outspoken and independent as ever, and things conspire to make him odious and suspected. In the end he owes his narrow escape from the summary vengeance of the Ku Klux to the sudden magnanimity of his powerful brother, and finds himself free and respected at last, in a land of promise. "In life's grim battle the triumph was his"—a triumph involving the marriage of his daughter to the son of that aristocratic Southern family which has always held him as dirt beneath its feet. It cannot be said that Mr. Harben's aristocrats are as "convincing" as his commonalty; Anne Merlin and Arthur Preston are a singularly wooden pair of leading juveniles.

*The Man Thou Gavest* is a tale of northern city and southern mountain, very feminine and emotional in tone and substance: Northern young man is despatched southward for his health, finds lodging in the hut of a mountain sheriff, who presently makes off to the deep woods, leaving his guest alone with his already restored health and a play he is fiddling with. Enter mountain maid, wild but innocent—sudden love—pair isolated by storm—"In Thy sight I take this woman for my wife." Young man summoned North—must make her his wife in the sight of man before he goes—no parson. Storm has done for parson. Well—back soon. Fate and the author intervene. By a generous provision of misunderstandings and mystifications the young pair are to see each other no more. The mountain maid bears her child of shame, and is magnanimously wed by her ancient mountain lover. The young man's eyes are gradually opened to the perfections of the girl he has known from childhood and has probably always loved. They marry. This girl is quite modern; she has already solved the problem of "economic independence," and intends their marriage to be an equal partnership, or slightly more so. Presently the husband shows that he misunderstands her, says something rather rude,

in fact, and she promptly withdraws into her own fastness. Of course people who misunderstand each other like that should thenceforth be married "in name only." From this time on Lynda takes the lead, kindly instructing her husband from time to time in the way he should go. Meanwhile, though they both want children, they remain apart in order to preserve their self-respect; and presently, when they have respected themselves and each other sufficiently, it appears that they are not likely to have children. Then appears the mountain maid out of the past, and offers Lynda her child. So Lynda adopts it without revealing to her husband that it is his own child—until, years later, the right and effective moment arrives. The fatal weakness in this story is not its artificiality of plot and excess of emotion so much as the hollow elaboration of its characters. We might have enjoyed the romance if the author had not tried to make it a vehicle for realism.

*Jap Herron* is another odd mélange. It purports to come from Mark Twain; though the publishers refrain from putting his name on the title page, they do not scruple to use his portrait as frontispiece and on the cover. "Over the ouija board," two literary ladies have received, with some difficulty, this in some respects Twainish yarn. Suppose we forget its source and look at the thing itself. Jap Herron is the son of the local drunkard of a village somewhere in Missouri. After his father's death and his mother's remarriage "to another bum," Jap runs away and strays into Bloomtown and the printing office of the *Herald* of that little place. The editor, Ellis Hinton, has already worked and starved himself to the verge of consumption—an idealist who has hitched one of his traces to a star and the other to a village newspaper, which must truckle to succeed. Bloomtown is a dingy, gone-to-seed little place, which has once been defeated of a railroad, and has never fairly held up its head since. Years back Hinton has been

cheated into buying the *Herald*, and has clung to it as a forlorn hope. Jap appoints himself assistant, which means chiefly the sharing of Hinton's thankless toil and pitiful fare. The two become devoted to each other; a good third is added them in the son of the village skinflint, and, later, a fourth in the angelic middle-aged Flossy, who marries Hinton and mothers them all. It is Hinton's dream that Jap shall grow up to be what he himself has wished to be, a power for righteousness in the community. Jap does: we leave him secure in the esteem and leadership of a rejuvenated Bloomtown, triumphant over its elements of sloth and of evil. This outline shows a story such as Mark Twain in the flesh might have written; and it is filled in with scenes and dialogues of a rough rustic humour which, as the ouija board justly prides itself, "sounds like Mark." But our outline does not suggest the predominating quality of the book—a strained sensibility, a pathos deliberately fostered and "rubbed in." Jap bursts into tears on the slightest excuse. Confronted with Flossy's baby, and told that it is to be named for him, he "sobs stormily," falls on his knees and cries, "If God lets me live, Flossy, I will make him proud of me." But most of the pathos has to do with death foreseen, experienced, or recalled. Hinton dies; Flossy and the baby die; and the details of earthly grief are luxuriated in to the utmost. Is it a Mark-Twain boy who, long after Flossy's death, sobs over her grave "in an abandon of grief"? Is it the Mark Twain of our knowledge—is it, alas! a Mark Twain freed from the bondage of death, who thus gloats over human pain? "Boys they were, despite their years, and Flossy had been more to them than the mother whom youth is prone to take for granted. When the tempest of sorrow and desolation had spent itself they arose. . . . 'It is done,' said Jap, looking up into the sky where the stars were beginning to twinkle palely. 'It had to be done. Now I can realise that they laid Flossy beneath the earth.

But, please God, I can't forget it. Now I know that she has left the beautiful shell behind. But, Bill,' he touched the mound with his fingers, 'Flossy has never been here, never for an instant.'"

*The Treloars* is a book of scope and power by a hand fresh at story-making. Readers who like swift action may find the conduct of the narrative too leisurely. By others, the digressions and discussions which fill so many of these pages may be regarded as the cream of the book. There is a story here, however. The scene is California. The Treloars, who live in the country near Berkeley, are a family of high cultivation and of warm humanity. The father is a brilliant man who has ceased to be a parson, years since, because he can no longer conform to the creed of the Church. Thereafter he has gone his own intellectual way, not unrecognised by scholars and thinkers, but without great achievement in the worldly sense. Hard by lives his friend and intimate, who is also a detached philosopher—of another school. Their chief recreation is in controversy. Treloar has three grown children. With one of the daughters, Catherine, we have little to do—a girl who has brains enough only for the hard and selfish part of the modern feminist practice. Margaret, the other, is a woman of intellect and character. Her brother Dick holds the centre of her stage, and responds to her devotion. We meet her at the moment when Dick is about to try his fledgling wings at journalism. In the city he presently meets an enchantress, an actress of none too savoury past. The wrecking of his sister's happiness and a luckless marriage are the result. He is released before the total crippling of his life, and after an illuminating experience with that great destroyer and maker of men, the war-front, achieves a real union with the good and simple girl he should have married in the first place; to Margaret also the chances of war have brought a fitting mate. The "plot," as will be seen, is wrought out of familiar materials. The

weight of the book lies in its honest characterisation, and in the wealth of thoughtful commentary upon modern life and with which the narrative is enriched. In the young German, Max Gietmann, with his contempt for moral and æsthetic standards and his cynical exaltation of brute force, the familiar devil of the modern world is embodied in little.

The six-hundred-odd pages of *We Can't Have Everything* display Mr. Hughes at his most discursive and casual. Their discursiveness is often very amusing and sometimes edifying; their casualty (as Mr. Hughes would say) is irritating and disappointing. For this writer, whether he cares about it or not, has shown himself capable of genuine interpretation and characterisation—by which, of course, the critic means nothing less human or desirable than the painting of actual humanity at its business of living. The people of this book are not actual, they are relative and insubstantial. They float vaguely before us in a cloud of talk—or, let us say, pinned to the machinery of the coldly invented action. They are typical in the little sense and not in the big. Each of them reminds us, more or less strongly, of some human type we have seen or heard or read of, but none of them makes us forget the type in the act of embodying it. Kedzie Thropp is the young person all our novelists try their hands at, sooner or later—the ignorant little beauty from the provinces (preferably the Middle West) who comes to New York, handicapped by vulgar and offensive kin, and takes it physically by storm. This lady has had a hundred rehandlings since Mrs. Wharton's Undine Spragg. Kedzie Thropp is as good as the rest of them—perhaps as good as the best of them; the little smiling, hard-hearted soldier of fortune who gets all the loot there is, but never all she wants. Step by step, inch by inch, we attend her progress and share her promoted discontent, as spanked child, candy saleswoman,

Grecian dancer, movie queen, titular member of the Four Hundred, to the supreme yet still discontented hour when she spurns these shores as a fully accredited marchioness of England. *Integer vitae*—her dress and manner and titles change, but she herself remains the same Kedzie who first forced her way in the reluctant wake of her parents from Nimir, Missouri, to the charmed portals of Manhattan. She is the one person in the story in whom we more or less believe. As for the others, the more strokes the artist puts into their portraits, the less clearly we see them. Jim Dyckman, athletic millionaire and aristocrat, perilously resembles one of Mr. R. W. Chambers's husky and gilded puppets. The fact that his author will not let him speak like an English chappie does not atone for his forcing him to speak like an American mucker. We are always hearing about what a gentleman he is, but we never see him—never hear him, at least—being it. Nor does Charity Coe Cheever impress herself upon us as the fine patrician she is cracked up to be. They are both commonplace and common, and whether they remain two or become a pair does not really strike us as worth all the trouble we are put to for their sakes. The truth is, Mr. Hughes has again, in the thin disguise of a story-teller, taken the floor to have his say about something. The title suggests the satirical humour which gives the story such value as it has, as a story. There is no such thing as absolute satisfaction in life, he says, the rich are no nearer perfect felicity than the poor; the virtuous have their bad moments as well as the vicious; everything we have must be paid for in some way. But if this is the moral of the book, it is not its theme. Several times of late this writer has made himself a champion of one article or another of the feminist creed. *Clipped Wings* really enforced, by means of an excellent story, the idea that a woman ought not to be required to express herself only in marriage; *The Third Commandment* upheld the neces-

sity of "economic independence" for married women; the present book is an argument in favour of tolerably easy divorce, with a laboriously arranged exhibit of what decent people may suffer under the present laws of New York State. If the believer could only have embodied his belief in his story! Unluckily, it is only too clear that his idea and not his people interests him. That

is a singularly lame and impotent conclusion which finally permits Jim to bribe the necessary clergyman into marrying him and Charity, and then holds them up as worthy to receive "a certain praise and gratitude which the world gives only to those who defy it for the sake of what their own souls tell them is good and true and honourable."

## OTHER BOOKS DISCUSSED

### WALDEMAR WESTERGAARD'S "THE DANISH WEST INDIES"\*

AMID the thunders of a world war events of importance in themselves and worthy of considerable attention transpire almost unnoticed. Thus it happens that the transfer to the United States by the Danish Government of three West India Islands, St. Thomas, St. Croix and St. John, was hardly even "news" sufficient to call for front-page comment in the press, or to arouse any particular interest on the part of a public satiated with "news" of catastrophal quality and quantity. And yet in a great many ways this event possessed importance beyond its surface interest. It meant the retirement of Denmark from the Western Hemisphere, and, in fact, the retirement of Denmark from the world map as a Colonial Power. It meant an extending of the sphere of influence of the United States southward and eastward in a direct line from Porto Rico and Hayti, and it meant the acquisition for this influence of two excellent harbours in the Canal Zone which militarists tell us are of strategic importance, but which common sense tells us are of immense commercial importance for the protection of shipping in a hurricane-ridden territory.

\*The Danish West Indies. By Waldemar Westergaard. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Denmark realised the importance of the sale, and throughout the autumn months during which the negotiations approached an acute stage and finally came to completion, the sale of the islands was the topic next in importance to the war, at times even of equal importance, since the war was with people daily in the Scandinavian countries, and the sale was something new. There was intense excitement and a clash of opinions that brought down a hornet's nest about the heads of the responsible ministers. There was a new note in that discussion, something just hinted at at the time of our purchase of the Philippine Islands, and openly voiced in Denmark last autumn; this was the question of the rights of the inhabitants of the islands, the question as to whether their allegiance to this or the other nationality was a thing that could be bought and sold . . . as it has always been considered hitherto.

However, the sale is an accomplished fact, and therefore the volume which is the reason for this review comes doubly welcome. It was planned and written before the negotiations as to the sale began, and was planned as one of a series of three which Dr. Westergaard intends to devote to the subject of the Danish West Indies. The present volume was to describe the beginnings of the colonies and their growth and varying fortunes up to 1755. But in view

of the transfer to the United States the author has added a supplementary chapter dealing with the negotiations, and giving a statistical summary of the development of the islands up to the present time. It is this development which he will elaborate in detail in the further two volumes planned.

Dr. Westergaard's work is so well done that it has gone far beyond the original scheme of a history of the Danish Colonies on the Western Hemisphere. It gives us, in its wealth of authenticated detail, in the personal intimate and very "alive" style of the narrative, a glimpse of the beginnings and early days of colonial history generally in the West Indies, and will prove a reference book of inestimable value for many a student, many a writer and many an intelligent voyager in a district which is ever becoming of greater importance to the home-land of the United States.

Dr. Westergaard himself, an American of Danish descent, and Assistant Professor of History at Pomona College, California, brings every element of knowledge, scientific training and personal sympathy necessary to the task he has set himself. And furthermore, he evidently possesses literary ability sufficient to remove his book from the class of dry reference works for library shelves, and to put it into a class of books that are not only commended, but really read.

The Danish West Indies Colony was not a Crown Colony. The islands, first St. Thomas, then St. John, then St. Croix, were taken for development by one of those Chartered Trading Companies that are of such immense importance in the history of modern civilisation, in that they have proved the most effective means, in many cases, of opening up new territory to production and commerce. Dr. Westergaard uses this fact as an excuse for his book. As there have been so few, if indeed any, authentic and at the same time concise and convenient histories of these companies, he hopes his story of one of them will

justify its own existence. In his own words:

If the importance of the history of the Danish Islands in the West Indies is to be judged by the extent of the interests involved, or is to be measured by the actual influence of the islands upon the history of the Caribbean or on the state of Denmark-Norway, the propriety of devoting an entire volume to them might well be questioned. But if a rather detailed study will disclose the rise of a fairly typical plantation society, if it will show on a small scale the sort of thing that took place in the West Indian Lands in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries on a large scale, such as the rise of the sugar industry and the slave trade, the effort need require no apology. For the islands reflected very distinctly the economic solidarity of the West Indian community at a time when it was looked upon as one of the main sources of the world's wealth.

The troublous times that came to the young colony, the clash of personalities, personal intrigues and ambitions, with the slow growth of a population coming to feel this solidarity of interest with the surrounding islands as against exploiting interests at home, are described against the colourful and equally troublous background of European history during the years from 1671 to 1755. The reflex, in those far-off lands, of political changes in Europe, mingling with the daily hardships of pioneer life complicated by climate and the dangers of slave labour, must indeed have freed the colonists from one trouble—monotony. And yet somehow we sense in it all the sameness, amid dangers and hardships, of the individual existence, and get a realisation of how after all civilisation has been built up on myriads of these individual lives with their petty cares and worries.

All of which may be interpreted to mean that Dr. Westergaard has performed a difficult task exceedingly well, and has given us a work of serious and lasting value by his ability to reach out through a subject which may seem small

in itself, to the larger relations of which it was a part.

The bibliography affixed to this first volume is of unusual value from the comments attached to each source of reference quoted. These comments will guide the student who wishes to consult first sources, to those which are of value to him, without further loss of time.

*Grace Isabel Colbron.*

#### ENOS A. MILLS'S "YOUR NATIONAL PARKS"\*

After spending many strenuous summers in roaming over most of our National Parks and those of Canada, I read with pleasure Enos Mills's interesting descriptions of his outdoor life amid their charms. He gives us the history of each park with a description of many of the most notable scenic features, while, in the appendix we find a practical guide showing in detail the routes and expense of visiting the National Parks and Monuments.

There is still a curious public indifference in regard to our western regions of beauty and wonder. In the early days it took many expeditions to the Yellowstone to convince people of the wonders claimed for it by explorers. The creation of almost every national park has required the long continued effort of men of vision and courage. Even properly to preserve them in the present day is often a task in which one may find himself inadequately supported. Unquestionably John Muir laid down his life in his great effort to protect the Hetch Hetchy for future generations, and we owe the creation of the Rocky Mountain National Park to Mr. Mills's untiring enthusiasm. Far too often, when it is proposed to set aside a new region of forests and of mountains for the whole nation, do we find private interests insidiously opposing the public good. Even when it is desired to enlarge a park by including an adjacent region of equal or even greater scenic impor-

\*Your National Parks. By Enos A. Mills. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

tance, the few enthusiasts who know and who care often encounter a delay of years on the part of our legislators. Little wonder that Mr. Mills calls on the youth of the land to visit our mountain regions and to offer their trained services for the creation, development and preservation of what is "likely to prove the richest, noblest heritage of the nation." He quotes in substance Whittier's advice to a young man seeking the way of success in life,—Attach yourself to a noble and neglected cause and stay with it until you win.

One of the essential elements of education is real acquaintance with God's creation, for this book learning is never a substitute. Only sympathetic and joyous communion with flower and tree, with bird and animal, and with the eternal mountains can supply an infinite need of the soul. In more ways than one our national parks are reforming man. One of these coming changes that I see is in our attitude toward animals. For the deepest reasons all killing for sport will eventually become obsolete. Mills remarks that, "None of the big animals in the United States are ferocious. In parks it is men, not animals, who are on their good behaviour." Real acquaintance with Nature removes all fear and superstition. Exploration and enjoyment of the mountains were long retarded by the belief that they were inhabited by monsters and demons, and Mills refers to what he calls a "most unfortunate superstition, commonly believed, that altitude is harmful! Yet it has a thousand benefits for the visitor."

Mr. Mills is at his best in his description of the forest, for he loves and understands the trees as few are willing to do in this day of haste and neglect of true values. In a most poetical chapter on "The Spirit of the Forest," he exclaims, "How happily trees have mingled with our lives! . . . The trees are friends of mankind. . . . Trees have trials. They know what it is to struggle and grow strong. With hardship they build history, adventure,



pathos, and poetry. Every tree has a life full of incident." Possibly the tree that Mills loves most of all is the hemlock, steadfast of purpose, yet yearning in appeal, offering warm shelter alike to storm-driven man and to the people of the forest. Never is he more at home among the trees than on the mountains at ten or eleven thousand feet where the last outposts of the forest live in perpetual struggle with the winds and the storms. Diminutive and stunted of form but indomitable in courage they sometimes overcome the utmost difficulties of existence for centuries. Likewise the flowers at these altitudes, and on peaks of over fourteen thousand feet in

the Rocky Mountains, are almost without stem and of unbelievable smallness. "Think of blue-bells perfectly formed and coloured and yet so fascinatingly small and dainty that a half-dozen could be sheltered in the upper half of a thimble!"

The soul of Nature in its contribution to man is beautifully expressed as Mills exclaims, "One touch of forest nature makes the whole world kin. A tree is the flag of Nature, and forests give a universal feeling of goodwill. . . . Some time an immortal pine may be the flag of a united and peaceful world."

*LeRoy Jeffers.*

# READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

## Biography

Jean Jaurés, Socialist and Humanitarian. By Margaret Pease. With an introduction by J. Ramsay Macdonald. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$1.00.

Six chapters of appreciative study which do not aim to be exhaustive in treatment.

Hugo Grotius, the Father of the Modern Science of International Law. By Hamilton Vreeland, Jr. New York: Oxford University Press.

A biography in twelve chapters, discussing the jurist's life and work, not only as statesman and diplomatist, but as theologian, poet and historian.

A Naturalist of Souls. By Gamaliel Bradford. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$2.50.

An exposition of a new method of biography, the art of psychography, as it has developed during the author's work of the last twenty years; and an illustration of its progress with specimen portraits of Dumas, Trollope, Ovid, and others.

William II. By S. C. Hammer. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.50.

Nineteen chapters—a discussion of the character and career of the German Emperor, judged on evidence of his own speeches and on writings of German contemporaries.

Goethe. By Calvin Thomas. New York: Henry Holt & Company. \$2.00.

An attempt to portray the larger aspects of the poet's mind, and art, and life-work: in two parts—biography, and studies and appreciations.

The Life of Lyof N. Tolstoi. By Nathan Haskell Dole. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 75 cents.

The biography of the Count, in five parts, with appendix.

## Domestic Science

Practical Food Economy. By Alice Gitchell Kirk. New York: Little, Brown & Company. \$1.25.

An untechnical presentation of practical truths on economy in foods, balanced menus, and directions for buying, preparing and cooking without waste.

Cakes, Pastry and Dessert Dishes. By Janet M. Hill. New York: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A book of recipes in nine chapters.

## Drama

Plots and Playwrights. By Edward Massey. New York: Little, Brown & Company. \$1.00.

A burlesque of a crook play, in which the characters of three episodes, that take place on different floors of an Eleventh Street lodging-house, take part.

## Essays

The Young Idea. Compiled with an introductory and concluding essay by Lloyd R. Morris. New York: Duffield & Company.

An anthology of opinion on the aims and tendencies of the American literature of to-day and to-morrow: the Empiricists, as John Erskine; the Romanticists, as John Gould Fletcher; the Idealists, as Joyce Kilmer; the Pessimists, as John Curtis Underwood; the Traditionalists, as Thomas Walsh.

Take It. By George Matthew Adams. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.00.

Suggestions, in the form of short essays, as to your right in the world and the great things that are in it.

Enchanted Cigarettes, or Stevenson Stories That Might Have Been. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. 50 cents.

Read before the Stevenson Society at its first annual meeting at Saranac Lake, New York, October 28, 1916; and illustrations, reproduced by courtesy of this society, from eighteen wood engravings made by Stevenson himself.

### Fiction

The Soul of a Nation. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company. Frontispiece. \$1.50.

A novel showing the effect of the Great War on that bulwark of society, the Church.

The Lookout Man. By B. M. Bower. New York: Little, Brown & Company. \$1.35.

A California story of a man who, after a boyish escapade, lives the life of a recluse on the mountain top.

Mrs. Hope's Husband. By Gelett Burgess. New York: The Century Company. \$1.00.

A comedy dealing with the question: "Is a second love affair possible between married lovers?"

The Other Brown. By Adele Luehrmann. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$1.35.

A mystery story of a dual personality.

The Friends. By Stacy Aumonier. New York: The Century Company. Frontispiece. \$1.00.

The title story—originally published in *The Century Magazine*—and two other short stories.

The Conversion of Hamilton Wheeler. By Prescott Locke. Bloomington, Illinois: The Pandect Publishing Company.

A voluntary contribution to the National Mental Hygiene Movement; a novelle of religion and love introducing studies in religious psychology and pathology.

Four Days. The story of a War Marriage. By Hetty Hemenway. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Frontispiece. 50 cents.

A story, first appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, of how England's manhood went to the ordeal.

The Wages of Virtue. By Captain Percival C. Wren. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.50.

A novel of the Foreign Legion.

Sunny Slopes. By Ethel Hueston. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. \$1.40.

A story of one woman's fight for her husband's life, and of another's struggle to keep from acquiring a lord and master.

Kenny. By Leona Dalrymple. Chicago: Reilly & Britton. Illustrated. \$1.35.

The story of an Irish artist's self-sacrifice.

Understood Betsy. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Illustrated. \$1.30.

The experiences of a sickly little girl in the first year of her development on a Vermont farm.

Beyond. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

The story of a woman's early unhappy marriage and later love.

Day and Night. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.50.

A new collection of fifteen stories of a mystical character.

Carmen's Messenger. By Harold Bindloss. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Frontispiece. \$1.35.

A story of a little wilderness town in the Canadian Northwest, in which two romances are interwoven.

Anne's House of Dreams. By L. M. Montgomery. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Frontispiece. \$1.40.

A further record of the heroine's married life in her house in "Four Winds Harbour."

Amarilly in Love. Belle K. Miniates. New York: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrations by William Van Dresser. \$1.25.

A chronicle of the later adventures of the Jenkins family.

The Candid Courtship. By Madge Mears. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.40.

A feminist love story laid in a Highgate boarding-house.

Winning His Army Blue, or The Honor Graduate. By Norman Brainerd. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.

The story of how an athlete in a mili-

- tary boarding-school won his first laurels on the road to a commission in the United States army.
- The Broken Gate.** By Emerson Hough. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.
- A story of broken social conventions, of a woman's determination to put the past behind her and to live above the criticism she meets everywhere, for the son she adores.
- My Wife.** By Edward Burke. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.40.
- A humourist's treatment of the modern conventional family life in burlesque, exhibiting the foibles and affectations of the "lord and master."
- His Dear Unintended.** By J. Breckenridge Ellis. New York: The Macaulay Company. \$1.35.
- A whimsical story of a young girl who creates a sensation in a Middle Western village.
- The Golden Triangle.** By Maurice Leblanc. New York: The Macaulay Company. Frontispiece. \$1.35.
- Another of the author's detective stories, in which Arsène Lupin serves his country in the war crisis in France.
- Closed Lips.** By George Vane (Visconde de Sarmiento). New York: John Lane Company. \$1.40.
- An English story of an unhappy marriage and an unfortunate love affair.
- Miss Haroun Al-Raschid.** By Jessie Douglas Kerruish. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.50.
- A picturesque Oriental novel whose narrator is the moving spirit in this story of Asiatic Turkey.
- The Vendor of Dreams.** By Julia H. Coffin. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrations in colour and decorations. \$1.50.
- An allegory of an old man who vends his cargo of tales and incidents to passersby.
- The Grim Thirteen.** Edited by Frederick Stuart Greene. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.50.
- A collection of thirteen stories, printed for the first time, each by an author of prominence and each rejected with praise by at least one first-class magazine; with introduction by Edward J. O'Brien.
- Patty Blossom.** Fifteenth of the "Patty Books." By Carolyn Wells. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrations. \$1.25.
- A story for girls, in which the heroine, a coquette, makes up her mind.
- Sarah Ann.** By Mabel Nelson Thurston. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.
- The Christmas story of a little slum mother, aged ten.
- Green Fancy.** By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Frontispiece in colour. \$1.50.
- The story of the romantic adventures of a New York engineer and clubman on a six-weeks' jaunt through New England—in which figure a conspirator in international affairs, an Irish adventurer, and a countess.
- The Shelleys of Georgia.** By Beatrice York Houghton. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. \$1.35.
- A love story of the South.
- Christine, a Fife Fisher Girl.** By Amelia E. Barr. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Frontispiece. \$1.50.
- The romance of a fisherman's daughter who decides between two lovers,—a young fisherman and a young lord of the manor near by.
- Roderick Hudson.** By Henry James. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.00.
- Revised and in part rewritten since its first publication in 1875.
- Cousin Julia.** By Grace Hodgson Flandrau. New York: D. Appleton & Company. \$1.40.
- A story of American family life, in which the wife of a Middle Western business man has social ambitions for two marriageable daughters with wills of their own.
- Alexis.** By Stuart Maclean. New York: D. Appleton & Company. \$1.50.
- A romance of the world of music: what music, love, and friendship of a man did for a gifted boy of alien parents.
- The Youth Plupy, or The Lad with the Downy Chin.** By Henry A. Shute. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$1.35.
- A sequel to *The Real Diary of a Real Boy*, describing the vicissitudes of a boy during the awkward period.

**The Triumph.** By Will N. Harben. New York: Harper & Brothers. Frontispiece. \$1.40.

A story of loyalty—the struggle of the South during and after the Civil War.

**Wings of the Cardinal.** By Bertha Crowell. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.35.

A story shifting from Texas to New York, and dealing with a woman's sacrifice and attainment, through discipline, to love and happiness.

**The Spanish Chest.** By Edna A. Brown. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. \$1.35.

A story of the Island of Jersey, involving ruined castles, caves, a secret stair, and a ghost.

**The Quest of Ledgar Dunstan.** By Alfred Tresidder Sheppard. New York: D. Appleton & Company. \$1.50.

The picture of a man in quest of himself: his marriage, and his loss of his wife to another man through his own weakness.

**Treasure and Trouble Therewith.** By Geraldine Bonner. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A story of love, youth and adventure, beginning with a stage hold-up and comprising the experience of a social pirate.

**The Secret Witness.** By George Gibbs. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A European war novel—a romance centering about the series of events preceding the assassination of the Archduke and Archduchess.

**Schoolgirl Allies.** By Rebecca Middleton Samson. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. \$1.35.

A story for girls, told by one of two American sisters in an aristocratic finishing school in Brussels.

**Dave Porter's Great Search, or The Perils of a Young Civil Engineer.** Thirteenth volume of the "Dave Porter Series." By Edward Stratemeyer. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.

A search for two abducted girls carried on by two young civil engineers of Montana.

**Off With the Old Love.** By Guy Fleming. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. \$1.50.

An English story of literary adventure and the war.

**Salt of the Earth.** By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. New York: W. J. Watt & Company. \$1.40.

A novel of realism in its war experience and interpretation of the military caste of Germany.

**A Son of the Middle Border.** By Hamlin Garland. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens. \$1.60.

The story of a typical American pioneer family on the Western frontier in the generation following the Civil War.

**Scandal.** By Cosmo Hamilton. New York: Little, Brown & Company. Frontispiece. \$1.50.

The story of how a man "played up" to save a girl from scandal.

**The Flag.** By Homer Greene. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Company. \$1.25.

A patriotic story of a schoolboy's desertion of the Stars and Stripes and of his atonement.

### General Literature

**William Dean Howells.** By Alexander Harvey. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$1.50.

A study of the achievement of a literary artist: in sixteen chapters, some of which are, "The Howells Philosophy of Woman," "The 'Sissy' School of Literature," "A Study in Subtlety."

**Epics and Romances of the Middle Ages.** By Dr. W. Wagner. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$2.00.

The great epic cycles of the Middle Ages in simple narrative form—the Amelungs, the Nibelungs, the Grail Legends, and others, both Scandinavian and Teutonic.

**Asgard and the Gods.** By Dr. W. Wagner. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$2.00.

A popular account of the religious beliefs, superstitions, and ancient customs of the old Northmen.

## Juvenile

**The Adventures of Puss in Boots, Jr. Twilight Tales.** By David Cory. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. 50 cents.

A story for children in which the hero falls in with many of the characters with whose stories all boys and girls are familiar.

**Further Adventures of Puss in Boots. Twilight Tales.** By David Cory. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. 50 cents.

A companion volume to *The Adventures of Puss in Boots, Jr.*

**The Treasure of the Land. How Alice Won Her Way.** By Garrard Harris. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. \$1.25.

A story of success gained from the land by a girl and a boy.

**Children's Stories and How to Tell Them.** J. Berg Esenwein and Marietta Stockard. Springfield, Massachusetts: The Home Correspondence School. \$1.50.

A complete manual for story-tellers, with fifty stories to tell to children.

**When I Was a Girl in Holland.** By Cornelia De Groot. Ninth of "Children of Other Lands Books." Illustrated from photographs. 75 cents.

A picture, from the author's experience, of a country in which children are trained to usefulness.

**The Village Pest. A Story of David.** By Montgomery Rollins. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. \$1.35.

A story of a boy's experiences in Washington as the son of a Senator thirty-odd years ago.

**Little Billy 'Coon.** By Elizabeth Hays Wilkinson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated by J. Woodman Thompson. \$1.00.

A raccoon story for children, in ten chapters.

**Plucky Little Patsy.** The new "Brick House Book." By Nina Rhoades. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. \$1.00.

A story of a little girl who left a New York flat for an English manor-house.

## Miscellaneous

**More Power to You.** Bruce Barton. New York: The Century Company. \$1.00.

Advice to young men and women, on business as the greatest force for righteousness, by the editor of *Every Week*.

**The United States Post Office.** By Daniel C. Roper. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A historical and sociological study of the inception, growth, and present dimensions of the Post Office system of this country, in thirty chapters.

**Flower Lore and Legend.** By Katherine M. Beals. New York: Henry Holt & Company. \$1.25.

A fanciful treatment of thirty-five different flowers.

**Health First. The Fine Art of Living.** By Henry Dwight Chapin, M.D. New York: The Century Company.

An untechnical book in twelve chapters, by a professor in the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital.

**My Log.** By Robert Barrie. Philadelphia: The Franklin Press. With sixty-seven illustrations. \$2.00.

Ten chapters of reminiscences of a man who knew old New York, Paris, Japan, and artists, actors, and financiers.

## Religion

**The Missionary Education of Juniors.** By J. Gertrude Hutton. New York: Missionary Education Movement of the United States and Canada.

In nine chapters: a handbook for leaders.

## Poetry

**The Shadowed Hour.** By John Erskine. New York: The Lyric Publishing Company. 75 cents.

A collection of four poems, three of which are reprinted from magazines.

**Factories.** By Margaret Widdemer. New York: Henry Holt & Company. \$1.25.

A new edition, with changes in the original text, and a number of new poems.

**Portraits and Protests.** By Sarah N. Cleg-horn. New York: Henry Holt & Company. \$1.25.

Twelve "Portraits," fourteen "Of Country Places and the Simple Heart," ten "Of Time and Immortality," fourteen "Protests."

**In Greek Seas, and Other Poems of Travel.** By Oswald H. Hardy. New York: John Lane Company. With two illustrations.

A collection of seventeen poems, two of which have been reprinted.

**The Poems of Brian Brooke.** (Korongo) With a foreword by M. P. Willcocks. New York: John Lane Company. Nine illustrations. \$1.25.

A collection of thirty-four poems, most of which are reprinted from *The Leader* of South Africa.

**California and Other Verse.** By Howard L. Terry. Santa Monica, California: The Palisades Press.

A small volume of thirty poems, with a short prose sketch, "Joaquin Miller as I Saw Him."

**Songs of Hope.** By Harold Speakman. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Decorations by the author. 75 cents.

Ten poems with the theme of courage; some previously appearing in periodicals.

**The Newark Anniversary Poems.** The Committee of One Hundred. New York: Laurence J. Gomme.

Winners in the poetry competition, with introductory chapters and a plan for a national anthology of American poetry, by Henry Wellington Wack, Editor of the *Newarker*.

### Politics

**Japan in World Politics.** K. K. Kawakami. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

An investigation of the friendship of America for Japan: and a consideration of their mutual interests in agreement.

### Science

**The Sense of Sight.** By Frank N. Spindler, Ph.D. *Our Senses and What They Mean to Us.* Edited by Professor George

Van Ness Dearborn. New York: Mof-fat, Yard & Company. \$1.25.

An effort to tell the story of Vision un-technically and yet with a basis of scientific facts and theories.

**Pain and Pleasure.** By Henry T. Moore, Ph.D. *Our Senses and What They Mean to Us.* Edited by Professor George Van Ness Dearborn. New York: Mof-fat, Yard & Company. \$1.25.

An attempt to explain, untechnically, pleasure and pain as motives of behaviour.

### Sociology

**The Youth and the Nation.** By Harry H. Moore. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.

An attempt to arouse wholesome interest in young men concerning the modern social evils, and to suggest vocational opportunities in the warfare against them.

**Mankind. Racial Values and the Racial Prospect.** By Seth K. Humphrey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

An untechnical study, based upon the accepted principles of the action of heredity and environment, and bearing upon questions of the day; a study of racial values as they affect civilisation and human progress according to their relation and combination.

**Professionalism and Originality.** By F. H. Hayward, D.Litt., B.Sc. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company. \$1.75.

An attempt to ascertain and tabulate the signs or stigmata of the "professional" man and of the "original" man, with various suggestions bearing on professional and national efficiency appended, and with some suggestions for national reconstruction.

### Travel

**A Vagabond's Odyssey.** By A. Safroni-Middleton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. With sixteen illustrations from photographs. \$2.50.

In twenty-seven chapters: the pleasant adventures, told in first person, of two travellers who worked their way around the world.

War

**Machine Gun Practice and Tactics.** By Lieut. K. B. McKellar, Canadian Machine Gun Service. New York: The Macmillan Company. 90 cents.

For officers, N. C. O.'s and Men: methods of organisation of machine gun units and the sequence of training set forth by a man who has been at the front the last three years instructing men for active service in the present war.

**Faith, War, and Policy.** By Gilbert Murray. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25.

A collection of thirteen essays and addresses on the European war.

**The House of Hohenzollern and the Hapsburg Monarchy.** By Gustav Pollak. New York: The New York Evening Post Company.

Seven papers originally published by the New York Evening Post Company.

**The National Budget System and American Finance.** By Charles Wallace Collins. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

An explanation of what the budget system is and what it implies: for the information of the average citizen.

**My War Diary.** By Mary King Waddington. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

Impressions of the war in its more intimate aspects—a chronicle of personal incidents.

**On the Right of the British Line.** By Captain Gilbert Nobbs, L.R.B. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

A first-hand account of a captain's life on the firing-line, and his subsequent experience as prisoner of war.

**The Red Badge of Courage.** By Stephen Crane. New York: D. Appleton & Company. \$1.00.

An episode of the American Civil War; new edition with portrait and preface.



# THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of August and the first of September:

## FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City.....	Christine	Salt of the Earth
Albany, N. Y.....	Martie, the Unconquered	The Red Planet
Atlanta, Ga.....	The Red Planet	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Boston, Mass.....	The Definite Object	Summer
Boston, Mass.....	The Red Planet	Summer
Baltimore, Md.....	Christine	His Family
Chicago, Ill.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Summer
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	Martie, the Unconquered	The Road to Understanding
Cleveland, Ohio.....	The Red Planet	The Hundredth Chance
Dallas, Texas.....	The Long Lane's Turning	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Denver, Colo.....	The Red Planet	His Family
Des Moines, Ia.....	The Road to Understanding	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Detroit, Mich.....	The Light in the Clearing	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Detroit, Mich.....	Changing Winds	Bab: A Sub-Deb
Houston, Tex.....	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Summer
Indianapolis, Ind.....	The Red Planet	Summer
Kansas City, Mo.....	The Red Planet	The Definite Object
Louisville, Ky.....	Martie, the Unconquered	Anne's House of Dreams
Milwaukee, Wis.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Bab: A Sub-Deb
New Haven, Conn....	Christine	Salt of the Earth
New Orleans, La.....	The Red Planet	Summer
Norfolk, Va.....	The Definite Object	Anne's House of Dreams
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Paradise Auction	The Red Planet
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Red Planet
Portland, Ore.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Light in the Clearing
Providence, R. I.....	His Family	Mistress Anne
Rochester, N. Y.....	The Red Planet	The Light in the Clearing
San Antonio, Tex.....	The Red Planet	Christine
San Francisco, Cal....	The Red Planet	Summer
Spokane, Wash.....	The Light in the Clearing	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
St. Paul, Minn.....	The Red Planet	Summer
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Hundredth Chance	The Definite Object
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Son of Tarzan	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Tacoma, Wash.....	The Light in the Clearing	The Dark Star
Toledo, Ohio.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Summer
Utica, N. Y.....	The Definite Object	The Light in the Clearing
Waco, Tex.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness
Washington, D. C.....	The Dark Star	The Red Planet
Worcester, Mass.....	The Red Planet	His Family

(Continued)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
The Red Planet	Beyond	Martie, the Unconquered	His Family
Sunny Slopes	The Lookout Man	Carmen's Messenger	Where Your Treasure Is
Summer	Christine	Martie, the Unconquered	Out of a Clear Sky
The Red Planet	The Cinema Murder	Slippy McGee	A Diversity of Creatures
Understood Betsy	Martie, the Unconquered	Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Light in the Clearing
The Definite Object	Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Road to Ambition	Cinderella Jane
The Red Planet	Bab: A Sub-Deb	His Family	The Secret of the Storm Country
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Changing Winds	The Definite Object	The Secret of the Storm Country
Martie, the Unconquered	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Beyond	The Definite Object
Martie, the Unconquered	His Family	The Lifted Veil	The Definite Object
Road to Understanding	Mistress Anne	The Light in the Clearing	The Yukon Trail
The Red Planet	Martie, the Unconquered	Sunny Slopes	The Light in the Clearing
The Red Planet	Mistress Anne	Beyond	The Long Lane's Turning
His Family	The Definite Object	The Red Planet	Summer
The Straight Road	Road to Understanding	The Light in the Clearing	Undertow
Martie, the Unconquered	Christine	Understood Betsy	Bab: A Sub-Deb
His Family	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Summer
Bromley Neighborhood	The Dark Star	The Definite Object	Beyond
The Light in the Clearing	The Red Planet	The Broken Gate	The Long Lane's Turning
A Son of the Middle Border	Martie, the Unconquered	Anne's House of Dreams	The Red Planet
Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Definite Object	Mistress Anne	The Worn Doorstep
Martie, the Unconquered	The Light in the Clearing	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
The Definite Object	The Hundredth Chance	Lydia of the Pines	The Light in the Clearing
His Family	The Light in the Clearing	The Hundredth Chance	The Definite Object
Jerry of the Islands	The Definite Object	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Wildfire
Cap'n Abe, Storekeeper	The American Ambassador	Bromley Neighborhood	Beyond
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Salt of the Earth	Christine	Bab: A Sub-Deb
The Yukon Trail	The Triflers	The Dark Star	Susan Lenox
Changing Winds	Anne's House of Dreams	Martie, the Unconquered	Road to Understanding
Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Red Planet	The Definite Object	Wildfire
The Light in the Clearing	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Christine	A Diversity of Creatures
The Secret of the Storm Country	Cinderella Jane	His Own Country	In the Wilderness
The Light in the Clearing	Changing Winds	The Treloars	The Definite Object
Bab: A Sub-Deb	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	His Family	Bab: A Sub-Deb
The Light in the Clearing	Bromley Neighborhood	Cap'n Abe, Storekeeper	His Own Country
Martie, the Unconquered	Christine	His Family	Road to Understanding
Road to Understanding	I, Mary MacLane	Summer	Martie, the Unconquered
Bromley Neighborhood	Bab: A Sub-Deb	His Family	The Dark Forest
Mistress Anne	Martie, the Unconquered	The Light in the Clearing	Summer

## BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

- The Plattsburg Manual. O. O. Ellis and E. B. Garey.  
 Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. R. W. Service.  
 God the Invisible King. H. G. Wells.  
 A Student in Arms. D. W. A. Hankey.  
 Over the Top. Arthur Guy Empey.
- The Land of Deepening Shadow. Thomas Curtin.  
 Laugh and Live. Douglas Fairbanks.  
 The Living Present. Gertrude Atherton.  
 Carry On. Coningsby Dawson.  
 Why We Are at War. Woodrow Wilson.  
 The Battle of the Somme. Philip Gibbs.  
 The Rebirth of Russia. Isaac F. Marcossou.

## BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 222 and 223) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives 10	
" " " 2d " " " " 8	
" " " 3d " " " " 7	
" " " 4th " " " " 6	
" " " 5th " " " " 5	
" " " 6th " " " " 4	

1. The Red Planet. Locke. (John Lane.) \$1.50 ..... 208
2. Mr. Britling Sees It Through. Wells. (Macmillan.) \$1.50 ..... 133
3. The Light in the Clearing. Bacheller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50 ..... 121
4. Bab: A Sub-Deb. Rinehart. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50 ..... 114
5. The Definite Object. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50 ..... 109
6. Martie, the Unconquered. Norris. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50 ..... 98

## A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

Anne's House of Dreams. Lucy M. Montgomery.  
 The American Ambassador. L. Byrne.  
 Bab: A Sub-Deb. Mary R. Rinehart.  
 Beyond. John Galsworthy.  
 Bromley Neighborhood. Alice Brown.  
 The Broken Gate. Emerson Hough.  
 Cap'n Abe, Storekeeper. James A. Cooper.  
 Carmen's Messenger. Harold Bindloss.  
 Carry On. Coningsby Dawson.  
 Cecilia of the Pink Roses. K. H. Taylor.  
 Changing Winds. St. John G. Ervine.  
 The Chosen People. Sidney L. Nyburg.  
 Christine. Alice Cholmondeley.  
 Cinderella Jane. Marjorie Benton Cooke.  
 The Cinema Murder. E. Phillips Oppenheim.  
 Come Out of the Kitchen! Alice D. Miller.  
 The Dark Forest. Hugh Walpole.  
 The Dark Star. Robert W. Chambers.  
 The Definite Object. Jeffery Farnol.  
 A Diversity of Creatures. Rudyard Kipling.  
 Enchantment. E. Temple Thurston.  
 God the Invisible King. H. G. Wells.  
 Germany, the Next Republic? Carl R. Ackerman.  
 Greenmantle. John Buchan.  
 The Hand of Fu Manchu. Sax Rohmer.  
 His Family. Ernest Poole.  
 The Hundredth Chance. Ethel M. Dell.  
 I, Mary MacLane. Mary MacLane.  
 In the Wilderness. Robert Hichens.  
 Jerry of the Islands. Jack London.  
 The Land of Deepening Shadow. Thomas D. Curtin.

Laugh and Live. Douglas Fairbanks.  
 The Lifted Veil. Basil King.  
 The Light in the Clearing. Irving Bacheller.  
 The Lookout Man. B. M. Bower.  
 The Long Lane's Turning. Hallie Erminie Rives.  
 The Living Present. Gertrude Atherton.  
 Lydia of the Pines. Honoré Wiltsie.  
 Mistress Anne. Temple Bailey.  
 Mr. Britling Sees It Through. H. G. Wells.  
 O, Mary, Be Careful! George Weston.  
 Over the Top. Arthur Guy Empey.  
 Out of a Clear Sky. Maria T. Daviess.  
 The Plattsburg Manual. Ellis and Garey.  
 The Red Planet. William J. Locke.  
 Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. R. W. Service.  
 The Road to Ambition. Elaine Sterne.  
 The Road to Understanding. E. H. Porter.  
 The Secret of the Storm Country. Grace M. White.  
 The Straight Road. Anonymous.  
 Slippery McGee. Marie C. Oemler.  
 Salt of the Earth. Cecily U. Sidgwick.  
 A Son of the Middle Border. Hamlin Garland.  
 A Student in Arms. D. W. A. Hankey.  
 Summer. Edith Wharton.  
 Sunny Slopes. Ethel Hueston.  
 The Treloars. Mary Fisher.  
 Understood Betsy. Dorothy C. Fisher.  
 Where Your Treasure Is. Holman F. Day.  
 Wildfire. Zane Grey.  
 The Yukon Trail. W. MacLeod Raine.

DEC 10 1917

# THE BOOKMAN

An Illustrated Magazine  
of Literature and Life

NOVEMBER

*FALL BOOK NUMBER*

- |   |                         |
|---|-------------------------|
| A DEMOCRATIC PEACE  | William Forbes Cooley   |
| THE ADVANCE OF ENGLISH POETRY   | William Lyon Phelps     |
| KINGSHIP IN THE BALANCE   | Countess of Warwick     |
| THE OPERA—BY, FOR AND WITH AMERICANS  | Frederic Dean           |
| THE BEST PLAYS OF THE EARLY AUTUMN SEASON   | Clayton Hamilton        |
| THE PROFESSOR AND THE GARDEN  | Grant Showerman         |
| STEVENSON IN HAWAII   | Eleanor Rivenburgh      |
| "WHEELS AND PINIONS"  | Blanche Colton Williams |
| REVIEWS OF THE SEASON'S LEADING BOOKS   |                         |
| Luther E. Robinson, Archibald Henderson, H. W. Boynton, Florence<br>Finch Kelly, Edna Kenton, Brander Matthews, and others in articles<br>discussing 130 of the Fall's Best Books |                         |

**DODD, MEAD & COMPANY**

25 cents a copy  NEW YORK  \$3.00 a year

**NOTICE TO READER:** When you finish reading this issue, place a one-cent stamp on this notice, hand same to postal employee, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front.  
NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS. *A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.*

*"A great autobiography by a great Man"*

# VISCOUNT MORLEY'S RECOLLECTIONS

*By Viscount Morley, O.M.*

Viscount Morley's "Recollections" is, without doubt, the most important book of its kind which has appeared in the last decade. No more intimate and revealing account of the recent great events and people has been written. *In 2 vols.* \$7.50

## THE ARTHUR RACKHAM

### KING ARTHUR

Illustrated in colors by ARTHUR RACKHAM. Arthur Rackham is one of the foremost illustrators of the world; it would be hard to find more beautiful examples of his work than those contained in this book. \$2.50  
Fine limited edition, \$12.50

*Upton Sinclair's New Novel*

### KING COAL

"Undoubtedly impressive, a masterly delineation."—*N. Y. Tribune.* \$1.50

### CHRISTINE

MRS. CHOLMONDELEY'S remarkable book. "No novelist has ever created a more delightful character than this girl." *Eighth Edition.* \$1.25

## THE WILLY POGANY

### GULLIVER'S TRAVLES

The beautiful color illustrations which WILLY POGANY has made for Swift's masterpiece make this volume one of the really impressive gift-books of the season. \$2.00

*Hamlin Garland's New Book*

### A SON OF THE MIDDLE BORDER

"A masterpiece of American narrative."

*Illustrated.* \$1.60

### THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

By McLANDBURGH WILSON. Stirring poems of the hour. 50 cents

*H. G. Wells's New Novel*

# THE SOUL OF A BISHOP

*By the author of "Mr. Britling"*

"As brilliant a piece of writing as Mr. Wells has ever offered the public; it is entertaining from beginning to end and very true to life."—*N. Y. Sun.* \$1.50

## A MAID OF OLD MANHATTAN

By A. A. and E. B. KNIPE. A story of by-gone New York. *Ill.* \$1.25

## THE HEART OF ISABEL

### CARLETON

By MISS ASHMUN. Another of the famous "Isabel Carleton" stories. *Ill.* \$1.25

*James Ford Rhodes' New Book*

## HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR

A one-volume authoritative history. \$2.50

## THE FOOD PROBLEM

By VERNON KELLOGG and ALONZO TAYLOR. With an introduction by Herbert Hoover. Reviews the world situation. \$1.25

## THE FOREIGN POLICY OF WOODROW WILSON

By EDGAR E. ROBINSON and VICTOR J. WEST. \$1.75

*Sir Rabindranath Tagore's New Book*

## NATIONALISM

Includes his American lectures. \$1.25

*Winston Churchill's New Novel*

# THE DWELLING PLACE OF LIGHT

Never has Mr. Churchill written a more significant story in its interpretations of human relationships to-day. It glows with a warm personal sense of the meaning of American life. \$1.60

**THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, Publishers, New York**

*Send for Our New Xmas Catalogue*

# THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

NOVEMBER, 1917

## A DEMOCRATIC PEACE

BY WILLIAM FORBES COOLEY

"Let us be perfectly clear in our own minds," President Lowell of Harvard to the National Safety Council.

THE New York City Socialist Organisation has announced that it stands "absolutely with President Wilson in his contention for 'peace without victory,'" adding, "peace cannot come too soon to suit us." The prevailing opinion, however, is in strong opposition. It is expressed by the *North American Review* in its demand for Grant's historic terms at Fort Donelson, and its cry, "Away with Peace, peace when there is no peace! On with the fight for God and man!"\* Even the discussion of peace upon other basis than that of victory is condemned, the usually judicially minded Taft calling upon his fellow-Unitarians to "stamp upon all proposals of peace as ill-advised or seditious." To like effect speaks Professor R. H. Dabney, in opposing Dr. Eliot's peace conference plan: "He has unintentionally given aid and comfort to the enemy of civilisation. Pro-Germans, traitors, slackers, and shallow pacifists, as well as the Germans themselves, will all rejoice that Dr. Eliot's potent voice is lifted in favour of peace without victory over Prussianism. His words will weaken the resolution of some Americans, and will strengthen the cour-

\*September, 1917, p. 350.

age of the enemy. All such words will prolong the war, and cost the lives of Americans. For America . . . is going to stay in the war until victory is won and genuine peace and safety are attained."†

In the face of these insistent claims we seem to have special need of being "clear in our own minds." Two questions arise: What do we mean by *victory*? And what *kind of peace movement* is referred to?

To any movement for a merely American or separate peace there are the most grave ethical objections. It would be playing the poltroon in the world tragedy, and showing treachery to the cause of mankind in its hour of most desperate need. And it is true that even serious discussion of such a thing is hurtful; that "a double-minded man is unstable in all his ways," and that no one having put hand to the plough and looking back is fit for the domain of achievement. So long as we are at war, we must wage it with all our might and with utmost concentration of purpose.

Against an *international* peace agitation, however, the same objections as-

†Cf. the words of ex-Premier Viviani in the French Chamber, after his return from America: "America has entered the war with the belief that there can be no peace without victory."

surely do not lie. Peace of the right kind is, of course, the goal of all the warring peoples; and it cannot be ultimately harmful to any *legitimate* national interest\* to inquire, on the one hand, what constitutes that right kind of peace, and, on the other, what possible steps, other than those of brute dictation, there may be for obtaining it? Rather is it morally imperative upon us to keep the field of that inquiry open, lest we be accomplices in the crime of needless human slaughter and preventable desolations of heart; lest, also, we burden the future with an unnecessary weight of international enmity. As a matter of fact, is it more than a vehement assumption that the only way out is to "attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key"? The favourite warrant appealed to is the course of Lincoln in 1864. Certainly no present-day pacifist longs for peace more ardently than did that "kindly earnest, brave, foreseeing man"; yet he would not consider a peace without victory. Ah, but the issue then was plainly different. In 1864 the very existence of the Southern Confederacy was involved, and necessarily so. Either the Confederacy or the Union had to go down. Is that the situation to-day as regards Germany? Most certainly not. That notion is precisely one of the false claims of Prussian militarism which we must sedulously deny and disprove; for it is a reinforcement of Kaiserism's hold upon the suffering but blind German populace, and so a factor making for ruthless prolongation of the conflict.

Over against sheer militancy's assumption is to be placed the need of making our war aims clear to all—a matter of first importance in a just cause, and a

\*Chancellor Michaelis has, indeed, announced to a committee of the Reichstag that a "public statement" of the German war aims would "injure German interests" and "would contribute certainly to a prolongation of the war"; but no justification of the claim is given, and none suggests itself, except the all too probable one that what he calls "German interests" are opposed to human interests, that is, are not *legitimate*.

matter calling for broad-minded and free discussion. Mere general disavowals of sinister intent are not sufficient. Diplomacy has made insincerity almost the rule in international communications. We must declare and interpret and reiterate our war aims, if we would have the enemy peoples even entertain the possibility that they are not predatory. So different from our own is the German way of thinking in national affairs—a way modelled upon that of Frederick the Great and Treitschke—that principles which have been rooted in our national life for generations, and are supported by our best thought, are now, when brought into the world discussion, summarily dismissed by German critics as evident hypocrisy. We need the discussion, also, for ourselves, that we may keep our ideas clear and our purpose true. For human passion—and when is passion more active than in war time?—is perpetually clouding issues. We shall not think straight, if we do not pause occasionally and consider our aims and our acts with reference to world-wide interests. No mariner, having fixed his course, lashes his helm and thereafter devotes himself exclusively to sail or engine. Moreover, our aims may need to be modified with the march of events. New occasions do teach new duties. It is common for warring peoples to end with quite different aims from those with which they began, as was the case with us in 1898. Such modification of aims can be made wisely only after critical and candid discussion.

And what opportunities for higher purposes and greater achievements in ethical civilisation are now appearing on the horizon! It has been pointed out that rarely, if ever, has there been such an opportunity to realise the ethical radical's wish, and, in the words of Omar Khayyam, shatter "this sorry scheme of things entire" and "remould it nearer to our heart's desire." To-day not only is the unprecedented conflict, with its far-reaching readjustments of political, economic, and other social relations, clearing away "the dead wood in our social

inheritance," but at last the understanding mind is present amid the fury and the change. The social consciousness of our day is a new thing in the earth. But the understanding mind must be awake and active. "Der Tag" of mankind, that finer "life of the nations on a new basis of justice" recently prophesied by the Russian Ambassador, will not be attained, if passion, however justifiable and even needful when of the right kind, excludes the activity of critical, fair-minded thought. In the birth throes of a new civilisation much assuredly will depend upon the midwife, Reason. Nor will it do for intelligence to wait until force has determined the issue. If prejudice and partisan feeling have the field to themselves until the fighting is over, they will not then quietly yield it to reason. Ethical thought, charged with the interests of mankind, must be in the field *before* the end—alert, and ready to seize opportunity, which, as we have long been informed, has only a forelock and is bald behind. Of course, it will not do for intelligence to champion Utopias. Doctrinaire panaceas will only disgust the conservatives, increase opposition, and perhaps defeat the larger good altogether. This is the Scylla over against the Charybdis of the *fainéant* mind. No; constructive thought must keep in touch with facts. It must seek to plant and develop rather than to manufacture—to bring about new forms of organised social *life*, forms which may be expected to *grow* with the new needs and new conditions of the future.

The other question raised above was as to the meaning "victory" when insisted upon as indispensable. It is natural to understand it as a triumph of arms over the German nation—the destruction of its fighting power, so that it shall be forced to accept our terms. If that is the meaning, then to fight for victory merely, or mainly, is to fight for the very thing the Prussian junker is after, namely, tribal domination, and that is a barbarian rather than a civilised objective. Of course, victory in that sense is not our real end. At most it is

an end sought by us as the only means of attaining the finer and more ethical end lying beyond it—the larger human good, and that larger good discussion must make clear and *keep* clear. It is to be noted that the door for "peace without victory" (in this military sense) is still left open in the President's reply to the Pope, though it is true that a peremptory sentinel stands guard.

Sometimes, however—indeed, often—the victory demanded is ideal rather than military—the victory of liberty over despotism, of democracy over divine right, of self-governing peoples over a would-be master caste. In the opposition of principles involved in the statements of the late Professor Münsterberg, on the one hand, that "In the German view the state is not for the individuals, but the individuals for the state," and of Mr. Wilson, on the other, that "The American people . . . believe that peace should rest upon the rights of peoples, not the rights of governments,"—in this ideal conflict, it must be admitted, there can be no "peace without victory." Any settlement will be but temporary—a mere truce—so long as the principles of "macht-politik" dominate sixty-seven millions of capable, aggressive men and women. But why should it be assumed that the only field for decision for these conflicting ideas and ideals is the field of battle? Is force, then, so cogent intellectually? Or is it supposed that an idea defeated in battle is thenceforth dead? How exceedingly dead in that case should the idea of liberty be! As a matter of fact, ideas which "crushed to earth . . . rise again" are not limited to what we call "truth"; and, if only bayonets and bombs are appealed to, the idea that German welfare involves German domination may well be one of these. Indubitably the court of decision for truth is the court of reason. Facts, no doubt, are needful for the adjudication, and sometimes facts which only the battle-field can supply; but the decision itself, if real, is always in the domain of mind.

Ex-President Eliot—like the Social-



ists—has raised the question whether an international peace conference is not now possible, that is, whether the international discussion of conditions of peace may not be carried from the press to, say, the Peace Palace at The Hague. He would have each of the warring nations represented in such a conference by from two to four conferees, but not in any way committed to their words or acts, the appointees being entirely uninstructed. What would be the advantages of this plan over that of journalistic discussion? The disputants would apparently correspond very closely to "inspired" editorial writers. Would they be more likely to reach common ground in oral than in printed debate? When we consider the present bitterness of inter-belligerent feeling, this seems quite unlikely. It is an old observation that the tongue is "unruly," a "fire" kindling "the course of nature," whereas print is accounted "cold." With unrestricted and uncontrolled conferees the chances of argument flaming into passion instead of crystallising into rational agreement seem to be seriously increased. The peace palace might become a pandemonium! And what possible advantage offsets this risk? The agreements reached—should there be any—having no binding force, would seemingly be upon the same plane as those reached on the safer arena of press discussion.

In the September issue of *THE BOOK-MAN* an argument was presented by Mr. Carl H. P. Thurston for what he calls "A Legislated Peace." He, too, would have an international conference called at once, without waiting for the victory of either side, but he would substitute *delegates* for conferees; that is, he would have the appointees empowered, under the control of their governments, to reach conclusions binding upon the nations represented. One merit in this plan is that, the appointees being legislators, their discussions might well be serious and rational. Responsibility makes strongly for sobriety in judgment and caution in word and act. Furthermore, the value of the outcome sought—

a binding international agreement—would fully justify the experiment. Perhaps, however, the most valuable feature of the scheme is the limitation of the discussions—at least in the first and most important stage—to "certain principles by which all the questions in dispute might be resolved," principles to "be held valid for the future as well as the present." It does seem that even now *principles* of settlement might be discussed in a responsible conference; for principles, being abstract, are not so inflammatory as concrete issues. And it is a happy thought that they should be discussed *by themselves*, that is, abstractly; for in concrete situations judgment regarding them is always more or less warped by private or partisan interest. Of course, the personal interest can never be eliminated altogether; but the chances of some measure of agreement are increased when the issues are universalised, in accordance with the recognised rule of Immanuel Kant.

I must dissent, however, when Mr. Thurston adds, that "the method of choosing delegates might profitably be left to the separate states." Earlier in his article he has condemned the programme of a "negotiated peace" as a "sordid trading across a mahogany table"—a trading by "diplomats" in the fortunes and destinies of unrepresented peoples. But if the states consult only their own pleasure in the choice of delegates, it is evident that the Central Powers will be represented by mere government appointees, representatives of the master classes and not of the peoples themselves. In such a case, how would any conclusions agreed upon differ from those of a "negotiated peace," except in the fact that they were confined to principles and did not cover concrete matters? And what would be the value of principles resting upon the concurrence of men who have been reared to regard diplomacy as the art of overreaching other nations? The Teutonic Powers have acceded to the Pope's proposal of reduction of armaments and compulsory arbitration, but Entente sentiment

is very little impressed thereby. It is regarded as but another case where "the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be." The Greeks of Central Europe are distrusted even when bearing gifts, for they have shown in both diplomacy and war such facility in using professions as masques, and in side-tracking admirable principles in administration. What the world situation calls for is an intellectual coming together of the belligerent peoples themselves. As the President has said: "The test . . . of every plan of peace is this: Is it based upon the faith of all the peoples involved, or merely upon the word of an ambitious and intriguing government, on the one hand, and of a group of free peoples on the other?" Now, real negotiation between the *peoples* can be effected most speedily through a *democratically based international congress*—a body of broad-minded, responsible men *representing the popular legislative bodies of the nations concerned*, convened with the avowed purpose of determining the main principles upon which the international settlement shall be made. Whatever agreements were reached by such a congress would be so much real progress toward the restoration of reason to the throne in the affairs of mankind. Even in the case of irreconcilable differences it would be a gain to have them brought out into the light of criticism. Error is ever most mischievous and most incorrigible in the dark or in the lurid half lights of passion.

The objector will probably urge that whatever the advantages of such a congress, it is idle to agitate for it, because an unbeaten Germany will never participate in it. The thought of the German rulers being that the people exist only for the state, and that *L'Etat, c'est nous*, to let the people determine through their chosen representatives the terms of peace would, from their point of view, be to surrender the very principle which makes the existence of Germany worth while. Consequently a democratic congress before a decisive defeat of the Ger-

man arms is only another case of lunar politics. From this conclusion I must dissent. It cannot be an idle thing to set ourselves right with the conscience of mankind. At the least an earnest movement on the part of neutrals and the Entente Powers toward a peace democratically arranged and guaranteed would place the issue historically in such a clear light that after the war, when the heats of passion shall have subsided, the German people will hardly be able to avoid it. The fact that their rulers would not allow them a voice in matters of life and death importance to them will assuredly make them more critical of the system under which they have lived and suffered and come to disaster, and will through reaction make them more accessible to modern ethical national ideals.

But why should we assume that the democratic interest is dead in Germany? That it is obscured is evident enough; but that is due to the obsession, so diligently cultivated by Junkerism, that Germany's very existence is at stake. If there is a real, though repressed, interest in popular government in Germany, what would be more likely to dispel their delusion; what more likely to disarm the Teutonic Junkers—and Entente jingoes, withal—than an appeal to join in a democratic congress issued from some neutral source and *responded to favourably by the belligerent free peoples?* Surely it is a hard saying that a people who, in their calmer hours, are of unsurpassed mental capacity are now incapable of being brought by any evidence to a reasonable outlook upon the world. Nor is it believable that the countrymen of Luther, Schiller, and Carl Schurz are too brutish to feel the ethical appeal of human welfare.

It is evident, of course, that no Entente government could call such a congress, for the German militarists would at once construe the call as a sign of weakness, and stiffen their aggression both in the field and at the council table. Least of all could the United States issue the call, for that to these same oppo-

nents would be pleading guilty to their insistent charge that we are "bluffing,"\* and do not mean to fight wholeheartedly—indeed, are incapable of doing so. But why should not the Pope make the needed advances? If it be thought that his first peace appeal indicated a leaning toward the Central Powers, it is to be remembered that at the outset such an attitude would be quite natural for him, and might well be unconscious. The Romanic Church has inherited from classic society like imperialistic assumptions and ideals to those of the aristocracies of central Europe. But Benedict is by no means a mere traditionalist, and it is greatly to be hoped that he will see the reason for the failure of his first attempt, and—this time with adequate appreciation of the deep convictions and ethical aims of the free peoples—will address himself afresh to the truly Christian task of bringing "peace upon earth." If, however, he is unable or unwilling to come into such sympathetic touch with the modern world, then one of the European neutrals—Switzerland or Holland—might well assume the honourable task.

The topics to be considered in such a congress should be outlined in advance, and *all the proceedings should be public and open to collateral discussion in the press of all nations.* The field of the diplomatic gamester should be restricted to the utmost. Moreover, the topics should be practical, and not doctrinaire, and should be requisite to the supreme issue at hand—the making of a just and stable peace. That means that they should be *prospective in their reference*, and should take account of the past only so far as that may be needful to provide for the good of men in the present and future, and not at all for the satisfaction of feelings of revenge, tribal hostility, or even traditional morality. When the sound objective of human welfare is attained, the "eternal principles of justice"—venerable phrase of

\*So recently Von Tirpitz to the Hungarian representatives: "American help is, and will remain, a mere bluff."

vague import!—will doubtless be found to be in accord therewith. Nor should we and our allies enter the discussion in a dogmatic temper, assuming that our cherished ideas are necessarily the last and perfect description and programme of humanity's wellbeing. Rather must we take up the great discussion in a broad-minded ethical temper, with a readiness to make concessions and even sacrifices, when these are needful for the common good.

The geographical question will, no doubt, come first, that being its rank in the popular interest, and in the Allied statement of peace terms. "Restitution" is the latter's catchword, a term offering various interpretations. Restitution of the *status quo ante* will not suffice, for that will not be accepted by the French or the Italians. Nor yet will the boundaries of 1870 be acceptable. Indeed, the German justification of the rape of Alsace-Lorraine is that it was but a restitution of the old situation of some two hundred years before;† a justification rather staggering to Americans since it gives Great Britain an even better claim to the United States! It is evident that if the restitution idea is to result in more than a "sordid trading across a mahogany table," it must be qualified by some principle of popular referendum. No true people—one possessing a life, traditions, and ideals of its own—should be forced to accept a rule that is continuously distasteful to it, no matter what technical justification for the "restitution" the past may offer. If this principle of the rightful primacy of the popular interest could be adopted by a world congress, a hopeful beginning would be made for an equitable, and therefore stable, adjustment of conflicting national claims. But even this evidently just principle needs interpretation. Does it mean that every people desirous of independence should have it, regard-

†The German apologist conveniently overlooks the fact that for centuries prior to Louis Quatorze, Alsace was the possession of the house of Austria, and not of any member of the present German Empire.

less of whether it can maintain that independence or not, and regardless, also, of the inconvenience or danger that the independence may cause to other peoples? Sinn Feiners and many Bohemians will no doubt say, Yes, it means just that; but the answer is inconclusive. A nation which is actually dependent, politically, upon other peoples cannot justly deny all political claims on their part. Duties and rights go together. It may be that the real rights of such a people are satisfied when home rule is accorded to it.

A related question is that of the rights of peoples who are backward in development. We Americans in the past have nominally dealt with our Indian tribes as foreign nations, nations sovereign and independent, with territories which were their exclusive possession. The system has worked ill, ill for the American good name and worse for the welfare of the aborigines. It is to be doubted if it has worked better in Africa or the British East Indies. Indeed, it would be hard to instance a case the earth around where this doctrinaire principle has worked to the advantage of backward peoples when thrown into contact with those which are advanced. The idea that the rights of all peoples, regardless of their ability to maintain them, or use them, or perhaps even understand them, are identical is all that gives colour to the long-cherished charge of the Germans against the British of "crushing" weaker peoples. Certainly the "crushed" peoples have in the past three years shown a singular readiness to stand up for their alleged oppressors. It is the idea, too, which furnishes American critics of our Philippine policy with most of their arguments. The best examples of really helpful relations between advanced and backward peoples—Egypt, for instance—have been those cases where the *duties* of the stronger nation to the weaker have been honourably recognised, and the *rights* of supervision which go with such duties have been frankly exercised. Is it not time that international principle and

policy should discard the misleading analogy covered by the words "nation" and "people," and should recognise explicitly that the rights of a people in the sisterhood of nations are limited to such a degree and kind of self-government as it can maintain effectively and serviceably to itself and mankind, *together with all such conditions of national and racial development toward complete parity with its neighbours* as international co-operation can provide?

Connected with the geographical question is the important matter of the enlargement of the sphere of international control. The "freedom of the seas" appears to have been mostly a phrase for partisan declamation,\* yet the principle bears upon the peace settlement in two important ways. One of these is the familiar, but not fully established, doctrine of the "open door" in all non-self-governing over-seas possessions. Any nation exercising control over portions of the earth not mainly inhabited by its own citizens should be required to do so as the representative of the collective interests of mankind, and the guardian of equal commercial rights *with itself* for all nations. Secondly, neither the Central nor the Entente Powers can afford to have the Turkish straits controlled after the war by their present enemies; and a "dictated peace" which left the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles so controlled would contain fertile seed of future conflict. International control is evidently the true solution. This, of course, would be a serious check to Germany's eastern ambitions; and, if obliged to concede it, she may confidently be expected to demand that the artificial straits of Suez and Panama should be internationalised likewise. And, indeed, why not? It is hard to see other than partisan reasons to the contrary, and partisan interests insisted upon to the detriment of other peoples will surely breed future trouble. Why should it

\*Reduced to its lowest terms the German demand seems to be that the indispensable naval defences which Great Britain has erected against a foreign attack should be removed by international agreement!

not be established as an international principle, in the interest of world-wide human good, that all water-ways, whether natural or artificial, the use of which is requisite to the welfare of two or more peoples shall, upon the demand of one of these, be put under international control?

The Entente call for "reparation" will probably be the one most hotly contested by Germany; yet it appears to spring from a sound principle. The new democracy of Russia has declared for "no indemnities," and the Pope has suggested that both sides drop the claim for reparation. This might well be good counsel, if only economic interests were at stake; for the Entente Powers could afford better to repair the desolations of Belgium, France, and Serbia themselves than to continue the war for a year or two longer. But it is not so; political and ethical interests are involved. Successful national depredation is an evil virus in the world. Germany would not have prepared for and executed her *Jingis Khan* undertaking of 1914, if it had not been for her predatory success in 1870. Moreover, among the needful "guarantees" of peace in future must be placed an adequate realisation on the part of the German people of the iniquity of the policy of "schrecklichkeit." To seek that realisation by retaliation in kind would be too great an injury to civilisation and the moral sentiment of the world; it would be to take a long stride backward toward barbarism. What more equitable way, then, is there of safeguarding the future morally than that of bringing home to an erring people the evils of a barbarian policy by making them pay its judicially determined damages?

This question of guarantees for the

future, professedly desired by both sides, is evidently one of great difficulty. Mere treaties are broken reeds for safety—"scraps of paper" in the hour of stress. On national *interests*, not on mere promises, must reliance be placed. In some way the peoples must be brought to see, what happily is the truth, that their real interests lie in co-operation and friendly rivalry in the arts of peace, not in over-reaching and robbery. Now, the recognition of this truth, and the establishment of national attitudes which shall put it into effect, seem to be possible (as in civil life) only under the protective guarantee of some international organisation equipped with power; that is, something in the nature of Mr. Taft's "League to Enforce Peace." No people—not even the American—can properly allow the question of its safety to become secondary with it, can reasonably pass beyond the sword and revolver stage of development, unless that safety is sufficiently provided for, at least as regards sudden exigencies, by a world society. It is not enough to agree and proclaim, as should be agreed and proclaimed, that it is an international crime for a people to arise, thrust aside all judicial inquiry, and, on the plea that it has private information that its neighbour is plotting its hurt, forthwith assail that neighbour and devastate her lands and cities. It is not enough, because too many peoples (like too many individuals) are still liable to criminal or crazy impulses. A democratic Peace Congress which shall meet the real world needs must, therefore, commit the peoples it represents to the principle of a duly equipped peace league, a league which shall at least secure to each nation the protection of an arbitratment of reason before an appeal to arms is permitted.

# THE ADVANCE OF ENGLISH POETRY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

## PART II

*Stephen Phillips—his immediate success—influence of Stratford-on-Avon—his plays—a traditional poet—his realism.—William Watson—his unpromising start—his lament on the coldness of the age toward poetry—his Epigrams—"Wordsworth's Grave"—his eminence as a critic in verse—his anti-imperialism—his Song of Hate—his Byronic wit—his contempt for the "new" poetry.—Alfred Noyes—both literary and rhetorical—an orthodox poet—a singer—his democracy—his childlike imagination—his sea-poems—"Drake"—his optimism—his religious faith.—A. E. Housman—his paganism and pessimism—his modernity—his originality—his lyrical power—war poems—Ludlow.*

### I

THE genius of Stephen Phillips was immediately recognised by London critics. When the thin volume, *Poems*, containing "Marpessa," "Christ in Hades," and some lyrical pieces, appeared in 1897, it was greeted by a loud chorus of approval, ceremoniously ratified by the bestowal of the First Prize from the British Academy. Some of the more distinguished among his admirers asserted that the nobility, splendour, and beauty of his verse merited the adjective Miltonic. I remember that we Americans thought that the English critics had lost their heads, and we queried what they would say if we praised a new poet in the United States in any such fashion. But that was before we had seen the book; when we had once read it for ourselves, we felt no alarm for the safety of Milton, but we knew that English Literature had been enriched. Stephen Phillips is among the English poets.

His career extended over the space of twenty-five years, from the first publication of "Marpessa," in 1890, to his death on December 9, 1915. He was born near the city of Oxford, July 28, 1868. His father, the Rev. Dr. Stephen Phillips, still living, is Precentor of Peterborough Cathedral; his mother was related to Wordsworth. He

was exposed to poetry germs at the age of eight, for in 1876 his father became Chaplain and Sub-Vicar at Stratford-on-Avon, and the boy attended the Grammar School. Later he spent a year at Queens College, Cambridge, enough to give him the right to be enrolled in the long list of Cambridge poets. He went on the stage as a member of Frank Benson's company, and in his time played many parts, receiving on one occasion a curtain call as the Ghost in *Hamlet*. This experience—with the early Stratford inspiration—probably fired his ambition to become a dramatist. George Alexander produced *Paolo and Francesca*; *Herod* was acted in London by Beerbohm Tree, and in America by William Faversham. Neither of these plays was a failure, but it is regrettable that he wrote for the stage at all. His genius was not adapted for drama, and the quality of his verse was not improved by the experiment, although all of his half-dozen pieces have occasional passages of rare loveliness. His best play, *Paolo and Francesca*, suffers when compared either with Boker's or D'Annunzio's treatment of the old story. It lacks the stage-craft of the former, and the virility of the latter.

Phillips was no pioneer: he followed the main tradition of English poetry, and must be counted among the legiti-

mate heirs. At his best, he resembles Keats most of all; and none but a real poet could ever make us think of Keats. If he be condemned for not breaking new paths, we may remember the words of a wise man—"It is easier to differ from the great poets than it is to resemble them." He loved to employ the standard five-foot measure that has done so much of the best work of English poetry. In "The Woman with the Dead Soul," he showed once more the musical possibilities latent in the heroic couplet, which Pope had used with such monotonous brilliance. In "Marpessa," he gave us blank verse of noble artistry. But he was far more than a mere technician. He fairly meets the test set by John Davidson. "In the poet the whole assembly of his being is harmonious; no organ is master; a diapason extends throughout the entire scale; his whole body, his whole soul, is rapt into the making of his poetry. . . . Poetry is the product of originality, of a first-hand experience and observation of life, of a direct communion with men and women, with the seasons of the year, with day and night. The critic will therefore be well advised, if he have the good fortune to find something that seems to him poetry, to lay it out in the daylight and the moonlight, to take it into the street and the fields, to set against it his own experience and observation of life."

One of the most severe tests of poetry that I know of is to read it aloud on the shore of an angry sea. Homer, Shakespeare, Milton gain in splendour with this accompaniment.

With the words of John Davidson in mind, let us take two passages from "Marpessa," and measure one against the atmosphere of day and night, and the other against homely human experience. Although Mr. Davidson was not thinking of Phillips, I believe he would have admitted the validity of this verse.

From the dark  
The floating smell of flowers invisible,  
The mystic yearning of the garden wet,  
The moonless-passing night—into his brain

Wandered, until he rose and outward leaned  
In the dim summer: 'twas the moment deep  
When we are conscious of the secret dawn,  
Amid the darkness that we feel is green. . . .  
When the long day that glideth without  
cloud,

The summer day, was at her deep blue hour  
Of lilies musical with busy bliss,  
Whose very light trembled as with excess,  
And heat was frail, and every bush and  
flower

Was drooping in the glory overcome;

Any poet knows how to speak in authentic tones of the wild passion of insurgent hearts; but not every poet possesses the rarer gift of setting the mellow years to harmonious music, as in the following gracious words:

But if I live with Idas, then we two  
On the low earth shall prosper hand in hand  
In odours of the open field, and live  
In peaceful noises of the farm, and watch  
The pastoral fields burned by the setting  
sun. . . .

And though the first sweet sting of love be  
past,

The sweet that almost venom is; though  
youth,

With tender and extravagant delight,  
The first and secret kiss by twilight hedge,  
The insane farewell repeated o'er and o'er,  
Pass off; there shall succeed a faithful  
peace;

Beautiful friendship tried by sun and wind,  
Durable from the daily dust of life.

And though with sadder, still with kinder  
eyes,

We shall behold all frailties, we shall haste  
To pardon, and with mellowing minds to  
bless.

Then though we must grow old, we shall  
grow old

Together, and he shall not greatly miss  
My bloom faded, and waning light of eyes,  
Too deeply gazed in ever to seem dim;  
Nor shall we murmur at, nor much regret  
The years that gently bend us to the ground,  
And gradually incline our face; that we  
Leisurely stooping, and with each slow step,  
May curiously inspect our lasting home.  
But we shall sit with luminous holy smiles,  
Endeared by many griefs, by many a jest,

And custom sweet of living side by side;  
 And full of memories not unkindly glance  
 Upon each other. Last, we shall descend  
 Into the natural ground—not without tears—  
 One must go first, ah God! one must go  
 first;

After so long one blow for both were good;  
 Still like old friends, glad to have met, and  
 leave

Behind a wholesome memory on the earth.

Although "Marpessa"\* and "Christ in Hades" are subjects naturally adapted for poetic treatment, Phillips did not hesitate to try his art on material less malleable. In some of his poems we find a realism as honest and clear-sighted as that of Crabbe or Masfield. In "The Woman with the Dead Soul" and "The Wife" we have naturalism elevated into poetry. He could make a London night as mystical as a moonlit meadow. And in a brief couplet he has given to one of the most familiar of metropolitan spectacles a pretty touch of imagination. The traffic policeman becomes a musician.

The constable with lifted hand  
 Conducting the orchestral Strand.

Stephen Phillips's second volume of collected verse, *New Poems* (1907), came ten years after the first, and was to me a most agreeable surprise. His devotion to the drama made me fear that he had burned himself out in the *Poems* of 1897; but the later book is as unmistakably the work of a poet as was the earlier. The mystical communion with nature is expressed with authority in such poems as "After Rain," "Thoughts at Sunrise," "Thoughts at Noon." Indeed the first-named distinctly harks back to that transcendental mystic of the seventeenth century, the wonderful Henry Vaughan. The greatest triumph in the whole volume comes where we should least expect it, in the eulogy on Gladstone. The worst poetry in the

\*It is perhaps worth recording that "Marpessa," a tone-poem for orchestra and tenor, by Howard D. Barlow, in which the text is a portion of Phillips's poem, had its first performance at Bay View, Michigan, August 16, 1917.

world is ever to be found among epitaphs. The village poets have added new terrors to Death. Even the most sure-footed bards often miss their path in the Dark Valley. Yet in these seven stanzas on the Old Parliamentary Hand there is not a single weak line, not a single false note; word placed on word grows steadily into a column of majestic beauty.

This poem is all the more refreshing because admiration for Gladstone had become unfashionable; his work was belittled, his motives befouled, his clear mentality discounted by thousands of pygmy politicians and journalistic gnats. The poet, with a poet's love for mountains, turns the powerful light of his genius on the old giant; the mists disappear; and we see again a form venerable and august.

The saint and poet dwell apart; but thou  
 Wast holy in the furious press of men,  
 And choral in the central rush of life.  
 Yet didst thou love old branches and a book,  
 And Roman verses on an English lawn. . . .

Yet not for all thy breathing charm remote,  
 Nor breach tremendous in the forts of Hell,  
 Not for these things we praise thee, though  
 these things

Are much; but more, because thou didst  
 discern

In temporal policy the eternal will;

Thou gav'st to party strife the epic note,  
 And to debate the thunder of the Lord;  
 To meanest issues fire of the Most High.

## II

William Watson, a Yorkshireman by birth and ancestry, was born on August 2, 1858. His first volume, *The Prince's Quest*, appeared in 1880. Seldom has a true poet made a more unpromising start, or given so little indication, not only of the flame of genius, but of the power of thought. No twentieth century English poet has a stronger, richer personality than William Watson. There is not the slightest tang of it in *The Prince's Quest*. This long, rambling romance, in ten sections, is as de-



void of flavour as a five-finger exercise. It is more than objective—it is somnambulistic. It contains hardly any notable lines, and hardly any bad lines. Although quite dull, it never deviates into prose—it is always somehow poetical, without ever becoming poetry. It is written in the heroic couplet, written with a fatal fluency; not good enough and not bad enough to be interesting. It is like the student's theme, which was returned to him without corrections, yet with a low mark; and in reply to the student's resentful question, "Why did you not correct my faults, if you thought meanly of my work?" the teacher replied wearily, "Your theme has no faults; it is distinguished by a lack of merit."

In *The Prince's Quest*, Mr. Watson exhibited a rather remarkable command of a barren technique. He had neither thoughts that breathe, nor words that burn. He had one or two unusual words—his only indication of immaturity in style—like "wox" and "himseemed." (Why is it that when "herseemed," as used by Rossetti, is so beautiful, "himseemed" should be so irritating?) But aside from a very few specimens, the poem is as free from affectations as it is from passion. When we remember the amazing faults and the amazing splendours of *Pauline*, it seems incredible that a young poet could write so many pages without stumbling and without soaring; that he could produce a finished work of mediocrity. I suppose that those who read the poem in 1880 felt quite sure that its author would never scale the heights; and they were wrong; because William Watson really has the divine gift, and is one of the most deservedly eminent among living poets.

It is only fair to add that in the edition of his works in 1898, *The Prince's Quest* did not appear; he was persuaded, however, to include it in the two-volume edition of 1905, where it enjoys considerable revision, "wox" becoming normal, and "himseemed" becoming dissyllabic. For my part, I am glad that it has now been definitely retained. It

is important in the study of a poet's development. It would seem that the William Watson of the last twenty-five years, a fiery, eager, sensitive man, with a burning passion to express himself on moral and political ideas, learned the mastery of his art before he had anything to say.

Perhaps, being a thoroughly honest craftsman, he felt that he ought to keep his thoughts to himself until he knew how to express them. After proving it on an impersonal romance, he was then ready to speak his mind. No poet has ever spoken his mind more plainly.

In an interesting address, delivered in various cities in the United States, and published in 1913, called *The Poet's Place in the Scheme of Life*, Mr. Watson said, "Since my arrival on these shores I have been told that here also the public interest in poetry is visibly on the wane." Now whoever told him that was mistaken. The public interest in poetry and in poets has visibly "wox," to use Mr. Watson's word. It is always true that a profoundly original genius, like Browning, like Ibsen, like Wagner, must wait some time for public recognition, although these three all lived long enough to receive not only appreciation, but idolatry; but the "reading public" has no difficulty in recognising immediately first-rate work when it is produced in the familiar forms of art. In the Preface that preceded his printed lecture, Mr. Watson complained with some natural resentment, though with no petulance, that his poem "King Alfred," starred as it was from the old armories of literature, received scarcely any critical comment, and attracted no attention. But the reason is plain enough—"King Alfred," as a whole, is an exceedingly dull poem, and is therefore not in the least provocative of eager discussion. The critics and the public rose in reverence before "Wordsworth's Grave," because it is a noble work of art. Its author did not have to tell us of its beauty—it was as clear as a cathedral.

I do not agree with Mr. Watson or with Mr. Mackaye, that real poets are

speaking to deaf ears, or that they should be stimulated by forced attention. I once heard Percy Mackaye make an eloquent and high-minded address, where, if my memory serves me rightly, he advocated something like a stipend for young poets. A distinguished old man in the audience, now with God, whispered audibly, "What most of them need is hanging!" I do not think they should be rewarded either by cash or the gallows. Let them make their way, and if they have genius, the public will find it out. If all they have is talent, and no means to support it, poetry had better become their avocation.

Mr. Watson has expressly disclaimed that in his lecture he was lamenting merely "the insufficient praise bestowed upon living poets." It is certainly true that most poets cannot live by the sale of their works. Is this especially the fault of our age? is it the fault of our poets? is it a fault in human nature? Mr. Watson said, "Yet I am bound to admit that this need for the poet is felt by but few persons in our day. With one exception there is not a single living English poet the sales of whose poems would not have been thought contemptible by Scott and Byron. The exception is, of course, that apostle of British imperialism—that vehement and voluble glorifier of Britannic ideals, whom I dare say you will readily identify from my brief, and, I hope, not disparaging description of him. With that one brilliant and salient exception, England's living singers succeed in reaching only a pitifully small audience." In commenting on this passage, we ought to remember that Scott and Byron were colossal figures, so big that no eye could miss them; and that the reason why Kipling has enjoyed substantial rewards is not because of his political views, nor because of his glorification of the British Empire, but simply because of his literary genius. He is a brilliant and salient exception to the common run of poets, not merely in royalties, but in creative power. Furthermore, shortly after this lecture was delivered, Alfred Noyes and then John

Masefield passed from city to city in America in a veritable march of triumph. Mr. Gibson and Mr. De La Mare received homage everywhere; "Riley day" is now a legal holiday in Indiana; Rupert Brooke has been canonised.

Mr. Watson is surely in error when he offers "his poetical contemporaries in England" his "most sincere condolences on the hard fate which condemned them to be born there at all in the latter part of the nineteenth century." But he is not mistaken in wishing that more people everywhere were appreciative of true poetry. I wish this with all my heart, not so much for the poet's sake, as for that of the people. But the chosen spirits are not rarer in our time than formerly. The fault is in human nature. Material blessings are instantly appreciated by every man, woman, and child, and by all the animals. For one person who knows the joys of listening to music, or looking at pictures, or reading poetry, there are a hundred thousand who know only the joys of food, clothing, shelter. Spiritual delights are not so immediately apparent as the gratification of physical desires. Perhaps if they were, man's growth would stop. As Browning says,

While were it so with the soul,—this gift  
of truth  
Once grasped, were this our soul's gain safe,  
and sur:  
To prosper as the body's gain is wont,—  
Why, man's probation would conclude, his  
earth  
Crumble; for he both reasons and decides,  
Weighs first, then chooses: will he give up  
fire  
For gold or purple once he knows its worth?  
Could he give Christ up were his worth as  
plain?  
Therefore, I say, to test man, the proofs  
shift,  
Nor may he grasp that fact like other fact,  
And straightway in his life acknowledge it,  
As, say, the indubitable bliss of fire.

One of the greatest functions of the poet is to awaken men and women to the

knowledge of the delights of the mind, to give them abundant life instead of a humdrum existence. As Mr. Watson nobly expresses it, the aim of the poet "is to keep fresh within us our often flagging sense of life's greatness and grandeur." We can exist on food; but we cannot live without our poets, who lift us to higher planes of thought and feeling. The poetry of William Watson has done this inestimable service for us again and again.

In 1884 appeared *Epigrams of Art, Life, and Nature*. I do not think these have been sufficiently admired. As an epigrammatist Mr. Watson has no rival in Victorian or in contemporary verse. The epigram is a quite definite form of art, especially cultivated by the poets in the first half of the seventeenth century. Their formula was the terse expression of obscene thoughts. Mr. Watson excels the best of them in wit, concision, and grace; it is needless to say he makes no attempt to rival them as a garbage-collector. Of the large number of epigrams that he has contributed to English literature, I find the majority not only interesting, but richly stimulating. This one ought to please Mr. H. G. Wells:

When whelmed are altar, priest, and creed;  
When all the faiths have passed;  
Perhaps, from darkening incense freed,  
God may emerge at last.

This one, despite its subject, is far above doggerel:

His friends he loved. His direst earthly  
foes—  
Cats—I believe he did but feign to hate.  
My hand will miss the insinuated nose,  
Mine eyes the tail that wagg'd contempt  
at fate.

But his best epigrams are on purely literary themes:

Your Marlowe's page I close, my Shake-  
speare's ope.  
How welcome—after gong and cymbal's  
din—  
The continuity, the long slow slope  
And vast curves of the gradual violin!

With the publication in 1890 of his masterpiece, "Wordsworth's Grave," William Watson came into his own. This is worthy of the man it honours, and what higher praise could be given? It is distinctly superior, both in penetration and in beauty, to Matthew Arnold's famous "Memorial Verses." Indeed, in the art of writing profound and subtle literary criticism in rhythmical language that is itself high and pure poetry, Mr. Watson is unapproachable by any of his contemporaries, and I do not know of any poet in English literature who has surpassed him. This is his specialty, this is his clearest title to permanent fame. And although his criticism is so valuable, when employed on a sympathetic theme, that he must be ranked among our foremost modern interpreters of literature, his style in expressing it could not possibly be translated into prose, a sure test of its poetical greatness. In his noble "Apologia" he says

I have full oft  
In singers' selves found me a theme of song,  
Holding these also to be very part  
Of Nature's greatness, and accounting not  
Their descants least heroical of deeds.

The poem "Wordsworth's Grave" not only expresses, as no one else has expressed, the supreme quality of Wordsworth's genius, but in single lines assigned to each, the same service is done for Milton, Shakespeare, Shelley, Coleridge, and Byron. This is a matchless illustration of the kind of criticism that is in itself genius; for we may quarrel with Mr. Spingarn as much as we please on his general dogmatic principle of the identity of genius and taste; here we have so admirable an example of what he means by creative criticism, that it is a pity he did not think of it himself. "For it still remains true," says Mr. Spingarn, "that the æsthetic critic, in his moments of highest power, rises to heights where he is at one with the creator whom he is interpreting. At that moment criticism and 'creation' are one."

All great poets have the power of noble indignation, a divine wrath against wickedness in high places. The poets, like the prophets of old, pour out their irrepressible fury against what they believe to be cruelty and oppression. Milton's magnificent Piedmont sonnet is a glorious roar of righteous rage; and since his time the poets have ever been the spokesmen for the insulted and injured. Robert Burns, more than most statesmen, helped to make the world safe for democracy. I do not know what humanity would do without its poets—they are the champions of the individual against the tyranny of power, the cruel selfishness of kings, and the artificial conventions of society. We may or may not agree with Mr. Watson's anti-imperialistic sentiments as expressed in the early days of our century; he himself, like most of us, has changed his mind on many subjects since the outbreak of the world-war, and unless he ceases to develop, will probably change it many times in the future. But whatever our opinions, we cannot help admiring lines like these, published in 1897:

#### HOW WEARY IS OUR HEART

Of kings and courts; of kingly, courtly ways  
In which the life of man is bought and sold;  
How weary is our heart these many days!

Of ceremonious embassies that hold  
Parley with Hell in fine and silken phrase,  
How weary is our heart these many days!

Of wavering counsellors neither hot nor  
cold,  
Whom from His mouth God speweth, be it  
told  
How weary is our heart these many days!

Yea, for the ravelled night is round the  
lands,  
And sick are we of all the imperial story.  
The tramp of Power, and its long trail of  
pain;  
The mighty brows in meanest arts grown  
hoary;  
The mighty hands,

That in the dear, affronted name of Peace  
Bind down a people to be racked and slain;  
The emulous armies waxing without cease,  
All-puissant all in vain;  
The pacts and leagues to murder by delays,  
And the dumb throngs that on the deaf  
thrones gaze;  
The common loveless lust of territory;  
The lips that only babble of their mart,  
While to the night the shrieking hamlets  
blaze;  
The bought allegiance, and the purchased  
praise,  
False honour, and shameful glory;—  
Of all the evil whereof this is part,  
How weary is our heart,  
How weary is our heart these many days!

Another poem I cite in full, not for its power and beauty, but as a curiosity. I do not think it has been remembered that in the *New Poems* of 1909 Mr. Watson published a poem of Hate some years before the Teutonic hymn became famous. It is worth reading again, because it so exactly expresses the cold reserve of the Anglo-Saxon, in contrast with the overflowing sentimentality of the German. There is, of course, no indication that its author had Germany in mind.

#### HATE

(To certain foreign detractors)

Sirs, if the truth must needs be told,  
We love not you that rail and scold;  
And, yet, my masters, you may wait  
Till the Greek Calends for our hate.

No spendthrifts of our hate are we;  
Our hate is used with husbandry.  
We hold our hate too choice a thing  
For light and careless lavishing.

We cannot, dare not, make it cheap!  
For holy uses will we keep  
A thing so pure, a thing so great  
As Heaven's benignant gift of hate.

Is there no ancient, sceptred Wrong?  
No torturing Power, endured too long?  
Yea; and for these our hatred shall  
Be cloistered and kept virginal.

He found occasion to draw from his cold storage of hate much sooner than he had anticipated. Being a convinced anti-imperialist, and having not a spark of antagonism to Germany, the early days of August, 1914, shocked no one in the world more than him. But after the first maze of bewilderment and horror, he drew his pen against the Kaiser in holy wrath. Most of his war poems have been collected in the little volume *The Man Who Saw*, published in the summer of 1917. He has now at all events one satisfaction, that of being in absolute harmony with the national sentiment. In his Preface, after commenting on the pain he had suffered in times past in finding himself in opposition to the majority of his countrymen, he manfully says, "During the present war, with all its agonies and horrors, he has had at any rate the one private satisfaction of feeling not even the most momentary doubt or misgiving as to the perfect righteousness of his country's cause. There is nothing on earth of which he is more certain than that this Empire, throughout this supreme ordeal, has shaped her course by the light of purest duty." The volume opens with a fine tribute to Mr. Lloyd-George, "the man who saw," and "The Kaiser's Dirge" is a savage malediction. The poems in this book—of decidedly unequal merit—have the fire of indignation if not always the flame of inspiration. Taken as a whole, they are more interesting psychologically than as a contribution to English verse. We sympathise with the author's feelings, and admire his sincerity; but his reputation as a poet is not heightened overmuch. Perhaps the best poem in the collection is "The Yellow Pansy," accompanied with Shakespeare's line, "There's pansies—that's for thoughts."

Winter had swooped, a lean and hungry hawk;

It seemed an age since summer was entombed;

Yet in our garden, on its frozen stalk,  
A yellow pansy bloomed.

'Twas Nature saying by trope and metaphor:  
"Behold, when empire against empire  
strives,  
Though all else perish, ground 'neath iron  
war,  
The golden thought survives."

Although, with the exception of his marriage and travels in America, Mr. Watson's verse tells us little of the facts of his life, few poets have ever revealed more of the history of their mind. What manner of man he is we know without waiting for the publication of his intimate correspondence. It is fortunate for his temperament, that combined with an almost morbid sensitiveness, he has something of Byron's power of hitting back. His numerous volumes contain many verses scoring off adverse critics, upon whom he exercises a sword of satire not always to be found among a poet's weapons; which exercise seems to give him both relief and delight. Apart from these thrusts edged with personal bitterness, William Watson possesses a rarely used vein of ironical wit that immediately recalls Byron, who might himself have written some of the stanzas in "The Eloping Angels." Faust requests Mephisto to procure for them both admission into heaven for half-an-hour:

To whom Mephisto: "Ah, you underrate  
The hazards and the dangers, my good Sir.  
Peter is stony as his name; the gate,  
Excepting to invited guests, won't stir.  
'Tis long since he and I were intimate;  
We differed;—but to by-gones why refer?  
Still, there are windows; if a peep through  
these  
Would serve your turn, we'll start whene'er  
you please. . . ."

So Faust and his companion entered, by  
The window, the abodes where seraphs  
dwell.

"Already morning quickens in the sky,  
And soon will sound the heavenly matin  
bell;  
Our time is short," Mephisto said, "for I  
Have an appointment about noon in hell.  
Dear, dear! why, heaven has hardly changed  
one bit  
Since the old days before the historic split."

The excellent conventional technique displayed in *The Prince's Quest* has characterised nearly every page of Mr. Watson's works. He is not only content to walk in the ways of traditional poesy, he glories in it. He has rather a hide-bound contempt for heretics and experimenters, which he has expressed frequently not only in prose, but in verse. It is natural that he should worship Tennyson; natural (and unfortunate for him) that he can see little in Browning. And if he is blind to Browning, what he thinks of contemporary "new" poets may easily be imagined. With or without inspiration, he believes that hard work is necessary, and that good workmanship ought to be rated more highly. This idea has become an obsession; Mr. Watson writes too much about the sweat of his brow, and vents his spleen on "modern" poets too often. In his latest volume, *Retgression*, published in 1917, thirty-two of the fifty-two poems are devoted to the defence of standards of poetic art and of purity of speech. They are all interesting and contain much truth; but if the "new" poetry and the "new" criticism are really balderdash, they should not require so much attention from one of the most eminent of contemporary writers. I think Mr. Watson is rather stiff-necked and obstinate, like an honest, hearty country squire, in his sturdy following of tradition. Smooth technique is a fine thing in art; but I do not care whether a poem is written in conventional metre or in free verse, so long as it is unmistakably poetry. And no garments yet invented or the lack of them can conceal true poetry. Perhaps the Traditionalist might reply that uninspired verse gracefully written is better than uninspired verse abominably written. So it is; but why bother about either? He might once more insist that inspired poetry gracefully written is better than inspired poetry ungracefully written. And I should reply that it depended altogether on the subject. I should not like to see Whitman's "Spirit that formed this Scene" turned into a Spenserian stanza.

I cannot forget that David Mallet tried to smoothen Hamlet's soliloquy by jamming it into the heroic couplet. Mr. Watson thinks that the great John Donne is dead. On the contrary, he is most audibly alive; and the only time he really approached dissolution was when Pope "versified" him.

### III

Stephen Phillips, William Watson, Alfred Noyes—each published his first volume of poems at the age of twenty-two, additional evidence of the old truth that poets are born, not made. Alfred Noyes is a Staffordshire man, though his report of the county differs from that of Arnold Bennett as poetry differs from prose. They did not see the same things in Staffordshire, and if they had, they would not have been the same things, anyhow. Mr. Noyes was born on September 16, 1880, and made his only departure from the traditions of English poetry in going to Oxford. There he was an excellent illustration of *mens sana in corpore sano*, writing verses and rowing on his college crew. He is married to an American wife, is a professor at Princeton, and understands the spirit of America better than most visitors who write clever books about us. He has the wholesome, modest, cheerful temperament of the American college undergraduate, and the Princeton students are fortunate, not only in hearing his lectures, but in the opportunity of fellowship with such a man.

Mr. Noyes is one of the very few poets who can read his own verses effectively, the reason being that his mind is by nature both literary and rhetorical—a rare union. The purely literary temperament is usually marked by a certain shyness which unfits its owner for the public platform. I have heard poets read passionate poetry in a muffled singsong, something like a child learning to "recite." The works of Alfred Noyes gain distinctly by his oral interpretation of them.

He is prolific. Although still a young

## 242 Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century

man, he has a long list of books to his credit; and it is rather surprising that in such a profusion of literary experiments, the general level should be so high. I said a profusion of literary experiments, rather than new experiments; he takes the old metrical formulas, and works them out to the complete satisfaction of his admirers. He writes blank verse, octosyllabics, terza-rima, sonnets, and is particularly fond of long rolling lines that have in them the music of the sea. He is no more of a pioneer than Phillips or Watson. His ideas require no enlargement of the orchestra, and he sedulously avoids by-paths, or unbeaten tracks, content to go lustily singing along the highway. Perhaps it shows more courage to compete with standard poets in standard measures than to elude dangerous comparisons by making or adopting a new fashion. Mr. Noyes openly challenges the masters on their own field and with their own weapons. Yet he shows nothing of the schoolmasterish contempt for the "new" poetry so characteristic of Mr. Watson. He actually admires Blake, who was in spirit a twentieth century poet, and he has written a fine poem "On the Death of Francis Thompson," though he has nothing of Thompson in him except religious faith.

In the time-worn but useful classification of versemakers under the labels *Vates* and *Poeta*, Alfred Noyes belongs clearly to the latter group. He is not without ideas, but he is primarily an artist, a singer. He is one of the most melodious of modern writers, with a witchery in words that at its best is irresistible. He has an extraordinary command of the resources of language and rhythm. Were this all he possessed, he would be nothing but a graceful musician. But he has the imagination of the inspired poet, giving him creative power to reveal anew the majesty of the untamed sea, and the mystery of the stars. With this clairvoyance—essential in poetry—he has a hearty, charming, uncondescending sympathy with "common" people, common flowers,

common music. One of his most original and most captivating poems is "The Tramp Transfigured, an Episode in the Life of a Corn-flower Millionaire." This contains a character worthy of Dickens, a fairy touch of fantasy, a rippling, singing melody, with delightful audacities of rime.

*Tick, tack, tick, tack*, I couldn't wait no longer!

Up I gets and bows polite and pleasant as a toff—

"Arternoon," I says, "I'm glad your boots are going stronger;

Only thing I'm dreading is your feet 'ull both come off."

*Tick, tack, tick, tack*, she didn't stop to answer,

"Arternoon," she says, and sort o' chokes a little cough,

"I must get to Piddinghoe to-morrow if I can, sir!"

"Demme, my good woman! Haw! Don't think I mean to loff,"

Says I, like a toff,

"Where d'you mean to sleep to-night? God made this grass for go'off."

His masterpiece, "The Barrel-Organ," has something of Kipling's rollicking music, with less noise and more refinement. Out of the mechanical grinding of the hand organ, with the accompaniment of city omnibuses, we get the very breath of spring in almost intolerable sweetness. This poem affects the head, the heart, and the feet. I defy any man or woman to read it without surrendering to the magic of the lilacs, the magic of old memories, the magic of the poet. Nor has anyone ever read this poem without going immediately back to the first line, and reading it all over again, so susceptible are we to the romantic pleasure of melancholy.

Mon coeur est un luth suspendu:

Sitôt qu'on le touche, il résonne.

The late Mr. Mabie, in his admirable Introduction to the *Poems* of Alfred Noyes, in 1906, said, "If he speaks to his generation with both beguilement and authority, it will be because the heart

of the child and the mind of the man are in him." That he has the heart of the child is proved by his "Flower of Old Japan," and "Forest of Wild Thyme," a kind of singing Alice-in-Wonderland. These are the veritable stuff of dreams—wholly apart from the law of causation—one vision fading into another. It is our fault, and not that of the poet, that Mr. Noyes had to explain them: "It is no new wisdom to regard these things through the eyes of little children; and I know—however insignificant they may be to others—these two tales contain as deep and true things as I, personally, have the power to express. I hope, therefore, that I may be pardoned, in these hurried days, for pointing out that the two poems are not to be taken merely as fairy-tales, but as an attempt to follow the careless and happy feet of children back into the kingdom of those dreams which, as we said above, are the sole reality worth living and dying for; those beautiful dreams, or those fantastic jests—if any care to call them so—for which mankind has endured so many triumphant martyrdoms that even amidst the rush and roar of modern materialism they cannot be quite forgotten." Mr. William J. Locke says he would rather give up clean linen and tobacco than give up his dreams.

Nearly all English poetry smells of the sea; the waves rule Britannia. Alfred Noyes loves the ocean, and loves the old sea-dogs of Devonshire. He is not a literary poet, like William Watson, and has never given any indication of possessing the insight or the interpretative power of his contemporary in dealing with pure literature. He has the blessed gift of admiration, and his poems on Swinburne, Meredith, and other masters show a noble reverence; but they are without subtlety, and lack the discriminating phrase. He is, however, deeply read in Elizabethan verse and prose, as his *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*, one of his longest, most painstaking, and least successful works, proves; and of all the Elizabethan men of action, Drake is his hero. English

lovers of the sea, and German lovers of efficiency, have both done honour to Drake. I remember years ago, being in the town of Offenburg in Germany, and seeing at a distance a colossal statue, feeling some surprise when I discovered that the monument was erected to Sir Francis Drake, "in recognition of his having introduced the potato into Europe." Here was where eulogy became almost too specific, and I felt that their Drake was not my Drake.

Mr. Noyes called *Drake*, published in 1908, an English Epic. It is not really an epic—it is a historical romance in verse, as *Aurora Leigh* is a novel. It is interesting from beginning to end, more interesting as narrative than as poetry. It is big rather than great, rhetorical rather than literary, declamatory rather than passionate. And while many descriptive passages are fine, the pictures of the terrible storm near Cape Horn are surely less vivid than those in *Dauber*. Had Mr. Noyes written *Drake* without the songs, and written nothing else, I should not feel certain that he was a poet; I should regard him as an extremely fluent versifier, with remarkable skill in telling a rattling good story. But the "Songs," especially the one beginning, "Now the purple night is past," could have been written only by a poet. In "Forty Singing Seamen" there is displayed an imagination quite superior to anything in *Drake*; and I would not trade "The Admiral's Ghost" for the whole "epic."

Alfred Noyes proves, as Browning proved, that it is possible to be an inspired poet and in every other respect to remain normal. He is healthy-minded, without a trace of affectation or decadence. He is a robust optimist, and I think none the worse of him for that, since pessimism in itself is no evidence of profound thinking. He is an all-around poetical athlete, following the Tennysonian tradition in seeing that "Beauty, Good, and Knowledge are three sisters." He is deeply religious. A clear-headed, pure-hearted Englishman is Alfred Noyes.



## 244 Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century

### CREDO

Thou that art throned so far above  
All earthly names, e'en those we deem  
Eternal, e'en that name of Love  
Which—as one speaketh in a dream—  
We whisper, ere the morning break  
And the hands yearn, and the heart ache.

O Thou that reignest, whom of old  
Men sought to appease by praise or  
prayer;  
The spirit's little gifts of gold,  
The heart's faint frankincense and  
myrrh,  
Though we—the sons of deeper days—  
Can bring Thee neither prayer nor praise,

We have not turned in doubt aside,  
Nor mocked with our ephemeral breath  
The little creeds that man's poor pride  
Still fashions in these gulfs of death,  
The little creeds that only prove  
Thou art so far, so far above.

So far beyond all Space and Time,  
So infinitely far that none,  
Though by ten thousand heavens he climb  
Higher, shall yet be higher by one;  
So far that—whelmed with light—we dare,  
Father, to know that Thou art here.

### IV

Although *A Shropshire Lad* was published in 1896, there is nothing of the nineteenth century in it except the date, and nothing Victorian except the allusions to the Queen. A double puzzle confronts the reader: How could a University Professor of Latin write this kind of poetry, and how, after having published it, could he refrain from publishing another bookful? Since the date of its appearance, he has produced an edition of *Manilius*, Book I, followed nine years later by Book II; also an edition of *Juvenal*, and many papers representing the result of original research. Possibly

Chill Pedantry repressed his noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of his soul.

Alfred Edward Housman was born on March 26, 1859, was graduated from Oxford, was Professor of Latin

at University College, London, from 1892 to 1911, and since then has been Professor of Latin at Cambridge. Few poets have made a deeper impression on the literature of the time than he; and the sixty-three short lyrics in one small volume form a slender wedge for so powerful an impact. This poetry, except in finished workmanship, follows no English tradition; it is as unorthodox as Samuel Butler; it is thoroughly "modern" in tone, in temper, and in emphasis. Although entirely original, it reminds one in many ways of the verse of Thomas Hardy. It has his paganism, his pessimism, his human sympathy, his austere pride in the tragedy of frustration, his curt refusal to pipe a merry tune, to make one of a holiday crowd.

Therefore, since the world has still  
Much good, but much less good than ill,  
And while the sun and moon endure  
Luck's a chance, but trouble's sure,  
I'd face it as a wise man would,  
And train for ill and not for good.  
'Tis true, the stuff I bring for sale  
Is not so brisk a brew as ale:  
Out of a stem that scored the hand  
I wrung it in a weary land.  
But take it: if the smack is sour,  
The better for the embittered hour;  
It should do good to heart and head  
When your soul is in my soul's stead;  
And I will friend you, if I may,  
In the dark and cloudy day.

Those lines might have been written by Thomas Hardy. They express not merely his view of life, but his faith in the healing power of the bitter herb of pessimism. But we should remember that *A Shropshire Lad* was published before the first volume of Mr. Hardy's verse appeared, and that the lyrical power displayed in it is natural rather than acquired.

Although at the time of publication the author was thirty-six years old, many of the poems must have been written in the twenties. The style is mature, but the constant dwelling on death and the grave is a mark of youth. Young poets love to write about death, because its contrast

to their present condition forms a romantic tragedy, sharply dramatic and yet instinctively felt to be remote. Tennyson's first volume is full of the details of dissolution, the falling jaw, the eyeballs fixing, the sharp-headed worm. Aged poets do not usually write in this manner, because death seems more realistic than romantic. It is a fact rather than an idea. When a young poet is obsessed with the idea of death, it is a sign, not of morbidity, but of normality.

The originality in this book consists not in the contrast between love and the grave, but in the acute self-consciousness of youth, in the pagan determination to enjoy nature without waiting till life's summer is past.

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now  
Is hung with bloom along the bough,  
And stands about the woodland ride  
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,  
Twenty will not come again,  
And take from seventy springs a score,  
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom  
Fifty springs are little room,  
About the woodlands I will go  
To see the cherry hung with snow.

The death of the body is not the greatest tragedy in this volume, for suicide, a thought that youth loves to play with, is twice glorified. The death of love is often treated with an ironical bitterness that makes one think of *Time's Laughingstocks*.

Is my friend hearty,  
Now I am thin and pine,  
And has he found to sleep in  
A better bed than mine?

Yes, lad, I lie easy,  
I lie as lads would choose;  
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,  
Never ask me whose.

The point of view expressed in "The Carpenter's Son" is singularly detached not only from conventional religious belief, but from conventional reverence. But the extraordinary originality in *A Shropshire Lad*, while more strikingly displayed in some poems than in others, leaves its mark on them all. It is the originality of a man who thinks his own thoughts with shy obstinacy, makes up his mind in secret meditation, totally unaffected by current opinion. It is not the poetry of a rebel; it is the poetry of an absolutely independent man, too indifferent to the crowd even to fight them. And now and then we find a lyric of flawless beauty, that lingers in the mind like the glow of a sunset.

Into my heart an air that kills  
From yon far country blows:  
What are those blue remembered hills,  
What spires, what farms are those?

That is the land of lost content,  
I see it shining plain,  
The happy highways where I went,  
And cannot come again.

Mr. Housman's poems are nearer to the twentieth century in spirit than the work of the late Victorians, and many of them are curiously prophetic of the dark days of the present war. What strange vision made him write such poems as "The Recruit," "The Street Sounds to the Soldiers' Tread," "The Day of Battle," and "On the Idle Hill of Summer"? Change the colour of the uniforms, and these four poems would fit to-day's tragedy accurately. They are, indeed, superior to most of the war-poems written by the professional poets since 1914.

Ludlow, forever associated with Milton's *Comus*, is now and will be for many years to come also significant in the minds of men as the home of a Shropshire lad.

(To be continued.)

# KINGSHIP IN THE BALANCE

BY FRANCES EVELYN WARWICK

(Countess of Warwick)

THE war, intended originally to involve a short sharp sacrifice of the producing classes for the greater glory of two dynasties, has resulted after a thousand days in conditions so entirely different from those anticipated that there is hardly a ruler in the world who would not be a pacifist if he could. Europe's proletariat has developed an inquiring mind. Plain people whose business in life is to offer themselves and their sons as cannon fodder for the carrying out of the policies of autocratic monarchs are asking in all seriousness if autocracy is worth it. The question is fatal because it admits of only one answer. As soon as the answer is given the scales fall from the worker's eyes. They realise that their enemies are not the men of the neighbouring country, men as poor, harassed, ill-used as themselves, but their own supreme ruler and the supreme rulers of the men over the border. When this simple truth is enunciated and understood the conviction follows that if the working man of one country will unite with the working man of another they can together throw down all the dynastic idols in their respective Houses of Baal. That conclusion once reached, the title of this paper is explained and justified.

Kingship, strictly limited as it is in our own Empire, is no evil thing, though certain evils gather round it. Queen Victoria was the last ruler of Great Britain who impressed her personal predilections upon her Ministers. But one of the faults of our limited monarchy is that it encourages in us a certain self-righteousness, a feeling that we are not as other people of the earth. We talk proudly of conferring liberty upon small nations, but at the time of writing we have not conferred that liberty upon Ireland, our nearest neighbour. We talk

about freedom, as though it could only be written in these islands with a capital letter, while as a matter of simple fact the Defence of the Realm Act has not left us as much freedom as the villeins possessed in feudal times. The liberty we still enjoy is by grace of those who administer the Act and can be taken away without difficulty. Liberty and limited monarchy are excellent things in their way. It is our business in my country to regain the first and pay strict attention to the adjective attached to the second. Across the Channel monarchy is more or less in the melting pot and the hardest, cruelest, most autocratic and most vicious monarchy in Europe has been the first to go.

Now the Czar went, and the Czarina and family with him, because he preferred absolute monarchy to victory over the enemy. He feared that a Russian victory would make the people, whose sacrifices had brought it about, insistent upon a share in the results. Owing to the unending series of thefts in high quarters a great part of the burden of supporting the war had fallen upon the bodies that may be compared with our own parish councils. The most remote rural district had sent their sons to fight. In the trenches men had learned something of life, had realised that their valour and their blood were saving the Empire. Rather than pay the fair price for redemption Nicholas Romanoff, weakest of the weak, preferred not to be redeemed. He was urged to every kind of reaction and filled the cabinets with pro-Germans, who held up army supplies, deliberately sent men to slaughter, sold Rumania and prepared the way for a peace with Germany, just as a Russian Czar made peace with Frederick the Great when that melancholy degenerate had been

beaten to his knees in the Seven Years War he brought about by stealing Silesia. Happily, and yet to us almost inexplicably, the people rose in revolt, and Russia bids fair to enter the ranks of the world's republics. I am afraid that many in England who pay lip service to this vast and far-reaching transformation secretly regret it. It is clear that all who are interested in monarchical institutions would have preferred Russia as a constitutional monarchy that the evils of old time might have been perpetuated in a milder form.

Of old Francis Joseph, who passed away last year full of years and empty of honour, there is nothing good to be said. The blood guilt that he carried to the grave is appalling in its magnitude, and the question as to how far senile decay and imbecility could condone it is one into which there is no occasion to inquire. Whether the successor to the throne, the son of an eccentric degenerate, is capable of handling the problems he has inherited, time alone can tell, but it is indeed a matter for surprise that any one of the Hapsburg house, a family enfeebled by every crime and excess, should be permitted in the twentieth century to rule over as much as a score of sane men.

The house of Hohenzollern will, we hope, pass soon beyond the sphere of rule. The first German Emperor was a sane and kindly old soldier, the second a hero and gentleman, the third may be left to the verdict of history. Perhaps the gravest charge to be made against him is that under his régime the interests of the people have been widely studied and skilfully guarded in order that there may be the greatest possible number of men to throw into the furnace of war, to no nobler end than that Germany might rule the world, to the greater glory of the Hohenzollern. Germany has sinned with knowledge. The developments within the Empire turned to peaceful purposes would have helped the whole world. But there was the glorification of a royal house to be considered, and by its side the real interests of the people

were of no concern. German thoroughness, business capacity, education and industry were rapidly making a commercial conquest of the world; but that did not suffice. It was no conquest in Hohenzollern eyes that carried German capacity to the republics of America, where double-headed eagles would be shot at sight and put into a museum. Finely organised, universally drilled and half starved, the German rank and file that remain at home may be unable to express itself with force or coherence, but a time must come when the remnants will return from the battle-fields. Then they will realise the whole of the price they have been asked to pay for kingship.

If Bulgaria had been a republic, instead of being misruled by a man who for treachery, vanity and heartlessness has not an equal even among the crowned heads of Europe, it would never have entered into the war. Ruined beyond recovery, dependent for existence upon doles of weapons and money, Ferdinand of Bulgaria has probably betrayed his people for the last time. It was a struggle for them to forgive him for his failure in the Balkan war; they will not forgive him again, and it is well to remember that the Balkan struggle against Turkey was merely a diplomatic move by kings who did not concern themselves for a moment with the suffering involved. Territory was their sole interest.

Turkey's Armenian policy was always directed by rulers to gain political advantages, and the arrival of Turkey into the war area was arranged by rulers unknown to the Turk, who would rather have fought anybody than have fought Englishmen—his regard for them is sincere. But kings planned, and the Turkish rank and file have paid in their tens of thousands for the planning. In short, one may look all over Europe for any people outside Prussia who really wanted war, and Prussia itself was beguiled by false prophets in Hohenzollern employ—mad soldier men like Bernhardt, or mad philosophers like Frederick Nietz-

schic. If the people did not know the truth before they have learned it now, and when all the tale of evil is told the responsibility of kings will be apparent even to those whose mind is slowest at forming conclusions from well-ascertained facts. In short, as I see it, the Great War has placed kingship upon its trial, and though the verdict has only been pronounced in Russia, it is likely that a similar verdict will be heard all over the Continent.

It would be easy enough to point to men who have borne the burdens of kingship honourably. Belgium has a real friend in King Albert, the king without a kingdom, and yet one of the most attractive figures in Europe. The danger is that the royal houses in Europe tend by intermarriage to create and sustain interests that are wholly inimical to democratic progress. Kingship rather than the individual king is the public enemy. We find the Czar surrendering feebly to influences that tended to ruin him and quite unable to help himself. Constantine of Greece is another who has tottered to his downfall for the same cause. Most royal unions are *mariages de convenance*, they have political aims first. The result is not flattering.

In this supreme crisis of their fate kings have not led their own armies, or if they have done so it has been after the fashion of the Duke of Plaza Toros in Gilbert's play:

If there was any fighting  
He led his regiment from behind,  
He found it less exciting.

To go from place to place and make speeches, to send telegrams and kill enemies by word of mouth, all this is mag-

nificent, but it is not war. In the light of the red fires they have set blazing there is not a monarch who does not look terribly insignificant. The old fighting spirit that made kings out of the most valiant warriors died with the discovery of gunpowder; Europe is awake to the true aspect and value of kingship. At present France, Portugal, and San Marino are the republics of Europe, and while a Russian republic has been declared, owing to the many and rapid political changes there we may not yet definitely claim her, although the portents are all favourable. How long before the great change comes?

For the rulers who go there will be neither pity nor regret. In twenty-four hours Nicholas Romanoff lost every friend he had in Europe and out of it. Even the monarchists had no good word for him. If and when the other autocrats go there will be no regrets, only an expression of relief. Remember I am not attacking kings personally—many of them have all the virtues and most of the charms of manner: it is kingship that is out of date. Kings are feared for what they can do, flattered for what they may give, but there are few to love them in spite of the fact that many have a truly appealing personality. Their trade is not a reputable one, the aims enforced upon them are selfish or sordid. Across the broad Atlantic your United States laughs at them and the whole American Continent is free from the taint of kingship. True sovereignty is in the people and nowhere else. The great tragedy is that it has taken a war of unexampled horror and magnitude to teach the simple truth. But if the teaching has been effective the world will soon have one anachronism the less to contend against.

# THE FLAG AND THE FIGHT

BY CHARLES FERGUSON

YOU have seen it perhaps breaking out from a flagstaff over an American consulate in some distant land—that wriggle of red slashes and speckle of stars! Or perhaps—very rarely indeed in latter days—you have glimpsed the flag of your country on the high seas or in some foreign port. Always when you have come upon it in alien or unexpected places, it has given you a shock and a thrill; and you have thought of it, for a moment at least, as it has been thought of, now for seven scores of years, by the baffled youth and the disappointed faith of ambitious men in all the lands that are not American.

This flag is not the flag of a nation only, it is a spiritual symbol that has stirred the world as no other symbol but the cross of Christ has ever stirred it. It is the conquering sign of a super-nation, a super-nation existing prophetically in the thoughts of the wise if not in the actualities of our achievement. To say of the United States that it is "one of the great powers" is to say a small thing. It is a kind of disparagement to say so. For America is so placed in history and in planetary space that it rounds a cycle of the race's experience and sums up the hope of four thousand years. One knows not what may befall mankind in other millenniums, but if liberty is to be realised in *this* age it must be *here*. Here is the place where the westward march of the race has reached its terminus. Men out of every nation have been thrown together here. Here is a nation whose bond is not of blood or flesh but of the spirit. Here is the meeting place of all breeds. Here is the cross-roads of the world. And here is the moral and physical focus of the Great War. It is to be fought out here. America is liberty and liberty is America. If America cannot find the way

to freedom then, for the present, nobody can find the way.

And what is this liberty wherewith we are to enlighten the world—this liberty of which we talk so much, and which is forever judging us and all our works from day to day? It appears that liberty is not to be thought of as just a state of mind, as some moralists pretend—a mere stout-heartedness or freshness of spirit. It presupposes that. But the freedom that the flag stands for is more than that. It is a new and transforming politics—a civil order that is wholly different from the order of the Old World. It is what men think in the streets of American cities. It is what political refugees have thought for many generations, and westward-longing peasants in Ireland, Italy and the Russian plain. Here is the formula of it, if it must have a formula: *in the Old World a man's place in the social scale determines what he can do, while in the New World what a man can do determines his place in the scale.* That is the freedom the flag stands for. Emerson of Concord meant this when he said that America is only another name for Opportunity.

The difference between the way of the Old World and the way of the New is infinite. For the old order is governed by and for those who have claims upon it and debts to enforce against it; while the new order is governed by those and for those who have creative powers and social gifts to bestow. Under the old régime the enterprise of every man—the highest as well as the lowest—is limited by his status. The new régime sets no limit to enterprise.

Now the notion that the heritage of a people can be safeguarded by those who have enforceable claims against it better than by those who feel themselves to be debtors to it with obligation to

discharge, is a very ancient notion. But it is not on that account either wise or practical. The truth is that the rule of organised ownership is exhausting. It always has ended, and in the nature of things always must end, in social suicide. Thus the old order lives on by the mere sufferance of the gods. It is the new order alone—the way of the bright flag—that is suitable to science and reality.

They wholly misunderstand the genius of America who suppose that it rests upon the constitution of 1789. The constitution does not undertake to define the new order; it is a strategic defence against the encroachments of the old. Americans do not fight for the constitution. They use it as a barricade against the politics of Europe. They fight behind it and above it, for the thing the barricade defends.

The genius of America is mobilisation—its order is framed not to keep things fixed, but to keep things moving. It proclaims a career for talent and tools to those who can use them.

America is not jealous of ownerships. But it will not be ruled by ownerships. It will be ruled by the organisation of enterprise. It understands that social security—even the security of investments—demands the clearing away of all legal obstacles to the improvement of the working plant.

America will not be ruled by clerics and legalists, or by those who sit indoors. The right that it will fight for is not the right of litigious egotism or frock-coated philanthropy. It fights for the open road, the straight furrow, the true point of the story and the bridge-girder that will stand the strain. It builds its altar of sacrifice to the right of the artist and the engineer. Its war is the only good war. It is the war of the masters of the arts and the engines against every human thing that willfully obstructs or opposes the creative life.

The school-men shake their heads over the feebleness and inefficiency of democracy. But we know in our hearts that

our weakness does not lie in our democracy, but in our capitulation to the principle of the Old World—the stupor of fixed status and the sway of the mortgagee.

We are ready now to leap from our seats and contend for our lives. We will not yield up the flag to market-hunters and stock-jobbers. We do not misunderstand the meaning of the Great War. It is the shaking down of all thrones of arbitrary power—dynastic, plebiscitary and financial. There is no power that can survive and govern except the power that knows how to build cities and subdue the earth.

The Great War was caused by the massiveness and intricacy of the modern apparatus of industry and commerce. The machine of civilisation had outgrown the capacities of diplomatists, lawyers and deskmen. They ran it off the rails and into the ditch.

But now comes America to the rescue. America has wavered in her understanding, but at the pitch of decision she does not misunderstand. She had talked of her legal rights, as if the war were a large lawsuit; and of her wounded honour, as if it were a question in the casuistry of duellists. Yet our democracy had built no high altar to such moralities.

America is the repairer, the restorer—the builder-up of the waste places. Her heart is in the everlasting practicalities—in food, clothes, housing and transportation—in bread and wine. She will recall the nations to the business of living. She will fight her way to a community of interest that shall cross all frontiers and police the streets of the planet.

In America is the militant principle of reconstruction—the embattled power of peace.

America means business—the free organisation of men for the conquest of the difficulties of existence upon an inclement planet.

Her ministers are the masters of arts—the masters of materials. And her flag is war-red against all the masters of men.

## · CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

THE BOOKMAN'S position in war-time has been the subject of much consideration by those in charge of its policy as well as a subject of natural interest to its subscribers. A recent letter from a BOOKMAN reader brought the criticism that too much attention is being given to the war and its problems. The editor replied with a declaration of THE BOOKMAN'S activities and policies in war-time, and at the request of the publishers the reply is given herewith:

"It is true that THE BOOKMAN is devoting a large amount of space to the war. The editors feel that with this war going on, we are living in the midst of the greatest changes affecting human life and welfare that have ever occurred in history. The whole structure of society is crumbling before our very eyes, and the world and how we think and act in it will never again be what it was before this conflict. We cannot afford, therefore, even if we wished, to ignore this world-cataclysm—it pervades literature and thought in every field and enters men's lives in every activity in which they take part.

• • •

"Then, too, the world of to-morrow that will emerge from this war will be what we ourselves make it. For the first time in the evolution of the race, we are becoming conscious of our own control over our destiny, and thinking men are no longer willing to allow the future of their children to be determined by the operation of mere chance in conjunction with the ruthless mechanical laws of nature. As Omar Khayyam would have said, the world is being shattered into bits, and it is not only the task but the obligation of those who can do so to see to it that the new world is moulded 'nearer to our heart's desire.'

"There is, again, the more personal side to this vast struggle—many of us have friends and relatives in England, or perhaps in France, or even in Germany, and from them and from what we read we are gaining some little appreciation of the unlimited and uncomplaining sacrifice of all that they hold dear; and learning something too of the great sorrow for the lost and the maimed that is oppressing and purifying the hearts of all ranks of the people. In such times as these, it would seem that the consideration of literature purely as such must be utterly futile. What difference does it make whether Henry James's style became more involved in his later years, or whether Robert W. Chambers's characters are wearing better clothes than formerly, when, daily and hourly, men are paying the supreme price of laying down their lives for their brothers—a price that we ourselves are going to learn the value of much more intimately when our own casualty lists begin to come in. No, I submit, that in these times no man can wrap himself up in the delight of contemplating the purely classical in literature; for if he does, on some to-morrow he will awake to find himself a stranger in a new world.

• • •

"Then, too, I do not like to think of literature as an isolated, ultra-refined art whose intricacies are practised by an adept few to the wondering admiration of their devotees. Literature, I believe, is infinitely more than this; I like to think of it as an organic, spontaneous movement allied with all the arts in expressing man's determination to adjust himself harmoniously to his fellows and to the world in which he happens to find himself, and also in expressing his efforts to conquer and develop the world of en-



vironment to his own ends. This makes literature an intensely vital, living, human thing, and one of the most powerful tools at our command. And so the criticism of literature becomes not so much a controversy of dialecticians as to *how* a thing is written, but rather a philosopher's estimate of the human value of *what* is written. It is from this angle that **THE BOOKMAN** is trying to present current writing; and it is with these considerations in view that we are devoting much space to the war problems, and to all that they signify in human life. This policy, then, represents the gospel we are trying to work out in **THE BOOKMAN**; it represents that alignment of 'literature and life' that **THE BOOKMAN** has always endeavoured to stand for."—*The Editor*.

• • •

Of all the missions that have come to this country, the Japanese Commission that visited us the last month and more was the most remarkable and in point of entertainment perhaps the most spectacular. With our European allies we have been associated throughout our history, on battle-fields opposed or side by side and economically closely interwoven, so that their representatives brought no novel or unexpected ideas to this country. With Japan, however, the situation is different. But recently introduced to the family of nations, powerful, her ideas and aspirations unknown, her methods of thinking and of acting uncertain, Japan has brought into national relationships the disquieting element of strangeness, and with it she has occasioned a naturally suspicious regard toward this unascertained factor of no little potential strength for mischief. So all that His Excellency Viscount Ishii had to say was followed with the gravest consideration, and he and his mission were accorded the possibly exaggerated courtesy we are inclined to extend to those whom we admire and whose relations in the past with us have afforded some feelings of mistrust.

Viscount Ishii and his commission did all in their power to overcome these feelings of doubt and to cement the friendship of the two peoples. The attitude of Japan toward China has caused this country much uneasiness, and upon this point Viscount Ishii made decided assertions: Japan pledges herself, according to the Viscount, to maintain the territorial integrity of China and to sustain the policy of the "open door" to trade and western institutions. He also emphatically denied the assumption made in our press that Japan is proposing an Eastern Monroe doctrine—a doctrine in short, as he hinted, whereby a dominant nation informs the world that it will permit nobody to conquer its neighbours but itself; Japan's ill-advised demands on China that aroused western resentment were soon withdrawn, it will be remembered, when their troublous nature became obvious to the Japanese Government. It was hoped that Viscount Ishii would make some declaration or explanation of this matter, but upon this, as upon the methods of Japanese co-operation in the war, he was silent to the public at large.

• • •

Japan is a little though a beautiful land. Her people are crowded between the mountain ranges and the sea and her population presses against those natural barriers with an ever-increasing friction. Nothing can be wasted in Japan: if the crops fail, the people starve; if the fishing-boats are lost the want is great. In her cities Japan has become industrialised, like the leading western nations. She must get a steady supply of raw materials or her workers suffer. Recently Japanese agents had bid up the price of iron and steel in New York to an unprecedented figure, and only our governmental price regulation saved a buyers' panic. Then Japan has silk to sell, and if her markets fail her, again her people starve through lack of buying power. And the United States is her best market both in which to sell her silk and in

which to buy her steel—Japan needs a friendly United States, for any rupture of relations or even a prohibitive tariff or an embargo on exports would bring deep distress if not actual ruin. If we consider this aspect of Japan's economic wants, then remember the exalted mission sent to us and its earnest declarations of friendship, we can without any strain on our credulity banish the unworthy suspicions of our valiant neighbour across the Pacific.

• • •

It has been said that the best agency to unite mankind into a co-operative society would be an attack from the inhabitants of a hostile planet.

**From Mars** And that is the situation to-day in practical effect. German thought and methods are so strange to those of the rest of the world, East and West alike, that she might just as well have launched her militant legions from Mars as far as the result on the world's peoples are concerned. For all the world is now united against this social outlaw, the super-monster of history, and it is especially the work of the Japanese and the presence of the Japanese commission among us that has emphasised this union of the most widely dissimilar peoples in the destruction of a common menace and in the pursuit of the now common and universal ideal of permanent peace. In effect, this union of peoples in the pursuit of a common effort has produced a world-state whose ramifications are so subtle and whose bonds so strong as to exceed the imagination of the most speculative of our literary prophets. Industry, transportation, shipping, wealth and men are everywhere being conscripted into a common pool and used with the single aim of efficiency and effectiveness for war operations to the exclusion of political or national prejudices or aspirations. Such a world-state in time of war will persist through its own momentum in the peace to come, notwithstanding the conservatives and alarmists and those whose pretence at an understanding of that re-

fractory element called human nature simply cloaks an unimaginative stolidity or a faith-destroying, unfortunate personal experience. The world-state, in effect, must come if we are to achieve the first and most important step toward that ideal of permanent peace which has formulated itself out of this war and which alone can afford the hope to illumine the present valley of the shadow. The common good must transcend those national "aspirations" that are doomed to fall with the aristocratic caste through whom and by whom, in every nation which has been encumbered with their presence, these "aspirations" alone have found expression. A world-state with the interests and efforts of humanity combined against the common inclemency of environment is the only possible road toward permanent peace.

• • •

With the ill grace that might have been expected of him, La Follette in his "defence" before the Senate committee joins the captious and oft-times invidious critics of the administration to be found in certain journals as well as among individuals in their demands for a further official statement of America's war aims. President Wilson has often enough surely reiterated the main principles for which we strive: no indemnities, no territorial aggrandisement, and a stable basis of universal peace to make the world safe for democracy. And he has enunciated those principles so clearly and ably that there can be nowhere those who have the intelligence and interest to grasp them and who have not heard and inwardly digested them. But, of course, what the critics demand is a more specific and detailed account of this country's attitude on the particular intentions of each of our belligerent allies—notably what would be our voice at the peace conference when Italy demands the Trentino; when France, Alsace-Lorraine; when England demands the German colonies she has conquered; and where would our influence fall in the

**America's  
War  
Aims**

Senate committee joins the captious and oft-times invidious critics of

settlement of the Dardanelles question, the Balkan embroglio, the proposed internationalisation of the Suez Canal, the Straits of Gibraltar and the Panama Canal? A declaration of America's purpose on those points, these critics to the contrary notwithstanding, would be as disastrous as it would be unworthy of our statesmanship.

• • •

There are two outstanding reasons for our silence on our detailed war aims:

<b>Principles</b>	in the first place, any American interference
<b>Only</b>	in the aspirations of our allies would arouse

a storm of contention among them and would lead to a "separate peace" opening for Germany's ubiquitous propaganda, while at the same time it would give opportunity for argument in this country, possibly rising to a bitter pitch, that would undermine our patriotism and lessen our war efficiency; then in the second place such a recital of war aims would be absolutely impossible, for we neither understand the European conflict of interests nor is it our business to do so. We are in this war for principle—peace and the rights of individual human beings—and the first and greatest obstacle to the recognition and establishment of these ideals is the German dynastic state. Imperial Germany and all that it implies of aggression in the acquisition and usufruct of domain and peoples must go—that is our job for the present, and we must co-operate with our allies until our combined effectiveness has completed the task.

• • •

This decision—that Imperial Germany must go—is the only consistent logic that has for its objective a world-order of peace. A very careful study, arriving at this conclusion, is made by Professor Veblen in his latest book, *On the Nature of Peace*. The German dynastic establishment, Professor Veblen points out, is by its very nature aggressive and greedy for domain and so will forever

contain a latent power for mischief. Given such a system in working order, side by side with nations whose essential spirit is pacifist while their national honour remains intact, there are three possible courses of action leading to peace. First, there is a possible submission to German domination—a course that might result in an increase of creature comforts but would never satisfy the psychological needs of Western peoples. Second, there is the peace of neutrals that would mean a league of the rest of the world combined against Germany with the necessary resultant of competitive armaments between the two world-orders—nothing more nor less than an accentuated "balance of power" scheme which wrecked the world in 1914 and which affords a solution that those who have the best interests of mankind at heart can never tolerate. There remains, according to Professor Veblen, only the "elimination of the unfit." That "a lasting peace is possible on no other terms than the disestablishment of the Imperial dynasty and the abrogation of all feudalistic remnants of privilege in the Fatherland and its allies, together with the reduction of those countries to the status of commonwealths made up of ungraded men," is the conclusion of a most interesting, sound and stimulating study of the present world-order (or rather world-disorder) and what may come of it.

• • •

*Pistols for Two* is a little booklet written by one Owen Hatteras that although privately printed seems "Pistols for Two" to have permeated the various literary strata "about town." It purports to give a detailed and somewhat pithy and spicy account of the intimate habits, customs and manners (or lack of them) of two of earth's curious creatures, by name H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan. These two gentlemen, who withal conduct the *Smart Set* magazine, appear to be accomplished in divers ways, but along no line so eminently successful as in their disregard

of the minor inhibitions arising from those little social amenities and conventions whereby the lives and conduct of lesser citizens are regulated and to a degree circumscribed. These men belong to that type of intellectual superman for whom the vulgar morality of common usage is as *passé* and unthinkable as would be, say, a hoop skirt for Miss Molla Bjurstedt, the tennis champion. Such intellectual giants are a law unto themselves; that is, they graciously adapt their standards of action to the exigencies of the enterprise in hand with that abounding individualism that reck little of the common weal. These modest conclusions are drawn from Mr. Hatteras's sprightly volume, a modern, strictly American type of burlesque biography that ought to make poor old Boswell turn in his grave for very envy. Regarding the subjects of Mr. Hatteras's observations, it should be admitted that this pair must be as tolerant of others as they are of themselves; for otherwise there might indeed be "pistols for two," not in the duello sense intended, but rather with the warlike enterprise diverted in the direction of the author and publisher of the little volume.

• • •

The publication this month of *Life and Literature*, a third volume in the series of lectures delivered by Lafcadio Hearn to his Japanese pupils, recalls some interesting facts about the man who made these volumes possible. It was through the efforts of Captain Mitchell McDonald of the United States Navy that these lectures were gathered together, for Hearn himself never wrote them out and the only record of them was in the notes taken at the time by Hearn's Japanese scholars. Captain McDonald, as Hearn's literary executor, was fortunate in being able to accumulate a great quantity of these notes, and they are now being edited by Professor Erskine of Columbia and published in book form. As a friend of Lafcadio Hearn, Captain McDonald has a unique memory, for

Hearn was a most difficult, sensitive, distrustful and tactlessly candid man in his personal relationships. His susceptibility to offence, his appalling frankness toward friend and foe alike, his hatred of conventionalities, his morbid distrust confirmed by years of bitter experience, all tended to make friendship with him a perilous, though a precious, gift. But that Hearn was capable of inspiring a genuine and worthy friendship his relations with Captain McDonald prove, and his letters to this friend are among the most human and considerate that he has given us. In January, 1898, Hearn writes from Tokio to Captain McDonald in Yokohama, where the latter was attached as paymaster to the United States Naval Hospital:

I believe those days of mine in Yokohama were the most pleasurable in a pilgrimage of forty-seven years. Such experience will not do for me except at vast intervals. It sends me back to work with much too good an opinion of myself—and that is bad for literary self-judgment. The beneficial result is an offsetting of that morbid condition—that utter want of self-confidence. . . . I not only feel that I ought to do something good, but I am going to do it—with the permission of the gods.

The characteristic shyness of the man, which made him shun anything of the nature of "social functions," appears in this extract:

How to answer your kind suggestions about pulling me out of my shell I don't well know. I like to be out of the shell—but much of that kind of thing could only result in the blue devils. After seeing men like you and the other Guardsman—the dear Doctor—one is beset with a foolish wish to get back into the world which produced you both.

• • •

At present Captain McDonald, with a little accumulation of years since his friendship with Hearn, but as young in spirit as ever, is on active duty in the United States Navy. Recently, in the evenings when his official work was over, he has

**Hearn on  
How to  
Read**

friendship with Hearn,  
but as young in spirit  
as ever, is on active  
duty in the United

been engaged in the generous task of reading the proofs of his friend's last work to be given to the public—these lectures of Hearn to his Japanese pupils—and it must be a labour of love to lighten even the tedious night work that follows a heavy day of energy and care. In the first chapter of this latest volume of these lectures, *Life and Literature*, there is some good advice on the reading of books, and as we suspect the faults of which Hearn speaks are not confined to the youth of Japan, we quote some of his remarks in the following:

Thousands and thousands of books are bought every year, every month, I might even say every day, by people who do not read at all. They only think that they read. They buy books just to amuse themselves, "to kill time," as they call it. In one hour or two their eyes have passed over all the pages, and there is left in their minds a vague idea or two about what they have been looking at; and this they really believe is reading. . . . No man is really able to read a book who is not able to express an original opinion regarding the contents of a book.

No doubt you will think that this statement of the case confuses reading with study. You might say, "When we read history or philosophy or science, then we do read very thoroughly, studying all the meanings and bearings of the text, slowly, and thinking about it. This is hard study. But when we read a story or a poem out of class hour, we read for amusement. Amusement and study are two different things." As a matter of fact, every book worth reading ought to be read in precisely the same way that a scientific book is read—not simply for amusement; and every book worth reading should have the same amount of value in it that a scientific book has, though the value may be of a totally different kind. For, after all, the good book of fiction or romance or poetry is a scientific work; it has been composed according to the best principles of more than one science, but especially according to the principles of the great science of life, the knowledge of human nature.

An authorised Library Edition of *The Social Plays of Arthur Wing Pinero* is

about to be issued by  
The Plays of Clayton Hamilton,  
Pinero whose *Problems of the Playwright* is reviewed

by Professor Brander Matthews in the present number of **THE BOOKMAN**. The first volume will start off with a General Introduction, reviewing the recent history of the English drama and narrating the life of Sir Arthur Pinero. This volume will contain the texts of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* and *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith*, each accompanied by a Critical Preface from the pen of the editor; and it will be followed by four or five other volumes, in which the masterpieces of Pinero will be set forth in chronological succession. Mr. Hamilton's edition of Pinero follows, in the main, the pattern set by Mr. William Archer in his edition of the plays of Henrik Ibsen; and most of the Critical Prefaces will be based on personal conversations between the editor and the author of the plays.

. . .

Mr. Hamilton is well known to readers of **THE BOOKMAN**, for he has contributed monthly articles about the current drama to the pages of this magazine throughout the last eight years. He has also served for several seasons as the dramatic editor of *Vogue*; and, in past years, he has been engaged in a similar capacity with *Everybody's Magazine* and with *The Forum*. He is generally regarded as one of the foremost critics in this country, not only of the drama but also of literature and painting. In contradistinction to most dramatic critics, Mr. Hamilton has also been successful as a maker of plays. Two new pieces, planned by him and executed in collaboration with Mr. A. E. Thomas, are scheduled for production during the present season. One of these, a farce called *Thirty Days*, has been bought by A. H. Woods, and the other, a serious



Photo by Genthe, N. Y.  
CLAYTON HAMILTON, CRITIC, LECTURER, PLAY-  
WRIGHT—THE DRAMATIC CRITIC FOR THE  
BOOKMAN

drama called *The Better Understanding*, is owned by Henry Miller.

Though Mr. Hamilton habitually writes five or six magazine articles every month and issues a new book and a new play every year or two, he manages also to find time for conducting a popular career as a public lecturer on literature and the drama. His course in Contemporary Dramatic Literature in the Department of Extension Teaching at Columbia University is largely attended, and he has also been associated as a lecturer with Dartmouth College, the Chautauqua Institute, and the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. Not many years ago, Mr. Hamilton was noted as a long distance swimmer; and he still seems to enjoy the experience of exerting himself to the limit of endurance. But, despite his manifold activities, he always appears

to have plenty of time for play and has a habit of bemoaning his own laziness. He never talks about the drama when he can possibly avoid the topic; but prefers to tell of his experiences as the purser of a wandering tramp-steamer, or as an adventurous traveller in Greece at the outset of the second Balkan war, or as a corporal in the third training regiment at Plattsburg.

• • •

Early in the war, the public mind experienced a sense of bewilderment from the appearance of various diplomatic documents, and counter arguments — particularly those of Dr. Dernburg, Germany's *advocatus diaboli*,—which led the New York *Times* to ask the Hon. James M. Beck, jurist and late Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, to analyse the evidence in regard to the causation of the war, and to give his opinion as a jurist on the question of moral responsibility contained in these documents. Mr. Beck dictated for four unbroken hours "The Dual Alliance versus The Triple Entente," called in England "Beck's Judgment



JAMES M. BECK, LAWYER, AUTHOR OF "THE WAR AND HUMANITY"

ment." This paper made an instantaneous and remarkable impression all over the world. It was translated into Bulgarian, Spanish, Swedish, Japanese, Greek, Italian, Russian, French and German. In France there were three different reprints: here a lawsuit gathered about it, resulting in one publisher paying damages when a Bordeaux paper used a copyrighted translation. Because of the interest everywhere in his argument, Mr. Beck made up his mind to extend his paper, and the result was *The Evidence in the Case*, a book that was published not only in English, but in French, and even in German—the latter edition being by Swiss publishers. Of special interest is the fact that the chapter on Belgium was translated into nearly every modern language. Of course the book was promptly put on the proscribed list of both Germany and Austria, but copies got into circulation in Germany, together with some reviews, one a two-column article in the *Continental Times* of Berlin. Mr. Beck then wrote a sequel, *The War and Humanity*, which is now in its third edition and of which a French edition is to appear this month.

• • •

In view of the widespread interest taken in Mr. Beck's work both in Eng-  
land and France, he  
An Interpreter Abroad was invited to visit both countries and to make public addresses. This he did in the summer of 1916, and he was accorded a reception truly extraordinary for one who held no office and bore no credentials. The chief function given in his honour by England was a luncheon in London on July 5, 1916. Viscount Bryce presided and a very representative group of nearly five hundred Englishmen came to welcome him. Mr. Beck spoke on "America and the Allies," and this reply is reprinted in his second book on the war. Following the London reception, he was entertained in Glasgow, Manchester, and other English cities, and subsequently in Paris, making public addresses in each

city. As a guest of both nations, he spent six days on the battle front, and later made a visit to the Grand Fleet.

At the time of Mr. Beck's visit, there was both in England and France a certain resentment against the United States, growing out of blockade difficulties. He therefore faced a situation not unlike that growing out of the Civil War when Henry Ward Beecher went to England to interpret America to English audiences. The results of the two visits are not dissimilar, for it is generally recognised in England that Mr. Beecher's visit and his addresses went far to modify the hostile attitude which then prevailed.

In Mr. Beck's books, he has at times severely criticised the neutral policy of the Wilson administration; but in his addresses abroad he showed good taste and excellent judgment in saying nothing derogatory of the government. On the contrary he justified the attitude of the American people and indirectly showed the great difficulties under which it laboured in following any policy other than that of neutrality in the first year of the war. Since the entry of the United States into the war, he has refrained from any criticism of the Administration and has loyally supported all its war policies.

• • •

Booth Tarkington did not write the play which has been made from his story *No Camouflage for Booth Tarkington* and which has been produced this fall by Stuart Walker of Portmanteau Theatre fame. Mr. Tarkington is both a playwright and a just man. He knows from personal experience that writing a play is very different from writing a story. That he does not wish to take credit from the hard-working dramatist is shown in a letter published in the *Indianapolis News* before the initial performance of *Seventeen*. Mr. Tarkington writes:

The play *Seventeen* is not mine; I haven't seen the script, even. One of my aversions



BOOTH TARKINGTON. HIS BOOK "SEVENTEEN"  
HAS RECENTLY REACHED THE STAGE UNDER  
THE GUIDANCE OF STUART WALKER

is the habit of managers to cut out all possible references to the actual playwright, in the case of plays founded on popular books. The writer of the book usually permits such

a play to be referred to as *his* play—sometimes he encourages such references; and I have known the writers of dramatised books who somehow got to believing that they had made the dramatisations. I know one lady writer who "travels with the company," makes first night speeches, and talks about "my little play"—puts in the "little" to show how modest she is—and she never in her life wrote a line in any play produced!

All I know about *Seventeen* as a play is that whatever it turns out to be, it will be a surprise to *me!* It's not my play, and if it's a good play, that will be altogether to the credit of the people who write it and those who produce it. I suspect that it has merit or Mr. Stuart Walker wouldn't be producing it. Also, I strongly believe that Mr. Gregory Kelly will be delectable.

In a telegram of congratulation to Mr. Walker after the successful opening of *Seventeen*, Mr. Tarkington modestly remarked, "I am in no discernible measure responsible for either the production or its friendly reception." Which shows Mr. Tarkington a consistent man, for he steadfastly refuses to steal any thunder even after there is thunder to steal.

## THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

BY DANIEL M. HENDERSON

FROM out the library's silent halls I strode  
 Into the traffic of Fifth Avenue;  
 Into a scene of turmoil, from a view  
 Of book-lined aisles where Milton's lamp still glowed;  
 Where valiant spirits of the past abode;  
 Where, in a cloister-hush, men paid their due  
 Of reverence to the great souls whence they drew  
 Ideals and dreams to lighten their long road.

The two contrasted strangely in my thought—  
 This tide of noisy, hurrying, heedless men,  
 And yonder brooding temple of earth's lore;  
 And yet 'twas through this tide that fame was wrought,  
 Within this life-stream Chaucer dipped his pen,  
 And Shakespeare searched its depths and found his ore.



# THE OPERA—BY, FOR AND WITH AMERICANS

BY FREDERIC DEAN

SOMETHING over a quarter century ago, Edmund C. Stanton was the Director General of the operatic forces at the Metropolitan. He was a New Yorker—the first born and bred American since the house was opened by Henry E. Abbey in November, 1883. It was probably for this reason—because of his sympathies with home talent—that Mr. Stanton was besieged by American composers and singers. His desk was always full of American scores, and he had a formidable list of what he called “impossible applicants”—excellent singers, but singers without European operatic reputations. One day, as he was rearranging his desk, he turned to a friend and said: “Here’s a drawer full of American compositions worthy of a hearing at the Metropolitan, but I wouldn’t dare produce one of them before it had been heard on the other side. New Yorkers will not go across the street to hear anything that has not come by way of Europe.” And, referring to his list of “impossibles,” he added: “Now, take these singers. Here is a wealth of splendid material, but I might as well hand in my resignation as to suggest the engaging of these good people.”

To-day, they do things differently. Among this season’s offerings at the Metropolitan, Manager Gatti-Casazza announces six novelties, two of which are by Americans—a ballet, *The Dance in Congo Place*, by Henry W. Gilbert, and a two-act opera, *Shanewis*, by Charles Wakefield Cadman; and of his seven “new artists” six are American girls—three of whom have never before been heard in opera. Nor is this all. Later in the winter, Cleofonte Campanini, as the head of the Chicago Opera Company, is to give a four-weeks’ season of opera at the Lexington Theatre. He,

too, intends producing a number of new works, and two of these are by Americans—Henry Hadley, whose tragedy, *Azora*, will be given its first New York hearing, and Arthur Nevin, who will be represented by a lighter work, *Daughter of the Forest*. Signor Campanini’s company consists entirely of foreigners, but he is gracious enough to say that two of the *chef d’œuvres* of his season will be his two American operas, which he has sandwiched in between Massenet’s *Cleopatre*, Camille Erlanger’s *Aphrodite*, Raoul Gounsbourg’s *Le Vieil Aigle*, Xavier Leroux’s *Le Chemineau*, Sylvio Lazzari’s *Le Souteriot* and Mascagni’s *Isabeau*—all to be heard for the first time. At the Metropolitan the novelties from across the water are Mascagni’s *Lodoletta*, Henri Raboud’s *Marouf*, Liszt’s *Saint Elizabeth* and Rimsky-Korsokoff’s *Le Coq d’Or*. The American newcomers at the Metropolitan are Florence Easton, May Peterson, Helen Kanders, Marie Conde, Ruth Miller and Cecil Arden; John McCormack, tenor, and Thomas Chalmers, baritone. Among the singers announced by the Chicago company are Amelita Galli-Curci, Marthe Chenal, Rosa Raisa, Genevieve Dix and Anna Fitziu—hailing from Italy, France, Poland and England—and Madame Melba, cosmopolitan and native of the world.

## THE MOST AMBITIOUS NOVELTY

The most pretentious of the four American novelties is Hadley’s *Azora*. Mr. Hadley is in his forty-fourth year—the youngest of the four men—and has been writing serious music since he was twenty. Heretofore he has shown a partiality for strings and wood-winds; in *Azora* he has made use of the brasses with true Strauss prodigality. The time



CECIL ARDEN, NEW AMERICAN CONTRALTO AT THE METROPOLITAN  
OPERA HOUSE

and place—olden time Mexico—call for music that is as ornate as is the scene in which the plot is laid; the costumes must be gorgeous and the scenery resplendent with everything that smacks of Mexican tropical luxury and regal magnificence. The music is full of colour and atmosphere. In the introduction to the third act there is a sumptuous bit of scoring and the number known as the "Barbaric Dance" is a hectic affair that will become popular. It is a dance of maidens

who are unaware of the hideous fate awaiting them, and they dance with a joy that grows in excitement until it borders upon, and finally becomes, frenzy. Here Hadley is at his wildest and best. Trumpets and flutes, harps and tympani, violins and double-basses weave in and out, forming a musical mosaic flooded with colour. Unexpected rhythms, dissonances that melt into delicious harmonies, weird and telling combinations of instruments—all are

used as aids to a sensuous, swinging melody that intoxicates and compels an ever-increasing vehemence and passionate fervour. In another scene there is a suggestion of a combination of Wolf-Ferrari and Berlioz; in another a touch of sadness that calls to mind Tschaikowski. A recurring melody haunts the entire opera, reminding one of the *Thais* Meditation—a melody that, like Massenet's interlude, is sung by the violin.

#### CADMAN'S INDIAN OPERA "SHANEWIS"

As Charles Wakefield Cadman has specialised in Indian music practically all of his musical life, it is fitting that he should write around an Indian theme in this his first opera. The two scenes in *Shanewis* are laid in California and Oklahoma. The trio forming the eternal triangle are a Vassar girl, an Indian maid and a vacillating lover. Mr. Cadman lived for a long time among the Blackfeet Indians and knows whereof he writes. A bit of Indian psychology that is wrapped up in the story is admirably expressed in the music. The appealing maid of nature and the susceptible young man from the East—although betrothed to one of his own kind—have their own life to live, and proceed to live it. Nature exacts her rightful punishment—the death of the seducer. A young Indian brave hands a poisoned arrow to the maid with the understanding that she will plunge it into the heart of her lover. But she has become "too civilised, too weak," and the messenger of death falls from her fingers to the ground, only to be picked up and shot straight to the mark by the one who thought to be free from the killing.

Around this simple tragedy Mr. Cadman has woven a number of Indian melodies—melodies that give just such atmosphere as the story needs—and has placed them in appropriate orchestral settings. The very simplicity of the plot and of its musical frame adds to the dignity of the undertaking. It is a glimpse of Indian life made vocal by

the added charm of Indian music—*real* Indian music, music that is vital, fervid, sweet, passionate, tragic. Mrs. Nellie Richmond Eberhart, who furnished Mr. Cadman with many of the texts to his songs, has written the story of the play. It is more than a libretto; it is the real book of the play.

#### A BALLET FROM NEW ORLEANS LIFE

When Dr. Dvôrák visited this country as the "guest" Director of Mrs. Thurber's musical institute, he was amazed to find such a variety of material for an American symphony and such an aversion on the part of the American musician to using it; and he forthwith proceeded to gather and paste together the rhythmic cadences of the "home music," as he called it, and offered the finished product as his *New World Symphony*. In *The Dance in Place Congo* Henry W. Gilbert has undertaken the same idea in somewhat different form, and which he calls a "fantasy without words." George W. Cable must be credited with the inspiration of the present venture. Cable stole the idea from a famous dance, that in turn was credited to New Orleans over a century ago—a fantasy of life in the old creole days. What a surprise for the operatic looker-on! Would that it were possible to call back to life and energy the long-disbanded Williams and Walker coterie of artists! Their grace and their *abandon* could find no worthier opportunity for display than in this creole ballet of Gilbert's.

#### A GLANCE AT THE FOREIGN NOVELTIES

*Cleopatre*, Massenet's swan song, had its première at Monte Carlo five years ago. The silver-tongued Viviani has called Massenet's music "a poem in honour of woman—giving full expression to her as both temptress and consoler." Both the librettist, Louis Payen, and Massenet have done their best to give their *Cleopatre* full expression as temptress. Massenet loves low voices and has very cleverly given to his seductive charmer-heroine music written for a



AMELITA GALLI-CURCI, THE COLORATURA OF THE CHICAGO OPERA COMPANY

rich, warm-toned mezzo, and, by way of contrast, made both Charmion and Octavia high sopranos. Marc Antony is a baritone. Cleopatre's entrance song, "C'est le nuit d'amour," and Antony's letter—the letter received from his love—are musical bits that will find favour among the American listeners. An excellent touch is the finale: Immediately after the death of the lovers a voice outside calls: "Place à Cesare," and the opera is brought to a sudden close.

*Saint Elizabeth*, one of Liszt's most successful religious compositions, is called by the Abbé not an oratorio, but "a legend." Its dramatic quality was discovered at Weimar and Vienna, where it was given in stage form—although against the repeatedly expressed unwillingness of the composer. It is a poem divided into scenes or "pictures" that lend themselves gracefully to dramatic stage treatment. From the arrival of little Elizabeth, daughter of a Hungarian noble prince, up to the



MAY PETERSON, NEW AMERICAN SOPRANO AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

final scene, there is intense dramatic feeling and great theatric possibilities. After the stage performances of Massenet's *Samson et Delilah*, why not try *Saint Elibazeth*?

Mascagni's *Isabeau*, produced at La Scala in 1912, follows the lines of Tennyson's story of Lady Godiva, who rode through the streets of her town "clad in her own modesty." The ride is described by one of Mascagni's very picturesque "intermezzos." The librettist is Luigi Illica—a melodramatic word painter. The "Song of the Hawk" is to be praised. The demanded scenery is magnificent.

Xavier Leroux, composer of *Le Chemineau*, and Camille Erlanger, whose *Aphrodite* will be seen at the same time, are of the same age and have had the same musical schooling, both being successful applicants for the *prix de Rome* from the Paris Conservatoire. Sylvio Lazzari, responsible for *Le Souteriot*, is five years their senior, but, like Tschaikowski, Lazzari started in the law and graduated into music. *La Vieil Aigle*, with both text and music by Raoul Gounsburch, of Monte Carlo, was given its American première at Chicago last January. The opera lasts but forty-five minutes. The story is taken

from one of Maxim Gorky's tales. Tolaik, son of the Khan, Asvazel el Moslaim, has returned in triumph from the war. His father asks what he will accept for his heroism. Tolaik looks upon the beautiful slave Zina and will have nothing but her. Zina is his father's pet, the chief delight of his harem, and Zina refuses to go, whereupon the chief lures her to a neighbouring cliff and hurls her into the sea. The scene is a barren region in the Crimea. Rosa Raisa, who sings the part of the slave, happens to know this part of the country and the type she represents. She was born in Russian Poland, found her way to Italy, where she was fortunate enough to attract the attention of Madame Campanini, through whose good offices she was introduced into opera in Italy and was brought to America to sing under the direction of Madame's husband.

#### WHO'S WHO AMONG THE NEWCOMERS

Everyone who remembers the first season of *Madama Butterfly* in America will remember the charming Japanese heroine to whom Colonel Savage introduced his audiences—Florence Easton. For over ten years Germany claimed Miss Easton, but, curiously enough, it was in Italian and French works that she made her reputation—in *Aida* and *Carmen*, in Puccini and Massenet; and, although she is engaged to take Madame Gadski's place at the Metropolitan and while she is an excellent Brunhilde and Isolde and toys with a number of other Wagner heroines, it will be in the music of the French and Italian writers that she will be most admired.

It was Mascagni who started Gallurci upon her operatic career. As an old friend of her father's he was strolling through the house one morning and chanced to hear the Senorita sing, to her own accompaniment, an aria she had heard at the opera the previous evening. She had been a pianiste of note, but never ventured to sing except in her own room. As Mascagni passed her door he heard a high note. He stopped, listened, put

his eye to the keyhole, gently pushed the door ajar, and, placing his ear to the crack, remained motionless until the aria was finished, when he burst in upon her and demanded that she repeat it to his accompaniment. For a full hour he remained at the piano, playing one after another of her songs. At the conclusion of the recital he asked for the key to the piano, locked it and, returning the key, said: "Never play upon that instrument in public again. From this day forth sing—do nothing but sing." And she has.

May Peterson's forebears come from Norway. She has flaxen hair, china-blue eyes and the fair skin that is the third side of the isosceles triangle of Norwegian loveliness. Peterson *père* was a Methodist minister—his daughter started her musical training in papa's church choir. Her first appearance as an operatic star was in the town of Vichy, France. She had been engaged to sing in Massenet's *Manon*. When she reached the town she was amazed to find herself billed as "from the Metropolitan Opera House of New York"—a stage she had never seen. Fearing that she could not last long as a "Metropolitan" star, with true American thrift she *hired* her costumes instead of buying them. Once on the stage, she discovered that the chorus girls were far more handsomely gowned than she was. But her courage rose as her heart sank. She determined to *sing* her way into favour. With the assurance of a seasoned prima-donna and with the voice of a Melba, she poured forth such a wealth of song that her hearers redemanded aria after aria. The next morning, when she had been assured that the length of her contract was but a matter for *her* to decide, she visited the costumers. At her next appearance in the part it was an exquisitely gowned *Manon* that received the applause. But that rented dress still hangs in her closet—the dearest souvenir any novice ever had of a performance made perfect by pluck.

Cecil Arden's father came from South Carolina; her mother was a Louisville

belle. Miss Arden's voice is a rich contralto with a range that enables her to sing the music of Carmen, of Fides, of Amneris with perfect surety. But not for some time will she attempt to fly so high, for this will be—practically—her first trial at operatic work upon so large a scale. Miss Arden is an ardent American. So strong is her conviction that the best can be obtained at home that she remained in America until she had concluded the primary part of her musical education, when she quietly went to Italy and asked to be heard. "Did she wish to sing in opera?" "No." "In recital?" "Yes." And so a recital was arranged. Puccini heard her and Giordano and Ricardo Tosti—and they each and all complimented her and her American master. In Milan a reviewer expressed himself as "happy in finding in that far-off country people who cultivate with artistic love our art of *bel canto*." Truly, the tables are being turned. Here's an American girl who studies in her own country, goes abroad and wins encomiums for "artistic work"; a girl who, without an operatic career, is accepted at an audition held in the Metropolitan and is bidden to join the sacred circle. Miss Arden is to be congratu-

lated upon doing her bit for Uncle Sam. Helen Kanders, a native of California, studied in France, Italy and Austria. For three years before the war she was a member of the opera company of Strassbourg, the capital of Alsace. Marie Conde is a Michigan girl. Her father was an Egyptologist and her mother a writer. For several years Miss Conde has lived in Boston, supporting herself by singing in church choirs. Ruth Frances Miller is a New Yorker well known as a concert singer. The war sent her home from Paris, where she was finishing her studies for the opera.

Here, then, is the double roster—of the singers and their songs. The struggle on the other side of the water has sewn up the operatic output and closed the operatic schools; and they who would entice the hearers of music in America must of necessity look about them *here* for the best available substitutes for the former operatic menus offered. In their search they have evidently found more than they were looking for; for, here be not only operas—and good ones—but those who can interpret these operas. Is it possible that the long-expected American School of Music is to become a fact?

# ON POLITICS AND HISTORY\*

BY LUTHER E. ROBINSON

THE autumn list of publications in history and politics invites the bookman of generous tastes. It includes a new work on the Civil War by James Ford Rhodes embracing a study of "much new original material" come to light since the appearance of his three volumes on that period. It includes also the *Recollections* of Viscount Morley, in two volumes, a publication which, like that by Mr. Rhodes, excites high expectations by virtue of the author's past achievements. The list is rendered attractive by numerous other volumes whose timeliness in theme and seriousness of discussion must afford an audience among readers in search of the forces most potent in directing the course of progress in the world.

Those who believe that this progress is united with the welfare of democracy will welcome Mr. Weale's *The Fight for the Republic of China*. No other account of China's transition from monarchy to republicanism matches this book in interest. Its vigorous and informing narrative is reinforced by a wealth of documentary sources indispensable to a sincere and authentic knowledge of the supremely interesting experiment in popular government on test in the Orient. The author speaks as a keen, dispassionate, and personal observer of the events he describes. He tells the story of the Manchus from the accession of their dynasty in 1644, and indicates with pre-

cision the incoming of those modern ideas which finally undermined the gossamer foundation of that tyranny. He traces from its beginning the romantic career and personality of that political adventurer, Yuan Shih-kai; how by patient finesse and sagacity he possessed the confidence of the monarchy to which he was faithful until his discernment tempted him into the new order of things. He struck a bargain with the Revolutionists, whereby he became the first President of the Republic. There is a genuine mediæval flavour about the machinations of this Chinese Machiavelli. The events since the establishment of the republic turn round Yuan's futile stratagems to usurp power, to restore the monarchy with its ancient theocratic enchantment, against the results of the revolution held with consistency by the republican coalition. In the controversy which ensued, brain was matched against brain. The contest was fateful and historic. The memorandum of Dr. Goodnow, legal adviser to Yuan, by a prolix and periphrastic summary of human institutions, favoured the strong arm for China, and so was used to give aid and comfort to the President's personal ambitions. The counter-stroke was launched by a distinguished Chinese scholar and reformer, a Yale graduate, Liang Ch'i-chao, in a brilliant and earnest brief for republican institutions. These documents, reproduced in the

\**The Fight for the Republic of China*. By B. L. Putnam Weale. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

*Are We Capable of Self-Government*. By Frank W. Moxon. New York: Harper and Brothers.

*The President's Control of Foreign Relations*. By Edward S. Corwin. Princeton, N. J.: The Princeton University Press.

*Principles of American Diplomacy*. By John Bassett Moore. New York: Harper and Brothers.

*The Government of England*. By David D. Wallace. New York: Putnam's Sons.

*A Short History of England*. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Company.

*The Origins of the Triple Alliance*. By Archibald Cary Coolidge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Diplomatic Days*. By Mrs. Nelson O'Shaughnessy. New York: Harper and Brothers.



book, give climax to the reader's interest. Mr. Weale is inclined to ascribe Dr. Goodnow's rôle in the drama to anti-republican sympathies imbibed during his student days in Germany. Be this as it may, the reader will feel that his political philosophy suffers somewhat under the impact of splendid republican ideals set out in serious and sinewy fashion by the Chinese advocate. The Appendixes to Mr. Weale's volume contain a rich array of documents invaluable for the study of this remarkable political transition. These include the Nineteen Articles granted by the Throne during the rebellion of 1911; the Edicts of Abdication; the Provisional Constitution of Nanking; Yuan's Presidential Election Law, 1913; the Constitutional Compact drafted by Dr. Goodnow, 1914; the Presidential Succession Decree of Yuan, same year; the Russo-Chinese Agreement regarding Outer Mongolia, 1913; Chino-Japanese treaties, with accompanying correspondence; the Permanent Constitution of 1917; the Proposed Local Government Law; the Report of the Ministry of Commerce on tariff revision; and a memorandum on the outstanding cases between China and foreign powers.

It would be difficult to overestimate the service this book must render to the study of the more important aspects of Far Eastern questions. It must have a place in every library furnished with the best available materials for the intelligent consideration of China and Chinese problems in their relation to the social advance of the modern world.

Much conjecture might be indulged over the question whether China is capable of self-government, but the query becomes somewhat arresting when it is put to an American audience anent themselves. This is what Mr. Frank W. Moxon has done in his book, *Are We Capable of Self-Government?* It is a discussion of our national problems and policies touching business over the period from 1900 to 1916. It is endorsed in a well-written introduction by Harry A. Wheeler, formerly president of the

Chamber of Commerce of the United States—stylistically the best section of the book. Admittedly, "compounded for busy people who prefer their information pre-digested," the volume is an attempt to compare, during the period considered, our business experience under government regulation with the previous groping of business toward a still better basis of self-control. This comparison, more suggested than actual, raises many provoking questions without serious attempt to answer them. The reader, for example, is invited to consider whether self-government is too extravagant to be successful. Is industry needlessly crippled by the increasing extension of national, state, and municipal taxation for purposes of social enterprise? Does industrial altruism mean special privilege to organised labour? Do the commercial cartels of Germany, England, France account for the relative backwardness of the United States, commercially? Has legislation like the Sherman law retarded national growth by the creation of uncertainty among business men? Above all, when circumstances of world confusion throw unrivalled chances for trade expansion at the doors of American capital, is it possible for our people to seize the advantage "short of many years during which many valuable opportunities, perhaps independence itself, are slipping away?" And our political parties. Do they exist to discuss vital problems, or, from the standpoint of business, are they instruments of "retaliation and punishment"? Much political and industrial history and practice are passed under rapid and critical review. The reader will enjoy the stimulus of the author's vivid catechising of what, in effect, amounts to the old opposing principles of *laissez faire* and social control. It is assumed as practically axiomatic that great wealth is the fortune of the few, the outcome of inevitable inequality. One might grant the general rule without prejudice, but must one conclude that industrial enterprise is incapacitated without the incitement of huge personal rewards? Henry

Van Dyke once told an audience at the Sorbonne that our democracy has its source in the American sense of fair play. The principle seems as old as the country itself; it makes it difficult to look upon business, enormously important as it is as a measure of civilisation, as an exception to that philosophy of service which justifies other well-established forms of social activity. Both business and government will have to continue to grope; but we have had enough experience with both to hold fast our faith that the welfare of all may be promoted by social regulation as the adjuvant of private initiative, sacred as that is. As a mediæval English sovereign put it in a state paper, what concerns all ought by all to be approved.

One of the several ways by which Americans have been working out the details of self-government is exhibited by Dr. E. S. Corwin, professor of politics at Princeton, in a new book on *The President's Control of Foreign Relations*. The volume is a specialised study of the contest, never dramatic, and interesting to few outside of students of political history, that has now and then cropped out between the Executive and Congress over their respective spheres of control in the management of foreign affairs. It is a useful book for reference and collateral reading. Seldom have disputes between the two departments over diplomatic prerogative occurred, albeit a watchful jealousy has been maintained on both sides, and has at times inspired the tactics or earnest assertion of one against the other. Generally, neither side has been disposed to act inconsiderately of the rights of the other when these have been manifest from the wording of the Constitution. In the evolution of our domestic and foreign interests issues have arisen on which the constitutional direction was obscure or altogether wanting. For instance, the Constitution is silent on the subject of neutrality, the abrogation of treaties, the recognition of new governments, and on international agreements short of treaties. Our diplomatic history shows a

gradual increment of Presidential powers in the handling of foreign affairs not specifically provided for. The discussion leading to this result began with Hamilton's defence of Washington's proclamation of neutrality in 1793, and the challenge of that policy which Madison, under Jefferson's appeal, was led to make. Lincoln, Cleveland, Roosevelt, Taft followed the Hamiltonian interpretation. President Wilson belongs to this school of interpreters. In treaty making the "advice" of the Senate comes in connection with the ratification privilege. The President has the power to make war through the control of diplomatic negotiation and his prerogative as commander-in-chief of the army and navy. This power, not specific but practical, has always been exercised in such close communication with Congress that no suspicion of its abuse has thus far arisen. The author does not generalise upon the data he has compiled further than to show the groundlessness of the complaint against our so-called "secret diplomacy." Outside of the evident value of the book as a record of constitutional development, one gathers from it the signs of popular concession to the executive function as best suited to represent the nation's consciousness of its expanding reciprocity of interests and intercourse with other world powers.

Of more general interest than Dr. Corwin's piece of careful research, is Professor John Bassett Moore's *Principles of American Diplomacy*. It follows the story of our diplomacy from the Revolution to the present in untechnical language, by a recognised master of the subject. The result is extremely interesting and valuable. One is almost surprised at the few fundamental principles governing the conduct of our diplomacy from Washington to Wilson. Out of the simple principle of non-interference with the internal affairs of other nations, adopted in 1793, have developed the Monroe Doctrine and the uncompleted doctrine of Pan-Americanism. Those who are interested in this may recall Mr. Lansing's high-minded inter-

pretation, given before the Second Pan-American Scientific Congress in 1915, of the ideals that underlie this third doctrine. Professor Moore treats it fully from its inception and shows us the splendid vision of its possibilities in the minds of John Quincy Adams and Clay. Those, also, who have academically jumped to the conclusion that the Monroe Doctrine is moribund will find little comfort, so it seems, in the plain narration of its operation in this book. Impressive is the author's suggestion that the most important event of the past two hundred years was the advent of the United States into the family of nations. "Even now," he remarks, "as we survey the momentous changes of the last few years, we seem to stand only on the threshold of American history, as if its domain were the future rather than the past." Such words remind one of the estimate of this event made by Ambassador Whitelaw Reid at Cambridge University, in 1906, when he spoke of the advent of the United States as the "Greatest Fact in Modern History." The author adheres to the historical method in the discussion of events and their effects, but never fails to give fact a human interest. He enlists the reader's assent to his conviction that, in studying the past, the "element of real value is the motives, the thoughts and purposes by which events are inspired." One may wish for this volume, on a subject too unfamiliar to our people, written with such admirable proportion, accuracy, and readableness, a very wide popularity.

Opportune also is the appearance of an excellent treatise on *The Government of England*, written by Professor D. D. Wallace, of Wofford College. It comprises a description of national, local, and imperial administration. Its point of view is the present; only incidental attention is given to historical development of the processes which now obtain. Especially interesting are the chapters on the king and the premier. Mr. Wallace shows that in reality the king is a "permanent Minister, a member of every

cabinet, but without authority and without responsibility." Although custom forbids his attendance at cabinet meetings, he maintains a close and often influential connection with the management of the foreign affairs of the country. The chapter on "Aristocracy and Democracy" clarifies a subject rather indistinct to Americans who have not observed English society at close range. The aristocratic class has of old governed England. It is divided into two parties, each bidding for popular support by promising laws for the popular benefit. "England thus presents the spectacle of a country whose government is conducted by wealthy and aristocratic classes, and yet has upon its statute book more laws for the benefit of the masses than most countries of a much more democratic society." In the chapter on "Lessons England Can Teach Us," the author dwells upon the greater flexibility of the English Constitutional system. Much of America's highest intellectual effort is consumed, not, as in England, in proving whether proposed measures are good or bad, but whether they are constitutional or not. Readers of Dr. Corwin's pages, previously referred to, will find abundant confirmation of this fact. Naturally Professor Wallace calls attention to the closer co-operation in England between the legislature and the executive—a co-operation, he might have observed, more and more becoming realised in our country. Other lessons concern the budget system, popular regard for law, and a civil service test in character and ability in addition to the applicant's "immediate preparation." In the hands of instructors capable of supplementing it with an additional fund of historical illustration, such for instance as the political career of Gladstone affords, this capably written treatise should serve as an attractive text for college and university classes.

The momentous contest between the forces of self-government and absolutism has provoked Mr. G. K. Chesterton to write a commentary which he has chosen to call *A Short History of England*.

With characteristic frankness he invites a retrospective study of England's historic development in order to isolate certain weaknesses that have grown out of deviations from fundamental tendencies in early England, which, unarrested, would have facilitated the coming of democracy. The virtues that inhere in the British character have somehow made for national solidarity and success, he thinks, in spite of the blunders that have delayed the advantages of social equality. He suspects that the dénouement of English historic errors is involved for good or for evil in the cataclysmic struggle of the powers to-day. Mr. Chesterton's doctrine is that the advent of Roman Christianity among the barbarian units of early England was the inversion of aristocracy; that the farther we go back in mediæval English society the nearer we approach "a fair law and a free state." Per contra, the closer we come to the modern period, the more ignorance and special privilege the citizen must endure. Arthur and the Round Table symbolise the equality of the early time. Christianity is the only thing of the mediæval age that remained stable. Monastic institutions introduced representative government, besides preserving the literature of the day. Slavery was disappearing; it could not grow in the climate of Catholic Christianity. The three events most intimately associated with the civilisation of the Islands are the coming of the Romans, of Christianity, and of the Normans. Green, like other popular historians, errs in assuming that England's history began with the coming of the "Schleswig people." In civilising power, the French are superior to the Scandinavian. Social institutions, like the Guild System, flourished under the mediæval régime. "In modern constitutional countries there are practically no political institutions thus given by the people; they are all received by the people." Trade Unions, "attenuated and threatened," survive like a ghost of the Middle Ages. Protestantism imposed a "cyclic war of creeds." The new tyranny suppressed the popular

movement, of which the Pilgrimage of Grace was a vital expression. The Puritans, though patriots, despoiled the Church and the Crown. Their principle of self-government was selfish, equal but exclusive. England was never so undemocratic as when it was a republic. Whigism was aristocratic; so was Chatham and his imperial policy, Burke and his antipathy to the French Revolution. But this revolution broke up the formal funeral of Christianity. Napoleon was the instrument of equality and so regarded himself. The Reform Bill postponed democracy by evading the enthusiasm behind it. Trade Unionism is an English expression of European resistance to capitalism, which tends to end in slavery. Unwilling to surrender their position to state socialism, the employing class has conceded employers' liability, old age pensions, and workingmen's insurance. Many good men laboured to make English education like the German, to imitate German Higher Criticism, but failed. When German culture stepped across Belgium, England could see what image it had tried to fashion for itself. The future critic of history and of literature will find the hero of this war in the English poor, in the mob bullied by fashion and despoiled of property and liberty.

Mr. Chesterton's sympathy for the participation of the masses in social initiative will meet with the consent of good political philosophy. England to be sure has bestowed such participation with remarkable conservatism. Undoubtedly Christianity is essentially a social leaven. But this book, a pioneer in historical introspection, must kindle severe criticism for its superficial conclusions, inferentially at least, against the assertion of spirited leadership in transition eras, when the persistence of "one good custom should corrupt the world." If Napoleon's effort was "impersonal," Chatham's must have proved much more so. Revolutionary France, Russia, and Mexico, not to mention other examples, illustrate the catastrophic risk of sudden assumption of popular responsibility.

England has come to popular rule by slow but strong processes. But this is not to deny that leaders have all too often refrained from nurturing the capacity of the multitude out of scepticism or selfishness; that "the people are the city," yet not without the men of strength and imagination and even egotism. Mediævalism did not offer a solution of the socialisation of the crowd, nor a practical mediating factor between what the people should or may give and what they should receive. Modernism with all its blunders is working to this end. For example, modern Christianity is more mixed with mind than the mediæval type of it. However, Mr. Chesterton is to be welcomed in this new rôle of political philosopher for the fresh interest he brings.

Arguments for and against Mr. Chesterton's theories could easily be picked out of two very different publications included in the new titles on history and politics. In *The Origins of the Triple Alliance*, Professor Coolidge, of Harvard, puts in the permanent form they deserve the Barbour-Page lectures which he gave at the University of Virginia last year. The book is of general interest just now, when especial need is felt of a readable and accurate account of the political forces at work among the central European powers following the Franco-Prussian war, the culmination of which, for Germany and Austria at least, was the alliance that apparently separated Italy from her logical ally France. The intricacies of Bismarck's plans to secure the fruits of the wars out of which he constructed the political edifice of the Empire involved many personalities and state jealousies, and conflicting ambitions looking to the future of European equilibrium or national advantage at the expense of states too weak to cope with the spirit of imperialism. The story includes numerous episodes, such as the war scare of 1875, growing out of the mutual suspicions of Germany and France; the decline of Turkey, and Austrian ambitions in the Balkan states. The luring of Italy into

the alliance with Germany and Austria, her age-old foe, made temporarily for the quiescence of suspicions and dislikes, could not be permanent. The artificial basis broke in pieces as Teutonic motives grew more and more apparent and Italia Irredenta as well as natural sympathies for the ideals of France drew the Italians irresistibly upon the side of the *entente*. The Germanic ambitions well illustrate Mr. Chesterton's theories of aristocracy versus the masses.

The other aspect of the question, as a problem of civilisation, may be gathered from the attractive pages of *Diplomatic Days*, a new volume by Mrs. Nelson O'Shaughnessy, written after the manner of its predecessor, in which the author gave her impressions of Mexico under the Huerta régime. Here, in epistolary form, we have Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's readable miscellany of Mexican landscape, architecture, foreign personalities, and legation dinners, made serious and arresting at intervals by penetrating comment on the Mexican mob, the Diaz dictatorship, and the popular revolution under the *élan* of Madero's idealism. The reluctant surrender of the old President from his position of long, distinguished, and stable rule produced feelings of deep disquietude among the foreign contingents. The author tells us how she shared the common apprehension of her class, yet felt the bliss of being alive in such momentous times. Especially interesting are her descriptions of Madero, her disappointment at his personal appearance, and the growth of her misgivings as to his capability of realising the expectations he had excited in the minds of his supporters. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy has a good word to say about the friars; yet in the domain of government she would have encouraged Madero to consult *Le Prince*. Her interesting pages, somewhat pedantically sown with foreign phrases, throw many lights and shades over the turbulent events of which she was an eye-witness, and give her book permanent importance as contemporary history.

# FROM PRIMITIVE MAN TO MODERN CIVILISATION\*

BY ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

IN RECENT years, in fact ever since Mr. Israel Zangwill wrote a momentarily arresting play, the gripping phrase for these states—the melting pot—has run through the popular gamut of facile misuse. The symbol of a giant cauldron, into which the base metal of Europe pours unceasingly, and ultimately comes forth in the shining mintage of a decipherable Americanism, gratifies the fancy of our patriots. Yet the disillusionings of this crucial hour—the grim awakening to the inchoate nature of our civilisation and the disparate elements in the pseudo-composite of our nationality—shatter the all too gratifying fiction of our creative imaginations. Indeed, the symbol was restricted to too narrow dimensions; the boundaries of that great cauldron must be enlarged to embrace the civilised world itself. To-day all creeds, philosophies, religions, theories of government and forms of society are being smelted anew in the cosmic holocaust of Europe, whence shall arise some day the spirits of peace, of rehabilitation and reconstruction. Man to-day is caught in a giant flux; and the world conflict is giving a powerful wrench forward to the wheel of evolution.

The devastating test through which the world is passing is remarkable as a revelation of the lower depths and ultimate reaches of the human spirit. No like interval in history has ever subjected the entire resources of man's mind

and soul—his power for evil and his capacity for faith—to such stress and strain. The bases of civilisation itself are shaken at the foundation. The eternal problem of culture, of the meaning, reality and saving grace of our vaunted advances and victories in science, government and social control, presses upon mankind with irresistible force. So insistent is this pressure that we are beginning to realise that the great material advances of the past century, the triumphs of the century of science, have signally failed to corroborate our faith in similar triumphs in the domain of the human spirit.

So it is that when serious studies into the origin and evolution of life, the development of civilisation, and the nature of our social life are brought to our attention, we feel inclined rather to study our origins than to attempt to pierce the dark veil of the future. Now, as never before, are we vitally concerned with the problem of the nature of man and of the way in which he has evolved. For only by understanding these still cryptic and obscure questions, in far fuller measure than we understand them to-day, shall we be able to form true social syntheses for the future. In the face of the moral bankruptcy of science we must make the best we can of its sheer power to inform, to elucidate, to display the essential elements and constitution of things. And with the con-

\*The Origin and Evolution of Life. By Henry Fairfield Osborne. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Earliest Man. By Frederick William Hugh Migeod. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Company.

Is Civilisation a Disease? By Stanton Coit. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Mankind: Racial Values and the Racial Prospect. By Seth K. Humphrey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

An Introduction to Social Psychology. By Charles A. Ellwood. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Philosophy and the Social Problem. By Will Durant. New York: The Macmillan Company.

structive and renovative instrumentality of philosophy, indicating paths and enlightening ends, we may again venture with a larger measure of confidence to the making-over of a world.

“THE ORIGIN AND EVOLUTION OF LIFE”

A book such as this volume by Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborne enlarges our conception of the immense problems with which he grapples. Even after the epochal contributions of Lamarck, of Darwin, of Weismann, of de Vries, science to-day outspokenly acknowledges that, while we know to some extent *how* plants and animals and man evolve, we do not know *why* they evolve. So far as a century and a quarter ago Kant boldly asserted “that it is absurd for man to hope that a Newton may one day arise able to make the production of a blade of grass comprehensible, according to natural laws ordained by no intention; such an insight we must absolutely deny to man.” And even to-day we are in no better position to give a valid scientific explanation for those processes of development from within, which Bergson has termed “l'évolution créatrice.” Whether with Kant we assume the presence of a supernatural principle, or assume with Driesch an internal perfecting influence, the scientist is reluctant to regard the origin and evolution of life as an ultimate law like the law of gravitation. Despite the almost insuperable obstacles which present themselves, the scientist prefers to continue the search for causes. Thus soon after Darwin it is already acknowledged that the law of selection as a natural explanation of the origin of all fitness in form and function has lost its prestige. And while all of Darwinism which now meets with universal acceptance is the law of the survival of the fittest, investigators of the stamp of Cope point out, rightly enough, that the *survival* of fitness and the *origin* of fitness are two very different phenomena. Science reasonably holds, in Osborne's view, that life is a continuation of the evolutionary process; but, on the other hand, it appears to

him that living matter, because of its “creative” energy, does not follow the old evolutionary order. While not denying the possibility that among the cosmic chemical elements necessary to life there may be some *known* element which thus far has not betrayed itself in chemical analysis—*pace* radium—he thinks it far more probable that unknown principles of action, reaction and interaction await our discovery. Over the famous question as to whether life forms are the result of law or of chance, the author unhesitatingly affirms that Aristotle was essentially right in the dictum: “Nature produces those things which, being continually moved by a certain principle contained in themselves, arrive at a certain end.” After elaborate studies demonstrating that some kind of energy or work precedes some kind of form, Osborne believes it to be probable that energy also precedes and controls the evolution of life. Newton's third law of the equality of *action* and *reaction* lays the foundation for the modern doctrine of energy in the most general sense; and Osborne's genuine contribution in this book is the formulation of the general theory, with much confirmatory experimental evidence, that every physicochemical *action* and *reaction* concerned in the manifestation of energy give rise to a physicochemical agent of interaction affecting the organism in whole or in part. For this theory he says:

It may be claimed that it brings us somewhat nearer a consistent physicochemical conception of the original processes of life. If our theory is still far from offering any conception of the nature of heredity and the causes of elaborate adaptation in the higher organisms, it may yet serve the desired purpose of directing our imagination, our experiment and our observation along lines whereby we may attain small but real advances into the unknown.

“EARLIEST MAN”

When we take a bird's-eye view of earliest man, as is done in the simple summary of Mr. F. W. H. Migeod, we

find enormous *lacunae* in our knowledge merely of the evolution of man from his Simian ancestry down to the time that he attained the rank of *homo primigenius*. It is humiliating to realise that only two generations ago the negro of Africa began, in the social sense, to be regarded as a human being; and certainly it is far from the case that he is now everywhere treated as a human being. Until recently scientists were inclined to hold that man has undergone great changes; but the more recent discoveries, e.g., the Piltdown skull, give indications of a fairly capacious intellect in very remote ages. Evolution compels the assumption that the first man succeeded a lower creature; and upon such an assumption studies like the present one inevitably rest. In distinguishing the connection of creation with evolution it is deftly pointed out that evolution is really no more than a series of acts of creation working on well-ordered lines. The doctrine of the survival of the fittest is taken in a special sense; for the author regards as fittest not necessarily the strongest and best, but those who alone had any chance of surviving. It is startling to observe that perhaps one-hundred-thousand years supervene between the life-epoch or period of one known specimen and another. The most that can be done is to describe the specimens; and by the arts of reasoning, attempt to bridge over the vast gap. This little book is an ingenious attempt of this kind—dealing in succession with the dawn, primary instincts, proto-man, progress in the arts, the change from eoliths to palæoliths, the origin of speech and social organisation.

“IS CIVILISATION A DISEASE?”

After studying primitive man and recognising the enormous disparity between the life-forms that have been discovered, we need scarcely be surprised that man of the present day presents almost incredible differences from his primitive ancestors. Indeed, when he sees him, man pursues and kills that form of animal life still existent, which

represents the closest approximation to his primitive ancestors—notably the gorilla and the orang-outang. Perhaps it is no wonder that some men have come to regard civilisation as a disease. Certain it is that Edward Carpenter's little volume, *Civilisation: Its Cause and Cure*, suggested to Dr. Stanton Coit the idea of treating civilisation as a disease. These lectures were originally delivered at the University of California on the Weinstock foundation, and bear the earmarks of shallow thinking, as well as the defacements of fulsome expression. The New Order—which he is willing to call, indiscriminately, “Christianity, the Meaning of America, the Dream of California, the Wisconsin Idea, Social Democracy, Humanity!”—must justify itself by leavening the lump of civilisation. Each era must be rated in terms of the age which follows. “The world war,” he points out with booming fatuity, “is perhaps best understood when it is looked upon as a struggle of civilisation against its successor. Alarmed and armed to the teeth, civilisation (applied science organised on a basis of reasoned self-interest) is attempting to expand itself over territory which had been pre-empted and mapped out by social democracy and was being devoted, in the spirit of the ideal commonwealth foreshadowed in Christian sentiment and Jewish prophecy, to the co-ordination of wealth and power on the principle of deference to the humanity in every man.”

“MANKIND: RACIAL VALUES AND THE RACIAL PROSPECT”

Peculiarly pertinent to the type of problems we are considering here is Mr. Humphrey's interesting study, vigorous in expression and noteworthy for the laudable independence of the thinking. In this look into the future the author sees in racial values affecting conservation the one hope for all future civilisation. The all-embracing race consciousness now developing in thoughtful minds the world over throws light upon the events of the past and thus enables us the more



confidently to meet the future. Significant of the revolutionary change in living conditions is the fact that in this day "knowledge, skill and ability for sustained, concerted effort under authority are demanded of a vastly greater proportion of the plodding masses, who hitherto have directed their own more or less inefficient efforts. . . . Capacities are put to the task *en masse*." In a word, the mania for achievement has turned to the "rather desperate case of the human race itself." The author shrewdly points out that the first use man made of his wits was to soften the conditions of living, and he asserts that the old physical basis of survival of the fittest gave way to the new—the survival of the wittiest. The fundamental principle enunciated by the author is found in the following description of the exceptionally desirable inheritance: "It is that quality of brain—one might almost say *quantity* of brain—which leads to creative leadership in whatever activity it may select. It dominates environment and advances into new undertakings. It is the mark of the social migrator—the man of individual initiative who extricates himself from the mass and changes some bit of the world, for better or for worse, by his contact with it." In the light of such a conception he studies, in a series of brilliant chapters, the nations at war, including America, which latter he terms the melting pot, after the familiar practice. Germany he describes as a case of arrested development—a people who became ever more and more self-centred. The distinctiveness of the character of the German is attributed to three causes: the remoteness of his connection with other Aryan stocks; the long period of his suppression, and the upward twist given to his self-esteem by the perfectly logical rapidity of his development. Concerning the true foe of Germany he speaks with equal frankness: "England has appropriated all the parcels of earth of especial interest to her, and is quite ready to settle down. To-day she is in the position of a prosperous burglar, viewing old age

some distance ahead, who takes to preaching on the iniquity of breaking and entering. Yet she is forgiven her sins because of the world benefits which have come from her prosperity." The chapter on "English or German?" is full of suggestive lessons for the United States, for he means by English those of English race and language. While he recognises that one or the other must, in the long run, become racially dominant and give the colour of its interpretations to the culture of a receptive world, if differences of inherited characteristics are to continue to hold the two to separate ambitions and ideals, he does not venture to prophesy which shall ultimately dominate. The future he finds full of uncertainty; but the sure fact that all must recognise is that the source of all strength is in an abounding racial vigour. The race is neither to the swift nor to the strong necessarily, but to the "Eugenic"—the "well-born." America to-day should be working on the problem of the adequate perpetuation of the racial values which have made of us a great nation.

#### "SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY"

Just now, when serious doubts are being raised as to the worth and depth of contemporary culture, it is highly important, nay more, eminently desirable, that we have some well-reasoned conception of what social progress actually is, or at least should be. While Professor Ellwood attempts no formal definition of social progress, he illuminates so fully the subject with his commentary that one is in no doubt as to his meaning. Social progress certainly means, for one thing, the double mastery of man over physical nature and over himself. Nor can it be safely denied that true social progress must ultimately work for the greatly increased happiness of mankind. All such ideas, however, are too limited in their scope to afford an adequate and comprehensive definition of social progress. The description, rather than the formal definition, given by the author is: "Increasing adaptation to the require-

ments of social existence which shall harmonise all factors, whether internal or external, present or remote, in the life of humanity, securing the greatest capacity for social survival, the greatest efficiency in mutual co-operation and the greatest possible harmony among all its varied elements." Throughout the author sanely holds that the intellect is the supreme instrument of adaptation in the social life; and as instruments the intellect and its ideas are the means by which social progress can be rationally planned. The author is perfectly consistent in the declaration that "probably the greatest service which Professor Lester F. Ward rendered to the social sciences was to demonstrate, once for all, that education was the initial means of progress in human society."

"PHILOSOPHY AND THE SOCIAL  
PROBLEM"

How little of the heartening faith or positive conviction, upon which so many phases of the social problem is grounded, may suffice to produce a book is found in this accurate, concise and very disappointing book. The author writes with a crisp, effective style; he seems to possess a gift for summary. Thus in succession he deals with: The Present

Significance of the Socratic Ethic; Plato: Philosophy as Politics; Francis Bacon and the Social Possibilities of Science; Spinoza on the Social Problem; and Nietzsche. In all these chapters he effectively summarises their method of approach to the social problem—viz., the problem of reducing human misery by modifying social institutions. In the author's view, the problem is really to facilitate the growth and spread of intelligence, and for this he proposes the obviously Utopian concept of a society functioning under organised intelligence. Stronger stimulus to creation and recreation, art and games should be given; higher education should be secured to those who desire but cannot afford it; and the education now attained by the rich should be made available for the poor. In this somewhat futile Socratic discussion the pros too accurately balance the cons; there is little left to go on with. If it be true that effort is all happiness and success, then do we indeed hear the call of the work, that it be done:

Edens that wait the wizardry of thought,  
Beauty that craves the touch of artist  
hands,  
Truth that but hungers to be felt or  
seen.

# THE MASQUE OF POETS\*

EDITED BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

## PRELUDES

IF YOU stand where I stand—  
in my boudoir—  
(don't mind my shaving—  
I can't afford a barber)—  
you can see into her boudoir—  
you can see milady—  
her back, her green smock, the bench she loves—  
her hair always down in the morning—  
(the sun conspiring with the curtains?)—  
reddish brown,  
with ringlets at the tips—  
the hairdresser called this A. M.—  
him I have to, I want to afford.  
Unhappily, you can't see her face—  
only the back of her small round head—  
and a glint of her ears, two glints—  
but her hands, alas, not her hands, though  
happily, you can hear them.  
It isn't a clavichord—  
only a satinwood square—  
bought cheap at an auction—  
but it might be, you'd think it,  
a clavichord, bequeathed by the past—  
it sounds quite like feathers.  
Bach? Yes, who else could that be—  
whom else would you have in the morning—  
with the sun and milady?

*\*Last month it was announced that in this issue of THE BOOKMAN the names of the contributors to "The Masque of Poets" would be given, together with the titles of the poems which claim their authorship. Some belated contributions that, it is felt, are too good to be left out of the series, necessitates extending the department "The Masque of Poets," through this and the following issue. In January the contributors' names will be given. The following is a list of those who have written poems appearing in the series: Thomas Walsh, Witter Bynner, Margaret Widdemer, Amelia Josephine Burr, Anna Hempstead Branch, William Rose Benét, Sarah N. Cleghorn, William Alexander Percy, Christopher Morley, Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Vincent O'Sullivan, John Gould Fletcher, Grace Hazard Conkling, Sara Teasdale, George Sterling, Harriet Monroe, Edgar Lee Masters, Arthur Davison Ficke, Bliss Carman, Alfred Kreymborg, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Lincoln Colcord, William Stanley Braithwaite, Conrad Aiken, Josephine Preston Peabody, Lixette Woodworth Reese, Amy Lowell, Charles Wharton Stork, Edward J. O'Brien. The series has continued throughout the year, and in the January number, the poems, given hitherto anonymously, will be listed with their authors' names.*

Grave? Yes, but so is the sun—  
 not always? No, but please don't ponder—  
 listen, hear the theme—  
 hear it dig into the earth of harmonies.  
 A dissonance? No, 'twas only a stone—  
 which powders into particles with the rest.  
 Now follow the theme—  
 down, down, into the soil—  
 calling, evoking the spirit of birth—  
 you hear those new tones—  
 that sprinkle, that burst—  
 roulade and arpeggio?  
 Gently now, firmly—  
 with solemn persuasion—  
 hiding a whimsic raillery—  
 (does a dead king raise his forefinger?)—  
 though they would, though they might—  
 no phrase can escape—  
 the theme, the theme rules.  
 Unhappy? Nay, nay—  
 they ought to be happy—  
 each is because of, in spite of, the other—  
 that is democracy.  
 He can't spare a particle—  
 that priest of the morning sun—  
 A mistake? Yes indeed, but—  
 all the more human—  
 would you have her drum like a schoolmaster—  
 abominable right note at the right time—  
 in the morning, so early—  
 or ever at all?  
 She'll play it again—  
 oh don't, please don't clap—  
 you'll disturb them!  
 Here, try my tobacco—  
 good, a deep pipeful, eh?—  
 an aromatic blend—  
 my other extravagance—  
 yes, I'll join you, but wait—  
 I must first dry my face!

#### PRAYER BEFORE SUMMER

Once more across the frozen hills  
 Comes the premonitory breath  
 Of violets and of daffodils  
 Returning from their masque of death;

And barren branches faintly shake  
 To the vibrations of the sun;  
 In the blue sky swift wings awake:  
 The dance of April is begun.

## The Masque of Poets

Again the evening woods will be  
Aisles for our trysting feet; again  
The summer light on land and sea  
Will make the paths of wonder plain.

Belovèd—since the indifferent Powers  
That shaped out fibres deign to will  
That one more summer-flush be ours,  
Ours the bright wave, the flowering hill—

Cannot some wisdom from the past  
Make gay and gentle in its mood  
This April passage, through the vast  
Confusions, toward our quietude?—

And sense of briefness come to lay  
Its spell, as might the dreaming moon,  
On the poor actors in this play  
That ends so starkly and so soon?

### THE WET WOODS

This path leads to the laurel,  
And that, winds to the burn:  
Hemlocks, pines, and birches,  
Know the one that I turn.

It is wet in the woods to-day,—  
And perhaps, the sun to-morrow,  
Shall weave its gold, while away  
I will be alone with sorrow.

### A CHRONICLE

All about the blown wind's ways,  
Never unbelieving,  
With a mellow, antique grace,  
And triumphant grieving,—

Came across the meadow,  
Went beyond the hill,  
Thin as any shadow,  
Passed my chronicle.

Earth writes the epitaph,  
Rain and leaves wear it:—  
Eyes to see, lips to laugh,  
Are my shadows near it.

# THE BEST PLAYS OF THE EARLY AUTUMN SEASON

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

THERE is ample evidence that man must be, by nature, a theatre-going animal. Otherwise, it would be impossible to account for the apparent prosperity of the theatres in New York at a time when scarcely any plays are being shown which are worthy of an hour's attention from adults of intelligence and taste. Cultivated people who have climbed to years of discretion do not waste their time in the consideration of bad music, bad painting, bad sculpture, or bad architecture; but there always seems to be a public for bad plays. The passion for going to the theatre must be written down as irresistible, like the love of woman or that other weak and amiable habit of wasting time and money. In seasons when the plays are meritorious, the public enjoys a sense of satisfaction; but, in seasons when the plays are unendurable, the public attends the theatre none the less. From this curious phenomenon, we might deduce a proverb that the next thing most desirable to a good play is a bad play, and that the only absolute negation to the theatre-going impulse would be no play at all.

The current theatre-season was inaugurated on the night of August 6, when a traditional and antiquated farce called *Mary's Ankle*, by May Tully, was exhibited at the Bijou Theatre to the delectation of a large and apparently enthusiastic audience. This audience was awakened easily to laughter by reason of the elemental fact that every situation in the piece had been laughed at by the same sort of audience at least a hundred times before. Some time or other, when I can find a day with nothing else to do, I shall write a psychology essay on the subject of "Laughter as a Habit," and the theme will be that the ordinary person finds most funny

in the present whatever he has been accustomed to regard as funny in the past.

Between August 6 and October 1, precisely twenty-seven "legitimate" plays were produced for the first time in the first-class theatres of New York. This computation excludes "musical comedies" and all other types of non-dramatic entertainment. Of these twenty-seven plays, only one is likely to be remembered half a dozen years from now; and this sole exception to the current rule was an immediate and arrant failure. The other twenty-six may be divided into two categories, "for better or for worse"; but there is scarcely a play in the lot that is worthy to attract the serious consideration of a critic of the drama.

This is a bad record for two months; and the record is all the more regrettable because it comes at a period which is extraordinarily propitious for the development of a serious drama in America. For the first time in history, our native playwrights are now "protected" against any considerable competition in the better-trained and more experienced dramatists of Europe; and, since our theatre is more generously patronised at present than it has been in many antecedent seasons, it behooves our authors and our managers to seize the current opportunity to set forth something better than their recent best. The theatre is, and always must remain, a commercial institution; but—precisely in consequence of this admitted fact—it follows that the best time for trying to establish great plays in the estimation of the public is a time when the public has exhibited a willingness to patronise the theatre with unstinted liberality.

A dutiful dramatic critic, who has curtailed his own vacation to attend the

openings of all the early-season plays, is assailed, around October first, with many questions from many friends more fortunate than himself. He is repeatedly asked to recommend the best plays that are running at the moment, and is requested to warn his interlocutors away from the waste of an irrecoverable evening.

In response to many spoken and written interrogatories of this kind, the present writer will attempt to tabulate, in the order of respective merit, the six best plays among the twenty-seven that were produced in New York between August 6 and October 1, 1917, and to indicate, in each case, the reasons for their ranking.

#### "THE DELUGE"

*The Deluge*—which was written by a Swedish author, Henning Berger, and adapted into English by Mr. Frank Allen—was speedily withdrawn, because it failed to attract the drifting patronage of the public of mid-August, despite the fact that it was admirably acted and was very carefully produced by Mr. Arthur Hopkins.

This play was genuinely worthy of attention from cultivated people of adult intelligence. Though the author was a Swede, he had lived for several years in the United States and had enjoyed the adventurous experience of serving for some time as a bar-tender in Chicago. In consequence of this initiation to our local life, his play was set in the Mississippi valley.

The theme of *The Deluge* might be compared with that of Bret Harte's famous story,—*The Outcasts of Poker Flat*. A group of wastrels was gathered together and threatened with the imminence of death. Appalled by the enviroing conditions, these scoundrels and skulkers—who had been trapped like rats, in an underground saloon, by a rising of the waters of the Mississippi—turned over a new leaf and resolved to die like heroes,—cleanly and without reproach. But, when the flood subsided unexpectedly, they relapsed at once into

their habitual dispositions, and revealed themselves once more as the slackers they had always been before their lives had been endangered.

This play was developed from a serious theme, and it exhibited a serious analysis of the basic phenomena of human nature. Nevertheless, the dismal fact must be recorded that *The Deluge* was summarily rejected by the theatre-going public of mid-August, at a time when *Mary's Ankle* was still attracting a remunerative patronage.

#### "BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE"

*Business Before Pleasure*, by Montague Glass and Jules Eckert Goodman, may be signalled as a "commercial" comedy of quite extraordinary merit. This piece has made more money than any other offering of the early autumn season; and the reassuring fact must be recorded that its success has been achieved in consequence of the characterisation which has been displayed in the writing of the leading parts.

The central figures in the present piece are Abe Potash and Mawruss Perlmutter. *Business Before Pleasure* is the third play in which these characters have been exhibited before the theatre-going public; yet the present composition is more amusing than either of its predecessors. The abiding vitality of Mr. Glass's character-creations is now attested by the fact that he has succeeded three times in the theatre with three different collaborators,—the late Charles Klein, and Mr. Roi Cooper Megrue, and Mr. Jules Eckert Goodman. In each reincarnation, Abe and Mawruss have seemed more and more alive. There is no denying now that these creations constitute a permanent addition to the portrait gallery of our local and contemporary literature.

In *Business Before Pleasure*, we are invited to follow the fortunes of Potash and Perlmutter after they have decided to forsake the cloak-and-suit trade and to embark upon a more perilous but more profitable speculation in the moving-picture business. As Mr. Glass re-

marks, in a memorable line, "Everybody nowadays has two businesses,—his own and moving-pictures." The play offers, therefore, not only a successful repetition of two living characters that had already won their way into the affections of the theatre-going public, but it offers also a shrewd and almost subtle satire of that conspiracy against the innate weakness of the public taste that is known as the moving-picture business.

The dialogue of Mr. Glass is masterly. Time after time, for twenty minutes at a stretch, it is literally true that every line is greeted with a laugh. Much of this laughter is afforded by a jugglery of words which is facilitated by the fact that the medium of speech is not straight English, but the Jewish dialect. For instance, when Perlmutter has described the leading lady by saying, "She's a regular Kipling vampire," Potash quite innocently answers, "Well, show her in and lemme see her kipple." But even more of the laughter is due to *mots de caractère*:—that is to say, the lines would not be funny in themselves, were it not for the essential fact that the people speaking them are absolutely real.

#### "DE LUXE ANNIE"

I am inclined to regard *De Luxe Annie*, by Edward Clark, as second in interest among the still-surviving plays produced in August and September. Its merit, to be sure, is entirely technical; and those of us who love the mechanism of the drama are perhaps inclined to overpraise an author whose adroitness we admire even though he may be dealing with inferior material. The material, in this case, is of no importance. *De Luxe Annie* tells a story of that sensational variety that used to be published in the obsolete "dime-novel" and is now published in *The Saturday Evening Post*. But Mr. Clark has planned his play with a skill that is so exceptional as to seem almost uncanny.

The heroine is a criminal who is disclosed at the high tide of the successful practice of a novel and ingenious varia-

tion of the ancient "badger game." We are puzzled by the fact that she is evidently absolutely chaste and by the further fact that she appears to be a woman of education and refinement. She is being tracked by detectives; and we follow her through several thrilling scenes in which they are the pursuers and she is the pursued. Finally she is caught;—and then the revelation comes which the author has been saving for his climax. It turns out that Annie has been a victim of aphasia. Some years before the play began, she had been hit on the head by a burglar. This blow had made her forgetful of her past and unconscious of her own identity, and had afflicted her with the single criminal propensity which she had subsequently practised. It turns out also that the leader of the detectives who have been pursuing her is her own husband. Her trouble is relieved by a surgical operation; and by this device she is permitted to rejoin her husband—so to speak—as good as new. This entire narrative is enclosed between a prologue and an epilogue, in which the author cleverly forestalls an adverse verdict from the audience by explaining that the story itself is so sensational that any average person would regard it as incredible.

But the admirable thing about the play is not the subject-matter, but the ingenuity displayed by Mr. Clark in putting together the various pieces of his picture-puzzle. *De Luxe Annie* is a play that all playwrights will enjoy; for every craftsman is naturally interested in an ingenious exercise of craftsmanship.

#### "HAMILTON"

*Hamilton*, which was written by Mary Hamlin and George Arliss, is superior in many ways to the ordinary play of commerce that pretends to be historical. It presents a fairly accurate delineation of American life in the last decade of the eighteenth century, and exhibits such large figures as Hamilton and Jefferson, Monroe and Jay, without discredit to the dignity accorded to them in the estimation of posterity. The dia-



logue is excellently written. It is not only adequate to the exigencies of the action but is also impermeated with the tone of literary distinction. Furthermore, the plot is well made, and the climatic moments are sufficiently dramatic to keep the audience enlivened.

In his attempt to reincarnate Alexander Hamilton, Mr. Arliss has probably contributed more in his capacity as actor than he contributed in his capacity as author. His performance of the title part is worth going many miles to see. Hamilton, at the period of the play, was younger by a score of years than Mr. Arliss is at present; yet the pervading note of this performance is the note of almost boyish youthfulness.

The finest thing about the play itself is that it discusses with extraordinary sanity a minor moral error of the central character. We are not only told that Hamilton was guilty of adultery, but we are also told exactly how and when and why. His sin is not condoned; yet it is used to form a sort of stepping-stone for the observation of those finer qualities of character which made him every inch a hero.

#### "THE FAMILY EXIT"

*The Family Exit*, by Lawrence Langner, is worthy of remark because it discusses an idea, even though this idea had been developed previously by Mr. Bernard Shaw. Ideas are rather rare in the region of Broadway; and, in most of the farces that are currently exhibited, the one most funny thing in life is assumed to be a falling over furniture.

Mr. Langner tells us—like Mr. Shaw before him—that the deadliest enemies of an individual who seeks to live a life that is simple and harmonious are his own immediate relatives and those of his wife. *The Family Exit* is a satire of the sanctimonious tradition that family assemblages—on Thanksgiving Day or Christmas, for example—are occasions of beauty, instead of being, as they actually are, occasions of sardonic horror. This play will be appreciated by every man who hates his relatives be-

cause they are the strangest of strangers, and who desires only to be left alone.

Mr. Langner also takes a fling at our immigration laws and at the mood of hypocritical morality which we have inherited from many generations of our British ancestors. His dialogue is very sprightly; and many of his lines are notable not only for their wit but also for their wisdom.

In pattern, *The Family Exit* may be defined by saying that it is not really a three-act play, but rather an agglomeration of three one-act plays, each dealing with the same theme and presenting the same characters. The construction is unskilful, and much of the writing is verbose. Nevertheless, the essential fact remains that Mr. Langner started out with something to say and that he managed, in the main, to say it entertainingly.

#### "POLLY WITH A PAST"

When Barrie had completed *Peter Pan*, he decided to send forth a very little girl to speak a prologue, in which it was explained that *she* was the author of the subsequent play, and that therefore the audience should not expect a grown-up composition. Many of our most successful current comedies appear to have been written from the point of view of girls in boarding-school; and it would be a rather pretty touch if the authors should set forward some hypothetical maid of seventeen as a sponsor for their compositions.

When *The Boomerang* was settling down to its record-breaking run, Mr. David Belasco told me that the average age of the theatre-going public was only twenty-two and that therefore it was necessary in the theatre to appeal primarily to the emotions of people who were very young. *Polly With a Past* has been written with a sedulous respect for this assumption. The subject-matter is of the sort that has been used innumerable times for "private theatricals" enacted in the corner of a drawing-room before an audience of well-fed and indulgent friends. The pattern of the

piece, however, has been put together skilfully; for both George Middleton and Guy Bolton—who collaborated in this project—have enjoyed many years of previous experience before the foot-lights.

*Polly With a Past* has been dexterously planned and admirably written. Furthermore, it is beautifully acted, and directed with extraordinary skill. Mr. Belasco has achieved another "triumph," and will be amply rewarded for it before summer comes again. But the play

is not "about anything,"—to use the easiest phrase that is available; and a grown-up human being who wanders in to see it, because he has been told—by some such person as the present writer—that the acting and the stage-direction are exemplary, may wonder—to express the feeling in a famous phrase of Molière's—what the devil he is doing in that galley. For, life itself—as shown by Mr. Middleton and Mr. Bolton in this play—is a playground for the adolescent, instead of a training camp for the adult.

## THE DECADENTLET

BY BEATRICE WITTE RAVENEL

I AM sensitive supremely  
 To the whole complex creation,  
 With the atmospheric harmony  
 My mood grows subtly blent.  
 Unassuming though, extremely,  
 Let me add with deprecation,  
 The *noblesse oblige*, believe me,  
 Of a finer temperament.

All my senses for sensations  
 Hover ambushed and predacious,  
 (Feelings tremulous and trepidant  
 Yet exquisitely whole).  
 Full of psychic dissipations  
 Like a fly-trap orchidacious  
 That devours appreciations,  
 Is my odd, exotic soul.

I am morbid, with a tender  
 Purple-escent mood of dolour,  
 Like the smell of mould and violets  
 Or a prescience thrice-refined.  
 How its explanation render  
 Or translate emotion's colour?  
 For the ways are long and slender  
 From my soul into my mind.

Well, the Future, self-confessing,  
 Sends me stealthy backward glances;  
 We've an understanding, undulent  
 And refluent as a wave;  
 And she flings me like a blessing  
 Some revealed perfume that chances  
 From unbudded buds caressing  
 My undug, delightful grave.

# IS THE PEN SWIFTER THAN THE SWORD?

BY CARL H. P. THURSTON

THE Church has already been brought to judgment for the part it has played in the Great War, and so has socialism, and diplomacy, and many another tool that the mind has constructed to aid it in dealing with the world. But the human intellect itself, pure and undefiled, has thus far gone unchallenged. In so far as its use had become a habit we have used it; and we have called it in occasionally when nothing else seemed to serve the purpose quite so well; but we have demanded little from it and expected less. As long as individual brains did their appointed work properly we made no complaint. Like hands and stomach and feet, the brain is a limited, specialised organ, with its regular routine of work; why ask more of it?

What has its record been? It might plead in its own defence the remarkable success with which it has played Sherlock Holmes to the Hohenzollerns; it might point to its faithful services as a beast of burden under the military régime, and it might perhaps mention the fact that this is known as a "war of ideas"; but that is all. And it would be forced to admit that it had allowed a dangerously one-sided view of the war to prevail on each side of the trenches; that it had meekly submitted to being snubbed and censored and suppressed; that most of its professed devotees had recanted and gone over to emotionalism, morality or patriotism; that governments that had conscripted or organised every resource within their jurisdictions that seemed of any value had left the writers of books to their own devices; and that it had not only failed to evolve an idea great enough in itself to end the war, but had failed to devise any scheme by which militarism could end it. Russia evolved an idea which reverberated through the world, but it failed to receive official sanction.

At last, however, the mind's chance to redeem itself has come. Statesmen in both England and America have admitted, of their own accord, that a military victory was not necessary, but that the mere adoption of a certain idea by the enemy would satisfy us. If the Central Powers would only embrace democracy the war might end at once. But the emphasis, it should be noted, is not on democracy, but on the fact that the possibility of an *intellectual solution* of the problem has been officially recognised. If democracy fails to satisfy the given conditions we can try out some other answer. The importance of this revolutionary change of front has hardly penetrated our consciousness.

If we may judge from the authors of the season's war books the prospects for a spontaneous democracy in Germany are not bright. Ambassador Gerard says,<sup>1</sup> "The German nation is not one which makes revolutions. There will be scattered riots in Germany, but no simultaneous rising of the whole people." Dr. David Jayne Hill,<sup>2</sup> who preceded Mr. Gerard at Berlin, does not "look for a general revolution while the German armies are not beaten in the field," because "it is in the German character to be loyal to the Imperial Government while their country is believed to be still in peril." Prince von Bülow<sup>3</sup> goes still further and asserts that it is characteristic of the German people to

<sup>1</sup> My Four Years in Germany. By James W. Gerard. New York: George H. Doran Company.

<sup>2</sup> The Rebuilding of Europe: A Survey of Old Europe and a Promise of the New. By David Jayne Hill, LL.D. New York: The Century Company.

<sup>3</sup> Imperial Germany. By Prince Bernhard von Bülow, with a Foreword by J. W. Headlam. New and Revised Edition. Translation by Marie A. Lewenz, M.A. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

be loyal to their leaders in both success and failure. Herr Fernau<sup>4</sup> appeals first to the people to oust the dynasty and then to the Chancellor to grant a more democratic constitution, but his chief reliance seems to be on the armies of the Entente. Professor Veblen<sup>5</sup> feels that the world will not be secure unless the whole German aristocracy is rooted out, and realises that this can be done only by force of arms. Neither Mr. H. N. Brailsford<sup>6</sup> nor Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson<sup>7</sup> discusses the subject. The former says merely, "People must pledge themselves as well as governments"; and the latter applies his arguments in favour of a democratic control of foreign policy to the Allies as well as to Germany. As yet there has been no attempt to study the Imperial constitution, the history of German political reform, or the intricacies of German psychology with a view to assessing the possibility of peaceful democratisation. No one has tried to estimate the influence of the Russian revolution pro or con. There have been no questionnaires of German-Americans and German prisoners to discover their views on democracy or their possible preference for other guarantees of world peace. Mr. Phillips<sup>8</sup> points out that "nothing of real value or enduring influence can be imposed from without."

Perhaps our first step should be a study of our own psychology. M. Chevrillon's *England and the War*<sup>9</sup>

<sup>4</sup>The Coming Democracy. By Hermann Fernau. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

<sup>5</sup>An Inquiry into the Nature of Peace and the Terms of Its Perpetuation. By Thorstein Veblen. New York: The Macmillan Company.

<sup>6</sup>A League of Nations. By Henry Noel Brailsford. New York: The Macmillan Company.

<sup>7</sup>The Choice Before Us. By G. Lowes Dickinson. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

<sup>8</sup>Europe Unbound. By Lisle March Phillips. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

<sup>9</sup>England and the War. By André Chevrillon. With a Preface by Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

is the best treatment of that aspect of events that has yet appeared, and much of it is applicable, for one reason or another, to life on this side of the Atlantic as well as on the other. English character, he says, "is a combination of will and conscience." And of the Englishman: "In a crisis which necessitates adaptation to a sudden change of circumstance, he will seek for means of safety, not in those ideal and rational methods, logically adequate to the problem, open to minds of less arrested growth, but in his habits and experiences." And of England: "For her war was a noble, dangerous, and exciting game." War for such a land of tradition was a thing that had to be fought out to a finish, not evaded by such futile means as words and ideas; and as German immorality came to light it became a sacred war, which it was not permitted to question. The suggestion that it was chiefly sacred to Mars, Vulcan, Plutus, Atropos, Shiva, Moloch, and other heathen deities, including the Devil, and that it was being conducted by the method of human sacrifice, was brushed aside as irrelevant. Germany had been tried, convicted, and sentenced in the court of the world, and judgment must be executed though the heavens fell.

It would be hard to say which has been more disheartening, the fond belief that the destruction of Germany would initiate the millennium, and the utter carelessness of the future shown in the various sentences passed on her, or the mental inertia which has kept us from moulding the tremendous moral enthusiasm of the past three years into some permanent world-organisation while it was still glowing, and forced us to wait till after the war when the molten metal will be cool and full of the old impurities of national selfishness. Perhaps the percentage of these impurities is too high even now. The last sentence of Mr. Wallace's *Greater Italy*<sup>10</sup> declares that "she is fighting not solely for the aggrandisement of her territory nor the increase of her wealth: she is fighting for the

<sup>10</sup>Greater Italy. By William Kay Wallace. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

greatness of her national soul; not exalted by any chimerical idealism, not in pursuit of some high-sounding phrase-maker's catchword, such as 'humanity' or 'civilisation,' but as an upholder of the right of nationhood"; and it is true that all over the world the very men who insist most loudly that the *status quo* in things geographical must be upset are the ones who are most determined to maintain it in things moral and political. In this country and in England, however, the obstacles are chiefly mental: a failure to realise that historical claims to territory have no place in a war for the freedom of peoples, nor strategic claims in a war that is to end war; and an inability to imagine the powerful moral effect, on ourselves as well as on the enemy, of legalising our own conduct and outlawing him. The net result of it all is that we are still nothing more than a mob of righteously indignant states out on a lynching party, and whether we shall organise ourselves into a community, with laws and a sheriff, or trust once more to the vigilante system, is still doubtful. Our old friend, the man from Mars, might easily get the impression that we were more interested in civilising war than in abolishing it.

It is so much easier to think of a state as a single individual than as a group of millions of individuals! It is so much easier to preach national solidarity as a duty and, when preaching fails, to enforce it than to study the peculiar conditions of a land full of pacifists and aliens and so devise our national policy as to tempt them into the fold. (There is much to be learned from Prince von Bülow's book with regard to this type of politics.) And in dealing with the enemy it is so much simpler to think of him as entirely evil than to remember the righteousness that is still in him and try to win it to our side. History records no previous war in which a working majority on each side were in essential agreement as to the outcome, and we cannot grasp the situation. It is so much easier to think by analogy than to reason out an entirely new problem

that we naturally turn to the French Revolution and our own Civil War and rely for guidance on the clear lessons which they taught.

In our detestation of autocracy and our enthusiasm for democracy, we have sought a solution only in destruction and revolution. We have ignored the more subtle instruments of political change. The Hegelian doctrine of the divinity of the state and its Treitschkean corollary that the state is power depend for their validity on the fact that there is no higher authority in the world than the individual state. Establish such an authority and a certain percentage of Germans will inevitably transfer their allegiance to it, for, more than any other people in the world, they are guided by what von Bülow calls "our passion for logic." As Mr. Phillips says, "We shall not conquer Prussia finally until we put into the world an idea superior to Prussia's idea." Von Bülow also says, "We Germans have strong movements in great parties that demand the internationalisation of party ideas, and are not convinced that the party system has national limitations;" and "No people in the world has such a strong sense of law as the Germans." Add to these factors a sufficient guarantee against spoliation by her neighbours and rivals and an assurance of commercial freedom, stir well, and the result will be, if not the explosion we are now awaiting, at least an international cement which may prove even more valuable to the world and, incidentally, form a bridge to the desired democracy.

But we take our opinions from the newspapers, and few newspapers, unfortunately, regard the development of constructive thought as any part of their function in the world. They are content, for the most part, with beating the drum and aplying the shingle; and there is no access to their editorial columns except over the telegraph wire. Events and speeches have the right of way there; mere books are herded together on a page by themselves, and are allowed there only in a strangely devitalised con-

dition. Magazine articles are seldom mentioned in either place. The development of the weekly magazine section of a few metropolitan papers has been a great step forward, but its possibilities are limited. One wonders if books are really too unimportant, impractical, abstruse, or antiquated for the newspaper-reading public; and if their practical exclusion from our opinion-forming columns is not more an error than an act of wisdom.

At any rate, to change one's daily war-reading for a few weeks from papers to books is to breathe a freer and a sweeter air. A few books, like *The Peril of Prussianism*,<sup>11</sup> *The War and Humanity*,<sup>12</sup> and *The Menace of Peace*,<sup>13</sup> are only emotional stimuli; but collections of speeches such as President Butler's<sup>14</sup> and Professor Gilbert Murray's,<sup>15</sup> extending from the early weeks of the war to the present time, bring to the surface again a great deal of broad, sane thought and many facts irrelevant to the present trend of our purpose, all of which seemed to have been forgotten for the "duration of the war."

It is surprising to note how many of the war books are essentially histories of opinion; we have not quite realised the degree of intellectualisation of war which has already taken place. (If we had, we should have carried it still further by this time!) Yet it seems probable that this tendency will increase during the remainder of the war and will dominate all its future histories. Generations to come may even be taught

<sup>11</sup> *The Peril of Prussianism*. By Douglas Wilson Johnson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

<sup>12</sup> *The War and Humanity*. By James M. Beck, LL.D. Third Edition, Revised, with Additional Material. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

<sup>13</sup> *The Menace of Peace*. By George D. Herron. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

<sup>14</sup> *A World in Ferment*. By Nicholas Murray Butler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

<sup>15</sup> *Faith, War, and Policy*. By Gilbert Murray. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company.

that ancient history is not the history of the Greeks and Romans, but the history that was made by statesmen and generals, and that modern history, the kind that is made by public opinion, did not really begin until 1914. An occasional volume of the older sort of history, such as Major Whitton's<sup>16</sup> elaborate analysis of the Marne Campaign and Professor Rogers's *America's Case Against Germany*,<sup>17</sup> slips in; but *Turkey, Greece, and the Great Powers*,<sup>18</sup> though dealing largely with an older period, has for a subtitle "a study in friendship and hate," and the last chapter, "The Moral Suasion of Greece" is an excellent study of popular sentiment. *The Diary of a Nation*,<sup>19</sup> a reprint of Mr. E. S. Martin's war editorials in *Life*, is so full of shrewd common sense and native phraseology that might have come from the lips of Uncle Sam himself that its title is not unwarranted. *Present-Day Europe*<sup>20</sup> is a more formal study of the development of passions and opinions in the various nations of Europe, neutral as well as belligerent, from the beginning of the war to the present time; it is fair, accurate and comprehensive. *Behind the German Veil*<sup>21</sup> contains a series of interesting interviews with prominent Germans, from Hindenburg himself down to Press-Major Herwarth von Bitterfeld. *Germany, the Next Republic?*<sup>22</sup>

<sup>16</sup> *The Marne Campaign*. By Major F. E. Whitton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

<sup>17</sup> *America's Case Against Germany*. By Lindsay Rogers, Ph.D., LL.B. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

<sup>18</sup> *Turkey, Greece and the Great Powers: A Study in Friendship and Hate*. By G. F. Abbott. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company.

<sup>19</sup> *The Diary of a Nation*. By Edward S. Martin. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

<sup>20</sup> *Present-Day Europe*. By T. Lothrop Stoddard. New York: The Century Company.

<sup>21</sup> *Behind the German Veil*. By J. M. de Beaufort. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

<sup>22</sup> *Germany, the Next Republic?* By Carl W. Ackerman. New York: George H. Doran Company.

is most valuable for its record of the changes of German opinion during the various crises with the United States. *Pros and Cons of the Great War*<sup>20</sup> contains a mass of references to controversial literature in several languages; its usefulness is lessened by an unsatisfactory arrangement of the material.

A few books have been written with the express purpose of correcting popular prejudices. Mr. Hammer's picture of the Kaiser<sup>21</sup> will never win him a German decoration, but it bears more of the earmarks of truth than those we are accustomed to. Mr. Salter's<sup>22</sup> scholarly exposition of Nietzsche's doctrines and Dr. Figgis's<sup>23</sup> brilliant lectures on the same subject might both take for their motto the words which Mr. Salter quotes from a German student of the same subject, "The important thing in the last instance is not that we refute him—but that we understand him." Mr. Herbert Adams Gibbons<sup>24</sup> appeals sincerely and courageously for clear thinking and international justice. Mr. Phillips, Mr. Dresser,<sup>25</sup> and Sir Charles Waldstein<sup>26</sup> are all engaged in penetrating behind the obvious moral lessons of the war to the deeper spiritual values that are involved.

But these are all preliminaries; the vital problem is the reconstruction of the

world, and the first step is the criticism of its present order. Herr Karl Liebknecht<sup>27</sup> assails the past record of militarism socially, politically, economically, historically, and statistically, with true German thoroughness. Mr. Dickinson depicts the unbelievable, but highly probable, horrors of its future—if it is allowed to have one. He shows clearly that in the next war the distinction between combatants and non-combatants which we have tried so hard to preserve in this will no longer be recognised. Mr. Collins's book<sup>28</sup> suggests further horrors and calls our attention to the intimate relations between the most remote nations which will be created by the fleets of aeroplanes which will fill the air after the war. Writer after writer points out one aspect or another of the increasing unification of the world; the tendency of our activities to outgrow our national boundaries, the number of international organisations that have already come into existence, and, above all, the war, which, as Mr. Dresser puts it, "reminds us that the whole world is one, that all suffer together and all must work together to bring human suffering to an end." The consciousness of unity is everywhere so strong that there is a disposition to question the wisdom of our present theory of the state as the supreme human institution. Dr. Hill says, "The present European war reveals the inadequacy of purely national conceptions for the complete organisation of mankind. . . . If there is to be a new Europe it must reconstruct its theory of the state as an absolute autonomous entity." Mr. Dickinson is alarmed by the prospect that patriotism will soon displace all other religions, as it is generally believed to have done already in Germany. Sir Rabindranath Tagore<sup>29</sup> declares, in his warning to the West: "This nationalism is a cruel epidemic of evil that

<sup>20</sup> *Pros and Cons of the Great War*. By Leonard A. Magnus, LL.B. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

<sup>21</sup> *William the Second*. By S. C. Hammer, M.A. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

<sup>22</sup> *Nietzsche the Thinker*. By William M. Salter. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

<sup>23</sup> *The Will to Freedom*. By John Neville Figgis, D.D., Litt.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

<sup>24</sup> *The Reconstruction of Poland and the Near East*. By Herbert Adams Gibbons, Ph.D., F.R.S. New York: The Century Company.

<sup>25</sup> *The Victorious Faith*. By Horatio W. Dresser, Ph.D. New York: Harper and Brothers.

<sup>26</sup> *Aristodemocracy*. From the Great War Back to Moses, Christ, and Plato. An Essay. By Sir Charles Waldstein. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

<sup>27</sup> *Militarism*. By Dr. Karl Liebknecht. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

<sup>28</sup> *The Airman: His Conquests in Peace and War*. By Francis A. Collins. New York: The Century Company.

<sup>29</sup> *Nationalism*. By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company.

is sweeping over the world of the present age, eating into its normal vitality;" and "You who live under the delusion that you are free are every day sacrificing your freedom and humanity to this fetich of nationalism, living in the dense poisonous atmosphere of world-wide suspicion and greed and panic." Professor Veblen, writing before the United States entered the war, belabours the instinct of patriotism with a ferocious and pungent irony which might now endanger his life or his liberty if he had been so unlucky as to write in a more popular style. "Into the cultural and technological system of the modern world the patriotic spirit fits like dust in the eyes and sand in the bearings," and "Its net contribution to the outcome is obscurity, distrust, and retardation at every point where it touches the fortunes of modern mankind," are among his milder phrases. Edith Cavell's final words are quoted with approval in book after book: "*I see now that patriotism is not enough.*"

Yet when our publicists face the actual problem of the organisation of the world to prevent war they lose courage and begin to talk about the minimum concessions that states will be willing to make, instead of mapping out a sound, reasonably war-proof federation and carrying on a vigorous propaganda for it. All admit that there is nothing inherently wrong or unsound in the concept of a true world-state, and that it is in fact the ideal form of world organisation, but they add quickly that the world is not ready for it and offer us instead some substitute which they can guarantee to be practical. All admit that the only obstacle in the way of the world-state is public opinion, but not one is willing to make a fight to change it. They all cling to their reputations as sound analysts of present conditions. Practically all agree that the Central Powers must be included in any League

of Nations, and that there must be some measure of disarmament and world-wide free trade; and all propose Courts of Arbitration and of Conciliation, supported to a greater or less extent by some form of sanction, military or economic. As to details they differ widely. Hardly anyone suggests taking any steps to the desired end before the close of the war, though it is generally recognised that every detail of the settlement must be fixed with reference to its effect on the future of the League.

Is it not possible, as a matter of practical politics, to base that continuity which is the life-giving principle in all political development more on the war than on the era of intense nationalism which preceded it—"to entwine our thoughts of the future of the world not merely with the settlement at the peace conference but with our present methods of leading the war to its conclusion—and to appeal over the heads of the governments of the world to the new self-consciousness of the people, until they are ready to think of themselves as citizens of the world as well as of their own nation? Mr. Dickinson has given fine expression to one possible form of the appeal: "The men who are fighting this war are not fighting it for punishment or revenge, for territory or power. They are fighting it for a better world. . . . If England is to give these men what they have fought for, she must be content to take nothing for herself."

The intellect is still far from a solution; only fragments of it are yet visible; but has it not become possible to feel that peace with victory, if it should come too soon, might prove to be the premature peace leading to future wars that so many of us fear? Let us rather believe—even demand—that the long horror of trench warfare shall be the soil from which a nobler peace must spring.



# ABOUT FRANCE\*

BY ALBERT SCHINZ

HERE are four publications exactly representative of four types of books on France which are now thrown on the market most generously and which say: France is a fine country; France is a wonderful country; France is a stimulating country; France is an interesting country. Only the war book is missing which would say: France is a heroic country.

Before dealing with these books individually let us venture the general remark that the superlative admiration for France which we find here so profusely again is not without danger. All these volumes, evidently written to illuminate people who are not in a position to obtain first-hand information, raise expectations so high that disillusion in some points is bound to follow. A very bad service is rendered to France by making people abroad believe that there is nothing but good in that country (after having come near to saying that everything was bad there), and intelligent friends of France are often seriously embarrassed by such unreasonable panegyrics.

This being said by way of warning, one must admit that the *Hilltowns of France* makes a pleasant book, with fine illustrations of some of the most picturesque spots of France, such illustrations as would almost provide an excuse for dispensing with reading the text, and a book which offers a welcome

\*The Hilltowns of France. By Eugenie M. Fryer. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

For France. By Prominent Americans. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

France: Her People and Her Spirit. By Laurence Jerrold. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Frontiers of Language and Nationality in Europe. By Leon Dominian. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

change after the many on the châteaux and on the cathedrals of France.

One must bow before the new collective and moving testimonial of admiration which the intelligent class of Americans are offering to the French nation because they recognise her leadership in the world when it comes especially to literature and art. There is everything in this volume, short stories (McCutcheon), souvenirs of France (Booth Tarkington), letters from professionals (Otis Skinner, the actor; General Goethals, the builder of the Panama Canal), poems (R. Underwood Johnson and Edwin Markham), frequent meditations on Joan of Arc, Lafayette, Verdun and the women of France (Gertrude Atherton), and besides some sober and sympathetic words from men like Cardinal Gibbons and Lyman Abbott, not a few contributions which betray a genuine and touching intoxication: a musician artist just writes this line evidently sublime: "God bless la belle France and her heroes!"; and the masculine determination of a well-known feminist just melts when thinking of France and she writes under the sentimental title *France Adorée!* . . . Nor do such details matter much, for the intention is all, and the intention is fine.

It is very difficult to give a fair appreciation of Laurence Jerrold's *France, Her People and Her Spirit*. The author has been overwhelmed with compliments—and in a way he deserves them. The book is written cleverly; Jerrold has most of the time a first-hand knowledge of his subject; all in all, he shows much good sense. There are, however, passages which prove once more that even a long stay in France does not always prove sufficient to enable a man to handle tactfully certain problems, e.g., the

author repeatedly alludes to what is called in America the "social evil"—for which discussion he gravely calls to witness Madame Yvette Guilbert!—but does he not confuse frankness with brutality?

It is unfortunate, but the first chapter makes a particularly poor impression and the writer came very near throwing the book away; the passages which show the fine behaviour of the French people at the opening of the war are couched in terms so bombastic, or with so much rhetoric, that they are actually an insult to those they wish to honour. Elsewhere the desire to exalt the French nation has led to statements which to say the least are open to discussion. Fortunately, Jerrold refutes himself very well in the next chapters, written with a more sober mind; but, then, one may well be surprised that a man who knows France as Jerrold does did not use the blue pencil more frequently in reading his proofs. Let us not dwell upon his lucubrations about Napoleon—either truisms or nonsense. But what about his demonstration, extending over several pages, that, "The French political mind has a passion for logic, regularity, symmetry and coherence in the arrangement of the social fabric. . . . He takes eagerly to the tale of the belly and the members", and so forth. Now, "logic, regularity, symmetry and coherence in the arrangement of the social fabric" is the very thing France has not; indeed, one would rather apply that definition to Germany. How is it that during all the time Jerrold was explaining "the great strength, persistence and vitality of the French political spirit" not once a good little genius whispered in his ear these two syllables, "Caillaux?"

As to the three last chapters, the least said the better. The author's lack of understanding of contemporary French literature is perfect. His Zola is simply a caricature, almost a bad action, using the space at his disposal to reveal some human weaknesses in a man who had very few, and having not one word for the heroic fighter of the Dreyfus

case, for the admirable patriot of *La Débâcle*, and for the author of the *Lettre à la Jeunesse Française*. His statements about modern versification are droll. So are some of his epithets, like "truculent" applied to Baudelaire! What he says about philosophy in the next chapter is worse. And his last chapter, "Les Jeunes," is no better. The journalist attempted to deal by *chic* with topics he had no time, or he did not care, to study seriously. None of those three chapters was indispensable.

The writer deemed it wise to point out these defects so that the impression produced by the good parts of the book should not suffer from the impression produced by the poor ones—which they outnumber by far. All the chapters of sober information are really good, e.g., those on Church, on Earners, or even on Men and Women; the one on "France Beyond the Sea" is excellent.

Dominian's scholarly work on *Frontiers of Language and Nationality in Europe* is by far the most important of the four under consideration. It offers much material of great bearing on the questions which will have to be settled after the war. Dominian himself does not overestimate at all the language factor. He maintains only that language has a "strong formative influence over nationality," but admits that "the persistent action of the land, or geography, prevails from beginning to end." One might question the importance he still seems to attribute to race independently of geography and of language to determine nationality; and even more, the little he is making of the political factor, as far as it prevails, on the spreading or waning of languages—even though he mentions it repeatedly. But this is not the place for such discussions. To show the real interest of his information we will just pick out a few facts concerning the two burning questions regarding Belgium and France. About Belgium we read, "The figures of the last Belgian census (1910) show that the Flemish provinces are bilingual,

whereas the Walloon region is altogether French. Knowledge of French as an educational and business requirement accounts for its occurrence in Flanders. The Romance language, therefore, tends to supersede the Germanic idiom as a national vernacular. The utter absence of Flemish in the Belgian Congo constitutes perhaps the strongest evidence in favour of French as Belgium's national language." We also see that in Brussels there were in 1846 seventy thousand French and one hundred and thirty thousand Flemish, and in 1910 four hundred and eighty thousand French and only two hundred and eighty thousand Flemish people. Thus in consequence of the war there is a clear conflict between a natural line of national demarcation and a political line. By their conquest the Germans have violated the natural march of civilisation as indicated by linguistic lines; and this is what has been expressed often by the words "*Kultur* versus *Culture*."

What about Alsace-Lorraine? We find that before 1870 the language factor was working in favour of France. Then came military defeat of France, and since—here we see how the problem is more complex than for Belgium—the language factor has indeed been working for Germany. Should, therefore, Germany claim this language test now? Hardly, for, as Dominian makes us understand, the *natural* language

conditions were themselves rendered *artificial* by the means resorted to by political masters. "The measures of Germanisation were attended by a notable emigration to France. In 1871 there were one million five hundred and seventeen thousand four hundred and ninety four inhabitants in Alsace-Lorraine. The number has decreased to one million four hundred and ninety-nine thousand and twenty in 1875, in spite of fifty-two and twelve-hundredth excess of births over deaths." Again "In 1875 the proportion of native-born inhabitants amounted to 93 per cent. of the total population. In 1905, it did not exceed 81 per cent. The strictly German element had grown from 38,000 in 1875 to 176,000 in 1905. Fully 90 per cent. of these are native-born Prussians.

Let us add that the greater part of Dominian's work takes up the language question in connection with the nationality question in the Balkan states. Dominian believes, like Cheradane, that the key of the whole present political situation is in the Balkan Peninsula, and as he has lived for years in Constantinople his information is even more complete for those nations than for the West. As, however, this article deals with problems more specially connected with France, we must give up the pleasure of following Dominian in this other field.

# STEVENSON IN HAWAII

BY ELEANOR RIVENBURGH

II\*

PERHAPS the closest friend of Robert Louis Stevenson in Hawaii was His Majesty, King David Kalakaua, who contributed largely to the pleasure of the novelist during his first visit to the islands. Together we find these two companions at their informal game of cards at the bungalow in the Palace grounds, at the King's boat-house, or on the lanai of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, where the King and Mr. Stevenson spent many an evening in the society of convivial friends. Among these was Mr. A. C. Brown, now a retired capitalist of Honolulu, who cherishes those hours he spent in the society of the novelist as the brightest of his recollections.

"I was in Bishop's Bank at the time that I first met Robert Louis Stevenson," said Mr. Brown. "I was introduced to the author by the Honourable Paul Neumann, Attorney-General of the Kingdom, and one of the cleverest *raconteurs* in the islands.

"There were no tram-cars to Waikiki in those days; so at the close of banking hours it was always a pleasure for me to mount my horse and ride out to the beach, where Mr. Stevenson often joined me, and together we would ride leisurely along the old trail leading to the lookout on the slopes of Diamond Head. It was the writer whose attention was first attracted by the suggestive outlines of the mountain summit as resembling a recumbent figure on a bier, under its fold of flowing draperies.

"Then there was the friendly game of cribbage after dinner; and although I have faced a considerable number of good players in my time, I have yet to

play against a better adversary than Mr. Stevenson.

"We met often, too, at the King's boat-house in the harbour, where high jinks or cards contributed to the evening's entertainment. The King was a royal good sport, and despite stories to the contrary, he always honoured his debts. I have three of His Majesty's I. O. U.'s that I kept as souvenirs, and I have had several others which upon presentation to his chamberlain were cashed without delay.

"I have passed many an evening at Mr. Stevenson's cottage on the beach. There was never any ceremony between the writer and his friends, for he was too much of a man to regard seriously those conventional trivialities that mean so much to most of us. He had a charming personality.

"One evening, as I was riding out for our usual game, I saw a light in his window. Strolling over the lawn to the cottage, I saw him through the open door. He was lying on his cot, propped up with pillows, playing on his flageolet to a mouse on a shelf above him; it sat upon its haunches, listening to the music. It seems that, as he expressed it, the mouse, having been the proprietor of the establishment, and Mr. Stevenson having considered himself an intruder, he had made his peace with the little animal by bringing it a portion of his dinner every evening, feeling grateful for its confidence and unobtrusive companionship in return. How characteristic of Stevenson that was! And how suggestive to me those lines of Burns,

"I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;  
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live,  
A daimen icker in a thrave  
'S a sma' request;

\*A resumé of Part I of Mrs. Rivenburgh's account will be found in the Contributors' pages in the front advertising section.  
—EDITOR'S NOTE.

I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave  
An' never miss 't!"

While following the trail of the writer the discovery was made of the direct influence of Robert Louis Stevenson on the music and poetry of Hawaii. This fact, which adds new lustre to the name of the distinguished novelist, has been revealed by Captain Henry Berger, at that time conductor of the Royal Hawaiian Band, who, moved by the urgent appeal of Mr. Stevenson, has recorded the original folk-lore of the Hawaiians.

Hard by the gates of the Capitol—once the Palace—and but a few yards removed from the King's bungalow, where His Majesty and Robert Louis Stevenson passed many informal evenings with a coterie of friends, Captain Berger, retired, is ending his days reflecting on the passing of the old régime and his forty-five years of active public service. Here in his home, a quaint frame house with latticed façade, screened from the confusion of a busy street by a tangled growth of tropic shrubbery, the story was told of his meeting with the author:

"Stevenson!" he exclaimed, knitting his brows—shaggy brows, half concealing humorous grey eyes, head set well into the shoulders, a slight Teutonic accent, quick and nervous movements of the hands,—“Stevenson! Let me see. Yes, yes, of course I remember him!

“He was living in the Frank Brown house at Waikiki when I first met him. A fine man, he was, a fine man! They were giving a garden party when I was commanded by the King to take out the band and play for them.

“It was a very pretty affair. A great many people called during the afternoon, and when it was over, Mr. Stevenson, leaving some friends who were still talking to his wife, came over to us, asked the boys if they had all had their refreshments, and spoke kindly to each and everyone. My boys were deeply impressed, you understand. They were not used to such civility. And to me he said, ‘Berger, come and have tea with

me to-morrow. I should like to have a talk with you.’

“So the next day of course I went, and our little tête-à-tête, as you will see, proved very interesting.

“That was a pretty spot, the Frank Brown place at Waikiki. You know it, don't you, out by Kapiolani Park? The house hasn't been changed much since that time. It is just a nice old-fashioned roomy cottage, but the grounds, as you know, are beautiful.

“I found Mr. Stevenson sitting alone on his lanai overlooking the beach. Let me see; he had on some kind of loose-fitting clothes—I don't exactly recall them—but I'll tell you what I do remember—those hands of his, and his eyes—those hands when he talked to me, and those eyes when I talked to him! Such delicate hands! Such brilliant, burning eyes!

“We had tea at a little rustic table, and during the afternoon we talked of many things. I remember it well.

“Everything has changed in Hawaii since that time. The old homes, with their doors swung wide to stranger and friend, are being torn down and carted away for fuel; their old grounds, like city parks, are being denuded of glorious shade-trees, to be crowded over with suffocating bungalows; the old flowering vines we loved so well are going out of fashion, while the light-hearted songs of the people,—yes, yes, those songs of the people, too, are dying away——”

Captain Berger rose, and with hands clasped behind him, took a quick turn about the room.

“But that was a wonderful day! The sun was glinting on the sand and on the sea, and on the opal-coloured wings of dragon flies darting about. It was very quiet and restful.

“Mr. Stevenson was deeply interested in everything Hawaiian. He wanted to hear how I came to Honolulu, so I told him that I was commanded by the Emperor to come from Berlin in 1872 to conduct a band for Kamehameha V, the first organised in Hawaii. I amused him greatly by telling about how I came to



STEVENSON AND HIS CLOSEST FRIEND IN HAWAII, KING KALAKAUA. HIS MAJESTY'S ATTENTIONS CONTRIBUTED LARGELY TO THE PLEASURE OF THE NOVELIST DURING HIS FIRST VISIT TO THE ISLANDS

compose the Royal Anthem, *Hawaii Pono*.

"When King Kalakaua wished to go to Washington on account of legislation affecting the islands, an American warship was sent to convey him to the United States, and the captain, a jolly fellow, asked me to give him a copy of

the national air so that his boys could play it when His Majesty came aboard.

"I told him I had never heard of one, and that we had always played *God Save the King*.

"But the skipper only laughed at me.

"'Why, you haven't any right to play that,' he replied. 'That belongs to the



AT THE KING'S BOAT-HOUSE. MR. LLOYD OSBOURNE, STEVENSON AND HIS MAJESTY KING KALAKAUA WERE OFTEN COMPANIONS AT A FRIENDLY AFTER-DINNER GAME.



THE OLD BUNGALOW IN THE PALACE GROUNDS WHERE STEVENSON AND KING KALAKAUA PASSED MANY INFORMAL EVENINGS WITH A COTERIE OF FRIENDS

King of England. You might just as well play *Die Wacht am Rhine!*

"There was nothing to do but dig up something new.

"When the King heard about it he was quite delighted and favoured the idea of a contest. Everybody entered into it, even His Majesty's sister, the Princess Liliuokalani, who was very musical. For a while it seemed rather a mix-up, with everybody wanting something to say, but in the end my composition was accepted, and it made a great hit all through the United States.

"Mr. Stevenson, who had been following me closely in what I have just related, then began to question me about the poetry and music of the islands," continued Captain Berger, "and in all his inquiries he impressed me with his eager, searching mind and keen penetration.

"I told him that from what I had been able to observe, there had been no original Hawaiian melodies, no music

whatever, in fact, save the old legendary chants, and that the island music of to-day was born of the influence of the early missionary hymns and later popular songs, for which the Hawaiians readily forsook their recitatives and arranged according to their own idea but always with a preference for the cadence which adapts itself to the hula, or native dance.

"Mr. Stevenson then leaned forward from his chair and made a strong appeal to me.

"'Berger,' he said earnestly, compelling my attention with those dark eyes of his, 'we—you and I and the others who are able—we have a sacred duty to perform. And that duty is to save from decadence, in so far as we are able, the traditions of a passing race.'

"I protested that, not being an English scholar, I would be incompetent to re-arrange the ancient ballads.

"But Mr. Stevenson, spreading out his hands, quickly interrupted me:





THE STEVENSON VILLA AT WAIKIKI, A NICE, OLD-FASHIONED, ROOMY COTTAGE WITH BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS, THE GENERAL APPEARANCE OF WHICH IS STILL UNCHANGED

“For Heaven’s sake, man, leave them alone! Do not attempt to tamper with them. Merely translate them word for word and let them be!”

“Again, ‘Don’t scatter your manuscripts,’ he urged. ‘Preserve them carefully, for in future they will be invaluable. Let not this opportunity escape you. Give the best that is in you to the perpetuation of the music and poetry of Hawaii, that one day you may receive the gratitude of posterity!’

“The rest of the afternoon,” said Captain Berger, “I do not at all remember. I know that all the way home that voice rang in my ears, and that day by day the realisation grew in me of the truth of those few spoken words, and the unquestionable duty that lay before me.

“From that time I set myself to the task which had been shown me, and for nearly thirty years I have worked faithfully to carry out my mission.”

Despite flattering offers from publishers, especially in recent years, Captain Berger has followed the advice of Rob-

ert Louis Stevenson and has bequeathed to the archives thousands of manuscripts—a record of all the original music of the islands—which upon his death will be his gift to the people of Hawaii.

In contrast to the heated summer sunset viewed from the beach at Waikiki, Kapiolani Park, receding into its vistas of trees, offers an invitingly cool and restful retreat.

The pounding of the sea seems here but pulsations in a symphony of repose. The exultant shout of the surf-rider, poised forward on the wave, is mellowed to a musical note by distance. Darkening shadows lengthen. Tall ironwoods, like barriers to intrusion, quicken with the chirp and chatter of birds, and as the twilight deepens, sigh to the night breeze, scented with the fragrance of hidden water-lilies; while always in the background rise and dip the peaks and valleys of the mountain range growing more indistinct with the increasing brilliance of the evening star.



THE "LANAI" OF THE STEVENSON VILLA OVERLOOKING THE BEACH. IN ITS COMFORTABLE SHADE, FRIENDS DRIVING BY OFTEN RESTED FOR A SOCIABLE HOUR

To a few of those still living in the vicinity, such a twilight recalls the figure of Robert Louis Stevenson strolling across the park, accompanied by two or three of his most intimate friends—a slender, white-clad figure that, passing leisurely by conversing with his companions, or dropping apart from them to abandon himself for a moment to reflection, always disappeared into the shadowy distance.

"I dare say that I am the only one of those friends still living," said Judge Monsarrat, "who used to walk with Mr. Stevenson. He never went beyond the stone causeway which was afterward the terminus of the old horse-tram, but I am sure that had he been tempted to scale the heights of Tantalus, we should all have plodded on with him.

"It is difficult to define those rare qualities of character that not only attracted acquaintances but endeared Mr. Stevenson to his friends, and commanded for all time their ardent admiration and

affection. One felt always the power of his personality. His presence was an inspiration.

"He was a regular fellow, too, make no mistake about that; charmingly unaffected, and free from all constraint. To drop in on him at any time was to be assured the welcoming grip of his hand, a whisky and soda, and a cigarette. For my part, meeting him frequently at the King's boat-house and at Ainahau, I became very friendly with the writer, and spent many a pleasant hour with him at his home at Waikiki.

"The persuasions of his friends—especially of King Kalakaua—coupled with his own desire to make his home in the Hawaiian Islands, led Mr. Stevenson to approach me with regard to the purchase of my Honomalino Ranch in Kona, and after discussing the subject with me, he decided to make a flying trip to the island of Hawaii. He left on April 21st, taking letters of introduction to several of my friends, including D. H. Nahinu, Dis-



THE STEVENSONS ON THEIR "LANAI" AT WAIKIKI. STEVENSON, PENCIL IN HAND, IS LISTENING IN DETACHED SILENCE TO THE CHIT-CHAT OF HIS FAMILY; "MOTHER" STEVENSON IS WORKING ON A HAWAIIAN QUILT. LEFT TO RIGHT: STEVENSON, MR. LLOYD OSBOURNE, MRS. JOSEPH STRONG, MRS. R. L. STEVENSON, "MOTHER" STEVENSON

trict Magistrate for South Kona, at whose residence at Hookena, Mr. Stevenson had been invited to stay.

"I suggested the invitation be accepted, the house, not far from the landing, being cool and comfortable, and the village of Hookena one of the largest and yet most primitive of the native settlements on Hawaii."

The Kona district, sheltered alike from untempered heat and winds, has perhaps the most wonderful climate in the world, and the ranch, situated on the mountain slope and descending to the shore, with its house on a plateau surrounded by every known variety of tropical fruit tree, and the highlands hidden in forests of koa and ohia, is one of the most inspiring spots imaginable. In gentle serenity the early mornings in Kona unfold into a blue and green panorama of land and sea. The sound of the fisherman's conch shell, on the beach far below, rises clear through the stillness, and in the coffee season, the

slopes above seem like a crimson quilt spread over the landscape.

"The residence of the magistrate," said Judge Monsarratt, "was on one side of the landing, while the Honomalino Ranch is round the bend of the bay in the opposite direction, and to avoid the pali, or cliffs overhanging the open sea, a roundabout road made the distance not only doubly long, but difficult. For this reason, and because of the uncertain condition of his health, Mr. Stevenson decided against attempting the hardships of the journey, and ten days later he was back in Honolulu.

"He was not sorry to have made the trip to the island of Hawaii, where he had been imbued with fresh impressions, but he was sadly disappointed at the decadence of the natives, who, he said, had lost their identity and graceful, primitive charm. These islands, in short, had become too civilised for Robert Louis Stevenson.

"The transfer of the Honomalino Ranch was not effected, but I cannot



THE CLOSING CHAPTERS OF "THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE" WERE WRITTEN IN THIS COTTAGE. AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY IN ITS GROVE OF OLEANDERS



**THE "LANAI" AT SANS SOUCI: A SPACIOUS AL FRESCO SORT OF LOUNGE OR CLUB-ROOM WHERE OF AN AFTERNOON OR EVENING THE MOST EMINENT MEN OF THE CITY ASSEMBLED. IT WAS HERE THAT A COMMITTEE OF FELLOW-SCOTS MET STEVENSON**



**THE HOME IN HONOLULU OF THE REVEREND DR. HYDE, THE PERSON WHOM STEVENSON SAVAGELY EXCORIATED FOR CERTAIN DEFAMATORY UTTERANCES OF HIS CONCERNING FATHER DAMIEN'S RELATIONS WITH THE LEPERS AT MOLOKAI**

deny that I feel a glow of pride in the realisation that because of the trip a new story of the writer had been created. For he had met Keawe, a native of the village, whom I have always suspected of diverting the author's intention, because from the moment of their first interview, Mr. Stevenson, turning from the realities to the call of his rich imagination, spent his days in applying himself to his work, with the result that instead of returning to Honolulu with a description of my property, he arrived in the island capital ten days later with *The Bottle Imp* tucked away in his travelling-case."

There is, perhaps, no kamaaina\* living at present in Honolulu so suggestive of the past, nor so ready to recount reminiscences of the monarchy days as the Honourable F. H. Hayselden, who during the reign of His Majesty, King Kalakaua, was one of the Privy Counsellors of the realm. To those who frequent the roof-garden of one of the principal hotels in the city, his figure is familiar, seated with a group of congenial companions round a table where jest and laughter attract the attention of the passer-by, and where one often hears the following story told:

"When the inter-island steamer *Mokolii*, on which I had engaged passage from Lanai to Honolulu, stopped for an hour or so to take on stock at Kaunakakai, a port of call on the island of Molokai, I went ashore in the ship's boat with the captain, purser and chief engineer to visit Mr. Meyer, the superintendent of the leper settlement.

"Upon our arrival, our host produced refreshments, and I was, as usual, called upon for a story. I was about to begin, when I noticed the approach of an unusual man, who seated himself quietly on the veranda. I motioned to the others, who glanced at him through the doorway, but he was unfamiliar to us all. With a signal of approval from my host, I rose, and, approaching the

stranger, invited him to join us in the cottage. He was very striking in appearance, frail and white, and dressed in rough travelling clothes. But he responded cordially, and followed me into the room, where we lost no time in getting together.

"We found the stranger not only social but a brilliant conversationalist as well. He fascinated us with his delightful stories. I, myself, had been considered not unfavourably as a story-teller, but I was so impressed by his anecdotes and the manner of their delivery, the grace and simplicity of his diction, the strength and ardour of his action, the magnetism of his voice, that I was content to sit quietly and listen for as long a time as I was permitted to hear him.

"When, at the conclusion of the last story, our host proposed a drink, the visitor asked that he be permitted to try his hand at what he considered a fairly decent cocktail. As you may suppose, we approved the suggestion, our host inquiring about the ingredients.

"The first thing I should like,' replied the stranger, 'is some nice young cocoanuts.'

"Well, there weren't any in the house, nor in the yard, so I, for one, being set upon trying this new concoction, hunted up a native boy, and sent him post-haste down the coast a bit to a fine grove, where the milk of the green nuts was always sweet and cold.

"In an incredibly short time the boy returned breathless, with a bunch of cocoanuts slung over his shoulder, and he joined the rest of us as we gathered round to watch the preparation of the cocktail. Say—that was the finest drink I do believe I ever had! I don't recall every ingredient that was used, but I know there were sugar and lemons, and bitters and whisky and several other things as well. So we toasted our visitor right heartily, which was a great compliment to his skill, and congratulated him on his success.

"After that stories were again proposed, and once more I was called upon. So, drawing up my chair, I began to re-

\*An old resident of the islands.

count the one that the appearance of the stranger had interrupted:

"I was mate of the *Nancy Jane*, and we was a hunder and forty-five days out from Nantucket, and not a critter in the hold, when the foretop sings out:

"'Thar she blo-o-ows!

"Sez I to Cap'n Simons, 'Cap'n Simons,' sez I,—he was a-standin' on the poop-deck—'Cap'n Simons, there she blows; shall I lower, sir?'

"Sez he, 'Mr. Simons, it's a-blowin' most too pert fer to lower, and I don't see fittin' fer to lower.'

"And the foretop sings out:

"'Thar she blo-o-ows and breaches!

"And I sez, sez I, 'Thar she blows and breaches. Shall I lower, sir?'

"Sez Cap'n Simons, 'It's a-blowin' most too pert fer to lower, and I don't see fittin' fer to lower.'

"And the foretop sings out again:

"'Thar she blo-o-ows and breaches, and sperm at that!

"Sez I to Cap'n Simons, 'Thar she blows and breaches, and sperm at that; shall I lower, sir?'

"Sez Cap'n Simons, sez he, 'It's a-blowin' most too pert to lower, but lower and be damned to you!'

"And I put away the port boat, and I told the boys to put her over four seas more, and they put her over four seas more, when I fattened of my iron. When I towed that critter alongside the *Nancy Jane* Cap'n Simons was a-standin' on the poop-deck with tears in his eyes as big as sassers.

"Sez he, 'Mr. Simons, fer a-sighten of a luna and a-fatten' of yer iron yer the best mate I ever seen! Thar's pipes and tobacco in the port locker, likewise good New England rum. Mr. Simons, make yerself ter hum!'

"Sez I, 'Cap'n Simons, I don't want yer pipes and tobacco, likewise yer good New England rum. All's I want is common civility, and that thar of the gol-durndest-commonest kind!'

"As I raised my glass to my lips," said Hayselden, "I noticed that the visitor was leaning forward on the table,

his eyes, dancing with humour, fixed on me.

"'Where did you get that story, sir?' he inquired.

"I said, 'Well, I don't exactly know. But I think it was told last trip by the purser of a steamer that plies between here and San Francisco.'

"'That,' said the visitor thoughtfully, 'certainly is strange. You see, I myself conceived that story—a story that has not yet been published! But,' he continued, 'I must congratulate you. The yarn as you have told it is exactly as I myself have written it, save for a few embellishments that you have been clever enough to introduce!'

"At that I turned upon him demanding who he was, and after a moment, he answered:

"'I'm Stevenson.'

"'What Stevenson?'

"He answered very simply:

"'Robert Louis.'

"At that I was so confounded that, springing from my chair, I impulsively thrust forth my hand.

"'Shake, sir!' I said fervently. 'I'm Hayselden.'

"And we shook hands long and earnestly.

"That was my introduction to a man who, though unknown to me, I had learned to love and revere, whose imagination had transported me with pleasure; whose philosophy had been my solace and encouragement. Thus I came to know him face to face in a little shack on Molokai, the memory of which has remained with me through the years.

"He was returning to Honolulu after a visit to the leper settlement; where for three weeks he had lived with Father Damien, and we spoke of the man and of the nobility of his renunciation. Mr. Stevenson told me that, wishing to see for himself the condition of the lepers and to prove the truth of all he had heard of the work of Father Damien, he had come to Molokai.

"It was the memory of that which he had seen during his sojourn at Kalau-papa—an isolated spot, condemned and

shut off from the world by inaccessible mountains and precipitous cliffs—the memory of barren wastes made fertile, of cultivated fields, of flowering gardens, of snug cottages for the comfort and privacy of families, built by the priest with hammer and saw beside his people whom he loved, of the sanitation and purity of lives redeemed by the priest from squalor, filth and degradation,—it was the memory of all this that surged up in Stevenson a few years later when, his manhood groaning aloud at the injustice and ingratitude indicated by the criticism of Father Damien by Dr. Hyde, the writer was moved to pen the most brilliant invective the world has ever read.

“For everyone loved Father Damien. I knew and loved him, too, and many a night have I shared with him the shelter of his humble cottage. He was always attended by his boys. Wherever he moved they followed him. But this I can readily understand, for one would lose all fear of leprosy in merely being near him.

“After our return to Honolulu it was my pleasure and privilege to meet Mr. Stevenson as the guest of His Majesty, the King. In those days when royalty wished to confer an honour on any distinguished visitor to his shores the members of his cabinet were notified by the Under Secretary, whose order, ‘Be at the boat-house at three o’clock,’ constituted a royal command, and shortly after my arrival an afternoon was given in honour of Robert Louis Stevenson.

“These stag parties were always very gay and interesting. The gentlemen usually played at cards; there was singing, and often there were exhibitions of the genuine ancient dances of the islands by those selected for their skill. One feature of these entertainments is particularly worthy of remark. It was understood by every ‘kamaaina’ that when during the afternoon his name was chanted in the accompaniment to the dance a response in the form of a small

contribution was expected, an indulgence which I believe the King permitted the musicians and the old shakers of gourds.

“At the party given for Mr. Stevenson, the name of Colonel Parker was sung. I happened to be standing near him at the time, His Majesty, Mr. Stevenson and two other gentlemen being seated at an adjoining table.

“When Colonel Parker heard his name, he laid down his cards, a gleam of mischief lighting his face. Then, instead of waiting for the old retainer to pass with a calabash to receive his contribution, he rose suddenly, and, sweeping the chips from every table, including that of the King, he threw them at the feet of the entertainers, the banker later redeeming them amid a storm of applause.”

For several weeks preceding his departure from Honolulu, the novelist applied himself with feverish energy to the completion of *The Master of Ballanttrae*, the final installment of which his publishers awaited. The yacht *Casco* had returned to San Francisco, and on the arrival of the *Equator*, an American trading schooner en route to the Gilbert Islands, passage was engaged for the party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, Mrs. Joseph Strong, her son, Austin Strong, and her brother, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, in whose honour farewell occasions were given by the friends of the writer and his family.

On June 24th the schooner set sail with the Royal Hawaiian Band in attendance, and a crowd assembled on the dock to witness her departure. Among those who contributed to the burden of leis\* draped about the shoulders of the author and his family, was His Majesty, King Kalakaua, the parting gifts that were put into their cabins including the model of a schooner with silken sails bearing the inscription:

“May the Winds and Waves be Favourable.”

\*Strings of fragrant flowers which the Hawaiians offer departing friends.

(To be concluded.)



## ECHOES

### I. CHARLES LAMB ON THE CROWN PRINCE

"THE dynasty of letters," said my whimsical friend as we exhausted some cigarettes together in a snug fireside corner of the club (it was the intimate heart-unburdening hour of midnight when one is nearest to the world of ghosts), "the dynasty of letters alone survives every shock of circumstance and the wild energy of political blizzards. Why; the old books are newer now than ever; they blaze with penetrating comment upon this present year of grace in Europe; they disinter as not even the Foreign Office can from all the vastness of its archives the true and indisputable origins of Prussia and her Will-to-War. There is a picture on yonder side of the room of dear old Elia who wrote with a pen dipped in April shower and shine, so divine an alchemist he, mixing tears and laughter in his bright phials.

"Give a glance at his rainbow-arched pages"—he turned in his chair and pulled out a volume of the Essays from a reference library at his elbow, found the page where beginneth the immortal dissertation upon roast pig,—“and what are the portraits enfolded there? The dim lineaments of forgotten worthies like Thomas Tame walking in common thoroughfares with aristocratic stoop of shoulder, as might a man who lives under the majestic dome of St. Paul's. He's with us still; I meet him in the club every day, but it's not of him, nor of his gentle kindred, that I'm thinking. Here, I tell you, in this evangel of 'crackling,' this rhapsody over the luscious joy of eating roast pork, is a life-like portrait of the present Crown Prince of Prussia. Elia might have been a prophet for the exactness of his psychological drawing of the explosive living of that gentleman, the Outcast of Verdun.”

"Do you mean it?" I exclaimed, "you could never expect me to turn to Charles

Lamb to find the visage that wanted to frame itself within the immortal walls of Verdun and failed. But fiction is stranger than truth at times.”

"Let's read," he said, jerking out his monosyllables with a suspicion of impatience, as master to a backward scholar, "and see." I did not discover until he had rolled out sonorously a few paragraphs, with an excited voice that seemed to suggest the delight of a eureka at every other sentence, that he was editing and revising dear old Elia. I suppose his purpose was to show me that, as someone quaintly puts it, great literature is written in invisible ink and can only be deciphered by holding it to the fire. Gracious! this world-fire is big enough to bring out every subtle line of significance. He went on reading.

"Mankind, says a Prussian manuscript, which my friend General Bernhardt was obliging enough to expound to me, for the first few centuries of European history ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Wilhelmstrasse to this day if an Englishman draws nigh. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confusionmongers (by which they mean their daily press) in the second chapter of the Mundane Mutations, where war is designated as a kind of golden age by the term Chew-treaty, literally the Cooks' Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting or being roasted was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swineherd, Ho-hi, which is according to the best scholars an abbreviation of Hohenzollern, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his palace (for kingly swine-herds dwelt in regal state in sumptuous mansions) in the care of his eldest son Boo-by, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as youngers of his

descent commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their palace, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the mansion, what was of more importance in the shaping of the destinies of Europe, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished, Boo-by not being among them.

"Boo-by was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the residence, which his father and he could easily build up again by enslaving the peasants, as for the sake of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burned cottage—he had often burned one down before to impress a village by his princely chivalry; and much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burned his fingers, as sometimes in playing the statesman, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known Armageddon) he tasted—*War*. Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelled so, and the pig that tasted so deliciously; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next to it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly and bellicose fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters,

armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young reveller's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Boo-by heeded not any more than if they had been treaties. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! Do come and taste how nice the burned pig eats."

"The ears of Ho-hi tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burned pig."

"Boo-by, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-hi, still shouting out, 'Eat, eat, eat the burned pig, father, only taste—O Odin!'—with such-like Prussian ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke."

"Ho-hi trembled every joint in his shining armour while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural firebrand, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly set down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the mess, for you must know that

Prussia has the biggest appetite in Europe to this day.

"Boo-by was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, in order that clandestine preparations might be made for the wholesale burning down of Europe to provide food for the royal table of the Hohenzollerns. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-hi burned down cottages from this time not simply in his own domains but in other lands, notably in Allsacked Lorraine, fair provinces. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, in despite of solemn covenant, and others in the night-time. Ho-hi himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, when he called out in the parliament-house of Prussia: 'More fires, still more fires, give us a Gehenna blaze!', seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial in Berlin, of royal blood though they were; evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burned pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Boo-by and his father had done before them, and nature prompting them to the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had given—to the surprise of the whole, court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

"The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision: and when the court was dismissed, went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town-house was seen to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was

nothing to be seen but fires in every direction, all along the horizon of Belgium and adown the borders of France and in the remoter regions of Europe. It was one vast cauldron of flame that the world looked out upon and the Continent resembled a gridiron, while the Hohenzollerns caroused on the blood of their victims, their taste having, in a demoniacal zeal and energy, turned from pigs—so the manuscript makes record—to living flesh."

The residue had come to our fireside from every corner of the club, attracted, no doubt, by the jubilant irony in the voice of my friend as he rolled out his periods. Finishing his recital, he turned and saw the audience which so silently had foregathered. "Didn't I tell you! Isn't it there written to the life, or perhaps I should say, to the death? Bravo, Charles Lamb, thou knewest the origins of war, thou foresawest the character of that young man whose gluttonous torch has been brandished in the face of civilisation these two years and more, but like this fire it is dying out, quickly burning to the last ash, and Europe shall have the peace of desolation, the abomination of desolation, all for thy devil's surfeiting!" My friend is right, I verily believe; there is something omnipotently new in the old letters.

*Sydney Walton.*

## II. THE PROFESSOR AND THE GARDEN

The Professor was under tremendous responsibility. The war could not be won without soldiers; soldiers could not fight without enough to eat; there would not be enough to eat without increased production; there could not be increased production unless the vacant spaces were all utilised; he had a vacant space. The logic of it was perfectly plain. He went out one evening in early May to see the vacant space—it was 50 x 150, in the suburbs, two and a half miles from home—and after a few moments' contemplation of its soddy expanse determined to do his bit. It made him feel better right away, to think that at last

he was going to do something actually real, practical, vital, red-blooded, significant, modern, recognised, approved, unquestioned, useful, like other people. Perhaps you can tell from this what subject he taught.

In his enthusiasm the Professor engaged the first ploughman he could find. It happened to be a drayman, converted to temporary rusticity by the prospect of sudden wealth. Here began the Professor's experience with war profiteering. The drayman borrowed an ancient plough, wrecked half the ground, and gave up. He spent a week borrowing another plough, and wrecked still more awfully what was left. The Professor wheeled out to inspect, and was horrified. The place was volcanic, with cavernous unturned spots and titanic up-ended clods. The drayman said, What could you expect of sod? He would make it look better, however. He spent another week borrowing a drag, and with it succeeded in making the two parts of the wreck look homogeneous. He charged for time, labour, expertness, and mental anguish, for himself, team, tools, and the neighbours of whom he had borrowed; the bill was at the rate of \$21.78 per acre.

The Professor knew very well that this was at the very least ten times too much: but he could not see his way to mortgage his crop to fight the case. He paid as cheerfully as he could, and set to and ploughed the lot all over again with his hoe, with what in hopeful moments he thought was a visible effect for the better. In the meantime, his neighbours had their crops in, and were covertly smiling at the Professor's embarrassments.

Then he had another bad match. The Professor of Economics, who had been holding for him a half bushel of Bathsheba Beauties and a half bushel of Early Urbans, had taken alarm at the Professor's long waiting, and at the prospect of being left with such a large investment in perishables on his hands, and sold them to somebody else. The Professor was disappointed, but blamed him-

self. What else ought he to have expected of a person whose whole life long had been spent in close intimacy with statistics? He went to the grocer.

"Got any Bathsheba Beauties?" he asked. Being a farmer now, of course he couldn't say, "Have you."

The grocer reflected. He said: "Le's see; they're a pear, ain't they?"

The Professor smiled, and said: "No; potatoes."

"Never heard of 'em," said the grocer.

"Nor any Early Urban?" asked the Professor.

The grocer shook his head again. "Where'd you get them names?" he said.

"Why, one of my friends recommended them," the Professor answered.

The grocer sniffed. "I'll bet it was one o' them perfessers," he said. "They're never satisfied without they're doin' somethin' fancy. It'll be a great lot o' gardens *they'll* make." He laughed. "One of 'em was in here the other day after a dollar's worth o' lettuce and reddish seed. Said he was goin' to plant two hunderd and fifty feet o' both. I *told* him he was goin' in too heavy with that kind o' stuff, and what *he* wanted was more roots—potatoes and beggies and things. But you couldn't tell *him* nothin'. You can't none of 'em."

"Well," said the Professor, without revealing his identity, and secretly pleased that the marks of his profession were not more indelible, "what *have* you got that'll make good seed potatoes?"

"Aw!" said the grocer, "it don't make no difference what you plant, 's long 's they're decent lookin' potatoes to start with. Potatoes is potatoes; that's all they is to it. We got three or *four* different kinds down cellar. All of 'em 's good."

"What are they?" the Professor asked.

The grocer scratched his head. "Well," he answered, after a moment's hard thought, "they 's some *Rural New Yorkers*—and some *Peerless*—and some *Early Richmonds*: I guess that's what they call 'em. No, 't ain't neither; the

*Early Richmond* 's a cherry. But what do you care? Any of 'em 'll be all right, 's long 's they look decent."

The Professor found it a distinct novelty to hear the Science of Agriculture treated in this way. Somehow it raised his spirits. "Got any *Wheeler and Wilson*?" he asked. This was the sewing-machine his mother used to make his shirts on.

The grocer promptly said: "No, just sold the last yesterday; expect some more in the last o' the week."

The Professor smiled. "Well," he said at last, "I'll take a bushel of the *Rural New Yorkers*." He thought they ought to be good. The name made him think of potatoes that were long and smooth.

On the pavement in front of the store, as they went out, the Professor picked up a big potato. He counted twelve eyes in it, and gave it to his son to carry. He did not realise at first what he had done; he was so occupied in calculating for the open-eyed little boy how many big potatoes this one big potato would bring them. But when all of a sudden the thought struck him that the specimen itself was probably worth its weight in coal, and he further realised the potential dimensions of the theft in terms of the garden product just calculated, he took the potato from the hand of the little boy, to his wonder and disappointment, and put it back where he had found it. He wasn't going to initiate his gardening enterprise with crime—at least, not a crime of that magnitude. He went on with lightened conscience, utilising the incident for the moral instruction of his companion.

"Supposing," he said, "supposing everybody were to pick up everything he found lying loose; what would be the logical conclusion? Did you ever stop to think what would happen?"

The little boy did not stop to think. Neither did the Professor. The victims of the logical conclusion never do stop to think. They just adumbrate. The Professor and the little boy just adumbrated. Horrors!

When they got to the garden, his neighbour on the left was just putting in a few last rows. The Professor saw at once that he was in the presence of Scientific Method. His neighbour pounded up all the lumps, raked the sods away, leaving a fine, smooth, regular surface, and then stretched a string, got out a rule, and planted one hill exactly every eighteen inches, covering the seed with exactly four inches of soil in a very carefully made hole. Some of the potatoes he had put in weeks ago were already appearing. The rows were painfully straight. They reminded the Professor of a file of soldiers.

It suggested Prussianism. He turned his back in disgust; he understood now why his dislike had been instinctive. None of your strings and rules for him! He would muddle through in the good old fashion. He went and cut up a basketful of potatoes for the little boy, seized his hoe, sighted by a fence post at the other end of the lot, and chopped places for the hills down and back, instructing his helper to follow and drop two pieces of seed in each place. When he got the two rows done, he straightened up and looked at them. They reeled to and fro, and staggered like a drunken man, and there were clods all over the place. He looked at his neighbour's patch, and then again at his own. As between them, he knew which he would choose; but he could not help wishing his rows were just a trifle less crooked. He drew on the future: he hoped the luxurious growth of the vines would obscure the geometrical defect, and he was inclined to think that when he got to the small vegetables, for which he was reserving a strip, he would make some concession to law and order.

When the last row had been finished, they sat down. The little boy's back ached, he said. The Professor went over to his coat and drew out a little bag of cookies. He got his reward in shining smiles of surprise and a most genuine "Thank you, papa." They were both wholesomely tired, but full of satisfaction, and just right for the optimistic

mood. The Professor began to calculate. "Now let's figure up," he said. "We've got 11 rows, and every row's got 48 hills. Eleven times 48 is 528; 528 hills with two pieces of seed averaging two stalks to a piece. Supposing there are three potatoes to a stalk; that means 12 potatoes in a hill. If it's a fair season at least eight of them ought to be good big ones. Allow 100 to a bushel, and we get a bushel for every 12 hills. 528 divided by 12 makes 44. Forty-four bushels; let's see, how many would that be an acre?"

The Professor found a smooth place, and figured in the dirt. "That would be 479.16 bushels an acre," he said. He smiled. "I guess we'll have to dress that down a little," he said. He reflected. "Let's be safe, and make it 25 bushels." And if they were worth as much in the fall as now, why, there was \$87.50; that is, 15% on his real estate investment: counting in the small vegetables, call it 20%. Of course he based this calculation on what he had paid for the lot, not on what he valued it at in public. He felt very well satisfied until he happened to think that he had no transportation. He began to worry about getting the crop home. He might have to employ the drayman again, and in that case he saw the drayman finally in possession of the potatoes, and himself left with nothing but his trouble and patriotic conscience; especially if potatoes went down, as every pessimist said they surely would, with such a crop. The thought that, after all, somebody might steal them—the morning paper had spoken of a thousand dollars' worth of garden stuff stolen, even last year—came almost as a relief.

In due time the potatoes, and the little sleepers in the beds beside them, turned back their coverlets of soft earth and looked up awake to the world. The potato rows were crooked, to be sure, but the Professor *camouflaged*, and called them "charmingly irregular." The evenings lengthened, the weather grew warmer, the rain was right, the garden flourished and cried aloud. After the

first hoeing, the soil was mellow and easy to work. He began to reap his reward. He came out for a couple of hours at the close of each day, dressed in rags and with the little boy at his side. The evening breezes and sounds, the wholesome feeling of warmth and perspiration, the odour of sweat-stained clothes, the feeling and the smell of moist earth, and, above all, the gladness of growing things, combined to give him keener pleasure than he had supposed would ever be his again. Especially the dirt. The dirt was *so* mellow and *so* wholesome as he stirred it, that it seemed calling, calling, calling him to lie down in it. He thought of the rolling of horses let out to pasture.

And then there was the little boy beside him. The little boy never knew, and never will know, until he has a garden and a little boy of his own, what was in his father's mind and heart as they loosened the sweet earth and fondled the hills of potatoes. The Professor lost himself in memories. He looked back down the long road to where the vista became obscure. He saw, enveloped in the soft mists of sentiment, a white house with green blinds, and a red barn and an orchard, and a potato patch. He saw his grey-haired old father with the hoe, and the Little Boy at his side. He saw the Little Boy working the dirt fine and pulling it up around the plants, with an eye on his father's hills to see how *he* did it. He saw the Little Boy straighten up, with one hand on the hoe and the other on his back. He knew the posture and the feeling. He saw the father look at the Little Boy's hills, and heard him say: "You're doin' it first class. I declare, I couldn't do it better myself. Be sure to make 'em all nice and round and full, just like that." He saw the Little Boy go to work with renewed vigour under the stimulus of the kindly praise. He saw him get ahead of his father, and heard the father say: "My! how you do put me through. It's all I can do to keep up with you." He saw the Little Boy hoe harder than ever, until he got

to the end of the row, and then run down to the old spring under the maple in the lane for a cool drink.

The Professor forgot everything in imaginations of this kind, until he heard the little boy at *his* side say: "My back aches," and saw him straighten up in the old familiar way.

"That's just the way my back used to ache," the Professor said. He looked at the little boy's hills. "You're doing it first class," he said. "I declare! I couldn't do it better myself. Be sure to make 'em all nice and round and full, just like that."

The little boy's hoe went livelier. He got ahead of the Professor. "My!" said the Professor, "how you do put me through. It's all I can do to keep up with you." And then the little boy worked harder than ever, until he got to the end of the row. "I'm thirsty," he said.

Alas! there was no cool spring down the lane for him to go to. "Well, keep it up another row or so, and by that time we'll be going home," was all the Professor could say.

Sometimes he was elevated to the lyric mood. He even thought of a possible poem. One evening especially, when he was alone, and when the charm of a just rising full moon was added to that of soil in an ideal state, it seemed to the Professor as if his hoe were trying to say something. It was almost vocal. He listened and listened, and at last caught the words, at least imperfectly. It was a rusty, melancholy old hoe, with a forgotten history, but that evening it was really vivacious. This is what it seemed to say:

Oh, it's hoe, hoe, hoe!  
Hear the scrunching and the crunching of the hoe,  
While the beans and onions grow,  
And the dew is falling, falling,  
And the melon vines are sprawling,  
And the cutworms are a-crawling,  
And the cabbages and turnips and the beets  
and the potatoes  
Are a-racing with the carrots and the bagas  
and tomatoes;

Oh, it's hoe, hoe, hoe!  
In the garden by the mellow evening glow,  
Golden glow!  
Of the big full moon  
In the lovely month of June.  
Oh, to hoe, hoe, hoe!  
It's the biggest fun I know.  
The scrunching and the munching and the  
crunching of the hoe!

It was not entirely satisfactory, of course. Not that the Professor did not like the poetry itself: that was all right; only he was afraid people might think it showed the influence of Kipling or Poe or Markham or Whitman or some of them. He tried to catch the hoe singing in a different metre. Sure enough, after a while it began:

Sing a song of gardens,  
Of green things a-growing;  
Of radishes and lettuce  
And a happy man a-hoeing!  
The garden she's a liner,  
And the hoe is all she needs—

Still worse! Everybody would think of Mother Goose, and it seemed impossible to keep Kipling out. Queer, anyway, thought the Professor, that anybody should like poetry so well, and come so near to it, and yet not be able to make it.

Just then he heard his neighbour to the south say something. It sounded very much like:

Damn it!  
How the mosquitoes do bite  
To-night!

The Professor was surprised. This was the first he had known of his neighbour's being a *vers libriste*. He had a sudden idea. If poetry of the ordinary sort would not express his feelings, perhaps free verse could be made to. He finished the carrots and went over to look at the onions. The onions, hardly visible in that light, were so small and delicate they had not yet got their tips free from the ground; they were little, crinkled, bowed-over prisoners to the light earthen crust. Some, he could tell from the spaces, had not yet been able to get

through at all. The Professor bent over them, all sympathy. They started his emotions.

Before he knew it, the thing was done. A lyric conception, as the Autocrat has it, hit him like a bullet in the forehead. He had the blood drop from his cheeks when it struck, and felt that he turned as white as death. Then came "a creeping as of centipedes running down the spine,—then a gasp and a great jump of the heart,—then a sudden flush and a beating in the vessels of the head, then a long sigh,—and the poem was written. He had only to copy it later:

Pew!  
O you  
Little onion!  
Bowed down and oppressed  
By your earthy covering,  
Striving in vain  
To lift your little tip into the air and  
Realise yourself!

Little onion!  
You  
Are like a new idea  
Striving to reach the light,  
But unable to pierce the tough crust of  
Tyrannical tradition!

Never mind,  
Little onion!  
Some day the dirty old crust will crack,  
Or we will everlastingly smash it!  
You will be set free!  
You will hold your head high!  
You will grow!  
In due time  
You will raise as big a  
Smell  
In the world  
As other ideas long oppressed  
Have raised before.

Pew!  
Little onion!

The Professor was modest. He hardly dared hope that his effort would elevate him to a place beside the immortals among *vers libristes*. Still, who could tell? It seemed to him to have every-

thing about it that free verse had, except, possibly, colour; and you could not expect much by way of colour from an onion bed by moonlight. And then if it did not have colour, it had smell, which was just as good, and not nearly so hackneyed. If smell was not to be on equal footing with the other senses, what was the meaning of democracy? If the *vers libristes* were not going to free smell from the trammels of tradition, where was their boasted championship of freedom? No colour, if the truth were known, had ever drawn tears to equal the effluvium of an onion. And as for form, the Professor had seen plenty of free verse that was not as free as his.

He walked home that night. The moon went under a bank of clouds, the warmth grew richer and richer, he smelled clover in blossom.

The rains were just right that summer. It was well for the Professor that they were. He watched the weather as never before. He saw and felt everything according to the relation it bore the garden. One or two threats of drought were acute in their effect on him; he felt his tongue begin to parch. Keeping a garden was like being married and having children. "A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse," said the Singer of the Song of Songs. They were not far apart. The Singer's figure contemplated chiefly the spouse, the Professor's the garden. A garden multiplied joys, and it multiplied anxieties. Heat and cold, thirst and fever and chills, drownings, exposure, contagion, perversion, kidnapping, bugs, worms, lice, birth, illness, nursing, death, deformity, disappointment—all the ills of the householder were repeated for the husbandman.

The Professor did everything that care could do, and did it with his own hands. He would not hear of horse and cultivator, or even of the hand machines the hardware stores were getting rich from. He wished now that he had spaded the lot instead of having it ploughed. He was almost unwilling to let the little boy help him. He picked the bugs by hand.



Kindly neighbours suggested that Paris green was easier. He did not want the potatoes to have Paris green; he wanted them to have himself. He hoed them time after time when it was not really necessary.

They showed it. The Professor met the grey-haired old Dean of Agriculture. "Now, you see," said the Dean, "you are getting the same sort of results that personal care always brings in the case of horses and cattle. Plants respond the same as animals." That made the potato patch even more personal than before. The Professor almost thought he saw the vines lifting their heads at his coming. He could not leave them. On returning from a necessary absence, he was sure they were drooping. He caressed them, and talked to them. People wondered at him—and they wondered at the garden, too. Such tall potato tops there never were, the cucumbers capered for joy, the carrots actually split themselves, they grew so boisterously. The garden was happy, and the Professor was happy.

"Their soul shall be as a watered garden," said Isaiah. That is the way *his* soul was. His only grief was that the household could not keep pace with the garden's growth. They had three kinds of vegetables on the table every day, of a quality never approached. It came near to going hard with the Professor's health. His sense of justice compelled him to partake of all, and of all equally; it seemed as if the carrots reddened with displeasure when he helped himself to the string beans and passed them by. He felt obliged to eat even cucumbers, and found, to his surprise, that they agreed with him.

Yes, of course, he kept an account with the garden. Would you like to see it? Very well; here it is:

THE PROFESSOR  
in account with  
THE GARDEN

DR.	
To implements .....	\$ .50
ploughing .....	3.00
seed .....	4.00
interest .....	48.00
labour .....	donated
<hr/>	
Total.....	\$ 55.50
CR.	
By potatoes .....	\$ 50.00
truck .....	13.45
education .....	10.00
health .....	45.00
satisfaction .....	500.00
<hr/>	
Total.....	\$618.45
	55.50
	<hr/>
	\$562.95

You see that the Professor donated his labour and allowed himself a good, round price for his potatoes. Surely a professor, who belongs to no union except the American Association of University Discussers, may charge as little for his time as he pleases: and, as for the price of potatoes, when you raise them for yourself they are like any other property not for sale: they are worth what you think they are worth. The Professor would no more have sold his potatoes to a grocer than he would have sold a pet pig to the butcher. And besides, if he made the figure on his potatoes high, it was more than balanced by the ridiculously low estimate for health, the education of the little boy, and personal satisfaction.

As for patriotic satisfaction, the Professor did not attempt to estimate. No one ever sets a price on that.

*Grant Showerman.*

## "WHEELS AND PINIONS"

BY BLANCHE COLTON WILLIAMS

NOT infrequently when critics are gathered together the question arises, "On what does the secret of success in story writing depend?"

Among their answers perhaps these are outstanding:

"Suggestion." . . .

"Selection of detail." . . .

"A feeling for climax." . . .

"A vital spark which fuses the elements into semblance of life." . . .

"An unselfish interest in humanity." . . .

And there is, quite possibly, a relative of Mr. Mantalini who smiles in superior fashion, effectually shunting interest to some other topic, as he declares in favour of the "dem'd total."

Not infrequently when readers gathered together drop into discussion of a particular story, some one springs the question, "Why did you like it?"

Jonathan, let us say, may answer, "Oh, I don't know; I just liked it." But he may go further and praise the quick movement, "It clipped along at such a lively rate." Comment of this nature one hears often since the motion picture has achieved wide popularity, and he who sees cannot but note the "speeding up" or acceleration here, with a corresponding "slowing down" or retardation elsewhere.

Katherine may add, "It's well balanced, too"; Polly may declare in favour of suspense, and Gregory may comment on the remarkable use of coincidence.

"I wouldn't have believed it in real life," he may add, "but somehow it seemed all right in Richard Harding Davis's story."

If the members of the group have, as a whole, received the story unfavourably, they will appraise it in similar fashion:

"Too slow for me."

"That business about the girl from home happening along just after her

lover had been sent to the hospital seemed to me a little fishy, you know."

"There's no suspense."

"I didn't care a thing about the hero. Fact is, I liked the villain better."

"Tedious."

"Falls flat." . . .

Simple and indeterminate as such comments are, each has its value for the writer. If a story is too slow, the tempo may need accelerating or the suspense may need tightening; if it is tedious the author has not sufficiently allowed for the reader's part in creating, or in reading between the lines—in brief, he has failed in suggestion; if interest in the supposedly leading man is lacking, that man is a wooden puppet, not a hero of good red blood. If coincidence is unconvincing, the author has not buttressed his story architecturally; if balance is in the lurch he has not rightly proportioned his parts. If the end falls flat, then the climax insufficiently satisfies the feeling of expectancy produced by antecedent preparation. Again, it may be that the narrative is unleavened by humour.

Although it is undoubtedly true that the more artistic the author the more readily will he adhere unconsciously to the laws of proportion, keep the right gait, hold the reader suspended, and arrange for a convincing coincidence, it is likewise true that by study of weakness in any one of these respects an author may correct, in some measure, his deficiency. A first divergence between the artistic mind and the mathematical is, in the words of Gilbert Chesterton, "that the former sees things as they are in a picture, some nearer and larger, some smaller and farther away; while to the mathematical mind everything in a million, every fact in a cosmos must be of equal value. That is why mathematicians go mad, and poets scarcely

ever do. A man may have as wide a view of life as he likes, the wider the better; a distant view, a bird's-eye view, but still a view and not a map. The one thing he cannot attempt in his version of the universe is to draw things to scale."

From the very nature of the story or drama, certain passages must be elaborated; others must be repressed. Upon the author's skill in subdual and elevation of detail will depend largely the gripping power of the finished play or narrative. In the drama the playwright must study to put before the spectators the scenes they will demand to see; he represents by a statement on the programme a lapse of time which is comparatively unimportant, and summarises by the dialogue of his characters whatever information is necessary to bridge the gaps. It is not otherwise with the story writer. He must select for presentation the right material out of all at his command, and he must work to achieve the correct adjustment of parts. The longer the period of time, the greater the need for proper distribution of what will appear on stage and off stage, and of careful proportion. Katherine Fullerton Gerould, who not seldom in her work evinces interest in technique, says, "This story ['On the Staircase'] has almost the gait of history. I have to sum up decades in a phrase. It is really the span of one man's whole life that I am covering, you see. But have patience with me while I skim the intervening voids, and hover meticulously over the vivid patches of detail." This statement connotes the recognition of stage values and of proper relation of parts. To give the reader what concerns him not nor interests him is wasteful; not to give him all he needs is mystifying and confusing. Analysis of any recognised classic which is undoubtedly excellent in proportion may be to the mathematically inclined writer a helpful revelation. For example, if he chooses "The Necklace" he will find in the approximate three thousand words covering, let us say, not quite twelve

pages, that two pages are required for the purposes of introduction, with emphasis on the character of Madame Loisel; seven pages for the events of some days; a single page for the summary of ten years; one and a half pages for the scene of a few minutes one afternoon. This summary at once elevates the chief incident, with the attendant preparation and aftermath. If the time of the entire action is brief, as that of Arthur Morrison's "On the Stairs," the scale is smaller, and the problem becomes one rather of selection among minute details. But whether his range be microscopic or telescopic, the individual author's manner of covering it testifies to his sense of proportion. Henry James, to indicate the real failure of that splendid duffer, Morgan Mallowe in "The Tree of Knowledge," says of the various specimens of the Master's genius, "They were of dimensions not customary in the products of the chisel and had the singularity that, if the objects and features intended to be small looked too large, the objects and features intended to be large looked too small . . . 'scale' had so strayed and lost itself that the public square and the chimney piece seemed to have changed places, the monumental being all diminutive and the diminutive all monumental." Such reciprocal discrepancy mars many a short story.

Selection both of material to be presented and manner by which it is presented intimately associate themselves with the writer's power of suggestion. Suggestion primarily means a saving to the reader of energy required to grasp or visualise an object or act, and a consequent pleasure in the visualisation. When Kipling says that Harvey, of *Captains Courageous*, saw a long line of portholes flash past, he calls up the comparative height and length of the ocean liner, as well as its rapidity, in a way to dazzle the reader and to compel the critic's admiration for his lean economy. Too much reliance on suggestion may result in a charge of haziness or unclearness. Occasionally, in

requiring an interpreter, Kipling fails for a general audience. When, for example, "Mary Postgate," the last story in the volume *A Diversity of Creatures*, first appeared in *The Century*, I recall seeing in the Sunday magazine of a New York daily a letter from a reader who could not understand why the wounded and dying aviator spoke French! Some one answered, saying, if I recall aright, that it was sun clear to a Kipling fan that the aviator fumbled his French because he was German, and that the author by the fumbling rather than by a statement conveyed that the German hoped to deceive Mary. Obviously, the bewildered reader had missed an essential point of the story.

Suggestion by its reliance upon antecedent experience, as well as upon intellect, may operate so as to please one reader and leave another cold. From the point of view of Frau Ebermann, in "Swept and Garnished," Kipling says, "If it pleased our dear God to take her to himself, and she was not so young as she had been—there was that plate of the four lower ones in the blue tooth-glass, for instance . . ." etc. To my mind came the picture of an old lady long since dead, who kept her false teeth carefully in a cut-glass basin of water what time she wore them not; and with the flash enough tags of childhood memories to fill a page. But a number of young women students, though understanding the sentence, took no great pleasure in it. . . . They had not seen a "lower plate" in a glass of water.

At its best, however, suggestion operates to secure effective emotional reaction. In "Mary Postgate," for example, occurs an episode of bomb-dropping. After the explosion, Mary and Nurse Eden heard "a child's shriek, dying into a wail. . . . Nurse Eden snatched up a sheet drying before the fire, ran out, lifted something from the ground, and flung the sheet round it. The sheet turned scarlet, and half her uniform, too, as she bore the load into the kitchen. It was little Edna Gerritt,

aged nine, whom Mary had known since her perambulator days.

"'Am I hurted bad?' Edna asked, and died between Nurse Eden's dripping hands. The sheet fell aside, and for an instant, before she could shut her eyes, Mary saw the ripped and shredded body." Here, in a hundred words the author has presented a picture, or rather through employment of restraint and suggestion has forced upon the reader the creation of a picture, which acts directly upon the emotions. It is the same distinguishing mark which revealed itself in his earlier stories; as, for example, in "Beyond the Pale." Bisesa held out her arms into the moonlight. Both hands had been cut off at the wrists, and the stumps were nearly healed." Even Poe could not have resisted the temptation to describe those mutilated arms. Kipling worked more artistically in handing over the task to every reader for himself.

Not many writers have the power of the man from Bombay to suggest a complete picture to the reader. But every writer can acquire economy. Gouverneur Morris wrote in the *Metropolitan*, August, 1916, of Richard Harding Davis, . . . "It was owing to his incomparable energy and Job-like patience that he ever gave us any fiction at all. Every phrase in his fiction was, of all the myriad phrases he could think of, the fittest in his relentless judgment to survive. Phrases, paragraphs, pages, whole stories even, were written over and over again. He worked upon a principle of elimination. If he wished to describe an automobile turning in at a gate, he made first a long and elaborate description from which there was omitted no detail which the most observant pair of eyes in Christendom had ever noted with reference to just such a turning. Thereupon he would begin a process of omitting one by one those details which he had been at such pains to recall; and after each omission he would ask himself, 'Does the picture remain?' If it did not, he restored the detail which he had just omitted, and experimented with

the sacrifice of some other, and so on, and so on, until after Herculean labour there remained for the reader one of those swiftly flashed ice-clear pictures (complete in every detail) with which his tales and romances are so delightfully and continuously adorned." So one can imagine his achieving by the process of elimination such passages as: "Slowly forcing its way through the mass of people came a huge touring car, its two blazing eyes sending before it great shafts of light." . . . "Full in his face, through the break he had made, swept a hot wave of burning cinders. Through the broken panel he saw the hall choked with smoke, the steps of the staircase and the stair-rails wrapped in flame." And these two passages I came upon in half a minute after opening *The Man Who Could Not Lose* at the story of "The Lost House."

Tempo, or rate of movement, is independent of proportion in its distinctive phases, such as the larger groups of matter, since obviously the tempo may be accelerated or retarded and the proportion remain unchanged. But the selection in minor details has a direct bearing upon narrative gait. Miss Fannie Hurst writes the most rapid tempo, in general, to be found in present-day fiction. It is, incidentally, eminently suited to the rush and haste of modern life; one is borne along on the speeding stream of words, much as one speeds through the subway tube, without self-exertion. Prominent among her devices for speeding up are rapid dialogue, wherein speech follows speech without the attendant stage business or indication of the speaker, wherein speeches are broken off and left to the reader's completion.

"No, no, Loo. You go. You can have that blue silk waist I promised you and wear them red satin roses he—he brought me that time from Hot Springs. Wear 'em, but be careful of 'em."

"Aw, Miss Mae, with you here like a wet rag, and if he comes who'll fix——"

"He—he ain't coming, Loo, and if he does I'm the one he likes to fix his things, anyway. I wanna be alone, Loo. I—just wanna be alone."

"That's just it, Miss Mae, you're too much alone; you——"

"For Pete's sake, Loo, cut it or I'll holler. Cut the conversation, dearie!"

"I'll fix the candied sweet potatoes this morning, anyway, Miss Mae, so if he does come——"

and so on in the "Sob Sister" of *Every Soul Hath Its Song*.

In straight-away narrative, the terse sentence, rather than the loose involved sentence containing long hinge words and cumbrous phrasings is logically conducive to rapid action effect. Amateur stories condemned as uninteresting, dragging, or tedious lose much of their objectionable quality and gain a corresponding interest or snap by an acceleration of tempo in these and other ways. If carried to extreme, however, the strain for rapid tempo becomes a pernicious habit. The effort to "speed up" a seven-reel picture by omission of important phases and acceleration of others may produce chaos. So critics who speak of the senile decline of the short-story chortle contemptuously over the puppet and dummy characters, who tear through space at an inconceivable rate, dragging the reader with them, to a highly artificial dénouement. "I dressed and got downstairs in about twenty seconds," says Pender in the "Psychical Invasion" of *John Silence*, "and the couple of hours I stayed and worked in the study passed literally like a period of ten minutes." John Silence explains that such a changed scale of space and time is often the result of an overdose of *cannabis indica*. "It is quite incomprehensible to those who have never experienced it, and it is a curious proof that time and space are merely forms of thought." But the short-story writer must bear in mind that the scale of space and time for every reader is that accepted in every-day life, and he does well to beware of too much *cannabis-indica* influence.

With the problem of suspense both tempo and proportion are bound up. A slow movement of plot action, for instance, will hold the reader longer from the point toward which he is travelling as an objective, an objective the value of which depends in a large measure upon proportion. If the tempo is rapid, the reader moving along at a lively gait will tolerate a greater number of events, even though they hold him from his goal. In its relation to tempo, suspense is similar to a watch wheel or pinion, aiding at the same time it restrains the movement. To achieve just the right degree of suspense, neither too much nor too little, requires high art. Stories having too weak tension proclaim the amateur; stories straining the leash of the reader's desire to move on, proceed not seldom from the master-hand. The late Norman Duncan wrote fiction not only of excellent character value, of unique local colour and masterful plot technique, but also of high literary quality. Yet I can recall a number of his narratives wherein I was compelled to tarry longer than I desired. "The Last Shot in the Locker" and "A Little Morsel o' Dog Meat," both of 1916 publication, may be cited as instances. Peter B. Kyne's "Three Godfathers," which was so favourably received as to justify its publication in volume form, suffers from over-suspense. The last day for *The Youngest Bad Man* in his struggle to reach New Jerusalem frazzles the reader's endurance.

If the author's effort to catch attention in the beginning is likened to a hook, then his employment of suspense may be compared to a clamp or vise which holds the reader firmly. It works primarily through curiosity or apprehension or anxiety, and the manner of its operation on the emotions of the reader has its analogue in the blindfolded man walking on the edge of a precipice, whom an observer watches from below. Phyllis Bottome's "Ironstone," in *The Dereglect*, makes use of just such a situation:

"I'll see you down along," said Mary briefly. She led the way by a grassy path

to the heathery verge. The slope looked easy, and was possible for the sure-footed. Half way down it changed abruptly into a sheer drop of ironstone rock; one could not see the edge until one was upon it.

From this passage through the next two or three hundred words the reader rushes toward the climax, yet is held back just long enough to receive its full force:

... from there she saw the body tossed like a bounding stone into the gulf, and Lizzie's waving hands, full of grass and heather, flung toward the sky. Mary saw no more than that, but she heard a muffled sound of blows when the body struck rock-iron rock; and then all the earth was like a pause.

Generalising, we may say that a character in danger arouses interest as to his fate. "In danger" may be interpreted freely—as physical or moral danger, a false position, or a compromising position. What finally happened, or what had happened; who did it, to whom happiness was brought, what consequences ensued upon the disaster—these and similar questions the author must provoke in the reader's mind in order to clamp the reader, who otherwise may fall away from the story at any moment. In his handling of suspense Poe, who was a master of the art, employed three stages: First, he placed his character in an exciting or dangerous situation or one to provoke horror; second, he offered scientific explanation of the danger or lingered otherwise upon it; and finally set forth the means taken by the character to escape. "The Descent into the Maelstrom" and "The Pit and the Pendulum," for example, follow this order. A favourite popular method of maintaining tension is by the introduction of comparatively foreign matter, such as episodes and philosophical reflections. When the commencement orator rises to announce the successful competitor for the medal in oratory, he meets an audience already in suspense; he maintains it by telling a story which has nothing to do with the decision of the judges

and indulges in reminiscence to the point of driving insane the more enthusiastic and partisan, eager for the decision. The story writer uses at his hazard this easy but not necessarily successful trick, for he may too easily disintegrate his effect. The episode of Madame Zuleika in "The Brushwood Boy," and of the Minister's visit to Mrs. Penn in "The Revolt of 'Mother'," however, are instances proving that the device may be used to good effect in withholding the reader from the dénouement. Novelists have the advantage over short-story artists in shifting easily from character to character, however great the distances dividing them. It is, therefore, easy to leave character number one in a thrilling situation and compel the reader to continue with the fortunes of character number two, who was left—perhaps in a similar lurch—in a previous chapter. The short-story writer may shift his "spot-light," but must do so only when he gains something worth the shift and something which could not have been secured in more desirable manner. By telling the story of A and B with the light on A, and involving A in some action which arouses curiosity, the author may suspend the reader at any given point while he focuses the light on B. Or, conversely, he may do so by adhering to the angle of narration. By telling only what A knows and sees, the author holds the reader suspended over B's case; and not until A finally learns the outcome with regard to B will the reader hear it.

These and other suspense tricks the modern writer employs in whatever division of the story he may require their use. Suspense may work from the beginning, or near the beginning, throughout the narrative. The reader of Mrs. Wharton's "A Journey" wonders from the first quarter of the story whether the woman of the sleeping car will be able to carry out her purpose in the face of the odds against her; not until the last words does the strain relax. It may operate in the climax scene, as in Stevenson's "Markheim," where the reader

awaits the outcome of the struggle between the lower and the higher natures. In Mrs. Gerould's "Weaker Vessel," a *tour de force* in that the action is practically all confined to the climax scene, the reader wonders what will happen from the time he hears the clacking of the wife's slippers down the hall to the time he hears the clacking die away. And finally suspense may be used to excellent advantage after the dramatic climax or turning point in the struggle. After Della in O. Henry's "The Gift of the Magi" cuts off her hair, the reader is curious over the outcome. But whether employed at the beginning, in the climax scene or just before the dénouement or throughout, suspense constitutes the essential mechanism for holding the reader. "Make 'em laugh," said Trollope; "make 'em weep," and as a climax, "make 'em wait."

A definitive mark of the technician lies in the expert manner of his linking up details. As the late Hopkinson Smith said in a lecture at Columbia University, the first and second bases of the story triangle need linking together by the base line; as a student once put it whimsically, the short story is like a wrist watch, it must come full circle. As an instructor cautioned his class, "If a man is to be hanged on a tree at the end of the narrative, then the tree must be mentioned in the beginning." Not only in the completion of the circle, but also in the creation of verisimilitude the handling of "clues" and dramatic forecast is of utmost significance. In "The Revolt of 'Mother'" Nanny says, "We might have the wedding in the new barn. . . . Why, what makes you look so, Mother?" Mrs. Penn has conceived instantly the idea of moving into the barn, and although the reader scarcely guesses it at the time, he expects something out of the ordinary, and he is satisfied. In Richard Harding Davis's "A Charmed Life" an officer says, "The road to Mayaguez is not healthy for Americans. I don't think I ought to let you go. The enemy does not know peace is on yet, and there are a lot of guer-

rillas." A reader anticipates that the young man will have trouble on the road, though the author purposely weakens the strong clue by the statement, "Chesterton shook his head in pitying wonder."

"You must give your reader information without letting him know that you are doing it," says Barry Pain. "Suppose at the end of your story the villain is to throw the heroine down a well in the garden. You may describe the well at the very beginning of the story, dwelling upon its depth, its position, its picturesqueness. He will say, 'This well is not here for its health. Somebody will be going down it directly!'"

"Now, information about the well can be given skilfully in many ways. For instance, it is not necessary to mention it at all. If you speak of the rust from the chains in the drinking water, and describe the old men coming through the garden with pails of water hanging from yokes, the reader will know about the well, but not know how he knows about it. Or the well may be in as a side issue. You may speak of the beauty of the syringa bushes in full bloom beside the old well. Then the reader will think it's the syringa bushes you are worrying about."

The chief caution in regard to the use of clues is against over-use, or over-effect. If the author betrays his climax, which he means to hold in reserve, he has in all probability erected too many sign posts. Yet an over-strong clue may be neatly weakened. One of the best examples is to be found in Thomas Hardy's "The Three Strangers."

"But what is this man's calling . . . that he should come in and join us like this?"

"I don't know. I'll ask him again."

. . . When he had tossed over his portion, the shepherd renewed his inquiry about the [second] stranger's occupation.

The latter did not immediately reply, and the man in the chimney corner said, with sudden demonstrativeness, "Anybody may know my trade—I'm a wheelwright."

Presently the shepherd observes that you may generally tell what a man is by his claws, whereupon the "hands of the man in the chimney corner instinctively sought the shade." In this passage the reader is convinced that the stranger in the chimney corner is guilty, or for good reason desires to remain unknown. Later he is thunderstruck to see the third stranger appear upon the door sill and after a glance at the company flee as if he were the guilty man. Hence, the clue is not too strong, after all, for the effect is exactly what it should be; the clue appeared to indicate the chimney-corner gentleman, but in reality pointed beyond him.

The connection between dramatic forecast in general or of clues in particular and the subject of coincidence is one calling for careful study by the story writer. A thorough treatise on coincidence would of necessity encroach upon the provinces of philosophy. What to the incomplete vision of mankind seems chance may be part of a prearranged purpose on the part of omniscience or all-wisdom. The Christian calls it Providence; the Greeks knew it as Fate. To the fatalist there is no such thing as accident; the happening is part of the plan. To the student of natural causes the accident is logical, however strange or unusual its character. To the reader of the short-story there must be no chance occurrence; it must be part of the plan, or it will not seem natural. "The number of people who die by accident every day is considerable," says de Maupassant in his essay on The Novel. "But we cannot make a tile fall on the head of a principal character or throw him under the wheels of a carriage in the middle of a story, under pretext that it is necessary to introduce an accident."

Coincidence in its simplest denotation means occurrence at the same time; but in fiction it usually connotes a concurrence of events startling in nature or effect. How can an extraordinary concurrence be made to appear logical?

In the first place, coincidence may be used always as the foundation of a story;



that is, the story would not have been but for the coincidence to which the reader's attention is first invited. So Stevenson's "The Sire de Maletroit's Door" rests on the coincidence that Denis happened to be pursued by soldiers and took refuge in the doorway, falling into a trap prepared for some one else. Richard Harding Davis's "The Boy Scout" grows out of the coincidence, exceedingly easy of acceptance, that the scout was given a lift by The Young Man of Wall Street. The remarkable train of events bearing the fortune of hundreds moves easily without bar from the reader, since it was set in motion by the event just indicated.

In all other cases the author must work to establish logical grounds for coincidence. "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" contains the coincidence which forms the dramatic climax: the outcasts are on the trail at the time of a snow-storm. The locale and the season, in this story by Bret Harte, furnish the logic; the snowfall was natural to the place. Richard Harding Davis's "The God of Coincidence" first induces credibility by the title. But the narrative under the title is of so incredible a nature as to require further sustaining props. Therefore the author drives off with a statement to the effect that the god possesses innumerable press agents, after which he gives three instances any reader will accept because nothing depends on his acceptance. He takes them by way of so many examples. None the less, he is put into a mood for the reception of coincidence values, and when he strikes the actual beginning, "This story really should be called 'The Man in the Green Hat,'" he knows he will find the god at work.

The best instance, in my opinion, of a story which succeeds mainly because of a singular concurrence of events in the dénouement is Irvin Cobb's "Belled Buzzard." Just at the moment the squire's nerves had reached breaking point, as he awaited the jangling from the bell of the buzzard, a little negro walked through the hall ringing an old

cowbell. Before he came within the squire's range of vision, that worthy had fallen to the floor and ravingly begun his confession. This coincidence is made to seem natural from the clues. Mr. Cobb has first told the reader that the buzzard had a *cow-bell* attached to its neck; he has, secondly, included the detail that the men as they drove up to the scene of the inquest saw the child grubbing busily under a feed rack in the cow yard. The reader scarcely takes note of the latter fact as he hurries over the descriptive passages, but the appearance of the youngster in the doorway recalls it: "O yes! the piccanniny found the bell under the rack." Or if the reader is not analytically minded, he will be satisfied without knowing why he is satisfied.

It should be added that the nature of the story has much to do with the acceptance of coincidence. In Hawthorne's "Ambitious Guest" the fatalistic connotation in conjunction with the serious tone is adequate to convince. In "The Charmed Life," mentioned above, and in "The Monkey's Paw" of W. W. Jacobs, coincidence is shrewdly explained by the use of charm and spell. Even the decadent or degenerate use of coincidence will meet with approval if the tone of the story be sufficiently farcical, as it is in Mr. Davis's "The Man Who Could Not Lose." Whatever the style, serious or humorous, coincidence may be employed at any point in the story, always provided its use be rationalised. To this end clues are most important aids. Once sure of the need and the purpose of coincidence and once sure of the method of handling it, the author may use it with a free long arm.

And when the craftsmen of writing are assembled?

They may or they may not fall to discussing problems of technique. What Poe said still in a measure holds true. "Most writers . . . would positively shudder at letting the public take a peep behind the scenes . . . at the wheels

and pinions—the tackle for scene shifting—the stepladders and demon traps—the cock's feathers, the red paint and the black patches which, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, constitute the properties of the literary histrio." But whether from inability or disinclination

to betray the secrets of their success, the masters need no defence of their muteness, no apology for their ineptness to expound.

Silent they may remain, conscious that they are best represented by their creations.

## A GROUP OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHIES\*

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

EXCEPTIONALLY interesting and suggestive have I found this group of American biographies. They present so great a variety of notable achievement, much of it undertaken and carried through to success under hampering conditions and against great odds, that they set one to thinking how wonderfully rich is the soil out of which American character has grown and how precious for humanity's store are the fruits it has ripened. This group, for instance, striking, varied and important as it is, has all come from the publishers within the past few weeks. It represents the product of American biography of only a small part of one publishing season. Never a year goes by but sees it duplicated, perhaps increased, in number and rarely, if ever, falling to a lower level of interest and consequence.

Americans have not yet begun to realize the importance of the contribution this country is making to literature in that section of the art which is devoted to biography. We talk much and argue endlessly about our fiction and our

poetry. And all the time, without tossing to ourselves a single compliment about it, we are writing some of the best biographical literature to be found anywhere in contemporary authorship. So unconscious are we of the good work we are doing in this respect that the captious critics who can find nothing worth while at home have not yet begun to revile it. It must be admitted that its excellence and interest depend more frequently upon the richness and variety and deep human quality of its subject-matter than upon the literary art with which it is treated. Too often it is undertaken by those without skill in writing, insight into character or vision as to its large significances. Sometimes the biographer revels in mere laudation and produces a book comparable in substance and in artistic quality to nothing so much as a confectioner's wedding cake. But also do we write biographies, and many of them, as satisfactory in manner as in matter, at once penetrating, constructive and largely embracing in their view of their subject-matter and artistic in its handling. Perhaps there would be more

\*The Life of Abraham Lincoln. By Ida M. Tarbell. New edition with new matter. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A Son of the Middle Border. By Hamlin Garland. Illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Life of John Fiske. By John Spencer Clark. Illustrated. Two volumes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Joseph H. Choate: New Englander, New Yorker, Lawyer, Ambassador. By Theron G. Strong. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Life of Augustin Daly. By Joseph Francis Daly. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Life, Art and Letters of George Inness. By George Inness, Jr. Introduction by Elliott Dangerfield. Illustrated. New York: The Century Company.

Audubon the Naturalist. By Francis Hobart Herrick. Illustrated. Two volumes. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

An American in the Making. By M. E. Ravage. New York: Harper and Brothers.

of these if American readers were to take a more critical attitude and evince some degree of consciousness as to the possibilities of American biography, its rich resources, its splendid opportunities, and the real value to humanity of the offerings it might make. One is tempted to think that the energies of some of those classes in short-story writing in colleges and high schools would be better employed in the study of biography and its methods. For the short-story writer must be born before he can be made, while the biographer, although not needing to possess so rare a talent, yet ought to have some measure of training. To the art of biographical writing we have, indeed, made some interesting contributions. Gamaliel Bradford has developed and practises a branch of it about which he has very interestingly written, recently, in "A Naturalist of Souls." He has named it psychography. Hamlin Garland, in his book reviewed below, has tried with splendid success a method original and interesting.

The particularly striking characteristic of the group of biographies considered below is the wide variety of the notes they sound and the distinctive Americanism of each. From the story of our Greatest American down to that of the young Rumanian who wins Americanism for himself only by the toils and experiments of years, they present a wonderful diversity and contrast in the purposes, the motives, and the characters of their efforts, the phases of national life they represent, the value of their achievements.

A certain solemnity of interest attends them in the present crisis. For, just because they visualise so clearly the workings of those spiritual forces that have been dominant throughout our national existence, that have made our country what it is, that are the essence of what we love and venerate in it, they symbolise, in a way, the spirit of our institutions, the soul of our national life, in whose defence we are now preparing to make the consummate sacrifice. And reading them with full understanding

of all their implications, of their meaning for the story of humanity, can anyone say that the sacrifice is not worth while?

In the present crisis of the nation I do not know any better biography, any better book, indeed, any more encouraging, more illuminating, than the story of the life of the Greatest of all Americans. And no one has told that story in a better, more informing way than has Miss Tarbell in her *Life of Abraham Lincoln*, first published some seventeen years ago and now brought forward again in a new edition with a new chapter, or preface, dealing with the material made available since its first appearance. Not many are still living who remember the years of the Civil War with knowledge of the tangled problems, the intrigues, the hostilities of many kinds, the dark menaces other than rebellion that President Lincoln had to face. This generation must get its knowledge of those fateful years from books. And there is not one man or woman in the whole country but will be made a better citizen, clearer sighted and more ardent in patriotism and in devotion to America's ideals, more willing to sink personal feeling, personal grievance, personal convictions in national needs, by a study of the conditions which laid so many unnecessary burdens on the heavily loaded shoulders of President Lincoln.

When Miss Tarbell says of Lincoln that "he is to-day our national touchstone" she speaks exactly the word which classifies Lincoln, describes him, proclaims his special relation to the country for which he lived and died. As long as America holds him sincerely as its touchstone American democracy will be vital, true, dominant.

In her new twenty-page preface Miss Tarbell reviews the recent materials which have thrown light on Lincoln's character and achievements and by that illumination interprets some of the features of his course as president. These recent contributions, she says, "unquestionably enlarge Lincoln, clear up our view of him." Her keenly penetrative

and calmly judicial survey and estimate of this new material brought forward by a number of writers add immensely to the value and interest of a work that was already of high consequence. This added chapter rounds out the picture presented in the former work and shows the outline of our Greatest American clear and fair in his relation to the essential principles of our national scheme.

The title which Mr. Garland has given to his autobiography, *A Son of the Middle Border*, is peculiarly apt and revealing. For the book, while it centres around the author's personality and narrates the story of his life, so comprehensively and graphically gathers up and expresses the life of that whole wide and long section which was the "Middle Border" forty years ago, namely, the western half of the Mississippi Valley, that his book is as much the story of that border as of this particular one of its sons. With his own family as the chief actors in the drama of frontier experiences and himself prominent among them, he has painted a picture that is typically true not only of the communities in Wisconsin, Iowa and Dakota in which they successively lived, but of all the whole broad belt of country. Singularly interesting and characteristically American as the story of one life, Mr. Garland's book is of vastly more consequence as the epic tale of a section and a period. For he has caught and presented in true colours not only the material facts of the story, but the spirit of the place, the time and the people, and has set it forth personified in his men and women, permeating the whole life, and glowing vividly through all the narrative. So understanding and skilful a portrayal of characteristic spiritual values gives the book added importance, makes it a contribution to our social history that is well worth while.

As autobiography, it is an original and distinctive piece of work and illustrates the possibilities of varied and unique treatment to be found in the writing of American biography. Mr. Garland has blazed a new path and in his rich, well-

rounded book has shown how many things it is possible for a biography to be. It seems to me distinctly unjust to his original and highly successful achievement that his publishers should classify and advertise it as fiction. In the first place, it is not fiction but biography, or, perhaps, combination of biography and social history would more closely classify it; and, in the next place, to call it fiction is to rob Mr. Garland of the honours he deserves for the invention of a new method in biographical writing.

*The Life of John Fiske* will be welcomed by the many, many thousands of readers for whom his books have illuminated the history of their country or to whom they have brought clarifying and formative influences of inestimable value in religious and philosophic thinking. For he had a richness of intellectual background, a mellowness of mental temper and a surpassing lucidity of exposition which fitted him in rare degree for the literary path he chose to follow. As interpreter to the multitude of the investigations, the arguments, the conclusions of scholars, philosophers, scientists, among whom he was himself a notable figure, it would be difficult to find his equal. For however easy and delightful to read were the books he wrote, they never lacked scholarship, thoughtfulness, accuracy, truth.

Mr. Clark's two-volume life shows just why such rich quality of thought and variety of knowledge filled to overflowing all that John Fiske wrote and why he was able to present his great stores to his readers with never failing clarity, simplicity and impressiveness. For it is a chronicle of intellectual labours beginning with his infancy, continuing through his life and constantly carried on with the keenest zest. Never was there a better example of the pleasure that may be found in the exercise of mental powers. For him to feel his mind at work was the very breath of life and every inspiration filled him with satisfaction and happiness. He loved and enjoyed it as the athlete loves and enjoys the play of his muscles, as the mountain

climber delights in widening view and singing pulses as he mounts to height after height.

It is a charming and a lovable personality that is revealed, intimately and with very great detail, as the biographer carries us through his long and busy life. Mr. Clark shows him constantly against the background of both the immediate and the general life of the time, and the value of a book of exceptional interest and worth is greatly increased by these graphic pictures of the localities which scened and conditioned John Fiske's development and his life and work of the stirring times through which he lived, the controversies in which he took part and the great ones in philosophy and literature of mid-Victorian times who were his friends.

The author of *Joseph H. Choate*, just as does Mr. Clark in his story of the life of Fiske, takes a long look backward along the vista of the forebears of his subject and lets his readers know something of the sturdy, upright, capable stock from which he sprang. It is always interesting to line up and pass in review the ancestors of a man who has made himself, in any way, more interesting than the ordinary, and as they pass by to catch from one or another of the ghostly procession an intimation of whence came his faculty for this, his dexterity in that, his success in something else. Mr. Strong does this fascinating service cleverly and in the half dozen or so pages he rescues enough out of that dim vast of ancestordom to account for the rather astonishing fact that, although Mr. Choate was by long descent a New Englander of New Englanders, he was also a born cosmopolite. The author's division of Mr. Choate's long and brilliant career into four phases, each of which he treats separately, helps the reader to appreciate the many-sided variety of his character and achievement.

As New Englander, Mr. Strong describes his ancestry, his education, the environment of the years which preceded his establishment as a lawyer in New York City and the manifestations in all

his after life of his constant interest in and loyalty to New England. As New Yorker, the author passes in review the public side of his life, dwelling upon and quoting from his public addresses and after-dinner speeches, analysing and discussing his character, describing his services to city and nation. The story is brought down to his activities last spring during the welcome to the French and British Commissions, so soon followed by his death. Mr. Strong devotes especial attention to Mr. Choate's brilliant and successful career as a lawyer, while the section which considers his services as Ambassador to England is very rich and interesting, as it bears the fruits of the permission given to the author to examine and cull from the full scrap-books kept by Mr. Choate during his diplomatic experience.

Almost an epitome of the story of the American stage through its first half century, the *Life of Augustin Daly* brings to this group of American biographies the story of an important phase of achievement and of a vital and wholesome influence strongly differentiated from that of any of the others. An Irishman by birth, Mr. Daly came in his youth to New York City, where, a relative had written to his widowed mother, was "the only place for a widow with boys who have to make their way in the world," and through all the rest of his long life he was a good American. The gifts of character that he brought, of ability and of purpose, would have enriched any nation, and they were all doubly valuable to the artistic life of this young country. His native faculty for theatrical management revealed itself even in his boyhood and soon became his dominating purpose. The story of his life and of all that he did for the American stage is told in this biography by his brother very simply and sincerely. His was the first influence put forth to lift the theatre in America to its rightful position and for a generation he was its most important protagonist. The pages of his biography are filled with anecdotes, letters, reminiscences of the

actors and actresses of the last decades of the nineteenth century, and the many illustrations bring back the remembered faces of those days. Augustin Daly did a great service for the American stage, a service made all the more important by the influence of his own sterling character and single-eyed purpose, and this account of it deserves to have a place among the interesting records of American achievements.

In this review of achievement by Americans George Inness is peculiarly representative of art, for by heritage and training and character and in the nature of his endowment of genius he was wholly American. That this was true of him is brought out clearly, sometimes intentionally, sometimes by implication and sometimes unconsciously, over and over again, by his son in the *Life, Art and Letters of George Inness*. Moreover, in his specialty in art, as a painter of landscapes, he stands at the top of our achievement with the surety that as the years go by his genius, his individuality, his spirit and his charm will be more and more recognised. The story of his life, as it is unfolded by his son, has absorbing interest, not only in the details of his outer life, which are full of the flashing, lovable, erratic individuality of the man, but in all that it makes known of his theory of art, his ideals of painting, his methods of work, his attitude toward the great problems of life, the way in which he infused into his canvases the spiritual forces which governed his being. Illustrative stories and incidents, excerpts from letters, personal memories, give to the reader an intimate view of Mr. Inness that is always engaging and always helps in the visualising of him as man and as artist. The book comes most opportunely at the present stage of our artistic development, and it ought to serve, in some measure, as a corrective for some of the fantastic, distorted, barren ideas concerning art that have sprung up and spread offensively during recent years. For the art of George Inness eloquently proclaimed, with every stroke of his brush, that the

function of art is to ennoble life by interpreting and expressing beauty.

Although an adopted son of America, John James Audubon was so passionately and wholeheartedly an American, he so enthusiastically identified himself with the country and so much wished his achievements to be for its benefit that from the time of his eager coming hither, a youth of eighteen, in 1803, it might almost be said of him that he seized upon the country and made it his own rather than was adopted by it. In all the annals of science there could hardly be found another scientific career so extraordinary as his and few are the biographies of any sort that afford a story of so much and so varied adventure, such many-sided effort, such great achievement. Mr. Herrick, in *Audubon the Naturalist*, has told the whole story, with full detail, in very readable narrative. His two-volume work is especially worth while and noteworthy because he presents the results of some important discoveries of documents he made in France just before the breaking out of the Great War which throw light upon Audubon's birth, parents and early years. Incorporating the facts they contain in his narrative, he also presents them in literal, and sometimes photographic, copies in extensive appendices. So important are these matters that with justice it can be said that Mr. Herrick's is the first complete biography of Audubon.

Merchant and trader of the then frontier of the new country, explorer of the western wilds, enthusiastic student of animal life, adventurer into forest and mountain wildernesses, peerless artist of bird and beast, friend of the famous in America, England and France, Audubon's career is one long, breathless romance of adventure, eager effort, obstacles overcome and great achievement. One closes Mr. Herrick's notable book with a feeling of keen satisfaction over the pleasure it has afforded and of gratitude to the author for having written it. Not the least of its interesting features is the rather full sketch of the stormy, adventurous life of Audubon's

father, who also had a somewhat intimate connection with this country. The scores of beautiful and most interesting illustrations also deserve mention.

Some are born Americans, some achieve Americanism, some seize upon it and some have it thrust upon them. If, perhaps, Audubon was of that third category the author of *An American in the Making* is surely of the second. He has achieved Americanism by dint of labours, trials, bewilderments, disillusionings, misunderstandings and wrong beginnings, that at last brought him out with feet firmly planted on solid ground of understanding and approval, with eyesight cleared and vision widened. His account of it all makes a narrative as interesting, informing and illuminative as any of that sort that I have ever read. Indeed, it is much more so than some of them are, for Mr. Ravage, among his many mental gifts, has a little stiletto of cynicism and, although he rejoices that he has become an American, he likes to stand aside now and then and mock at us and make good-natured thrusts with his weapon. And that is much more wholesome for us than undiluted praise.

Mr. Ravage first paints for his readers a vivid picture of the environment and the heritage out of which, in Rumania, he came to America and then tells of his years of struggle and bewilderment

and frequent distaste here, until at last he realised that he was no longer what he was when he came. But Americanisation did not come to him, he had to find it for himself in the Middle West at a state university. Not until he went back, after a summer vacation in New York, for his second year did he realise that the bars had broken down, that he understood this country and what it means and that he was and wished to be a part of it.

Mr. Ravage's story of how he became an American and why the process took so long is of especial interest and value because he brings out the non-material reasons for the difficulties in the Americanising of our newly come peoples. He makes clear the mental and spiritual non-adjustments, the constant strong pull of the Old World soul. And that is something which we, with our so different heritage, find it difficult to realise. He shows how those who achieve Americanism earn their right to the country by conquest of both spiritual and material difficulties as surely as did the adventuring band of the *Mayflower*. And when, with eloquence and pathos, he begs those to whom America is a heritage to try to learn from the immigrant just what America means to those who swarm hither he speaks a word that is well worth listening to and thinking about.

# THE IRISH HOME-RULE CONVENTION\*

BY HERBERT S. GORMAN

WHEN the Irish home-rule convention started a month or so ago it was depreciated by many figures powerful in Irish politics, and since its sessions have taken place behind closed doors in order that the press might be barred from fragmentary or misleading reports its importance has apparently dwindled in the public eye. The multitudinous ramifications of the Irish question which must be thoroughly gone over and placed upon logical bases make the convention a peculiarly difficult one. Success seems hardly possible at a casual examination of the problems which the delegates must face, and when it is considered that such powerful parties as the O'Brienites and the Sinn Fein have withheld altogether from taking part the difficulties of any adjustment that may meet with widespread Irish approval appear impossible. Of course, whatever decision the convention arrives at, and it is my opinion now that one will be obtained, carries no legislative power. The convention can merely offer its solution and by a referendum or some other means have it either approved or disapproved by Ireland. That a logical, reasonable and fair solution will receive approval is possible and, more than that, probable. There will be compromises, of course, but the Irish are not so mad as to refuse the idea of compromise when it means such a culminating step toward Irish liberty. Even the Sinn Fein, withholding as it does from all part in the convention, is likely to accept a proposition that would include Ulster in the Irish government and, at the same time, offer means of absolute home rule.

\*The Irish Home-Rule Convention, by George Russell, Horace Plunkett, John Quinn. New York: The Macmillan Company.

In the little volume, *The Irish Home-Rule Convention*, there are a number of pertinent thoughts brought to the reader's observation upon the possibilities of the convention, and it is encouraging to note that the tenor of the book is at all times optimistic. Besides "An American Opinion," by John Quinn, there is included George Russell's statesmanlike "Thoughts for a Convention" and Sir Horace Plunkett's speech at Dundalk in defence of the convention.

John Quinn's attitude is one of optimism throughout and his presentation of the facts involved is both clarifying and weighty in significance. The pro-German stigma that some few bought fanatics have brought to bear on workers for Irish freedom is combatted by Mr. Quinn. He gives his war credo in an opening chapter, emphasising the uselessness of considering Irish freedom under the Prussian hoof. The point that all domestic problems must be given a secondary place until democracy has crushed the black blood out of the Frankenstein's monster that is amuck in Europe is brought out, and the lamentable fact that the Sinn Fein has set domestic problems above this necessary adjustment in world politics is also presented. Mr. Quinn considers the settlement of the Irish problem a step in the successful waging of the war. Germany's one bloodless victory is in Ireland, he states, where fifty thousand British soldiers are tied up and where fifty thousand potential soldiers for freedom are lowering and disaffected. The execution of sixteen men in Dublin a year ago has cost Great Britain one hundred thousand soldiers. This is the result of putting statesmen's problems in the hands of the military authorities.

The difficulty of an Irish settlement



is not belittled by any one of the writers in the book and it is apparent that the burden of argument is on domestic matters and not on the relations between Great Britain and Ireland. This ignoring of the ancient grudge by two of the most intellectual men in Ireland is significant in pointing to the real reason why the question is unsettled. George Russell wisely observes, "Irish parties must rise above themselves." Unity in Ireland is the one thing that can make the convention a success, and there is no disagreement between Irish parties that cannot be adjusted if the men will but reason and make certain compromises not in the least incompatible with their integrity or honour.

The problems to be considered by the convention simmer down to (1) self-government, (2) the problem of the Ulster Unionists, and (3) Great Britain and her relations to Ireland. The value of this little book in considering these topics rests wholly in "Thoughts for a Convention," by George Russell, or A. E., as lovers of poetry know him best. These three problems are considered here wisely and impartially, although in their broad outlines and not in meticulous analysis. As a discussion of underlying principles and suggestive tendering of ways out the article is one of the best pieces of constructive reasoning on the Irish situation that has appeared. Russell points out that fundamentals must be considered in any successful adjustment. It is just the lack of this on the part of public men that has so befogged and misdirected thought in Ireland. The rivalry of antagonistic political parties that should have been working singly for Ireland has wrought more harm than good.

The three prominent parties in Ireland are the Unionists, the Sinn Fein and the Constitutional Nationalists. Of these George Russell declares that the Nationalists are by far the largest. This may be true, although the tremendous growth of the Sinn Fein, whose strength has never been really plumbed, since the execution of the Easter rebellion leaders

should not be lost sight of. The fact that Edmond de Valera and Thomas Cosgrave, Sinn Fein leaders but lately out of prison, were both elected in county campaigns is a significant one. De Valera was elected to the seat from Clare that William Redmond left by his death at the front. Thomas Ashe, a Sinn Fein leader who had been re-arrested for spreading seditious literature, died recently from the effects of a hunger strike and has undoubtedly been made a martyr by the Irish population. These signs point to a very great strength on the part of Sinn Fein and its attitude toward Irish questions must not be belittled.

George Russell points out that the intellect of Ireland is fixed on fundamentals, but he also points out that the Nationalists have made no provision for the ideals of either the Unionists or the Sinn Fein. Ideals are a fundamental in Ireland more than in any other country, and the masses will follow an appeal to the heart quicker than one to the head any time. The Nationalists are realists, and it is only to the admirable results in legislations that are due to them that make them so large and powerful a party. Both of the other parties have ideals, fiery and fervent ones, animating them, and the essentially dramatic qualities of the Irish spirit make it easy to understand why they should be popular.

Briefly considering the objects of each party, it must be conceded that George Russell, idealist though he is known to be, leans toward the Nationalist views. He finds in their middle course a means that may be developed toward a splendid end. Absolute freedom from Great Britain is an impossibility, unless an unexpected revolution in the Empire occur, and the Sinn Fein ideal carried to its furthest conclusion is impossible. On the other hand the idea of separation of Ulster from the rest of Ireland is equally impossible. The mere suggestion of an Ulster victory in the convention would mean the end of all serious consideration of that meeting. Yet Mr. Russell

brings out the point (and a great many of us lose sight of it) that Ulster men are Unionists not for the sake of Great Britain, but because they believe it is for the good of Ireland, at least their part of Ireland. Believing this, he thinks them capable of being reasoned with, and if they can be converted to the belief that it is for the good of Ireland that they come into some sort of government resembling the South African union (Mr. Russell even suggests the Swiss cantonal system, which would give Ulster powers of local legislation) they would do it.

The fundamentals suggested by Mr. Russell cover all phases of Irish misunderstanding, and if they could be carried out would work wonders in that much-perplexed country. First of all, there is the idea that Nationalists should try to understand Unionists and that Unionists should reciprocate. The fact that the Nationalists are much the larger party should make them do all in their power to convert the minority, if not to a merging at least to amicable relations. Ireland as a whole is willing to give Ulster all the guarantees she may require to allay her suspicions as to the outcome of Ulster's inclusion in the Irish Parliament. The old religious bugaboo is guarded against, and the mere fact of Ulster being an industrial centre while the rest of Ireland is mainly agricultural offers a means of cordial understanding. One cannot exist without the other, and brotherly concord is the most reasonable thing to suppose.

No nation has but one culture and Ulster must understand this. There is room for several cultures in Ireland; Ulster may have hers and the rest of Ireland will not gainsay it.

The Sinn Fein idea of waiting for the peace conference after the Great War is discussed by Sir Horace Plunkett in his speech. He points out that it is ex-

tremely doubtful whether the conference would admit Ireland even if that country could agree and elect representatives. Rather would the conference advise the Irish to have a convention of their own and settle among themselves what they wanted before they came to a world gathering. This very thing is all that Great Britain apparently wants.

The possibilities of a Union similar to that in South Africa are the most appealing of any suggestions brought forward for Ireland. Mere home rule never would have satisfied the country. Under a union Ireland could have her own parliament. She would have self-administrative and legislative powers, could raise her own territorial troops, and in reality be a nation within a confederation of nations. The mere fact that the territorial troops could not be moved out of Ireland without the consent of the Irish Parliament proves that this form of government would be pleasing to the majority of Irish people.

The convention with its wise and efficient chairman, Sir Horace Plunkett, with the services of such impartial and honest men as George Russell, Sir Francis Hopwood and Erskine Childers, should arrive at a conclusion of importance, and this will probably be the aforementioned South African union style of government. Of course, it is regrettable that men like William O'Brien, Standish O'Grady, Dr. Douglas Hyde, Professor John MacNeill and even Edmond de Valera could not take part in the proceedings, but these men are all reasonable, and if the Irish Home-Rule Convention brings in a logical agreement will undoubtedly work for its accomplishment. This little book is rich in its suggestive prophecy of a peaceable and contented Ireland, a state that might do more than can easily be imagined toward a successful conclusion of the Great War.

# TRAVEL IN WAR TIME

BY ARTHUR M. CHASE

WHERE in this world of war zones, submarines, trenches, stringent passport rules and other restrictions can people travel to-day? Especially in view of the fact that the part of the earth, Europe, which three-fourths,—or is it nine-tenths?—of the travelling public enjoyed as a happy hunting ground is practically closed except to those tourists who travel with rifle, bayonet and hand grenade. It would seem as if travel and the tales of travellers must be at a low ebb; and yet, among the books of the season are an unusual number of interesting and worth-while volumes of this class.

Among corners of the globe that are still remote from the war is the whole continent of South America with its vast distances and fifty-seven million inhabitants. A long trail through South America is described in Harry A. Franck's *Vagabonding Down the Andes*.<sup>1</sup> As readers of *A Vagabond Journey Around the World* and other books by Mr. Franck are aware, this author sticks to the oldest means of locomotion known to man—pedestrianism. A little walk down along the Andes would seem to be something of a feat; and so it proves to be in the pages of this interesting book. Beginning at Bogota in the United States of Columbia, the author tramped to Ecuador, across it, through Peru and by the back regions of one of the most remote countries in the world, Bolivia, to the borders of the Argentine. A stalwart traveller this, making his twenty-five, thirty and at times even forty miles a day along mule trails and roads which were primitive in the days of the Incas and have steadily deteriorated since. At times he carried his baggage on his back, and he mentions loads, thirty pounds and more, and once, for a distance, one hun-

<sup>1</sup>Vagabonding Down the Andes. By Harry A. Franck. New York: The Century Company.

dred pounds. Part of the time he faced the cold and the rarefied air of heights two and even three miles above sea-level. Part of the time he made his way through the tropical heat of lowlands directly under the equator. Travelling as he did far from the beaten track of tourists he had to live as the natives live, and faced conditions which one who enjoys comfortable beds and clean food shudders to contemplate.

Although the author refers to his journey as vagabonding and to himself as a vagabond, his book reveals him as a keen-eyed, observant traveller with a fund of dry Yankee humour and common sense. The volume therefore is not only a rare record of endurance and adventure in out-of-the-way places, but in addition is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the Andes and the Andeans.

Along somewhat similar lines is Alfred C. B. Fletcher's *From Job to Job Around the World*.<sup>2</sup> The author, a young Californian, combined resources with another intrepid youngster, the resources reaching a total of ten dollars, and zigzagged from port to port and from job to job around the globe. A very entertaining story he spins, not only about the world, or such considerable portions as he visited, but also about the calm assurance and the readiness of American boys to make themselves at home in strange places and under remarkable conditions.

A region from which the war does not bar travellers is the North Pole, and a notable book on Arctic journeys is *Secrets of Arctic Travel*<sup>3</sup> by the man who

<sup>2</sup>From Job to Job Around the World. By Alfred C. B. Fletcher. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

<sup>3</sup>Secrets of Arctic Travel. By Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary. New York: The Century Company.

is more competent than any other in the world to discuss the subject—Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary. In this volume Admiral Peary does not describe Arctic discoveries, but details the means by which his discoveries were made possible—the infinite pains in building a ship; in stocking it down to the last pound of food and the last pair of snow-shoes; and he reveals some of the knowledge, born of years of experience, of ice navigation and travel in the grim and rigorous Polar regions. As one reads this book the idea dawns that for foresight, for thoroughness, for attention to a thousand details there is a race on this side of the Atlantic that rivals even the widely advertised capabilities of the Germans in these respects.

A few years ago, due somewhat to conditions brought about by the war, and to the newly awakened idea of "seeing America first," Julian Street wrote a delightful book called *Abroad at Home*. In it he showed us these United States, or the western part of them, with a freshness of vision and humour that made his book one to be remembered with pleasure. In somewhat the same vein Mr. Street reveals his impressions of the Sunny South in *American Adventures*.<sup>4</sup> Of adventures the author recounts few, barring the hardships in hotels not quite up to the standard of the Biltmore; but he has filled a sizable volume with impressions of the land from the Chesapeake to the Mississippi. He was an industrious traveller, and visited a great number of historic spots and Colonial mansions which most people, even those familiar with the South, have never heard of. Also he was assiduous in collecting information; in fact the book suffers a little from an excess of reportorial matter. As in his first book, Mr. Street reveals a lively humour and a faculty for looking at old things from new angles. In one respect, however, *American Adventures* is not up to the standard of *Abroad at Home*. In the earlier book the author wrote as if he were thor-

<sup>4</sup>American Adventures. By Julian Street. New York: The Century Company.

oughly AT HOME in the Middle West, and enjoyed his visit there. The later volume gives one an impression that Mr. Street was not so much at home in the South, that it was very new to him, and that he did not altogether understand it.

Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, New Orleans, these and half a dozen more are the picturesque old seaport towns of the South. Picturesque, both as to place and people they are, as only one can realise who visits them with a readiness to enjoy and understand. It is in this spirit that Mildred Cram's *Old Seaport Towns of the South*<sup>5</sup> is written. She is an appreciative pilgrim, ready to be entertained by a bad road, a rattle-trap automobile, a train ten hours late, or any of the numerous mishaps of the road. She catches the spirit of the cities, Baltimore, Charleston, Norfolk, and others, with remarkable accuracy. And she has a rare gift of writing with such genuine enjoyment of the people she meets on her travels—conductors, cabmen, leading citizens and negroes, that it is a pleasure to read what she did, whom she saw, what they said and how they acted. *Old Seaport Towns of the South* is a thoroughly delightful book. The publishers have issued it in most attractive form, making a feature of the unusual and striking illustrations by the author's brother, Allan G. Cram.

Two books of differing aims and about corners of the globe far distant from each other are A. Hyatt Verrill's *The Book of the West Indies*<sup>6</sup> and Archie Bell's *A Trip to Lotus Land*.<sup>7</sup> The former is a guide book to the West Indies, comprehensive, well arranged, and written by a man who has spent much time in the last twenty-five years living in and exploring the West Indies. In the latter, the author describes a six weeks' tour through Japan, which he

<sup>5</sup>Old Seaport Towns of the South. By Mildred Cram. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

<sup>6</sup>The Book of the West Indies. By A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

<sup>7</sup>A Trip to Lotus Land. By Archie Bell. New York: John Lane Company.

thoroughly enjoyed and which he writes about in a happy and entertaining manner.

There are alluring names in the corner of the world where I dwell, such as the Upper Meadow, Sky Farm, and High Pasture. Is there not something breeze-blown and spacious about the very words High Pasture? You do not need a picture to bring the image to your eye. Perhaps your image will not in the least resemble our High Pasture, to be sure, but what does that matter? You will see a greensward flung like a mantle over the tall shoulder of a hill, the blue dome of the sky dropping down behind it, and to the ear of memory will come the faint, lazy tinkle of a cow-bell.

Thus begins Walter Prichard Eaton's *Green Trails and Upland Pastures*.<sup>3</sup> And for those who love hills and fields and wood paths and all the delights of nature's green trails, the book is a treasury of exquisite landscapes painted with words in place of the brush. Take this bit of description from the peak of one of the Berkshires.

Far below lie the blue eyes of Twin Lakes, and beyond them rises the beautiful dome of the Taconics, ethereal blue in colour, yet solid and eternal. Lift your face ever so little, and the green world begins to fall from sight, the great cloud-ships, sailing in the summer sky, begin to be the one thing prominent. How soft they billow as they ride! How exquisite they are with curve and shadow and puffs of silver light! Even as you watch, one sweeps across the sun, and trails a shadow anchor over the pasture, over your feet. You almost hold your breath as it passes, for it seems in some subtle way as if the cloud had touched you, had spoken you on its passage.

<sup>3</sup>*Green Trails and Upland Pastures*. By Walter Prichard Eaton. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Whether it be of high pastures and hill tops in the Berkshires, or remote clearings in the White Mountains, or the grander scenery of Glacier Park and the Cascades, or a bit of New England stone wall, the book is a succession of delightful pictures, to be read slowly and carefully, rolling them over the tongue as it were, and going back to read again.

David Grayson's *Great Possessions*<sup>4</sup> is not, and again it is a book of travel. For it is a David Grayson book, and

To be a Graysonian is to be fond of the open air; to love the stretching road and the sun on the shoulder blades; to study the wonderful ways of nature; and to slip away once in a while from everything and go a-way-faring with Joy for a companion.

*Great Possessions*, says the author, deals with the well-flavoured earth and with well-flavoured people. And he goes on to explain that this book, and others in what may be called the "Adventures in Contentment" series have sprung from notes in little books, set down on the roadside or in the woods, with no thought at first of publication. In it he relates the experiences of that elusive, invisible life which in every man is so far more real, so far more important than his visible activities. And while all the other travel books discussed here are of journeys far and wide over God's green earth, *Great Possessions*, if it be considered a travel book, may be called an account of the travels of a man's soul. And in leisurely fashion the chapters wander on, discussing nature, people, the essence of happiness, odours, the taste of twigs, riches, contentment and a host of things.

<sup>4</sup>*Great Possessions*. By David Grayson. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page and Company.

# A STROLL THROUGH THE FAIR OF FICTION

BY H. W. BOYNTON

AS HE enters the busy fair of the present season's fiction, and takes a look about, the casual patron's first impression may well be the familiar one of confusion. The exhibits appear to be arranged at haphazard, and the arrangement shifts from moment to moment. There is embarrassing doubt as to the nature of many of the entries: this creature which the exhibitor asserts to be a Percheron one of the judges has shifted summarily to the Jersey class; and yonder alleged pumpkin is tossed by a spectator into the stall of citrous fruits. Is it fish or fowl, yonder queer object with the feathery wings and the scaly belly? . . . Perhaps, in his desperation, the honest spectator ends by ignoring all the labels, and looking about to see if he can find anything of conceivable use to such a creature as man in such a world as the present. There may be something that will help him at his daily job, or there may be something that will help him forget it; very likely he could be happy with either, and needs one as much as the other.

For these are the two chief benefits that a flexible and comprehensive and rather vaguely defined art like the art of fiction has to offer: a way of approach to the present and a way of escape from it; help in comprehending and settling the troublesome problems of living, or a magic glass through which, like the lucky Alice, we may flee to enchanting adventures. The world's business was never more oppressive than it is to-day, a tired businessman fills most of our easy chairs, and there are signs that he is demanding his own of the story-tellers. It is certain that a large majority of the novels of this season are pretty frankly addressed to him, or to the female of him.

But there are notable, if relatively

few, examples of the fiction of approach, and these we may glance at to begin with. First of all, of course, as the dominant problem or condition of the hour, comes the war; and faithful attempts are being made to set it before us as a spectacle, or to interpret it as a human portent. To the first order, primarily, belongs *The Fighting Men*, by Alden Brooks (Scribner), a collection of the striking stories, or sketches, which have been appearing in *Collier's* from time to time. They are not short stories, or "shortstories," of the popular American model, with the snap and the punch of commerce. They are the work of a writer who has felt (not pursued) the Continental influence, and whose master is de Maupassant rather than "O. Henry." But they are the work of an American, and they have the direct and personal effect of honest work done at first hand. They show the war from the point of view of certain fighters of six nations: "The Parisian" and "The Belgian" are portraits of especial force. To the same documentary order belongs the new book by Boyd Cable, *Grapes of Wrath* (Dutton), with its narrative of the experiences at the battle-front of four infantrymen, one of them an American; and the *Under Fire* of Henri Barbusse, to which the Académie Goncourt gave its prize for the best book of the year. This narrative, now available in English, was fully reviewed in *THE BOOK-MAN* for September. Serious stories of current life accept the war as at least the inevitable background of the action. It is more than background in the *Missing* of Mrs. Humphry Ward (Dodd, Mead), which is, nevertheless, essentially a love story under current conditions, rather than an attempted interpretation of England at war. The Nelly of the tale, a sweet and feminine crea-

ture such as Mrs. Ward has so often created, may perhaps be taken as a type of the woman whose strength lies in her appealing sex rather than her adaptability to the Amazonian plane of her more modern sisters. The sadness of her experience, in which the war plays its part, if it brings no heroic revelation, is not wasted upon her: "She knew only that she was uplifted, strengthened, to endure and serve." In a similar way Basil King, in *The High Heart* (Harper), undertakes a romance of the hour in terms of the hour. Whatever we may think of the reality of his story, with its Canadian heroine and its fantastic tyrant of a financier of the States, we cannot ignore its undercurrent of feeling as to the duty of America in the great war, or the strong note of faith in the outcome which rings through its pages: "I should be sorry, I should be hopeless, were I not to believe that above bloodshed, and cruelty, and hatred, and lust, and suffering, and all that is abominable, the Holy Ghost is breathing on every nation of mankind. . . . That is what I believe—that through this travail of the New Birth for all mankind redemption is on its way."

This, of course, is the feeling behind Mr. Wells's in many respects absurd *The Soul of a Bishop* (Macmillan). However ineffectual his bishop may be, however vague and egotistical the Well-sian programme for a reborn world, we cannot doubt the sincere impulse of faith behind it,—that somehow, before long, there is to come into the world a new manifestation of divinity, a righteousness that shall be able to stand the test of the future. This idea is represented more concretely in *The Coming*, by J. C. Snaith (Appleton), who dares the now familiar feat of putting the sinful hour, which is our own, to the test of a Christlike presence. For his foil and chief adversary we have a rural vicar of infinitely narrower spirit than Mr. Wells's bishop. The opening scene, with its atmosphere of wonder, is more impressive than the later action, which is too neatly contrived, and, in its madhouse

episodes, borders perilously upon the ridiculous.

To the phenomena and problems of the war, current fiction gives the phenomena and problems of industrialism second place. Sherwood Anderson's *Marching Men* (Lane), like *The Coming*, is a sort of parable or prophecy; but is not a war story. Its prophet is a prophet of the masses, of mankind, the Toiler finding his place in the sun. His emergence from the shadows of industrial and political oppression is to come, however, not through the workings of an organised labour or a methodical socialism, so much as through the attainment of a somewhat mystical consciousness of solidarity. Out of the many he is to become the one, and, so being, is to sweep all before him. The rhythmic union of McGregor's marching men is, he dreams, a symbol of the universal rhythm for which the world waits. Against this generous if misty vision of the future one may set a record of the selfish and sordid present like *The Rise of David Lavinsky*, by Abraham Cahan (Harper), an unsparing interpretation of the predatory immigrant. Lavinsky makes his millions by going his way without scruple, a liar, a thief, and a traitor to his own kind. His hand is against every man; as for organised labour, it is simply a stupid combination of enemies which he knows how to defeat. For the disciplining of such may universal military service do its utmost in the near future! Needless to say, there is nothing vague or mystical about *King Coal* (Macmillan). Mr. Sinclair's visions always take perfectly concrete form in his consciousness and his expression. He not only sees a goal ahead, but he is sure of the first step that ought to be taken toward that goal. Social equality and industrial justice are absolutely practicable matters to him: all that is necessary is the exercise of common sense and decency on the part of those who are now on top,—or, better, the removal of those who are now on top, since, being men of capital or of politics, they are essentially incapable of

common sense or decency. *King Coal* is an absorbing story, as a story, and an exceedingly effective tract, as a tract. We do not doubt that its physical action is closely based on fact, but we do doubt whether, in making all his rich men fools or rascals, and all his poor men heroes or victims, he does not risk the defeat of his appeal to those of his audience who are unable to subscribe to the Code of the Screen.

In a sense *The Dwelling Place of Light* (Macmillan) is a study by Mr. Churchill of the modern industrial situation somewhat as *The Inside of the Cup* was a study of the modern religious situation. There were two things that irritated some of us about the earlier story. One of them was that in attempting to settle the fairly complex problem of the modern church offhand, this earnest story-teller had bitten off decidedly more than he could chew; and the other was that he had hopelessly done so for his human characters in the process. What a wooden young parson that was! Somewhat oddly, perhaps, our author is a good deal more chary of laying down the law about industrialism than he was about religion. It almost seems indeed that, three-quarters through his narrative, he gradually withdraws from the problem he has so thoroughly stated, and takes refuge in the personal human story of the girl Janet. Up to the moment when the strike at the Chippering Mill breaks out, the action, both greater and smaller, sweeps along with irresistible power. The old New England town, with its relics of Puritanism, physical and human, floundering half-heartedly between the devil of commercial efficiency and the deep sea of immigrant invasion, is painted to the life. In this scene a test is to be made of the right of the employer to "succeed" and the right of the employed to live decently. The looming struggle dawns upon us through the eyes, not of the usual young socialist reformer of fiction, but of a girl of the mills, whose personal tragedy is to be strangely interwoven with the public event. But what happens is quite

indeterminate—is, indeed nothing better or worse than what happened in the historic strike which Mr. Churchill appears to have had in mind. The contest is won by the doubtful agency of the I. W. W. organisation, but nothing permanent has been gained; both sides are right and both are wrong, and presently they will be at each other's throats again. The only way out is escape for an individual here and there to some such "dwelling-place of light" as Janet finds in her last days.

Marriage remains a leading problem with the novelists. In *Beyond* (Scribner), John Galsworthy once again expresses his sharp (if not profound) distrust of it as an institution. He has, to be sure, little faith in any institution of society; but marriage appears to give him uncommon dissatisfaction. Nowhere in his stories does he describe or seem to be aware of that fairly cheerful and successful accommodation which marriage for the most part is. Always in his mind it is an artificial and comfortless arrangement between two persons of opposite sexes; always he is insisting, beneath the cool and polished surface of his art, that love is passion, and that passion cannot and ought not to be controlled by any sort of code. Half concealed by his cold and reserved manner lurks, to put it frankly, the sex obsession of the sceptical bachelor. *Beyond* exalts two irregular passions above the ties of marriage which they are destined to break. Hapless victims of sex though these be, they are at least superior to the degrading bonds of fidelity! *The Chaste Man* (Knopf), by Louis Wilkinson, is of rather similar atmosphere, the brilliantly written story of a husband who tries to put the curb on his desires and to do the honourable thing by several women, and is voted a paltry fellow for his pains. *You Can't Have Everything*, by Rupert Hughes (Harper), though exuberant and haphazard in form, is a far more wholesome book than either of these. Mr. Hughes believes in marriage, though he believes in fairly easy divorce as a safeguard of true marriage, and hits out



sharply at the jumbled divorce laws of America, and at the antiquated prohibitions of the Church. In *Martie, the Unconquered*, by Kathleen Norris (Doubleday), the verdict of the Church is as unquestioningly accepted. Mrs. Norris is a sort of prophetess of domesticity and the happy marriage, and it says much for her faith that she finds the heart to part her two lovers because one of them has been divorced for no fault of his own. She consoles herself and her heroine by setting that young lady up as a successful authoress in New York City, than which what more might be desired by any nice, simple little creature such as Martie seems to be?

Books of feminine sentiment and humour are very many; and here, of course, we arrive frankly at the novel of escape. *Calvary Alley*, by Alice Hegan Rice (Century), is in the familiar vein of the author of Mrs. Wiggs, with a somewhat more elaborate and dramatic action than she has commonly undertaken. *Amarilly in Love*, by Belle K. Maniates (Little, Brown), recounts the later adventures of that expert in joy, Amarilly of Clothesline Alley. The popular cult of "glad" fiction has by no means run its course. The philosophy of cheering up and making the best of things we all need, no doubt, to have rubbed in, but the spectacle of the professionally glad story-teller is a bit funny, when one comes to think of it. The long line of poor or oppressed or crippled optimists, reaching from Mrs. Wiggs (to go back only a little way) to the Pollyannas and Amarillys of the hour, shows no sign of coming to an end. *The Big Little Person*, by Rebecca Cooper Eastman (Harper), is a fresh recruit, her disability being not poverty but deafness, and her gospel of cheer finding a responsive voice in a certain mysterious "Kantwearout Man," who comforts his own sorrows by writing overshoe advertising of fairly belligerent good humour. In *Red Pepper's Patients* (Doubleday, Page), Grace S. Richmond achieves a second coming of her glad young physician Red Pepper Burns, who acts the

part of a good angel to a further series of down-hearted fellow-beings. The paragon and joy-maker of *The Heart's Kingdom*, by Maria Thompson Daviess (Reilly and Britton), is a young minister whose supernal goodness and wisdom are only equalled (they cannot be surpassed) by his godlike physique.

*Herself, Himself, and Myself*, by Ruth Sawyer (Harper), is a book of sentiment undisguisedly, but of sentiment upon a higher plane, guarded and mellowed by true humour in contrast with that feminine "brightness" which characterises the novel of the "glad" sort. The story is told by an old Irish nurse, and her fancy is to tell it in the idiom and manner of an Irish fairy tale, though it is the story of her own girlish charge, "Herself," and of how, by roundabout ways, she adventured toward happiness. It is the great war that, in unexpected fashion, opens the final door and brings her into her kingdom. In *Christine; A Fife Fisher Girl* (Appleton), that aged but still spontaneous and vigorous story-teller, Amelia E. Barr, places in such a setting as, for all her years in America, remains the home of her fancy, a love story of characteristic sweetness and charm. *Neighbors* (Dodd, Mead), by Florence Morse Kingsley, invites the reader to revisit the rural-comic-sentimental New England of Miss Philura and her kind. Oddly, in this sentimental company, I find myself placing *The Innocents* (Harper), by Sinclair Lewis, a pious realist who here turns aside, much to his own amusement, to wander in the pleasant flower-grown fields of domestic sweetness and light. As if to make sure that it shall not be misunderstood as anything but a digression, the little story is prefaced by a "Dedicatory Introduction," in which it is laid smilingly at the feet of the younger British realists, as "a tale for people who still read Dickens and clip out spring poetry and love old people and children." His loving old pair are more delightful, on the whole, at first meeting than they become later, when the author seems to be putting

them through certain rather fantastic paces—with his tongue in his cheek. One suspects that, having created them, he hardly knew what to do with them, and in the end did too much. It is in spite of his ingenuity, not because of it, that the reader keeps on believing in Father and Mother, the devoted and the irrepressible.

And so, by way of sentimental comedy, fiction of the consciously smile-and-tear order, we come to romance of a more serious kind. Many stories lie along the borderline, and need not be laboriously spotted as one thing or the other. After a lapse of some years, John Fox, Jr. comes forward with another book of the Kentucky mountains, *In Happy Valley* (Scribner), which the reader will take soberly or not as he is able to connect its local colours and characters with universal meaning. These are good stories and affecting stories, with the advantage of a quaint setting and atmosphere; they are, I suppose, less true to "life" than to that wistful dream of life which is called sentiment. This may certainly be said of *The Broken Gate*, by Emerson Hough (Appleton). It is modern and American enough in scene and detail, but begins with a fantastically improbable situation, and carries the reader's credulity and sensibility from strain to strain, up to the moment when the rich and powerful and therefore villainous Judge Henderson is humbled in the dust and vainly pleads for the love of the woman he has wronged so many years ago. *Green Fancy*, by George Barr McCutcheon (Dodd, Mead), is a characteristic bit of romantic ingenuity, involving certain foreign royalties and nobilities, who are fated to carry on their perilous and momentous intrigues in the midst of rural New England. The reader who is susceptible to this kind of thing may be sure of his thrills, since the author of *Graustark* has lost none of his post-Zenda cunning. Before we slip into the field of romantic adventure, two or three books of comedy should at least be named. Here is *Temperamental Henry*, by Samuel Merwin (Bobbs-Merrill), a

story of calf-youth not unlike, though not at all imitative of, Mr. Tarkington's *Seventeen*. Its action is more continuous, for one thing, and amply, if innocently, fulfils the presage of the subtitle, "The Loves of Henry the Ninth."

Here also is *Turn About Eleanor*, by Ethel M. Kelley (Bobbs-Merrill), the first novel of a young writer, who has hit upon an original situation for her story. Eleanor is a little Yankee who comes from Cape Cod (as Miss Kelley did) to be the adopted daughter of six bachelor New Yorkers of both sexes. They have foresworn marriage and agreed to adopt a child whose time and affections shall be divided among them. The complications arising from this absurd arrangement are recorded with much spirit, and there is plenty of romance in the upshot, for all concerned. *Fishpingle*, by Horace A. Vachell (Doran), is a bit of very British comedy based upon a rather flimsy and perfunctory mystery. For all its accuracy of detail as to manor-house setting and country types, it remains nothing better than a pleasant contrivance with a distinctly melodramatic finish. It might make a good movie-play, and that is the best we can say for it. In *Conquest*, by Olive Wadsley (Dodd, Mead), there is more of romance and less of comedy. It is the story of a youth of extraordinary antecedents, a gamin of the Paris streets, who rises to be not only a great prize-fighter in England, but a friend of persons of high degree in the artistic and the social world, one of whom he presently marries. Edna Ferber has made the American business woman her particular province. In the American-Jewish heroine of *Fanny Herself* (Stokes) she has produced a very different person from the famous Emma McChesney. Fanny succeeds "on her own" in the open competition of business life, but her whole story is told, her whole romance as well as the rest; and it touches on many aspects of American life in the twentieth century.

A business story of a more rigid and masculine type is *To the Last Penny*, by

that expert in the romance of "the Street," Edwin Lefevre. Here, unluckily, he has done a mechanical piece of work. The racing stories in *Old Man Curry*, by Charles E. Van Loan (Doran), are equally addressed to the taste of the predatory male, and are far more engagingly told. Chiefly to the masculine taste also is addressed that ultimate form of fiction as a mental game, the detective story. It seems that there is a strong current reaction in its favour, during these troublous days—a medium of escape the more appealing from its very indifference to matters like natural action or characterisation. Certainly there is an uncommonly large "output" of this commodity at the moment. The marvellous Arsène Lupin is again to the fore in an English version of *The Golden Triangle*, by Maurice Leblanc (Macaulay), equipped with a series of blood-curdling and blood-shedding adventures, out of which a central mystery is unwound in the proper fashion. In *The Treasure Train* (Harper), an adroit American practitioner, Arthur B. Reeve, spins a web which the reader will have a delectable amount of trouble in unravelling. *Kate Plus 10*, by Edgar Wallace (Small, Maynard), offers an unusual combination of light humour and thrilling mystery. *The Green Tree Mystery* by Roman Doubleday (Appleton), is a more conventional detective story, following its tangled clues with indifference to anything but the pursuit in hand, and making a very pretty chase of it. *The Nameless Man*, by Natalie S. Lincoln (Appleton), with not less cleverly managed materials, throws in for good measure something of style and characterisation which the reader may or may not care much for in work of this kind. This may also be said of *The Abandoned Room*, by Wadsworth Camp (Doubleday, Page), whose machinery of mystification involves supposedly supernatural elements of hair-raising nature. *A King in Babylon*, by Burton E. Stevenson (Small, Maynard), also turns upon the

quasi-supernatural; a mystery of possible reincarnation piquantly connected with the enterprise of a moving-picture producer in the Egyptian desert. The mystery is left open, with a possible solution provided—quite in the manner of Sir Rider Haggard, who does the trick once more in *Finished*, a story wherein the imperishable Allan Quartermain comports himself with undiminished vigour and address. A modern romance of varied mystery and adventure is *The Luck of the Irish*, by Harold McGraw (Harper).

And so we arrive at that more stately and, by virtue of its remoteness, that safer avenue of escape from the obsessing present, the road of historical romance. *The Heart of Her Highness* (Putnam), by Clara E. Laughlin, is a story of Flanders at the sufficiently comfortable remove of four centuries. The Highness of the tale is that daughter of Charles the Bold whose precarious early reign and personal romance are here chronicled. The scene of *Wolf-Lure*, by Agnes and Egerton Castle (Appleton), is laid in the France of the early nineteenth century, and has to do with the adventurous romance of a daughter of the old aristocratic France who finds herself fated to deal with a new age and a new humanity. Needless to say of a work from these experienced hands, it is a vigorous and finished story of its kind. *Long Live the King*, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Houghton Mifflin), is, one may say, a *Zenda* story in that its scene is an unnamed kingdom somewhere in Middle Europe, but its substance, which shall not be hinted at here, is otherwise fresh as well as ingenious and amusing. *The Wanderers*, by Mary Johnston (Houghton Mifflin), is an impressive departure from the author's usual field. It is a linked series of tales which make up a story of all the ages, tracing the rôle which the love between man and woman has played in the determination of great events in the history of the race.

# SOME TRUTHS AND MORE SURMISES ABOUT WOMEN

BY EDNA KENTON

THE trail of the war serpent lies over most of the books written to-day about women. The twentieth century was early acclaimed as the age of women, an age in which, thanks to the new self-assertion of the sex, most of the problems that have worn mankind were to be solved simply and directly by women, tired of man's inactivity and their own. Some time ago George K. Chesterton offered a tentative explanation of the woman movement; a result of women's hidden resentment against men who no longer faced danger on the battle-field, while they themselves continued to face death in the creating of life. Pertinently, at the most crucial hour of women's struggle for power, the Great War came, to break the dream and upset all theory and practice. What is to come out of the war for women no one knows. Old truths are re-dressed—those that have survived—and more surmises are offered. But the new feminist books are cautiously antennaed. The truth about women is as obscured by war as it has been by civilisation.

In *The Living Present*<sup>1</sup> Gertrude Atherton deals for the most part with specific women in France who have specific problems of war—most of them ladies of high degree who interest Mrs. Atherton for oddly interesting reasons. It is a book shot through with personalities and personality. Madame Waddington's *Ouvroir Holophane*, for instance, is described where she gave work for one-franc-fifty and café-au-lait to "perfectly well-dressed, well-educated, gently-bred women." But Madame Waddington's altogether worthy war work is more than dimmed by Mrs.

<sup>1</sup>The Living Present. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: F. A. Stokes Company.

Atherton's careful limning of her personality. She does not wear a red-brown wig, but her own abundant hair, as soft and white as cotton. She is too much absorbed in the war to waste much time at dressmakers, or to care whether her placket-hole is open or not. She never dropped out of society except during the inevitable period of mourning. When the Germans drew near she endured a five-day flight, "during which she never took off her high-heeled slippers with their diamond buckles . . . one of the side dramas of the war." Madame la Comtesse d'Haussonville, president of the noble division of the Red Cross, interested Mrs. Atherton intensely "because she is one of the very few women of her age at least who not only is a great lady, but looks the rôle." She wears no make-up whatever. Though she dresses plainly, her clothes are "cut by a master and an excessively modern master at that," with "a waistline in its proper place." Forcibly indented in this description of Madame la Comtesse d'Haussonville is one of an unnamed Mayoress of a provincial town which for sheer feminine virility should not be missed. Madame Camille Lyon "dressed in the smartest possible mourning, and with that white ruff across her brow—Oh là là!" It was Madame Lyon who commented on the appalling swiftness with which Mrs. Atherton gathered material, and of this gift Mrs. Atherton frankly says: "The truth of the matter was that I had long cultivated the habit of registering definite impressions in a flash, and after a tour of the cots, which took about seven minutes, could have told her the nature of every wound!"

After an interesting deal of ladies' work in war time, Mrs. Atherton takes

up France's problems of the future with its woman power. In the problems presented by lower-class women in war industry she sees nothing more serious than an economic problem which is likely to solve itself. But in the girls of the leisure classes so suddenly and intoxicatingly freed by war, she senses a terrific problem. Feminism, which elsewhere she defines as "the more or less concerted sweep of women from the backwaters into the broad central streams of life," has in France also done "its insidious work," and the war has completed what the American woman with her careless independence and the English militants began. Women and girls of the upper bourgeoisie have broken through their shell of centuries, and war has made them a part of life whose literal a b c was unknown to them before. Mrs. Atherton discusses engagingly the superfluous French female, marriage, illegitimacy, "the threat of the matriarchate," which she does not take seriously, and "the triumph of middle age," which she does. The final chapter deals with "four highly specialised women" by name, personality, occupation; a social secretary, a play-broker, a librarian, and an editor. An odd final chapter to an amusing and interesting book which is crowded with intimate gossip about people, and Mrs. Atherton's personal reactions to the living present as it touches and affects her. One gets a feeling of impressions caught at lightning speed and given out all the more personally for not having been mulled over and reasoned out. It takes more than seven minutes to read Mrs. Atherton's book, but when I put it down it was with the feeling that I have seldom come to know anyone so well.

*A Woman and the War*,<sup>2</sup> by the Countess of Warwick, has a franker title than Mrs. Atherton's *The Living Present*, though it is far less a record of personal reactions to dramatic details, and much more an impersonal facing of

the problems of the living present. It is a book of protest, criticism and warning against England's steady loss during the Great War, of her heritage of freedom; her disregard of human life in war and peace; her blind belief that the world was made and populated to be held in thrall to soulless machinery. The Countess of Warwick is more interested than Mrs. Atherton in the problems of the world's majority; that is to say, the problems of the workers of the world. She suggests that England's war time is not necessarily over when peace comes; that her working classes who have fought her war will come back drilled, powerful, fearless, bringing France's greatest battle cry—Camarades—across the channel into England's civil life; and that England, if she does not take speedy steps to mend her industrial ways, may easily and immediately face civil war. "Those who have a finger upon the pulse of the workers the world over know that the life forces, depressed for a time, are giving a growing vigour to the beat. Already they see the rulers of the world deploring the catastrophe they have brought about, becoming conscious that their hands drip blood. Already they see that normal evils are not merely remaining unabated, but are actually growing; that world returned to sanity will find more vileness to combat and fewer means to its aid."

She comments on women's gain and loss in war, common sympathy through common sacrifice. If the war halted temporarily women's demands for governmental recognition it brought almost immediately to governments at war realisation of their imperative need of the enrolment of women in national service, and gave to women an opportunity to vindicate every claim they have made of their worthiness to play their part in national life. Though they have suffered and must continue to suffer on a scale unparalleled, war has done for them what years of peace could not have done. In the work of reconstruction every nation must continue to call upon

<sup>2</sup>A Woman and the War. By the Countess of Warwick. New York: George H. Doran Company.

all its human power, men and women working together for their common good; "working through the sisterhood of women toward the brotherhood of man," the only war worth waging, for the salvage of humanity instead of the greater power of kings.

Helen Bennett's book, *Women and Work*,<sup>3</sup> belongs in the "special" class of women's books, and deals exclusively with the economic value of college training for women. Efficiency, "one of those words that suddenly overrides a generation," has suddenly subjected the college-trained woman to ruthless and disappointing analysis. If education is really "a preparation for complete living," if she must be further trained for efficient work after she leaves college halls, are colleges to be ranked as final schools or merely preparatory schools in the liberal arts? Like the college man, the college girl is not worth much at first. Later her economic value rises above that of the lesser educated woman. This, says Miss Bennett, means two things: a high potential efficiency, and an immediate efficiency that is lower than need be. The latter evil is largely due to the college woman's mental attitude to life and work, and the responsibility for this wrong attitude Miss Bennett places on colleges which put little stress on the concrete, and practically none on the co-ordination of education and life. She suggests for colleges what is coming to be in public schools, vocational advisers. She urges the adaptation of work to temperament, and points out that the fierceness of economic competition has at once opened and closed doors to women, whose ability and not sex will decide the game they play with life. Miss Bennett has been for some years at the head of Chicago's Collegiate Bureau of Occupations, and this book is the result of personal contact with innumerable college women. It is a suggestive book for women in and out of college, and for college faculties as well.

<sup>3</sup>Women and Work. By Helen Bennett. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

*Motherhood*,<sup>4</sup> by C. Gascoigne Hartley, is another book devoted to the revaluations of life in the light and darkness of the Great War. Mrs. Hartley freely admits the modification of her views since she wrote the first sentence of a former book, *The Position of Women in Primitive Society*: "The twentieth century is the age of women. Some day it may be looked back on as the golden age—the dawn, some say, of feminine civilisation." This sort of dream, says Mrs. Hartley, is over, of a golden age brought about by the self-assertion of women. War has blotted out the past and present, and has made for women all action uncertain, by bringing back into life the primitive conception of the sexes—man the fighter, woman the child-bearer. Not denying the basic good at the bottom of women's recent spectacular sex rebellion, she holds to-day that their further progress toward happiness can be realised only by their full and glad acceptance of those physical facts that make them unlike men. She sees nothing but racial deterioration in war's mobilising of women for work, and holds this to be the greatest problem of life to-day: whether women after the war will go back to the home, economic dependence and child-bearing. If their new freedom has really set their desires away from the home, she sees the individual family necessarily replaced by some form of communal living, "for what women want to do is what they are likely to do in the end."

The whole book is an impassioned plea for enlightened motherhood, a reverence for and conservation of human life by women such as men and governments have never given it. It is a terrific indictment, not of the individual mother, but of the evils of civilisation, of poverty, of life-destroying labour, of the pernicious prudery that withholds from women sexual knowledge and makes their instinct to conserve life a thing almost impossible to achieve. She in-

<sup>4</sup>Motherhood. By C. Gascoigne Hartley. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

sists that the real answer to life after the war rests with women; that a great and unforeseen opportunity has come to them, and that within their own natural limits they can change the face of life on earth. She is firmly convinced that only in the voluntary or enforced withdrawal of women from industry, in the re-establishment of the patriarchal individual family, in the readjustment of public and private attitudes to sexual problems, and in women's full and glad acceptance of Nature's limitations, can this change in life be wrought. Women's audacious competition with men must cease.

Life moves slowly; it is moving slowly even through the Great War, which seems to have turned life upside down. It is natural to look upon the Great

War as a sudden catastrophe, isolated from life. We to-day can hardly see it as history a hundred years from now will probably judge it, not as an isolated and unrelated horror of life, but as the least and latter incident of a brutal era whose boasted civilisation worked inevitably toward its death in war. "Militarism," says Mrs. Hartley, "put an end to women's militancy." Any funeral puts a temporary halt to gaiety. That women are moving in blind resistlessness with the rest of life through this war no one doubts. What they are thinking no one knows, and how they will act when life is stabilised again no one can more than wildly forecast. This is the dominant note in books about women written to-day.

## THE LITTLE THEATRE AN OPEN DOOR?

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

"IT NEVER rains but it pours!" the neglected shade of Thomas Godfrey might well exclaim upon beholding two instances at once of a belated mundane publicity. On the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the first and only professional production of his play, *The Prince of Parthia*,<sup>1</sup> now sees the light as a memorial volume; and for it Dr. Archibald Henderson has written a good biographical and general introduction and gathered interesting plates for its adornment. For one night the play flourished on the boards of our first permanent theatre, the Southwark at Philadelphia. Since then what changes in plays and theatres and audiences! Yet Thomas Godfrey bids fair to welcome to the Elysian Fields many more unrecognised deserving native playwrights before lovers of the drama shall find a solution to the ever-recurring question,

"Why, in face of all the stuff that gets on, is such good material thrown away?" One hopes that by this time Thomas will have learned the right way to comfort them.

The youthful and pioneer playwright naturally hashed up again the two leading tragic influences of his day. He sicklied over the ceaseless turmoil of Shakespeare with the icy moralising of Addison. His play, a really meritorious effort, is no more naïvely tempestuous than hundreds of better fate during that prolonged sterile era; and yet by comparison with the modern plays upon the reviewer's table it seems paltry enough. Ruin and murder and madness strut through borrowed scenes as bare of psychology as a Verdi libretto, accompanied by superlative disorders of nature, indispensable confidantes, and a final carnival of gore. What a frightful thing was the eloquence of the old days! "Ha! I'd strike. What holds my hand? 'Tisn't pity!" exclaims the queen, who

<sup>1</sup>The Prince of Parthia. By Thomas Godfrey. Edited by Archibald Henderson. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

coming to slay her son remains to be enamoured of him; whereupon she sees her husband's garrulous ghost, raves, and dies. The many volumes here noticed all hint at the shortcomings of the modern American audience; but surely if people were three centuries in discovering the emotional absurdities Shakespeare's genius had concealed and consecrated, we have no need to feel unduly depressed.

Godfrey's play is also the first of ten which comprise Volume I of *Representative Plays by American Dramatists*.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Montrose J. Moses edits these and furnishes a scholarly and well-informed introduction to each, together with a careful bibliography for the student, whose recent interest in the history of American drama the publisher apparently relies upon. The three volumes will span from 1765 to 1911. Such a collection, Mr. Moses says, will furnish much besides now inaccessible originals and a register of the advance in theatrical art. It will show the development of the drama as an expression of national characteristics, the tastes of the time and the changes in social customs and ideas. The publication of such a series, appealing as it does to a special group within a special group—for what is so dead as a dead American play?—is certainly a sign of the growth of the play-reading public which Mr. Moses elsewhere mentions as the most promising fruit of what we try hard to think of as our "dramatic renaissance."

One of these plays had to cross the water to be printed (the London title page proclaims that it is written by a "citizen of the United States"), and many of them were glad to be produced by amateur clubs. It may be possible that American history will repeat itself, and that dramas which fail to get a professional production—not on account of the scarcity of theatres as then, but of the competition of their over-profusion—

may yet be transmitted to posterity by this medium. Apparently the demand for amateur performance of the better class of play was never more widely distributed than at present, nor more intelligently directed. Such a handbook as Mr. Barrett H. Clark's *How to Produce Amateur Plays*<sup>2</sup> has often been called for. Its teaching is practical and its doctrine admirable. One of the chief ends of amateur performances, says Mr. Clark, is to escape from the curse of the professional stage—the star-system; the stage must always be ruled by a despot, but he should be the director and not the leading actor.

In our present sheaf of books four writers voice in one way or another the cry of Duse, "To save the theatre one must destroy the theatre." Miss Burleigh feels that the only solution is the revival of the aim of mediæval pageantry, which sought to make the whole city share in a common emotion. This seems to many a counsel of perfection when our world is so well filled with a number of things. Even isolated and homogeneous Oberammergau had, in days when superstition held sway, to be energised to this end by a plague and registers only once in ten years. *The Community Theatre*<sup>3</sup> treats the drama earnestly and endearingly, though somewhat scrappily, from the point of view of its social qualities and the emotional needs of the community.

The methods of organising such theatres and the fortunes of those already organised, Professor Thomas H. Dickinson gives us in a far more thorough and statistical way in *The Insurgent Theatre*.<sup>4</sup> He thinks that the theatrical events of the last half-dozen years, of great variety and little apparent consistency, all imply that the old theatre is dead and that a new one must be built up. In the commercial theatre the

<sup>1</sup>How to Produce Amateur Plays. By Barrett H. Clark. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

<sup>2</sup>The Community Theatre. By Louise Burleigh. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

<sup>3</sup>The Insurgent Theatre. By Thomas H. Dickinson. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

<sup>4</sup>Representative Plays by American Dramatists. Volume I. Edited by Montrose J. Moses. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.



playwright faces an audience disorganised, suspicious, and partly insincere; and a very high scale of expense. As a means of escape from this condition, the subsidy system was doomed before it began. Chiefly it lacked a coherent audience, which the early experiments in a reformed theatre found to be the governing factor in success. In 1910 began the movement for the Little Theatre. The little theatre he defines as a small building where plays may be given in an intimate way under a principle of economical management by a co-operative guild of artists to a federated audience. The movement has as yet brought forward no important American playwright, but it has built up a healthy interest in the small sections habitually neglected or abused by arrogant New York; and another good result has been the adoption of some of its methods by the commercial stage.

But the Little Theatre Movement has not ushered in the dawn it trumpeted. Mr. Percy Mackaye in his introduction to Miss Burleigh's book says it was because the little theatres were not seen large enough by their founders; Mr. Nathan probably approximates the same idea when he says that whenever they have challenged the professional theatre, the result has been unfortunate. Mr. Moses thinks that though the little theatre has at last brought the literary man back to the drama for serious work, it shows a queer mixture of the unthinking amateur spirit, a sincere revolt against commercialised art, and a conceited defiance of the law of supply and demand which was its own reason for coming into existence. It is still groping for something not distinct in its imagination.

His chapter on the "Vogue of the Little Theatre" is one of three new ones in a revised and enlarged edition of his valuable *American Dramatist*.<sup>6</sup> The other two are "American Drama Since 1910" and "Progress of the Motion Picture."

<sup>6</sup>The *American Dramatist*. By Montrose J. Moses. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Though he finds many significant plays and hopeful signs, there is no single overtopping achievement in our drama. The dramatists can do interesting and dexterous work, but none has been moved by spiritual or intellectual conviction to the adoption of a continuous point of view. He is even less encouraged about the Motion Picture. The technique of its acting has been reduced to a mass of expert action, and pantomime has ceased to be mimetic and become merely kinetic. As a business, the motion picture is in the same state that the theatre was under the theatrical trust—wild-cat competition, vast waste of time and energy and money, and cheap rush after novelty. Filling for all its drawbacks a decided place in a democracy, it has not yet found itself as an art or defined its particular realm except as an educational possibility.

This condition of the material put forth by the two branches of our theatrical business, one fancies Mr. Moses might equally deplore a thousand years from now—or to speak more precisely until a popular audience begins to demand the best. The theatrical manager, although he is a rotten business man, as our next book says, seems anxious enough to satisfy any desire demonstrated by a sufficient number of people. In *Mr. George Jean Nathan Presents*,<sup>7</sup> a volume as gay and impudent as its title, the author polishes off, among a thousand other brisk rub-downs, the fault of the audience which all the other books have touched upon. Under the present commercial conditions, he says, we can find nowhere in America a real dramatist writing adult plays for well-educated, well-travelled, well-bred Americans. Must we then make the best we can of the fact that there are not enough of the class to be worth catering to? When, indeed, in English theatrical history has not such a complaint been made? It is a terrifying fact, says Miss Burleigh, that the success or failure of the theatre must

<sup>7</sup>*Mr. George Jean Nathan Presents*. By George Jean Nathan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

rest with untaught and untrained people. Mr. Nathan, more pyrotechnic, is equally pessimistic and can find no social anodyne for his cure. He is too sensible to hug to himself the dream of a modern community with its many channels of information and expression returning to mediævalism. The American audience has neither viewpoint nor intelligence, he says, and since one cannot stay at home and read acting, and the only reason for acting is to be effective upon a theatrical audience, our most successful work is generally our most inartistic, and the popular playwright composes not a play but a mixture with which an audience ready with the customary responses is familiar. For Mr. Nathan, whose book bristles and rattles with vigorous independent comment, the theatre has not even the charm it had ten years ago—it is smeared with the cabaret.

At least, however, we can stay at home and read plays. And there, at least, is seen nothing but progress. Three of the five books at hand are essentially for the little theatre or for amateurs if they are destined to be seen. Miss Jeannette Marks shows in *Three Welsh Plays*<sup>8</sup> much simple charm and pervasive atmosphere. Such delicate work did not once get itself published except from an already well-known hand. She will do surer work than this, but her dialogue has emotional shading and her effects are subtle. Mr. Percival Wilde in *The Unseen Host and Other War Plays*<sup>9</sup> has a sense of struc-

ture which Miss Marks lacks. *Mother of Men and Pawns* are both powerful, thoroughly realised achievements. He displays no weakness anywhere, is rich in dramatic device, nervous yet natural in dialogue, frugal in means, strong in concentration. *Sacrifice and Other Plays*,<sup>10</sup> by Sir Rabindranath Tagore, is in his customary method, one particularly fitted for the reformed stage where vague borderlands are possible. These three books of little plays are all to be acted before that society of thinking people which managers believe is not yet large enough to fill a larger house. They all show how the long path of play-making has suddenly swerved into a real world whether of life or of the imagination. Yet perhaps the lapse of time between *The Prince of Parthia* and the modern era is less illustrated by one-act plays for the little theatre and a confessedly uncommercial audience than by the longer plays, *Anne Pedersdotter*,<sup>11</sup> by Wiers-Jenssen, and the two in the last volume of the edition of Hauptmann.<sup>12</sup> Here the events are all on the large style of the old formula; *Anne*, in particular, might become the libretto of an opera as grandiose as *La Gioconda*. But in place of wooden automata gifted with one unreal voiced emotion apiece, we have living complex people who create action rather than undergo a brief motion by means of it.

<sup>8</sup>*Sacrifice and Other Plays*. By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company.

<sup>11</sup>*Anne Pedersdotter*. By H. Wiers-Jenssen. English version by John Masefield. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

<sup>12</sup>*Dramatic Works*. Volume VII. By Gerhardt Hauptmann. Edited by Ludwig Lewi-sohn. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

<sup>9</sup>*Three Welsh Plays*. By Jeannette Marks. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

<sup>10</sup>*The Unseen Host and Other War Plays*. By Percival Wilde. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

## “THE SORRY TALE” AND OTHER BOOKS IN PERSPECTIVE

### I. “THE SORRY TALE” AS A TALE\*

UNTIL the appearance in black and white of the “Patience Worth” material, alleged communications from the other world have been invariably negligible from the literary point of view. The greatest names have been identified with the most trivial or commonplace utterances. One can imagine a limbo in which, immediately after death, the human spirit may find itself groping and, half-articulate, thrown back, for the season, to a childlike ingenuousness or even a childish folly; but it is disheartening to picture Shakespeare, after three centuries, still denied further expression than the species of ghostly piffle with which the mediums and the researchers have credited him, not to speak of poor old Homer, who appears to have forgotten everything except his nod. Time, to be sure, is relative, and a thousand years may be as a day in the postliminal age. Here, however, would seem to be a bit of evidence to the contrary. Who or what may be represented by the name Patience Worth is a problem which the literary assayer may leave unsolved. He may as well accept it at its face value as the label of a human consciousness or personality some two centuries “dead,” and now expressing itself, through a seemingly commonplace channel, in terms of literature. The important thing for him is that the work published under this name is worth assaying.

Its enthusiastic sponsor, Mr. Caspar S. Yost, has made extravagant claims for it. He appeared to think that the medium in which the substance of the miscellany first published was written represented some sort of respectable English, of however archaic flavour. In fact, it

\*The Sorry Tale. By Patience Worth (Mrs. John H. Curran). New York: Henry Holt and Company.

was such a tongue as no seventeenth-century Englishwoman, no man or woman of any century, could have written,—a strange farrago of strained and clipped and grammarless utterance which just escaped being gibberish. The irritating thing about it was a kind of self-consciousness, a deliberate smartness, as of a spook posing. Yet there was gold; now and then one had the sense of a creative intelligence breaking through its self-imposed barrier, and expressing itself in terms of undeniable simplicity and beauty. This occurred oftenest in the verse, but in the prose, too, phrases of rare quality would emerge from a context bristling with wanton obstacle. Later the writer seems to have hit upon a form of jargon to which she has largely clung in her familiar “conversations” over the ouija board, and in much of her composition. The distinguishing feature of *The Sorry Tale* is that this mere jargon and oddity has been so largely cast off. Not altogether: some of her habitual mannerisms (and they are nothing better) persist, and some of those pure illiteracies over which Mr. Yost seeks to cast a rosy glow by calling them “verbal and syntactical peculiarities,” and “freedom from grammar.” Patience is helpless in the presence of the verb *lie*, and the archaic endings—*eth* and *est*—she almost habitually misuses, as well as the singular and plural second persons. A single illustration will serve: “And she looked upon the alabaster gods and her lips curled and she said: ‘So, thou art gods, to stand ye gazing upon this!’ And she covered her eyes and cried aloud: ‘What tarriest thee? Oh, Jehovah, strike them down!’” Dissonant also are the occasional modernisms—“her lips curled,” for example, or Jesus “bringing the scourge down upon the backs” of the

moneychangers. But—and this is the main thing—the style as a whole has much of nobility and force,—a biblical style with abounding colour added. There are tiny pictures full of beauty:

The morn spread forth the golded tresses of the sun, and lo, a star still rested upon a cloud bar. And Jerusalem slept. The temples stood whited, and the market's place shewed emptied. Upon the temple's pool the morn-sky shewed, and doves bathed within the waters at its edge.

Or of astonishing realism, as in this sketch of evening in Jerusalem:

And night came upon the land, and tarried long within the day's hour. And when the light had come out from 'neath the dark mists, the city's ways showed empty, and waters stood pooled within the stone's opes. The market's men came then, their mantles wet, and their legs stained of dust's wet. And camels dripped, and packs, skin-covered, shed drops o'er their sides. And babes came unto the door's ope and peered without and held their hands that they wet within the mist that fell. And smoke came from out the opes and hung close unto the street's way, and men coughed. And asses backed their ears that the wet go not within, and shook their sides.

The Oriental detail of the narrative is amazingly lavish and vivid throughout, and its general accuracy I, who am ignorant, am not disposed to question.

In its larger aspects, the story is of broad scope, and of solid structure, exception being taken to the inordinate length of many of the dialogues which have a merely cumulative value, and often fairly overweight and smother the action. This is true particularly of the earlier portions of the narrative; toward the close the method is far more rapid, and for the mortal reader, more effective. The substance of the tale need not be rehearsed here. It is built upon a striking conception which makes one of the thieves on the cross a son of the Emperor Tiberius by a Greek slave girl. Cast aside by Rome, she bears her accursed son near Bethlehem at the time of Jesus'

birth,—a spirit of hate, representing the sins of ancient humanity which Christ, the spirit of love, is to expiate and, in the end, to drive from the world. By means of this conception Rome, the incarnation of wrong, is made a living actor in the Christ-story. The chapter describing the crucifixion—a chapter of five thousand words which Mr. Yost says was dictated in a single evening—is a composition of appalling force and vividness, and an interpretation upon a high and sincere plane. I, for one, own myself converted by this story from a mood of languid curiosity about an odd "psychic" phenomenon, to a state of lively interest in the future published work of the powerful writer who, whether in or out of the flesh, goes by the name and speaks with the voice of "Patience Worth."

*H. W. Boynton.*

## II. "THE SORRY TALE" TO A PSYCHOANALYST

To a psychoanalyst the books of "Patience Worth" would appeal merely as the automatic activities of the Unconscious of the person who has found a ouija board to be the easiest method of bringing them into consciousness. The well-known manifestations of the Unconscious are quite analogous in every way to the mental activities of the transcriber of this remarkable book. The split-off personalities, which, apart from the main conscious one, are found frequently to exist parallel with it, may well express themselves in literary or any other artistic form. A reader of the Bible and of early Christian history could easily have objectified in this manner the results of an imaginative dwelling on the sights, sounds, smells (very noticeable are the smells in Patience Worth, though rare in general), and on the emotions aroused by the recurrence of thoughts concerning the happenings of those times.

Two main characteristics, common enough to all normal humans, but appearing in this book in a slightly abnormal degree, are those traits studied

by psychoanalysis which are called the "mother imago" and "masochism." The first, representing an undue influence of the mother as an element in the family group, especially in children who have no knowledge of who their fathers are, and who consequently are obliged to devote to their mothers most of their thoughts concerning parentage, is seen in the character of Hate. This child, due to his fatherlessness, accepts *in toto* the implication of his name, bestowed by his vengeful mother. Another famous fatherless child is Leonardo da Vinci, the results of whose illegitimacy on his life and his art have been so penetratingly revealed by Sigmund Freud. By constant communing with the mother who has been wronged such a child absorbs her feelings of resentment and has his whole world coloured for him by this kind of phantasying. And as in Leonardo's case it works both in the Unconscious and in the consciousness of the boy. The same would be true, *mutatis mutandis*, of a girl if she did not know who her mother was and was brought up by her father alone, who constantly reverted to the faithlessness of her mother.

The masochistic trend, manifested in the descriptions of the long drouth and of the crucifixion of Christ which terminates the story, is a trait of character which sees and emphasises the savage cruelty of mankind, prolonging the miseries, for instance, of those who suffered crucifixion. A Swiss clergyman and psychoanalyst, O. Pfister, has shown the mental forces at work in the quasi-religious writings of Count Zinzendorf concerning the wounds of Christ.

There is much of literary interest in *The Sorry Tale*, but much more which is reiterated monotonousness, even apart from the impossible grammar and curious interchange of parts of speech and inconsistencies in usage (e.g., "shall have" and "shall to have" in the same sentence). One wonders, too, if "Thou winds . . . bear thou to me of her voice" could ever have been used at the time of Patience Worth's alleged mundane existence.

If the book is the creation of Mrs. Curran's Unconscious, as the most modern psychology would naturally infer it to be, one regrets that there is not more in it of the highly poetical language such as occurs here and there. I instance: "And the Day drank from out the Night's chalice, and drained the star wine, and the cheek of morn burned with its gold" (which is worthy of comparison at least with the Elizabethan dramatist's: "Night like a masque has entered Heaven's great hall, with thousand torches ushering the way"); and the poetic indirection of: "And when the white skins passed, lo, would the flesh o'er their knuckles whiten and their lips firm."

Our wishes to behold the miraculous, which would be gratified if this book could be proved to be the communication of a disembodied spirit, are very natural wishes, springing from a desire to be ourselves omnipotent and to annihilate, still more than we have, the limitations of time and space. But I think that modern mental science, whose conservativeness has combated even the deductions of psychoanalysis concerning the working of the unconscious mind, can find ample explanation both for the appearance of this book and for the desire for the bit of omnipotence which its issuance demonstrates. We do not need to suppose that it is the utterance of the spirit of a lady who lived a couple of hundred years ago, if we can show that it is merely the utterance of the Unconscious of a lady living at the present time. Only a thorough psychoanalysis of the medium will be able to show this, and, without such analytic study of the person who held the ouija board, all scientific measures will not be taken, and therefore the spiritistic claims of the book will not be proved.

If, for instance, it could be shown by means of a psychoanalytic study of Mrs. Curran herself, that all the language, the images, the motives and the trends shown in *The Sorry Tale* were a part of her unconscious mental life, and it is quite possible that such is the

case, it would be wholly adequate as an explanation of the motives and means shown in the production of the manuscript. Until this most modern of scientific instruments of precision, psychoanalysis, is tried on the communicator of the story, and has failed, it will be impossible to say with the fullest amount of truth of which we are capable, that the book is not the outward manifestation of the working of the contemporary lady's unconscious mental activities.

There are many compositions of greater or less literary merit which have been produced by persons in a dream state and have not been considered to have value as evidence for spiritism, and I do not see any reason to posit a spiritistic origin for the present production just because it is longer than some others. The psychical research societies have not categorically done so for the elaborate automatic writings of a contemporary Englishwoman, Mrs. Verrall, some of which are in Latin and others in Greek. Psychoanalysis would in all probability be able to reduce to known natural causes what in "Patience Worth" seems supernatural. Whether it was able to do so or not, spiritism is no more final an explanation for the present phenomena than it was the final result of chemistry to say that air is an irreducible element.

*Wilfrid Lay.*

### III. MR. POLLY BEING A BISHOP\*

Our last glimpse of Mr. Britling, it will be recalled, showed him musing earnestly upon his surprising discovery of God, and suddenly perceiving that his supreme duty was to pass that discovery along: "Of course I must write about Him. I must tell all my world of Him," he cries. "And before the coming of the true King, the inevitable King, the King who is present whenever just men foregather, this blood-stained rubbish of the ancient world, these puny kings and tawdry emperors, these wily politicians and artful lawyers, these men who claim and grab and trick and com-

\*The Soul of a Bishop. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company.

pel, these war makers and oppressors, will presently shrivel and pass—like paper thrust into a flame." We do not doubt the honest ardour of the transformed and exultant Britling, who is, of course, Mr. Wells's idea of Mr. Wells to date. It is no small thing to have invented a working God; and the inventor's generosity in giving his formula to the world is discounted by no fears of the patent office. He is as sure that he has found the one new thing as that he has found the one true thing. The world must not lack it a moment longer. Therefore, with *Mr. Britling* still best-selling at a great rate, came the vigorous "follow-up" of *God the Invisible King*. Vigorous rather than illuminating, since Mr. Wells's new God too plainly sorts himself as merely the latest of the Wellsian nostrums. Only the other day our prophet owned allegiance, with Benham in *The Research Magnificent*, to another "King Invisible, Lord of Truth and Sane Loyalty," head of the sublime band of natural aristocrats whom he then foresaw as rulers of the world. That monarch, with his established régime, possessed elements at least of authority and consistency such as his supplanter strangely lacks. Mr. Wells attributes militancy to his God, but leaves him nothing to fight with. In effect He appears the kindly well-wisher, the indulgent confidant, of a race which is to go ahead very much as it pleases, every man for himself and the devil, or the Teuton, take the hindmost.

How feeble and fruitless this conception is Mr. Wells has now taken pains to enforce by example. To the above-quoted list of doomed tyrants and charlatans *The Soul of a Bishop* adds the clergy—any clergy which professes any sort of creed or joint belief. They, too, must shrivel and pass, with all that system of organised religion which they represent. And for the simon-pure clergyman, the straight goods, the whole thing in a nutshell—whom but a bishop might fairly be chosen by any open-minded investigator? Here, at all events, is our Bishop of Princhester: let

us look upon him with a cool but friendly eye and see what he amounts to. No nonsense, of course—we shall begin by establishing him as an ordinary fellow-being under extraordinary disadvantages of training and environment: a decent little chap, for all his doeskin and his gaiters. From infancy he has been doomed to a bishopric by his surroundings, by his pious conforming mind, by his ability, even in manhood, "to take life exactly as in his infancy he took his carefully warmed and prepared bottle—unquestioningly and beneficially." But then, says Mr. Wells, "it is a busy continuous process that turns boys into bishops, and it will stand few jars or discords." Our good Scrope attains middle age and episcopal honours without having painfully contended with the devil or his fellow-man. He has an excellent wife and five daughters, a happy family life. He fills his office with dignity and discretion, has nothing to trouble him temporarily or spiritually—until, in the last days of King Edward, he is transferred to the diocese of Princhester. It is a region of raw new wealth, of industrial disturbances, of religious nonconformity. Even among his own clergy there are disturbing voices, uttering those new doubts about the literal authority of the Church and the Word which the Bishop has heard hitherto merely as faint echoes from the outer darkness. His favourite child hearkens to them, he finds himself hemmed in by them on every side. The upshot is that the Bishop begins to think—and is lost. He is lost to the Church, at least, to his priestly function of vested authority. He will not play the part of the rebel Chasters, who has "subscribed to the Thirty-Nine Articles and passed all the tests and taken all the pledges that stand on the way to ordination, chiefly for the pleasure of attacking them more successfully in the rear;" nor will he practise the ingenious spiritual hypocrisies of his old master, Bishop Likeman. If the Church is not all he has believed, if it cannot be swallowed whole, it is naught and worse than

naught. So he throws it all over for the Invisible Church of Mr. Britling's God, of Mr. Wells's (present) Invisible King. Creeds, he perceives, are futile, forms are vain, organisation is a pitfall. "God is God," he whispered to himself, and the phrase seemed to him the discovery of a sufficient creed. "God is His own definition; there is no other definition of God." And having thus settled matters, he goes on, with Wells-like promptitude, to unsettle them, by means of his own spiritual bootstraps. Again and again, peering into his consciousness, he seeks to define the indefinable. His "best bet," on the whole, seems to be that "God was coming into the life of mankind in the likeness of a captain and a king; all the governments of men, all the leagues of men, their debts and claims and possessions, must give way to the world republic under God the king." How God the king is to rule over a republic without laws or organisation is a problem of which the solution is not even suggested. We leave our Scrope, unfrocked and detached and without audience save his devoted family, ruminating rather helplessly upon this triumphal prospect. After all—"One is limited," he said. "All one's ideas must fall within one's limitations. Faith is a sort of *tour de force*. A feat of the imagination. For such things as we are. Naturally—naturally. . . . One perceives it only in rare moments. . . . That alters nothing. . . ." So his figure appears to pass from us, rambling along its dotted trail, and vanishing presently round that corner which bears upon its signpost the inconclusive words, THE END.

In this book, as always, Mr. Wells is ardent and self-sufficient and plausible; keen and, as it were, physically accurate in his diagnosis of the ills of the world, past and present, and sure for the moment that at last he has hit upon the one right remedy. His new consciousness of a spiritual force working in and for humanity is touchingly sincere; his belief that it is a new force is touchingly ingenuous. What he does not suspect,

probably, is that his latest story is only a modification of all his other stories of protest; that his organised religion is only another convention to be done for; that his Bishop Scrope is merely another amiable little Mr. Polly, born anew, this time, in the throes of a spiritual instead of a bodily indigestion; and that his new deity is simply an apotheosis of that eager, searching, dogmatic, well-disposed and unpractical personality, Mr. H. G. Wells.

*H. W. Boynton.*

#### IV. CLAYTON HAMILTON'S "PROBLEMS OF THE PLAYWRIGHT"\*

There is a special fitness in the dedication of Mr. Clayton Hamilton's collection of essays, dealing with the craft of the playwright, to Mr. William Archer, the author of *Playmaking: a Manual of Craftsmanship*; and there are many points of similarity between the British critic and the American. In the first place they both of them possess the four-fold qualification of the truly accomplished critic; they have insight and equipment, disinterestedness and sympathy. In the second place they both of them deal with the drama as something to be enjoyed in the theatre rather than in the library—that is to say, it is the acted drama, or the drama as it is acted, which demands the most of their attention. And on the other hand, they never forget that while the theatre is always closely related to the show-business, the drama is always a department of literature, to be weighed in the literary scales after it has been measured by the theatrical yard-sticks.

There is even a fourth aspect in which Mr. Archer and Mr. Hamilton resemble one another. While they are known to the broad public primarily as critics of the acted drama, they are neither of them merely theatrical reviewers. They are both keenly interested in poetry, lyric

\*Problems of the Playwright. By Clayton Hamilton. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

and epic, in prose fiction and in other forms of literature unrelated to the play house. To say this is to suggest that Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Archer—like Lessing and like Sarcey—have a broad background of culture, which gives them a far wider horizon than that possessed by a majority of theatrical reviewers whose vision is rarely allowed to stray outside the actual playhouse. As a result of this superior richness of equipment, Mr. Archer and Mr. Hamilton have a keener understanding of the dramatic art than is possible to those who are unfortunately cribbed, cabined and confined within the walls of the theatre. Nor has their varied scholarship and their wide acquaintance with art and letters ever tempted either the British critic or the American to stray into the dusty paths of pedantry.

Perhaps, if one were to insist upon it, there might be found yet another likeness between the author of *Playmaking* and the author of *Problems of the Playwright*. They are both of them familiar with the whole development of the drama from Æschylus to George M. Cohan; they know their Shakespeare and their Molière as intimately as they know their Ibsen; they have studied Heywood and Kotzebue, Scribe and Sardou, as they have studied Maeterlinck and Synge and Lord Dunsany; they are accustomed to think of the drama as an art with an ancient and honourable history, an art which has evolved through the ages and which is flourishing to-day; and therefore, as a result of this backward and forward contemplation, they have become convinced that the essential principles of the art are unchanging even if the practice may be in incessant process of modification. They recognise the validity of Sir Arthur Pinero's distinction between the strategy of playmaking and the tactics thereof. So it is that Mr. Archer and Mr. Hamilton are ever going below the surface in search of fundamental and abiding principles, instead of being content to limit their discussion to contemporary methods, more or less



conditioned by accidental circumstances of the theatre at the moment.

In fact, as we turn the pages of *Problems of the Playwright*, closely akin in content and in method to its predecessors, the *Theory of the Theatre* and *Studies in Stagecraft*, we cannot help noticing that Mr. Hamilton's dominant characteristic as a dramatic critic is his desire always to go behind the specific example, often possessing only a fleeting interest, to the law which controlled it. In this new volume he has for his text the more significant of the plays which have been produced in the play-houses of New York during the past three or four seasons; he takes in turn for his topics Euripides and Shakespeare, Sir James Barrie and Mr. Belasco, Lord Dunsany and Mr. Augustus Thomas, Sir Arthur Pinero and Mr. Elmer L. Reizenstein; and in every case he strives to deduce from the particular drama he is dealing with that general principle of the art which it illustrates. Moreover, he reveals himself as unfailingly hospitable in his enjoyment and ungrudgingly catholic in his taste. He can enjoy a good play of any country or of any period or of any author. He is most keenly interested in the plays which seem to point out the best path for the playwrights of the future; but he has an almost equally keen recognition of the ingenuity of the more artificial play-makers of the immediate past.

He proves himself to be open-minded; and his only prejudices are against the craftsmen who are careless and the workmen who are insincere, falsifying the aspects of life and telling lies about human nature. And of these two divisions of delinquents he is far severer toward the latter than toward the former. Slovenliness of construction is "most intolerable and not to be endured;" yet, after all, it is an external defect, whereas ethical mendacity is internal and ineradicable. When he finds in a playwright both solidity of workmanship and integrity of vision he is generous in praise, revealing that faculty for

enthusiasm which is a most precious possession of the true critic. Over Sir James Barrie's imaginatively humorous fantasies Mr. Hamilton is almost rhapsodic; and over the exquisite song-recitations of Madame Yvette Guilbert he is almost dithyrambic. Yet his enthusiasm is cautiously controlled; and it is set free only when his head is convinced and his heart is touched. He does not allow his judgment to be unduly influenced by the vagaries of public opinion; and the ardent admirers of Mr. Galsworthy's plays and the uncritical worshippers at the shrine of Mr. Shaw will probably be rudely shocked by the chilly analysis of the merits and demerits of these two favourites of the moment.

It is recorded in the annals of New England transcendentalism that Emerson once lent a volume of Greek philosophy to a farmer-neighbour and that the borrower remarked on returning the book,—“I'm glad to find that Plato had a good many of my ideas!” As I turned Mr. Hamilton's pages I also was glad to find that I had a good many of his ideas. I was glad moreover to acquire from these pages ideas of his which will be hereafter ideas of mine. I share his relish for the plays of Sir James Barrie and of Sir Arthur Pinero; and I approve of his exposure of the ethical emptiness of the appallingly clever plays in which superficial aspects of contemporary American life and character have been suggested. But I cannot help wondering doubtfully whether he does not overestimate the value of Mr. Chesterton; and I feel solidly certain that *Sumurun* is not so good in its kind as Mr. Hamilton asserts or implies.

There is a Kentucky proverb to the effect that “a difference of opinion makes horse-racing”; and it is a difference of opinion that makes criticism entertaining. Mr. Hamilton's criticism is consistently interesting because it has the support of knowledge and the savour of individuality.

*Brander Matthews.*

V. BRANDER MATTHEWS'S "THESE MANY YEARS"\*

Jules Lemaître once declared, "Criticism of our contemporaries is not criticism, it is conversation." This dictum of a famous critic is quoted in *These Many Years*, by Brander Matthews; and it affords me an excuse for confessing a complete incompetence to criticise the present volume or to estimate the rank that it will ultimately occupy in relation to other recent works in that fascinating field of literature that is more personal than any other. This incompetence results, in the first place, from the fact that, for nearly twenty years, the author of this autobiography has been to me the best of friends, and from the corollary fact that I have been an actual participant in many of the incidents recorded in the later chapters. But there is a more important reason which compels me to adopt the first person and to write these paragraphs of comment quite frankly in the mood of conversation. I feel an almost fatherly fondness for this book, because it chanced to be no other than myself, among his many friends, who first urged Brander Matthews to undertake the writing of his memoirs and who "kept at him"—as the phrase is—until the work was under way.

The activities of "Mr. Brander Matthews" as a man of letters,—his facile and versatile accomplishments as a writer of book-reviews, criticisms, essays, general articles, short-stories, novels, plays, and even poems,—were sufficiently familiar to the public; and the later activities of "Professor Brander Matthews,"—as a teacher, a lecturer, and a writer of scholarly works in the fields of biography and literary history,—were equally well known. What I specially desired to see set down in print was a personality that could not fittingly be called either "Mr." or "Professor,"—but just "Brander," the name by which the author of *These Many Years* is af-

fectionately known by everybody who has ever come in contact with him, from the oldest and most celebrated of his friends to the youngest of his students at Columbia.

The great thing about "Brander"—as distinguished from "Mr. Matthews" and "Professor Matthews"—is the readiness, fecundity, variety, and richness of his conversation. I think that I may confidently state that he is one of the ablest talkers of our time. I have met many men who were famous for their conversation, including more than one of those giants who were celebrated under pseudonyms in Stevenson's first essay on *Talk and Talkers*; but I have never known a man more entertaining in his talk than "Brander." He is always ready to invent a witticism; he can always cap a funny story with another story still more funny; and he has a marvellous memory for all the "good things" he has ever heard. Of course, nothing in the world is harder to record in print than casual and momentary talk; and the reason why the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* stands unique in literature is that no other writer has ever rivalled Dr. Holmes in the achievement of transferring to the printed page the fine flavour of evanescent conversation. To me it seemed that "Brander's" talk was even better than the literary work of "Mr. Matthews" or the scholarly and educational work of "Professor Matthews"; and the reason why it was better was that it was more immediate and, therefore, more alive. I wished to have the flavour of his conversation conveyed beyond the circles of his many clubs; and this was the reason that I had in mind for urging him to write a book about himself.

The resultant volume is to me delightful; but, here and there, in studying the pages of *These Many Years*, I feel a tiny sense of disappointment. I am disappointed by those pages which appear to have been written by "Mr. Brander Matthews,"—the professional and practised man of letters,—and by those other pages which appear to have been written

\**These Many Years: Recollections of a New Yorker*. By Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

by "Professor Brander Matthews,"—the professor under whom I served my own apprenticeship, nearly twenty years ago, first as student and subsequently as assistant. But most of the book was written by "Brander"; and those chapters which are utterly "Branderian" will constitute, I think, a permanent addition to the literature of printed talk. The book is rich in anecdote; and it should furnish an unflinching source of "good things" for many nervous after-dinner speakers in the years to come.

The happy and successful life that is recorded in *These Many Years* is peculiarly interesting from several different points of view. The first of these is indicated to the reader by the sub-title of the volume,—*Recollections of a New Yorker*. The early chapters present a very valuable picture of that dim and distant city, the New York of half a century ago,—a city that seems now more obsolete and vanished from the earth than Mycenæ or Pompeii. For the observation of the "city that was," the author was accorded, by the accident of birth, a station which permitted a clear view above the heads of the congregated multitude. He has often said in conversation—though I do not find this quip recorded in the pages of *These Many Years*—that he was "a typical New Yorker, since his father came from Cape Cod and his mother from Virginia and he himself was born in New Orleans." His father, Edward Matthews, in the decade of the eighteen-sixties, was rated as one of the richest merchants in New York; and Brander, as the only son of a man of extraordinary wealth, was deliberately educated to practise the profession of a millionaire. To quote from the text of the present volume,—"To be a millionaire as my father conceived it for me was to practise one of the learned professions, as necessary to the state as any of its older brethren, medicine or the law or the church."

The author tells us that in 1873 the rent-roll from his father's real-estate was more than half a million dollars; and this figure is, of course, exclusive of the

dividends from many other investments that had been made by Edward Matthews. Yet this enormous fortune suddenly collapsed in the panic of the early eighteen-seventies and faded finally away before the ending of the decade. By this misfortune, Brander Matthews was not utterly impoverished, since his mother was provided with a comfortable inheritance; but he was thrown, to some extent, upon his own resources, instead of being permitted to take up, according to his previous expectancy, the career of a gentleman of leisure. He has stated, in *These Many Years*, that he now regards the loss of his father's monumental fortune as, in the main, a benefit.

Yet the wealth of Edward Matthews offered many manifest advantages to his only son and his intended heir when Brander was a little boy. The family went frequently to Europe; and, because of the position of his father, Brander was permitted at a very early age to meet many famous and exalted people whom otherwise he might not have encountered. By the time that he was twenty-one, and before he had done anything notable by his own unaided efforts, he was already familiar with the best society of many capitals.

This initial advantage has subsequently been developed by the sexagenarian author of *These Many Years*. Scarcely an important personage has appeared, in Paris, London, or New York, throughout the last half-century, whom Brander Matthews has not met and who has not adopted, from the very outset, the familiar habit of addressing him as "Brander." By this circumstance, Brander Matthews has become a sort of Boswell of our times. He has known everybody worth knowing, for nearly fifty years, in America and France and England; and he has been endowed by nature with a special gift for remembering the conversation of the people he has known. At least a hundred very famous men are depicted in the pages of *These Many Years* with a familiarity that is so easy that it is absolutely un-self-conscious.

The personality of "Brander" is eminently "clubbable,"—to quote that rather awkward word of Dr. Johnson's. It has been my privilege to belong to several clubs that Mr. Matthews helped to organise; and I have noted many times the way in which a club wakes up when "Brander" drops in casually and begins by saying, "Have you heard——?" In New York, he was one of the founders of The Players, The Authors' Club, and The Kinsmen, and is a popular member of The Century Association; and, in London, he is a member of The Savile Club, and of The Athenæum, to which latter institution he was proposed by a sponsor no less eminent than Matthew Arnold. In these clubs, and several others, he has participated in the give and take of many unpremeditated but memorable conversations; and the cream of these conversations has been preserved for posterity in the printed pages of the present volume.

Because of his life-long habit of associating with great men and being always in the thick of things, Brander Matthews has been present on more than one occasion that marked a turning point in history. This fact, perhaps, may ultimately cause *These Many Years* to be listed in libraries under the head of "History" instead of under the more immediate title of "Autobiography." He was in Paris when news came of the disaster at Sedan, and witnessed the events attending the downfall of the Second Empire and the proclamation of the New Republic. His account of these hectic days appears to me less highly coloured than a parallel account recorded in the journal of Professor Fleeming Jenkin; but it is very vivid, none the less, and particularly interesting at the present moment in the history of France.

Since it chanced to be my privilege to suggest the composition of *These Many Years*, it is only natural that I should search the volume for defects. One defect I think that I have found; and I am very nearly happy at this hypothetical discovery, because it permits me for a moment to appear before the reader of

this casual review not merely as a conversationalist but also as a critic. It appears to me that the author has not always been sufficiently concrete in his presentation of the many famous men that he has mingled with.

It has been difficult for me to make my mind up on this point, because,—in many cases,—I have also met and talked with the men that Mr. Matthews chats about with absolute familiarity. For me it is especially inspiring to read his printed recollections of the conversation of several celebrated men of letters and men of the theatre at a period almost precisely thirty years before my own first meeting with them; but I have been moved to wonder, now and then, in studying the pages of *These Many Years*, whether these records would seem equally illustrative to people who had never met the characters in question.

One of the most delightful passages in the entire book—as I overturn the pages fondly—is the record of "dear Andrew of the brindled hair": I seem to hear once more the barking utterance of Mr. Lang, and my recollection of this versatile and kindly genius sweeps suddenly from the library at 1 Marloes Road to the Oxford and Cambridge Club and thence to Banchory: but I wonder if the picture would appear to be so vivid to a reader who had never personally met the celebrated man of letters who once told me, with unexpected frankness, that, at first sight, he "didn't like Stevenson at all."

Since this review is not a criticism but a conversation, "the present writer" may be permitted to be unconventionally personal. My own activities as a student of Robert Louis Stevenson have brought me into contact with nearly all of Stevenson's surviving friends; but the one great companion of Stevenson's formative period that I never actually saw was William Ernest Henley. Henley died so long ago as 1903; and that is the reason why—in preparation for my little book entitled *On the Trail of Stevenson*—I was required to gather my impressions of Henley from many inquiries di-

rected to other early friends of R.L.S.,—such as Mr. Edmund Gosse and Sir Sidney Colvin and Lord Guthrie. Mr. Matthews, in *These Many Years*, devotes several successive pages to his associations with Henley; but—speaking in this instance as an absolute “out-sider”—I must confess that I have failed to find exactly what I wanted. It is evident that Mr. Matthews did not like Henley; and, at this verdict, I am not surprised: for though I have met many men who admired the manifest ability of the author of *Invictus*, I have encountered only one who expressed a genuine affection for him: and this one—surprisingly enough—was that gentle genius, Mr. Kenneth Grahame. But what I miss most, in these pages of *These Many Years*, is the vivid image I was looking for,—an image of a wounded, groaning giant stumping valiantly on crutches,—an image of an unkempt head protruded forward from enormous shoulders over the top of an intervening table,

—any concrete image which would make me seem to see this man that I have never actually seen.

In other words, I fear that the author of *These Many Years* has succumbed occasionally to the fallacy of assuming that the general reader was prepared to contribute to the consideration of his pages an exercise of visual imagination which is not necessitated by the facts set down. This fault—if I am right in regarding it as a defect—can be ascribed only to the author's too excessive modesty in refraining from an absolute directness of attack upon the subject-matter that stood ready to his hand.

But the book, as a whole, is highly satisfactory. At least, it is satisfactory to me; and, though I must not be regarded in any other aspect than that of a very friendly conversationalist, I have a feeling that this verdict of approval will be echoed by many subsequent and more disinterested critics.

Clayton Hamilton.

## THE BOOKMAN RECOMMENDS

*In this department the editors each month will endeavour to select from among the previous month's publications those volumes in each classification which seem in their opinion to be most worthy of recommendation to BOOKMAN readers. The editors will be happy to answer any questions in their power regarding these books and indeed regarding any books concerning which BOOKMAN readers may desire information.*

### Art

Pictorial Photography. By Paul L. Anderson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. With 23 illustrations and 25 diagrams. \$2.50.

An American book on the principles and practice of American photography.

How to Study Architecture. By Charles Henry Caffin. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Over 200 illustrations. \$3.50.

An exposition of the study of architecture by a noted art critic.

Concerning Painting. By Kenyon Cox. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.

A book for the general reader and student—with thirty-two reproductions of typical works from the older masters and contemporary artists.

The Substance of Gothic. By Ralph Adams Cram. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. \$1.50.

Six lectures on the development of architecture from Charlemagne to Henry VIII, given at the Lowell Institute, Boston.

### Biography

Li Hung-Chang. By J. O. P. Bland. Edited by Basil Williams. New York: Henry Holt & Company. \$2.00.

Biographies of eleven men of all countries who have had a definite influence on thought or action in the nineteenth century.

Memories Discreet and Indiscreet. By A Woman of No Importance. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated.

Twenty-two chapters of recollections of distinguished men and women.

**These Many Years.** Recollections of a New Yorker. By Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

An autobiography in nineteen chapters.

**Richard Strauss.** The Man and his Works. By Henry T. Finck. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$2.50.

A biography, in seven chapters, for music lovers.

#### Description, Travel or Adventure

**Old Roads Out of Philadelphia.** John T. Faris. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. With 117 illustrations and a map. \$4.00.

The past and the present of the ten big highways leading out of Philadelphia.

**From Job to Job Around the World.** Alfred C. B. Fletcher. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrations. \$2.00.

An account of the adventures of "two world beaters" who worked their way around the world.

**Parnassus On Wheels.** By Christopher Morley. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. \$1.25.

Fifteen chapters of whimsical adventure.

#### Domestic Science

**Around the Year in the Garden.** By Frederick Frye Rockwell. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$1.75.

A seasonable guide and reminder for work with vegetables, fruits, flowers.

**American Indian Corn.** By Charles J. Murphy. Revised and edited with new recipes by Jeannette Young Norton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cents.

One hundred and fifty ways to prepare and cook it.

**The Child in Health and Illness.** By Dr. Carl G. Leo-Wolf. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.00.

A practical text-book for mothers and wives.

**In a College Garden.** By Viscountess Wolsley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated.

An account of the life and work of the students at the College of Gardening, Glynde, founded by the author for the purpose of providing training for educated women as professional gardeners.

**Interior Decoration for Modern Needs.** By Agnes Foster Wright. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. Illustrated. \$2.25.

Ideas and information for those who do not wish to employ decorators.

#### Drama

**An After-piece of More or Less Critical Confidences and Memoirs Touching Lightly upon the Various Somethings Which Go to Constitute What Is Called the American Theatre.** By Mr. George Jean Nathan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.50.

Twenty-three chapters on the current theatre topics.

**The Community Theatre.** By Louise Burleigh. With prefatory letter by Percy Mackaye. \$1.50.

A review of the communal idea, and suggestions as to practical details in the organisation and administration of Community Theatres.

**Holiday Plays for Home, School and Settlement.** By Virginia Olcott. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

Plays adapted both for young people and their elders within the scope of amateurs.

#### Education

**Spontaneous Activity in Education.** By Dr. Maria Montessori. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$2.00.

The advanced Montessori method: carries forward for use with pupils of primary school age the pedagogic and philosophic principles of "The Montessori Method."

#### Essays

**Facts, Thought, and Imagination. A Book on Writing.** By H. S. Canby, F. E. Pierce and W. H. Durham, all of Yale University. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.30.

Three essays upon writing for students who have subjects and need advice.

**Adventures in Girlhood.** By Temple Bailey. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. \$1.00.

Talks with girls about real problems.

**Unicorns.** By James Huneker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.

In thirty chapters: sketches of certain latter-day artists, poets, novelists, philosophers, critics.

**Trivia.** By Logan Pearsall Smith. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. \$1.25.

Sketches, some of which have appeared previously in magazines.

#### Fiction

**In Happy Valley.** By John Fox, Jr., New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.35.

A story of the Kentucky mountaineers, of blended comedy and tragedy.

- Fanny Herself.** By Edna Ferber. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. Frontispiece. \$1.40.  
A story of a small-town Western Jewish girl who makes her way in the business world.
- Makar's Dream.** By Vladimir Korolenko. Translated from the Russian by Marian Fell. New York: Duffield and Company. \$1.50.  
Four stories of Russian peasant life, first translated into English.
- The Girl and the Faun.** By Eden Phillpotts. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated in colour by Frank Brangwin, A.R.A. \$2.00.  
An allegorical story in three parts: "Young Spring," "Summer" and "Autumn."
- The Dwelling Place of Light.** By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Company. Frontispiece. \$1.60.  
Completing the author's trilogy on the Church, politics and (this book) on industry. A picture of the class struggle and of the feelings and beliefs of the workers under our competitive system. The two heroines, types of the human spirit in bondage to industrialism, both break under the strain, to each her own way.
- Temperamental Henry.** By Samuel Merwin. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.  
The story of the loves of Henry the Ninth.
- Neighbours.** By Florence Morse Kingsley. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. Illustrated. \$1.40.  
A humorous story of a dressmaker of Innisfield and some French neighbours.
- The Heart of Her Highness.** By Clara E. Laughlin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Frontispiece. \$1.30.  
A romance of Flanders, dealing with the daughter of Charles the Bold.
- The High Heart.** By Basil King. New York: Harper and Brothers. Illustrated. \$1.50.  
A love story of a girl's choice between two men.
- The Innocents.** By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$1.25.  
A story for lovers: the romance of an American Darby and Joan.
- The Wanderers.** By Mary Johnston. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Decorations. \$1.75.  
A love story showing the unfolding of the relation from prehistoric times to the present.
- The Tales of Chekhov. The Party and Other Stories.** Translated by Constance Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.  
A collection of eleven stories.
- King Coal.** By Upton Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.  
A story of the coal-mining camps and of the conditions of slavery and misery that exist there.
- Dormie One.** By Holworthy Hall. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$1.35.  
Eight stories about the golfer as a type —by a man who has accumulated these anecdotes from more than twenty years' experience.
- The Rise of David Levinsky.** By Abraham Cahan. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$1.60.  
A novel which is the life story of a Russian Jewish immigrant, giving his conflict between materialism and idealism and his rise from a peddler to a millionaire.
- The Coming.** By J. C. Snaith. New York: D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.  
A novel of the war, centring around a wounded soldier home from the trenches, a stay-at-home, and a philanthropist.
- The Boy Scout and Other Stories for Boys.** By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.25.  
A collection of five recently published stories.
- The Mask.** By Florence Irwin. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Frontispiece. \$1.40.  
A story of New York social and business life in which a young married couple pass through disillusionment and suffering to ultimate happiness.
- The Three Black Pennys.** By Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.50.  
A love story of the mills of Pennsylvania, dealing with three dark men of the Penny family.
- Marching Men.** By Sherwood Anderson. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.50.  
The story of a miner's son who conceived the ideal of a united labour force for the world's work.
- The Newcomers.** By Elia W. Peattie. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.  
A story of a family of newcomers to a village where they are not welcome for business reasons.

**Wolf-Lure.** By Agnes and Egerton Castle. New York: D. Appleton and Company. Frontispiece. \$1.50.

A romance of political intrigue of the French days following the Napoleonic wars.

**The Heart's Kingdom.** By Maria Thompson Daviess. Chicago: The Reilly and Britton Company. Illustrated. \$1.35.

A story reflecting the spiritual problems of the day: a humorous yet serious development of what happens in a little Southern town between a man back from the trenches and a girl fresh from New York.

**Long Live the King.** By Mary Roberts Rinehart. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A story of love, intrigue, and adventure in the court of Otto IX.

**Webster-Man's Man.** By Peter B. Kyne. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. Illustrated. \$1.35.

A story about the discovery of ore on a Mexican claim, dealing with two men and a girl.

**A King in Babylon.** By Burton E. Stevenson. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

The story of an American moving-picture company in the Egyptian desert.

**Ladies Must Live.** By Alice Duer Miller. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.

A New York high society story of two women in a pirate contest for a wealthy Westerner.

**The Luck of the Irish.** By Harold MacGrath. New York: Harper and Brothers.

A regular Harold MacGrath book, full of adventure and excitement.

**Drowsy.** By J. A. Mitchell. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. Illustrated.

A romance by the editor of *Life*, dealing with the love story of a woman and a reckless lover with an unusual inheritance.

#### General Literature

**Nietzsche, the Thinker.** By William M. Salter. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$3.50.

A study of the three periods in Nietzsche's life, in thirty chapters; written before the beginning of the war.

**A Literary Pilgrim in England.** By Edward Thomas. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. Eight illustrations in colour and twelve in monotone. \$3.00.

Literary England reflected in the homes and resorts of her most famous authors; in eight chapters.

**God and Mr. Wells.** By William Archer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.00.  
A constructive criticism of Mr. Wells's book, "God the Invisible King."

**The Foes of Our Own Household.** By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.50.

Twelve chapters of warning and suggestion as to the interior foes which America must fight to win the war for democracy.

**Books and Persons.** By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.00.

Comments on the epoch, 1908-1911; a collection of a series of weekly articles which appeared in the *New Age* under the author's pseudonym, "Jacob Tonson."

**Benefits Forgot.** A Story of Lincoln and the Mother Love. By Honoré Willsie. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. 75 cents.

A little booklet telling the story of Lincoln's reproof to a young soldier.

**Tennyson, How to Know Him.** By Raymond M. Alden. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. With Portrait.

A critical interpretation of his life and work; in six chapters.

#### History

**Greater Italy.** By William Kay Wallace. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

Italy's rise as a world power: a study of European history and international politics.

**A Revolutionary Pilgrimage.** Written and illustrated by Ernest Peixotto. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

An account of a series of visits to battle-grounds and other places made memorable by the War of the Revolution.

**Early Philadelphia, Its People, Life and Progress.** By Horace Mather Lippincott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Frontispiece and 119 Illustrations.

In forty-six sections—a collection of accounts of customs and institutions of Philadelphia to-day.

**Our Flag and Our Songs.** Compiled and illustrated by H. A. Ogden. New York: Edward J. Clode. 60 cents.

A brief story of the origin and life of the United States Flag, with a selection of the songs that have inspired the nation in war and peace.

**The Evolution of the Hebrew People.** By Professor Laura H. Wild. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

A foundation for study of the development of the life, literature, and thought of the Hebrews.



### Juvenile

**The Story Book of Science.** Translated from the nineteenth French edition. By Jean Henri Fabre. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$2.00.

A book of popular science in story form—for children from ten to sixteen years.

**In Santa Claus's House.** By Florence Irwin. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.

A Christmas story for children.

**Girls and Boys, and Our Children.** By Anatole France. New York: Duffield and Company. Illustrated in colour and pen and ink by Boutet de Monvel.

Two books which prove Anatole France as charming a writer in the juvenile field as he is along other lines.

### Miscellaneous

**The Secret of Typewriting Speed.** By Margaret B. Owen. Chicago: Forbes and Company. \$1.00.

Directions for mastering the typewriter, by the world's speed champion.

**Letters from Harry and Helen.** Written down by Mary Blount White. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.50.

A volume of communications for those interested in the survival of identity and the conditions of life beyond death.

### Poetry

**Grenstone Poems.** By Witter Bynner. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. \$1.35.

Poems forming by their sequence a narrative of a young poet falling in love.

**Collected Poems.** By Wilfred Wilson Gibson. New York: The Macmillan Company. Frontispiece. \$2.25.

A complete collection, including one hundred and fifty poems, of the author's realistic verse.

**Love Songs.** Sara Teasdale. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A collection of seventy-two lyrics, a few of which have appeared in magazines.

**Rhymes of the Rookies.** By W. E. Christian. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.00.

The sunny side of soldier service—some sixty poems by the men in khaki.

**Baubles.** By Carolyn Wells. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. Illustrated by Oliver Herford. \$1.25.

A book of humorous verse—some eighty jingles.

**Rookie Rhymes.** By the men of the First and Second Provisional Training Regiments, Plattsburg, New York, May 15-August 15, 1917. New York: Harper and Brothers. Illustrated. 75 cents.

A collection of rhymes and songs in which the rookies make fun of their fatigues, of their privations, of their homesickness, of their drills, etc.

**Poems by John Masefield.** Selected by Henry Seidel Canby, Frederick Erastus Pierce, Willard Higley Durham, all of Yale University. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.60.

A collection of fourteen poems published by the consent of the author.

**Hays's Complete Poems.** Household Edition. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

Over a hundred poems, including those new and old, translations, and some previously uncollected.

**The Poems of H. C. Bunner.** With an Introduction by Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

A new edition, including the contents of two former books, reprints from *Puck*, and some later lyrics.

**The Answering Voice.** One Hundred Love Lyrics by Women. Selected by Sara Teasdale. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25.

A lyrical interpretation of the woman's point of view in love.

### Politics

**Political Ideals.** By Bertrand Russell. New York: The Century Company. \$1.00.

A discussion of the problem: how can the men, women, and children of the world be made more comfortable and valuable to themselves and others?

**The Coming Democracy.** By Hermann Fernau. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.00.

An exposure of Germany's political system and an appeal to Germany to rid itself of its imperial dynasty.

**The Irish Home-Rule Convention.** By George W. Russell, the Right Hon. Sir Horace Plunkett, and John Quinn. New York: The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.

A discussion, in three parts, of the questions now being considered in the Belfast convention.

**The Government of England, National, Local, Imperial.** By David Duncan Wallace, Ph.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

An untechnical handbook of the English Government.

**Austria-Hungary. The Polyglot Empire.** By Wolf von Schierbrand. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. \$3.00.

An interpretation—historical, social and political—of the forces of progress and of disruption at work in the polyglot empire.

#### Psychology—Philosophy

**Delusion and Dream.** By Dr. Sigmund Freud. Translated by Helen M. Doney. Introduction by Dr. G. Stanley Hall. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

A translation of the novel *Grädiwa*, and an application to it of the principles of psychoanalysis.

**The Essentials of Philosophy.** By R. W. Sellars. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.60.

A text-book in twenty-four chapters.

#### Science

**Earliest Man.** By Frederick William Hugh Migeod, F.R.A.I. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Company, Ltd. \$1.50.

A contribution to the study of the Primitive Man and Early Society, based on the author's researches among the tribes and animals of West Africa.

**The Origin and Evolution of Life.** By Henry Fairfield Osborn. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A discussion of the origin and evolution of life, with the critical estimate of the theories of origin and adaptation, and the postulate of a possible new explanation.

#### War

**Army and Navy Information.** By Major D. W. C. Falls. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Illustrated by six colour plates and thirty line cuts by the author. \$1.00.

The uniforms, organisation, arms and equipment of the warring powers.

**The Terror.** By Arthur Machen. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. \$1.25.

A mystery story first appearing in the *Century*.

**My Four Years in Germany.** James W. Gerard. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. \$2.00.

Twenty chapters of the author's experiences as ambassador to Berlin.

**Under Fire.** By Henry Barbusse. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.50.

Twenty-four hours in the life of a private soldier; the story of a squad.

**Turkey, Greece and the Great Powers.** By G. F. Abbott. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. \$3.00.

A discussion of the problem of the Near East, for students of world politics and of the war.

**What Germany Is Fighting For.** By Sir Charles Waldstein. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 60 cents.

An account of German war aims to the present time.

**A Student in Arms.** By Donald Hankey. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.50.

A second series—several more essays with biographical fragments and notes by the author's sister.

**The Principles of Military Art.** By Major Sir Francis Fletcher-Vane, Bt. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.25.

Thirteen chapters of untechnical discussion, for officers of all ranks.

**With Cavalry in the Great War.** By Frederick Coleman. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs. Illustrated from photographs taken by the author. \$1.50.

A personal narrative of the British trooper in the trench line, through the second battle of Ypres.

**Gunners' Handbook for Field Artillery.** By Captains John S. Hammond and Dawson Olmstead. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Illustrated. 40 cents.

A little handbook of specific requirements for candidates for rating as gunners.

**On the Edge of the War Zone.** By Mildred Aldrich. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. \$1.25.

Letters to a friend in America, from the battle of the Marne to the coming of the Stars and Stripes.

**Pros and Cons in the Great War.** By Leonard A. Magnus. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.00.

An attempt to epitomise all the controversial literature about the war, pro-German arguments and the "contra" facts—a book of reference for writers, readers, and speakers.

**The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney.** By Henry Handel Richardson. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$1.50.

A story of Australian pioneer life, centring about a young Irish surgeon.

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of September and the first of October:

## FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City.....	The Treasure Train	Understood Betsy
New York City.....	Christine	The Salt of the Earth
Albany, N. Y.....	Long Live the King	The Soul of a Bishop
Atlanta, Ga.....	Beyond	The Soul of a Bishop
Boston, Mass.....	The Red Planet	Christine
Boston, Mass.....	Christine	The Salt of the Earth
Baltimore, Md.....	The Long Lane's Turning	The Red Planet
Buffalo, N. Y.....	The Secret Witness	Beyond
Chicago, Ill.....	The Soul of a Bishop	Long Live the King
Chicago, Ill.....	Anne's House of Dreams	The Red Planet
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	The Red Planet	Christine
Dallas, Texas.....	Red Pepper's Patients	His Family
Denver, Colo.....	The Salt of the Earth	Anne's House of Dreams
Detroit, Mich.....	The Soul of a Bishop	Summer
Indianapolis, Ind.....	Beyond	His Own Country
Jacksonville, Fla.....	The Red Planet	Anne's House of Dreams
Kansas City, Mo.....	The Red Planet	The Definite Object
Los Angeles, Cal.....	Beyond	The Soul of a Bishop
Louisville, Ky.....	The Secret Witness	The High Heart
Milwaukee, Wis.....	The Long Lane's Turning	The Soul of a Bishop
Minneapolis, Minn.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Soul of a Bishop
New Orleans, La.....	Martie, the Unconquered	The Red Planet
Norfolk, Va.....	The Soul of a Bishop	The Secret Witness
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Christine	The Secret Witness
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Soul of a Bishop	The Long Lane's Turning
Portland, Me.....	The Soul of a Bishop	The High Heart
Portland, Ore.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Richmond, Va.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Straight Road
Rochester, N. Y.....	Christine	Beyond
San Antonio, Tex.....	The Lovers	The Red Planet
San Francisco, Cal....	The Red Planet	Christine
San Francisco, Cal....	Christine	The Long Lane's Turning
Seattle, Wash.....	The Red Planet	Martie, the Unconquered
Spokane, Wash.....	Martie, the Unconquered	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
St. Paul, Minn.....	Cousin Julia	Christine
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Light in the Clearing	The Son of Tarzan
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Definite Object	The Red Planet
Tacoma, Wash.....	Over the Top	Mag Pye
Toronto, Ont.....	Anne's House of Dreams	Over the Top
Washington, D. C.....	The Red Planet	Bab: A Sub-Deb
Worcester, Mass.....	Christine	The Secret Witness

(Continued)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Belinda of the Red Cross Love's Inferno The Long Lane's Turning	Finished Beyond Red Pepper's Patients	The Long Lane's Turning The High Heart We Can't Have Every- thing	The Salt of the Earth Bab: A Sub-Deb Anne's House of Dreams
The Red Planet The High Heart Beyond The Hundredth Chance The Long Lane's Turning Beyond The Long Lane's Turning His Family Martie, the Unconquered His Family Beyond His Family	The Definite Object The Soul of a Bishop The Secret Witness Beyond The Salt of the Earth Martie, the Unconquered The Road of Ambition Beyond The Light in the Clearing Over the Top Anne's House of Dreams Martie, the Unconquered	Out of a Clear Sky Long Live the King The High Heart The Definite Object Christine The Red Planet Beyond The Secret Witness The Soul of a Bishop The Yukon Trail The Long Lane's Turning Understood Betsy	The Long Lane's Turning Beyond Martie, the Unconquered Summer His Family Green Fancy Kenny Scandal Road to Understanding The Light in the Clearing Martie, the Unconquered Mr. Britling Sees It Through Summer The Worn Doorstep
The Long Lane's Turning Mr. Britling Sees It Through Summer The Soul of a Bishop The High Heart Understood Betsy The Definite Object The High Heart Beyond Christine	Martie, the Unconquered His Family  His Own Country Scandal Martie, the Unconquered Martie, the Unconquered Summer Helen of Four Gates Anne's House of Dreams Martie, the Unconquered	The Definite Object Martie, the Unconquered  Green Fancy Beyond Anne's House of Dreams Cousin Julia His Family Martie, the Unconquered The Salt of the Earth The High Heart	The Red Planet The Long Lane's Turning The Broken Gate The Secret Witness Mistress Anne Beyond Paradise Auction You Can't Have Every- thing Green Fancy The Soul of a Bishop
Christine The Secret of the Storm Country The Red Planet	The Red Planet The Red Planet	Long Live the King The Light in the Clearing	The Soul of a Bishop
The Salt of the Earth The Dumb Bell of Brook- field Summer His own Country	We Can't Have Every- thing The Light in the Clearing Anne's House of Dreams	The Light in the Clearing Bromley Neighborhood Out of a Clear Sky	Summer The Hundredth Chance The Dark Star
The Long Lane's Turning	His Family Mr. Britling Sees It Through The Definite Object	Martie, the Unconquered The Dark Star	The Definite Object The Red Planet
Bab: A Sub-Deb The Light in the Clearing Changing Winds The Hundredth Chance	Summer Summer Sunny Slopes Martie, the Unconquered	Christine  The Definite Object His Own Country Red Pepper's Patients Bab: A Sub-Deb	Mr. Britling Sees It Through The Red Planet Anne's House of Dreams The Soul of a Bishop In the Wilderness
The Definite Object Changing Winds Christine	Mr. Britling Sees It Through The Definite Object Martie, the Unconquered	The Red Planet  Martie, the Unconquered The Hundredth Chance	The Light in the Clearing  Bab: A Sub-Deb Mr. Britling Sees It Through The Salt of the Earth
Anne's House of Dreams	Mistress Anne	The Red Planet	

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| On the Edge of the War Zone. Mildred Aldrich. | Open Boats. Alfred Noyes.                       |
| Rookie Rhymes. (By Plattsburg Men).           | In the World. Maxim Gorky.                      |
| More Power to You. Bruce Barton.              | Germany, the Next Republic? Carl R. Ackerman.   |
| A Son of the Middle Border. Hamlin Garland.   | The Land of Deepening Shadow. Thomas D. Curtin. |
| Towards the Goal. Mrs. Humphry Ward.          | Carry On. Coningsby Dawson.                     |
| Laugh and Live. Douglas Fairbanks.            | Over the Top. Arthur Guy Empey.                 |

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 366 and 367) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives	10
" " " 2d " " " " "	8
" " " 3d " " " " "	7
" " " 4th " " " " "	6
" " " 5th " " " " "	5
" " " 6th " " " " "	4

1. The Red Planet. Locke. (John Lane.) \$1.50 ..... 170
2. Christine. Cholmondeley. (Macmillan.) \$1.25 ..... 123
3. Martie, the Unconquered. Norris. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50 ..... 111
4. Beyond. Galsworthy. (Scribner's.) \$1.50 ..... 110
5. The Soul of a Bishop. Wells. (Macmillan.) \$1.50 ..... 106
6. The Long Lane's Turning. Rives. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50 ..... 89

A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| Anne's House of Dreams. L. M. Montgomery.       | The Lovers. Elizabeth R. Pennell.             |
| Bab: A Sub-Deb. Mary Roberts Rinehart.          | Love's Inferno. Edward Stilgebauer.           |
| Belinda of the Red Cross. Robert W. Hamilton.   | Martie, the Unconquered. Kathleen Norris.     |
| The Broken Gate. Emerson Hough.                 | Mistress Anne. Temple Bailey.                 |
| Beyond. John Galsworthy.                        | Mr. Britling Sees It Through. H. G. Wells.    |
| Bromley Neighborhood. Alice Brown.              | More Power to You. Bruce Barton.              |
| Carry On. Coningsby Dawson.                     | Open Boats. Alfred Noyes.                     |
| Christine. Alice Cholmondeley.                  | Over the Top. Arthur Guy Empey.               |
| Changing Winds. St. John G. Ervine.             | Out of a Clear Sky. Maria T. Daviess.         |
| Cousin Julia. Grace H. Flandrau.                | On the Edge of the War Zone. Mildred Aldrich. |
| The Dark Star. Robert W. Chambers.              | Paradise Auction. Nalbro Hartley.             |
| The Definite Object. Jeffery Farnol.            | Red Pepper's Patients. Grace Richmond.        |
| Finished. H. Rider Haggard.                     | The Red Planet. William J. Locke.             |
| Germany, the Next Republic? Carl R. Ackerman.   | Rookie Rhymes. (By Plattsburg Men.)           |
| Green Fancy. George Barr McCutcheon.            | The Road to Understanding. E. H. Porter.      |
| His Family. Ernest Poole.                       | Salt of the Earth. Cecily U. Sidgwick.        |
| His Own Country. Paul Kester.                   | Scandal. Cosmo Hamilton.                      |
| Helen of Four Gates. An Ex-Mill Girl.           | The Secret Witness. George Gibbs.             |
| The Hundredth Chance. Ethel M. Dell.            | A Son of the Middle Border. Hamlin Garland.   |
| The High Heart. Basil King.                     | The Soul of a Bishop. H. G. Wells.            |
| Kenny. L. Dalrymple.                            | A Student in Arms. D. W. A Hankey             |
| The Land of Deepening Shadow. Thomas D. Curtin. | Summer. Edith Wharton.                        |
| Laugh and Live. Douglas Fairbanks.              | Sunny Slopes. Ethel Hueston.                  |
| The Light in the Clearing. Irving Bacheller.    | Towards the Goal. Mrs. Humphry Ward.          |
| The Long Lane's Turning. Hallie E. Rives.       | The Treasure Train. Arthur B. Reeve.          |
| Long Live the King. Mary R. Rinehart.           | Understood Betsy. Dorothy Canfield.           |
|   | The Worn Doorstep. Margaret Sherwood.         |
|   | You Can't Have Everything. Rupert Hughes.     |

# THE BOOKMAN

An Illustrated Magazine  
of Literature and Life

JAN 10 1918  
UNIV. OF MICHIGAN  
LIBRARY

DECEMBER

THE UNIVERSITY MILITANT	Charles Ferguson
THE PROFESSOR RECOVERS	Grant Showerman
WAR AND RELIGION	A. S. Isaacs
AMERICAN PAINTING VERSUS MODERNISM	Charles L. Buchanan
TWO PLAYS FOR GROWN-UPS	Clayton Hamilton
THE ADVANCE OF ENGLISH POETRY	William Lyon Phelps
"H. C. L."	Archibald Henderson
A Discussion based on Frederick C. Howe's "The High Cost of Living"	
PERSONAL MEMORIES OF WALT WHITMAN	Alma Calder Johnston

**DODD, MEAD & COMPANY**  
25 cents a copy  NEW YORK  \$3.00 a year

**NOTICE TO READER:** When you finish reading this issue, place a one-cent stamp on this notice and bring it to any postal employee, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front.

NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS. A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

**NOW READY**

*"The greatest book in the last decade"*

# VISCOUNT MORLEY'S RECOLLECTIONS

*By Viscount Morley, O.M.*

A veritable revelation of the inner literary and political history of England, taking the reader behind the scenes of the public life of the last forty years. It positively teems with allusions to men and matters of enthralling interest. *In 2 vols.* **\$7.50**

## THE ARTHUR RACKHAM KING ARTHUR

Illustrated in colors by ARTHUR RACKHAM. Arthur Rackham is one of the foremost illustrators of the world; it would be hard to find more beautiful examples of his work than those contained in this book, **\$2.50**  
Fine limited edition, **\$15.00**

*Upton Sinclair's New Novel*

## KING COAL

"Nothing so brilliant and thrilling in many a day."—*Chicago News.* **\$1.50**

## CHRISTINE

MRS. CHOLMONDELEY'S remarkable book. "No novelist has ever created a more delightful character than this girl." *Tenth Edition.* **\$1.25**

## THE WILLY POGANY GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

The beautiful color illustrations which WILLY POGANY has made for Swift's masterpiece make this volume one of the really impressive gift-books of the season. **\$2.00**

*Hamlin Garland's New Book*

## A SON OF THE MIDDLE BORDER

"An admirable book, told with more genius than America has yet been able to muster."—*New Republic.* *Illustrated.* **\$1.60**

## THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

By McLANDBURGH WILSON. Stirring poems for the boy at the front and his folks at home. **50 cents**

*H. G. Wells's New Novel*

# THE SOUL OF A BISHOP

*By the author of "Mr. Britling"*

"As brilliant a piece of writing as Mr. Wells has ever offered the public; it is entertaining from beginning to end and very true to life."—*N. Y. Sun.* **\$1.50**

## A MAID OF OLD MANHATTAN

By A. A. and E. B. KNIPE. A story of by-gone New York for girls. *Ill.* **\$1.25**

## THE HEART OF ISABEL CARLETON

By MISS ASHMUN. Another of the famous "Isabel Carleton" stories. *Ill.* **\$1.25**

*James Ford Rhodes's New Book.*

## HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR

A one-volume authoritative history. **\$2.50**

## THE FOOD PROBLEM

By VERNON KELLOGG and ALONZO TAYLOR. With an introduction by Herbert Hoover. Reviews the world situation. **\$1.25**

## THE FOREIGN POLICY OF WOODROW WILSON

By EDGAR E. ROBINSON and VICTOR J. WEST. **\$1.75**

## INSIDE THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

By RHITA CHILD DORR. A vivid, first-hand account of the great revolution. *Ready in Dec.*

*Winston Churchill's New Novel*

# THE DWELLING PLACE OF LIGHT

"One of the most absorbing and fascinating romances and one of the most finished masterpieces of serious literary art which have appeared in this year or in this century."—*N. Y. Tribune.* **\$1.60**

**THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, Publishers, New York**

*Send for Our New Xmas Catalogue*

# THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

DECEMBER, 1917

## THE UNIVERSITY MILITANT

BY CHARLES FERGUSON

### I

IT APPEARS that we are in the midst of a revolution, so profound in its revisal of all things, that it cannot complete itself without a spiritual conversion that shall change everybody's mind about the meaning of primary words—such words as Christianity, democracy, state, church and university. It may indeed be necessary to invent new and wholly unfamiliar words to express the thoughts that matter most. But I am inclined to think we shall make shift to use the old, because it is easier to put a new meaning into an historic word than to fit a new word to an historic idea. G. K. Chesterton says somewhere, that history is like a suburban "addition" whose workmen have been withdrawn under stress of hard times, leaving all the buildings incomplete. Thus when the good times come again—the times of renaissance and reformation—we are obliged to turn back to the foundations and scaffoldings of antiquity to find the plan of the houses in which our children are to live.

When, for example, we read in the newspapers that three professors of Columbia University have, for diverse inner and outer reasons, found the institution intolerant or intolerable, we should not too hastily assume that either the trustees or the professors must be guilty of

a wrong. Perhaps both parties are dealing with an impossible thing. If we would search the past to recover the ground-plan of the University—the genetic idea of it—we might be delivered from moral and intellectual confusion in this matter.

### II

Professor Beard's case is separated from that of the other two gentlemen concerned. Theirs is the common case of social heterodoxy. But Mr. Beard strikes a note that has a flash of discovery in it—revealing something of the original purport of the university-word. He says he has left his place as an accredited teacher because the accrediting discredits him. He has no quarrel with the social doctrine that pervades the school. He agrees with it and desires to spread it abroad among the people. But he thinks he could not reach the people, that they would turn from him and disbelieve in the sincerity of his words, if he continued to speak with academic guaranty under present auspices.

It is as if a priest should say: The Church is so far gone from its original standards, the light within it has become such darkness, that it sheds doubt into the world instead of faith; therefore I must abandon holy orders that I may make the gospel credible once more.



If this is not heat lightning it is a shattering bolt. It may be the beginning of a new Pentecost of the university-spirit, the spirit of creative and world-refreshing art and science that brooded in the cathedral schools of Charlemagne and that broke forth in the Middle Age in that apostolical succession of unfettered learning that began with such names as Alcuin, Anselm and the Venerable Bede.

### III

Do we need to be reminded that the university in its origin was a continuation of the historic Church? It was founded upon faith in the reasonableness of things. Its master-word was Anselm's apothegm: "I believe, in order that I may understand." This marks a clean breach between the university of our tradition and the old Mediterranean cults. The Academy and Areopagus at Athens, itching to hear "some new thing," the vast archivism of the Museum at Alexandria, the state regimented culture of the imperial schools of Rome—these had nothing to do with the gestation and birth of the modern university. They belong to a dead world and to temples that have been given to the bats and owls. We shall not find in these relics any habitable place for the men of the future.

The university at its beginning in the Middle Age—the morning of modern times—stood between the Pope and the Emperor, the spiritual and the temporal power, acknowledging both but confessing no unqualified allegiance to either. The great multitudes of grown men and women who flocked to the schools of Paris and Oxford, of Bologna and Salerno and the other famous centres of learning, were the pioneers of a civilisation more modern than the modernity we have known. The great universities were free and democratic cities—municipalities, alive with a fresh and cosmopolitan politics and governed for the most part, not by teaching faculties or the trustees of endowments, but by the student bodies. These academic cities

had their own executive magistrates and courts of justice; and the idealism that pervaded them, the hunger and thirst after science and the humanities, got itself expressed somehow—with whatever of turbulence and temperamental excess—in terms of law and civil order.

Thus, in mediating between the contending and irreconcilable powers of the Middle Age—the Holy Catholic Church and the Holy Roman Empire—the university came to stand in the imagination of men for a militant idealism, a spirit of creative art that was not content to abide in cloisters but was determined, in spite of legal pedantries and sacerdotal superstitions, to conquer the common life of the forum and market-place.

To be sure it must be admitted that the true and original university-idea was constantly subject to obscurity. It battled like a strong swimmer against tidal currents that swept backward toward the sophistry and casuistry of the dead Mediterranean world. But the idea was indestructible. It lived, and still lives. It contains to-day a true portent and prophecy for the remaking of our shattered civilisation.

When Abelard was driven out of Paris and fled alone to the vacancy and obscurity of that pleasant Champagne country which is now gashed with the trenches that cut the world in two, he was followed in his exile by hundreds of the youth of Europe, who built their huts around his shack in the wilderness, that they might keep company with a man who faced life and nature with a naked mind. That I suppose is the university-idea in its simplicity, and to seize upon it is to understand democracy and to guess shrewdly of what manner of stuff the new world is to be made.

### IV

The trench-diggers have, perhaps, thrown up the dust of some of the scholars of Abelard, but the spirit that actuated them is not dust. It was long since scattered abroad as prolific seed. It has become the germinal instinct of

America. For the most characteristic thing about the political life of the United States is not its written constitution or its strife of parties, but its public school.

It should be borne in mind that the American public school is not a creature of the state. It has been begotten by spontaneous generation of the American spirit. The pioneers in their sweep across the Continent hardly bivouacked for a night without marking their pause and rest by an unbroken sentry-line of school-houses. They never cared overmuch for book learning and their characteristic heroes—Jackson, Lincoln and the rest—escaped the trammels of a liberal education. But the American pioneers believed intuitively, with Abelard and his men, in the organised power and authority of the unfettered mind—to conquer savages and tame the desert and the wilderness. They believed in the institution of the ideal as a fighting force.

Political parties and religious sects in America are a psychologic throw-back. They recall the mental abstractions of European culture and European quarrels. The quick inner life of our communities is religious and political in one breath; but it is merely tolerant or half contemptuous of theological dogmas and the rancorous divisions of political speculation. It does not admit the validity of centrifugal ideals. The idealism of America is turned earthward for the mastery of materials under the energetic hands of the imagination. Your real and typical American is romantic about realities.

## V

If you would have evidence of the fact that America does not take seriously the kind of idealism that divides men and sets them against each other, but cares in its heart only for the kind that comes to order and unity in the spirit of creative art and science, you have but to observe that the school-house in small and unsophisticated communities harbours all homeless sects and parties on occasion, with a Trojan-Tyrian indifference. It

is itself the object of ungrudging tax expenditure and is sure of shingles and paint, while the tabernacles of the divisive faiths have seasons of forlornness and are supported in decrepitude by fairs and festivals that levy a kind of reciprocative blackmail upon those who do not pretend to believe in them.

The point is that the American public school is an instinctive effort to consummate the work that the Middle Age began; for as the University of the Middle Age was moved by an impulse, deeper than the meditated purpose of any man, to find a middle term between an overstrained ideality and a distracted secularism, so it has come to pass that the American public school stands as an institution of reconciliation between the unpractical idealism of sects and parties and the unsocial and unscientific empiricism of "business."

To be sure our public school is as yet a merely tentative thing. It has not up to this time entirely succeeded in bridging the gulf—just as the old-time university did not entirely succeed. But it is something that the original university-idea—the idea that the common estate of the mind can be unified, and turned to the building of cities and the subdual of the earth—has in America been appreciated and appropriated by the mass of the people.

## VI

This idea is the true germ-cell of modern politics. It is capable of generating a tissue that can spread across frontiers and form the organic filaments of a universal society.

The root-cause of the wars of nations and classes is extravagance of idealism. The violence that is done to sanity when the imagination is turned from the works of art and industry to follow the lure of an abstracted devotion, is revenged by economic meanness and manslaughter. Adam refused to "dress and keep the Garden" and preferred to ruminate upon the moral law. The consequence was moral confusion and a ravin of human

tooth and claw that has culminated in the sack of cities.

It is in this sense that the Great War is attributable to economic causes. Our antebellum economics was monstrous and malignant. The idealism of the world had refused to invest itself in the economic process, and had left the vital business of the race to operate in a moral vacuum. Political and cultural ideals of rival nations and classes were irreconcilable because they had no focus in the earth-struggle, but flew to the four winds of heaven.

It cannot be too often repeated—for it is the heart of the Gospel of the Incarnation—that if we use the imagination in order to escape from reality there must needs be the devil to pay. It appears that the only right use of the miraculous faculty of word-images,—whereby we are able to conceive things that do not exist,—is to conquer the natural difficulties of existence, and make new things exist.

#### VII

This dare-devil affirmativeness of the human spirit is the quintessence of the university as Anselm and Abelard understood it. And those who think of the university as a store-house of pulseless and achromatic knowledge or as a bastion to defend the harassed frontiers of the *status quo*, are thinking in the manner of the Alexandrian archivists or the imperial scholars of Aurelian Rome. They do not understand the university—or the modern spirit that has come out of it to renew the world.

It is quite impossible to understand the nature of the university if one persists in thinking of it as one of the institutions of society. Its true character does not appear until it begins to be thought of as society itself—the generator of property and power, and the nourishing mother of the only kind of law and order that can possibly conquer the feuds of race and class and prevail over wide areas, under the complex conditions of modern commerce, finance and industrial technology.

#### VIII

The Great War announced the doom of balance-of-power politics—the kind of politics that begins by assuming the inevitable and perpetual disagreement of group-ideals and group-interests, and therefore proceeds to invent checks, balances and equilibrators in the vain hope of stabilising the flux of social forces. The solution of the problem of world-reorganisation turns upon the discovery or recovery of an authority strong enough to cross the lines between parties, classes and nations. We shall see that the university contains this principle of reconciliation if we take pains to get to the root of the thing—and have patience to separate its essential character from the perversions that have obscured its meaning. We shall find that the university is the world's best effort to normalise itself and that the advertisement of its true aims will draw response from what is deepest in human nature.

#### IX

Political chaos is not necessarily permanent, and the present parlous condition of civilised man is not incurable. But we must abandon our confidence in political machinery if we would turn the machinery of steel from the ways of death to the ways of life.

Hildebrand, Innocent, Ambrose of Milan and the other primary builders of the Church understood that the building of a cosmopolitan social order is at bottom a simple thing—however difficult. They knew that the difficulty of world order lay coiled in the quarrels of every village and in the mental confusion of every man. They knew that the stupendous structure of ecclesiastical catholicism would grow as gourds do, and would overgrow the stubborn prejudice of all the races—if a motive power could be set to work that was truer to the health and heart's-desire of average men than was the motive power of the Roman Empire.

The university, like the Church, was an attempt of elemental men to develop

a universal social tissue out of a highly vitalised political germ-cell. They found a peculiarly effective way of countervailing the immemorial tendency to sentimentality and sordidness and of bringing men together in healing and fruitful relations to each other and to the material realities out of which we must wrest the stuff of life.

As in theory of common law it takes three disorderly persons to make a mob, so it is possible to say that three orderly men, standing related in a particular manner, exhibit the quintessence of any civil society. Thus in order to understand the nature of the social order that the university prefigures one has only to imagine a communion of three affirmative personalities—say a chemist, a physician and an engineer—conspiring and cooperating to advance the arts and sciences. They unite to escape from the natural rule of necessitousness and fatality and to live a life of spiritual origination and freedom. This conception of the germinal cell of the university society needs only to be rounded out with the understanding that each member has legal authority or governing power within the scope of his specialty and is interested, not altruistically but organically, in the increase of the power and authority of the other members. This follows, since an advance of the arts in any direction accrues to the benefit of all, and since the exploitability of nature is practically infinite. So that no private fortune is constricted by the growth of another.

Now, if we take this cellular unit and conceive it as expanded into a wide-spreading social tissue we shall find it suited to the genius of modern business.

## X

It has happened to be a part of my occupation in recent years to go about the world in the service of the Department of Commerce at Washington, making observations on the maladjustment of the business organisation of several countries to their respective political systems. The reflection has forced itself into these ob-

servations that the Great War would not have been inevitable if the university had retained its original character as creator rather than creature of social law. If the vast body of modern business with its titanic technology, could have come into being with the generations that intervened between Anselm and Abelard, they and such as they would have understood, I think, that the university is by rights the informing and vitalising soul of great business. They would have known that great business without a soul must, by sheer heedlessness, wreck the framework of civilisation. Thus, it is one of the chief misadventures of history that the university as a social and political authority has been separated by a long age from the rise of big business.

## XI

But it is the prerogative of the human mind to conquer time and correct the accidents of experience. The truth that needs now to sink into our hearts—the lesson that is being syllabled by “the dreadful and the just Eumenides”—is that the energy of idealism must be turned into the power of tools. It is seen that modern war is at bottom not military but industrial—a sheer wrestle of rival working systems to see which is greater in the realm of the creative spirit.

The people of England, France and the United States must now—on peril of the submergence of western culture—put aside their traditionary politics and grasp the truth that the working organisation of society is society itself—that the politics of business is the whole length and breadth of politics, and that outside of the spiritual mastery of materials there is no place for politics at all.

## XII

The principal weight of the struggle against Germany now falls upon the United States. The human and material resources of this country, while not infinite, are adequate for the raising up of a power of art and science strong enough

to impose a new law, a Pax Americana, throughout the circle of commerce.

The rule of the world belongs to the strong—to the masters of the arts whereby the energies of nature are put to the service of man, so that he can build cities or destroy them. It appears that the inheritance of the earth is awarded to the meekness of farmers, fishermen and mechanics and to the humble-heartedness of the artists and engineers who do not stand gazing into heaven. We must be patient to seek the aura of the infinite in the dust of the obdurate earth.

Let us grant that the world is ruled by force, but not by violence—for violence is weak. Wherever there exists concentrated force of arms or tools—though it may spend and waste itself in violence—we should perceive that it has not been won by violence; for violence does not consist of that composure of mind whereby the arts and sciences are advanced, and the elementary forces are made to pulse through the ordered wills of a multitude of men.

So now the time has come for America to play the leading rôle in the greatest of dramas. We must grasp the meaning of our part. We must understand that idealism, divorced from realism, makes wars but does not win them—that idealism without art and science can neither fight nor make peace.

In general we must understand that the separation of the conceptive faculties of mankind from its executive faculties is the original sin of the race and the spring of the spiritual confusion of the ages. And in particular we must perceive that the catastrophe of the second decade of the twentieth century is due—before and beyond all other causes—to a monstrous schism between the top-lofty idealism of the state and the burrowing realism of business. The schism between business and policies was the chief and characteristic fact of the nineteenth century.

### XIII

Civilisation was split in two by the rise of the business system. It knitted

itself into the physical needs of men with an intimacy of personal relationship unexampled in any previous form of human association. It developed, through the new and marvellous agencies of credit-capital, contractualism and corporate organisation, powerful centres of social control that everywhere equalled or overbalanced the centres of legal and ostensible government.

Thus arose a social problem that absorbed all social problems into one. The problem that confronted the people of all countries at the threshold of the twentieth century was this: How shall we resolve the contradiction between the law of the courts and the law by which we get our living?

It was fondly supposed in America and elsewhere that the contradiction was superficial and could be patched up and smoothed out by the making of a few new statutes. It was not perceived—and alas! is not even yet perceived by most of us—that the contradiction is in its nature eternal, and so cannot be compromised. It cuts to the core of thought and the heart of life.

A national or international organisation for work is a new thing in history—and it cannot be understood otherwise than as a new and transforming politics that must necessarily and in the very nature of the case, challenge the authority and jurisdiction of the old politics. The contradiction between the two can be resolved only by the elimination of one term or the other. It is conceivably possible to destroy the political fabric of grand-scale business, to disintegrate the strong and delicate tissues of commerce and credit and abolish the massive structure of corporate industry. It is thinkable that the world of work might be uncrowned of its majesty and catholicity, might be made unpolitical by being reduced to the measure of mediæval trades-guilds and to the disjunctive units of the old craftsmen's economy. Thus we might—in imagination at least—get the genii back into the bottle and restore the peace of states.

But in truth it is not possible to get

rid of the new-born world of work, for it is the kingdom of the creative spirit; its coming is a kind of apocalypse and the rubrics of its credit and commerce are graven into the cortex of the modern brain. To speak in simpler terms, it is sufficient to say that we cannot take out our telephones. It is morally impossible to do so. Therefore we are definitively committed to a life of complex artistry—and to the enforced mutuality of the machine. The new political power of organised production is here to stay.

## XIV

The old politics is static, the new is dynamic. The old strives vainly for fixed foundations in the midst of the inevitable flux of life; it is false to nature as the Ptolemaic astronomy was false. The new politics on the other hand is Copernican; it gives up the vain quest for settled status and an absolute right; commits itself to grand orbits and to the kind of stability that comes of momentum. Or if one would have a more human view of the irreducible difference between the old political state and the new politics of business, it is to be found in the contrast between the spirit of the Old Testament and that of the New.

Germany has become the Adversary because she has undertaken, with a kind of infidel faith in the God of Joshua, to make the power of the creative spirit serve the old sacrificial altars. Germanism is a recrudescence of Judaism. The most important and explanatory fact about modern Germany is that for forty years she made a thoroughgoing effort to solve the contradiction between business and politics by feudalising the universal forces of credit and commerce under the suzerainty of a transcendental state. It must be admitted that in England, France and the United States there grew up during this period a half-hearted commercial imperialism that dreamed of trying to do what Germany seriously tried. There is nothing distinctively German about the idea except that Germany was capable of the kind of Macca-

bean patriotism that was necessary to make a dead-set at it.

It was psychologically possible for Germans—but not possible for Englishmen, Frenchmen and Americans—to “Hebraise” their politics, in Matthew Arnold’s sense of the word. They were able—and we were not and are not able—to think and feel in the manner and mood of the Old Testament. They submitted themselves to the categorical imperative of an inscrutable national law and to a Sinaitic covenant of peculiar duty and privilege. It is because of an atavistic persuasion that they are a chosen people of a divinely favoured breed, and that the capital of the holy fatherland is a kind of New Jerusalem, that the Germans have been hardened beyond compunction to spoil the Egyptians and fall so heavily upon the Hittites and the peoples of Canaan.

## XV

To the eye of philosophy, when this tyranny shall be overpassed it will be plain that Germany was tempted by tradition and forced by circumstances to serve as a proxy and conscript for the whole family of nations in order that the cult of an exclusive nationalism might be made hateful. Germany has proved to the hilt that the universal contradiction between the working order and the old politics cannot be solved by making the ecumenic organs of credit and commerce minister to the separate pride and power of a single state. It is as if the Genius of History were saying of the wreck of Belgium and the sinking ships in the seas: Look, this is what happens to manufacture and trade and to the wide human communion of the bread and wine, because a nation has treated the tools of universal art and science as if they were the appanage of a chosen people!

## XVI

It will be discovered before we are through with the lesson that a socialistic state is as unfit as a dynastic state to control the vital organs of great business.

We shall perceive that modern business moves by a law that rests in the nature of things and the nature of man, and that this law cannot be administered by merely official persons—no more by the elected delegates of majorities than by oligarchs and kings. It must be executed by men of special and personal competency—by the organisers of industry, by shipmasters and by those who can draw a straight furrow in a field.

It is because America has always had some inkling of this truth that the tradition of Jefferson has restricted the jurisdiction of government and politics to about one-tenth of the area of life, and the tradition of Hamilton to about two-tenths. The implication is that the eight- or nine-tenths have been reserved for free enterprise and the development of organs of social self-control that do not depend for their validation upon the sanctions of politics or the police. In this free area the directive institutions of business have grown up and have become so powerful that they have in the past commonly dictated the decision of politics.

### XVII

The irrepressible conflict between Germany and the western democracies turns upon a spiritual contrast that is dramatised in the fact that the democracies have tended, by dollar diplomacies and otherwise, to use the state as a tool of big business—while Germany has reversed those terms. Both tendencies are morbid, but the disease of the democracies is the distemper of a nobler and mightier health. It has come of a half-perception of the truth that the working organisation is a better vehicle of ideals and has a firmer grasp upon reality than has the official state. When we deny this we become—however unwittingly—apostate from the faith of our fathers. By doing so we turn our history to confusion and make Americanism meaningless. Moreover, such an apostasy, if unrepented, would surely lose the fight. One must be true to one's own genius or submit to effacement. It is not pos-

sible for America to prevail over Germany by extemporising a German attitude toward offices of state. On the contrary, we must make our working organisation sovereign and supreme.

England and France have failed to stem the Teutonic tide because the intimations of their European culture have made them less aware than we are of the truth that tools are greater than arms. They have so far shared the political superstition of Germany as to suppose that wars are mainly won by soldiers. England and France would be more formidable to Germany if they had found a way to make their working organisation self-governing and scientific. They militarised it. They hastened to abrogate the essential laws of business and to subject the working organisation to arbitrary laws.

We cannot win back what England and France have lost—by following the ways of their discomfiture. To prevail over Germany, we must deepen our allegiance to our own instincts. America must hold fast to her primitive perception that political officialdom is not the spine of society. The officials who are greatest in American esteem are they who have known this, and so have used the arbitrary power of the state to stimulate the springs of enterprise and limit the scope of arbitrariness.

### XVIII

To President Wilson the opportunity is given—in a measure unmatched in history—to take an arbitrary power into his hands and transmute it into free energy.

This self-immolation of arbitrariness is the redemptive act whereby an authentic democracy can most readily get its leverage under the burden of these times. Because of the unfitness of American business and politics to meet the stress of war, it came to pass that powers of vital reaction, which should have been distributed to ten thousand ganglia throughout the social body, were suddenly accumulated, like a rush of blood to the

head, in one great office—the Presidency of the United States. Thus it is given to Mr. Woodrow Wilson to serve as the minister of the renunciation that is to redeem the world.

The notion that fighting-efficiency and high productive-power are best achieved by the elimination of personal wills and the mechanisation of the multitude under the hand of a super-philosophic demiurge is a puerility that we have inherited from Plato. This psychologic recoil to an age of the jab-iron and the distaff discounts two thousand years of growing science and socialised technology. It is an hypnosis that threatens to cancel the supreme chance of democracy and give victory to the Teutons—for in the degree that the Germans are masters of machines their social system has ceased to be mechanical.

If the high places of counsel at Washington were held by first-rate industrial engineers, such men as Mr. Harrington Emerson and Mr. H. L. Gantt, it would be explained to the country from a wealth of experience, that increase of working-power and fighting-power can be had only by increase of personal freedom; and that first-rate organisation for a factory or a commonwealth eliminates "the boss," clears a space of free origination and authority for the humblest workman and gets unity of action not through fear of punishment but through mutuality of interest. It is in the light of such considerations that the mission of the university-spirit should be made plain.

### XIX

The development of modern technology has made autocracy absurd. For the higher powers of the machine-process cannot be evoked by autocrats, plutocrats or politicians. These powers can be brought into being and deployed on battlefields only by the conspiracy and concord of free creative men. It was not always so, but it has come to be so through the rise and development of a vast complex of co-ordinated working forces in which every man's

bread and wine depends upon the common effort.

Modern civilisation is a kind of supernatural creation, a stupendous work of art, sustained from day to day against the assaults of nature and the dissolving chemistries of earth and air by a communion of personal courage and loyalty on the part of the masters of the machines. Everything flows. There are no fixed values. The stuffs by which we are nourished, clothed and housed, our transportation materials and all our war-gear are a kind of effluence from the tireless and timeless spirit of creative enterprise. The things come and are gone—year by year. The Federal Census of 1910 showed that the annual manufactured product was far greater in value than all the capital invested in the process.

### XX

If America is to prevail in the test of rival earth-powers it will be because America understands better than the states of Central Europe the meaning of mobilisation. It is a word of spiritual and prophetic import implying a definite abandonment of the strained political effort to maintain a fixed status of right and property, and a commitment of the whole fortune of society to the open road and the march. The most mobile society—the people weighted with the lightest baggage of economic and political tradition—will win.

All absolute rights of persons or property are being swept away. Vested interests are to be reconceived and ratified in terms of social function or public service. We are on the march against the Germans and must lay aside every impedamental weight of the past. And we shall not turn back to recover these incumbrances, for after the capitulation of our present adversary, we shall continue to be on the march against everything that obstructs or opposes the spirit of reconstruction.

The mobilisation of America is indicated by the socialisation of finance, commerce and the news. Upon this triple



sovereignty of the modern order of business the Government at Washington has laid its constraining hand. Those who cry out for a return to the old political liberalism will be disappointed. We shall not go back to the sway of accident and class-interest in these matters. It is, however, urgently desirable that Washington should rationalise its imperative action. It needs to be made clear that the sovereignties of the bank, the market and the press, which have been taken away from unsocialised agencies and accumulated into central and official hands, are to be redistributed to local communities as soon as the communities can produce fit agencies of social authority.

### XXI.

The editor of the *London Statist* says we are coming to understand at length that modern finance is not an economy of money but of skills. Financial power is the power to give social sanction and support to the adventures of private enterprise, and thus to allocate and direct the productive abilities of the community. It is only in a secondary sense that finance has to do with money, or even with tangible tools and the ownership of them. It must be confessed, however, that this truth is not yet quite understood in Wall Street or Lombard Street. It is still supposed in those avenues of ancient but receding authority that money is power. It is supposed that ownership of the productions of yesterday confers a natural right to compose and direct the working forces of to-day. The supposition is preposterous.

It is a deplorable accident of history that finance got started wrong. It followed the tradition of the Fuggers and Rothschilds who lent money to embarrassed princess—and so fathered the socially destructive theory that finance consists in the manipulation of claims against commonwealths and the capitalisation of social debts and disabilities. Hence it came to pass that the Bank of England was founded, not upon the vital wealth or productivity of England, but

upon the certificated inability of the English to pay their debts.

Even so in the United States to-day the financial columns of newspapers are full of a jargon that yields to no analysis of common reason. Current financial discussion is made uninteresting because it has no basis in science or the humanities. Indeed one may say that the mystery of uninterestingness is the peculiarity of the unsocial financial tradition that has now come to its day of judgment. Every other great power known to history has been edged with an aura of charm or splendour and has fortified itself with effulgent light. Among the forces that have moved mankind it was left to our antebellum finance alone to defend itself from intellectual intrusion and the assaults of rebels by swathing itself in sicate formulas against which the humanities recoiled with mental stupor and emotional fatigue. Stock-brokers' finance is as complex as theology—though the practicable finance of art and science is as simple as the Gospel.

### XXII

Be it known, therefore, that the new and regenerative finance is the Socialisation of Skills. It is the art of putting private value-creating abilities together in such manner as to produce a public value-creating power of the highest possible efficiency. This implies that the values of yesterday must be preserved or reproduced in new forms. But it does not imply that the owners of yesterday's goods—who depend upon the working process for the preservation or recreation of their values—have any special right to direct the process or divert it to private ends.

A finance controlled by organised ownership for the purpose of laying the heaviest possible overhead charge of unearned incomes upon the general working-plant, is a work of "the wild asses of the devil" and is beneath the level of intellectual disdain.

For if the decisions as to priority of capitalisation and as to the interstitial adjustments of the parts of the working

system are constantly made, not with reference to increase of creative power but only with regard to the collectibility of legal claims—the system can have no architectonic unity but only a legalistic unity. Its driving centre will lie not in the will of the engineer but in that of the policeman. It will consistently inhibit every motion of the creative mind that may carry the working process into new realms beyond the reach of the mortgagee. It will make an institution of poverty and disemployment; it will cleave a social chasm between wages and profits. Its overhead charges will constantly tend to exceed what it is physically possible for the plant to bear. All securities will be made insecure. There will be periodic attacks of industrial paralysis with progressive prostration, ending in *rigor mortis*—or an unquenchable fever of war. All this has been shown by bitter experience.

## XXIII

At the present moment in the United States finance is striving toward simplicity and sanity by courses that owe much to instinct and little to reflection, and that are due in considerable part to exhaustion of the possibilities of wrong-headedness. The central office of American finance has already passed from Wall Street to Washington. It has become for the moment a function of that general receivership of all social powers—the Presidency.

The banks have relinquished their power to underwrite the railroads and the great industrial corporations and have loyally co-operated in the flotation of public debts that have absorbed the main volume of fluent capital. We are undertaking to spend twenty billion dollars a year to maintain the Government and prosecute the war—though the gross annual income of the nation, according to Professor Patten and other economists, is hardly more than thirty billions. This effort to do what cannot be done without regenerative improvement in our working organisation has taken from the banks their regula-

tive power over industry and has caused a progressive scaling down of stock-market values to a total amount for the past year of something like ten billion dollars.

## XXIV

We are in the midst of the revolution that sums up all revolutions. It is the revolution absolute—the passing of the consciousness of mankind from creaturehood to creatorship. In terms of politics this means that government by the Socratic discussion of abstract principles of right is passing away and is being superseded by a kind of government that neither Hobbes nor Locke nor Rousseau nor Montesquieu nor the fathers of the American Constitution conceived, to wit: *Government by authoritative appraisal of the relative value of persons, projects, commodities and events, with reference to the uses of life.*

This new kind of government is here. It is an accomplished fact. It has been called “the invisible government.” A kingdom, coming without observation and as a thief in the night, broke into history in the middle of the last century. Because it came thus and had no prophets or philosophers to herald its coming, its portent has been misunderstood. The moralists and reformers of liberalism and socialism have regarded the invisible government of the working world as an entirely sinister thing, deserving only to be destroyed. They perceived that it did in fact administer the new social sovereignties—credit, commerce and the press—in a manner that was class-interested and unsocial. They did not see that government by appraisal of values is intrinsically stronger than any other kind of government—is in fact unconquerable. Thus it did not occur to them that the only possible solution of the social problem is to make the invisible government visible.

That is what is now taking place. Because of our stubborn misunderstanding of the process whereby the

control of credit, commerce and the organs of intelligence is being transferred from unsocial centres to centres of social responsibility, there is danger of great damage to the legitimate claims of those who have invested their money and their moral and mental faith in the old order. Such is the warning that should be read in the present state of the securities market. We should make haste to transform our low-powered productive system, now overburdened with investors' claims, into a high-powered system that can sustain them. If we refuse to cancel the bad system we must cancel the claims that it is unable to bear. We shall enter into the new order without grave travail if we succeed in effecting the change before the honest debts of the old order have been written ruthlessly off the books.

#### XXV

It is not within the power of any man to resist the urgency of the great change. But it is within the power of the President of the United States to save us from confusion in the transition. In the spirit of his significant action at the beginning of the war when he appointed,—on nomination by the five national engineering societies,—a standing committee in every State to speak with authority concerning the war-worthiness of its industrial organisations, and in the spirit of his historic effort that created the Federal Reserve System,—it is possible for the President to institute in each of the twelve reserve districts a self-governing authority, to polarise the productive forces of the community and restore to

the fluent life of the people the arbitrary power over the organs of credit, commerce and information that has drifted into his hands. It is possible for the President to reorganise the new industrial war powers at Washington in such manner that they shall have freedom and unity to correlate the twelve local authorities and act by requisition upon them.

By using his arbitrary power to crown and accredit the real masters of arts, and to set up new centres of intrinsic power, and organise enterprise, it is possible for the President to quadruple the productive ability of the United States or increase it by some higher multiple. He can let loose an energy for war or peace sufficient to command acceptance by the Germans and all other reluctant races of a new and regenerative order of the world.

This new order of the world, a thousand years overdue, is now precipitated upon us by the conjuncture of high technology with a devastating war that cannot be settled otherwise than by the development of an unprecedented civil polity that capitalises the inexhaustible resources of the imagination to increase the productive force of the machines.

The latent powers of organised art and science are practically infinite, and in their political development they will prove to be irresistible. The spirit of the university, turning its back upon the cloister and taking tools and weapons in its hands, will be revealed as the strong mother of the race to whom proud dynasties and rebellious mobs are only as little children.

# WAR AND RELIGION

BY ABRAM S. ISAACS

One murder made a villain,  
Millions a hero. Princes were privileged  
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.  
Ah! why will kings forget that they are  
men,  
And men that they are brethren.

—*Bishop Porteus.*

AT FIRST thought there can be no necessary relation between war and religion except that of thorough antagonism. No ideas could be more contradictory. War spells destruction; religion, construction. Whatever their varied definition, war deals with the mechanics of slaughter, peace with the dynamics of the spirit. War is defiant, insistent, uncompromising; it will gain its point despite every sacrifice of blood and treasure. Peace restrains, revives, restores, gives fresh life and hope as a new world dawns of high possibilities. Yet the conflict of nations has been canonised, and the Almighty as the War Lord of Hosts confidently appealed to by the opposing belligerents for exclusive patronage. Places, too, dedicated to Him are gaily decorated with flags, which wave in defiance at banners that drape similarly edifices on the other side of the fighting line, while special services are held for victory in calm disregard of any embarrassment to the Disposer of events, whom each opponent claims as his own.

Mediæval blessings of arms and ancient sanctifying through sacrifices and burnt offerings can be readily recalled as indicating the influence of religion in war days, which still retains its hold on the modern world in an era of rampant strife. In our own time, with its greatly increased efficiency in the production of munitions on the one hand, and the remarkable co-ordination of benevolent agencies to heal the wounds of war on the other, how frequently is the very

text of Scripture made a pretext for the butchery of our adversaries! Yet the Hebrew prophet proclaimed peace as precious sign of the Messianic age, and the old Mohammedan proverb warns solemnly that they who live by the sword shall perish by the sword. The gentle admonition—"love thy enemies"—was lost on Torquemada with all his holy dignities. Peace was an appropriate figure for the sculptured shrine, but manifestly out of place in the council chamber of pontiff and sovereign. It was Ruskin who wrote that modern war was worse than the savage's poisoned arrow.

Now one may understand how in the Israelitish conquest of Canaan, when practically uncivilised tribes, without machine guns or motor trucks, were pitted against each other, war and frightfulness were synonymous. Nothing else could have been expected at a period which lacked the indispensable factors that condition present-day progress. One might have excused Joshua and his successors had they employed poisonous gas or other inventions of that character, on the ground of their elementary stage of morality. Yet in the Mosaic traditional code were humane limitations of war's cruelty, several thousand years before The Hague Tribunal and the *pourparlers* of benevolent Powers in the full panoply of their self-righteousness. For example, in the sieges of cities, fruit trees could not be cut down for entrenchments. The newly betrothed were exempt for a time without being called slackers, while the owners of homes or vineyards which had not been dedicated were similarly relieved. Even the faint-hearted were excused before the battle.

Modern civilisation, of course, has mitigated in large measure the horrors of war, despite their occasional revival

in more strictly scientific form, and we have grown to accept more cheerfully war's gruesomeness when we are assured that freedom and enlightenment are at stake. Religion, like liberty in Madame Roland's last historic utterance, has many crimes committed in its name, but none more bewildering than when used as a masque for less reputable purposes. How often, too, are patriotism and bombast made synonymous! The well-fed platform orator declares in his fervid apostrophe to human brotherhood that the nations are one, but they are still to exemplify such an ideal which awaits the complete banishment of monopolies in religion and trade, that have been practically the cause of all wars, whatever high-sounding names they have assumed.

Wars flourish, whether for political or commercial motives, if once pretentious masques are flung aside, so long as the world is swayed by the ethics of force, not the force of ethics. War persists as the most decisive factor in human affairs simply because no power can rival or supplant it or hold it in permanent check. How many expedients have been suggested to effect its overthrow! A system of international police is the latest, with stringent regulation for the offending nation that incites to conflict; but who will guard the guardians in their virtuous wrath? Some look to socialism as the restraining force, but that is still in its formative stage, and subject to curious conceits and delusions of its own, which must first be eradicated to ensure efficiency. Ruskin suggested that women relatives of fallen soldiers should perpetually wear black; humanity could not long endure such a silent reproach, apart from the fact that mourning does not add to feminine beauty.

More of us to-day build our hopes on democracy, which has become a word to conjure with; but all depends upon the character of its component parts. In a democracy are many democracies, and which has the right to the name? Exact definitions are difficult to make—

here, too, there is much masquerade. It may become a tyranny more ruthless than the autocracy it would displace, as history has an unfortunate way of illustrating. In the rapidly changing drama of the nations, people and their spokesmen curiously resemble quick-witted stage supers, who now form the defiant mob, now stately society representatives, and now the pliant crowd that shouts for Cæsar or jeers at Brutus with equal readiness. One may point to religion in its usual meaning and at its current degree of dilution as the most effective agency to supplant war. Here, too, there is one inexorable prerequisite—it will have first to exorcise those open or secret hatreds and prejudices which keep alive war's undying flame, often *ad majorem gloriam dei*.

War is not an involuntary or unconscious process, as the successive stages of leaf, flower and fruit. In reality it is a clash of will power against will power. When a nation would impose its will power on another nation, without further check or consideration, war almost inevitably results. The problem is to control a nation's will power, and to direct it rationally to minimise the chances of conflict. Now a nation is no separate entity—it is an aggregation of individuals. If the individual is trained aright physically and mentally, and taught in addition the elements of genuine character, as is, for example, epitomised by Micah, loving mercy, doing justly, and walking humbly before God, there would be less likelihood of their flying at each other's throat at the first outbreak of passion as the only method of settling disputes.

Surely it cannot be impossible to learn the precious art of respecting each other's point of view, whether it be a question of creed or trade or territory. If this universal training be carried on for a term of years, and mutual consideration, the sense of justice, and those finer qualities that condition character in nations as well as individuals be made as integral a part of education as geography, mathematics, literature, or how to hold

a rifle or raise potatoes, some return to national sanity would result, even if the plough would be at a premium and the spear lose some of its glitter. One must disbelieve wholly in human perfectibility or admit possibilities in the gradual improvement of our race. The record of some religious bodies—the Friends, for instance—shows convincingly how certain principles rigidly adhered to become identified with the life and character, if not stamped forever like soulmarks on the features themselves.

It is not irreverent to suggest that religion in its common meaning and practice has failed to realise its aims and has proved the slave of passions of which it should be the master. Whatever the character and variety of its ideals, there has been a deplorable lack of workable qualities. The history of religion is very much like the history of nations—it is the story of how one creed has striven to impose its will power and authority on another, approving and promoting wars which were no less savage because called holy. To-day the fangs have been drawn, although here and there the rattle persists, happily more and more faintly year by year. The separation of church and state and the growth of public opinion that wrong or right is learning its own power are significant and symptomatic. Even where ecclesiasticism survives it is largely formal or ornamental, inspiring as little fear as do the carved gargoyles which look down so threateningly from a sanctuary's walls.

Is the outlook hopeless then? Is humanity diseased and the old Adam too deeply rooted to be eradicated from the great mass of us, nations as well as individuals? Are we close to Armageddon and is this fair world, with all its beauty and goodness, its genius and strength, its ineffable grandeur and marvellous adaptations, to descend to utter darkness and death? Such gloomy forecasts are common at certain eras and as trustworthy as the weather prophecies in the old-time patent medical guide. Napoleon in his day was held to be

Apollyon, to usher in a world catastrophe. A century later one hears about another war lord somewhere in Europe, forerunner of as dreadful a cataclysm. Napoleon in a curious Greek anagram, in successive decapitations of his name, was said to be a lion, going about destroying cities, just as the Kaiser is brought into fearsome connection with the mystic 666. The courtiers of James I, who discovered in "James Stuart" the anagram of "A just master" were not less logical. Are matters, then, so serious that we must take to the tree-tops, like the credulous New England rustics about the middle of last century, who in not overburdensome costume were ready to leap to heaven at the first shrill sound of Gabriel's trumpet to announce the dawn of a new world and the total destruction of the old?

Lowell made a sad blunder, perhaps, when in his enthusiasm he wrote that "still at the prophets' feet the nations sit." It is the soothsayer, not the prophet, who is heard nowadays, the diviner, not the divine. We get our ideas too often from the old mythology and its warring deities, and as we have no power to emulate them in heaven we transfer their atmosphere and attitude to earth. We make religion in large measure a matter of version and animadversion, while we associate warfare exclusively with battles and sieges. A broader definition is needed and an emphatic revolt from the tyranny of names.

Shall it not be our country's mission to do its share in solving the problem—our country, which has contributed so much to human happiness and which is now with united effort and matchless courage opening a new chapter in history? Shall its inventiveness and spirit of enterprise be confined to mechanics and trade and not advanced to the nobler realm of ethics that shall make democracy safe for itself as the nearest duty? Warfare is not limited to the use of rifle or cannon, the attack and the defence in field or at sea. Universal training must not end with the manual of arms.

Our young people are to be taught as well certain old-time principles for the art of life as essentials in courses of study. Obedience, reverence, self-control, self-knowledge, the power of character, the positive qualities that make for true living, are no less vital objects of instruction. These determine our country's future to a greater degree than the size of our cities, the number of our mines and mills, our financial strength or territorial growth.

It is life that signifies the only kind of war which is continuous, without pause or truce. The most ruthless battlefield is within ourselves. Our thoughts and desires swing ceaselessly and relentlessly between good and evil. To curb the wrong impulse, to strengthen the wise resolve, to banish the hateful motive, to cultivate what is helpful and uplifting, to recognise our neighbour as brother, whatever his creed or condition, and to respect his point of view—all this

should enter into the universal training of our American youth. Art, literature, science should be utilised to bring home such discipline as shall ennoble democracy, if it is to be the final stage in American growth, and make the world the better by our example.

And what part shall our country play in the problem of religion? With the character and conduct of its citizens thus moulded, and the foundation securely laid for national peace and happiness, religion and doctrine will have no harassing problems for us. According to Pope, all rational and disinterested people would be of one religion if they should talk together every day. Living and working together each day, with love and enthusiasm for the ideals of a common country, Americans will be of one religion, whatever its name, as its divine spirit renders strife impossible and impels the nation to lofty unselfish endeavour.

# THE PROFESSOR RECOVERS

## BEING THE STORY OF AN IRRITABLE MAN

BY GRANT SHOWERMAN

THE Professor was ailing. I do not mean disabled and confined to his bed, but ill on his feet, which is in some respects a misfortune still worse; for in that case you get most of the disadvantages of being ill, with none of its compensations. The neighbours' wives never bring in jelly for a man merely ill on his feet, not even when he is a professor, and for him Mr. Carnegie's sympathy never reaches the pragmatic stage.

Of course he went to the old-school doctors, and of course he went from the old-school doctors to the druggists, and of course the druggists gave him expensive prescriptions of inexpensive remedies—reaching a maximum of high finance in the case of one prescription for which they charged him seventy-five cents, and which, after five indulgences, he discovered that he might himself have compounded at home five times at a total cost of fifteen cents and a quart of boiled water.

"Be careful; don't waste the water," said the Professor drily to his wife as she was making the tea, the evening he found the druggist out. "The war has struck the water supply, too. Water has gone away up." He resolved that if ever again muckraking became the fashion he would buy an instrument of his own and join the ranks of the rakers. He thought he knew one place where the muck promised well.

I said remedies. That was not quite accurate. They might possibly have been remedies had the Professor really had any of the diseases for which they were administered. But he was unfortunate, and had not.

Failing, therefore, to be cured by the old school, he went to the homœopaths, and the osteopaths, and the chiropractors,

and the various healers and scientists, and the dietetists. He tried the grape cure, and the water cure, and sundry well-recommended patent medicines, discontinuing these last just in time to escape the patent medicine disease itself. Indeed, he tried every remedy which had ever helped any one of his friends, and every remedy which any one of his friends had ever heard had helped anyone else, and all to no avail.

Of course he did not omit the surgeons, especially as he sometimes had, or imagined that he had, or had had, or was on the point of having, a pain in the right side just below the line of the umbilicus. And of course the surgeons told him that, while they could not be absolutely sure it was appendicitis, they were willing to operate if he wanted to be satisfied it was not. They mentioned in a similar manner the sinus, the adenoids, and the tonsils. The dentists made like remarks about the teeth.

The Professor was not yet distracted beyond all power of reason. He said to his wife: "It seems to me that if anything is the matter with a man's teeth, or tonsils, or adenoids, or sinus, or appendix, they ought to speak up and say so. How can we afford all these luxurious experiments, I'd like to know, with the necessities of life, including boiled water (he smiled a dry smile), going up every day. We'd be in debt all our lives."

"You know you have had the stomach ache quite a few times this year," the Professor's wife answered.

The dry smile came again. "That's because we have had more good square meals than usual since they raised me that fifty dollars," the Professor said. "You see, I'm not used to it."



This did not happen in one of the rich institutions where salaries go up to fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars, or even twenty-five hundred, and the professors have two gowns and everything handsome about them. The Professor and his wife concluded to let sleeping dogs lie.

Meanwhile the Professor went about with a lean and hungry look. He was filled with trouble and anxiety.

Seldom he smiled, and smiled in such a sort  
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his  
spirit

That could be moved to smile at anything.

Not that he was bitter. It only seemed so to some who did not know him. The fact is, he did the best he could, which was not very bad, and was really blameless, but very unhappy.

This was because he was a Christian gentleman with a stern sense of duty, and possessed of that highly disquieting and troublesome thing, a conscience. He believed that religion had something to do with daily converse and action, as well as with church attendance and contributions. He was also much given to introspection, which is a good servant but a bad master. This is equivalent to saying that his conscience was tyrannical. In still other words, the Professor was hard on himself. How it was that his conscience came to be an important factor in the situation, I shall now explain.

It was simple enough. Ailing people are commonly irritable, and, unless they have a great deal of grace, are likely to show it. The Professor was irritable, and the mantle of his grace was not sufficient to cover the sin. He was exceedingly irritable—with his family, with his friends, and even with strangers. It annoyed him to be contradicted (and some people in good health are like him), to be asked questions, and sometimes merely to be spoken to. Above all, he was irritated when asked to assent to remarks about the weather.

You see, the Professor was what is called "touchy." This is an expressive

application of the word. In casting about for an appropriate simile, he conceived that in respect of his nervous system he was much like a man smitten from the sole of his foot unto his crown with the sorest of sore boils. The very slightest touch was painful; actual bumps were nothing less than maddening; and the expectation that he was going to be bumped was so constant and insistent that all his moments were filled with tribulation and unrest.

Thus it was that under the ill of continued physical discomfort he soon came to suffer even more intensely from mental and spiritual distress. He not only lost his natural gentleness and geniality, but became cheerless, morose, and even harsh. His temper—say, rather, his nerves—were beyond control. He was compelled to learn by experience, and with deepest grief and humiliation, the truth of the Apostle's words: how the tongue, that little member, was an unruly evil, full of deadly poison, and how no man could tame it. He tried the much recommended plan of counting one hundred before he spoke; but his tongue was so much more nimble than his memory that he miserably failed.

And it was not only the little member set on fire of hell that caused the Professor trouble. His hands and feet became unruly. The furniture began to suffer. The man who did their repairing remarked one day that the children must be a lively lot. The Professor himself noticed with alarm that drugs and doctors were not the only expense entailed by his complaint.

However, a few dollars for furniture was not the worst thing in the world, though the sacrifice was by no means pleasant. Furniture could be mended, and be made almost as good as new. Indeed, the Professor sometimes thought, as he contemplated the most precious of his wife's possessions, that age and decrepitude made furniture actually worth more. But even so, had it been at all within his power, he would have preferred to let the furniture acquire decrepitude in ways less undesirable. No,

the worst thing about it was not the material hurt, but the spiritual.

For the Professor endured real suffering; being, as I told you, a very conscientious man. Guard against himself as he would, every day of his life he sorely hurt some member of his little circle. The result was, that little by little he arrived at a realising sense of the fact that both they and he himself were helpless against his irritability. Of course they understood his helplessness, and forgave him. But their wounds and his own smarted none the less; and, indeed, in the course of time, as the memory of his former gentleness and amiability began gradually to fade, they sometimes forgot, and blamed him, and even told him so.

With his friends the result was the same, except that with them it was more pronounced, and more speedy in its coming. And as for strangers, who knew nothing of his previous record, or of what had wrought the wondrous change, they exercised no charity whatsoever. The Professor was conscious of it all, but defenceless. The enemy was within his gates. Try as he would, he could not dislodge him. He could not be himself.

Himself? Here I come to a still more fruitful source of his woe. Remorse was not really the Professor's worst trouble; for, after all, for a long time he felt that he was not really to blame. Had not a famous Frenchman said that one was sometimes as different from himself as from others? But now an insidious doubt began to beset him. Who *was* himself? He had, to be sure, been a fairly good sort of man in the days of his health; but what of it? Most people *were* good in fair weather. You could not judge of real character without having it put to the test. There were plenty of people in the world who were good because they could not help it. They had nothing to urge them on to badness. They needed the refiner's fire, both as a test and as a discipline. . . . And here was *his* test, *his* refining fire, and at the first firing his material was found to be

base. His house had been built on the sands; a little rain, and great was its fall. He never *had* possessed goodness that was genuine.

It was a disheartening conclusion, but inevitable for a man with so tyrannical a conscience and so logical a mind. The effect of his own ratiocination and conscience was not a little confirmed, too, by what he heard from the pulpit and read in his religious journal, *The Introspector*. Sermon, essay, and editorial dwelt with great insistence upon the sin of ill temper; it was a dreadful blemish upon character, and neutralised all that was excellent there. Men really *were* what their daily converse showed them to be; bursts of temper were indexes of your real self. Penitence, good resolutions, and aspiration were all well enough, but it was what you actually were in practice that counted. Anybody could *want* to be good. But *were* you?

Nor did the Professor's friends fail to do their little to sustain the verdict of his conscience. Seeing that his grief was very great, they sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights. There are some activities from which men will not be restrained even by the fear of rheumatism and colds. Eliphaz the Temanite, an elder of his church, reproved him for the want of religion: now it was come upon him, and he fainted; it touched him, and he was troubled. Behold, happy was the man whom God corrected! And Bildad the Shuhite, a near neighbour, was also of opinion that the Professor's trouble was the judgment of God; and Zophar the Naamanthite, a faculty friend, assured him that the wisdom of God was unsearchable. Perhaps, if the truth were known, God exacted less of him than his iniquities deserved.

Miserable comforters though they were, the Professor received their words with even more than Job-like patience. Besides being conscientious, he was also humble. Whether his friends were right or wrong, though God should slay him, yet would he trust in Him. He summoned to himself all his religion and all

his philosophy. He put on his whole armour.

It was a supreme effort, and it helped him. Against some of the wiles of the devil he was able to stand.

Sometimes, to tell the truth, the Professor felt impelled to confess, to himself if not to others, that both philosophy and religion seemed to work best when men were in good health and prosperous circumstances, or when it was a case of the Other Man. He recalled with a half smile the maxim of the cynical Frenchman: "We all have strength enough to endure the misfortunes of another."

But, though neither of his allies enabled him to overthrow completely his adversary, they afforded him some aid and comfort, as I have already said. He did not cease to do battle. He was a brave man, as well as an humble one. He would follow the advice of his friends. He would look upon his affliction as indeed a refiner's fire, and recognise in it an opportunity. He would train himself in the hard school of experience. To irritable as well as to wilful men,

The injuries that they themselves procure  
Must be their schoolmasters.

He would by long self-discipline learn to keep his tongue from evil, and his lips from speaking guile. He would school all his members, and even his spirit, to patience. He might not be able to control with perfect success his temper, but he would at least teach himself not to allow it outward manifestation. If he could not change his spots, he would at least do what he could toward covering them up.

Now this involved to some extent the abandonment of a much cherished principle. The Professor had long held and preached that a man ought to be *natural*, and to let his impulses have their way, as much as was possible without interfering too greatly with the equilibrium of society. Frankness and sincerity were indispensable to any sort of profitable converse between individuals, or in society as a whole. It was no real kindness

to tell an awkward friend that he had a graceful manner, or to compliment his neighbour's daughter on her piano-playing, or his wife on every culinary *camouflage* she achieved in the process of "using up."

This had been a fine principle in the days of health and cheerfulness, when most of the Professor's promptings had been good. But now that he had so many irresistible impulses to speak out and strike out at people and things, and now that there seemed visible and audible so many more things to speak out and strike out at, the principle became an embarrassment. If he should allow himself to be utterly sincere *now*, he foresaw that in a week's time he would have the whole community upon him and upon each other. He could not be responsible for the disruption of society. He owed something to his neighbour; and it seemed to him that his duty to them lay for the present in his neither telling nor acting the truth as he saw and felt it.

For here was another terrible consequence of his ailment. Whereas before this he had been well satisfied with his environment and thought all men a fine lot of good fellows, he now saw a great many flaws in human character, and a great many imprudences in human conduct. Having concluded that he had been deceived in his estimate of his own character, it was perfectly natural that he should begin also to suspect that he had not heretofore been clear as to the character of his friends. Manifestly, there was a great deal more of villainy in the world than he had realised.

So the Professor embarked upon the wide seas of insincerity, and even of duplicity. He kept his hands resolutely in his pockets, and curbed his tongue full many a time. He even succeeded once or twice in keeping his countenance from bringing his efforts to naught by playing substitute for that nimble organ. In the zeal of his caution, he often refrained from speaking an unpleasant truth, or from frowning, even when it was his Christian duty to do so. To do a great right, he did a little wrong,

Only . . . it was not a little wrong that the Professor did. In his penitence for the sin of hasty temper, he began to go to the other extreme, and to say or do things positively mischievous. He began to give the children candy at all times of the day. He praised them for actual transgression. He interfered with their mother's discipline of them. When his wife brought him an egg just warmed up instead of hard-boiled, he would say that was exactly the way he wanted it, and tell her she was a jewel. Of course you could not expect people of their position to have a *real* "jewel." Ten minutes after a whirlwind of passion on account of the dressmaker's bill, he would come back with humble apologies and tell his wife she might order the twenty-nine-dollar hat she had liked so well. After spirited reproof of a friend for something really reprehensible, he would laugh with him at something worse by far.

You may easily see how all this corrupted the Professor's communication as well as his good manners, and how wretched it made him. For fear of one extreme he was forever flying to the other. For fear of being guilty of sin in himself, he bred sin in others. He was contributing to the ruin of his children's morals and digestion, paving the way for his own financial ruin, and wrecking whatever little confidence in him the general public still retained. He was full of contradictions, in speech, in action, in mood. Never was anything or anyone so inconsistent. He remembered some one like it from Horace:

Quod petiit spernit, repetit quod nuper  
omisit—

what his mood had demanded, it spurned, it asked again for what it had laid aside, it was as uncertain as the waves, it was out of harmony with every relation of life, it tore down, built up, changed the square to the round.

Not only did he wreck the confidence of others in him, but lost every sort of confidence in himself. He made so many

mistakes in condemning too severely the faults of his friends, or in condemning what were not faults at all, and said and did so many deliberate falsehoods to make up for it, that he became utterly confounded. He began to doubt whether he had ever had anything like a clear perception of the truth. He gradually fell into the way of doubting even the elementary principles of conduct. All that he felt sure of was that he wanted to be a good man, that it was impossible, and that he was unhappy to desperation.

Heaven but the Vision of fulfilled Desire,  
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire.

To quote the Persian might be out of fashion, but the Persian was right. If the loss of health were responsible for the Professor's state, the recovery of it would mean heaven to him.

There were rare moments, to be sure, when the clouds of extreme wretchedness lifted for the moment, and he felt the genial sunshine of the goodness of God. He saw that he was not really a bad man. It was a power not himself that made for his unrighteousness. What appeared was *not* his real self; *that* was throttled and kept in subjection by a demon. His *real* self was his aspirations.

But more often the clouds returned after the rain. He continued to suffer, and his state went from bad to worse. He began to feel that he was unfit for human converse, that he ought not to have married. He wished he had lived in the Dark Age, and been a solitary monk in a cell, with nothing to do but repent. He even entertained thoughts of scourging. He began to hate the human machine he could not control. He was of all men most miserable. What he would, that did he not; but what he hated, that did he. He found a law, that, when he would do good, evil was present with him. O wretched man that he was! Who should deliver him from the body of that death?

What would have happened to the Professor in this natural, or unnatural, course of events, I am not able to tell

you, because the course of events was interrupted. A queer thing happened. This is how it was:

Being no longer able to endure the awful condition his policy of repression and insincerity was bringing into being about and in him, the Professor determined to be once more honest and frank. The next time one of his healthy, good-natured, smug friends told him to hold his temper, he would not be meek and apologise; he would say to him, "Go to, I am already holding ten thousand times as much temper as *you ever dreamed* of holding!" So long as he felt like it, it should be nobody's business but his own that he had such a February face,

So full of frost, of storm, of cloudiness.

He would frown as much as he chose; yes, he would rail! After all, the world was no better than it should be, and perhaps a man like himself was needed in the economy of Providence to tell it a few plain truths for its own good. The Lord had sent the hornet before. No more hypocritical smiles and phrases for him. If he could not change his own nature so as to be able to look with patience upon his environment, he would improve the environment by clearing out a few of its irritating features. He rolled up his sleeves—figuratively, of course—and spat on his hands. He was weary, and desperate.

And so, one not particularly bright morning, when one of his acquaintances met him and with effusive and offensive good cheer remarked that it was a perfectly gorgeous day, the Professor yielded obedience absolute to the impulse of the moment. He blazed back: "Rot! You lie, and you know it."

The other man, who was neither conscientious, nor Christian, nor desperate, but who was frank to a fault, responded in the old-fashioned way of the world. Being also as little scientific as he was conscientious, he struck the Professor in a region not recognised under the rules of sport as admissible territory. The result was that the Professor went down

doubled up in horrible pain, grew rapidly worse, had to be taken to the hospital, and was found to be suffering from a bursted gall-bladder.

The gall-bladder the surgeons sewed up. That was to be expected. But the surprising thing was that they found also a half pint, more or less, of gall-stones, which of course they removed—together with all the mental, moral, and spiritual ailments from which their patient had suffered so much.

For the Professor recovered, and went home clothed and in his right mind. His flesh came back, and with it his spirits, and his geniality, and the affection of his family, and the esteem of his friends, and the respect of the community at large. He was once more a good man and a Christian, not afraid to tell the truth, confident in his own judgment, appreciative of the virtues of his friends, and properly blind to their faults. In short, he was as usual; excepting only that whenever he saw a man misbehaving himself, especially an irritable man, he never allowed himself to pass judgment on him until he had inquired at length about his gall-bladder.

Now, if this were a true story, the moral would be this: if you happen to be an irritable man, be guided by your impulses, not by your ideals. Because, if you do not somehow let the facts of your case be known, how are you ever going to be cured? If the Professor had been a real saint as to self-control, who knows how many gall-stones and how much depravity he would finally have accumulated?

But it is not a true story; and so, according to the recognised laws of court practice and graduate scholarship, which hold, or seem to hold, that a single misstatement or misplacement of detail vitiates the whole and proves that the ninety-nine per cent. of correct detail is of no consequence, you need not pay the slightest attention to the moral.

And now I will tell you wherein the story is not true. It was not really a *mêlée* of the kind I have described which restored the Professor to his lost estate.

The fact is this, that it was the falling of the seats at an open-air performance of *As You Like It* in a public park which was the *deus ex machina* to loose the knot of his tragic situation, and he recovered damages in the amount of five thousand dollars.

What? A conscientious man accept five thousand dollars damages for an accidental injury bringing results for which, had it been within his power, he would gladly have given twice the amount? Was not that hypocritical, or

at least, as they say in political circles, disingenuous? What about his oath—the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth? Flat burglary as ever was committed!

Not at all. You must remember that there were the surgeons to pay, and that in order to pay them the Professor had to have damages, and that in order to get the damages he had to put the case into the hands of lawyers. I am able to assure you in all candour that the Professor came off with no tainted money.

## CHRISTMAS EVE, 1917

BY GLENN WARD DREBACH

I BRING no wreaths of holly to the shrine  
 I keep for you within the troubled days;  
 No mistletoe I bring; no crown of bays.  
 Instead, I bring dreams that are yours and mine,  
 And will to fight for them. I take no wine  
 Of quick desires and of sweet delays  
 Of fancy wreathing mists near hell that sways  
 With might of conflict on each firing line.

And yet—and yet I dream of other nights  
 When hand in hand we watched the fire glow.  
 How red the days, how long and brave since then!  
 And so I face the morrow for the rights  
 Of firesides that love like ours may know,  
 Fostered by Peace and the good will of Men.

# NIGHTFALL IN THE TROPICS

After the Spanish of Rubén Darío (of Nicaragua, Central America)

TRANSLATED BY THOMAS WALSH

THERE is twilight grey and gloomy  
Where the sea its velvet trails;  
Out across the heavens roomy  
Draw the veils.

Bitter and sonorous rises  
The complaint from out the deeps,  
And the wave the wind surprises  
Weeps.

Viols there amid the gloaming  
Hail the sun that dies,  
And the white spray in its foaming,  
"Miserere" sighs.

Harmony the heavens embraces  
And the breeze is lifting free  
To the chanting of the races  
Of the sea.

Clarions of horizons calling  
Strike a symphony most rare,  
As if mountain voices falling  
Vibrate there.

As though dread unseen were waking—  
As though awesome echoes bore  
On the distant breeze's quaking  
The lion's roar.

## CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

IT IS time to organise the world. The first step should be the creation of an

### **A World Organised**

Allied General Staff to co-ordinate the military strategy and to feed and munition the Allied armies with the single view of winning the war: the armies of the different nations should be considered merely as divisions of one great army without a single thought being given to so-called national aspirations, jealousies or political ambitions. The second step should be the effort to supply the civilian populations of the world with necessary food and fuel without favouritism and with the single aim of conserving their strength and their support of the necessary industries of a people under the burden of war. The next step should be a prompt and thorough governmental control of the production of public necessities, including food, fuel, transportation and other public utilities, with the aim of conducting these industries to obtain the maximum social value irrespective of dividends or any other private interest. Then there should follow the greatest step toward world organisation in the establishment of a world parliament to formulate those principles of international comity by which the nations may hope to maintain civilisation and secure the progress of the arts and sciences that man has built up in the only genuine, vital struggle—that against an inclement environment—to secure the amelioration of human conditions. These principles of international relationship should of course include no indemnities or territorial aggrandisements as the result of war, freedom of the seas, freedom of trade without any tariff restrictions—a protective tariff is almost wholly class legislation—colonisation with due respect to individual rights, no exploitation of peoples or natural resources for the benefit of a foreign holding country and so on.

We believe that such a world organisation supported by an international police—

### **To Penetrate the German Morale**

which, in effect, is what the Allied armies are to-day—will hasten the end of the war. There are two considerations that engender this belief. It is quite true that the German people may be so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of their Dynastic Establishment and all that it implies of world dominion and the exploitation of conquered countries, that they would prove impervious to any suggestion of a democratic nature from outside their own barrage lines; on the other hand, it is also possible to a certain degree that the formation of a world organisation would serve to increase the already heavy pressure against the German morale, especially when her people come to realise that, with a world league against her, Germany would no longer be fighting individual nations, the weakest of whom she could take one at a time to their undoing, but rather that she would be encircled with enemies equally strong at all points; and it is not wholly preposterous to hope that a certain element of insubordination in Germany would be encouraged to a definite effort to overthrow the Imperial Dynasty and set up a democratic government, especially if the world parliament could bring any measure of conviction to them of their own and their nation's security under the guidance of the world league.

• • •

But, irrespective of such possible influence, a world organisation would hasten the end of this war

### **To Hasten Peace**

because it would immeasurably strengthen the Allied armies and so hasten the inevitable German military disaster. The success of German arms hitherto has been due to a centralised control of military and also industrial and financial effort. Wherever Austrian



and Turkish armies have been operating, they have been as much under German high command as the divisions of Germans on the western front. The German method of co-ordinating a people's effort toward a single aim has been an object lesson to the nations, and in this respect Germany has already conquered the world. For to beat Germany we must adopt the very means she has herself so effectively developed and used, namely, the mobilisation of industry, business, credit, military operations, with the single aim of social efficiency. And when we organise the world on this basis, peace will be in sight—and more than that, for we may dare to hope for a permanent, world-wide peace, a peace of the peoples as against the unstable equilibrium of a peace of nations or of a class peace.

• • •

For with the establishment of peace we may not unreasonably, in view of the present trend of events

**The Old Order** and of the protracted character of the war, look for the issuance and development of a new social order in the Western world—indeed, an inevitable social rejuvenation in the opinion of many thinkers and writers, at least in the pacifist countries of England, France and America. There issued out of the feudal system (a system at any rate of human relationships) an era of vast industrial development during which the right of private property became a legal fetish at the expense of the right to live, and the “divine right” of kings descended to the millionaire with little credit to the latter in view of the use to which he put it in the exploitation of life and natural resources to his own ends. The maintenance and enhancement of property values became the criterion of legal process, and private gain the motive and standard of honourable achievement. It was an era in which “Things” was in the saddle and it rode mankind headlong into this greatest cataclysm of history—an era that sponsored a social system that the te Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson led “the worst that man ever de-

vised.” And so the government that sprang up from this world order was a government that functioned in the interest of property, that operated to collect the paper claims against society held by its creditors. In England the creditors were the gentlemanly investors who framed the government, ran the nation, established legal precedents, conducted the legal processes and in short bent all the power of their nation in the interest of their class: the establishment, maintenance and collection of their property claims against the world. And at the same time the gentlemanly investors of England imposed their ideals, their standards, their “culture,” upon the English-speaking world, to the extent indeed that a great parallel phenomenon was witnessed in this country during the same period. Just as sacred was the right of property, just as negligible the right of life, only instead of gentlemanly investors we have had with us always in this era, Big Business. Our government, municipal, state, and national, has been run for the protection of the rights of Business and for the collection of its claims. Tax-payers and stock-owners have been our privileged classes, credit and the tools of production have been at the absolute mercy of owners and their demands for dividends, while human life and natural resources have been just as ruthlessly exploited under the method of “charging what the traffic will bear”—and Government has supported, has indeed existed only in the interest of this system. This cult of “profiteering”—let us not deceive ourselves—is little less reprehensible than is the cult of force that found its logical conclusion in the predatory imperialism of Prussia.

• • •

And so the Great War burst upon a world whose inverted social order—the exploitation of the many for the benefit of the few—rendered it totally unprepared for the emergency and for a time threatened to overwhelm it. But the vitality of the inextinguishable human spirit came to the

rescue and rose superior to its system, to its own glory and the salvation of the world; and the men in the trenches are fast learning the value of life as against the value of property. Can it be that when those who have felt this thrill of the common needs of humanity, who have experienced the self-reliance and social solidarity engendered by a common danger, who have learned to appraise men by what they can *do* and not by what they *are*—can it be that when these men return to civil life they will be content again humbly to step into their niches as mechanical units in an impersonal, soul-destroying system? They will not do so, nor if the war lasts long enough is it likely that there will be any such system waiting for them. Already in England the gentlemanly caste is losing its grip. This is not a gentleman's war and the gentlemanly standards of personal bravery and individual prowess in warfare have operated seriously to diminish the ranks of their order. In their place the technological character of modern warfare is forcing to the front the scientific experts who have the latest highly developed skill in coping with the forces of nature, and at the same time the use of complex machines is enhancing the personal initiative and self-reliance of the vulgar man. The corollary of this change in the military is taking place in government personnel: the standards and aims of the leisure class have unfitted them for social thinking and as a result one great post after another in England's administrative departments is falling into the hands of men whose origins, methods of thinking and sympathies are founded in the common run of mankind. In this country no such obvious change is as yet in evidence, Big Business is still enthroned, but a sign of the times is the voluntary enlistment of many business and financial experts in the service of the nation's need—they are casting off the trammels of stockholders' claims and devoting their splendid capacities unselfishly in the development of social effectiveness in this war. Moreover, many industrial plants are being turned over to

war work without any question of profit, the transportation of the country is being co-ordinated irrespective of the claims of dividends, some of the large metropolitan banks are announcing that credit will be extended for those enterprises only that enhance social values in the effort of war—all these are but surface indications of a developing, fundamental social shift.

. . .

For it is a great and fundamental change in the social order that is taking place. Instead of the dominance of the machine and the rights of property, it is a matter of common observation from many angles that an age of vitalism, of humanism, is fast approaching. The right of human life to live in an environment of health and happiness will be the criterion by which industry will be conducted, credit extended, new enterprises launched, legal decisions given. Imagine a lawyer rising in court to-day to declaim, "Your honour, I request a decision in favour of my client, for his case, while obstructing the property claims of the plaintiff, is determined by the higher justice due the health and well-being of himself and his family;" yet that is just the type of plea that will be made in the court of the future—and where it can be substantiated it will win its decision. Nor can we suppose in a folly of conservatism that the people of this country can witness the expenditure of one billion dollars a month for the prosecution of this war of destruction and not demand at the establishment of peace a proportionate expenditure *for the conservation of life and the amelioration of human conditions*. It is a demand that is inevitable and that will not be denied; for at the conclusion of this war the government that refuses the demands of Life as against the claims of Property, is likely to find itself speedily at the mercy of a revolution, quiet or otherwise, as the case may be. This war of ideas is going on all about us, behind the war of the armies, and

**A New  
Era of  
Vitalism**

place. Instead of the  
dominance of the ma-  
chine and the rights of  
property, it is a matter

of common observation from many

angles that an age of vitalism, of humanism, is fast approaching.

The right of human life to live in an environment of health and happiness will be the criterion

by which industry will be conducted, credit extended, new enterprises

launched, legal decisions given. Imagine a lawyer rising in court to-day to declaim,

"Your honour, I request a decision in favour of my client, for his case, while

obstructing the property claims of the plaintiff, is determined by the higher

justice due the health and well-being of himself and his family;" yet that is just

the type of plea that will be made in the court of the future—and where it

can be substantiated it will win its decision. Nor can we suppose in a folly

of conservatism that the people of this country can witness the expenditure

of one billion dollars a month for the prosecution of this war of destruction

and not demand at the establishment of peace a proportionate expenditure *for the*

*conservation of life and the amelioration of human conditions*. It is a demand

that is inevitable and that will not be denied; for at the conclusion

of this war the government that refuses the demands of Life as against the

claims of Property, is likely to find itself speedily at the mercy of a revolution,

quiet or otherwise, as the case may be. This war of ideas is going on all about

the fortresses of the new theories will be the Universities (as Mr. Charles Ferguson maintains in his discussion of this theme in the leading article in this issue). A new philosophy will emerge—a philosophy that will be truer, deeper, more creative, more human than the mechanistic and venal philosophy which had its logical fulfilments in Prussian Militarism and Competitive Business. A new desire will motivate man's efforts: the desire for social service (which already claims many of the noblest statesmen and men of affairs in this country) as against the lust of profits. Government, with Business and Science, will become the religion of the modern man, the emotional centre of his life will be his office, his shop or his farm. Productive efforts for the betterment of man's conditions on a hostile planet will engage a much greater percentage of energy expended, largely through the elimination of waste, duplication and unemployment (it is estimated that under the present financial and economic system the manufacturing establishments of this country operate on the average less than half the time). And, too, the inner life of the individual must be enriched, purified, and opportunity must be accorded to all, irrespective of class, rank or sex, for the fuller development of personality through citizenship. Such, in brief, seem to be the as yet but dimly defined outlines of the new order as some social thinkers, statesmen and observers are grasping and formulating them—and it is a world order that must be pondered, worked out and, in so far as may be, guided by those who have the direction of the world's energies to a degree under their influence.

• • •

We are vastly interested to learn through the mediumship of Messrs. Reilly and Britton of Iowa's Chicago that Iowa is Bit making a bid for fame as a literary centre of this country. We had always understood that Indiana held the palm in this

respect. With the publication of *Prairie Gold*, however, we must admit that our somewhat prejudiced faith in the Hoosier State is to a degree shaken, in favour of "the land of the singing corn"—which it seems is not Iowa's only product. The plough-horse has turned into a winged Pegasus, casting knowing looks upon the newly ploughed literary field, where such names as Hamlin Garland, Honoré Willie, James Norman Hall, Allan Updegraff, Arthur Davison Ficke, Rupert Hughes, belting the literary world, amply justify his pride—for who has known before that these were Iowans? "Ding's" famous prairie farmer decorating the cover of the book now wears an author's quill behind his ear, and he smiles broadly over his latest achievement—his bushel basket brimming with gold for the Red Cross (in the interest of which the book is published). Tradition to the contrary, Iowa has plenty and to spare of literary inspiration for its authors and artists, as expressed in the following extract from *That Iowa Town* by Oney Fred Sweet, one of the fifty Iowan authors who contribute to *Prairie Gold*:

According to the popular songs, we are apt to get the impression that the only section of the country where there is moonlight and a waiting sweetheart and a home worth longing for is down in Dixie. Judging from the movies, a plot to appeal must have a mountain or a desert setting of the West. Fictionists, so many of them, seem to think they must locate their heroines on Fifth Avenue and their heroes at sea. But could I write songs or direct cinema dramas or pen novels, I'd get my inspiration from that Iowa town.

• • •

For one imperfectly and only casually familiar with its infinite significance and technical complexity, the subject of music is a difficult subject to handle. We are presented with insipid sentimentalities, banal ecstasies, all manner of inept if well-meaning

unsophistications. We recall the story of a clergyman extolling the sublimities(?) of Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony to a "rapt and attentive congregation." In view of the fact that this work (the most hysterically poignant conception of a congenital pessimist and neurasthenic) is, essentially, a negation of all that the Christian religion stands for, the clergyman's attitude appears, to say the least, incongruous. The professional musician must be prepared, moreover, to encounter such discrepancies in works of criticism. We lately read in Mr. Willard Huntington Wright's *Modern Painting* that "birds are not conscious of the metallic dissonances of diminished fifths." We can only imagine that consecutive fifths was what was intended, although what this has to do with birds we do not very clearly see. Mention might also be made of one of Sir Gilbert Parker's characters who "plays discords on a cornet." Assuming that "discord" implies an inharmonious juxtaposition of tones, and that a cornet is a solo instrument, we contend that Sir Gilbert's hero accomplished in this instance something approximating a supreme phenomena.

• • •

To our way of thinking, the salient feature of that much discussed and adroitly advertised book **Christine as a Critic** is, precisely, its handling of this intensely technical subject. The musical opinions it expresses are indubitably the result of a subconscious reaction to the war (an apocryphal æstheticism, so to speak), and yet they possess that rare and indefinable sense of authoritativeness which, as we have said, we so seldom encounter. They are prejudiced opinions, they are (as we shall see) fundamentally fallacious, but they catch the tone of the professional musician with conspicuous discretion. As a matter of fact, they recalled to us, instantaneously and very vividly, the personality of Kathleen Parlow. On page

33 we find Christine enthusiastically endorsing the music of the Frenchman, Ravel. On page 57 we read as follows:

It was that marvellous French and Russian *stuff*. [The italics are ours: "stuff" is highly significant.] I must play it to you, and play it to you until you love it. . . . People like Wagner and Strauss and the rest seem so much sticky and insanitary mud next to these exquisite young ones, and so very old; and not old and wonderful like the great men, Beethoven and Bach and Mozart, but ugly old like a noisy old lady in a yellow wig.

This from page 91 :

He says he thinks Wagner's music and Strauss's intimately characteristic of modern Germany: the noise, the sugary sentimentality making the public weep tears of melted sugar, the brutal glorification of force, the all-conquering swagger, the exaggeration of emotion, the big gloom. They were the natural expression, he said, of the phase Germany was passing through, and Strauss is its latest flowering—even noisier, even more bloody, of a bigger gloom. In that immense noise, he said, was all Germany as it is now, as it will go on being until it wakes up from the nightmare dream of conquest that has possessed it ever since the present Emperor came to the throne.

Objecting, on page 214 (although we cannot see why), to Siegfried's dying words, *Brunnhild heilige Braut*, and Tannhauser's dying, *Heilige Elisabeth, bitte für mich*, Christine observes that "much of the sentimentality seems to come from Germany, an essentially brutal place."

• • •

Our point is that these observations, interesting though they may be, could not have been written **Christine as a Hoax** previous to the outbreak of the war. The attempt that they make to reveal in a nation's art a microcosmic summing up of that nation's character (in this case a monstrous and diabolic character) is a precarious bit of psychical

analysis that the genial Christine would hardly have attempted. In 1899 Romain Rolland, writing with an inspirational and clairvoyant perspicacity, predicted the premature decadence of Strauss. We quote a sentence pregnant with the spirit of prophecy: "His work (Beethoven's) is the triumph of a conquered hero, that of Strauss is the defeat of a conquering hero." But Rolland did not, could not in the very nature of the case, perpetrate the indiscretion of bracketing the names of Strauss and Wagner. That a writer as unusually intimate with music as our enigmatical author appears to be should have committed so flagrant a *faux pas* is proof of the existence of distracting circumstances—precisely the kind that the war has so prodigiously offered. The acute recorder of impressions has noted for years back a disquieting tendency in German art in the direction of a morbid over-emphasis of the monstrous, the bizarre, the shrill. Possibly the seeds of a genuine decadence may be noted in Hugo Wolf; certainly the art of Strauss is notorious for a kind of cruel ferocity, a rampant glorying in brutal and sinister exuberance. But we maintain that there is no justification whatsoever for the unfavourable diagnosis of Wagner's art that we find in *Christine*. Wagner is no more characteristically German than Shakespeare is characteristically English. In the one as in the other there is everything. The creator of the sublime last act of the *Walküre*, the creator of that inexpressibly sweet Sabbath morning mood prevalent in *Meistersinger*, is beyond all such immature aspersion. The book's illegitimacy would be demonstrated to us on this evidence if on no other.

...

The history of French painting has been a story of renunciation—renunciation of line for the sake of colour, of colour for the sake of line, of solidity for the sake of values, vanity for the sake of perfection, and form for the sake of self-expression;

Of the  
Temperament  
of Degas

renunciation as a dramatic gesture, renunciation as a theory, and renunciation as a painful necessity. No Frenchman has attained the well-rounded splendour of a Titian or a Rembrandt. Degas, whose death at the age of eighty-three has recently been announced, was no exception to the rule. There used to be those who accused him of having renounced his soul to the devil for the sake of a little skill with a brush, but the case was hardly as bad as that. He merely renounced, as an artist, all interest in the things that most surely differentiate man from the animals for the sake of a supreme knowledge of form—he remarked to George Moore, "These women of mine are honest creatures who have no interests that are not based on their physical condition"—and he gained not only this, but a richness of composition and of handling that have been rare in France. But beyond this he renounced the desire for fame, all the human touches by which the normal artist appeals to his public—"of inspiration, spontaneity, temperament—temperament is the word—I know nothing"—and in the last years of his life, society itself; and what he gained in exchange is not yet clear. His next of kin are Manet and Goya.

...

In commemoration of the one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the first and only professional production of *The*

*Prince of Parthia*, in  
The Prince of 1767, Professor Archibald  
Parthia Henderson, of the  
University of North

Carolina, has issued a limited edition of what is called "the first printed American tragedy" in existence. It is from the pen of Thomas Godfrey, Jr., whose father was a friend of Benjamin Franklin, and the inventor of the quadrant. With assiduous pains Dr. Henderson has unearthed a mass of data about young Godfrey, hitherto buried. His chief contribution, however, is in revealing the culture of the times. Every locality in America has laid claim to early dramatic

performances. New York, Williamsburg, Virginia, and Charleston, South Carolina, are all jealous of their early dramatic history. But for the first time Dr. Henderson has stated the legitimate claims of Wilmington, North Carolina, as one of the early centres of dramatic art in this country. While Godfrey was writing *The Prince of Parthia*, he moved to Wilmington, as a factor. He was immediately drawn into the culture of a patrician society. Many of the acquaintances made there afterward figure as subscribers to the Memorial Edition of Godfrey's poems and plays which was edited by Nathaniel Evans, a young minister, and which included a critical estimate by Dr. Smith, Provost of the College of Philadelphia, and an eulogy from the pen of John Green, the portrait painter. It must be remembered that Benjamin Franklin subscribed for twelve copies of this edition now treasured among bibliophiles. A large part of Dr. Henderson's researches, therefore, have to do with the most interesting state of society in Wilmington around 1767. While Godfrey's lyrics have been compared with Herrick's, and while his *The Prince of Parthia* shows that one of our first American dramatists had well ingrained the spirit of Restoration and Elizabethan drama, this Memorial Edition, chaste in cover design, and interesting in illustration, is chiefly to be commended because of the new field it has opened up to the student of American drama.

• • •

Aside from the religious aspects of the matter, some of us admirers of Mr. H.

**Mr. Wells**                    G. Wells are hoping  
**and Bishops**                that he will never  
   again take a bishop or  
   any other theological  
personage whatever for the central figure of a novel. From a merely literary point of view, the trouble with *The Bishop* seems to be that its leading character is far more meanly endowed than

the leading characters of Mr. Wells's other novels. The bishop of the story is indeed not a human being at all. He is simply a bundle of humanitarian ideas, and rather a small bundle at that. This may be because Mr. Wells seems always to have regarded bishops as considerably below mankind in the scale of animal life. In one of his earlier novels, for example, he owns, or makes one of his heroes own, to a sort of sportsman's attitude toward bishops, as toward some kind of large and highly valued game or fish. He did not, if we recall the passage rightly, point out the faults of bishops or give any especial reason for disliking them. He merely referred in a pleasant, casual way to the killing of bishops as to a pastime in which almost any active, healthy, outdoor man might naturally like to take part. He said he would love to spend his life out in the open all day long spearing bishops. Apparently it no more occurred to him to mention the reason why than it would occur to a tarpon fisherman. Probably if anyone had asked, Why spear bishops? he would have responded simply, but with a show of temper, Why not? Mr. Wells is not the man to be pinned down to precise explanation in such matters. He knows what he likes in worlds, geological epochs, races, hemispheres, sex, countries, societies, and classes of men. He follows his impulse and lets it go at that. "The British Empire," said he once, "is silly, *silly* beyond words," and he brushed it away. He has often brushed away the British Empire in that manner, being too disgusted with it for any further words. He loses patience sometimes with the whole of civilisation. Civilisation and that sort of thing, said he at one time, "is all rot, absolute rot," and he passed to another subject. In short, Mr. Wells's ways are, as is well known, rather sweeping and he had swept aside bishops long ago. So when for controversial purposes he chooses a bishop for his central figure, you can hardly expect him to make a very lively human being of him. He had long since decided that bishops were not men.

Another reason, perhaps, why Mr. Wells did not make a man of his bishop, as he did, for example, of Mr. Britling, is that he was so busy proving

**Theological Heroes**

things by him as a bishop that he had no time to bestow on him as an individual. That is the great defect in the theological hero of fiction—the lack of any sort of personality. He is put together like a fire-cracker, which the author subsequently, for some controversial reason, will explode. Sometimes they go to pieces in becoming heterodox, sometimes they go to pieces in becoming orthodox, but they always do go to pieces and they never leave the reader any sense of personal loss. When the proof is done who cares what happens to the Robert Elsmere? One has about as much sense of personal attachment to them as to the figure of an equilateral triangle after the demonstration is achieved. M. Paul Bourget makes his hero in *Le Démon du Midi* decay in morality as he declines in orthodoxy until he turns out almost as depraved as he is heretical. Mr. Wells makes his bishop advance in morality as he escapes from orthodoxy until he turns out almost as saintly as he is unitarian. Cease to be a bishop, says Mr. Wells, and you will cease to tell lies and overeat. Cease to be a strict Catholic, says M. Bourget, and you will at once run away with other people's wives. So bad an opinion of bishops has Mr. Wells, that it is not enough for his hero merely to get over being a bishop before he can see the light; he has to take a very powerful drug before the light breaks on him. So black a mendacity is in modernism, according to M. Bourget, that his hero once involved in it may never to his dying day see the slightest glimmer of the truth again. And so they go, one toward the light and the other away from it, but despite this almost mechanically perfect contrariety, they are in a personal sense identical, each being quite devoid of personality. The breath of fiction has not gone into them; only the substance of religious journalism. As to

M. Paul Bourget it does not matter much, for he has never shown Mr. Wells's genius for creating characters. But to Mr. Wells's readers it means a loss. If all bishops look alike to him; if he really cannot imagine a bishop who is pleasantly or unpleasantly distinguishable in some way from bishops generally; if he must needs think of a bishop always as a type, never as an individual, as he would think, for example, of a potato, then it would seem wiser not to select one of them for the somewhat complex and subtle purposes of fiction.

• • •

To those who have seen only the full-length photographs of the much-discussed Barnard statue of Lincoln, and whose emotions toward it range from abhorrence to disgust, the accompanying "close-up" of the head should bring a touch of consolation. Here, at least, is none of the ungainliness, the dishevelment, and the embarrassment that mark the body, and hardly a trace of the sublime indigestion which Don Marquis brought to our attention; the qualities that dominate this face are poise, gravity, and vision, and the slight fluctuations of expression to which it is subject tend only toward a greater nobility or a greater grief. We can only hope that a bomb, or some other modern version of the accidents that befel the masterpieces of the Greeks, will some day leave this head bodiless—and pray that the body may not be left headless. Yet the fundamental question in the case is not, Is it charming, or dignified, or noble; but, Is it true? And even the head is not the head of the photographs and paintings, or of the Lincoln that his friends knew. It is rather the head of a hero whom later generations have made a demigod, more nearly akin to Zeus than to Honest Abe—set on a body which has been degraded to a symbol. The question is whether we of an age which we used to call civilised prefer mythology or the truth.



**THE HEROIC BRONZE STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, BY GEORGE GREY BARNARD, WILL BE SET UP IN WESTMINSTER SQUARE, LONDON, TO COMMEMORATE THE HUNDRED YEARS OF PEACE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND AMERICA. THE STATUE HAS BEEN HIGHLY PRAISED BY FREDERICK MACMONNIES, JOHN SARGENT, IDA TARBELL (BIOGRAPHER OF LINCOLN) AND OTHERS**



Gertrude Atherton has been intensely interested in the way in which war has affected women. In her *The Living Present* she relates her observations and experiences among the women of France. She is also interested in the problem of the German women and their relation to the war,

**Mrs. Atherton  
on the German  
Women**

*The Living Present* she relates her observations and experiences among



Photo by Clara Petzolett

THE LATEST PICTURE OF GERTRUDE ATHERTON. MRS. ATHERTON IS OF THE OPINION THAT ANY POSSIBLE REVOLUTION IN GERMANY WILL ORIGINATE WITH THE GERMAN WOMEN

and how they feel about it all. Do they support the Kaiser's cause as steadfastly as the men, or have hunger and privation for themselves and their children weakened their belief in the omnipotence and righteousness of their war-lord? Mrs. Atherton will have a novel dealing with this theme published in January. For the next issue of *THE BOOKMAN* she will have a contribution defending her argument that a revolution by the German women is by no means an impossible contingency. Mrs. Atherton is president of the American branch of a French relief organisation, *Le Bien Etre*

*du Blessé*, and has been active in raising money for it in this country. This organisation supplies proper sick-room food to the wounded in the hospitals of France.

• • •

George Wharton Edwards has performed a public service for the generations to come with his **Vanished Cathedrals of France** two books, *Vanished Towers and Chimes of Flanders*, published last spring, of which mention was made at the time, and *Vanished Cathedrals of France*, issued last month. With his pen and with his pencil and brush, Mr. Edwards has captured in permanent form something of the beauty, the spirit of aspiring life, that flowered in the Gothic masterpieces of mediæval architecture, now lost to the world in material form forever. Gone are the Seven Churches of Soissons, Senlis, Noyon, Laon, Meaux, Rheims, St. Remi; these, says Mr. Edwards, are "such as man probably never again can match"; and gone are many of those picturesque little towns of the middle ages "filled with the grey old timbered houses—old in Shakespeare's day." But the memory of them will live and Mr. Edward's work is a splendid achievement to that end. The many pictures are beautifully reproduced in colour and in black and white.

• • •

If not the most important, certainly one of the most interesting books that has come out of the war is **Hugh Gibson Speaks** Hugh Gibson's *Journal*. Mr. Gibson was the Secretary of the American Legation in Brussels at the outbreak of the war and to our good fortune was possessed of the diary habit. From day to day he entered his observations and impressions of the many incidents that befell him in his grave duties during those first portentous days for the world and all through that first year of war that saw the desolation of Belgium. Because of his official position he was in constant touch with those directing the

operations of the Belgians, and when the invaders came of the Germans, he was constantly in the midst of events that changed the character of our western world, and he knew, often at first hand, of the crimes that made Germany the unclean of nations. It is a simple recital, jotted down from day to day, with no straining after effect, no hysteria, and no hasty judgments. He saw events in the light of human relationships, he described them sanely, easily, often with a boyish humour. Altogether Mr. Gibson's book is a faithful "journal" of the early days of Belgium's agony upon which historians will rely when the final indictment against Germany is drawn.

• • •

As we go to press, announcement is being made of America's representation in the coming Allied

**The Allies Confer**

conference. This is the most important and, for the time being, the most promising step that our government could take. It means *organisation* of the Allied war machine and the proper co-ordination of effort on all the fronts against Germany and combined effort in that far vaster field of the production of supplies behind the fighting men. It is a conference to consider only the methods of warfare to be pursued with the single aim of defeating the common enemy, and our representatives go to it in the spirit of full co-operation by our country along all the necessary lines. It is a great step, and, if the plans are consistently laid and followed out, will hasten our victory over German arms. And now cannot we follow this military conference with a political conference to formulate the *aims* of the war, the principles and ideals of democracy for which the civilised world is battling against brute force? Russia called for such a conference in vain—and Russia is in the midst of civil war and probably lost to the Allied strength as a result. To in-



HUGH GIBSON, AUTHOR OF "A JOURNAL FROM OUR LEGATION IN BELGIUM." MR. GIBSON WAS SECRETARY OF THE LEGATION WHEN THE WAR SWEEPED THROUGH THE COUNTRY AND HE WITNESSED MANY OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE GERMAN OCCUPATION

sure the unfaltering support of the underlying *peoples* of the world (upon whom the burden of war ultimately rests) for this crusade, its aims must be kept on a spiritual plane and assurances given against imperialism on the part of the Allied military establishments and against profiteering on the part of the capitalist class. A clear declaration on these heads, a genuine, resounding summons to mobilise the idealism of the peoples for this greatest crusade of history, would help solidify the psychic as well as the material force of the world in an unbroken front against German domination—it might save Russia to the Allied cause, and it might also weaken German morale, as we suggested above, by reaching the souls of those Germans many of whom cannot be wholly barbarians or wholly slaves to their all-mighty Dynasty.

# PERSONAL MEMORIES OF WALT WHITMAN\*

BY ALMA CALDER JOHNSTON

MY ACQUAINTANCE with Walt Whitman began in 1874, when his book, *Leaves of Grass*, was sent to me by the man whom I afterward married. The work held me; yet at times it filled me with nervous repulsion, and I would throw the volume to a top shelf and rush from the house to a nook in the forest, feeling that I would not, could not, touch it again. "My words itch at your ears till you understand them," he had said. Sometimes a sentence would fill me with sublime exaltation; fogs of doubt would roll away, and the eternal light of faith make "Not the good only, justified: what men call evil also justified."

Inspired with gratitude for the enlightenment his words had given me, I wrote to Walt Whitman, but received no reply. I think I did not ask nor expect one, but in my letter I said I hoped some day to see him. A year or more passed; then, while I was attending the Centennial in Philadelphia, a friend, Caleb Pink, called one Sunday morning to take me to Whitman's home in Camden. I was silent during the journey, hoping, fearing, considering phrases with which to introduce myself. My escort was also a stranger to Whitman, with a vague sympathy for him,—eccentric man and so-called poet. My heart was palpitating, my nerves tingling, and every sense was alert as we entered the little house. Crossing the narrow hall, I saw through an open door, seated in an arm-chair, the large grey-clad figure I had pictured; the dome-shaped brow, the smiling eyes, the snowy hair and beard. I paused—my nervousness quite gone—

\*Certain passages in this article appeared in the volume *Walt Whitman, as Man, Poet and Friend*, and are here reproduced by permission of the publisher, Mr. Richard G. Badger (Boston).—EDITOR'S NOTE.

feasting my eyes, warming my heart,—when lo! he stretched out his great hands, calling "Alma!" and instantly I was clasped in his arms and given the hearty kiss that welcomes a kindred spirit. The greeting was so spontaneous and simple that its utter unconventionality seemed the most natural thing in the world. It was Walt Whitman!

We spent many hours together in after years, when he was Mr. Johnston's guest and mine. He had become "Uncle Walt" to the children I mothered. Besides the photographs he had taken of himself with them another picture is as vivid to me:—I see him walking up and down in the morning sunshine, the trees of Central Park, opposite our door, for a background, a baby boy in his arms, his white beard mingling with the yellow curls.

He was an industrious worker, having learned by unflinching energy "the divine power to use words." The floor of his room was strewn with scraps of paper,—turned envelopes, the blank spaces of erased manuscript, the backs of old letters,—all bore his patient scribblings; thrift, and the habits formed in days when paper was dear, had made him economical. Newspapers from which extracts had been cut, books reviewed, and to be reviewed, lay everywhere. He never had a table large enough—I am not sure any table could have been made large enough—so the floor served the purpose. On occasion, I would appear with basket and broom. "Now, Alma! Now, Alma!" he would exclaim with uplifted hand; and the same arguments that had always been urged before, on the necessity of a "clarin' up," the same yielding, with reservations by each of us, the same apprehensive watchfulness on his part, with much raillery and audacity on mine, would send his bushy



BY UNKNOWN PHOTOGRAPHER. THE PICTURE WAS FOUND BENEATH WHITMAN'S CHAIR, SOMEWHAT CRUMPLED, AMID OTHER PAPERS, BY WILLIAM INGRAM, A QUAKER OF PHILADELPHIA, WHO LOVED WHITMAN THE MAN AND FREQUENTLY VISITED HIM WITH GIFTS OF FRUIT AND THE LIKE. INGRAM WAS A CONDUCTOR ON THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD DURING ANTEBELLUM DAYS

eyebrows up into a pointed arch, while his blue eyes danced with amused alarm.

One day, from among the scraps about his chair, which I placed before him, assorted, I read a couplet at which I exclaimed, "Uncle Walt, you have written these lines at least a dozen times, and each time made them worse!" Taking

prosy paragraphs. Another time, in all seriousness, I ventured to criticise the title and the opening line of one of his most virile poems.

"What you really mean, Uncle Walt," I boldly declared, "is '*Woman waits for me.*' By making it *a woman*, you put a most objectionable barrier before a great



PEN-AND-INK SKETCH OF WALT WHITMAN BY GEORGE W. WATERS, OF ELMIRA, NEW YORK, GIVEN BY HIM TO MRS. ALMA CALDER JOHNSTON, IN WHOSE NEW YORK HOME BOTH POET AND ARTIST WERE FREQUENT GUESTS

the papers and reading them in turn, he looked up with the whimsical smile I loved to provoke, and said, "Do you know, Alma, I have been trying to work the pretty out of that!" Whereupon I tried to persuade him that to work the rhyme out of a stanza which naturally rhymed, was as big a piece of affectation as to hunt for jingles to end

truth, and naturally, timid souls will shy at it; the road is not so easy, when one is in pursuit of truth, that the Leader himself should put hurdles in the way."

Our discussion had begun in desultory fashion at breakfast, and we had lingered after the table was cleared and the other members of the family had gone their various ways, to business and to school

Our conversation turned to modern education, upon which his views were frequently radical. He was impatient of time and effort given to the study of foreign languages, to the neglect of the wealth of expression lying unused in our own, although he did not disapprove of picturesque foreign phrase or of slang that grew out of unwonted conditions. He resented forms that repressed originality. "It seems to me," he said, "the present style of education is all wrong. Children should first develop physically, they should learn to love Nature, become familiar with Nature, get into harmony with Nature's laws, absorb sunshine and air. I think everybody loves Nature, though he may not know it.—Let's get out the old nag and go for a drive!"

I recall that as we drove along a country road in the unfrequented ways beyond Central Park, I suggested that a recognition of Nature's laws was all that was required for an acceptance of his poems, *Leaves of Grass*, and that the simile he used most frequent to illustrate the growth of thought ought not to prove offensive, since ideas were conceived, nourished, born in language and sent out to propagate their kind without anyone being shocked by the process. And so, in that much-maligned poem, *A Woman Waits for Me*, the impersonal woman might be considered quite philosophically, if the wording were put a trifle differently.

His elbows on his knees, his hands loosely holding the reins over what he termed "the old nag," as she walked through a bit of woodland, the poet's look was on the horizon. After my bold assertion of his mistake, I waited a long time in silence for reply. At last he straightened up, tightened the lines, started the mare at her best gait, and in the clear upper tone of his many-keyed voice, said, "Alma, there is a good deal in what you say." I made no answer, but I was greatly elated, for I was weary of explaining to his opponents the large truth behind his words. Since he was then at our house revising the 1882 edition of his poems, I anticipated the omis-

sion of the objectionable particle of speech. But the poem remained unchanged by him, *A Woman Waits for Me!*

This reminds me of a gathering of writers in our library on the arrival of the news that Whitman's publishers, Fields and Osgood, had broken their contract with him. During his stay in Boston at the time of their acceptance of *Leaves of Grass*, he had written frequently to us of his enjoyment of the hospitality of Emerson, Alcott, Longfellow. His gratification deepened at the printing of the revised edition. "Everything is just as I like it," he wrote me in the long and descriptive epistle that preceded the postcard heralding his return to our house in New York. Then came the blow of disappointment: yet, though he was baffled, beaten, uncertain what his next move should be, he was the same cheery guest he had always been. His friends and admirers, however, were not so philosophical as he; they did not hesitate to condemn the stupidity, the treachery, the short-sighted policy of the "double-distilled villains" who could reject such poems as *A Woman Waits for Me*.

Nevertheless, there was some argument among them, as to whether, for the sake of the rest of the work, the eighty lines to which the publishers objected, had not better be sacrificed; whether they were really essential to the whole, or whether conventionality might not better be somewhat catered to, considering the spirit of the age. Since a double standard of morality for the sexes was almost universally accepted, might not the assumed modesty of society be somewhat indulged?—Or should it be defied?—A flood of words poured forth: the younger men left their seats and all talked at the same time; in the vehemence of their argument, they quite forgot the presence of the author of the contested lines. To me, as I stood shadowed in the hall, his face was a study. He turned his head toward one speaker after another, his manner quite impersonal, though deeply interested, while the dis-



WALT WHITMAN WITH TWO OF THE JOHNSTON CHILDREN. WHITMAN WAS FOND OF CHILDREN AS THEY WERE OF HIM. ONE LADY RECALLS VISITING THE JOHNSTON HOME AND SEEING HIM IN A CHAIR HEMMED IN BY LITTLE ONES

cussion continued to deal with truth and his work, until one of the young men broke out, "But what does Walt say? Let's hear from Walt!" Leaning forward, he cried in his clear, vibrant voice, "Why, boys, *that's* what it's all for!"

The matter was beyond argument; he had worked for truth alone; like a revelation they comprehended it. He had

long since declared: "I have read these lines to myself in the open air. I have tried them by stars, rivers. I have dismissed whatever insulted my own soul or defiled my body. I have claimed nothing for myself that I have not carefully claimed for others on the same terms." The decision had long before been rendered to himself; the judgment was now

announced to others; there was no appeal. Each of the "Literary Chappies," as he smilingly called them, took Walt Whitman's hand in good-night clasp and quickly went away.

Nothing so impressed me in all our intercourse as his *universality*: In all our familiar chats it seemed as if the Spirit of the Universe were represented. Large and small, strong and weak, sick and sound, wise and unwise, joyous and melancholy,—everything was included in his identity. In caressing our children, it was as if he embraced and kissed childhood; in addressing me, he spoke to womanhood.

In *Miriam's Heritage*, a story written by me before my marriage and published by Harper Brothers, a headline quotation from Whitman had, by a printer's error, been made to say, "Have I not said the Universe has nothing better than the best woman?" When I later showed him my work and lamely apologised for what appeared a lack of comprehension of his lines "The Universe has nothing better than the best Womanhood," I was relieved to have him remark smilingly, as he handed the book back to me, "Maybe that is what I meant, after all!" He often seemed to invite my criticism; and since the severest fault-finding brought only that sudden uplift of the brows and that quizzical smile to his eyes and lips, my audacity was often tempted into expression. One instance was connected with the lines:

Let the preachers of creeds never dare to  
meditate alone upon the hills, by day or  
by night!

If one ever did once dare he is lost!

I declared it should read, "The creed is lost." The only verbal reply I can recollect ever receiving is that already mentioned, when I would have the prophet and defender of womanhood express its universal rather than its individual demand.

The claim of individuality pressed him closely. He saw that the danger of socialism lay in the absorption of identities, and troubled himself little about its

politics, or, indeed, the politics of any party; they were each but a part of the All, and a state of necessary ferment from which was to come the wholesome government by and of and for individuals "fit for these States." "Remember," he had enjoined, "government is to subserve individuals."

I say an unnumbered new race of hardy and  
well-defined women is to spread through  
all these States.

I say a girl fit for these States must be free,  
capable, dauntless, the same as a boy.

His ready adaptation to place and people made him an ideal guest; always prompt at each family gathering, always radiantly cheery, kindly, communicative; always scrupulously neat in person—putting his bedding to air and his clothing into place, before leaving his room in the morning. He was usually traceable from the early shower-bath to the breakfast-room by his song. It seemed as if he rose, lilting some melody. As he went about his chamber he chanted in tenor voice some psalm, or some vagrant thought he was putting into rhythm, or perhaps, a half-remembered ballad. His voice would rise to exultancy, pause abruptly, or drop as suddenly to a low, murmured refrain, as the exigencies of dressing seemed to require attention. Occasionally he demanded help in a lusty call for "Al!"; whereupon Mr. Johnston, or his eldest son, Albert, would hasten to lend a youthful hand to the partially paralysed body, which had poured its vigour into the suffering soldiers of our Civil War. With his strength the poet had also spent all the money and time at his disposal; to give back what we could, in return for such sacrifices, was to us a happy privilege.

It is a pleasure to read in *Specimen Days* (page 113) Whitman's reference to this visit: "In old age, lame and sick, pondering for years on many a doubt and danger for this Republic of ours—fully aware of all that can be said on the other side—to find in this visit to New York and the daily contact and support of its myriad people on the scale of the ocean



and tides, the best, the most effective medicine my soul has known. After many years (I went away at the outbreak of the Secession War, and have never been back to stay since), again I resume the crowds, the streets I know so well."

On the occasion of another visit, in the midst of his record of street scenes, water views, saunterings in Central Park, and meditations on what he called "top-loftical" phases of wealth—not to be envied or admired—he describes with graphic pen (page 136) his being a guest of Sorosis, when this earliest of women's clubs went down the Bay on the tug *Seth Low*, to accompany its president, Jennie June Croly, on her departure for Europe. Although he was quite reluctant to accept the invitation from the club, which, as member and officer, I had urged upon him, his pleasure at the gratification afforded by his presence, was unmistakable. Then he suddenly tired of it and retreated to the pilot house, remaining there until luncheon was served.

At table, we were delighted by an unexpected witticism from the Good Grey Poet when, in response to the demand for a speech, he declined to follow a Mrs. King and a Mr. Prince, since he himself was a plebeian! But the applause that greeted it drove him into his shell again, and he made no allusion to the social part of the trip in a newspaper article which he sent to me, entitled, *A Gossipy Letter from Walt Whitman*, published July 3, 1878, in the *New York Times*. His habit of viewing "Walt Whitman" impersonally, made unexpected and undesired notice of himself embarrassing to him. To him, all persons, peoples, including himself, represented qualities, principles, types. He was enthusiastic over the appearance of the "young fellows" on board the training-ship *Minnesota*, as specimens of American manhood,—as "a splendid proof of our composite race." I wonder if there are now any of those youths who recall his visit on May 26, 1879!

About this time two accidents oc-

curred at our house that might have tried his nerves. Entering his room one morning, I noticed an odour that made me sniff the air, saying, "Something has been burning here, and it is not tobacco!" (Walt Whitman never touched tobacco.) "I thought I smelled smoke when I got up to put out the light," he answered, rather ruefully, adding, "I read myself to sleep." "And I tell you what else you did, Uncle Walt," I responded, laughing. "You twisted the window curtain into a rope and tied it up as far as you could reach—oh, you've done that before!—and the wind tossed that knot over the gas globe, and away went that curtain in a flash!"

To see the embarrassed droop of his majestic figure, and the plaintive look, so child-like, on his dignified face, was irresistibly funny, and I laughed till he feebly joined me, as he looked up at the tinsel threads still hanging from the blackened gilt cornice. I assured him that I was glad he had slept soundly, for had he seen that swift blaze he would have had a fright. "Now," I added, "we will have the piece of oriental gauze taken down from the other window, and you shall have the unveiled sunshine you love!"

The bric-a-brac and other ornaments of a guest-room, which he termed "gim-cracks," had been removed before he came; now he gazed unhindered at the squatter settlement that reached to our vine-covered back-yard fence, and beyond that to the block-away terminus of the Fourth Avenue surface cars (which made going down town easy for him), and farther on, to the horizon, where sparsely filled squares stretched to the East River; all this lay unscreened before him. Goats, geese, chickens, and innumerable children wandered over the grass about a whitewashed cabin, which was always being undone and made over—a neat and not unpicturesque huddle of a dwelling, full of uncouth children, with whom we were sufficiently intimate to hail cheerily, when their doings were, or were not, to our liking, and who cheerily saluted the kindly old man who

smiled and waved his hand to them from the open window.

The second accident came nearer being serious than the first. I was at my desk in a neighbouring room, when I heard a tremendous crash. Rushing through intervening doors and passages, I found Walt Whitman standing ashy white, and the huge pier-glass which had filled the space between the windows lying in a thousand fragments on the floor. In falling, it had struck the foot of the bed, the table, and the chair in which he had been sitting at his writing.

"You are not hurt? You are not hurt?" I kept gasping, while I looked at the heap of débris—the slivers of thick glass, the fragments of carved wood, the chunks of plaster of Paris—"You are not hurt?"

"No, no, not a bit! I heard it slip and jumped from under. I don't see why it should fall!" I did. He had been using its supporting marble shelf for a foot-rest, just as the children had not infrequently used it for a seat. I tried to smile, but turned faint, with thinking of what might have been! Getting his hat, I insisted on our leaving the house until the muss be cleaned up, and jestingly taking him by the shoulders, with a weak pretence at giving him a strong shake, I said, "It is plain to be seen you are a much nimbler old gentleman than we take you for. Now understand this, if you say one word about broken mirrors, or a third thing's going to happen, or even allude to such ideas as signs and omens, I shall call you a *superstitious old humbug!*"

At that time the residences on Fifth Avenue ended abruptly at Eighty-sixth Street; just beyond, the grassy knolls of an old fruit orchard had become a rural beer garden. Leaning somewhat heavily on my shoulder, he crossed the street with me, and then, seated on one of the benches beneath a gnarled old apple-tree, we told each other stories of "when I was young," and from well-stored memories drew poems learned long ago. Robins hopping at our feet, and goats scrambling on the rocks above our heads,

were our only observers. As sunlight faded, we returned to the house, where order had been restored. A water-colour scene on Long Island shore, by Silva, covered the broken spot in the wall where the mirror had hung. The incident, never mentioned, was apparently forgotten, and I am sure Walt Whitman enjoyed the simplicity thereafter established in his room.

On the occasion of his visits, there were usually other guests in the house, mostly young folks, who now proudly recall "the time they met Walt Whitman." Each evening, groups of personal friends and specially invited acquaintances, among them artists, actors, musicians, and writers, came and went. Whenever Whitman was weary of the admiration they gave him—and that was often early—he would rise with gentle dignity, wave a farewell and, leaning on his cane, leave the room. The guests would soon leave and the house be quiet for the night; as there was no traffic on the avenue, all was still until the vegetable wagons rolled in from the truck gardens not far out—and then we listened for the poet's morning song.

In each prolonged talk with Walt Whitman, when his exalted viewpoint had been attained, one had clearly the consciousness that "All exists from some long previous consummation." Not infrequently he turned the vision of his telescopic soul to the future of America. In his later publications, I find many passages that were displayed to me in embryo. His largeness of view, his recognition of the "inherencies of things," and the consequent acceptance of events and reconciliation with them, became to me a lasting inspiration. No lines of his, no sentences ever recorded, mean more to me than these, which include and harmonise the Predestination of Calvin with the Free Will of Wesley: "Each of us inevitable," "Each of us limitless," in which the seeming fatalism is balanced by universality; and, "Whatever can possibly happen at any time is provided for," which opened the way for that glorious declaration:

Though I come to my own in a thousand or ten million years,  
I can take it now, or with equal cheerfulness I can wait.

It was waiting with his "equal cheerfulness" that, accompanied by Samuel Loag, of Philadelphia, I found him in the winter of 1885, in poverty, ill, and alone. The day was stormy, the streets were icy, and it was with great difficulty—in fact, after several full-length tumbles by us both—that we reached the house in Mickle Street, Camden.

Our first rap brought no response, but a second was answered by a voice from an upper window, calling, "Come in! Come in!" Looking up through the mist of the descending sleet, we saw the venerable face of Walt Whitman leaning out above us. His room, littered with more than the usual number of papers scattered about, was cold. The remains of a meal stood on a chair. I looked toward the arm-chair; above two blankets loomed the head I loved and revered. To keep back emotion, I made a great fuss about the general untidiness of the place, while Mr. Loag rebuilt the fire. It was already late afternoon and our time was short. I was glad I could manage to brew some tea, and equally delighted to make the old, slow, quizzical smile play again over his beloved face.

Then Mr. Loag and I began some serious questioning. "It is not so bad as it looks, Alma," the poet replied. "I have a nice young fellow coming in every morning to get me up and make breakfast, and he comes back every afternoon as soon as his bank closes and gets me my supper; and we have some good talks together, he and I. Don't think I'm deserted!"—for I was on my knees sobbing beside him. "I can't stand it, Uncle Walt. I will not! I am going to take you home with me!" But I found him, even though tearful in sympathy with my grief, quite inflexible. Life in New York had become too strenuous for him.

"Don't think I wouldn't enjoy it, but those literary chaps won't let me alone.

It is all good, but there is too much of it! I'm a kind of curiosity in New York. Folks keep coming every day and every night to see me, and it sort o' uses me up." The arched point in his brow, the whimsical smile, pacified me. "And here nobody bothers you by cleaning up!" I said, quite ashamed of my outburst. "Well, I will let you alone if you will have a housekeeper." After some arguing, he consented, and soon was made comfortable for the remainder of his days; for it was ignorance of his condition and not indifference that had caused temporary neglect. Not long afterward, I met the "nice young fellow," Horace Traubel, who so faithfully ministered to Walt Whitman in his hours of greatest need.

A letter lies before me written in the poet's large, open hand, and dated,

328 Mickle Street, Camden, N. J.,  
March 4, '85.

DEAR, DEAR FRIENDS:

Your letter comforts and touches me deeply, and I am not sure but it would be a good arrangement not only for me but for all 'round. But for the present I shall keep on here. Alma, I have had a friend move in, Mrs. Davis, strong and hearty and good-natured, a widow, young enough; furnishes me my meals and takes good care of me. . . . I am feeling quite well for me as I write this. I shall never forget your kindness and generosity to me. I am in good spirits as I finish this. Love to Al. and May, and all.

WALT WHITMAN.

I visited him repeatedly while Mary Davis devoted herself to his care. He enjoyed being the host, and I ate of his corned beef and cabbage and berry pie with good relish. At my last visit, he sat by the window of his sitting-room in the arm-chair he afterward willed to us. He was then very feeble. We had talked disconnectedly—with eloquent pauses—of immortality, of the indestructibility of things physical and things spiritual; of "things that cohere and go forward and are not dropped by death"; of Death disassociated from disease as

Life is ever disassociated from disease; of Death as feminine, a Strong Deliveress. Yet we were not unmindful of the insight, the comprehension, the experiences, that weakness and pain bring to the Soul, and so accounted valuable a long and intimate acquaintance with Death—familiar contemplation giving new knowledge of Life.

"I do not know what is untried and afterward," I quoted, "but I know that it is sure, alive, sufficient." He nodded his head. I rose to leave him. We knew our hands clasped and our lips touched for the last time. When I left home,

I had resolved there should be no tears. "My rendezvous is appointed," I murmured, as I kissed him. "The Lord will be there and wait till I come on perfect terms."

Pausing on the opposite sidewalk, I returned the salute of his hand, uplifted in the open window. The horse-car came. It was empty, and the woman of me broke down! Struggling with handkerchief and purse, I yet glanced at the conductor's face. He brushed the back of his hand across his eyes.

"You've been a-sayin' good-bye to Walt Whitman? I know him," he said.

## AMERICAN PAINTING VERSUS MODERNISM

BY CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

IN A preceding article\* attention was called to the remarkable appreciation that has taken place during the last quarter of a century in the monetary value of American painting. The records, carefully studied, reveal a kind of gradual growth that may neither be refuted nor ignored. Inveterate disparagers of American painting will, no doubt, dismiss this for a negligible factor. If they take the trouble to argue the matter at all, they will probably point out the fact that great art and popularity are often incompatible, and that popularity, as represented in the concrete terms of dollars and cents, is a negative rather than an affirmative indication. In the present instance, however, the thing they overlook is the fact that American painting, as represented by Inness, Martin, Fuller, Blakelock, Homer, Twachtman, was no more immediately accepted by the common comprehension—was no more immediately popular, in other words, than the Barbizon men or the Impressionists. The surface aspects of an Inness, a Martin, a Winslow Homer, a Fuller are not of a

kind that would endear them to the cursory contemplation of the persons that were buying art in this country twenty-five years ago. From the contemptuous disregard in which these painters are held by our radical reviewers, one would think their work consisted of nothing more than pretty sentimentalities conventionally conceived and, for the most part, ineptly executed. As a matter of fact, a moment's consideration of the external records of American painting will discover all the symptoms by which we may detect the valid artistic activity—the long period of undervaluation and neglect, the laborious and heart-breaking overcoming of a public obtuseness, the eventual growth of a general recognition, an individual patronage. Personally, I am convinced that if we were to disregard all æsthetic criterions, and view the matter merely from the speculator's standpoint of fifty per cent. common sense and fifty per cent. instinct, we should be persuaded that American painting is founded on something more substantial and permanent than the mere whim of naïve and uncultivated picture buyers. No rational mind can fail to admit a significance in the con-

\**American Painting*, by Mr. Buchanan, in the September BOOKMAN.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

spicuous tenacity with which American painting has held its own during the last dozen years in the face of a veritable flood of foreign competition and a degree of spurious and hysterical excess in proclamation and practice unparalleled in the history of art. As I have repeatedly pointed out, practical testimony to this effect is supplied us in the auction-room records of the last eighteen years.

This, however, is a subordinate and external aspect of a matter that must, in the last analysis, be approached from the standpoint of an abstract æstheticism. What we are trying to get at is whether or not American painting possesses a value sheerly æsthetic and quite apart from all inveigling graces or adulterations of an extraneous and invalid nature. In other words, does American painting possess a characteristic, individual and indispensable integrity of its own, or is it, as so many would have us believe, a mere sterile replica of the art of the past?

It is perfectly obvious that a question of so vast and complex a nature cannot be answered offhand. As a matter of fact, any attempt to answer it at all must begin by delving deep down into the fundamentals of art's philosophy. Certain basic points of view must be revealed, and through a study of precedents and trends certain standards must be formulated by which we may compare these points of view and attempt to value them the one above the other. A mere contemptuous condemnation or a fatuous indorsement, without the corresponding support, in either case, of a reason why, will not get us anywhere, for the *outré* intemperance of the one is no less harmful in its vulgarity and superficiality than is the asinine jingoism of the other. The question of whether American landscape painting, as represented, let us say, by Inness and Martin, Weir and Murphy, is a valuable elongation of the ideals of Barbizon plus the vivifying colour influences of Monet and the domestic point of view of the Dutchmen, or whether it is, as before stated, a mere repainting of the history

of paint, an inexcusable and valueless retrogression, depends entirely upon which one of two points of view you happen to indorse. For example, if art is a perpetual progression, if the Continental æsthetics of the last quarter of a century have been the outcome of a spontaneous desire to express a genuine emotion through the medium of new art forms, and if it be essential that art, to be a vital, indispensable art, must constantly create new art forms—well then, American painting is hopelessly and indefensibly bad, and no amount of patriotic ardour or personal enthusiasm can make it anything else. A composite paraphrasing of what its innumerable detractors would probably say about it, if they could be cornered into giving it their attention, might read as follows: American painting is expressing itself through borrowed mediums. It remains substantially rooted in methods and a point of view that the world has outgrown these fifty years. It has failed to represent its age or to accomplish anything approaching a national synthesis, and it is still firmly rooted in the old vice of representation.

All of which is—according to the way you look at it—undoubtedly and incontrovertibly true. A person may—the present writer, for example—believe that from the standpoint of an elegance and a dignity of demeanour (by which is meant that indefinable poise, that unmistakable air of good breeding which we call, for want of a better word, classical), to say nothing of beauty of texture and substance (by which is meant the question of a dexterous manipulation of paint), American painting can hang side by side with the best painting of a like nature that the world has so far produced, whether it be—to choose at random—a Turner, a Corot or a Chardin still life. It would be difficult to demonstrate that Inness, at his top notch, fell short of the apocalyptic and prodigious vision of a Turner, that a still life of Emil Carlsen's was inferior in quality to a Vollon, a Chardin, a Cézanne or a Manet, that a canvas of Murphy's

failed to compete with, to excel even, the exquisite and miraculous witchery of a Corot. But granting all this—and we must not hesitate to claim as much—we may yet admit that however this type of painting successfully parallels the best accomplishments of the past, it not only fails to supply us with a new development but fails, as well, to supply us with even a counterfeit semblance of modernity, as modernity (that by-word of reproach, no longer tolerated by those to the manner born!) is understood in our complex and exorbitant day and generation.

It is therefore obvious (I repeat for the sake of emphasis) that if we accept the point of view commonly held and proclaimed by the extremists, we can no longer tolerate American painting as represented by Inness, Homer, Martin, Murphy and so on. These painters shall have ceased to exist for us as anything more than pleasing manifestations of an obsolete era wherein we allowed ourselves a facile response to pretty sentimentalities of mood and to rudimentary exhibitions of pictorial dexterity. If we turn, for example, to the records of French art during the last fifty years—for the sake of exactness let us go back to 1863, the year of the famous "Salon des refuses" and that notorious performance of Manet's "Le Déjeuner sur l'herbe"—we encounter a degree of intense, precipitant and audacious art activity compared to which our native endeavours appear in the light of kindergarten diversions and exercises. Apprehended in chronological order or cumulatively, the effect of these years of perpetual technical ramification, theoretical controversy, emotional crescendo is overwhelming. All the more reason why a warning should be sounded. One's brain, reeling under the repeated impact of a continually heightened complication and vehemence of expression, succumbs, perhaps, to a kind of too servile acceptance of each and every effort regardless of said effort's individual intrinsic importance. Cowed and stupefied by the kaleidoscopic sequence of

events, one's feeling for proportion is lost, and the individual artist assumes a protuberant significance that he does not necessarily possess.

I would urge this point upon the attention of the reader. The dominant characteristic of modern art has unquestionably been the exorbitant and unprecedented pace at which it has progressed, and the transient and unsustained quality of its various phenomena. The times are prolific to the point of prodigality with individual talent; but why, we ask, is the talent of to-day so often the mediocrity of to-morrow? We are not prejudiced. As a matter of fact, it is questionable if, in our eagerness to welcome the new talent, to acclaim the vital revelation, we do not go to the extreme of a too gushing hospitality, and accord recognition with too amiable an abandon. We have reversed the traditional attitude of criticism; we are no longer antagonistic to the new, rather are we over tolerant of it and too kindly disposed toward it. One reason for this is that we have learned so well the lesson of the egregious critical stupidity of the past that we are swung to the other extreme in sheer self-defence. Another reason is the tremendous activity of modern journalism which, subsisting as it does on the new, seizes with avidity the latest manifestation, however inconsequential, and proceeds to read into it an importance that it neither deserves nor possesses. The result is that the intrinsic measure of the progress attained is all out of proportion to the amount of hub-bub and much ado about nothing that is raised by press-agent, reporter and journalist. For example, our finite intelligences can hardly conceive of a more acute and audacious musical manifestation than is furnished us in the extraordinary figure of Leo Ornstein. Well, even so, the mere fact that his music is a new and a very strange kind of sound does not make it a better kind of sound than the sound of Wagner's music or Chopin's or Bach's or Beethoven's. To take another instance, Strauss, hailed less than a score of years ago as a veritable

ultimate in music, unquestionably represents a valuable and permanent contribution to his day and generation, and yet with all his strivings, aided by a vastly augmented orchestra, and with all his natural propensity for the observance and the expression of the sinister, the shrill, the monstrous, he has not penned a page that competes in emotional eloquence with the last movement of Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony or the working-out section of the first movement. As an expression of an uncontrollable hysteria, this music, composed a quarter of a century ago, yet remains the high-water mark of music's unique ability to express an intolerable and excruciating anguish. From the superficial viewpoint, the enormous efforts of Stravinsky, Schonberg and Ornstein, to say nothing of so titanic a striving as the "Zarathustra" of Strauss, appear to mark an advance upon the music of Tchaikovsky and Richard Wagner; the appreciative listener, however, will find their dimensions empty of substance, their intricacy a false intricacy, their vehemence of expression a mere sterile over-emphasis.

The reader may say, What has all this to do with American painting? Well, I am trusting that the title of this article, "American Painting versus Modernism," may partially justify this unconscionable meandering. It is obvious that the status of American painting can only be determined through a comparison with the accepted artistic manifestations of recent years, the conspicuous feature of which is, as previously stated, the bewildering rapidity with which one artistic endeavour has been supplanted by another. It will be observed that the prestige of each succeeding individual case has been largely conditioned by and superimposed upon a repudiation and a disparagement of its predecessors. Now the thing we cannot help asking ourselves is whether or not this process of perpetual supersedure is the inevitable reflex of a legitimate need, or whether it represents the spurious forced draught, so to speak, of premeditated, mechanical and very self-conscious idiosyncrasies of

expression. I myself incline to the belief that painting, unquestionably the least potent and perhaps the most facile of the arts, is, of all the arts, the one most susceptible to cheap and sophistical exploitation. If the metamorphosis of art from Corot to Cubism, Futurism, Synchronism and so on is a legitimate, irrevocable progress, and if the extravagant estimates placed upon Manet, Monet, Renoir, Matisse, Cézanne and so forth are justified, then the last fifty to seventy-five years are the most pregnant in the history of art. But we have reason to suspect the validity of these highly inflated estimates—which is not, for a moment, to ignore their claims upon our attention. It is questionable if these men are great in proportion to the amount of discussion and eulogy that has grown around them. The case of Monet, for example, is typical. Monet, hailed not over a dozen years ago as a veritable last word in landscape painting, is seen, in the light of contemporary judgment, to have failed signally to accomplish the very thing he set out to do. It was the ever perspicacious Mr. George Moore who first called attention to a peculiar paradox obviously inherent in Monet's canvases. This painter, identified in the common consciousness with the rendering of "light and air," fails to convey as satisfying a sense of "light and air" as may be found in the classical sobriety of Corot or—a humble instance—the dainty mellifluousness of Cazin. The painting of Monet is a kind of colour stenography, an attempt to report the snap, shimmer and sparkle of a live nature as opposed (presumably) to the conventional nature of the studio. The important thing to observe is the indubitable fact that Monet's system of painting (the juxtaposition of pure colour in a myriad of stitches and dashes) not only fails to convey an adequate sense of light and air but results in a kind of surface that is, to say the least, highly unpleasant. Monet's colour sense and his elimination of shadow are his important contributions, and no landscape painting

since his time has failed to profit by them. But these characteristics may be found in his water-lily series, where his technic is approximately no different from the technic of Corot. We see Impressionism to-day as an acute emphasis of a rather unsubstantial colour scheme at the expense of structural solidity. Debussy is its musical equivalent, a man who, in his preoccupation with certain super-subtle effects of tone, has failed, so to speak, to cultivate a body to his work. Our point is that the admiration supplied by the unthinking for Monet's technical processes is all out of proportion to the results attained by his various experimentations.

The thing that most arrests our attention in any consideration of modern art is the modern artist's excessive engagement with formula and theory. That these formulas and theories are often peculiarly his own, and that they possess a certain superficial sense of novelty is not necessarily to justify them. The all important question is, Has inspiration kept pace with technical inventiveness? Is the significance of the thing said commensurate with the manner of the saying? We may take it as axiomatic that if a development in art, however beautiful in itself, is not an absolutely imperative adjunct of the matter in hand, it is inherently false, shallow and inconsequential. Just here we touch, I think, the essential fallacy of modern art—the premium that it has placed upon the originality of the means used regardless of the fact that the inherent predisposition of the point of view may find its adequate fulfilment in what you may call a conventional medium. In other words, manner and means have tended to become an end in themselves whereas they should remain a means to an end. A form has been arbitrarily imposed upon the artist by theory and preachment rather than by the dictates of inspiration. He has grown, consciously or otherwise, to adopt his matter to his form rather than his form to his matter. A trivial case in point was furnished by the Cézanne ex-

hibit held last winter in New York City. No one possessing the slightest claim to æsthetic receptivity could have failed to recognise the merits of Cézanne's magnificent handling of still life. On the other hand, one could not fail equally to deplore the fact that Cézanne's treatment of landscape, as represented in this particular exhibit, was identical with his treatment of still life. The result was a collection of canvases from which every vestige of charm was excluded by the rigorous application of a method absolutely antithetical to the matter in hand. It will hardly be denied that the dominating interest of the out of doors is atmospheric phenomena, and the aim of the entire modern school of landscape has been in the direction of a constantly heightened effectiveness in the appreciation and the rendering of atmospheric effects. The canvases in question were of a kind that would have been considered obsolete and dead as door-nails if they had been the work of a native artist; painted by Cézanne they were accepted as possessing some hieratic significance, and attention was called to "organisation" and "structural significance." As a matter of fact, they were merely ugly and uninteresting, giving every indication of having been painted in accordance with a system rather than as the result of a spontaneous susceptibility.

"A picture is finished," said Whistler, "when the means by which it has been produced have disappeared." All art, with a very few exceptions, is a premeditated striving toward a preconceived goal, but the satisfactory art conceals all traces of its labour, projecting itself as a sheer emotional and sensuous force. In asking us to consider the theories through which it has evolved itself, modern art demonstrates its deficiency. Mannerism, that arrant usurper, holds the centre of the stage, so to speak, distorting the purpose of art, which is, we some of us aver, to convey a recognisable and universally comprehended emotion. The art of Richard Wagner is probably the greatest exhibition of premeditation



and "organisation" we have so far had. For sustained, logical, inevitable development, concentrative energy, juxtaposition of contrast, poignancy of implication, it probably marks the heights to which the art of mortal man has attained. But it may be enjoyed for its sheer primal qualities of expression and representation without a thought of the inexhaustible significance that lie, like a system of veins, cross-currents, nerve conduits, below its surface. A cubist drawing, on the other hand, obscures whatever legitimacy of intention it may possess, by the preponderance of its sheer novelty of form, thus appealing not to our æsthetic sense but, instead, to the inferior emotion of curiosity.

I have consciously gone to considerable lengths in this desultory survey of the very modern preoccupation with standardised formulas and spurious intricacies of expression, for I believe with all my heart and soul that the greatest handicap art has to contend with—the force most making for decadence in art—is this tendency toward an over-valuation of manner and means. Contemporary art boasts that it has emancipated itself from the conventional shackles of classical expression. It forgets that it has merely bound itself to other conventions no one whit less artificial and stereotyped, that it has jumped, so to speak, from the frying pan into the fire. As a matter of fact, present day art is the most self-conscious that the world has ever known. It is theorising itself to death over what our boudoir æstheticians are pleased to call "movements," "trends," "time spirits" and so on. All this sort of thing tends to distract the attention, which should be directed not upon surface eccentricities of expression, but, instead, upon the intrinsic worth of the thing expressed and the essential intentions of the artist. The superficial comprehension, for instance, in abandoning itself to the shallow but undeniably gratifying prettiness of Monet, Sisley or Pissarro, experiences something of that kind of excited inflation of its self-esteem that it might experience in em-

barking upon some naughty and surreptitious sort of adventure. Its focus, distorted by excited explanations—explanations too often made up, as the expression has it, out of whole cloth—unthinkingly assumes that these pictures represent an intrinsic superiority over the landscape painting of a Daubigny or a Corot. The thing that is eternally lost sight of is the fact that we are comparing two methods of painting where we should be comparing two points of view. The difference in their technical processes arises from the difference in what these men are trying to get at. Both achieve their separate ends through means peculiarly suited to the expression of the matter in hand. The thatchings and minute juxtapositions of colour inseparable from some Monets could not have recorded the motionless grey-green world of fading evening lights that absorbed the attention of Corot. If Monet's intention had been to record nature as Corot saw it, he would, no doubt, have been compelled to adopt Corot's methods of painting. Concrete evidence of this is supplied us in Monet's fog pictures—the couple, for instance, in the Catholina Lambert sale of a few seasons back—where his methods were substantially the same as the methods of Corot or of Murphy. Whatever of superiority in solidity of substance, distinction of design and atmospheric verisimilitude exists between such a picture of Monet's and Murphy's handling of the subject is all in favour of the American painter.

Once we have disabused our mind of the common error of confusing mere novelty of expression with intrinsic significance, we shall realise that American painting, whatever its individual merits, need not be dismissed as negligible even though it has remained substantially grounded in the methods and manners of Barbizon and Impressionism. A moment's consideration of the arts of literature and music will convince us that the use of an established form is no more necessarily an indictment of an art than the use of a bizarre, complex and un-

familiar form is an indorsement. To dismiss the painting of Inness or Murphy or Weir or Tryon simply because it expresses itself through the medium of Barbizon or Impressionism would be as absurd as it would be to dismiss the genius of Rupert Brooke simply because it reaches its finest development in the conventional medium of the sonnet. We do not reject the sonnet form merely because it was utilised by Shakespeare and Keats any more than we reject the C major Scale merely because it was utilised by Bach and Beethoven. Surely there can be no inherent quality peculiar to the art of painting that compels it to repudiate precedent in its commendable endeavours to develop its individuality. In the other arts the normal inter-relationship between the means of expression of a hundred years ago and the means of expression of to-day is accepted as a matter of course. The large and dominant moments in music and literature unmistakably and strikingly resemble one another. In Chopin at his greatest we hear the idiom of Bach; in Wagner and Richard Strauss—the superior Strauss of the opening measures of “Heldenleben”—we hear the stark diatonic outspokenness of Beethoven. Brahms, unquestionably the most recent of the great composers, deliberately confined himself to classical and archaic modes, and Tchaikovsky conceived and executed one of the world's two greatest pieces of emotional music through the conventional medium of the symphony. Indeed, if we were to apply to music the criterions that our progressives apply to painting we should be compelled to readjust our entire scale of values. We should be compelled, for example, to rate Mozart above Beethoven, Chopin—perhaps the most sheerly original genius that music has produced—above Wagner, Grieg above Brahms, Ornstein and Debussy above Richard Strauss. The absurdity of this will be at once apparent. The former men are the greater pathbreakers, the greater originators, but the latter men are the greater organ-

isers, the greater visions, the greater intellects.

We may safely assume that whereas originality is an important factor in art it is, by no means, a determining one. Over this point there should be not the slightest misconception. In expressing itself through borrowed mediums, American painting has merely done what Brahms and Tchaikovsky, Strauss and Wagner did in music. That it should be taken to task for adhering to older points of view and methods of expression is explained, I believe, by the fact that painting—essentially a decorative art, rather than an emotional or an intellectual one—tends to accord a disproportionate amount of consideration to form at the expense of matter. Possibly I attach too great an importance to this explanation; for my part I am convinced that it is the cause of most if not all of that vast amount of critical instability and discrepant appraisal that we meet with in this art. The equitable intelligence should accept the possibilities of progress, but it need not do this at the expense of older and, I dare say, indispensable points of view. American painting has adhered to the ideals and the methods of the past solely and simply because the impelling impulse that has led it to put brush to canvas is substantially identical with the impulse back of the Barbizon men and the Dutch landscape painters. We know this impulse to have been a spontaneous and unsophisticated reaction to the characteristic phenomena of a local and highly personal nature. The primitive simplicities and bucolic sentimentalities of this point of view could no more be expressed through the medium of Cubism, let us say, than the evanescent vapourings of Debussy could be expressed through the medium of a brass band. The thing likely to be lost sight of is the fact that the spirit actuating the Continental æsthetics of the last quarter of a century has been diametrically opposed to the point of view at the basis of American painting. I myself believe that said Continental point of view has been largely the reflex of an

effete and artificial state of mind, not, necessarily, insincere, but often to the last degree inconsequential. We cannot expect painting—an inanimate art—to compete with the emotional potency of music, the articulate dynamics of the written or the spoken word, but we are surely not excessive in asking that, if it would detain us to any considerable extent, it supply us with a weightier attitude of mind than may be found in much modern painting. The ridiculous and intrinsically shallow doctrine of abstract æstheticism (popularly known as art for art's sake) must not intimidate our distrust of an art based exclusively upon an external and transient materialism. Were Renoir, for instance, all that his enthusiastic admirers claim him to be (and this, precisely, amounts to calling him one of the world's greatest painters), it would, nevertheless, be difficult for some of us to see in his sum-total, so to speak, anything more than a rather pulpy prettiness, a somewhat too cloying voluptuousness not altogether unalloyed with vulgarity. To turn from the facile gratifications of this very obviously sensuous glamour to the bleak countenance, epical energy and blank verse of a Winslow Homer at his best (a painter chosen for considerable abuse by some of our exotic æsthetes) is to go from the trivialities and piquant graces of the boudoir into the great, eternal windy spaces of the world. Which is not to disparage Renoir—unquestionably the richest colourist of modern times. I would merely urge upon the attention of those people who see in the antithetical attitudes of a Homer, a Martin, an Inness, a Murphy merely a parochial preoccupation with archaic points of view expressing itself through the fallacious medium of representation that there is room in art for both types of painting, and that the merits of both types should be recognised for what they individually represent. An intolerant rejection of either the one point of view or the other is merely an evidence of an unstable critical capacity.

A few words of recapitulation. American painting stands or falls on the va-

lidity or the invalidity of the charge brought against it to the effect that it has expressed itself through borrowed mediums, through out-moded forms. It has been the endeavour back of this article to jot down a few random illustrations of the essential falsity of this radical point of view. There are two kinds of artists—those who create new art forms and those who develop the possibilities of art forms already existing. Both kinds are indispensable. That American painting has appropriated foreign methods and manners is not the point—the point is the fact that it has applied these methods and manners with consummate felicity. It has created nothing, but it has beautifully elaborated and solidified tendencies that in others appear trivial and ineffectual by comparison. I have absolutely no hesitancy in saying that the value of Monet's influence upon American landscape painting far surpasses the intrinsic individual worth of any one or a dozen of Monet's pictures. Hang a Monet or a Pissarro or a Sisley by the side of a Hassam, a Weir, a Lawson, a Murphy, and my meaning is at once apparent. The French painters exhibit a certain superficial dexterity, an undeniable finesse, but you will remark that the effect is all on the surface. Turn to the Americans and note that beneath an equal shimmer and beauty of surface, there exists a deeper body of paint that does for the surface of the picture very much what the sustaining pedal of a piano does for the melody. In other words, the sense of weight and strength and solidity is maintained, qualities indispensable to the creating of that indefinably fine and satisfying poise which we instinctively recognise as the precious and untransferable possession of the superior and extraordinary artist. Viewing a Weir at his top notch, we contend that no one has observed more keenly—with, as it were, a more tremulous receptivity—and rendered more finely this silver shimmer of heat and leaves and simmering fields under a blurred blue sky heavy with heat. Here is a living sense of atmospheric

values, the equal of Impressionism, combined with a dignity of design and a solidity of structure that Impressionism neglected in its superficial and reportorial avidity. Viewing a Murphy at his top notch, we contend that landscape painting has nothing to show of a beauty superior to this "Indian Summer," this somnolent ecstasy of orange and gold and grey, the very silence of which seems musical, where slow smoke rises, a crow calls. Or once again, this edge of a woods with an arid soil sloping away to distant hills faintly purple. Note the deft and incomparable draughtsmanship shown in the rendering of the anatomy of the various trees, the tangle of bared branches against the sky with their various delicacies of colouring, violet, blue, purple. And note, in concluding, that this living luminosity, this pungent veracity is accomplished without a sacrifice of an inner body of quivering, sensitive paint, rich and resonant and impeccably unobtrusive. In this assimilation and conservative application of tendencies that in others are exercised to a disproportionate degree we find, I think, the essential significance and justification of American painting.\*

The sympathetic observer of American painting will note that it records the natural phenomena of its locality with a degree of deft, delicate and inspirational verisimilitude unparalleled in landscape painting up to this time. Its point of view concerns itself with the homely, frugal aspects of naked and disconsolate areas, of arid uplands, of November hills ambling out under a sullen, morose sky. Its inspiration has come to it over amiable meadow lands or out of the mystification of old forests. To sum up, it has remained essentially simple in a world grown essentially complex. Critics condemn its preoccupation with na-

\*The writer has especially in mind the picture owned by Mr. James G. Shepherd, exhibited recently at the Union League Club, New York City. If this picture had been signed by Claude Monet it would be called a great picture and would sell for between ten and twenty thousand dollars in the open market.

ture's brooding periods, her twilight glimmerings, her mists violet and blue and grey. Were their point of view logically formulated and enforced, we might imagine some future edict forbidding oncoming generations from painting mists or mornings or twilights. In other words, human nature's inveterate inclinations must be denied simply because mists and dawns and twilights are old-fashioned and subjects only for "representative" painting. The absurdity of this is manifest. The aim of all vital art is not now and never has been to create mere abstractions; it is a reproduction of what one sees, an expression of what one has felt. We have only the right to ask that this personal revelation be communicated to us with the highest degree of beauty of handling. That art is great art in which what we conceive to be beauty is miraculously and perfectly mated with what we believe to be truth. In other words, the sheerest loveliness of workmanship combined with a basic and an eternal emotion. That this tentative and experimental definition will most certainly be rebuked and ridiculed in certain quarters does not in the least deter me from advancing it. I cannot believe, for example, that a Manet is coequal in dignity and enduring significance with a Michelangelo; that a Renoir and a Degas—exquisite technicians both of them—are to be compared to a Turner or a Corot. And the distinction between these men is to be found, I firmly believe, in the triviality of the modern point of view, its casual and indiscriminate acceptance of a highly sophisticated externality. In basing itself on a poetic and semi-spiritualised recognition and conception of nature, American painting, consciously or otherwise, elected itself the guardian of the traditional and reverential attitude of the past in an age of cheap smartness, vulgar over-emphasis and—its essential characteristic, I repeat—theoretical and premeditated self-consciousness. Which is not for a moment to imply that a Murphy, a Tryon or a Weir are not laboriously, painstakingly self-conscious.

What is meant is that the ultimate intention of these men is to express, simply and persuasively, a recognisably beautiful sensation. To have combined the most acute and penetrative accuracy of perception with a decorative beauty of so sheer a loveliness that we should accept it if for nothing else than its abstract perfection, to have remained, in other words, firmly rooted in a frank, stark native soil, and to have conveyed a sense of living reality without a loss of that kind of exquisite equilibrium, that inspirational fusing of components that marks the perfect manner, is the notable achievement of American landscape painting. It has adhered to the belief that the subject of painting is a visible world, a world whose concrete line and bulk possess an objective stability. It has believed that the art of painting may not emancipate its vision so conclusively from the actualities of existence that it shall cease to convey something approximating a recognisable visualisation of their fundamental aspects. Moved to paint by the primitive impulses of awe and gratification, it has sought to reproduce the spirit and the physical characteristics of its environment. In its best efforts it achieves an indispensable equilibrium, becoming characteristically cosmic rather than characteristically local, without, at the same time, a sacrifice of its inherent identity. This synthesis admittedly finds its greatest expression in the works of Inness. That it has failed to compete with the obscure complexities and ramifications of much contemporary painting is, as I have repeatedly pointed out, an inevitable result of its legitimate and sincere preference for the simple appeals of hill and plain and lonely lands and rustic simplicities. It has believed that it could convey a more precious and actual indication of a group of birches, a line of elms, a tangle of apple trees, a cluster of old barns, the slope of autumn hills, the barren sweep of rough, uncultivated uplands through the medium of an idealised reproduction than it could possibly convey through the medium of Cubism or Futurism or any other ism.

It has remembered that the most acute, vehement and sincere impulse must subordinate itself to a sort of common meeting-ground, and that this common meeting-ground must be, to a greater or less extent, an accepted reality, sublimated in great art, coarsened and imposed upon in art of a lower level of excellence. To eliminate a basis of objective actuality in painting is to open the gates to chaos and demoralisation, for, in the last analysis, there must be a recognised standard for a starting point, and this starting point can be none other than the world as it is rather than as the artist individually conceives it to be. A futurist picture may undoubtedly express the feelings of each individual futurist; for us it may be and very probably is absolutely barren of any meaning whatsoever. American painting has chosen to express itself through the medium of imitation rather than through the medium of individual anarchy.

To say that it is not characteristically national is to commit a critical nuisance. Art is never characteristically national. Note the significant fact that people will condemn American painting for its lack of a national character and, in the next breath, advance for pre-eminent consideration the merits of Whistler or Miss Mary Cassatt, two painters demonstrably alien to this country through every fact of environment and influence. Surely critical discrepancy can go no further. American painting is as characteristically American as Turner is characteristically English, or as Monet (who, when you come right down to it, merely popularised and watered, for general consumption, Turner's later period) is characteristically French. As a matter of fact, no painting is more permeated with a native spirit than is the painting of Inness, Wyant, Fuller, Homer, Murphy and Weir. These pictures are all but redolent with the very odour of the American countryside; they represent, I think, the heart and soul of this country's innate spiritual and sentimental identity. Last season, when the superficial throng flocked sheep-like to the Zuloaga exhibit,

there was much talk about this matter of nationalism, and, of course, Zuloaga was held up as a model of what our painting ought to be and failed of being. The same thing happened in 1910, when the Sorolla craze was on. It is the old story, succinctly and memorably summed up by our admirable Mr. Goldberg in his justly famous phrase, "They all look good when they are far away." As a matter of fact, it is open to question whether Mr. Zuloaga's "nationalism" possesses any sharper degree of salience than the "nationalism" of our thrice-admirable Mr. George Bellows. Parenthetically speaking, the obvious impossibility of reconciling the half-baked fallacy of nationalism in art with the highfalutin' demands for "pure" painting (a sheerly abstract painting), shows us the danger of attempting to formulate hard and fast criterions and standards of qualification. We need hardly urge the incontestable fact that art is the expression of an individual, not a nation; that it is primarily concerned with an expression of self, and only incidentally concerned with an expression of locality. Even so, it is not entirely irrational to contend that the work of Inness, Homer and Murphy (the three painters who are, to my view, the three finest and most indispensable painters of their kind that the country has produced) is unmistakably and unforgettably unique. Taking them at their best they can hang in any company.

In concluding I wish to anticipate a possible objection to the effect that I have limited myself to an indorsement of a bare half dozen American painters.

I have been compelled to do so. The fact that there are hundreds of painters of extraordinary excellence in this country—all worthy of honourable mention—must not deter us from our honest attempt to emphasise those projections of an individual and distinctive merit that appear to us to possess the superior significance. In the nature of things, the supreme excellence is rare. It should be our duty to emphasise it. I do not claim that the painters I have mentioned are great painters in the exact sense of that much abused word. Debussy is not a great composer nor is W. B. Yeats a great poet—names to conjure with, both of them. I merely say: taking American landscape at its sum total—taking, let us say, Inness, Martin, Murphy, Weir, Tryon, Lawson at their representative best, we shall possess a degree of excellence unexcelled by any landscape painting the world has produced. Personally, I think the explanation of this lies in that unique fusing we observe in American landscape painting of the highest degree of decorative decorum and the highest degree of accuracy of observation. No landscape painting has accomplished, I believe, a more intimate and vivid rendering of nature. That it is painting that will ever attain a world-wide prestige, I very much doubt; but I emphasise the fact that this is owing largely to the economic position it occupies. Precedent has decreed that America should import art. Europe is interested in selling us her pictures, not in buying ours. All of which has absolutely nothing to do with the intrinsic artistic worth of the American painter.

# THE MASQUE OF POETS\*

EDITED BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

## THE NAME

WHEN I come back from secret dreams  
In gardens deep and fair,  
How very curious it seems—  
This mortal name I bear.

For by this name I make their bread  
And trim the household light  
And sun the linen for the bed  
And close the door at night.

I wonder who myself may be,  
And whence it was I came—  
Before the Church had laid on me  
This frail and earthly name.

My sponsors spake unto the Lord  
And three things promised they,  
Upon my soul with one accord  
Their easy vows did lay.

My ancient spirit heard them not.  
I think it was not there.  
But in a place they had forgot  
It drank a starrier air.

Yes, in a silent place and deep—  
There did it dance and run,  
And sometimes it lay down to sleep  
Or sprang into the sun.

\*"The Masque of Poets" is made up of the following contributors: Thomas Walsh, Witter Bynner, Margaret Widdemer, Amelia Josephine Burr, Anna Hempstead Branch, William Rose Benét, Sarah N. Cleghorn, William Alexander Percy, Christopher Morley, Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Vincent O'Sullivan, John Gould Fletcher, Grace Hazard Conkling, Sara Teasdale, George Sterling, Harriet Monroe, Edgar Lee Masters, Arthur Davison Ficke, Bliss Carman, Alfred Kreymborg, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Lincoln Colcord, William Stanley Braithwaite, Conrad Aiken, Josephine Preston Peabody, Lizette Woodworth Reese, Abbie Farwell Brown, Maxwell Bodenheim, Amy Lowell, Charles Wharton Stork, Edward J. O'Brien. The series has continued throughout the year, and in the January or February number, the poems, given hitherto anonymously, will be listed with their authors' names.

The Priest saw not my aureole shine!  
My sweet wings saw not he!  
He graved me with a solemn sign  
And laid a name on me.

Now by this name I stitch and mend,  
The daughter of my home,  
By this name do I save and spend  
And when they call, I come.

But oh, that Name, that other Name,  
More secret and more mine!  
It burns as does the angelic flame  
Before the midmost shrine.

Before my soul to earth was brought  
Into God's heart it came,  
He wrote a meaning in my thought  
And gave to me a Name.

By this Name do I ride the air  
And dance from star to star,  
And I behold all things are fair,  
For I see them as they are.

I plunge into the deepest seas,  
In flames I, laughing, burn.  
In roseate clouds I take my ease  
Nor to the earth return.

It is my beautiful Name—my own—  
That I have never heard.  
God keeps it for Himself alone,  
That strange and lovely word.

God keeps it for Himself—but yet  
You are His voice, and so  
In your heart He is calling me,  
And unto you I go.

Love, by this Name I sing, and breathe  
A fresh, mysterious air.  
By this I innocently wreath  
New garlands for my hair.

By this Name I am born anew  
More beautiful, more bright.  
More roseate than angelic dew,  
Apparelled in delight.



## The Masque of Poets

I'll sing and stitch and make the bread  
 In the wonder of my Name,  
 And sun the linen for the bed  
 And tend the fireside flame.

By this Name do I answer yes—  
 Word beautiful and true.  
 By this I'll sew the bridal dress  
 I shall put on for you.

## ANIMALS

What animal you are  
 or whether you are  
 an animal, I  
 am too dumb to tell.  
 Some moments,  
 I feel you've come out of the earth,  
 out of some cool white stone  
 deep down in the earth.  
 Or there brushes past  
 and lurks in a corner  
 the thought  
 that you slipped from a tree  
 when the earth stopped spinning,  
 that a blue shell brought you  
 when the sea tired waltzing.  
 You might be a mouse,  
 the dryad of a woodpecker,  
 or a pure tiny fish dream;  
 you might be something dropped from the sky,  
 not a god-child—  
 I wouldn't have you that—  
 nor a cloud—  
 though I love clouds.  
 You're something not a bird,  
 I can tell.  
 If I could find you somewhere  
 outside  
 of me, I might tell—  
 but inside?

TWENTY STARS TO MATCH HIS FACE

Twenty stars to match his face,  
 All the winds to blow his breath.  
 In the dark no eye can trace  
 Life or death.

The word came, and out he went,  
 Heard the unseen flutterings  
 Of wings that showed the dream he sent,  
 The song he sings.

Twenty stars to match his face,  
 The sea-foam, his permanence—  
 There is no wind can mark his place  
 Here, or hence.

CHLOE TO AMARYLLIS

That you are poor, that I grow old,  
 It matters not. Our battles hold.  
 The lovely, undisturbed things  
 Are left for our remembering.

Kings' houses; graves out on the downs;  
 Shop windows in great ancient towns;  
 The rooks tossed up the rosy sky  
 Out of the vicarage garden high;  
 The minster tower poignant with years  
 That shook the dusk as though with tears.

Scraps of old music dewy-clear  
 Haunt us each turning of the year;  
 When fields are coloured like a stone,  
 A thought of April can atone;  
 Of cowslip flowers golden small  
 Under a windy village wall.

That you are poor, and I grow old!  
 But memories keep; but battles hold:—  
 The footspace snatched from quaking mire;  
 From dying dreams the undying fire;  
 And when we trod the perilous land,  
 The god all ready to our hand.

# THE ADVANCE OF ENGLISH POETRY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

*John Masfield—new wine in old bottles—back to Chaucer—the self-conscious adventurer—early education and experiences—“Dauber”—Mr. Masfield’s remarks on Wordsworth—Wordsworth’s famous Preface and its application to the poetry of Mr. Masfield—“The Everlasting Mercy”—“The Widow in the Bye Street” and its Chaucerian manner—his masterpiece—“The Daffodil Fields”—similarities to Wordsworth—the part played by the flowers—comparison of “The Daffodil Fields” with “Enoch Arden”—the war poem, “August 1914”—the lyrics—the sonnets—the novels—his object in writing—his contributions to the advance of poetry.*

## PART III

POETS are the Great Exceptions. Poets are forever performing the impossible. “No man putteth new wine into old bottles . . . new wine must be put into new bottles.” But putting new wine into old bottles has been the steady professional occupation of John Masfield. While many of our contemporary vers librists and other experimentalists have been on the hunt for new bottles, sometimes, perhaps, more interested in the bottle than in the wine, John Masfield has been constantly pouring his heady drink into receptacles five hundred years old. In subject-matter and in language he is not in the least “traditional,” not at all Victorian; he is wholly modern, new, contemporary. Yet while he draws his themes and his heroes from his own experience, his inspiration as a poet comes directly from Chaucer, who died in 1400. He is, indeed, the Chaucer of to-day; the most closely akin to Chaucer—not only in temperament, but in literary manner—of all the writers of the twentieth century. The beautiful metrical form that Chaucer invented—rime royal—ideally adapted for narrative poetry, as shown in *Troilus and Criseyde*, is the metre chosen by John Masfield for *The Widow in the Bye Street* and for *Dauber*; the only divergence in *The Daffodil Fields* consisting in the

lengthening of the seventh line of the stanza, for which he had plenty of precedents. Mr. Masfield owes more to Chaucer than to any other poet.

Various are the roads to poetic achievement. Browning became a great poet at the age of twenty, with practically no experience of life outside of books. He had never travelled, he had never “seen the world,” but he was brought up in a library, and was so deeply read in the Greek poets and dramatists that a sunrise on the Ægean Sea was more real to him than a London fog. He never saw Greece with his natural eyes. In the last year of his life, being asked by an American if he had been much in Athens, he replied contritely, “Thou stick’st a dagger in me.” He belied Goethe’s famous dictum.

John Masfield was born at Ledbury, in western England, in 1874. He ran away from home, shipped as cabin boy on a sailing vessel, spent some years before the mast, tramped on foot through various countries, turned up in New York, worked in the old Columbia Hotel in Greenwich Avenue, and had plenty of opportunity to study human nature in the bar-room. Then he entered a carpet factory in the Bronx. But he was the last man in the world to become a carpet knight. He bought a

copy of Chaucer's poems, stayed up till dawn reading it, and for the first time was sure of his future occupation.

John Masefield is the real man-of-war-bird imagined by Walt Whitman. He is the bird self-conscious, the wild bird plus the soul of the poet.

To cope with heaven and earth and sea and hurricane,

Thou ship of air that never furl'st thy sails,  
Days, even weeks untired and onward,  
through spaces, realms gyrating,

At dusk that look'st on Senegal, at morn  
America,

That sport'st amid the lightning-flash and  
thunder-cloud,

In them, in thy experiences, had'st thou  
my soul,

What joys! what joys were thine!

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep. They do indeed; they see them as the bird sees them, with no spiritual vision, with no self-consciousness, with no power to refer or to interpret. It is sad that so many of those who have marvellous experiences have nothing else; while those who are sensitive and imaginative live circumscribed. What does the middle watch mean to an average seaman? But occasionally the sailor is a Joseph Conrad or a John Masefield. Then the visions of splendour and the glorious voices of nature are seen and heard not only by the eye and the ear, but by the spirit.

Although Chaucer took Mr. Masefield out of the carpet factory even as Spenser released Keats from the apothecary shop, it would be a mistake to suppose (as many do) that the Ledbury boy was an uncouth vagabond, who, without reading, without education, and without training, suddenly became a poet. He had a good school education before going to sea; and from earliest childhood he longed to write. Even as a little boy he felt the impulse to put his dreams on paper; he read everything he could lay his hands on, and during all the years of bodily toil, afloat

and ashore, he had the mind and the aspirations of a man of letters. Never, I suppose, was there a greater contrast between an individual's outer and inner life. He mingled with rough, brutal, decivilised creatures; his ears were assaulted by obscene language, spoken as to an equal; he saw the ugliest side of humanity, and the blackest phases of savagery. Yet through it all, sharing these experiences with no trace of condescension, his soul was like a lily.

He descended into hell again and again, coming out with his inmost spirit unblurred and shining, even as the rough diver brings from the depths the perfect pearl. For every poem that he has written reveals two things: a real knowledge of the harshness of life, with a nature of extraordinary purity, delicacy, and grace. To find a parallel to this, we must recall the figure of Dostoevski in the Siberian prison.

Many men of natural good taste and good breeding have succumbed to a coarse environment. What saved our poet, and made his experiences actually minister to his spiritual flame, rather than burn him up? It was perhaps that final miracle of humanity, acute self-consciousness, stronger in some men than in others, strongest of all in the creative artist. Even at the age of twenty, Browning felt it more than he felt anything else, and his words would apply to John Masefield, and explain in some measure his thirst for sensation and his control of it.

I am made up of an intense life,  
Of a most clear idea of consciousness  
Of self, distinct from all its qualities,  
From all affections, passions, feelings,  
powers;

And thus far it exists, if tracked, in all:  
But linked, in me, to self-supremacy,  
Existing as a centre to all things,  
Most potent to create and rule and call  
Upon all things to minister to it;  
And to a principle of restlessness  
Which would be all, have, see, know, taste,  
feel, all—  
This is myself.

Although the poem *Dauber* is a true story—for there was just such a man, who suffered both horrible fear within and brutal ridicule without, who finally conquered both, and who, in the first sweets of victory, as he was about to enter upon his true career, lost his life by falling from the yardarm—I cannot help thinking that Mr. Masefield put a good deal of himself into this strange hero. The adoration of beauty, which is the lodestar of the poet, lifted “Dauber” into a different world from the life of the ship. He had an ungovernable desire to paint the constantly changing phases of beauty in the action of the vessel and in the wonders of the sea and sky. In this passion his shy, sensitive nature was really stronger than all the brute strength enjoyed by his shipmates; they could destroy his paintings, they could hurt his body, they could torture his heart. But they could not prevent him from following his ideal. “Dauber” died, and his pictures are lost. But in the poem describing his aims and his sufferings, Mr. Masefield has accomplished with his pen what Dauber failed to do with his brush; the beauty of the ship, the beauty of dawn and of midnight, the majesty of the storm are revealed to us in a series of unforgettable pictures. And one of Edison’s ambitions is here realised. At the same moment we see the frightful white-capped ocean mountains, and we hear the roar of the gale.

Water and sky were devils’ brews which boiled,

Boiled, shrieked, and glowered; but the ship was saved.

Snugged safely down, though fourteen sails were split.

Out of the dark a fiercer fury raved.

The grey-backs died and mounted, each crest lit

With a white toppling gleam that hissed from it

And slid, or leaped, or ran with whirls of cloud,

Mad with inhuman life that shrieked aloud.

Mr. Masefield is a better poet than critic. In the New York *Tribune* for

January 23, 1916, he spoke with modesty and candour of his own work and his own aims, and no one can read what he said without an increased admiration for him. But it is difficult to forgive him for talking as he did about Wordsworth, who “wrote six poems and then fell asleep.” And among the six are not *Tintern Abbey* or the *Intimations of Immortality*. Meditative poetry is not Mr. Masefield’s strongest claim to fame, and we do not go to poets for illuminating literary criticism. Swinburne was so violent in his “appreciations” that his essays in criticism are adjectival volcanoes. Every man with him was God or Devil. It is rare that a creative poet has the power of interpretation of literature possessed by William Watson. Mr. Masefield does not denounce Wordsworth, as Swinburne denounced Byron; he is simply blind to the finest qualities of the Lake poet. Yet, although he carries Wordsworth’s famous theory of poetry to an extreme that would have shocked the author of it—if Mr. Masefield does not like *Tintern Abbey*, we can only imagine Wordsworth’s horror at *The Everlasting Mercy*—the philosophy of poetry underlying both *The Everlasting Mercy*, *The Widow in the Bye Street*, and other works is essentially that of William Wordsworth. Keeping *The Everlasting Mercy* steadily in mind, it is interesting, instructive, and even amusing to read an extract from Wordsworth’s famous Preface of 1800. “The principal object, then, proposed in these Poems was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them throughout, as far as was possible in a selection of language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain colouring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect; and, further, and above all, to make these incidents and situations interesting by tracing in them, truly though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature; chiefly, as far as regards the manner in which we associate

ideas in a state of excitement. Humble and rustic life was generally chosen, because, in that condition, the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language; because in that condition of life our elementary feelings co-exist in a state of greater simplicity, and, consequently, may be more accurately contemplated, and more forcibly communicated; because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings, and, from the necessary character of rural occupations, are more easily comprehended, and are more durable; and, lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature."

When Wordsworth wrote these dicta, he followed them up with some explicit reservations, and made many more implicit ones. Mr. Masefield, in the true manner of the twentieth century, makes none at all. Taking the language of Wordsworth exactly as it stands in the passage quoted above, it applies with precision to the method employed by Mr. Masefield in the poems that have given him widest recognition. And in carrying this theory of poetry to its farthest extreme in *The Everlasting Mercy*, not only did its author break with tradition, the tradition of nineteenth-century poetry, as Wordsworth broke with that of the eighteenth, he succeeded in shocking some of his contemporaries, who refused to grant him a place among English poets. It was in the *English Review* for October, 1911, that *The Everlasting Mercy* first appeared. It made a sensation. In 1912 the Academic Committee of the Royal Society of Literature awarded him the Edmond de Polignac prize of five hundred dollars. This aroused the wrath of the orthodox poet Stephen Phillips, who publicly protested, not with any animosity toward the recipient, but with the conviction that true standards of literature were endangered.

It is unfortunate for an artist or critic

to belong to any "school" whatsoever. Belonging to a school circumscribes a man's sympathies. It shuts him away from outside sources of enjoyment, and makes him incapable of appreciating many new works of art, because he has prejudged them even before they were written. Poetry is greater than any definition of it. There is no doubt that *Marpessa* is a real poem; and there is no doubt that the same description is true of *The Everlasting Mercy*.

In *The Everlasting Mercy*, the prize-fight, given in detail, by rounds, is followed by an orgy of drunkenness rising to a scale almost Homeric. The man, crazy with alcohol, runs amuck, and things begin to happen. The village is turned upside down. Two powerful contrasts are dramatically introduced, one as an interlude between violent phases of the debauch, the other as a conclusion. The first is the contrast between the insane buffoon and the calm splendour of the night.

I opened window wide and leaned  
 Out of that pigstye of the fiend  
 And felt a cool wind go like grace  
 About the sleeping market-place.  
 The clock struck three, and sweetly, slowly,  
 The bells chimed Holy, Holy, Holy;  
 And in a second's pause there fell  
 The cold note of the chapel bell,  
 And then a cock crew, flapping wings,  
 And summat made me think of things.  
 How long those ticking clocks had gone  
 From church and chapel, on and on,  
 Ticking the time out, ticking slow  
 To men and girls who'd come and go.

These thoughts suddenly become intolerable. A second fit of madness, wilder than the first, drives the man about the town like a tornado. Finally and impressively comes the contrast between the drunkard's horrible mirth and the sudden calm in his mind when the tall pale Quakeress hypnotises him with conviction of sin. She drives out the devils from his breast with quiet authority, and the peace of God enters into his soul.

From the first word of the poem to the

last the man's own attitude toward fighting, drink, and religion is logically sustained. It is perfect drama, with never a false note. The hero is one of the "twice-born men," and the work may fairly be taken as one more footnote to the varieties of religious experience.

I have been told on good authority that among all his works Mr. Masfield prefers *Nan*, *The Widow in the Bye Street*, and *The Everlasting Mercy*. I think he is right. In these productions he has no real competitors. They are his most original, most vivid, most powerful pieces. He is at his best when he has a story to tell, and can tell it freely in his own unhampered way, a combination of drama and narrative. In *The Everlasting Mercy*, written in octosyllabics, the metre of *Christmas Eve*, he is unflinchingly realistic, as Browning was in describing the chapel. The *Athenæum* thought Browning ought not to write about the mysteries of the Christian faith in doggerel. But *Christmas Eve* is not doggerel. It is simply the application of the rules of realism to a discussion of religion. It may lack the dignity of the *Essay on Man*, but it is more interesting because it is more definite, more concrete, more real. In *The Everlasting Mercy* we have beautiful passages of description, sharply exciting narration, while the dramatic element is furnished by conversation—and what conversation! It differs from ordinary poetry as the sermons of an evangelist differ from the sermons of bishops. Mr. Masfield is a natural-born dramatist. He is never content to describe his characters; he makes them talk, and talk their own language, and you will never go far in his longer poems without seeing the characters rise from the page, spring into life, and immediately you hear their voices raised in angry altercation. It is as though he felt the reality of his men and women so keenly that he cannot keep them down. They refuse to remain quiet. They insist on taking the poem into their own hands, and running away with it.

When we are reading *The Widow in*

*the Bye Street* we realise that Mr. Masfield has studied with some profit the art of narrative verse as displayed by Chaucer. The story begins directly, and many necessary facts are revealed in the first stanza, in a manner so simple that for the moment we forget that this apparent simplicity is artistic excellence. *The Nun's Priest Tale* is a model of attack.

A poure widwe, somdel stope in age,  
Was whylom dwelling in a narwe cotage,  
Besyde a grove, standing in a dale.  
This widwe, of which I telle yow my tale,  
Sin thilke day that she was last a wyf,  
In pacience ladde a ful simple lyf,  
For litel was hir catel and hir rente.

Now if I could have only one of Mr. Masfield's books, I would take *The Widow in the Bye Street*. Its opening lines have the much-in-little so characteristic of Chaucer.

Down Bye Street, in a little Shropshire town,  
There lived a widow with her only son:  
She had no wealth nor title to renown,  
Nor any joyous hours, never one.  
She rose from ragged mattress before sun  
And stitched all day until her eyes were red,  
And had to stitch, because her man was dead.

This is one of the best narrative poems in modern literature. It rises from calm to the fiercest and most tumultuous passions that usurp the throne of reason. Love, jealousy, hate, revenge, murder succeed in cumulative force. Then the calm of unmitigated and hopeless woe returns, and we leave the widow in a solitude peopled only with memories. It is melodrama elevated into poetry. The mastery of the artist is shown in the skill with which he avoids the quagmire of sentimentality. We can easily imagine what form this story would take under the treatment of many popular writers. But although constantly approaching the verge, Mr. Masfield never falls in. He has known so much sentimentality, not merely in books and plays, but in human

beings, that he understands how to avoid it. Furthermore, he is steadied by seeing so plainly the weaknesses of his characters, just as a great nervous specialist gains in poise by observing his patients. And perhaps our author feels the sorrows of the widow too deeply to talk about them with any conventional affectation.

I should like to find some one who, without much familiarity with the fixed stars in English literature, had read *The Daffodil Fields*, and then ask him to guess who wrote the following stanzas:

A gentle answer did the old Man make,  
In courteous speech which forth he slowly  
drew;

And him with further words I thus bespake,  
"What occupation do you there pursue?  
This is a lonesome place for one like you."  
Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise  
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet-vidid  
eyes.

"This will break Michael's heart," he said  
at length.

"Poor Michael," she replied; "they wasted  
hours.

He loved his father so. God give him  
strength.

This is a cruel thing this life of ours."  
The windy woodland glimmered with shut  
flowers,

White wood anemones that the wind blew  
down.

The valley opened wide beyond the starry  
town.

And I think he would reply with some confidence, "John Masefield." He would be right concerning the second stanza; but the first is, as everyone ought to know and does not, from *Resolution and Independence*, by William Wordsworth. It is significant that this is one of the six poems excepted by Mr. Masefield from the mass of Wordsworthian mediocrity. It is, of course, a great poem, although when it was published (1807, written in 1802), it seemed by conventional standards no poem at all. Shortly after its appearance, some one read it aloud to an intelligent woman; she sobbed unrestrainedly; then, recover-

ing herself, said shamefacedly, "After all, it isn't poetry." The reason, I suppose, why she thought it could not be poetry was because it was so much nearer life than "art." The simplicity of the scene; the naturalness of the dialogue; the homeliness of the old leech-gatherer; these all seemed to be outside the realm of the heroic, the elevated, the sublime,—the particular business of poetry, as she mistakenly thought. The reason why John Masefield admires this poem is because of its vitality, its naturalness, its easy dialogue—main characteristics of his own work. In writing *The Daffodil Fields*, he consciously or unconsciously selected the same metre, introduced plenty of conversation, as he loves to do in all his narrative poetry, and set his tragedy on a rural stage.

It is important here to repeat the last few phrases already quoted from Wordsworth's famous Preface: "The manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings, and, from the necessary character of rural occupations, are more easily comprehended, and are more durable; and, lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature." If Mr. Masefield had written this preface for *The Daffodil Fields*, he could not have more accurately expressed both the artistic aim of his poem and its natural atmosphere: "The passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature." In this work, each one of the seven sections ends with the daffodils; so that no matter how base and truculent are the revealed passions of man, the final impression at the close of each stage is the unchanging loveliness of the delicate golden flowers. Indeed, the daffodils not only fill the whole poem with their fluttering beauty, they play the part of the old Greek chorus. At the end of each act in this steadily growing tragedy, they comment in their own incomparable way on the sorrows of man.

So the night passed; the noisy wind went  
down;



## 434 Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century

The half-burnt moon her starry trackway  
rode.  
Then the first fire was lighted in the town,  
And the first carter stacked his early load.  
Upon the farm's drawn blinds the morning  
glowed;  
And down the valley, with little clucks and  
rills,  
The dancing waters danced by dancing  
daffodils.

But if, consciously or unconsciously, Mr. Masfield in the composition of *The Daffodil Fields* followed the metre and the manner of Wordsworth in *Resolution and Independence*, in the story itself he challenges Tennyson's *Enoch Arden*. Whether he meant to challenge it, I do not know; but the comparison is unescapable. Tennyson did not invent the story, and any poet has the right to use the material in his own fashion. Knowing Mr. Masfield from *The Everlasting Mercy* and *The Widow in the Bye Street*, it would have been safe to prophesy in advance that his own Enoch would not show the self-restraint practised by the Tennysonian hero. Reserve and restraint were the trump cards of the Typical Victorian, just as the annihilation of all reserve is a characteristic of the twentieth-century artist. In the *Idylls of the King*, the parting of Guinevere and Arthur was what interested Tennyson; the poets of to-day would of course centre attention on the parting of Guinevere and Lancelot, and like so many "advances," they would in truth be only going back to old Malory.

"Neither in the design nor in the telling did, or could, *Enoch Arden* come near the artistic truth of *The Daffodil Fields*," says Professor Quiller-Couch, of Cambridge. I am not entirely sure of the truth of this very positive statement. Each is a rural poem; the characters are simple; the poetic accompaniment supplied by the daffodils in one poem is supplied in the other by the sea. And yet, despite this latter fact, if one reads *Enoch Arden* immediately after *The Daffodil Fields*, it seems to be without salt. It lacks flavour, and is

almost tasteless compared with the biting condiments of the other poem, prepared as it was for the sharper demands of twentieth century palates. We like, as Browning thought Macready would like, "stabbing, drabbing, *et autres gentilleses*," and Mr. Masfield knows how to supply them. Yet I am not sure that the self-denial of Enoch and the timid patience of Philip do not both indicate a certain strength absent in Mr. Masfield's wildly exciting tale. Of course Tennyson's trio are all "good" people, and he meant to make them so. In the other work Michael is a selfish scoundrel, Lion is a murderer, and Mary an adulteress; and we are meant to sympathise with all three, as Mr. Galsworthy wishes us to sympathise with those who follow their instincts rather than their consciences. One poem celebrates the strength of character, the other the strength of passion. But there can be no doubt that Enoch (and perhaps Philip) loved Annie more than either Michael or Lion loved Mary—which is perhaps creditable; for Mary is more attractive.

One should remember also that in these two poems—so interesting to compare in so many different ways—Tennyson tried to elevate a homely theme into "poetry"; whereas Mr. Masfield finds the truest poetry in the bare facts of life and feeling. Tennyson is at his best outside of drama, wherever he has an opportunity to adorn and embellish; Mr. Masfield is at his best in the fierce conflict of human wills. Thus *Enoch Arden* is not one of Tennyson's best poems, and the best parts of it are the purely descriptive passages; whereas in *The Daffodil Fields* Mr. Masfield has a subject made to his hand, and can let himself go with impressive power. In the introduction of conversation into a poem—a special gift with Mr. Masfield—Tennyson is usually weak, which ought to have taught him never to venture into drama. Nothing is worse in *Enoch Arden* than passages like these:

"Annie, this voyage by the grace of God  
Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.

Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,  
 For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it."  
 Then lightly rocking baby's cradle, "and he,  
 This pretty, puny, weakly little one,—  
 Nay—for I love him all the better for it—  
 God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees  
 And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,  
 And make him merry, when I come home  
 again.  
 Come, Annie, come, cheer up before I go."

One of the reasons why twentieth-century readers are so impatient with *Enoch Arden*, is because Tennyson refused to satisfy the all but universal love of a fight. The conditions for a terrific "mix-up" were all there, and just when the spectator is looking for an explosion of wrath and blood, the poet turns away into the more heroic but less thrilling scene of self-conquest. Mr. Masfield may be trusted never to disappoint his readers in such fashion. It might be urged that whereas Tennyson gave a picture of man as he ought to be, Mr. Masfield painted him as he really is.

But *The Daffodil Fields* is not melodrama. It is a poem of extraordinary beauty. Every time I read it I see in it some "stray beauty-beam" that I missed before. It would be impossible to translate it into prose; it would lose half its interest, and all of its charm. It would be easier to translate Tennyson's *Dora* into prose than *The Daffodil Fields*. In fact, I have often thought that if the story of *Dora* were told in concise prose, in the manner of Guy de Maupassant, it would distinctly gain in force.

No poet, with any claim to the name, can be accurately labelled by an adjective or a phrase. You may think you know his "manner," and he suddenly develops a different one; this you call his "later" manner, and he disconcerts you by harking back to the "earlier," or trying something, that if you must have labels, you are forced to call his "latest," knowing now that it is subject to change without notice. Mr. Masfield published *The Everlasting Mercy* in 1911; *The Widow in the Bye Street* in 1912; *Dauber* in 1912; *The Daffodil Fields*

in 1913. We had him classified. He was a writer of sustained narrative, unscrupulous in the use of language, bursting with vitality, sacrificing anything and everything that stood in the way of his effect. This was "red blood" verse raised to poetry by sheer inspiration, backed by remarkable skill in the use of rime. We looked for more of the same thing from him, knowing that in this particular field he had no rival.

Then came the war. As every soldier drew his sword, every poet drew his pen. And of all the poems published in the early days of the struggle, none equalled in high excellence *August 1914*, by John Masfield. And its tone was precisely the opposite of what his most famous efforts had led us to expect. It was not a lurid picture of wholesale murder, nor a bottle of vitriol thrown in the face of the Kaiser. After the thunder and the lightning, came the still small voice. It is a poem in the metre and manner of Gray, with the same silver tones of twilight peace—heartrending by contrast with the Continental scene. It is the only poem thus far written about the war which I feel certain will survive.

How still this quiet cornfield is to-night;  
 By an intenser glow the evening falls,  
 Bringing, not darkness, but a deeper light;  
 Among the stooks a partridge covey calls.

The windows glitter on the distant hill;  
 Beyond the hedge the sheep-bells in the fold  
 Stumble on sudden music and are still;  
 The forlorn pinewoods droop above the wold.

An endless quiet valley reaches out  
 Past the blue hills into the evening sky;  
 Over the stubble, cawing, goes a rout  
 Of rooks from harvest, flagging as they fly.

So beautiful it is I never saw  
 So great a beauty on these English fields  
 Touched, by the twilight's coming, into awe,  
 Ripe to the soul and rich with summer's yields.

The fields are inhabited with the  
 ghosts of ploughmen of old who gave

themselves for England, even as the faithful farmers now leave scenes inexpressibly dear. For the aim of our poet is to magnify the lives of the humble and the obscure, whether on land or sea. In the beautiful *Consecration* that he prefixed to *Salt-Water Ballads*, he expressly turns his back on Commanders, on Rulers, on Princes and Prelates, in order to sing of the stokers and chantymen, yes, even of the dust and scum of the earth. They do the work, and others get the praise. They are inarticulate, but have found a spokesman and a champion in the poet. His sea-poems in this respect resemble Conrad's sea-novels. This is perhaps one of the chief functions of the man of letters, whether he be poet, novelist or dramatist—never to let us forget the anonymous army of toilers. For, as Clyde Fitch used to say, the great things do not happen to the great writers; the great things happen to the little people they describe.

Although Mr. Masefield's reputation depends mainly on his narrative poems, he has earned a high place among lyrical poets. These poems, at least many of them, are as purely subjective as *The Everlasting Mercy* was purely objective. Rarely does a poem unfurl with more loveliness than this:

I have seen dawn and sunset on moors and  
windy hills  
Coming in solemn beauty like slow old  
tunes of Spain;  
I have seen the lady April bringing the  
daffodils,  
Bringing the springing grass and the soft  
warm April rain.

In *Tewkesbury Road* and in *Sea Fever* the poet expresses the urge of his own heart. In *Biography* he quite properly adopts a style exactly the opposite of the biographical dictionary. Dates and events are excluded. But the various moments when life was most intense in actual experience, sights of mountains on sea and land, long walks and talks with an intimate friend, the frantically fierce endeavour in the racing cutter, quiet scenes of beauty in the peaceful country-

side. "The days that make us happy make us wise."

As Mr. Masefield's narratives take us back to Chaucer, so his *Sonnets* (1916) take us back to the great Elizabethan sequences. Whether or not Shakespeare unlocked his heart in his sonnets is impossible to determine. Wordsworth thought he did, Browning thought quite otherwise. But these sonnets of our poet are undoubtedly subjective; no one without the necessary information would guess them to come from the author of *The Everlasting Mercy*. They reveal what has always been—through moving accidents by flood and field—the master passion of his mind and heart, the worship of Beauty. The entire series illustrates a tribute to Beauty expressed in the first one—"Delight in her made trouble in my mind." This mental disturbance is here the spur to composition. They are experiments in reflective, meditative, speculative poetry; and while they contain some memorable lines, and heighten one's respect for the dignity and sincerity of their author's temperament, they are surely not so successful as his other work. They are not clearly articulate. Instead of the perfect expression of perfect thoughts—a gift enjoyed only by Shakespeare—they reveal the extreme difficulty of metrically voicing his "trouble." It is in a way like the music of the *Liebested*. He is struggling to say what is in his mind, he approaches it, falls away, comes near again, only to be finally baffled.

I do not think Mr. Masefield has received sufficient credit for his prose fiction. In 1905 he published *A Mainsail Haul*, which contained a number of short stories and sketches, many of which had appeared in the *Manchester Guardian*. It is interesting to recall his connection with that admirable journal. These are the results partly of his experiences, partly of his reading. It is plain that he has turned over hundreds of old volumes of buccaneer lore. And humour is as abundant here as it is absent from his best novels, *Captain Margaret* and *Multitude and Solitude*. These two books,

recently republished in America, met with a chilling reception from the critics. For my part, I not only enjoyed reading them, I think every student of Mr. Masefield's poetry might read them with profitable pleasure. They are romances that only a poet could have written. It would be easier to turn them into verse than it would be to turn his verse-narratives into prose, and less would be lost in the transfer. In *Multitude and Solitude*, the author has given us more of the results of his own thinking than can be found in most of his poems. Whole pages are filled with the pith of meditative thought. In *Captain Margaret*, we have a remarkable combination of the love of romance and the romance of love.

In response to a question asked him by the *Tribune* interviewer, as to the guiding motive in his writing, Mr. Masefield replied: "I desire to interpret life both by reflecting it as it appears and by portraying its outcome. Great art must contain these two attributes. Examine any of the dramas of Shakespeare, and you will find that their action is the result of a destruction of balance in the beginning. It is like a cartful of apples which is overturned. All the apples are spilled in the street. But you will notice that Shakespeare piles them up again in his incomparable manner, many bruised, broken, and maybe a few lost." This is certainly an interesting way of putting the doctrine of analysis and synthesis as applied to art.

What has Mr. Masefield done then for the advance of poetry? One of his notable services is to have made it so interesting that thousands look forward to a new poem from him as readers look for a new story by a great novelist. He has helped to take away poetry from its conventional "elevation" and bring it everywhere poignantly in contact with throbbing life. Thus he is emphatically apart from so-called traditional poets like Stephen Phillips, William Watson, and Alfred Noyes, who brilliantly follow the

Tennysonian tradition, and give us another kind of enjoyment. But although Mr. Masefield is a twentieth century poet, it would be a mistake to suppose that he has *originated* the doctrine that the poet should speak in a natural voice about natural things, and not cultivate a "diction." Browning spent his whole life fighting for that doctrine, and went to his grave covered with honourable scars. Wordsworth successfully rebelled against the conventional garments of the Muse. Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Browning are the poets who took human nature as they found it; who thought life itself was more interesting than any theory about it; who made language appropriate to the time, the place, and the man, regardless of the opinion of those who thought the Muse ought to wear a uniform. The aim of our twentieth-century poets is not really to write something new and strange, it is to get back to those poets who lived up to their conviction that the business of poetry is to chronicle the stages of all life. This is not the only kind of poetry, but it is the kind high in favour during these present years. The fountain-head of poetry is human nature, and our poets are trying to get back to it, just as many of the so-called advances in religious thought are really attempts to get back to the Founder of Christianity, before the theologians built their stockade around Him. Mr. Masefield is a mighty force in the renewal of poetry; in the art of dramatic narrative he goes back to the sincerity and catholicity of Chaucer. For his language, he has carried Wordsworth's idea of "naturalness" to its extreme limits. For his material, he finds nothing common or unclean. But all his virility, candour, and sympathy, backed by all his astonishing range of experience, would not have made him a poet, had he not possessed imagination, and the power to express his vision of life, the power, as he puts it, of getting the apples back into the cart.

# CONTEMPORARY POETRY

## A GROUP OF THE AUTUMN BOOKS\*

BY JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

THE first fact that impresses itself in looking over the autumn books, is the almost complete absence of *vers libre*. Whereas attention for the past three years has been focussed almost wholly upon it, and discussions of technique have usurped all other considerations,—the inevitable reaction against this emphasis upon form seems to have set in.

There was nothing startling in the *vers libre* movement, save the work of the extremists. It had all been done before, and done so much better, that had it not been for the canny advantage taken of its advertising features, it would never have become a storm centre. When Henley wrote *vers libre* built upon magical strophes and with rhythmic nuances so subtle that they gave to free verse all the beauty of lyric utterance,—no furore was created by the fact; for the poets of the nineties did not write prefaces nor label as "new" what had come back from antiquity in the eternal recurrence of art. Free verse has existed from the beginning of literature. It is new only in so far as it is modified by the particular era, or as the poet may shape it to some personal expression. The return to the primitive, the attempt to get back to the primary elements of

art, is always taking place and recording itself in revolutionary epochs. When a form persists until it has become crystallised and has no further fluidity, the revolutionist comes to break the mould into which it has hardened. Form is released, made free to shape again: made fluid, to recrystallise. All movements in poetry begin in revolt, in reaction against the conventional, until, in turn, the new movement becomes artificial and the primitive is again invoked.

The revolt of the Romanticists against the Classicists in English poetry is duplicated in the present movement. It is merely the recurrence of the cycle, the hour in which the moulds shall be broken; but the new revolt differs from the old in that Romanticism was a cry for beauty, for emotion, for imagination, for the unique expression of personality. It was primarily a movement of temperament, though creating such revolution in form. The form came as the natural result of the new liberty, and came with such variation that poetry flowered into a rich diversity rather than conforming again to some arbitrary standard.

There is not the slightest doubt that the modern insurgent will tell you that he is seeking the same liberty; but if the movement is one of temperament, why the entire emphasis upon form? If he has something unique to express—some emotion, some vision, some sense of beauty wholly his own—why blur this individuality by banding together in cults and writing after a formula? A given number of people deliberately achieving effects by certain trade-words, such as "hardness," "concentration," "externality,"—only succeed in obliterating the quality by which alone art is of value. Temperament cannot be prisoned in a

\*Some Imagist Poets. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Lines Long and Short. By Henry Fuller. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Book of Self. By James Oppenheim. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Grenstone Poems. By Witter Bynner. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Answering Voice: A Hundred Love Lyrics by Women. Selected by Sara Teasdale. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Love Songs. By Sara Teasdale. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Voice in the Silence. By Thomas S. Jones, Jr. Portland: Thomas B. Mosher.

formula, and the poet who can minutely analyse his processes will find that the soul of the matter has escaped him. The outstanding fact of Imagism is its self-consciousness; its emphasis, in season and out of season, upon its technique. Not differentiation but conformity is the actual result of what was vaunted as liberty. In the *Imagist Anthology* the work might almost be interchangeable, and one closes the book with a purely composite sense of it. Not that the composite technique lacks its individuality, one has a distinct impression of Imagism as a cult, but the majority of the poems might be signed by the same name for all the impression they convey of the personality, the differentiating self, of the writer.

Released from the arbitrary confines of Imagism, Amy Lowell stands out as the vital individuality, the really creative and versatile mind of the group. It is as absurd for her to confine herself within the limits of the Imagist cult as it would be to put a hobble skirt upon the Winged Victory! Miss Lowell now and then returns to the Imagist manner, as in the "Lacquer Prints" in the 1917 Anthology, but this is merely to emphasise how far beyond it she has travelled. The "Lacquer Prints" are delicate etchings, but Miss Lowell's genius is far more at home in "Bombardments" and "Hammers." If nature has given one power, versatility, unique perception, and so sentient a keenness to all the outer world as Miss Lowell possesses; has, in short, so individualised her, why should she cloud it by association with less creative minds, or limit it by a name?

The 1917 Anthology is warmed by certain human notes such as the war poems of Richard Aldington; the fine portrait of Lincoln by John Gould Fletcher and the "Little Heddon" and "Soldiers," by F. S. Flint, which grip your heart. Imagism is so purely intellectual that the sensation of having your heart gripped by one of these poems is a novel one. In the work of H. D., for example, one has the same æsthetic pleasure that he would have in looking at

green jade, clear and cold and pure. The jade is flawless, it is carved in clean-cut, unswerving lines. It has undeniable beauty, but it is the beauty of a crystal, a beauty without soul.

Life must be the final revelation and it is because of their immediate touch with humanity that Robert Frost and Edgar Lee Masters stand out in such contrast to the Imagists. The autumn brings no new offering from either but both have gone far to shape the trend of the period.

Deriving from "Spoon River," adopting what one might term the shorthand of fiction, Henry Fuller, the novelist, gives us *Lines Long and Short*. Without Edgar Lee Masters's power to burn to the quick with the caustic of satire, he has yet the trained, clear-seeing eyes of the psychologist, the sense of human values of the novelist, and his people are real and unforgettable. The man who put off living until life would have none of him, stands out in particular relief. In spite of the finished handling of his material, one cannot escape a derivative feeling in the book. As in all books reminiscent of Frost and Masters, the second-hand suggestion is here.

For a first-hand and revealing book written in free verse, a significant offering of the autumn, we have *The Book of Self*, by James Oppenheim. Much more akin to Whitman than to any of the later writers, Mr. Oppenheim is learning to follow Whitman's advice—to "destroy the teacher." In his earlier books the Whitman suggestion sometimes obscured his own personality, but a personality so vivid as that which animates *The Book of Self* could not but break through all form and make itself felt in its own manner. Mr. Oppenheim writes too much—the weakness of many a poet—and *The Book of Self*, coming so soon after *War and Laughter*, suffers in some points by comparison with it; yet here is a book that strips away all subterfuge, evasion and palliation in which humanity is cloaked and revestures it in truth. Immense eagerness, curiosity, wonder at the miracle of life, surges through the

book like mounting waves. Life is as keen to this poet as the sting of brine on the lips. One takes a quick, full breath when he reads James Oppenheim and rejoices in this life, at once so sordid and so splendid. Mr. Oppenheim goes about seeing and thinking. We have no one else with just this quality of penetration, this ability to turn before your eyes the shifting kaleidoscope of life and to show you that every turn brings out a design. We have seen nothing on the war, for example, more searching than "1914—and After," where the balance is so finely adjusted and a really great and creative peace forecast.

Greater restraint in production and a sharper focus of theme, to obviate the cosmic tendency of his mind,—these are necessary to the artistic side of Mr. Oppenheim's work; but we are not disposed to cavil at the poet who makes us think, nor who in his highest moments stirs us with something of the fire of Hebraic prophecy.

We have been waiting for some time for a lyric collection from Witter Bynner, but what with dramas, translations, lectures, and all the interests of these teeming days, not to mention the interval given to the writing of *The New World*,—we had begun to despair of it. But here it is—*Grenstone Poems*, taking us again to that mystical, if not mythical village in the New Hampshire hills, of which we know only that "Monadnock leads the way." At the very outset of Mr. Bynner's work, Grenstone River went singing through it, and Celia, like Matthew Arnold's Marguerite, was the spirit of the mountains. We have sometimes thought Celia was indeed a spirit, a symbol, and not a mortal maid. We suspect her to be the Dream-Woman, the ideal of love rather than its human embodiment. In *The New World* she is the golden voice resolving all discords. She is Wisdom, uttering itself in love. She walks with light feet on the mountains and the morning breath stirs her hair "like wind in golden rod." She makes nature and the soul one:

Where mountains are, door after door  
Unlocks within me, opens wide,  
And leaves no difference in my heart  
From anything outside.

One does not realise her as a woman but as Loveliness, as Revelation, and when she dies there is the same physical unreality. One has entirely a mystical sense of it—that Beauty, once apprehended, must always remain as a presence. In the *Grenstone Poems* the same thing is true. While they are built into a sequence, leading always to Celia, she eludes one at the last. One never overtakes her. From the standpoint of art, too, the poems that commemorate her are by no means the best. Such a sequence should constantly deepen and grow poignant, one should be held by the emotion of experiences like these, whereas many of the poems in the closing sections of the book seem like early work, lacking that finality that Mr. Bynner in his most characteristic work always possesses. The mistake has been made that poets almost universally make, of putting in much that is ephemeral and irrelevant to the real soul of the book, thus obscuring that precious and intrinsic quality—personality. Mr. Bynner possesses this quality to a marked degree; let us seek to detach it.

It lies, I think, in his power to concentrate. For the true, the typical, flavour of his work, one must turn to the briefest poems, to those that pack into a few lines something of eternal import. Take, for example, the first stanza of his poem, "The Fields"—now trodden by war:

Though wisdom underfoot  
Dies in the bloody fields,  
Slowly the endless root  
Gathers again and yields.

What suggestion in this final couplet! Blake might have said it, or Emerson. What pains we seem to take to stamp out wisdom, the very spirit of life, which carries on the evolution of the race! And with what eternal persistence this

spirit renews itself in man. Complementary to this thought is another equally fine:

Whether the time be slow or fast,  
 Enemies, hand in hand,  
 Must come together at the last  
 And understand.

No matter how the die is cast  
 Nor who may seem to win,  
 You know that you must love at last—  
 Why not begin?

This is unanswerable. The gist of the whole matter is here. We expect humanity to be great enough to love and forgive and conciliate in far-off millenniums—evolution will take care of that. But evolution, as Mr. Bynner implies, is only the pace at which you and I move, so—"why not begin?"

All through Mr. Bynner's poems one comes upon these sudden flashlights of truth; momentary, but momentous, illuminations, as if a traveller on a dark road flashed at intervals a lantern to guide his way. Many of Mr. Bynner's short poems have more beauty than these, but we have chosen them to show his creed. It is, then, in an epigrammatic lyric, of a peculiar pith and pungency, and often informed with a whimsical humour, that Mr. Bynner seems to me to be most wholly himself. The fine essence of humour is, indeed, all through the book and is a part of its spiritual quality, for it is the humour of tolerance and understanding. There is, too, a wide inclusive sympathy; a genuine love of striving, stumbling, but always engaging, humanity. The book sweeps in too much, as a whirling wind of autumn gathers up an eddy of leaves, but the wind is a mountain breath that stimulates and that is the chief concern. It would hardly do justice to Mr. Bynner not to give one poem of a more intimate quality and charm, so here is "The Mystic." Having included this poem in one of my anthologies, a college professor wrote to ask me what it meant. I never answered, for I did not know. It may be wisdom and it may be folly, but it is

beauty, and beyond that one need not pry:

By seven vineyards on one hill  
 We walked. The native wine  
 In clusters grew beside us two,  
 For your lips and for mine,

When, "Hark!" you said—"Was that a bell  
 Or a bubbling spring we heard?"  
 But I was wise and closed my eye  
 And listened to a bird.

For as summer-leaves are bent and shake  
 With singers passing through,  
 So moves in me continually  
 The wingèd breath of you.

You tasted from a single vine  
 And took from that your fill—  
 But I inclined to every kind,  
 All seven on one hill.

Sara Teasdale who, during all the period in which poetry has been so industriously trying to make itself prose, has gone on singing; and who, during the period in which poets were moved by the passion of sociology, was moved only by the passion of love,—reaffirms her faith both in song and love in two volumes of the autumn. Miss Teasdale had but to appear in the field of poetry to conquer it, for all the world loves a singer, as all the world loves a lover, and the union of the two is invincible. This autumn Miss Teasdale brings out a volume of her own, selected partly from former books and presenting partly new matter, a volume called *Love Songs*, and in addition to this gives us an anthology of one hundred love lyrics by women, under the attractive title of *The Answering Voice*.

The anthology reaches back into the middle of the nineteenth century. Prior to that time women had scarcely the courage to break through convention and write a sincere and impassioned love song. Nothing is so scarce in literature as really moving and inevitable love poetry. We do not get a Burns once in a century. Such a poem as, "Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast," will unlock the



founts of tenderness while the English language lasts. Only now and then can any poet forget his art in the rush of his emotion. But when those rare moments come, the miracle happens and art is created with the fire within it that never burns out. This is the case with one of the earlier poems in Miss Teasdale's anthology, with the old, heartbreaking lines by Dinah Mulock Craik, "Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas!" No cry was ever more poignant. One turns the pages of this admirable little anthology, where women have voiced all phases of love from the lighter to the graver, where the psychology of love is in every way revealed,—and comes suddenly upon this old poem with its utter reality. At once he is moved to tears and re-lives it as if it were a personal experience. The poem that can, after long familiarity, hold the power to move you, has in it that something that conscious art can never attain; something that dwells, for example, in the old ballads like "Helen of Kirconnel."

Naturally Mrs. Browning and Christina Rossetti stand out conspicuously in the anthology, and A. Mary F. Robinson, whose "Songs From an Italian Garden" haunt one like a pervasive perfume. Alice Meynell in "Renouncement"; Laurence Hope, with all the fervour of the "India Love Lyrics"; Lizette Woodworth Reese, with virginal reticence; Edith Thomas, whose "Passer-By" is at once so brief and so memorable,—these and many others whose work is well known are represented by excellent selections. But Miss Teasdale has not taken away the joy of discovery by giving us only poems already belonging to us. We are the richer by many lovely things unknown before, and while all anthologies have their heights and their levels, one wanders through this one with few disappointments and with an almost constant sense of charm and beauty.

For the sharpest contrast, perhaps, in the book, let us quote Rosamund Marriott Watson's "Requiescat" and Emily Dickinson's "Choice." The former is sensu-

ous, infinitely sad, steeped in the mood of the nineteenth century; the latter is crisp and stark, with something of challenge, as of a Puritan first daring to confess she loved at all. "Requiescat" says,

Bury me deep when I am dead,  
Far from the woods where sweet birds  
sing;  
Lap me in sullen stone and lead,  
Lest my poor dust should feel the spring.

Never a flower be near me set,  
Nor starry cup nor slender stem,  
Anemone nor violet,  
Lest my poor dust remember them.

And you—wherever you may fare—  
Dearer than birds, or flowers, or dew—  
Never, ah me, pass never there,  
Lest my poor dust should dream of you.

And Emily Dickinson declares:

Of all the souls that stand create  
I have elected one,  
When sense from spirit flies away  
And subterfuge is done.

When that which is and that which was,  
Apart, intrinsic, stand,  
And this brief tragedy of flesh  
Is shifted like a sand;

When figures show their royal front  
And mists are carved away,—  
Behold the atom I preferred  
To all the lists of clay!

There is no question which of these two poems is the more original; the one bites like the bleak New England wind; the other, though less original, has something of the beauty and sadness which we find in Celtic poetry. Both have their own finality and not the least interesting part of this anthology is the opportunity it offers one to compare the work of women in their most intimate expression.

The only quarrel we have with *The Answering Voice*, is that we do not find in it any of Miss Teasdale's own poems, an omission for which we forgive her only because she has made them accessi-

ble to us in the new volume of *Love Songs*. Here is the impulsive, wholly unconscious charm that belongs to everything Miss Teasdale writes. Indeed, the word "writes" is a misnomer, for these poems seem always to have been created by the lips and not the pen. And the reader soon finds them upon his own lips, for they are poems that become so quickly a part of the memory that one no longer needs to look for them upon the printed page. This is the lyric test; only poems which have at once music and magic become so instantly the possession of the reader.

Miss Teasdale is like a sensitive instrument responding to every emotion of life. These brief songs seem to be improvisations, catching the mood before it can depart. If a sonnet is a "moment's monument," much more are these lyrics which give you feeling while it is yet keen and alive, as in "Message":

I heard a cry in the night,  
A thousand miles it came,  
Sharp as a flash of light,  
My name, my name!

It was your voice I heard,  
You waked and loved me so—  
I send you back this word,  
I know, I know!

In all of these poems there is a flame, a flame that is unquenchable as a torch blowing in the wind. The accumulative effect of them is one of joy. Even the "Songs Out of Sorrow" serve but to enforce the truth that happiness is inherent and regenerative, the inner health of life. It is hinted here in the "Wood Song":

I heard a wood thrush in the dusk  
Twirl three notes and make a star—  
My heart that walked with bitterness  
Came back from very far.

Three shining notes were all he had  
And yet they made a starry call—  
I caught life back against my breast  
And kissed it, scars and all.

This period has few lyric poets like Sara Teasdale. She is the Elizabethan of to-day: one of the purest and clearest voices in our poetic literature.

Ten years or more ago we found a small volume of verse by a young poet whom we did not then know, and glancing casually through it came upon the lines:

Across the fields of yesterday  
He sometimes comes to me,  
A little lad just back from play—  
The lad I used to be.

And yet he smiles so wistfully  
Once he has crept within,  
I wonder if he hopes to see  
The man I might have been.

A lyric so crystallised, putting so much into so little, is not found in every casual survey of a book, and examining more carefully *The Rose-Jar*, by Thomas S. Jones, Jr., we found it to be a book quite out of the common, a book of a beauty restrained and elusive, a beauty which we could not always capture in words—but why should one profane a subtle thing by definition? Time went on and brought several volumes by Mr. Jones, all deepening and enriching, until they attracted the attention of that diviner of spirits, Thomas B. Mosher, who inaugurated his *Lyra Americana* series with *The Rose-Jar*. This autumn he adds to the series another and maturer book by Mr. Jones, *The Voice in the Silence*.

Reading the poems consecutively, one has the feeling of withdrawing deeper and deeper into some still place; a hush is upon everything, as if one entered into a sanctuary. It is a quiet altogether mystical, as if invoked for us by one who had found the serene beauty at the heart of life. It is the mood which comes upon one who wanders alone into a wood, dreaming in a still, autumnal peace. A line of Mr. Jones which has always seemed to me of especial beauty suggests it all: the line in which he declares that

Here in the silence one may ever find  
*That last strange peace whose name is loneliness.*

These are pregnant words in a little compass, words speaking of that solitude which is the deepest companionship because it is at once self-realisation and a sense of the immanent Spirit. James Lane Allen opens an appreciative introduction to the book with the words, "The one whole song of this poet"—and one not familiar with Mr. Jones's work would wonder at the expression. But it is aptly made, for it is "the one whole song" that we realise in *The Voice in the Silence*—the unity of the poems and the singleness of the ideal that shaped them.

Using the objective as a base, the poems are immediately transmuted into the subjective. They are written out of experience that has subtilised and passed into a spiritual effect. As in the work of certain painters, one is conscious only of the atmosphere and not of the detail, these poems give one the aura, the radiation, and not alone the fact. They may sometimes seem too subtilised, too refined in their apprehensions, but blending in "the one whole song" they affirm a definite creed of life, the creed of one wholly dedicated to his ideal and obedient to the vision. "In Excelsis" is perhaps the highest note in the book and the one where restraint gives place to ecstasy; where the poem is created from the immediate joy of life and youth and nature, all given as an oblation to the divine. But as this poem is too long for us to quote, the lines to "The Great Poets" may be substituted. They recall to me the picture of the Libyan Sibyl with the mystic book:

As great-winged angels they must seem to me  
 The land was very fair, yet very strange,

No words had touched the lonely mystery  
 Of hill and valley and the seasons' change.

I walked alone—yet dreamed that one might bring  
 Some day, somehow, the words that then would tell  
 The wished-for answers to my questioning,  
 A miracle to solve the waiting spell.

Then they like great-winged angels with a book,  
 Written in golden words on every page,  
 Came one by one and gave me, with the look  
 That I had sought so long, this heritage:

The truth in law and beauty, and the lore  
 Of all the dreams that had come true before.

One finds often in Mr. Jones's work a kinship to Arthur Upson, whose early death was so regrettable—something of the mellowness of Upson's words, the golden clarity as of light through stained glass. Mr. Jones has done an admirable group of sonnets upon Upson in a former book, and the "Elegy," a beautiful Sapphic in this book would seem to have been written to him. There is, too, the same sense of nature as a refuge and the constant seeking for the eternal in the evanescent, that characterised Upson. These things are suggested in the lyric "Dusk at Sea" with which we must take leave of Mr. Jones's book:

To-night eternity alone is near:  
 The sea, the sunset, and the darkening blue;  
 Within their shelter is no space for fear,  
 Only the wonder that such things are true.

The thought of you is like the dusk at sea—  
 Space and wide freedom and old shores left far,  
 The shelter of a vast immensity  
 Sealed by the sunset and the evening star.

# SCIENCE AND LEARNING IN FRANCE\*

BY ALBERT SCHINZ

THE book which bears this title means to be a manifest, and is the outcome of a fine example of American initiative. It was planned by a far-sighted man whom America has already placed high on its roll of eminent citizens, and who has now added a new leaf to his laurel wreath: Dean Wigmore, of Northwestern University Law School, and who was chosen President of the American Association of University Professors in 1916. The idea of *Science and Learning in France* came to Dean Wigmore a few months only after the Great War had broken out and as the deep moral, social and political significance of it all appeared with frightful clearness to the observer's eye. Something had gone wrong, tremendously wrong, in the world which allowed such gigantic horrors to come to pass. We had been led astray completely: so this challenge to civilisation was the outcome of the much heralded German culture—contempt for sworn treaties, savage methods of warfare, lust for domination by brute force! So this was the efficiency so highly praised—the efficiency of Atila, Gangiskan and Nero! And let no one say that the war was the deed of one small military class. At the very beginning of the hostilities, the manifest of the "Ninety-three German Professors" allowed no doubt that German scholarship meant to be solidary with militarism, approved of the violation of Belgium, approved of atrocities "to hasten the end of the war." As to the standing of the German people with their Kaiser, it may be called loyalty or stupidity, it

\**Science and Learning in France: With a survey of opportunities for American students in French Universities: An appreciation by American Scholars.* Edited for the Society for American Fellowships in French Universities, 1917, by John H. Wigmore, Dean of the Faculty of Law of Northwestern University.

is equally shocking either way. From such quarters our country, our professional men and our schools had drawn abundant inspiration for half a century! No wonder if there had been an estrangement between the people of this country and its scholars; for it has been a frequent subject of controversy why there was no contact between scholarship and life in America, why those who ought to have been the intelligent leaders of the nation were an object of distrust, if not an object of open contempt on the part of the people; remember the patronising air with which our newspapermen talk of professors; we still can hear the attacks on President Wilson when people said: What good could come from a school-teacher? And we well know also that when some university president becomes prominent in public affairs the professionals will say, He is not one of us! It will be a matter of everlasting confusion for American colleges that people preferred so long the rule of the bosses to the rule of the educated people.

The German influence began to be felt just about after the Civil War. It grew out of a rather remarkable set of coincidences. Dr. Harris, in 1867, founded and edited *The Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, and when a few years later he was made Commissioner of Education in Washington, he had many occasions to spread in the educational world his Germanophile tendencies. He certainly meant no harm, but it so happened that at that time, too, on the one hand, America was just ready to take up the problem of higher education, and that, on the other hand, Germany began to be lulled by Bismarck into pan-Germanistic dreams. As a consequence in drawing inspiration from Germany, American scholarship absorbed, without really knowing it, a system of education

that hatched imperialism and Prussian methods of crushing individualism. The victory of her arms in 1867 and 1870 added to the prestige of Germany, and abroad (even in France to a certain extent) it was too easily taken for granted that a country great in warfare will necessarily be great in progressive thought also.\*

Things went on in their regular course from bad to worse, until, however, about ten years ago a vague feeling of unrest became noticeable. Some began to realise that the spirit of our scholarship in some way did not fit in with the real conditions and aspirations of this nation. The writer can testify to this at least in the field of modern language and literature. It has been very remarkable that ever since 1909 the presidential addresses at the annual meetings of the Modern Language Association have all been to the effect that something must be changed in the spirit of our classrooms and of our studies. Let us recall especially the witty speech of Professor Grandgent, of Harvard, at Philadelphia in 1911. The author contrasted the so-called Dark Ages of mediæval civilisation, when Paris was the centre of learning, with the so-called civilised age of German (he did not use the word) culture. But we only allowed ourselves to be amused, not warned, and we continued pretty much in the same rut until the shock of the war made us understand that no action would be too quick to free us from an evil past. We had evolutionised into that unfortunate state of mind, we must now revolutionise out of it.

\*So that there may be no misunderstanding, let me say here that the influence of Germany before that time has been vastly exaggerated. In the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries everything of course was English or French culture in America; and the influence of the Goettingen movement has been misrepresented. (The writer has discussed this point elsewhere and hopes to print more about it soon.) And especially is it untrue that American transcendentalism was a sort of continuation of German transcendentalism, the word having a completely different meaning in the two countries.

This is where Dean Wigmore stepped in. How was the revolution to be conducted? Not only by ceasing to be Prussianised, but by seeking inspiration from fellow-men whose general trend of thought was more related to that of the American people. This was the case in France. France, like America, had been struggling—sometimes with more, sometimes with less success—toward social justice; the two republics had started the struggle hand in hand at the end of the eighteenth century. This, indeed, would be a much more congenial atmosphere for our youth to study in, especially for jurists, philosophers, historians and men of letters. And for those who go abroad, they certainly ought to be directed toward France rather than Germany, against the custom that has been prevailing so long, a custom, moreover, which had grown to be not much more than a fashionable habit. Dean Wigmore then proposed the following plan:

A committee of eminent American citizens would secure the subscriptions necessary to provide ten or more graduate fellowships for American students in French universities; each fellowship would be held for two years; each year, for ten years beginning in 1918, new fellowships would be awarded. After these ten years, the tide would have well turned; for the publication of the competition in all American colleges and universities would have focussed the attention of all branches of learning on the attractions of France for the purpose. And the returning graduates would become professors in our universities.

If the spirit of the two countries is similar, one might ask, however, whether the scholarship of France was such that it was worth while for young Americans to visit its schools. This was a matter about which Americans were apparently completely in the dark; indeed, German scholars had made good use of their acquired prestige to belittle French science abroad. Dean Wigmore decided to have the case judged on its own merits. Let us hear him again.

For some years past he had been surprised and concerned over this singular ignoring of the achievements of France in the scientific world. Knowing well enough that in his own field there was not the slightest ground for it, he sought to ascertain what the facts were in other fields. Aware that in all the world-aspects of law—Roman law, comparative legal history, contemporary legislation, criminology, philosophy of law, administrative law, international law—French scholarship and useful attainments, point for point, were in every respect the equal and in some the superior, of German scholarship, he wondered whether it could be possible that French distinction was confined to that unique field. And so, whenever occasion offered, he made inquiry of colleagues in other fields, who would know the facts. And invariably he found the same response—whether in mathematics or in psychology, in physics or in philosophy or philology. Whatever the field, French science and learning were just as far to the front as in law.

So, with a view of illuminating his countrymen at large, Dean Wigmore started the inquiry, the results of which are related in his book. Representative men in all fields of science were asked to state facts regarding the achievements of French scholars, especially in recent times. There was a hearty response from all quarters, sometimes an enthusiastic response. Thus, within a few months, the various chapters of the book were ready: anthropology, archæology and history of art, astronomy, botany and agriculture, chemistry, criminology, education, engineering, geography and geology, history, law, mathematics, medicine, philology, philosophy and psychology, physics, political science, religion, sociology and zoology.

The result of this great investigation is imposing, indeed. The expectations of Dean Wigmore and his friends were more than fulfilled. The volume, besides being a revelation to most of us, is also a beautiful testimonial to the modesty of the French scholar who made so little effort to claim the applause of

the world. We will not offer here a dry enumeration of men and work. Let us say that the one criticism that can be made is that names occur to one's mind constantly which might have been included. The chapter on Law is too short; no doubt because one of the editors was Dean Wigmore himself, who felt too modest about his own subject. But the fact that after all it is chiefly in the development of the ideas of social right and wrong that France and America were inspired by a common ideal, made that chapter probably the most important. Let us hope that Dean Wigmore will soon develop these few pages into a large book. In the chapter on History we miss names like Thiers, Guizot, Mignet. In Economics, we miss the name of Melon, the Mandeville of France. In Education, as the editors went as far back as the sixteenth century, why did they not regard the debt of humanity to the French Jesuits of the seventeenth century (who may have erred seriously as confessors, but did some admirable work as educators) and to the Jansenists? The word "Philosophy" seems to have been taken in a somewhat narrow sense; names like Caro and Paul Janet, and more recently Séailles, ought to have a place, not to speak of Brunetière, of Suarés, of Schlumberger, of Péguy, who, although belonging to the field of literature also, were none the less more philosophers than many who bear that name. But in all cases, as the reader can see, each name which must be counted as an omission means, in fact, a new argument supporting the theory as a whole.

There are some entertaining features here and there; for instance, it is pretty to read that France, which was held up by devoted Germanophiles, as a country having lost the sense of the divine, has, in the words of an American authority, "undeniably the leading school in the world for the historical study of religion."

Elsewhere, we find side by side these two passages: "In the University of Paris, only one professor lectures in edu-

cation, announcing three courses under the general caption: 'Science of Education and Sociology,' (91)—and: "It may fairly be asserted that during the past generation no country in the world has succeeded better than France in accomplishing the triple purpose in teacher preparation (to know one's subject thoroughly, to know more than one's subject, and to know how to teach one's subject)," (90). How characteristic! Germans would deluge America with books on how to teach, and finally America discovers that the French are those who know best how to teach.

And, apropos, it is delightful, too (Dean Wigmore is a shrewd editor) to have ex-President Eliot, who had after 1870 reorganised Harvard according to the Germanophile ideas prevailing at the time, write to-day the Introduction to the volume, *Science and Learning in France*. Well, why should President Eliot not take a little trip to Canossa when Alexander von Humboldt, contrasting, in much earlier years, Paris and Berlin, characterised the latter as "an intellectual desert, an insignificant city, devoid of literary culture;" and we know that Goethe thought so all his life; and Nietzsche again expressed himself in the same way at the end of the nineteenth century.

Space allows one word only about the last part of the book. There are three most valuable appendices destined to give information to the American students in France, written by Professor Geddes and Professor Vibbert. They complete the indications given under each particular chapter. There seems to be a general agreement on one point: both American and French professors recommend to American students to go first to one of the provincial universities, where they will find excellent teaching, much personal attention and good insight into the life of the French people, and to go to Paris only later, when they can profit better by the advantages of the great city.

As to the idea that one reason why American students did go to Germany

was the lack of diplomas in France, this is a complex problem which would deserve special treatment. In the writer's opinion there is only a fraction of truth in it. Diplomas have existed now for American students in France for ten years, and only few have taken advantage of them. Students have ceased to go even to Germany to get a doctor's diploma. And the reason is this: To get positions to teach in America they depend upon the recommendation of American universities, and as the latter recommend their own students when asked for names of candidates, there is a practical advantage in taking the Ph.D. at home. This is perhaps regrettable, but it is a question whether it can be easily changed.

In conclusion, it would be a pertinent question to ask how this new attitude of America toward France is related to the former attitude toward Germany. Is it an altar erected against another altar? In such things it pays to be frank, and the personal interpretation of the writer would be: *yes, it is!* At the same time, lest people who do not wish well to the movement should have an excuse in putting an erroneous interpretation to this, some explanation will do no harm. It is, of course, not an altar to France against Germany, but an altar to science as cultivated in France. In other words, the movement is not directed against scholarly work done in Germany, but against German scholarship, for, there may be scholars in Germany who are not German scholars. German scholarship, as differentiated from science in Germany is mediæval. Why did Luther and Calvin rise against scholasticism? Because the fate of a theory to be proved or disproved was decided upon before examination as to its merit had taken place; the argument had to fit the conclusion, not the conclusion the argument. *Scientia ancilla Ecclesiæ*. And now, after the German scholar had for three centuries hailed the men who had freed them from demonstrating the infallibility of the Church, they them-

selves accept to demonstrate the infallibility of the Kaisertum (historians and philosophers), or to make discoveries with the view of supporting Kaisertum's claims before the world (natural science) *Scientia ancilla Cæsaris*. Another large class of scholars, the philologists, were kept busy with matters desiccating the brain and rendering it unfit for any important thinking; we must not be deceived about this, the dry-as-dust German dissertation (which we have imitated so profusely in this country) is exactly as mortal to intellect as were the drills in absurd dialectics in the Middle Ages: "Ham causes us to drink; drink quenches thirst; therefore ham quenches thirst."

Let no one answer that scholarship is necessary. Nobody denies it. But Frenchmen have it too (as our book abundantly shows); *but* it does not kill their brain. Renan, for instance, who was, if you like, a philologist, but an intelligent philologist, was at least as profoundly erudite as German scholars working in the same field. Only, instead of making a show of erudition he built some scholarly conclusion—a conclusion which may be disputed, but which meant use of considerably more brain than just heaping facts upon facts. Let us quote a very recent example. German philologists for decades had studied French epics; it is true that more

Germans had studied them than French; and true that they had accumulated facts; but they did mighty little with those facts; here a little historical problem was elucidated, there some new relation of manuscripts established, or again some new and better reading proposed. That was about all. Now, about ten years ago a Frenchman, M. Bédier, came and in a few years he had looked intelligently over the whole field and written down the momentous *theory* in which he explains the special character of the mediæval war songs by the fact that they were pilgrim songs. His erudition is as formidable as that of any German scholar, but this is *not* the main thing. There, in a nutshell, we have the two scholarships, the deadly and the productive. It is in thinking of such examples that we say that we were *dazzled* by German scholarship; which dazzling has brought about the absurd notion into the heads of many of our students that as soon as their study becomes interesting they no longer get science. Nobody will contradict us if we maintain that this is pretty well the accepted standard in our college youth even now—namely, that they do not consider that they actually work unless they are bored.

Let us follow the flag held by Dean Wigmore, and things will change materially in a short time!



# SOME RECENT BOOKS OF WAR ADVENTURE

BY C. M. FRANCIS

READING too many volumes of war stories, diaries, and impressions and reading them at too short intervals may account for a certain callousness in the following remarks. The present gluttony in this class of war books certainly must have some damaging effects, and in my own case it has very likely blunted whatever degree of discrimination I may have previously possessed. At any rate I can seldom see any essential difference between them, and when such a difference does emerge, it never seems anywhere near so important as it does to a host of distinguished persons, including sometimes the French Academy, sometimes the leading authors of our day, and always the writer of the preface, if the writer of the text has been killed at the front. Take, for example, so good a book as *Ma pièce*, by M. Paul Lintier, of which an excellent version, under the title *My 75*, has just appeared in English. It has received the Montyon prize and for a year past has been applauded as one of the best books on the war. "There is no reason," says its competent translator, Mrs. F. W. Huard, "why it should not live on forever. Further than a really great literary talent, this work reveals the profound and generous soul of the entire *Jeunesse française*." Everyone who has read the diary of this gallant young artilleryman, killed at the age of twenty-two, will wish it to endure. It is the work of a fine, eager spirit and it is well done, clear, vivid, unpretentious. No one can deny that he had the gift of narration. But it is promise, not fulfilment, after all; and there have been too many like him. France is too rich in Paul Lintiers to remember them singly.

Unquestionably it is on a high level and so is *The Student in Arms*, by the late Donald Hankey, and *In German*

*Hands*, by Charles Hennebois, and the *Letters and Diary* of Alan Seeger. But the trouble is that when one continues to read them that level seems always the same. Each might have written the book of the other. As to the personal narrative of Mr. Frederic Coleman, *With Cavalry in the Great War*, it might have been written by the sort of newspaper man whose articles we skip after reading the first paragraph:

I was attached with my car to the Headquarters Staff of the First Cavalry Division, Major-General H. de B. de Lisle, C.B., D.S.O. commanding. The Echelon A. Divisional Staff Mess consisted of General de Lisle, Colonel "Sally" Howe, 11th Hussars, G.S.O.1; Major Percy Hambro, 15th Hussars, G.S.O.2; Captain Cecil Howard, 16th Lancers, G.S.O.3. . . .

Over a cup of tea at Colonel Bridges's headquarters, I met an old acquaintance in Lady Ross, who had that day handed to the Queen of the Belgians a cheque for one thousand pounds for Belgian sufferers. Lady Ross told me of an interesting conversation with King Albert at luncheon. . . .

Many folks visited the Belgian army in the trenches during those January days. Less than a week after we had visited Furnes, a couple of us ran to Dunkirk on Sunday to buy some fresh fish, a delicacy as rare as it was wholesome. While in Dunkirk I saw Lord Northcliffe and my old friend, Max Pemberton, who had come over for a "week-end at the front" with the Belgians. The next day eighteen German aeroplanes flew over Dunkirk and dropped several bombs, doing some material damage and killing one civilian.

These passages not only fairly represent this book, but they are severely typical

of a great many others, written in the thick of things. Considering the agitation of their lives, it is astonishing how reposeful their writings can be—astonishing, that is to say, till one overcomes the naive assumption that you can make a writer interesting by the simple process of exposing him to shell fire. Solemn ones, like Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson write nobly of duty and death and the purification of their own characters—

The great uplifting thought is that we have proved ourselves men. In our death we set a standard which in ordinary life we could never have followed. Inevitably we should have sunk below our highest self.

Light-minded ones, like Captain Ralph W. Bell, abound in anecdote and soldiers' slang; busy, fluttering ones jot down any detail that occurs to them in the belief, apparently, that the reader's war interest will carry him through the whole mad miscellany; but they all seem as the years go by to be writing in platoons. The war has put their minds in uniform.

There are three recent volumes of this class, however, to which this rule does not apply, and it so happens that all three are by Frenchmen. M. Henri Barbusse in *Le Feu* is not so enslaved by his own experience that he can merely record the passing of events, or note his immediate impressions, or paint a graphic picture of

some little corner at the front. He writes with a free imagination, makes guesses, expresses opinions, reveals a definite point of view. The great adventure has set his own mind adventuring, and in contrast to his book, the others seem like documents, or pious memorial volumes, or collections of extracts from the average war articles in the magazines. Whether this difference will appear to those who read it only in the present English version under the title of *Under Fire* it is hard to say, for the translator has come down upon it rather heavily and he may have succeeded in flattening it out.

The two other distinguishable volumes are *Dans les rides du front*, by G. de Pavlovski, and *La Guerre, Madame*, by Paul Gerdal, the first an agreeable combination of idiosyncrasy and common sense carried off in a pointed style, and the second a lively, graceful, quite irresponsible and unreflecting narrative of a young soldier's last day of leave in Paris before returning to the front to be killed. M. de Pavlovski, by the way, in common with M. Barbusse, attributes to the French soldiers in general a determination to carry on the war for the purpose of ending all wars and not in a spirit of mere patriotism. "The army of the Allies," said he, "is an army of civilians which alone in this struggle of giants can overthrow the old military idol which dishonours our planet."

# STEVENSON IN HAWAII

BY ELEANOR RIVENBURGH

## III

FOUR years later, on the 20th of September, 1893, Robert Louis Stevenson returned to Hawaii. The writer, his personal attendant, Ta'alolo, his cousin, Mr. Graham Balfour, and Mr. A. S. Goold, comprised the party from Samoa. Mr. Stevenson and the young chief who accompanied him remained in Honolulu, their travelling companions resuming the voyage to San Francisco.

After a trying investigation by the medical authorities into a case of measles aboard the liner, the novelist was permitted to land, and, establishing himself in the Bella Vista cottage at Sans Souci, a seaside inn, where he had intended to abandon himself to relaxation, he began immediately his work upon *The Wrecker*, the material for which was gleaned almost entirely from the characters that frequented the tavern.

Mr. Stevenson found many changes on his return to Hawaii. His friend King Kalakaua had died two years before, and Queen Liliuokalani, his sister and successor, had been dethroned. A provisional government had been established, and the people of the islands, in a state of anxiety and uncertainty, awaited either the restoration of the monarchy or annexation by the United States.

To the Queen, living in retirement in her home at Washington Place, Mr. Stevenson hastened soon after his arrival, to pay his respects and to assure his friend of his loyalty to her cause. At the conclusion of the visit, after a discussion of the situation in Samoa, where the writer had espoused the cause of the islanders against foreign usurpation and was engaged in chronicling political events, Mr. Stevenson remarked on taking leave:

"Your Majesty, you and I are making history."

After his return to Honolulu Robert Louis Stevenson was besieged by his friends, but his physical condition compelled the author to discourage all attempts at entertainment.

One of the companions of the novelist during his second visit to Hawaii, was Mr. Allan Herbert, a retired capitalist, who is devoted to the memory of his friend.

"I had met the Stevensons," said Mr. Herbert, "the first time they were in the city, and so intimate had we become that I was regarded by them almost as a member of the family. But there was one evening of which I must tell you, which happened before I knew them so well.

"They had invited me to dinner, and in honour of a distinguished author I had made great preparations. I had spared no pains to appear at my best, and, perspiring freely in my claw-hammer coat concealed beneath a linen duster, I gave orders to my coachman to drive me to the Stevenson home. Arriving there, I presented myself with due solemnity, but I was greeted by a joyous outburst of laughter and applause.

"'Oh, look at Papa Herbert, will you!' called out Mrs. Strong, and immediately they all proceeded to twit me about my fine feathers and how I must fancy myself dressed up like a gent's furnishing store.

"You can imagine my enjoyment of the situation, when, on looking round me, I found the ladies of the family attired in the graceful loose gown of the islanders, and the distinguished author, for whom I had struggled into evening clothes, enveloped in a comfortable bathrobe, after his swim in the sea, and coolly and smilingly smoking his cigarette!

"After that we became the best of friends, and I lost no time in proving that I was as bohemian as the others.

"Mr. Stevenson, on his return to Honolulu, four years later, gave me much of his society, for which I was naturally grateful. We were always most congenial, and in return for the stories with which he entertained me—and which I observed were always of his home in Scotland—I would tell him my reminiscences of the early days in Hawaii, in which he was deeply interested. I remember once taking him in my buggy to the plains of Waialai, which I had once seen covered with the skeletons of warriors, many of which had remained in the exact position in which they fell. This was during the conflict between Kalanikapule, a rebel chief, and Kamehameha V, who, after a battle on the site of Sans Souci, at last succeeded in driving what was left of his enemies over the cliffs of the Pali.

"Often of an afternoon I would call for Mr. Stevenson, and together we would drive in my basket phaeton to my Kahili home—a charming place with its blooded stock, acres of roses and tropical trees from every part of the world, of which Mr. Stevenson never seemed to weary."

Professor Scott, who renewed his friendship with the novelist during his second visit, spoke of the occasions of their meeting.

"Mr. Stevenson and I, being equally fond of an outing, we two often enjoyed long tramps together.

"Your style, Mr. Stevenson,' I remarked to him one day, 'sometimes fascinates and sometimes oppresses me.'

"The writer was interested at once.

"Wherein, my friend?' he questioned me.

"It is very strange,' I told him. 'In some of your work you betray the ruggedness of Carlyle—rugged enough to require translation for the mediocre mind—and in other moments you have the mellifluous flow of Hawthorne.'

"By Jove!' Mr. Stevenson exclaimed,

stopping abruptly in our walk. 'By Jove, Scott, I believe you're right! For if there be two men I most admire, then those two are Hawthorne and Carlyle.'

"At another time I said, 'How is it that in all your fiction you are so powerless to draw a convincing picture of a woman, but an old pirate you are more skilled in delineating than either Marryat or Cooper?'

"The writer was thoughtful for a long moment before he answered me.

"I suppose,' he reflected, 'because we are attracted mostly by contrast. And poor devil that I am,'—here, facing me, he held his hand on his breast,—'See!' he exclaimed with a ringing voice, 'here am I as tall as you, weigh ninety-eight pounds, and can span my chest with my hand! Oh, man, but if there be anything I have all my life admired, it is vigorous physical brute strength! Strength! Give me strength, and I care not who portrays it!'

"Once I remember telling Mr. Stevenson that I preferred his essays to any of his other work.

"Different styles for different men,' he answered.

"He then questioned me closely about these islands and their people, and his attitude was always one of deep feeling and sympathy for the last years of a declining race.

"I am not in sympathy,' said Mr. Stevenson, 'with every form of progress, but the march of civilisation goes on, and we are all victims of evolution. You cannot stop the wheels of progress, which bear some to glory and crush the weaker races in their flight!'

"Then in his characteristic manner he broke off lightly, 'Now take your friend in Tokio,' he said. 'He who you told me on our first meeting had been a class-mate of mine. He was a progressive man, indeed. In the university he was a brilliant scholar, especially in the mathematical branches, but I could never be interested in those. My thoughts were too crowded with action and characters—and I shall never forget when the time came for getting our degrees.

He was blithe and I was melancholy. In the Scottish and English universities the dons sit round and hurl oral questions at their victims, and when I went up to the old Scotch professor who had taught, or rather had tried to teach me, he looked me over for a while, and then he drawled, "Well, Stevenson, a man comes up here once in a while to be quizzed for a degree that I can at least say I'm doubtful of, but I cannot lay claim to a single doubt about you."

"Weel, sir," I returned fretfully, 'ye need na be for vexin' me in your distasteful insinuations, for weel I ken not only hae ye nae doobt about me, sir, but that I hae nae doobt about mysel'. Tell me, man, an' you've a mind to that, I'm a flat failure and be done wi' it.'

"What a successful failure he was!" said Professor Scott.

Soon after the arrival of Mr. Stevenson, at a special meeting of the Scottish Thistle Club, a resolution was passed to appoint a committee to visit the illustrious brother Scot, extending to him a cordial welcome and the privileges of the club-rooms during his sojourn in the city.

Mr. William Frederick Wilson, who was one of the committee of three to wait upon Mr. Stevenson, described the interview:

"We had ridden out as far as the bridge, in the old horse-car, and after a mile walk, which was warm and dusty, we entered San Souci Hotel. It was approached through a spacious *al fresco* sort of lounge- or club-room, where of an afternoon or evening the most eminent men of the city assembled. Here, seated in a small rocking-chair, dressed in white flannels and a blazer coat, with an iced drink beside him, and his customary cigarette between his fingers, we came on Mr. Stevenson looking out to sea.

"I knew him at once by his likeness to his photographs, and the spirituality of the man. He was like some rare old portrait come to life. But although he was so Latin in appearance, we knew him for our brother as soon as he began

to speak to us. He was an easy conversationalist, asking each of us what part of the old country he came from, and following it up by whipping in some entertaining anecdote of that locality—Arbroath, Dundee, Cromarty—they were all familiar to him.

"In consideration of the health of Mr. Stevenson we feared to detain him for too long an interview, but whether we would or no, we were there over an hour—our discussions embracing Scottish affairs and the review of personal family histories.

"What a queer old world this is we're living in!" Mr. Stevenson once exclaimed. 'Here's a parcel of Scotsmen sitting in the middle of the Pacific blithely discussing their pedigrees!'

"At this interview Mr. Stevenson, being requested to give an original talk before the club members and their friends, consented, and we lost no time in completing the necessary arrangements for the event.

"On the evening of the lecture with the club-rooms filled to their capacity, Mr. Stevenson arrived amid appreciative applause, and, advancing to the platform, smilingly addressed his audience:

"Ladies and gentlemen and brither Scots: I trust you have not come here under a misapprehension. I am no public speaker. If there is one thing that frustrates truth and obfuscates the public mind it is the gift of public speaking. My reason for consenting to give this talk lies in that weakness, or strength, that binds Scots' hearts together wherever they meet each other. I cannot say why we are proud to be Scotsmen; the fact remains that we are. It is not that our land is sunny like these tropical isles, and its climate is not lovely. Scotland's history contains little that is not disgusting to people of humane feelings. That long brawl which is called Scottish history contains scarcely one object that we can have any patience with. First there was a long period during which the wild Celts were cutting each other's throat and trying the thickness

of each other's skull. Coming down a little further, we come to the time of Sir William Wallace, the Guardian of Scotland, a man far ahead of his time, who, if not particularly amiable, had some humorous qualities. Following him came Robert the Bruce, a little humorous and certainly amiable. He was something of a rogue (laughter)—that kind of a political rogue which it may not be indelicate for me to mention, as I have come from Samoa, where we are all politicians (laughter), and the most offensive kind of a rogue is a politician. (Loud laughter.) Bruce figured in a time when the nobility were grasping at everything in sight, each without any regard for the rights of property in his neighbour's cow.

"Coming to the Reformation, we had two great characters—John Knox and Mary, Queen of Scots—and I must confess to a foible for Mary in my sympathy. (Laughter.) It is true she blew her husband up and committed other little eccentricities, but she was rather a good fellow. Scotland owes much to John Knox. Every Scotsman in his heart of hearts knows that perhaps to him more than anyone else belongs the credit of our country's advancement in education. But we cannot find anything amiable in Knox, "he who never feared the face of man." Following the great Reformer came a whole host of priestlings. Persecutions and trials for witchcraft then became general. The great struggle on behalf of the Solemn League and Covenant was a conspicuous feature of those times. The Covenanters were very interesting, but could anybody ask me to sympathise with them? They suffered themselves to be killed simply because they could not kill others.

"I find difficulty in arriving at the real facts of the succeeding period,—for we cannot believe contemporary history,—but where there was so much smoke there must be some fire, just enough to light a cigarette. Coming then to the '45, we tried to start another government and failed, but we sacrificed ourselves with some degree of dignity.

Prince Charlie was safely hidden when anybody by betraying him might have made a small fortune. This exhibition of unselfish devotion shows that there is some good in Scotsmen, after all. Here Scottish history ceases.

"A little further on there came a very interesting patriot—I will select one type—a judge of the High Court of Justiciary. He was a very celebrated lawyer, but unconscionably cruel. "Hang!" was his one word. I do not recollect his name at this moment, although it is on the tip of my tongue. (Probably Lord Braxfield, whose favourite maxim was, "Hang a thief when he's young, and he'll na steal when he's auld.") "The most apt sample of this gentleman's wit was given during the trial of Muir and Palmer for showing sympathy with the French Revolution. One of the prisoners displayed a great deal of eloquence in his own behalf, while "my lord" sat listening. The criminal came to a point where he said that all great men had been charged with being criminals, not even excepting Jesus. "And I think he was hanged," was the cold observation from the bench. A story is told of his lordship's butler giving him "notice," his reason being that he could not get along with "her leddyship." The master ejaculated, "God, an' if ye were married to her!" (Loud laughter.)

"So, I have run my eye over a long part of Scottish history and find nothing but what was desperately cruel and brutal. Yet there is some good. There are the beautiful songs and ballads of Scotland. There is Patrick Walker, grim enough, but whose songs were filled with human sympathy. I come to one, however, who sums them all up—Sir Walter Scott. (Applause.) Scott was an incarnation of kindness and good nature."

"The speaker concluded his brilliant talk with the following eloquent passage:

"I would recommend everybody to read, not only the Waverly novels, but the life of Sir Walter Scott by his son-

in-law. Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott* is in places crushingly pathetic. When you rise from its perusal you are melted, consoled, benefited. Another thing I feel very strongly. I received a book the other day called *The Stikkit Minister*,\* with a dedication to myself which affected me strangely, so that I could not read it without a gulp. It was addressed to me in the third person and bade me remember those places—

Where about the graves of the martyrs the  
whaups are crying,  
His heart remembers how.

"Now, when I think of my latter end, as I do less frequently as it seems more imminent, I feel that when I shall come to die out here among these beautiful islands, I shall have lost something that had been my due—my native, pre-destinated and forfeited grave among the honest Scotch sods. And I feel that I shall never quite attain to what Patrick Walker calls, in one of those pathetic touches of which I have already spoken, my "resting grave," unless it were to be on one of our purple hillsides, under one of our old, quaint and half-obliterated table-tombstones slanting down the brae, and "where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are crying,"—here the author, pausing, added with deep feeling,—"my heart remembers how!"

At the close of the evening Mr. Stevenson requested to be presented to a lady in the audience he had heard was related to Tati Salmon of Tahiti, that High Chief of Papara who had conferred upon the writer, by an ancient rite, the family name, thereby acknowledging him as blood-brother and kin to the Teva tribe.

The mother of the present writer, a cousin of the Tahitian chief, has often described that meeting to her family:

"He came down the aisle slowly toward me, and I stood to acknowledge the introduction. He was taller than I

\*A minister who, having failed in his first sermon, remains without a call.

and he leaned slightly, looking straight into my eyes, with an earnest questioning gaze. His arm, which he laid across my shoulders, was frail, yet, as it rested there, I could detect its hidden firmness. His close presence aroused in me a maternal impulse to press him to me as one I had long and dearly loved. And later in the night I awoke exalted in the realisation of the spiritual power for good in such a man.

"The next day father and I called on Mr. Stevenson at Sans Souci to offer him a riding-horse for his pleasure while in Honolulu, and we found him lying on a wooden bench absorbing the warmth of the sun, his arms clasped beneath his head.

"During our visit I spoke to Mr. Stevenson of Miss Taira Henry, who was engaged in compiling a history of Tahiti from old documents collected by her great-grandfather, the Reverend John Osmond, of London, sent out as a missionary in 1796. It was a remarkable undertaking, some of the manuscripts, translated from the earliest traditions of Tahiti, being so obsolete that a search had to be made through the Society Islands for men and women old enough to be able to translate the ancient forms. Mr. Stevenson, who was interested, immediately asked me if I could persuade my friend to waive formalities and bring her to luncheon the next day. I left him with the assurance that she would be honoured by the invitation.

"On our arrival the following day we were met by Mr. Stevenson, to whose wife, but lately arrived, we were presented. She was very affable and charming, and from the moment of our meeting we became the best of friends.

"Mr. Stevenson was deeply interested in Miss Henry's history of Tahiti, and round the luncheon table he questioned her closely about her manuscript. At his request she related the tradition of the twin brothers—one of whom started south and the other north. She was describing how the latter, in the diary of his journey, referred to stopping-



THE BUST OF STEVENSON, BY ALLAN HUTCHINSON, EXHIBITED AT  
THE ROYAL ACADEMY

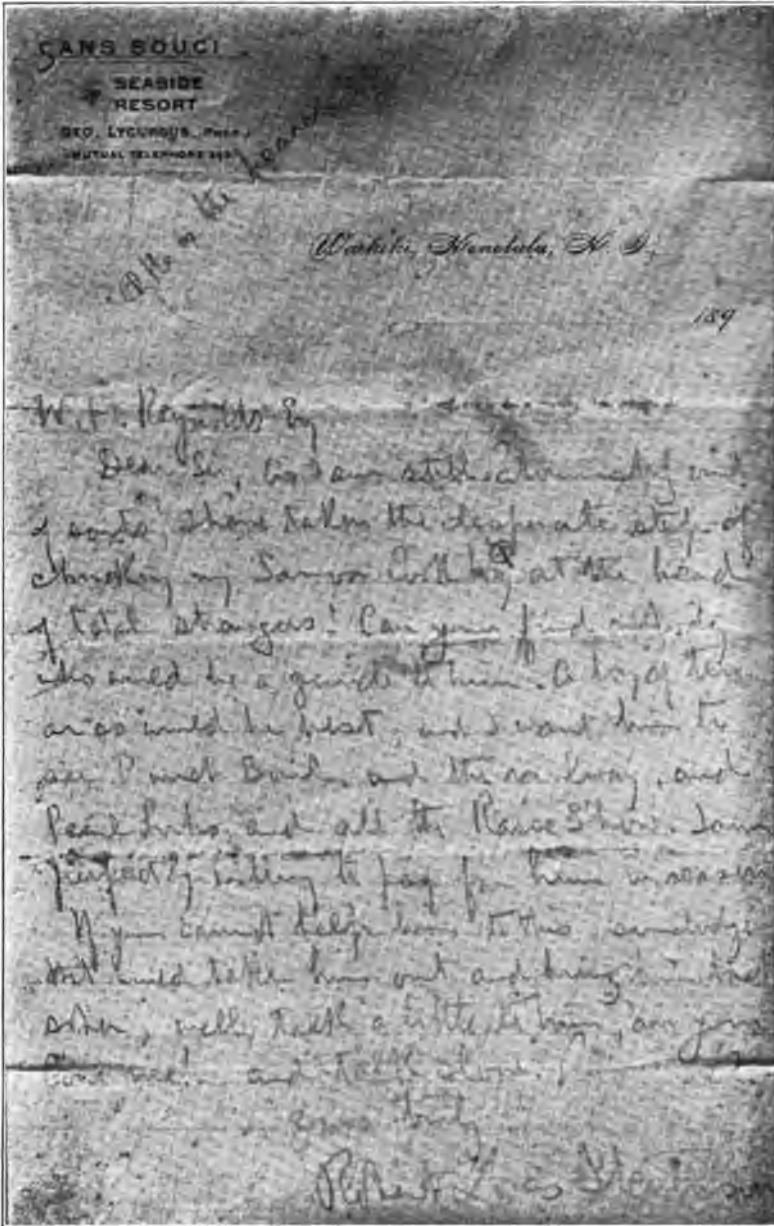
places in the continuous chain of islands from Tahiti to Owyhee, the Land of Fire, when our host startled us by smiting the table so that the glasses rang—

“There!” he cried, turning to his wife, ‘have I not always contended so? And have not my theories been always subjected to doubt?’

“After luncheon, Mrs. Stevenson,

having planned to take Ta'alolo for his first trip on the railway, grew impatient at the delay of the arrival of the hack that had been ordered by her husband, and after waiting for some time our host sent for the hotel proprietor. On inquiring why he had not telephoned for the conveyance earlier, Mr. Stevenson was told that the carriage had been wait-





"AS I AM STILL ABOMINABLY OUT OF SORTS, I HAVE TAKEN THE DESPERATE STEP OF CHUCKING MY SAMOAN COOK-BOY\* AT THE HEAD OF TOTAL STRANGERS! CAN YOU FIND NOBODY WHO WOULD BE A GUIDE TO HIM? A BOY OF TEN OR SO WOULD BE BEST; AND I WANT HIM TO SEE PUNCH BOWL, AND THE RAILWAY, AND PEARL LOCHS, AND ALL THE RAREE SHOW. I AM PERFECTLY WILLING TO PAY FOR HIM IN REASON.

"IF YOU CANNOT HELP HIM TO THIS, SOMEBODY THAT WOULD TAKE HIM OUT AND BRING HIM BACK SOBER, WELL, TALK A LITTLE TO HIM AN YOU LOVE ME! AND TALK SLOW.

"\*HE IS THE BEARER."



STEVENSON PAYING HIS RESPECTS TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN LILIUOKALANI

ing for half an hour. But the writer's patience had been too sorely tried.

"'And are your guests, then,' he demanded sharply, 'supposed to announce the arrival of the carriages they have been waiting for?'"

"The proprietor, however, telephoning to the station to request that the train be held, and Mr. Stevenson offering an apology, everything ended satisfactorily."

Mr. Daniel Logan, editor and manager of the *Daily Bulletin* Publishing Company, who, at the time, was living with Mr. Allan Hutchinson, the sculptor, relates that, urged by the request of several men of letters in the city, he had approached Mr. Stevenson about a second lecture, and had been assured of the writer's co-operation for an interesting evening.

"From the moment of the announcement in the newspapers," said Mr. Logan, "the demand for seats was pro-

digious, and we were unable to find a hall with sufficient seating capacity to accommodate all those who wished to attend. We had about decided on the most likely place in town, when the writer was again stricken with a severe recurrence of his malady. Naturally the evening had to be postponed, Dr. Trousseau forbidding the public appearance of his patient at the peril of his life.

"But we had not entirely abandoned the hope that Mr. Stevenson would address us again, and one afternoon during his convalescence I thought to call upon him. He was sitting to Allan Hutchinson at the time, for a bust which later was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London, and when I arrived Mrs. Stevenson and Dr. Trousseau were sitting close beside the patient.

"I remember him distinctly," said Mr. Logan. "A rug about his feet on that sultry day; the shadow of death seeming to hover over the pallor of his face!"

SANS SOUCI.

SEASIDE  
RESORT

GEO. LYCURGUS, PROP.  
MUTUAL TELEPHONE 203.

Waikiki, Honolulu, H. I.,

Oct 18<sup>th</sup> 1893

Dear Sir,

Kindly inform the Scottish Thistle Club  
that I have the honor of accepting their  
proposal to name me Honorary chieftain of  
the Society. It would be idle for me to try  
to express the sentiments with which I accept  
this office. Whenever two or three British Scots  
are gathered together, they will be understood

Yours very truly  
Robert Louis Stevenson

H. F. Wilson Secy.

STEVENSON'S LETTER TO THE SCOTTISH THISTLE CLUB, OF HONOLULU. THE MEMBERS HAD EXTENDED  
A CORDIAL WELCOME AND ALL THE PRIVILEGES OF THE CLUB TO THEIR BROTHER SCOT

"At the mere suggestion of a second lecture Dr. Trousseau vehemently protested.

"'But, doctor,' said Mr. Stevenson, raising himself feebly, 'I cannot find the heart to disappoint all these good people who have waited for me!'

"At that," said Mr. Logan, "Mrs. Stevenson rose and left the room, soon returning with a wallet. She approached me. The good little woman wanted to pay from her own purse the loss that would be incurred, rather than consent to the risk of her husband's life. That was a loving thought in her! We were all silent, knowing the anxiety she must be suffering, but, as usual, Mr. Stevenson saved the day.

"'Ah, weel,' he drawled, 'hae it your own way. For, truth to confess, it would be unco tough to dee for a two-bob lecture!'"

Mr. Stevenson, before his final departure from Hawaii, being approached for a few words of appreciation by the proprietor of the tavern where he had lived, paused beside the guest-book and inscribed the following lines:

"All those who desire such old-fash-

ioned things as good food, pure air, clear sea-water and delicious sunsets hung out before their eyes over the mountains of Waianae, I cordially recommend to the Sans Souci.

R. L. S."

On boarding the *S. S. Mariposa*, in which they returned to Samoa, Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson found their cabin bright with flowers, and a number of loving friends to cover them with "leis" and wish them God-speed.

Governor Cleghorn and Mr. Logan, approaching the author alone in his cabin, presented to him a silver thistle, the emblem of his native heath, to replace a small enamelled one that he had previously worn. Mr. Stevenson was deeply touched. Claspng the hands of his friends, and with a catch in his voice, he assured them that nothing but death should part him from this emblem of the land which he so dearly loved. But even death was powerless to deprive him of the token of esteem which he wore from that day forth in the lapel of his black velveteen jacket, and he was laid away with the little Scottish thistle close to his heart.

(*The End*)

## MAGI

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL

THREE clouds of sunset gather with their gold:  
 What strange persuasion does the half-light bring!  
 Just now I thought they grew like camels, each  
 With purple slung, and carrying a king.

# WHEN ROSITA RENARD PLAYS

BY FREDERIC DEAN

SEÑORITA ROSITA RENARD—to have the full poetry of her name. There is something very genuine about her playing; something very powerful and poetic; something very serious and *sympatica*; something very appealing and assertive. She has fingers of steel and can strike hammer blows; she has what Maeterlinck calls “a caressing power” and fondles the notes with a loving touch, turning the stiff, mathematical precision of the *pianoforte* into a musical instrument of temperament and tenderness. Possibly her five years’ training in Germany is responsible—in part—for her seriousness, for she is most serious when she plays, never giving way to the slightest of smiles and acknowledging her “bravas” with the simplest of bows, but with it all she is *sympatica* to a degree. She almost makes one love austere, majestic Beethoven. When Anton Seidl had concluded his first—a trial—season at the Metropolitan Opera House he was asked to give an orchestral, symphonic concert, which he did, in old Steinway Hall. And *he* played Beethoven. The memory of that symphony still lingers. At the end of the first movement the applause was “rather indecent”—as one listener put it—that is, indecent for Beethoven. At the close of the work we all stood on the benches and waved our handkerchiefs. For Seidl had put something of his own *into* the Beethoven and had made it warm and pulsating and alive. This is exactly what Señorita does when *she* plays the master’s music. Of course, with just an ordinary cold, unimpassioned *pianoforte* she has not the chance that Seidl had with his strings and wood-winds and brasses—instruments that sing and laugh and cry at will—but she does it. That other South American artiste, Carreño, used to do it—a little—but not with the lovely, youthful fancy that inspires the Señorita. She makes one feel that the

dear old soul of righteousness, the incarnation of musical honour and justice, had more of the human in him than some of the lovers of the classic would allow us to believe. Von Bülow played Beethoven for us once—played him for four consecutive days. As a conductor von Bülow was a pure delight. He found more real beauty and passion, more sweetness and light in Brahms than anyone who has interpreted him to Americans. He made his instruments as pliable as did Nikisch—almost as captivating as did Safonoff. But when he sat down to a Beethoven sonata he evidently thought of nothing but the metro-nomic marks.

But Miss Renard plays other music than that of Beethoven—Liszt and Debussy and Chopin and all the other composers of ecstatic things of sensuous beauty and grace and charm and feeling; and here she is most appealing and assertive. She throws her head with a sudden, quick movement, as if to help her in her exuberance of joy and sorrow, of fervour and ferocity. Rhythm she has, cultivated to the “nth” power. No women in the world have such graceful wrists as the Spanish women; and no others can do such wonderful things with their fans. And, being Spanish, the Señorita loves to show us in her dance music—*The Beautiful Blue Danube*, as arranged by Liszt, for example—what she would love to show us with her fan.

Chopin she plays as if she had been with the composer down on his island retreat and remembers it as *he* played it to her there. There is a hectic flush on the music, a very palpable glow of faint pink, a colour stain that stamps it as peculiarly Chopinesque. Her Chopin calls to mind other days in Chickering Hall—days when de Pachmann was young and vibrant and did not have to have his piano tuned sharp in the high notes to get the full brilliance of the



SEÑORITA ROSITA RENARD, THE CHILEAN PIANISTE

crescendoes. Then there are the Russians. These appeal to the player most keenly. For here is youth, here is abandon, here is a dynamic force that no other creatures of music do or may possess. In the interpretation of this music of the revolutionists the Señorita crouches over her keys like a panther—exulting in its modernity, in its freedom from form, in its likeness to nothing save what was hinted at by Liszt, by Schumann,

by Chopin—by all those free and untrammelled souls who have felt and lived and expressed in their music the uplift of a world unfettered and unbound.

When Miss Renard plays she gives us of her soul; she steeps us in the hypnotism of a magic spell; she brings us back again and again begging for more and satisfies us with the exquisite perfection of gifts of which she is most prodigal.

## ECHOES

### I. FROM HUNGARY

I WAS engrossed at my desk. Behind me the casement clicked. I turned to see the red shock of Terry O'Brien's head in the embrasure.

"'Tis a nice calf," he grinned.

"That's good," absently, my mind not yet detached from my work.

"'Tis a heifer," he added, more to attract attention than to inform me, for his first adjective had implied as much. His Celtic eyes did not corroborate his grin. As a bearer of good news he had a guerdon to ask. "The woman's got a letther," he began, cautiously, feeling for the limits of my patience. "From over beyont, ye know, I tell her 'tis no use to keen at all, 'til ye know they're gone, but she won't pay no 'tention. Queer like, ye see. Would ye speak wit' her?"

I picked up my papers with a sigh. "Send her in."

A woman of Terry's own sort would have been easy to help—sympathy, and the comforts of a Mass for the imperilled souls have been their havens of peace through the sorrows of ages. But this woman was of different mould and different race. In the strangely mingled elements which made up our local population she, alone, absolutely defied assimilation. "Hunky" was the nickname of Terry's stepson, but no European blood could have proved so irreconcilable to our tolerant understanding. What common ground ever drew her and the dogmatic Irishman together I could never conceive; he, surely, was one who would never even try to comprehend her. In return for my own frank interest she gave deft and generous body service, but not a flicker of response from her hidden mind.

Now her nervous step, followed by the inevitable patter, was already clicking down the hall. "Did O'Brien tells

you?" she demanded, breathlessly. "It's terr'ble!"

A swift, wiry, vital creature, wrapped in a ragged army coat, she revealed a dramatic intensity beyond the scope of her usual picturesqueness. Ordinarily she struck one's colour sense as a study in carmine and black. To-day her face was bloodless, but her brilliant eyes lit its dead-gold pallor like wild flames. A hand picked unsteadily at her apron. Tense as a terrier a child slipped from the cover of her skirts to explore the room. A smaller one, with an old-world kerchief tied round its little head, dropped on all fours and clambered over to my sleeping collie pup. An infant, strapped to a pillow, was unslung. I drew a chair before the fire; she dropped into its support with sudden limpness.

The remembrance of some native wine struck me, and I hunted up the decanter. Its taste drew her out of her abstraction. "That's good! Over there in old country be's everybody drinkin' it. Nor here them grapes don't got it the same taste, anyways." Her odd intonations, her consonants strangely muted or spoken with the open throat, made my own tongue sound alien to my ears. "We make always some—well (the shade settled back over her face and her voice fell) I don't guess they do nothing, no more."

"Got a letter." She produced a scrawl that bore much evidence of being wept over. "My mother say my brother how he should write to me. He say how they don't got scarcely nothing to eat, nothing to keep warm. He is it killed (she meant wounded, but there are no middle courses to her feeling or to her expression of it) on his leg is off, so he is it at home now. Well, sure she say she's got one the wars wont take again

nohow. That's way she always is—always smile, always make jokes on nothing and laugh so, like she was young yet.

"Now he say she is cry, cry, cry her life out; worse to see her than to don't got it to eat. It's the next to last boy. He was only a seven months' child, and she think, when he is small, she wont raise him. Sure, there was lots more—six boy, and us girl besides,—nor she think the mostest of him. She's bathed him in wine, and milk, and eggs, and—well, anything peoples telled her to, only to save him.

"Three years ago she see, in her heart, what is come. She says how he shall leave her, and come here,—and she so touched to him, too! ('Touched' gives a sense of the nearness, the tender responsiveness between mother and child, which she rejects my 'attached' as inadequate to express. She takes our words and makes them vigorously her own.)

"Then they comes, and says how he must go by the army, must serve his time. Well, sure, then it is only two months he shall serve. He is in the army, now, it is more as three years. So little he is, like that," she put a hand out by her shoulder. "Sure they got no uniforms to fit him, so small he is. Nor they don't get mens neither—they just takes all they got what is men at all. And now, when his three years is up with those Serps, sure this comes." She shook her head with the weary motion of one beyond her mental comprehension.

For a moment she gazed tensely into the blaze; then all the bitterness of woman's sorrow for hopeless generations filled her voice. The monotony of brooding left her tones; they rang. "My mother cries when we all go by America; sure she knows, now, we are all alive. Nor, for all the children she's raised, she don't got left only just my brother, who's one leg, got it, and the other. Be it he's shot now, and sent home, sickness takes him, anyway, so the wars don't. And nothing, nothing is to help." She sat back again, listless, exhausted, cried out of all tears.

We sat there, silent. She was right. There was nothing to be done. One could only let her ease her heart. There was a catch in my own throat as I thought of this mother living out the tragic realisation of what she had foreseen. Perhaps she even blamed herself for the mother-love that held her boy by her side that little too long. Certainly she had the bitterness of feeling her life had been spent in vain. The love of country which upholds many another woman in like case was not for her—these were ever aliens in a strange land. I remembered the sneer of the woman who gave me the first clue to my visitor's Tzigane blood, "Over home they don't let them sleep in the town!" But they let them fight and die for the mother country whose stepchildren they were in time of peace!

She would reckon little of the physical pain, this mother of many—there is a strong fibre in such souls which helps them endure that calmly, like the beasts who know death for a friend. It was the hunger of her spirit after her weakling, the closest to her, because he had the greatest need, that could not be assuaged. I could read the capability of such feeling in her daughter's face—how much more would time and knowledge have written in her own.

The fire whimpered brokenly. The woman before it sat motionless; her eyes were fixed there but her sight was far away. The long oval of her profile, the full passionate mouth, the curious barbaric earrings, dominated my sense of familiarity with my own quiet room. Her redundancy of vitality was seizing my imagination; I was using her senses. Again I knew, in her dreams, she was back in the arch-roofed van, rolling through the narrow streets of plastered towns, clad in crude colours, blended with the grime of travel. Again her mother's massive form stooped over the odorous pot on the open fire; horses stirred and champed their feed; goats bleated for her to milk them; men lounged, laughing and talking with words long unfamiliar to her ear. Again



the sun shone warm as it ever does in happy memories.

Over all floated a cloud, gathered from the patient anguish of women's faces, the helpless tragedy of their eyes. There crept into our spirits the wild, heart-rending wail of a Tzigane dirge. We both knew that letter was the last.

*John Breck.*

## II. THE BOOKSHELVES

Hello, Tom Sawyer, up there on the shelf!  
 You and Huck Finn come down and spend an hour with me.  
 There's a fine fire on the hearth and a fine rain outside.  
 And to-night I'm lonely—lonely for such as you.  
 I'd like to go again to school with you  
 And watch you flirt with Becky Thatcher;  
 Or to the island with you and your boon companions,  
 To play at outlaws and to search for great adventures.  
 What happy, care-free days those must have been!  
 And now to think that I, by opening the cover  
 Of blue and black and gold,  
 Can bring them to me here and have them real,  
 And make myself forget all that's wrong with the world!  
 . . . No, there are some things that I can't forget:  
 Here they come crowding in the pages of the book,  
 Between my eyes and you and Huck and Injun Joe  
 And all the others: drive them out again—there's a good boy!  
 . . . . . No use—they will not go.

Tell Alice to come down—Alice out of Wonderland  
 And from behind the Looking Glass!  
 She and her mad, immortal crew are fit companions  
 For me to-night. I feel tired and foolish—  
 Foolish enough to laugh and wonder  
 At the strange masque of nonsense. Come, I'm going now  
 To the March Hare's tea party; and I wish that I *were* there,  
 To match my wits against his repartee  
 And save her from the impudence of those three cronies!  
 Yet how I'd love them! . . . Isn't this delicious? . . . And this?  
 And who but Carroll, who but Tenniel, could portray them?  
 . . . Carroll! He'd find his Oxford rather empty now;  
 And Tenniel—if he were living, what do you suppose  
 He would be drawing? Many Alices, and Queens of cards and chess,  
 And Jabberwocks and Cheshire Cats—all the fantastic gentry?  
 There's a Monster far more terrible than any Jabberwock  
 That he'd be drawing now for *Punch*:  
 A Monster with a helmet and a breath of fire! . . .  
 Alice, Alice, can't you hold me, can't you bind my thoughts  
 To your sweet self? Is it your fault or mine?

Alan Breck Stewart's there; King Arthur, and the Cranford ladies—  
 And Cinderella; and a hundred others,  
 So far removed from all the gross reality of life!  
 But how should I fare with *them*? Across the pages

Where Scheherezade charms the Sultan with her tales  
 And peoples Bagdad with a throng of life and colour,  
 And makes me see bright spears a-glitter in the sun,  
 Or hear Badoura's voice calling to Camaralzaman,  
 Or smell the meats and spices from the royal kitchens

. . . . . across these pages

I see the British army marching into Bagdad!

Oh God—but it is beautiful to think of!

I will not leave, will not desert my friends the books,  
 Lest they, in days to come, turn cold to me;  
 But while I read, I must endure the other words  
 That always sound in my ears, dance in my eyes:  
 That tell me fires are raging back of the living line  
 We're battering against in France; that broken bodies  
 Are yielding up their thousand, thousand souls—  
 Or clinging to those souls like heavy fetters.  
 That Freedom mocks and stabs herself—like Justice blinded;  
 That all the old times the poets knew and sang of  
 Are gone from off the earth—oh, for how long, how long?

I am so tired of thinking: I thought that I could rest  
 Among my friends here. . . . Well, if there's rest in all the world,  
 Such as it may be, here's where I shall find it.

The log burns bright, the rain is falling gently,  
 The shelves are full of friendly, tried companions:

I think they're smiling at me, every one.

. . . Now who'll come down and spend a quiet hour with me?

*Katharine Stanbery Burgess*

## "H. C. L."\*

BY ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

INITIALS are the modern symbols of fame. It is no longer enough to be a plain, simple great man—with a good, honest name—like John Morley or Bill Taft. Abbreviation—attenuations—these alone connote true distinction. There was a time when men of eminence were content with the names, surnames and given names which pertained to them; but now they hanker after the glory of initialdom. A certain obstreperous American was once well enough satisfied to be known as Mr. Theodore Roosevelt; to-day he would doubtless not recognise himself under any appellation save "T. R." In the eighties a struggling Irish author would have rejoiced to be known—even as Bernard Shaw; to-day even his wife calls him "G. B. S." So pronounced is this initialising craze that Mr. Edwin Lefevre has memorialised it in a singularly brilliant and captivating story of metropolitan "nerve" which bears as title simply the initials of the bold, bad hero.

From his post in "The Conning Tower" a witty observer has noted the conspicuous and paramount features upon the surface of modern life. These he has made famous by the simple process of initialising them. Thus he began with himself; and who is there so benighted who does not thrill with the joy of recognition, at the sight of the initials "F. P. A."! Without labouring the point—which is keen enough to have made itself felt already—I would aver that this is the origin and cause of the widespread public recognition of the high cost of living—its perpetual leaping to the eye in the challenging and cryptic form: "H. C. L." Of course it must be acknowledged that prices are really

going up; that Governor Capper is once more howling about the Western farmer; that somebody has recently gobbled up fifty million dollars on flour; that we have a food administration; that we pay fourteen dollars and thirty cents to maintain a soldier to every one dollar that Germany pays; and—that we are at war to make the world safe for democracy. But it cannot be successfully denied that "F. P. A." had made the "H. C. L." famous long before August 1, 1914. Indeed, it may be said that the "H. C. L.," thus initialised, would have been famous had Prinzip never fired the world-conflagration with an assassin's shot.

How little does the average person understand the practices as opposed to the principles, the despotisms as distinguished from the laws, by which food-stuffs are produced, marketed and sold! The "Common People," caricatured daily in the press as a frowsy but genial idiot, complacently imagine that prices have some relation to supply and demand. The childish assumption is that if crops are bumper and cattle flourish abundantly upon the Western plains, therefore the prices of wheat, corn, butter, meat to the consumer will fall in response to the economic fact of increased supply. But this is a fallacy, carefully fostered by the text-books on economics. Manipulation, if uncontrolled by law, makes ducks and drakes of such principles as that of supply and demand, for example. America is receiving to-day one of the most salutary lessons in all of her history. If ever there was a country drifting, nay, lunging, with rapidly accelerating speed toward lavish extravagance, wasteful frivolity and epicurean laxity, that country was the United States of the other day. The very word "joy-ride" is an eloquent symbol for the

\* *The High Cost of Living.* By Frederic Howe. New York: Charles Scribner's  
19.

attitude of a people who zealously mortgaged their homes to buy a Tin Lizzie. Life itself became one mad, unending joy-ride—an irresponsible breaking of the speed laws of modern economics and of ancient thrift.

If the war has for us many a challenge, many an appeal, none is so compelling, so salutary, as the challenge to set our own house in order, the appeal to protect America, economically, for herself. To-day we no longer look askance at socialism and its fruits, the municipalisation of industry. There is nothing more impressive, from the social and economic standpoint, than this great fact emerging from the war while yet at its height: that men and nations, whether despotism, monarchy or republic, resort inevitably to socialism and its practices, in forms more or less universal, at the margin of desperation. This may express itself in a food dictatorship, in the municipalisation of the fuel supply, the taking over without compensation of the railroads of a country, the nationalising of all industries in munition manufacture. So powerful has become this influence that already leading men in England—like Gilbert Chesterton and Norman Angell—are talking freely of a universal industrial revolution in England after the war. The influence of socialism in the political councils of Russia since the downfall of the imperial régime has been, whether more for evil than for good, an influence of extraordinary power and aggressiveness. As I write a candidate for the position of Mayor of New York City asserts (with how much reason the election alone will show) his confidence in his own election. From the standpoint of America, one of Germany's supreme problems of internal administration and liberation is: how to make the Reichstag, more than a third of the membership of which is socialistic, something more constructive in legislation than an ineffective debating society.

The cause of the high cost of living, as pointed out by Mr. Howe in the opening sentence of his most valuable and timely work, is that "the feeding of the

nation has been left almost wholly to chance and to unorganised, uncontrolled agencies." This country is in the infancy of governmental control of industries, as compared with Germany, for example; but it is clearly time to grow up and to learn as we grow. As matters stand to-day you and I, instead of being under the protection of a governmental control that will prevent profiteering and industrial pyramiding, are at the mercy of thousands of individuals and organisations devoid of national conscientiousness and united for the sole purpose of exploitation and the securing for themselves of the maximum of profit. It is undeniably true that the banking and credit of the country are highly organised; that the great industries—steel, iron, oil, tobacco, etc.—are integrated by means of powerful systems of administrative control; that transportation itself is organised to a high degree. But, while it is true that the Federal Government has elevated agriculture to a place in the Cabinet, it remains equally true that the farmers to-day suffer from a shocking and remorseless tyranny as yet unremedied in any adequate way through government intervention and control. The greatest concern of all—the feeding of the people—is "wholly unorganised, wholly disintegrated." No permanent remedy can be effected until a searching and comprehensive study has been made of the problem of the feeding of the people from the point of view—not of the wholesale or retail merchant, not of the commission merchant, not of the middleman, not of the trader whose trade supervenes, in various shapes, between the acts of production and consumption—but of the producer and the consumer. There is one outstanding fact driven home with relentless logic by the author of the present work: the imperative necessity for the socialisation of man's first industry, which precedes all others in immediate, material importance, the industry of keeping himself alive.

To-day certain things are happening to agriculture in this country which, unless wisely checked and judiciously con-

trolled, must produce, within a brief period, a state of affairs so alarming that the material welfare of millions will be both threatened and jeopardised. The price of food has rapidly increased, while production has either remained stationary or substantially fallen off. The prime class to whom we look for increased production, the farmers, are gravely discouraged by conditions; there is a rapid increase in urban as compared with rural population; and there now remain more than four hundred millions of acres of land in the United States unimproved. The growth of tenancy is so startling that we can scarcely believe the figures: an increase up to 37 per cent. (1910) of farms in this country operated by other than owners. Along with these disquieting conditions go certain disturbing facts which confront all classes: that prices are abnormal; that the food supply is far below normal, and that the stifling by industrial interests for selfish ends of the free play of the law of demand and supply creates artificial prices in the interest of monopoly. For example, the prices of the twenty-five most common and necessary food commodities of the average family have almost doubled between April, 1915, and April, 1917. The actual "prosperity" induced by the war has not gone to the great bulk of the people, but principally to the favoured two per cent. who own among them sixty-five per cent. of the country's total wealth. While the privileged classes are thus fattening on war profits, prices of foodstuffs are "tangoing with the stars" and food production, instead of rising, is slowly falling.

The problem of profits is analysed with entire lucidity in this admirable volume; he who runs may read. The destruction of the incentive to production is the curse of the American system. The price of the chief article of food for a great part of the civilised world, for example, is "fixed by a group of men in the grain pits of Chicago and Minneapolis who have no interest whatever in wheat except as a commodity whose uni-

versal use makes it the easiest of all things in which to speculate." By controlling the quotations of wheat all the year round by *fictitious* sales, the grain exchanges depress the prices during the months when the farmer sells; and then, after having bought in the supply on their own terms, they either force up the price or permit it to assume its normal price in the markets of the world. The farmer is powerless, under present conditions, to hold his wheat for the inevitable. The farmer must store his wheat in anticipation of the rise; but he finds that the interests, working in sympathy with the great milling establishments, own or control the storage warehouses. Moreover, the farmer must borrow heavily of the banks in order to hold on to his crop for six months. Again he finds himself in the power of his oppressors; for the very banks upon which he is dependent for loans are largely under the control or influence of the same men who own the warehouses, the mills, and operate on the food exchanges. For example, the speculators got the 1914 crop away from the farmer at a low figure and then put up the price thirty-eight cents for their own benefit. After clearing out the 1914 crop, selling to Europe at high prices, they manipulated the market and bore it down sixty-eight cents in order to get the 1915 crop cheap! By the manipulation of export prices the grain interests gather in another immense profit, running up into scores of millions. Furthermore, the fraudulent practices of undergrading, short-weighting, over-docking and price gouging procured to the farmers a loss of fifty-five million dollars on the four hundred and sixty-eight million bushels of wheat sold between July, 1915, and January, 1916. It is calculated that this type of manipulation procured to the farmers in 1915 a loss on their wheat, corn, oats and rye—i.e., the excess sum paid by the consumers—of more than a billion dollars. This is indeed a "system of financial slavery."

A precisely similar system prevails in the case of the packers and the cattle-

men. The cattlemen cannot sell to their customers; they must sell to the buyers of the few great packing houses, who arbitrarily and despotically fix the price of meat on the hoof. The cattlemen must accept these prices or ship their cattle home at a loss. The condition which at present renders the cattlemen hopeless is that there are no public slaughter houses and no competition among buyers. The packers control the banks; and the cattlemen, who are too weak financially to resist, must accept the cash prices offered by the packers. The remedy seems to lie in political action alone; and the cattlemen desire the establishment of public abattoirs as the only means of protection against the system of privately owned stock-yards and packing houses. With government-owned terminals and packing houses, as in Australia, Germany and Denmark, for example, the cattlemen believe they would be protected against the ruinous exploitation to which they are now hopelessly subject.

Another notorious means of abuse is cold storage, which, instead of being, as it should, an agency of universal service and a means of cheapening the price of food, is really one of the principal agencies of the speculator. The wild speculation in eggs in the spring of 1917 forced the price of eggs up to seventy-five cents a dozen here when eggs in England, after two and half years of war, were selling at thirty-two to thirty-five cents a dozen. American eggs passed through fifteen or sixteen middlemen's hands in reaching a market, each one of whom took off a profit! Fictitious sales in "paper eggs" enabled the speculators to pocket excess profits of six million dollars on the Easter trade alone in the United States. By "pyramiding" his holdings, borrowing on a valuation which he himself artificially fixes, the speculator greatly enlarges the scope of his operations and thus further monopolises the market. The fictitious daily quotations of the speculators have been judicially pronounced "untruthful, wilful, deliberate, intentional, systematic and fraudu-

lent." Public ownership again is pointed to as the key to the food situation; and it is believed that the cold-storage evil and with it food speculation can be corrected in no other way than by the public ownership of the cold-storage plants.

There can be no doubt that there is a need for middlemen in many branches of industry. But it is frequently the case that a "legitimate function has been converted into a gambling transaction." In certain instances, great quantities of food have been callously destroyed to keep up the combine; and the "withholding of food to produce famine prices is so common as no longer to excite comment."

The evils of the transportation system, the tyranny of the railroads, have been dwelt upon so often that consideration here is needless. The railroads are run for the railroads; whereas large considerations of national service should continually operate. Railroads, it has been stated, actually make use of alleged car shortage to coerce mine owners to sell coal to the railroad on the road's terms. The railroads themselves are the arbiters as to the freight they haul; and Mr. Howe insists upon immediate public ownership upon the general ground that the railroads cannot be trusted, since it is to their interest in so many cases to decide in opposition to the public welfare. The transportation, packing-house, and cold-storage industries, through a system of interlocking directorates, virtually constitute together a conspiracy. This is the principal explanation of the singular dearth of food in a country boundless in its potentialities for food-production. At a time when the population of the country is rapidly increasing, it is an alarming symptom that the total loss in all cattle was five and three-quarter million head! In the spring of 1917, eight hundred thousand pounds of spring vegetables were allowed to rot on the wharves along the Hudson River—at the very time when the poor of New York were on the verge of food riots. It is a comparatively simple matter for the food speculator, in the interest of maintaining high prices, to inform the farmers, after

his produce has reached New York, say, that the market is glutted and there is no sale, or only a ruinous one, for his produce. Remove the obstacle of the uncertainty of a market by placing the railroads in public hands, says Mr. Howe, and we should thereby "bring agriculture back to life again and reclaim the abandoned farms of the country to labour." The first and most important aims of government, he affirms, should

be to increase the production of the comforts and necessities of life, and then see that those who produce them receive the full result of their labour. "Possibly the improvement in the condition of the people would be so marked that the evil conditions, under which so large a portion of the people live, would pass away and a new kind of society would come into existence born of the absence of poverty, of ignorance, of fear."

## THE PEOPLE PERISH

"Where there is no vision the people perish."

BY CHARLES EDEY FAY

AUTHOR of *Life!*

Father of great and small!  
Sovereign whose sceptre rules the wheeling worlds!  
Hear now, we pray, a burdened people's prayer,  
And bid be still the reddened waves of war  
Whose crescent tide o'erwhelms once smiling lands  
Vocal with wrongs which, deep and trumpet-tongued,  
Cry out to Heaven.

Come in Thy might!  
Come in Thy righteous wrath!  
Come in Thy panoply of power!  
And loose Thy lightnings round the bristling camps,  
And crumple up the boasted battle-line,  
And batter down the monstrous insolence  
Of perjured kings that claim, with shameless lips,  
A league with Thee.

Come with Thy Light!  
Come with Thy torch of Truth!  
Come with Thy Wisdom infinite and sure!  
And teach a blind and blundering age to know  
That in Thy plan the peasant has a place—  
A Right to Life—that kings cannot deny;  
That national need is not the test supreme  
In intercourse of state with neighbour state  
But Common Good.

## TWO PLAYS FOR GROWN-UPS

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

I

AN ENGLISH version of *Les Flambeaux*, by Henry Bataille, was produced by Mr. Lester Lonergan on the evening of Wednesday, October 24th. By exact count, this was the fortieth "legitimate" play presented for the first time in New York during the course of the current season; and it was the first of all the forty [with the exception of *The Deluge*, which immediately failed] that seems to have been written by a grown-up man for the enjoyment of a grown-up audience. All the others might have been appreciated easily by children, or by adults lacking both intelligence and education. Our theatre, for the most part, has ceased to be a grown-up institution; and whatever ideas it ventures to convey are commonly expressed in words of one syllable.

Among the playwrights of contemporary France, M. Bataille may be regarded as the eighth or ninth in the order of importance. Assuredly, he does not rank more loftily than that among his colleagues; and, before the first production of *Les Flambeaux* in 1912, he did not even rank so high,—since the late Paul Hervieu was living at that time, to push him further down the ladder. Yet *The Torches* puts our native dramatists to shame, and makes our American drama seem childish in comparison. Like all French playwrights, M. Bataille pays his auditors the compliment of asking them to think. It goes without saying that he is, himself, endowed with brains; for it takes brains to make a practicable play, however empty it may be of permanent significance, and even our American playwrights are not devoid of the ability to think. The point at which M. Bataille surpasses our native dramatists is merely this:—he expects his audience,

also, to be endowed with brains. In these times of storm and stress, no soap-box demagogue would dare to stand up and assert in public that Americans, in general, are under-educated and deficient in intelligence. Yet, week after week, the patrons of our theatre are insulted, in these very terms, by a drama which vociferously claims to set before the public "what the public wants." M. Bataille is not so temerarious. He does not venture to insult his public. But then, of course, his public is composed of Frenchmen,—who, when insulted, rise and say, "They shall not pass!"

When a man calls in a doctor, he expects to be told something more about his liver than he knows already; when a man retains a lawyer, he expects to be told something more about the laws of contract or the laws of divorce than he knows already; and, when a man pays money to a dramatist, he has a right to be told something more about life than he has previously known. Why should any person pay five dollars for a pair of tickets to the theatre, if he is doomed to suffer from a sense that he knows as much [or more] about the phase of life that is discussed as the dramatist himself? The only real excuse for the existence of an author—in the theatre, and in the library as well—is that he can tell us something that we want to know, or make us think of something that would never have occurred to us except for the stimulating contact between his mind and ours. Speaking merely as a layman—and not at all as a critic or a playwright—I must confess that the main motive which attracts me to the theatre—night after night, for weeks and months and years—is the constant hope of taking off my hat to some invisible brain behind the footlights that has thought and said something about life



which my own mind, unassisted by the dramatist, could never possibly have thought and said. We go to the theatre—and this is particularly true of critics—not to teach but to learn; not to assert our own knowledge or experience, but to attend to the testimony of an author who is able to contribute to our education. Mr. Christopher Mathewson could hardly be expected to listen patiently to a lengthy lecture on the craft of baseball delivered by that imaginary "bush-league" pitcher whose living semblance has been drawn in the delightful sketches of Mr. Ring W. Lardner; but is there any greater reason why an educated man should listen patiently to a homily on life composed—let us say—by Mr. George V. Hobart? If our theatre has no mind to set before us that is obviously wiser than our own,—why, in heaven's name, should our educated public continue to pay money for the privilege of going to the theatre?

The habit is expensive, even when the circumstances are ideal. In this period of many taxes, the present writer trembles to reflect that, if he had paid cash for all the tickets that have been sent to him since August 6th, he would have paid at least two hundred dollars for the privilege of seeing one play [and only one] that was written by a man whose mind was big enough to demand a genuflection from the audience. A professional observer of our theatre is often moved to wonder why the public is still willing to pay money for the dubious privilege of attending the performances of current plays:—it would be so much cheaper to stay home and re-read some perfect passage of eternal literature, like the fifth canto of Dante's *Hell*.

M. Henry Bataille had something to say in *Les Flambeaux*; and this something is discussed very clearly in an eloquent passage of the second act. This passage records a confidential conversation between two great and memorable characters. We are not merely told that these characters are noted men; but we know them to be great, because of the nature and the quality of the

thoughts which they exchange. One of them is a Belgian poet, named Hernert, who has been offered the Nobel Prize, but has waived it in favour of a French scientist, named Bouguet, who has recently isolated and conquered the bacillus of cancer. Hernert expounds to Bouguet his philosophy of life and explains his reason for renouncing the great prize in favour of his colleague. Life—according to this hypothetic Belgian poet, whose traits of mind may possibly have been suggested by Verhaeren—is lived on three planes,—the sensational, the emotional, and the intellectual. He attributes his own ascension,—from the first plane, through the second, to the third,—to a reading, at the age of thirty, of the scientific writings of Bouguet. But, when Hernert has paid this humble tribute to the unadulterated reason of Bouguet, the scientist reacts with a counter-confession that, in his own experience, he has recently discovered and resisted a potent tendency to descend from the plane of intellect, through the plane of emotion, to the plane of mere sensation.—In the American theatre, it is, indeed, a rare experience to listen to a colloquy between two characters, each of whom knows more and says more about life in general than has ever yet been thought by the casual and careless auditor.

The story of *The Torches* discusses the difficulties encountered by Bouguet in his effort to conduct his personal and private life upon the lofty plane of pure intelligence. He is a great and famous scientist; and, in intellect, he easily transcends the average man. Yet, this very superior intelligence is continually subject to assaults from suppressed emotions and inhibited sensations which a more commonplace and ordinary man would be able easily to master. Bouguet—because of his intelligent ambition to live forever in the region of pure reason—is easily betrayed to error by those functions of the mind which are by no means reasonable. He is led by his sensations into sin, and by his emotions into perfidy; and his unadulterated intellect

is subsequently impotent to harmonise his actual experience with his ideals.

Bouguet—in the story of *The Torches*—commits a momentary sin of sex and subsequently suffers for it; although this passing madness has not, in any way, assailed the integrity of his intelligence. Because of one unthinking hour in a lifetime of half a century devoted to the high pursuit of science and the benefaction of mankind, Bouguet is challenged to a duel and wounded mortally in the consequent encounter. But, before he dies, he manages to extract from his impetuous assailant a solemn oath to carry on his uncompleted scientific work, in order that humanity at large may not be made to suffer from the deep damnation of his taking-off.

M. Bataille apparently agrees with Dante [who is, by far, the wisest man that ever lived] that a sin of mere sensation is, after all, a minor matter for a man whose sheer integrity of spirit has not been scotched by this sudden, unpremeditated abnegation. This is a thesis that deserves most careful pondering by modern moralists. Whatever may be said by a dramatic author on this topic is worthy of considerate evaluation by any auditor who is adult, and is not "yet to learn the alphabet of man."

It goes without saying that *The Torches* is a well-made play. M. Bataille is a disciple of Alexandre Dumas  *fils*, and has inherited that fine technique which, first formulated a century ago by Eugène Scribe, has been improved by generation after generation of French dramatists. The French are a clear-minded people, and see things as they are. It is a cardinal principle of their criticism that any work worth doing is worth doing well. They expect an artist to learn his craft, and to revere the tools of his trade that have been handed down to him by the great artists of the past. They hold these truths to be self-evident:—that the drama should be dramatic, that the theatre should be theatrical, and that all art should be artistic. The technical merits of a play like *Les Flambeaux* are, in consequence, beyond discussion.

## II

The French not only make good plays, but keep them; and a drama so impressive as this masterpiece of M. Bataille is likely to be retained in the French repertory for half a century, so that theatre-goers yet unborn may have the privilege of seeing it. But, in our English-speaking theatre, we throw away our best plays as soon as their initial run has been completed; and the very fact that any subsequent performance is always spoken of as a "revival" gives evidence that we are all too easily accustomed to consider them as dead.

*The Gay Lord Quex*, by Arthur Wing Pinero, was first produced in London, at the Globe Theatre, on April 8, 1899, and in New York, at the Criterion Theatre, on November 12, 1900. In both productions, the leading parts were played by Sir John Hare and the incomparable Irene Vanbrugh. The piece was exceedingly successful on both sides of the Atlantic, and was accepted by most critics as a masterpiece of modern social comedy. Yet, for seventeen years, *The Gay Lord Quex* has not been acted in either London or New York; and this circumstance reminds us very vividly of the need of an established repertory theatre in both of the great cities of the English-speaking world. To Mr. John D. Williams the public is indebted for the current "revival" of a play which ought not, even temporarily, have been allowed to pass away; and the leading parts are now taken by Mr. John Drew and Miss Margaret Illington.

*The Gay Lord Quex* is not, like *Les Flambeaux*, a drama of ideas. In this particular play, Pinero did not seek to preach a moral or to sustain a thesis. Instead, he sought to carve clean through the various strata of English society at the outset of the twentieth century, and to render a truthful picture of the intricate cross-section thus revealed. *The Gay Lord Quex* is an epoch-making "comedy of manners," because it skilfully contrasts the manners of the aristocracy with the manners of the proletariat and sets forth a tense and thrilling

struggle between a profligate who is, despite of all deductions, a gentleman, and a loyal and well-meaning woman who, despite of all additions, remains essentially a vulgar person. If the necessary element of drama is the element of contrast,—as the present writer has ventured to suggest in the opening chapter of *Problems of the Playwright*,—no student will be able to deny that this element is raised to the *n*th power in the personal struggle between Sophy Fullgarney, “manicurist and dispenser of articles for the toilet,” and “the wickedest man in London,” the Marquess of Quex.

In every endeavour that is worthy of the name of art, there is such a thing as “art for art’s sake.” *The Gay Lord Quex* might justly be described as a piece of “play-making for the sake of play-making.” This comedy is not so weighty in intention, nor so important as “a criticism of life,” as *The Second Mrs. Tanageray*, *Iris*, *The Thunderbolt*, *Mid-Channel*,—or even *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith* or *The Benefit of the Doubt*. Judging it upon the basis of its subject-matter, the present commentator would feel inclined to rank it no more highly than in seventh place among the collected plays of Pinero. Yet, in method, it ranks among the very first. In this accomplished comedy, the greatest living master of the technique of the drama has revelled in a veritable orgy of technique. From the point of view of sheer mechanics, the famous third act of *The Gay Lord Quex* is the ablest third act in the English language [with the possible exception of the third act of *Othello*] and one of the ablest single acts in the entire dramaturgy of the world.

Every writer who hopes to be a playwright should study this marvellous third act,—again, again, and yet again; for there is scarcely a lesson in technique that is not taught and illustrated with supreme dexterity between the rising and the falling of the curtain on this incomparable passage of dramaturgic composition. This act climbs from climax to climax,—from suspense to more profound suspense, and from surprise to still

more unpredictable surprise. Step by step, this “big scene” transcends itself, and yet again transcends itself,—until the bewildered auditor begins to wonder whether dramaturgic craftsmanship shall ever offer, in the yet unfathomed and unfathomable future, a more acrobatic and ingenious exercise than this.

To be sure, the triumph of this monumental act is merely a triumph of technique,—a sort of joyous and exuberant display of “art for art’s sake.” The subject-matter of this passage is basically unimportant, and means little in the life of you or me or any other ticket-buying person who happens to look in at the performance. But, after all, it is a great achievement to “give rise to the greatest possible amount of that peculiar kind of emotional effect, the production of which is the one great function of the theatre.” These words have been quoted from Sir Arthur Pinero; and, in criticising any work of art, it is only just to judge it in conformity with the intentions and ambitions of the author.

Now that *The Gay Lord Quex* has been familiar to all students of the technique of the drama for nearly twenty years, it is easy enough to see that the first two acts are devoted solely to the technical task of preparing cleverly for the apparently unpremeditated launching of the great third act, and that the last act is devoted solely to the technical task of cutting unobtrusively the many knots intrinsically tied at the tremendous climax of the pattern. This comedy is, after all, mechanical; but its mechanism is still marvellous, and, twenty years ago, it showed the value of a new invention.

Any exercise of “art for art’s sake” is appreciated mainly by practitioners of the art that is exemplified. Pinero is “the playwright’s playwright,”—even as Edmund Spenser is “the poet’s poet”: and such a fabric as is exemplified in the patterning of *The Gay Lord Quex* is appreciated mainly by those who—in the memorable phrase of Edgar Allan Poe—are able to “contemplate it with a kindred art.” It is only those who—to quote a famous line from Dante—have

"made themselves lean" from writing many plays, that can utterly appreciate the craftsmanship of the third act of *The Gay Lord Quex*. In the undertaking of

this act, Pinero has essayed a hard task, and has achieved it perfectly; and thereby—in the eyes of all good workmen—he has "acquired merit."

## SOME ART BOOKS OF THE YEAR\*

BY RICHARD BURTON

IT SEEMS a far cry from war, whose big black cloud shadows all our modern living, to the serene and sunny ways of Art. Yet art means civilisation, and the only excuse for war is to prepare a better one; so that there is a connection, if it be not apparent. War is for a time, art for all time; and men will return for strength and consolation to the divine ministrations of Beauty long after war and the rumours of war have died away with the mutter of guns and the shriek of shells. Out of a larger number of works in this field, I select a few for mention that seem to call for such emphasis because of importance of subject matter, excellence of treatment or distinction of authorship.

While the output of books in this division of letters cannot on the whole be called notable for the current year, yet some interesting work has been done. For that combination of authoritative knowledge and accomplishment with such power of statement as shall carry the message to large numbers, I should be inclined to give first place to Mr. Cram's *The Substance of Gothic*, a volume in-

\*The Substance of Gothic. By Ralph Adams Cram, Litt.D. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

Concerning Painting. By Kenyon Cox, N.A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

How to Study Architecture. By Charles Henry Caffin. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Creators of Decorative Styles. By Walter A. Dyer. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

corporating the author's Lowell Lecture series for 1916-17. It is a truly eloquent book, and regarded as a piece of writing will give pleasure to the layman as a literary performance, quite aside from his interest in the theme or his agreement with the view presented. In this sense, it is a real addition to the literature of the subject. Those familiar with Mr. Cram's position as a leading American architect who has done much to reinstate the Gothic in this country, will not be surprised to know that the present volume treats of that great movement as the dominant art evolution of the only Christian commonwealth the world has seen, and as therefore a style, to call it such, which because of its honest expression of the greatest period, overtops all other architectural styles and makes its era the one great era of this art. The very title of his book implies the distinction he would make between the externals of style and the essential spirit of Gothic which relates it to the national life and makes of it something more than the fad of the few or the aristocratic interest of specialists. And it is Mr. Cram's pessimistic conclusion that modern art has fallen upon the days of Antichrist, because of this divorce from faith and national feeling. Everything since the Gothic supremacy spells devolution.

Quite aside from the disagreements from this extreme view,—and they will be many and inevitable,—one cannot fail to admire the earnestness and honesty of

it, nor fail to respond to the winning power with which it is conveyed. Such a discussion of one of the most important phases of architectural evolution makes for profitable stimulation and a sentiment of gratitude remains that the thesis found so doughty a champion. It surely is a boon to the lay reader to find a distinguished practitioner of an art who, when he turns critic, becomes an essayist of rare charm; more often it is the other way around; the technician is so technical that he is only for the few. I presume that some who take their art narrowly or after the manner of the specialist will object to an artist who thinks like a Christian mystic. They will regard him as naïve and as confusing issues by thus blending the life spiritual with the life æsthetic. But there is exhilaration in such a spectacle in these days of the detachment of art from the larger ideals of living. The frontispiece is a portrait of the author in his academic robes: one look at his fine, clear-cut, ascetic face helps to explain his creed and the position he occupies in modern American art.

Another artist and critic who can also write, and who therefore makes the wider appeal is Kenyon Cox, who, in his volume *Concerning Painting*, gives us a clear and cogent statement of what this art means to him, and when he comes to survey the golden age and the nineteenth century accomplishment is able to do it in such wise as to hold interest and avoid the tendency to dry cataloguing which as a rule disfigures similar investigations. I find the first division of the book, devoted to a general consideration of what painting is according to Cox, the most arresting part of the discussion: probably because it is most Cox, whereas the historical survey puts him in a vast field where the competitors are numerous. To be sure, his individuality of opinion shines forth sufficiently here, too, but in the philosophical treatise, which is basal to what follows, we get most clearly his professional view.

To Mr. Cox, the art of painting subdivides into two parts: imitation, or, as it

is often called, representation; that is, the direct reproduction of objects outside the painter in the world he looks upon; and relation, by which he means all that is more commonly contained in the technical word, composition. And it is this latter which introduces the personality of the artist, since the way he composes his picture is an expression of his personal viewpoint. It is good to find that this well-known modern artist believes personality in this sense to be of the very essence of sound art; the proper result of the use of this principle of "relation" being, in his own words, "a unified and intensified expression of that character of the subject which has most impressed the artist and of the feelings and emotions with which that character has inspired him." And he makes the shrewd remark that art has ever oscillated between the two extremes of imitation and relation; earlier, the former was too much emphasised, while to-day, by a natural reaction, there is danger of so much stress upon relation that representation, which after all is of the very substance of good art, will be neglected. In other words, to paraphrase his meaning, the abuse of individualism is inimical to technique.

Throughout, the opinions are freshly, racily put, and there are surprises for the conventionalist in plenty. The writer makes short shrift, for example, of the pre-Raphaelites as represented by painters like Hunt and Madox Brown, when he says: "There is an immense amount of fact in these pictures, an immense amount of thought, a prodigious labouriousness; the thing that has been left out of them is art." Similarly, he thinks that Prudhon, Ingres and Millet are the only nineteenth-century men who deserve the coveted name of "Master;" a judgment that is likely to awaken controversy. It is interesting to note that to his mind mural decoration—there is a final chapter on this aspect of art in France and America—is the most representative thing we have done in this country; and for the reason that its classicism is the most typical trait it pos-

esses! This reveals plainly enough the critic painter's faith in the Past as an integral part of all legitimate work of the present or future. There are upward of thirty reproductions of famous pictures.

The title of Charles H. Caffin's *How to Study Architecture* reveals the utilitarian nature of his purpose, and suggests the handbook. But a good handbook is a valuable and welcome addition to the understanding of a given art, and Mr. Caffin's work in this case is well done and has the virtue of being readable and not a bore; although in so wide a survey and with the stern necessity of condensation and selection, his book at times takes on the appearance of the conventional text-book. But he is, from long practice, an essayist on this and similar themes who knows how to write and so spares us the *ennui* which is immemorably associated with works of reference. I wish to add that by the judicious use of black-faced type he, or his publishers, have made the study much more agreeable and easy.

A worthy feature of the treatment may be found in the fact that he starts right, so to say. I mean, that in his Introduction he relates architecture to civilisation, making it an expression of man's desire to combine utility with beauty in the need of building structures against the elements and the enemies of man. Hence, as he happily puts it, these structures, even in the most primitive times, are thus "sermons in stone," for the good and sufficient reason that, in this sense, architecture is the outflowering of a social instinct; and although it roots in necessity, its growth inevitably involves the blossom of the æsthetic, since there is in man from the first, though of course increasingly expressed as man develops, a curious desire to make the utile lovely. Decoration, therefore, is as truly an impulse of humanity as self-preservation; indeed, the aspiration for Beauty is a sort of higher self-preservation—the self-preservation of the soul. And the crudest early examples of decoration we have preserved for us proves this, up to the hilt.

Follow successive chapters on the pre-classic, classic, post-classic, Gothic, Renaissance, and post-Renaissance periods, the last including a summary on the classical and Gothic revivals, and a survey of the modern situation. In his statement as to what has been done and is doing of late years in the United States, it would seem as if the treatment were a little sketchy, because it is so centred in New York City. It is true that the influence of the Chicago Exposition of 1892-93 is not ignored. But what of the coast architecture, both domestic and public? The adaptation of the Spanish-American style to the unique environment of California certainly is a distinctive feature of latter-day work, but it receives no attention. However, as a whole, this is a useful and pleasant work, and as such to be gratefully received. The illustrations are many and helpful.

A book of a more journeyman pattern, yet not without justification in a field where critical aid is not so common, is Mr. Dyer's *Creators of Decorative Styles*. The author essays to present a picture of the development of decoration as it applies to architecture and the embellishment and furnishing of the home, from Inigo Jones down to Sheraton; that is, from the Renaissance to the beginning of the nineteenth century. He confines himself to England, because the American inheritance is thence. And he aims to warm the story by centring on eleven striking personalities to be associated with the evolution, with the two names mentioned as terminals, according as you go forward or backward. Other names to conjure with are Chippendale Adam, Wedgwood and Hepplewhite. It is certainly a good idea to unite principles with personalities and make human and concrete a movement that when it is only associated with a monarch, like the Empire style, or becomes a matter of dates and technical characteristics, is likely to grow paler in attraction. The trouble with the book before us, so far as trouble exists, is that Mr. Dyer has not succeeded altogether in a vital synthesis of his critical and

biographical material. It is only fair to say that the data available on the personal side seems prevalingly very scant; to a surprising degree, little is known about these important inventors of style in furniture and other decorative features in the æsthetics of the home. For this reason, perhaps, the most valuable parts of the work are those directly dealing with the shifting fashions, and the particular contribution of the masters studied. As we read, we get a sense of the fact that each decorator and crafts-

man is but a part of an organic whole, and that a Hepplewhite looks to a Chippendale even as a Sheraton looks to a Hepplewhite. Especially worth while are the chapters on Tijou, the little-known French master of ironwork, a domesticated English worker, and Wedgwood, the famed creator of designs in pottery. The book bears evidences of careless, hasty writing; but it will serve a purpose and is not dull reading. Sixty-four full-page illustrations from photographs explicate the text.

# EXPLORING RUSSIA\*

BY ABRAHAM YARMOLINSKY

## MISINTERPRETING A NATION

DOSTOYEVSKY opens one of his curious political essays by declaring that to the outsider Russia is far less known than the moon, and that sooner will the West discover the elixir of life than gain a true insight into the nature of the Russian idea and the Russian character. He accounts for this appalling lack of knowledge and understanding partly by the puzzling fact that the people that invented powder and numbered the stars turn into hopeless numbskulls as soon as they are confronted by Russia and her problems.

The essay was written in the early sixties of the last century, presumably about the time when in England, according to Gilbert K. Chesterton's testimony, tallow candles were commonly held to be a favourite article of the Russian diet. It would be futile to deny that for the last fifty years, in the course of which the West discovered Russian art, mat-

\*The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary. By Stephen Graham. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Russia in 1916. By Stephen Graham. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Russians: An Interpretation. By Richardson Wright. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Russian Court Memoirs, 1914-1916. With some accounts of court, social and political life in Petrograd before and since the war. By a Russian. With thirty-two illustrations. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Russian Memoirs. By Madame Olga Novikoff, "O. L." With an introduction by Stephen Graham and fifteen illustrations. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Russia of Yesterday and To-morrow. By Baroness Souiny. Illustrated with photographs. New York: The Century Company.

The Russian Revolution. By Isaak Don Levine. With portraits. New York and London: Harner and Brothers.

The Rebirth of Russia. By Isaac F. Marcossou. New York: John Lane and Company.

ters have considerably changed, and that the stupendous Russian enigma is fast losing its cryptic character, especially since, in our own days, the Russian multitudes have broken their immemorial silence. Nevertheless, one cannot help recalling Dostoyevsky's words as one watches some of the recent attempts to solve the riddle of the Russian Sphinx for the benefit of the Anglo-Saxon world.

Here is, for instance, Stephen Graham, the most notorious of these *Cædipuses*. A writer of no mean abilities and apparently a man of wide culture, Mr. Graham has had ample opportunities to study Russia; he resided in the country and is familiar with the language of the people; he has enough sympathy with the Russian character and to spare. In fact, his writings actually overflow with love—the ecstatic and verbose variety of it—for Russia. Nevertheless, Mr. Graham's books, while not devoid of

The Shield. Edited by Maxim Gorky, Leonid Andreyev and Fyodor Sologub. With a foreword by William English Walling. Translated from the Russian by A. Yarmolinsky. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

The Romance of the Romanoffs. By Joseph McCabe. With sixteen full-page illustrations. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Plays, by Alexander Ostrovsky. A translation from the Russian, edited by George Rapall Noyes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Who Can Be Happy and Free in Russia? By Nicholas Nekrassov. Translated by Juliet M. Soskice. With an introduction by Dr. David Soskice. Oxford University Press.

Russian Poets and Poems, "Classics" and "Moderns." With an introduction on Russian versification. By Mme. N. Jarintzov. With a preface by Jane Harrison. Vol. I, "Classics." New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

A Family of Noblemen (The Gentlemen Golovliov). By Mikhail Y. Saltykov (N. Shchedrin). Translated by A. Yarmolinsky. New York: Boni and Liveright, Inc.



some charm and interest, utterly fail to give that true and careful interpretation of Russia for which there is now such an urgent and vital need. Mr. Graham's Russia, as portrayed chiefly in his book *The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary*, is the land of Mary's good part, the visionary nation sitting at the feet of Christ deep in mystic ecstasies, the country whose vital principle is Christianity as it was moulded by the cenobites of the Thebaid and the Byzantine monks. Whether or not we relish this left-over Slavophile dish, we can hardly fail to realise that it is largely a product of Mr. Graham's imagination prompted by mystical velleities and by a rather puerile distaste for modern civilisation. Russia of to-day and of to-morrow has but little in common with Stephen Graham's Utopia. Her path lies elsewhere, and her admirable faith is too broad to fit a Byzantine altar. At no other time was it more apparent that she is, in the words of Georg Brandes, "the womb of new realities and new mysticism."

*The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary* consists of various heterogeneous elements, descriptive and narrative, hanging loosely around the central theme which is "the Russian Idea." The author cannot be denied an eye for colours and a sense for the flavour of Old Russia. But, unfortunately, his ambitions are not confined to the realm of the picturesque and the glamorous. Hence all that maudlin talk about the religion of suffering and the *podvig* and all those amazing generalisations erected with the aplomb of pseudo-knowledge and the magnificent contempt for His Majesty Fact.

Equally inane from the standpoint of factual information is Mr. Graham's latest book, *Russia in 1916*. It is intended to be "a report on the conditions prevailing in the land of our ally." The reader of *Russia in 1916* is initiated into the private affairs of Countess X, is given an account of the visions of a certain Father Yevgeny and is allowed to catch glimpses of gay life at the fash-

ionable resort of Kislovodsk. The volume contains also some material of a more relevant nature, such as chapters on the new Archangel, the cost of living, money, recent publications, and the prospects of peace, the latter being a rather ineffectual attempt at "political elucidation." But the vision of the country on the eve of the great upheaval does not spring from all this medley of notes and impressions. There is neither insight nor foresight in this "little book of the hour."

#### THE LAST MOHICAN

*The Russians: An Interpretation*, by Richardson Wright, is another recent attempt at reading Russia's mind. The work was completed on the very eve of the revolution. Though this writer, too, seems to be after spiritual values and psychological *imponderabilia*, upon the whole he manages to remain well within the field of tangible facts. Unfortunately, Mr. Wright's facts are not always reliable. His work is a fine sample of journalistic omniscience. Those interested in Russian trade possibilities will read, not without profit, the chapters on "The Russian as a Business Man" and on Siberia, "The Russian Land of Promise." There is also a discussion of "The Moujik's Religion" and of the inevitable Dostoyevsky, as well as studies on Russian painting and music. In all these various attempts the author's personal experience plays the rather futile rôle of *la folle du logis*. The book contains also a plea for a Russian-American entente and a discussion of "Russia's manifest destinies" as a world power. It is hardly necessary to add that while expatiating with an air of authority on the remote destinies of Russia, Mr. Wright overlooks the stupendous powers of revolt and reconstruction which were ripening before his very eyes in the vast Slavic cauldron.

Mr. Wright is too much of an American to be earnestly in sympathy with the autocratic régime. On the contrary, *Russian Court Memoirs, 1914-1916*, by a Russian, is the work of a professed monarchist. The anonymous author

undertakes to interpret Russia for the benefit of the British people, by presenting an account of the social and official life in Petrograd during the war. But apart from an historical digression on the "Shadows of the Past" and a lucubration on the Russian national character distinguished, according to the author, by two sacred sentiments—"adoration of God and veneration for the Czar"—the book is little more than a collection of "society notes" bearing upon the private affairs and amusements of "our beloved Emperor" and his *entourage*, intermingled with a good deal of gossip on various political matters. The whole, seasoned with sundry anecdotes of an aggressive insipidity, is conceived in that conventionally mawkish and jejune style, which is one of the earmarks of official literature.

Mme. Olga Novikoff, the author of *Russian Memoirs*, is a more intelligent adherent of "lost causes and impossible loyalties." That much-abused person who is commonly referred to as the future historian will probably consider this lady the last Mohican of Russian monarchism. According to Stephen Graham, who writes an introduction to the book, Mme. Novikoff is "one of the most interesting women in European diplomatic circles." Disraeli nicknamed her the "M. P. for Russia in England." Gladstone learned from her what Russia was, Carlyle was among her friends, and the late W. T. Stead worshipped at her shrine. Referring to her lifelong work for the cause of the Anglo-Russian entente, she writes: "For fifty years I have been wandering in the Wilderness, and now I have been permitted the happiness of entering the Promised Land. At last the gates have been opened. We are now brothers-in-arms." Mme. Novikoff's reminiscences bearing on a wide variety of subjects are not devoid of interest, but her general viewpoint makes the impression of an ideological fossil.

Curious odds and ends of current Russian history will be found in *Russia of Yesterday and To-morrow*, by Baron-

ess Souiny. The author has something interesting to say about the circumstances under which the war began, about the part of Izvolsky and Grand Duke Nicholas, and also about Rasputin, the man of lurid fame. Unfortunately, too much in this bulky volume is merely small talk on various Russian problems, of which the Baroness has but a confused notion. It is a leisurely, chatty, well-meaning but unreliable, woefully incoherent book, revelling in vapid ineptitudes and pompous platitudes. America's eagerness for information on Russia can alone account for its publication in these war times.

#### NEW RUSSIA

Baroness Souiny's book was apparently written in part after the March events. It contains a chapter on the fall of the Romanoff dynasty, as well as numerous rhapsodic references to "the five," that is, to the five leaders of the revolution who on one occasion are spoken of as "the living torch flaming in the ashes of old Russia's hope," but it deals with the great upheaval only incidentally. Of the books on New Russia proper, which have appeared so far, Isaak Don Levine's *The Russian Revolution* is substantially a study on the genesis of the present revolution and a rapid record of its initial steps. The bulk of this little book is devoted to a clear-cut and sober analysis of the socio-political forces which brought about the cataclysm, and of the events which led up to it. Mr. Don Levine perceives in true perspective the rôles the Duma and the Council played in the great drama, and he foresees the dangers which New Russia is facing at present. On the contrary, Mr. Marcossou's book, *The Rebirth of Russia*, is valuable chiefly as a story of the Russian Ides of March, written vividly and effectively on the hot heels of the events by an intelligent eye-witness. Neither book, however, conjures up the vast epic vision of the emancipation, nor does either of them bring out the deeper significance of this revolution, in which, according to Stepniak's forecast, "Russia

will have the greatest facility of showing herself original and of producing something new and purely Slavic." The Carlyle and Taine of the Russian Revolution are yet to come.

The original *Shield*, a symposium on the Jewish question in Russia, by Russian men-of-letters and scientists of non-Jewish birth, appeared quite some time before the fall of the autocracy, as a protest against the persecutions inflicted upon the Jewish people by the government during the first year of this war. The general aspects of the problem are discussed by Gorky, Andreyev and Sologub, while its more technical phases are taken up by men like Count Ivan Tolstoy, the noted economist Bernatzky, and the ex-minister Milyukov. This plea for the abrogation of the Jewish disabilities is a truly remarkable revelation of the spirit and purpose of the best elements of that New Russia which is now in the making. William English Walling writes in his foreword to the book: "If we wish to understand educated Russia, which has brought about the change, we cannot do better than to read and think over what this galaxy of Russian genius that has composed the present volume has written."

*The Romance of the Romanoffs*, by Joseph McCabe, has the advantage of being both timely and of lasting value. "This is not a history of Russia," we read in the preface, "but the history of its autocracy as an episode: of its real origin, its long-drawn brutality, its picturesque corruption, its sordid machinery of government, its selfish determination to keep Russia from the growing light, its terrible final struggle and defeat." Nevertheless, the book is more than the story of a dynasty: it is a vigorous and fairly accurate political history of Russia throughout the ages. Mr. McCabe's fundamental thesis might be formulated in the words which Mme. de Staël applied to the France of 1789, namely, that "liberty was ancient, and despotism new." He takes visible delight in exposing the vices and crimes of Russia's rulers and he revels in exploding time-

hallowed historical reputations, for instance, that of Peter the Great. The outcome is a work which is not exactly fit *ad usum Delphini*. Although this denunciatory and iconoclastic tendency has its drawbacks, particularly in a historical study, it should be welcomed as a wholesome reaction against the complacencies and shams of official Russian historiography.

#### SALTYKOV AND OTHER NEWCOMERS

Until recently translators from the Russian exhibited the tendency to favour with an undue amount of attention the latter-day literary output and to neglect the wealth of literature of the classical period. Turning to the season's translations, one notes with gratification that a goodly portion of them come from the pens of the older masters, whose work has hitherto been eclipsed in the West by the splendours of the triad of Turgenev, Dostoyevsky and Tolstoy. Should the translators keep up their activities in this direction, the English-reading world will pretty soon be in a position to get a truer and more complete view of Russian literature than that which prevails at present.

*Plays*, by Alexander Ostrovsky, a collection of four dramas, edited by George Rapall Noyes, introduces the American reader to a great playwright whose art has been the delight of the Russian theatregoer for upward of sixty years now. Ostrovsky's vast work is the most national manifestation of the dramatic genius of his race. He created the Russian drama of manners, making it a vehicle for the realistic depiction of the small nobility and, chiefly, of the middle classes with their coarseness and homely virtues. Of his popularity we can judge by the fact that for the period of nineteen years (1853-72) the performance of his plays on the Imperial stage brought the state treasury an income of two million rubles. "Ostrovsky's strength," remarks Mr. Noyes, "lies in a sedate, rather commonplace realism," and it is probable that those whose taste runs to the theatrical productions of our sophisti-

cated and over-refined age will probably find these placid, wholesome dramas rather old-fashioned and somewhat inipid.

Another new Russian classic, now made partly accessible to the English reader, is the poet Nekrassov, born the same year as Dostoyevsky. *Who Is Happy in Russia?* translated by Juliet M. Soskice under the title *Who Can Be Happy and Free in Russia?* is Nekrassov's greatest work. On his deathbed the poet said that it summarised all the knowledge about the Russian people which he had accumulated by lifelong study and that he intended to make it a true and useful book, accessible to the masses. Unfortunately, the vast poem—it contains nearly five thousand verses—remained unfinished, like Gogol's *Dead Souls*, that other epic of Russian life. It is a veritable peasant Odyssey, a monumental work, poignant with the immeasurable woe of the people and strong with the blind strength of Russia herself. In spite of the fact that the English version of the poem does not preserve the peculiar musical and stylistic quality of the original, the translator has made every lover of good literature her debtor.

A fairly good biographical and critical essay on Nekrassov will be found in Mme. N. Jarintzov's *Russian Poets and Poems*, which is a collection of studies on the main Russian poets of the past century, including the folk-poet Koltzov, the pantheist Tyutchev and the quaint Alexey Tolstoy. The studies, judicious but lacking in personal appreciation, are accompanied by poems translated from the Russian, by way of illustration. Mme. Jarintzov is a translator with a "theory." She would keep "the Russian lilt and the atmosphere of phrasing" to the extent of doing violence to the English tongue and creating a new English prosody for the specific purpose of rendering Russian poetry. In spite of her theory, which we cannot take seriously, Mme. Jarintzov succeeds in producing some good translations. Nevertheless, her experiment in rendering Russian

poetry "along new lines" can hardly be considered successful. It appears that theories, however original and tempting, cannot fill the place of genuine taste and creative ability. One notes with surprise that, contrary to the translator's fundamental article of faith, the phrasing and meaning of the original is sometimes sacrificed without any apparent reason. "The Introduction on Russian Versification" contains a number of leisurely remarks on the translation of Russian poetry into English and a rather pedantic discussion of Russian verse technique, which is too elementary for the Russian student and altogether useless for him who is not initiated into the mysteries of Mme. Jarintzov's native tongue.

The most important of the recent newcomers, however, is not the playwright Ostrovsky or the poet Nekrassov, but the prose writer Saltykov, also known under the pseudonym of Shchedrin, whose novel, *A Family of Noblemen*, has just been issued. Saltykov's literary career coincides with the reign of Alexander II. He occupies a place of honour in the history of his country's letters and culture. One of the builders of Russian emancipation, he shaped, to some extent, the moral views of the *intelligentsia*. Like Tolstoy, he belonged to the race of moralists, but, unlike him, he immolated his literary gift on the altar of social service. He hated humanity with that glorious hatred, born of love and fed on pity, which consumes all true satirists, and few wielded the sword of satire with greater skill. At the same time, gifted with truly Balzacian powers of observation and characterisation, he was a faithful chronicler of his times, and his vast *œuvre* forms, in the words of a Russian sociologist, "a critical encyclopedia of Russian life." *A Family of Noblemen* stands out as one of Saltykov's most artistic works, although it is not free from serious defects of composition. The splendours of pure literature are but slightly dimmed in it by the ever-present moral and civic preoccupation. It is impossible to give here

an analysis of this remarkable book, although it well deserves a detailed examination. Suffice it to say that Russia has produced few books of a greater

psychological depth and a more intimate realism. Unless all signs fail, Saltykov has come to stay in English literature.

## PEAK AND VALLEY\*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

WHAT men live for is the great familiar theme not only of the moralist, but of every serious interpreter of human life, whether he be poet or essayist or prose story-teller. The author of *Secret Bread* chooses to lay emphasis upon a different matter: what, he asks, do men live by? What feeds and strengthens them for the long journey toward their goal, whatever that goal may be? It is from this point of view that he tells the life-story of his Cornishman. Ishmael Ruan is the son of an ancient line of Cornish squires whose last representative, Ishmael's father, has let slip the decencies and generosity of his inheritance, and lived like a yokel and a miser. The family estate of Cloom has become for him merely a property to be "exploited" in the meanest spirit; he does as little as possible for the land, and squeezes his

tenants to the last drop. For years before his death he has been living with a country mistress, by whom he has had four children, two girls and two boys. She is about to bear another child when the old man, on his death-bed, takes it into his head to marry her. He does this for the deliberate purpose of legitimising the expected son, and so virtually disinheriting the woman and the elder children, for Cloom will, of course, go to his only son born in wedlock. He orders that the child shall be called Ishmael, since every hand among his kin is sure to be against him; and so the grim jester dies. The mother, who is devoted to her elder children, especially her oldest son, Archelaus, has little affection for Ishmael from the beginning; and Archelaus hates him as an usurper. Ishmael has one efficient champion, however, in the good Parson Boase, who is determined that Cloom shall regain its honours under its new master. Through his insistence the boy is sent to a good school and has the rearing of a gentleman. The land is in his blood, and he returns to Cloom as to his home and the field of his life work. He does, indeed, make over the estate and the neighbourhood; but this is not the story. Ishmael is still at odds with the mother and the older brother. The former may be ignored as an active enemy; the latter has much of the savagery and the stubbornness of the old Squire. He nearly

\* *Secret Bread*. By F. Tennyson Jesse. New York: George H. Doran Company.

*The Three Black Pennys*. By Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

*The Twilight of the Souls*. By Louis Couperus. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

*Zella Sees Herself*. By E. M. Delafield. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

*Abington Abbey*. By Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

*The Tortoise*. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company.

*The Second Fiddle*. By Phyllis Bottome. New York: The Century Company.

*The Blue Aura*. By Elizabeth York Miller. New York: Edward A. Clode.

murders Ishmael on one occasion, and thereafter he goes off to wanderings and adventures in many lands. But he always comes back often enough to keep Ishmael on tenterhooks; there is always dread in the mind of the younger that some unforeseeable catastrophe may be at hand. Meanwhile Ishmael has his own adventures, chiefly in friendship and in love. He is jilted by the heartless girl for whom he conceives his first romantic passions; with this Archelaus has nothing to do. But Ishmael's marriage with soft little Phoebe is a mockery from the outset, since, though such love as she is capable of has always belonged to Ishmael, the masterful Archelaus has had his will of her. The elder brother returns from one of his long adventures to find his mistress married to his brother—and thereby an opportunity for perfect vengeance. So the miracle of fatherhood, which dawns on Ishmael not long after, and which determines his later life, is also to be a mirage and a mockery. Archelaus's final vengeance is as nearly complete as he cares to make it. There is a good deal of bitterness in all this, of that melancholy which rests upon an habitual sense of the tears in things. Yet the abiding impression left by the book as a whole is of a large and sympathetic interpretation of human experience, though set in a minor key. What, then, is its answer to the question—what do men live by? "There's only one thing certain," says Parson Boase, early in the narrative: "That we all have something, some secret bread of our own soul, by which we live, that nourishes and sustains us." And this, Ishmael's experience shows, may be different not only, as the parson says, "for every man alive," but for every phase of individual experience. Old Ishmael, when his life has been lived, and, dying, he looks back on the course of his years, is able to sum up the whole matter as regards himself. "In his childhood he had lived by what would happen in a far golden future, in his youth by what might happen any dawning day; but in his years of manhood, and from then till he began

to feel the first oncoming of age, he had lived by what he did." Then came the years of his maturity with their round of sober duties and pleasures: "What had he lived by during those years? Not, consciously, by anything, except a mere going on and a determination to make the best of things, to get the most out of everything." Then came the steady slope of his days toward age. What had helped him along that road? "In a flash he saw what he had, all unknowingly, lived by since the decline of his powers had fallen on swiftness, and he saw it as what alone makes life bearable. He had lived by the knowledge of death, by the blessed certainty that life could not go on forever; that there must be an end to all the wanderings and the pain, to all the dulness and unsatisfied driftings, to all the joys that would otherwise fall upon sluggishness or cloy themselves. This it was that gave its fine edge to pleasure, its sweet sharpness to happiness, and their possible solace to pain and grief. He had lived as all men do, knowingly or not, by death. This was the secret bread that all men shared." But the strain does not close on this solemn cadence; at the very end it is resolved in a major chord, not loud or triumphant, but peaceful and content. For old Ishmael dimly perceives that death is not a cessation, but a going on, a new adventure toward another goal.

Uncommon as this book is in mood and quality, as well as in fitness of style, we have two American novels of the season that may fairly be matched with it. One is Ernest Poole's *His Family*, on which I have already said my enthusiastic say. The second is *The Three Black Pennys*. This also is the study of personal life and character as they are bound in family life and character. Its tone, also, is of brooding and slightly sombre meditation, relieved, before the end, by a lift of faith in the future of the race in this world and the next. Rather strangely, all three of these striking novels end with the clairvoyant vision and interpretation of an old man between the moment of his dropping communica-

tion with fellow-humanity and that of his final loss of human consciousness. The third, however, is a story of three widely separated generations. The Pennys are a family of Pennsylvanian iron founders. In colonial days they have established themselves as masters of their craft, and, for the most part, as sober and responsible members of society. But there is an odd strain in the blood which from time to time manifests itself in a "black Penny." Hundreds of years back one of the English Pennys had married a Welshwoman. To prosperous Gilbert Penny of the eighteenth century, founder of the American line, the result of that union is already an ancient tradition. "Anyone would think," he says, summing up the matter for a stranger's edification, "that such a blood, so long ago, would have spread out, been diluted, in a thick English stock like the Pennys; or at least that we would all have had a little, here and there. But nothing of the sort; it sinks entirely out of sight for two or three and sometimes four generations; and then appears solid, in one individual, as unslacked as the pure, original thing." The black Pennys are dark of skin, passionate, and unruly of nature, non-Conformists and rebels. "The last one," says Gilbert, "was burned as a heretic in Mary's day, although I believe he would have equally stayed Catholic if the affair had been the other way around. Opposition's their breath." Now the type has re-occurred once more in Gilbert's son Howat, and we are to see it running true to form and carrying forward its sinister inheritance. Howat's lawless mating, though by chance its lawless character remains concealed for several generations, is to determine the course of many lives. His own children are normal Pennys, but in his grandson Jasper, master of Myrtle Forge in the early nineteenth century, the black strain once more comes to the surface. He also is a law to himself, keeps a mistress for many years, and transmits the vigour of the race through her child rather than through the son born of his late mar-

riage. Therefore his grandson is not only the last black Penny, but the last of the direct line: the virtue has gone out of it. Another Howat Penny, he lives and dies a bachelor, an amiable and colourless dilettante, whose feeble flame of interest in life has risen highest as a sort of grand opera mania in the days of Patti and Mapleson. He sees himself before the end with melancholy clearness, as a relic, a fragment—"the ancient Welsh blood finally gathered in a cup of life before it was spilled." But the end is not yet, for the strength and the sin of old Jasper still lives in James Polder, the son of his illegitimate child, who carries also the fatal taint of his mother's vulgar blood. There is extraordinary portraiture throughout the book, which reaches its height in the interpretation of the feckless Howat's favourite cousin, the indomitable Mariana. Also upon her, the complete modern, is to fall the doom of the Pennys, through her chosen sharing, for good and ill, of the fated Polder's lot. The note of fatalism that sounds through the narrative is struck most clearly by Mariana, in her final confidence to the stricken Howat, whose hours are being prolonged by the use of oxygen: "Won't you understand, Howat," she leaned softly over him; "I need Jim as badly as he needs me; perhaps more. "If I had any superior illusions, they are all gone. I can't tell us apart. Of course, I'd like him to get on, but principally for himself. Jim, every bit of him, the drinking and tempers, and tenderness you would never suspect, is my—oxygen. I can see that you want to know if I'm happy; but I can't tell you, Howat. Perhaps that's the answer, and I am—I have a feeling of being a part of something outside personal happiness, something that has tied me and Jim together and gone on about a larger affair. You see, Howat, I wasn't consulted," she added in a more familiar impudence, "whether I was pleased or not didn't appear to matter."

Yet another story of the individual in relation to the family is that tetralogy by the Dutch novelist Couperus, *The*

*Book of the Small Souls*, of which the third part, *The Twilight of the Souls*, has just been put into English by Mr. De Mattos. 'Here once more is that Van Lowe family connection, many of whom we know so intimately already. Its straining threads are still held desperately, if no longer very firmly, by old Granny Van Lowe. Still, on Sunday evenings, the family rendezvous at their house is maintained, however perfunctorily or impatiently, by those of her subjects who are within call. But the threads are steadily lengthening and weakening. Young Emilie, having escaped from an unhappy marriage, has broken away from the home circle and traditions altogether, and in Paris, with her brother and fellow-rebel Henri, is "living her own life" in the triumphant modern fashion. The old family ways and ambitions are going by the board. The Van Lowes have never set the world on fire, but they have had a certain achievement in diplomacy, an official dignity which to the grandmother remains the norm. "The family isn't what it was," she laments. "It is a *grandeur déchuë*, my child, a regular *grandeur déchuë*. The Van Lowes were something once. There was never much money, but we didn't care about money and we always managed. But the family used to count . . . in India, at The Hague. Which of you will ever have a career like your grandpapa's, like your papa's? No, we shall never see another governor-general in the family, nor yet a cabinet minister." She still has faint hopes of young Adriaan, whose father's diplomatic career has, to be sure, been sufficiently inglorious; but here also she is to be disappointed. And she cannot see that the impulse which urges the boy to follow his bent as a healer, to fulfil himself as a physician instead of frittering himself away in diplomacy, is what marks him as the strong one of the family and its real hope. We shall look with uncommon interest for the concluding narrative, since its title, *Dr. Adriaan*, promises that we shall not be left in ignorance as to how far that hope is

realised. But this is not Adriaan's story, nor is his mother, Constance, ripened now and mistress of herself at last, the central figure. That would be Gerrit, the dragoon, who, after a boisterous youth, has married a good little wife for the sake of having children, and has not married in vain. Gerrit is a strange blend of surface health and good humour and hidden neurasthenia. He has an uneasy sense of something lacking in himself, and a lurking fear of he knows not what—perhaps ill-health, perhaps old age, perhaps some more subtle and fatal vengeance planned against him by fate. Even his fondness for his children is poisoned by the suspicion that he may have wronged them in bringing them into the world. For all his lustiness, he has certain physical reminders that he has reached the farther verge of middle age. In some vague hope of reassurance, he yields to a final flare-up of sexual passion, but it brings only disgust and disillusionment. His bodily collapse follows, and he shoots himself rather than live on as an invalid in a world which has turned to mockery under his pitiful, clumsy touch. His brother Ernst, a bachelor whose life has been the derivative life of books and art, has had one attack of insanity, and we cannot hope much for him—nor for Paul, the other bachelor brother, who has made a god of foppishness. Constance has found herself, but her way has been determined beyond remedy. In her son "Addie," who is to be Dr. Adriaan, whatever of affirmative force remains in the Van Lowe blood appears to be stored. It is a depressing chapter in the family history, yet not without its glimmer of happier light. Constance sees it as that atom, that "grain of absolute truth and reality" which even small souls may possess, and may impart to others. She herself possesses a bit of it; the boy Adriaan, it appears, possesses more.

All of these books call for a sober, inquiring mood on the part of the reader. They are books of approach and interpretation, not of diversion; and they stick very seriously to the job. But all



categories fall through when the right sort of genius puts its weight against them. So the classification of novels I was making the other day in this department, the rough division of them into novels of approach to life and novels of escape from it, cannot be pushed too far. The higher and richer form of humour is always making game of it. Here, for example, in *Zella Sees Herself*, is an extraordinary "first novel" by another new British story-teller (there seems to be an unlimited supply of them) which appears to me to be as amusing as it is edifying. It has none of that shallow brilliancy, that self-conscious cleverness, that clap-trap humour, which marks in every age the work of the tribe of gentlemen (and ladies) who write with ease. It turns a clear, warm, smiling gaze on life—that is, on whatever in life happens to be nearest to its knowledge and its heart—and interprets it to us in the very act of making us, too, smile at it. That was Jane Austen's white magic: what reader can say how much of his pleasure in her is due to the writer of social comedy, and how much to the subtle student of human character in its elements, of human action as it is the outcome of that character? I have not hesitated to say elsewhere that Miss Delafield's work takes me back, as no other book ever has, to the mood and method of the deathless Jane. Times have changed, and dress and manners with them; but how little, after all, men and women have changed. Jane Austen's own "first novel," in point of composition, may have been *Northanger Abbey*, a story to which *Zella Sees Herself* bears a rather close analogy in several respects. It was not printed till twenty years or so after it was written; wherefore was provided an "Advertisement by the Authoress," which has always seemed to me to bear quaint witness to Miss Austen's ignorance of her own quality. She has written, she thinks, a bit of satirical comedy from which time has already removed the gloss. "The public," she deprecates, "are required to

bear in mind that thirteen years have passed since it was finished, many more since it was begun, and during that period, places, manners, books, and opinions have undergone considerable changes." There is, perhaps, more ephemeral matter in *Northanger Abbey* than in any other of her stories; but how much of that human material which belongs to every period remains! Miss Delafield's *Zella* has very much in common with Miss Austen's Catherine—a silly, romantic, self-conscious child who must learn by bitter experience what her lack is before she can be set upon the way of usefulness and happiness. We do not go with her to her journey's end. At our last glimpse she is, as her chronicler says, "still on the threshold"; but at least she has won a clue to the "question of the ages: 'What is Truth?'" Time alone can unravel it. So much for the sober stuff of the story; my point is that it is brought home by the demure and penetrating humour which is the life-breath of the book: if it were a whit less amusing, it would be by so much less edifying.

Mr. Marshall's humour is more pervasive and less penetrating—good-humour primarily, one may say, heightened and fructified by insight, as well as limited by prejudice. It would be pleasant to stop talking of his resemblance to Trollope—but there it is; and it is very strong in this respect. Both are British to the backbone, stout admirers of the English squirearchy and all that it stands for, lovably snobbish in their unaffected preference for gentlemen above the populace, and for Englishmen above all others. The one moment of high decision in our amiable George Grafton's life is that in which he refuses to let his daughter Beatrix marry Lassigny. That gentleman, though a French Marquis, is only half French by birth; has the manner and accomplishments and habits of an Englishman, and has been Grafton's more than tolerated guest for some time. But marriage—no! cries Grafton, the father; no daughter of his shall marry a for-

eigner. French people do not have the same ideas about love and marriage; who knows what de Lassigny may not have done, or may not be about to do, in the way of sex? Well, we think, this is absurd, and, of course, Mr. Marshall means it to be: Beatrix and Lassigny love each other rightly, and will have each other when the good George comes to his senses. Far from it!—for Lassigny, being exiled for six months on probation, shows how French and unreliable he really is by marrying another: Q. E. D. The truth is, Mr. Marshall does not go very deep into the springs of human character and action. Good form, nice feeling, pleasant living within the trim hedges and smooth lawns of England's better sort are his chosen themes. Let there be certain foils, to be sure; poor Lassigny, doomed in his foreign cradle; the outrageous Vicar, whose moral paltriness is of a piece with his lowly origin. Certain unhappy omens may be hinted at also; presages of the world struggle which is to decimate the sacred legions of county society; portents of industrial and social changes—and upthrust from beneath, threatening the safe authority and content of the Abington Abbeys of old England. But it is to the ancient order that his fancy clings; and in the spectacle of that ancient order, still at its ease, still on its hillock, he provides a grateful retreat from the turmoil of the present. His is a fiction of escape, of a singularly friendly and gracious sort, the vision of a quiet valley for us who are doomed to toil, breathless and often disheartened, among the stormy peaks of this our life.

Some such vision, also, is that which Mr. Benson is wont to offer us. His pleasant England, however, is of the village neighbourhood rather than the "county" aristocracy. Property and the social plane mean less to him than simple human nature as touched with personal whimsy and coloured by environment. His Honourable Mrs. Heaton, who is unable to forget that she is daughter of a peer, and exercises a sort of *ex officio* authority as "invalid Empress of

Lambton," is one of the two persons in the present book to be drawn with a pen dipped in acid. For the most part, these friends and neighbours form an affectionate as well as close corporation for the conduct of the business of living; and the hand of satire with which Mr. Benson touches their foibles and quaintnesses is a gentle one. Teddy, the belated youth who at forty has not begun to live, is a delightful portrait. He is the "tortoise" who, for all his sloth, is, after one desperate snatching at the vanished ecstasy of youth, to find quiet happiness in the person of his old "pal" Daisy, waiting at his side. His mother the Honourable is a rather dreadful person, a lifelong "mollusc," toned down by a sort of death-bed repentance. The other members of the neighbourhood group are painted with deliciously good-humoured satire. The best of them all is Daisy's sister Marion, her labours as the literary genius of the community being not more absurd than her nature is doughty and loyal. Excellent also are the young pair who set the aging dwellers of Lambton to emulating their youthfulness, and are so blamelessly and hopelessly beyond emulation. This is a far better story than *The Oakleyites*, in which similar material was handled with less spontaneity and freshness. Mr. Benson has no idea or "message" to convey unless it be that the humours of ourselves and our neighbours are among the best sources of refreshment the Lord has given us, and that beneath them, we may flatter ourselves, there wells many a pure fountain of kind feeling and honest purpose. *The Second Fiddle* is a story of not dissimilar quality and virtue. It is a novel of sentiment dealing with the remoulding of an Englishman who has been crippled by the war and who, to begin with, has turned inward upon himself, in a mood of bitterness and despair. Of the three women in his life, one, his betrothed, is a butterfly who, though she professes determination to carry out her engagement, is none too secretly repelled by his physical plight and takes the first decent chance to make

her escape. The second is his mother, a woman of great character and sweetness, who is yet unable to rouse him from his despair or supply him with the healing interest he needs. The third, the girl Stella, has met and secretly fallen in love with him before his disaster. To her, at last, the opportunity comes to serve him, at first as friend and companion and eventually, when she has broken down his pride and his misgivings of the future, as his wife. The tale is told with Miss Bottome's customary fluency and charm: Stella stands out as the living and original characteri-

sation of the book. I have space, perhaps, to name one more story of graceful and unaffected sentiment, *The Blue Aura*, the tale of a little Cockney dancer and two mountebanks about whom is spun a web of romance as delicate, and certainly as uninvolved in vulgarity or squalor, as any that enmeshes the Graftons of Mr. Marshall or the Wheatons of Mr. Benson. Theirs, it is true, was a glamour for which another pair of eyes were needed than such as may have been sharpened by the traditions of the shires or the villages of England.

# FOR THE YOUNG AND THE LESS YOUNG

BY JOHN WALCOTT

PUBLISHERS and editors have a convenient way of lumping together all books not plainly addressed to grown-ups, under the convenient heading of "juvenile," or "for the young." It is a handy way of partitioning off what has come to be a very large fraction of every season's "output." But it leaves a good deal of further groping and fumbling to be done by the fathers and the uncles, the sisters and the cousins and the aunts, who are after something in particular to please, or to doctor, the tastes of their own particular youngsters. I am going to try a little classifying for their benefit.

To begin with, of course, there is that stout and natural inner partition between the books for children and the books for adolescents. A child of six is far more radically different from a boy or girl of sixteen than the latter anomalous creature is from a grown-up; and the sixteen-year-old gets the worst of the comparison both ways. The soul of youth is a free-flowering plant, but its blossoming time is early and brief, and then for a season it runs to root and vine,—making its growth, no doubt, but a homely thing in the meanwhile. We have all seen (have all experienced, only we have forgotten it) that strange and rather pitiful withering and closing of a child's imagination, so fresh-coloured and sweet-odoured by nature, as boyhood or girlhood lay their contemptuous hands upon it. "Only make-believe," "all rot," "perfectly silly,"—so runs the judgment of adolescence upon the rich imaginative activity of childhood. If it survives, it must keep its secret in a world which, more than any later world, exalts and worships conventional trifles as the only things to live for.

A very beautiful thing in itself, at all events; and the touchstone I would apply to every book done for children is

the word imagination. A sadly abused word that is. When I use it, let me say that I do not mean mere play, or make-believe, or fancy, but the real thing, creative imagination, the thing we adore in the Arabian Nights and the immortal Grimm, and Hans Andersen. In general we may look to find among the children's books of any season a few books of true imaginative quality, a great many books of mere ingenuity or fancy, and an increasing number of books of useful information made palatable in one way or another to the infant mind. But you say, there are infants and infants: well, for the sake of convenience, let us divide them into tots and shavers—children of three to five, and children of six to ten—at which latter age the shades of the prison-house are already closing about them, they begin to be consciously boys and girls, and childhood uncomfortably dwindles and vanishes into adolescence.

Two simple and charming books for tots are the *Girls and Boys* and *Our Children*, of Anatole France (Duffield). The first of these little French classics was issued in English some years ago, its companion volume is but now available. They recognise the principle that little children respond most happily not to cleverness but to simplicity. In a sense nothing happens in these tiny tales—nothing but the way of the child, which is the main thing to him. Boutet de Monvel's pictures are of course quite as important as the text. At the other extreme of tot literature is *Happifats and the Grouch*, by Kate Jordan (Dutton), a restlessly ingenious and relentlessly humorous fable concerning a sort of family of human "kewpies," who disport themselves killingly from beginning to end of the series of elaborately meaningless adventures to which their in-

ventor dooms them. I do not say that children are not amused by this kind of thing, but I do say that it is a paltry and mentally debasing form of amusement, akin, in essence, to that of the "funny page" of the Sunday supplements. I think it also a misguided ingenuity that chooses to tell its tales of child-life under the guise of animal stories. Far be it from me to challenge the shades of Æsop and Fontaine!—the animal fable in its purity is an immortal delight to the child mind. A new illustrated edition of *Nights with Uncle Remus* (Houghton Mifflin) bears witness to an unexhausted joy in the real thing,—which is an elementary interpretation of life in terms to arrest and enchant the childish imagination. But to take a set of animals and dress them up in trousers or pinafores and put them through the paces of some trivial childish action, is to stultify both human and animal nature; I can but feel that its tendency is to confuse and besot the heaven-born fancy of childhood, instead of feeding and enlarging it,—even when it is so gracefully done as in the *Two Little Mice and Others*, of Katharine Pyle (Dodd, Mead). A fine example of the simpler and more sincere method of interpreting nature for childish readers is *Under the Blue Sky*, by Zoe Meyer (Little, Brown). These minute stories of the lives of birds and flowers and the common animals and insects are told so simply that they should be read easily by a seven-year-old; but they are beautifully told, with a touch of the artless grace and poetic feeling of the master Andersen himself.

*The Topaz Story Book* (Duffield) is an excellent compilation of stories, sketches, and verses dealing with the autumn season, drawn from the good sources, chiefly American. There is plenty of wholesome fare in it for both tots and shavers, and nothing, or next to nothing, of the artificial "dope" too frequently offered as a substitute and successfully passed off in the confusion of the market-place,—as, for instance, in too much of the material in *John Martin's*

*Annual*, and in all elaborate commercial juvenilism, under whatever name.

It is a short step, in the child consciousness, from the natural magic of the woods and fields and their feathery and furry dwellers, to the supernatural magic of fairyland,—indeed, to the littler ones, the one magic is as natural as the other. Both are to be found abundantly in *The Red Indian Fairy Book*, by Frances Jenkins Alcott (Houghton Mifflin). For a generation the bookseller's shelves have groaned with fairy books of all colours and sizes. Most of them, stripped of their paper decorations and boiled down, are found to yield a few drops drawn from the inexhaustible fountains of Arabia or Greece, or the great northern reservoir of folk-tales that bears the tablet of the Brothers Grimm. The old stories may well bear retelling for each generation; but if they are to be treated with the reverence that is their due, they ought to be retold only for the purpose of remoulding them for a new audience, and not of rehashing them for a new market. Miss Alcott has a real love and a real inspiration for her task. Her re-treatment of materials from the *Arabian Nights* more than justified itself. In the present book she has made a more distinct and original contribution to child-lore. From many sources she has gathered and adapted such Indian legends as have been suitable for her purpose. That she has a purpose, is frankly admitted: "In retelling, all that is coarse, fierce, and irrational has been eliminated as far as possible, and the moral and fanciful elements retained" (I wish she had said "imaginative" instead of "moral and fanciful"). At the same time she has eschewed stock sentimentalisms falsely attributed to the Indians—notably all allusions to the "Great Spirit" and the "Happy Hunting-Ground," of which conceptions not a trace is to be found in the aboriginal mythology. She is to be praised especially for telling her tales without the least attempt at cleverness or quaintness. This is in refreshing contrast with such books as *More Fairy Tale Plays*, by Marguerite Merington

(Duffield). Who, I wonder, has read, not to say acted, the several earlier volumes of similar stuff by this writer? Surely not the children, of their own choice. These so-called plays take in vain the names of immortal treasures like "Puss in Boots," "Hansel and Gretel," and "The Three Bears." They contain very little action and hardly a line of sincere dialogue; its lines being far-fetched and facetious talk,—most of it (thank Heaven) well over the heads or under the feet of children. Listen to the humour of the Dog in "Puss in Boots"—listen and pass on: "What! Because he's ruined, disinherited, would you have me drop our traditional little Capulet-and-Montagu vendetta, let our Campbell-Macdonald feud lapse into innocuous desuetude?" The *Plays, Pantomimes, and Tableaux for Children*, by Nora Archibald Smith (Moffat, Yard), show how this kind of material may be, and is being, treated by people who know how to write for children and not merely at and around them. Of the five plays the first and longest is a little comedy in modern setting, three others are original wonder-plays of delicate charm, and the fifth is really a tiny masque. The pantomimes and tableaux that follow deal with old fairy themes or with the elementary mythology of occasion, and the Christmas tableaux with which the little volume concludes are varied and "practicable."

*In Santa Claus' House*, by Florence Irwin (Little, Brown), and *All Aboard for Wonderland*, by Helen O. Kingsbury (Moffat, Yard), are cheerfully told and not too ingenious yarns of the kind that connect outlandish marvels with everyday experience. *All Aboard for Wonderland* chronicles the dream-adventures of certain young Americans who, like the immortal Alice, find entry to the land of enchantment through the door of sleep. *In Santa Claus' House* purports to give the real though marvellous experience of a little girl who finds her way, with the aid of a compass, to the North Pole and the dwelling of Santa Claus, where she makes herself

very useful, and is suitably rewarded. Strictly speaking, these are simply pleasant stories, capably made, out of whole cloth, to supply a demand. A book of far greater originality and spontaneity is *When Daddy Was a Boy*, by Thomas Wood Parr (Little, Brown). It is a transcript, or arrangement, of one of Daddy's reminiscences; stories of a Southern childhood recalled for the amusement of a child city-bound in the North. "There probably never was a father," says Mr. Parr in his modest Preface, "who did not have to face the demand, 'Daddy, tell me a story about when you were a little boy.' And there probably never was a boy who did not find a story about his own father's boyhood more fascinating than any other." A book of similar character, the childhood memories of a grandfather recalled for the benefit of his small grandson, is *Stories for Any Day*, by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey (Pilgrim Press). There is a gusto about these unaffected chronicles that proves their fascination for the story-tellers themselves. So also must Charles Kingsley have delighted in the web of fancy he spun for his littlest son when he wrote *The Water Babies*. It is not "written down" to children, there is much in it the child-reader merely gropes for. But that was not a day when people thought everything must be predigested for childish assimilation, and the story has the very spirit of childhood. The coloured illustrations in the latest reprint (Lippincott) are worthy of the text, and would, I think, have delighted Kingsley himself. It is a sheer pity that Sidney Lanier could not have lived to see the beautiful pictures in colour with which N. C. Wyeth has adorned the new edition of *The Boy's King Arthur* (Scribner). This version of the Arthurian story is still to be commended for a dignity and beauty not to be found in other handlings of the material. The reader need only compare it, for example, with *The Story of King Arthur and His Knights*, by the late Howard Pyle (it was published some fifteen years ago). That instinct which guided the author-artist in his fine treat-

ment of the Robin Hood legend fairly deserted him when he came to the romance of the Round Table. Malory was his source as well as Lanier's, but instead of compacting and conveying that noble music as Lanier does, Pyle made it the basis of a strange pseudo-archaic jargon of his own. *The Boy's King Arthur* contains only a few of the Malory episodes, but those the greatest,—the most moving or the most inspiring. I could wish that this book might be used in our schools alongside those Tennysonian "Idylls" which, after all, present a modernised and denatured and not altogether wholesome rendering of the mighty legend. In *Epics and Romances of the Middle Ages*, and *Asgard and the Gods*, by W. Wagner (Dutton), (now, after many years, reprinted in English), boyhood may find a great storehouse of Northern myth and fable. Such imaginative records of the remote past form, it may be said, a natural bridge between fairy-lore and history proper—if there is such a thing as history proper!

There is, fortunately, a growing movement in the direction of giving history a meaning and interest for children such as cannot be compassed by formal lectures and text-books. A good example of the kind of thing that is being done, and done successfully, is *Stories for the History Hour*, by Nannie Niemeyer (Dodd, Mead). These are stories to be told to children, not read by them. They are not chosen because they happen to be amusing in themselves, but because, as the author believes, each of them should add some distinctive item to the child's understanding of the progress of the race. Their purpose is "to put the most important historic truth which a child can comprehend into a form which a child can understand. For instance, "the Roman Empire was greatest as a governor of provinces. . . . Hence I have chosen the story of Trajan and Decebalus, and rejected the story of the coronation of Charlemagne." The tales range in time from the first to the tenth century, and should do much to interpret that dark period to the childish imagina-

tion. Modern history has also its numerous aids of similar kind. Two books of the sort are *American History for Little Folks*, by A. F. Blaisdell and F. K. Ball (Little, Brown), the simplest possible retelling of familiar episodes in the story of America, from Columbus to Lincoln; and *Children's Book of Patriotic Stories: The Spirit of '76*, by A. D. and H. W. Dickinson (Doubleday), which is a compilation of such short stories by well-known American writers in which the flag waves and the eagle screams with uncommon emphasis—a book confessedly more patriotic than historical, since the seeker of sober truth does not interpret the year '76 quite in the spirit of '76. A wholesome book for reading by Northern children might be *The Life of Robert E. Lee for Boys and Girls*, by J. G. de R. and M. T. Hamilton, Southern authors who, without waving the bloody shirt, do not hesitate to say, "To-day, in the cool light of history, there can be found no room for doubt of the historical and constitutional right of secession." Several very good historical tales of a more extended kind are offered to boyish readers. *The Blue Heron's Feather*, by Rupert Sargent Holland (Lippincott), is sufficiently described in its subtitle, "The Story of a Dutch Boy in the American Colony of New Netherland." It is a spirited story of that ancient colony which was yet only a foothold in the Indian country, and the Mohawks and Algonquins play a large part in the action. *The Lure of the Mississippi*, by D. Lange, a veteran teller of Indian stories, has to do with the adventures of two boys during the uprising of the Sioux in Minnesota, in the early sixties. The boy-figure in *Opening the West With Lewis and Clark*, by Edwin L. Sabin, is a white lad who has been kidnapped by the Indians and joins the famous expedition as an uninvited guest. He is hardly more than a peg for the chart of history to hang upon. *Vanguards of the Plains* (Harper) is a story of the Santa Fé trail in the romantic days of that link between the new West and the old Southwest: more specifically,

the adventures of three children on a journey from Fort Leavenworth to Santa Fé at the beginning of the Mexican War. It contains plenty of hairbreadth 'scapes, Indian fighting, and the like, but spares no pains in bringing to life that dramatic episode of the national history of which these incidents are merely an illustrative part.

Much is doing also in the way of making the history of nature interesting for children. Several notable books are on the lists of American publishers this season. Foremost comes the first English version of *The Story Book of Science*, by Jean Henri Fabre (Century)—a book which has run through a score of editions in the French, and now fairly ranks as a classic in its kind. It takes the form of a series of conversations between an Uncle Paul and his group of intelligent little nephews and nieces; and covers, in its apparently easy yet thoroughgoing way, a vast number of themes in natural history and physical science. As it happens, we have less need than usual of importing a masterpiece in this difficult field, since I think we have one of our own in *The World's Wonder Stories*, by Adam Gowans Whyte (Putnam). It is an extraordinary little book, written in a style of unaffected simplicity, a natural talking style, and dealing with the history not only of the physical universe, but of the moral and spiritual nature of man. I have tried the experiment of reading parts of it to a child of barely seven, and have found him greatly interested and able to follow its meaning without painful effort. It is that rare thing, a book written for children without being in some sense written down to them,—and therefore a delight to the reader of any age. Not less successful in its slighter way is *Little Star-Gazers*, by Julia A. Schwartz (Stokes). In the guise of four little stories, it shows what the stars may have meant to a child of ancient Egypt, a child of classical Greece, and a child of the Italian Renaissance; and what they should mean to a modern child.

And here we leave the imaginative lore of childhood for the brass tacks of adolescence, for the schoolboy and schoolgirl with their relatively rigid codes and inhibitions. We grown-ups have been recently convulsed by the humorous interpretations of this salad world in Mr. Tarkington's *Seventeen* and Mrs. Rinehart's *Bab: a Sub-Deb*. But have you chanced to note the rueful grin with which a real Bab or Willie Baxter scans those delightful and too-revealing records?—the relief with which they turn to the latest number of *St. Nicholas*, or the latest "corker" by Mr. Ralph Henry Barbour? Humanity in the sprout takes itself with deadly seriousness, and it behooves those who cater for its favour to do likewise. Hence the vast and steady production of a literature which makes a point of seeing youth as it sees itself. Hence this great company of young Britomarts of home and boarding-school, or Paladins of camp and gridiron; of maidens who teach their mothers to be good and true and above all efficient, of youths who avenge themselves against their tyrannical guardians or inappreciative sires by deeds of uniformly remarkable cleverness and heroism.

Mr. Barbour has a simpler and, let us gratefully admit, more wholesome recipe. Youth on its own is his theme rather than youth against age. He writes as any boy of the football age would like to write and might write if he were only articulate. Just now he is working his way methodically through the line-up, so that after *Left End Edwards*, *Left Tackle Thayer*, and *Left Guard Gilbert*, we have naturally arrived at *Center Rush Rowland*, and we have the right side of the line to look forward to in the near future. Heroes all! "Centre Rush Rowland" is a Down East youngster who comes to a great school, to be at first its butt by reason of his crudity, and at last its idol by virtue of his prowess. To read such a book properly, one must get himself into the enviable and single-minded mood in which, let us say, he takes his



seat in some great bowl or stadium, to watch the season's decisive event upon the modern field of academic glory. . . . Next to the hero of term-time comes the hero of the holidays, next to the glory of the arena, the glory of the open. Another veteran spinner of yarns for boys now provides a new (but quite regularly arranged) thrill, in *The Young Loggers, or The Gray Axeman of Mt. Crow*, by Hugh Pendexter (Small, Maynard), there being spirited and not altogether friendly business between said loggers and said axeman. Mr. Barbour, I should have said, shows himself perfectly at home in the open, as often before, with *The Adventure Club Afloat* (Dodd, Mead), a tale of a baker's dozen of schoolboys who have suitable adventures in a pair of small craft along the New England coast. The almost simultaneous appearance of *The Venture Boys Afloat*, by Howard R. Garis (Harper), suggests that there should be some sort of Bureau of Titles where authors may file the proposed labels of their forthcoming works. The "venture boys" are three: faring Southward in a motor yacht of some size, they turn a summer vacation to good account by visiting historic coastal points, South, and salvaging a derelict of price. To win treasure against odds is, after all, the great game, the great dream of boyhood. Before they land the destined prize, the two boy-adventurers of *The Treasure of Mushroom Rock*, by Sidford F. Hamp, are adequately bothered by privations and perils which the boy reader will enjoy comfortably as, after all, only paper thrills. I think the boyish fancy works rather like the consciousness of the dreamer who is reassuringly, if obscurely, aware that it does not matter what he does or what happens to him, because he is only dreaming, after all. So with the Canadian lads of *Northern Diamonds* (Frank Leslie Pollock: Houghton Mifflin), who go holidaying after treasure into the frozen wilds of the North; they ought to die a dozen times, and that is a pleasing thought purely, since we know mighty well they *would not* die.

Every educator thankfully recognises the fact that you can "put anything over on" a boy if you can only turn it into a game. The most triumphant illustration of this principle is the Boy Scout movement—the golden rule as romance, virtue as a sport! What good form this new game has become is brought home not only by the yard of khaki on everybody's hearth, but by the now well-established department of Scout literature. Quite naturally the author of *Pete, the Cow-Puncher*, and *The Treasure of the Canyon*, turns his hand to *Under Boy Scout Colors* (Joseph B. Ames: Century), knowing that the adventures of his town lads in the pursuit of sacrifice and service may be made quite as exciting and satisfying to the modern boy as the pursuit of gold or even of the deciding touchdown. It is a fine sign of the times—that the ideal of the knight without fear or reproach should have actually penetrated into the stubborn texture of boy-life, and made itself comfortable there. Mr. Ames's story, "published with the approval of the Boy Scouts of America," is a good and wholesome tale of its kind. But nothing could better illustrate the difference between the fiction *for* youth and the fiction *of* youth, than to place this narrative beside the group of tales by the late Richard Harding Davis which the publishers have called *The Boy Scout and Other Stories for Boys*. Neither the phrase "for boys," nor the picture on the cover of three earnest and heroic youths in scout uniform, glaring at space, really suggests the character of these tales. Davis (it is a platitude) never lost his boyishness; but, after all, he became a man, and these stories of boyhood are touched with the tender humour of maturity interpreting immaturity. They are for readers of any age, boys included, which is to say that they are not the special sort of pabulum (I will not say "dope") provided in the books I have just been talking of. In connection with boy scouting may be mentioned *The Dot Signal Book*, which shows an easy way of learning the "wig-wag" code; and in connection with boys in the large, a lib-

erally illustrated *Boys' Book of Sports* (Century) which is edited by Grantland Rice, and made up of chapters contributed by experts in every field of sport, from baseball to aquaplaning.

Thus I arrive, not too confidently, at the threshold of girl-fiction; for I have been a child and a boy but never as yet (the prophets of soul-migration do not deny me hopes) a girl. There appears to be a stepping-stone in *Mystery Tales for Boys and Girls* (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard), a collection of classical mystery-yarns from several tongues. The collector, Elva S. Smith, is connected with the Carnegie Library at Pittsburgh, and has, she says, prepared this book to meet a steady demand for this kind of thing from the youth of both sexes. To tell the truth, this has rather surprised me, as I had supposed that the glamour of the spookish and mysterious was for boys almost exclusively. Further evidence to the contrary would be several mystery-stories of the present season written professedly for girls. It may perhaps safely be said that boys prefer the mechanical side of mystery, the business of formal detection, while girls like its more purely romantic element. Miss Wells's *Two Little Women on a Holiday* (there seem to be four little women in the action) involves the visit to New York of certain maidens, whose host, uncle of two of them, is a rich man and a famous collector. As rich man he enfolds them in luxuries, motors and servants and all the rest, in which, girl-like, they exult. As collector, he objects to the disappearance of a priceless jewel from his hoard. They are all possible objects of suspicion, of course, and having put them in that box, it is the author's business to get them out of it. The writer of *The Girl Next Door* has, I gather, written several other mystery tales for girls. This one involves a shuttered house, a veiled lady, and a lonely little maid. The solution is simple enough, but the way in which it is arrived at is romantically (not mechanically) intricate. The several girls in the story are really nice little human crea-

tures: Miss Wells's, to be frank, are merely "flappers," of giggles, dress, and ego all compact. I am not sure which type the girl-reader, in the mass, likes the better, but I am quite sure which it would be the better for her to like.

After all, the gap between boyhood and girlhood is not what it was in those humourous days of my youth when co-education was looked upon as a dubious experiment and kissing-games as a natural institution. Maids are no longer to be denied all the fun their brothers enjoy. Witness such a story for girls as *Winona of Camp Karonya*, by Margaret Widdemer (Lippincott). Winona is, of course, a Camp Fire Girl, and her Karonya yields nothing of dignity or glory to that neighbouring encampment of Scouts which affords a fitting complement of nice boys to companion (no, not champion!) these very wholesome and attractive girls. There is a little mystery to be solved here also, but the main thing is less the plot than the atmosphere of unselfishness and right feeling with which, without sentimental strain, the writer surrounds her story. Equally well intended, though not equally free from strain, is the mood of *Adventures in Girlhood*, by Temple Bailey (Penn Publishing)—not a story, but a series of papers offering admonition and advice to maidens on the verge of womanhood in matters of taste and conduct. On the whole, the one book for girls (perhaps girls will think it a book for children)—the one girls' story of the season which seems to have the qualities that make for permanence—Miss Alcott's qualities, say, of warm feeling, golden common sense, and ease and simplicity of style—is Dorothy Canfield's little story of a nine-year-old girl who is pulled out of her city sensitiveness and egotism and made healthy and happy on a farm. *Understood Betsy* (Holt) should stand the test of the higher order of writing for the young, since it should interest such of the old and the middle-old as have succeeded in adding certain other things to youth, without altogether losing its courage or its sensibility.

# THE BOOKMAN RECOMMENDS

*In this department the editors each month endeavour to select from among the previous month's publications those volumes in each classification which seem in their opinion to be most worthy of recommendation to BOOKMAN readers. The editors will be happy to answer any questions in their power regarding these books and indeed regarding any books concerning which BOOKMAN readers may desire information.*

## Art

**Historic Silver of the Colonies and Its Makers.** By Francis Hill Bigelow. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$6.00.

An exhaustive treatment of the work of the colonial silversmiths, many pieces of which are "little monuments of American history."

**Interpreters and Interpretations.** By Carl Van Vechten. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.50.

Intimate papers portraying great musical artists, together with some interpretative essays in which the author makes revolutionary inroads into musical criticism.

**Rodin, the Man and His Art.** With leaves from his note-book. Compiled by Judith Cladel and translated by S. K. Star. With introduction by James Huneker and illustrated with photographs.

An authoritative discussion of the career and work of the great sculptor, with leaves from his note-book, and forty-seven admirable illustrations from photographs.

**Creators of Decorative Styles.** By Walter A. Dyer. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. Sixty-four pages of illustrations. \$3.00.

A discussion of period styles, approached through the personalities of the great masters, from Inigo Jones to Sheraton.

## Biography

**Joseph H. Choate.** By Theron G. Strong. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. With many illustrations. \$3.00.

An authorised and extraordinarily interesting biographical sketch of Mr. Choate's career as a lawyer, citizen, and statesman.

**Uncollected Letters of Abraham Lincoln.** Collected by Gilbert A. Tracy, with an introduction by Ida M. Tarbell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

A valuable addition to Lincolniana in the form of three hundred letters, only a few of which have ever before been published.

**The Life of Abraham Lincoln.** Vol. 2. New edition with new matter. By Ida M. Tarbell. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$5.00 per set. In addition to the authentic biography of seventeen years ago, the book contains an estimate of the position of Lincoln as a world figure fifty years after his death.

**The Life of Augustin Daly.** By Joseph Francis Daly. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$4.00.

The tale of America's greatest theatrical manager by a man who had an intimate knowledge of the New York stage in the middle nineteenth century; of interest, too, are the anecdotes and letters of celebrated literary people, especially the new Edwin Drood material.

**The Early Life of Robert Southey, 1774-1803.** By William Haller, Columbia University. Columbia University Studies in English and Comparative Literature. New York: Columbia University Press. A monograph which presents in interesting form a valuable contribution to knowledge.

**Francis Joseph and His Court.** From the Memoirs of Count Roger De Resseguier (son of Francis Joseph's Court Chamberlain). By Herbert Vivian, M.A. With sixteen illustrations from photographs. New York: John Lane Company.

An interesting and intimate narrative purporting to present the first authentic account of the tragedy of Meyerling.

**Life and Letters of George Inness.** By George Inness, Jr. New York: The Century Company. Thirty-two full-page illustrations. \$4.00.

The authorised biography of the greatest landscape artist of America by his son; it combines the intimacy of a delightful personal chronicle and the authority of a critical estimate by a recognised master of the craft.

**Years of My Youth.** William Dean Howells. New York: Harper and Brothers. Illustrated. \$2.50.

A delightful contribution to American literary biography—not a mere narrative of facts, but the early impressions and influences which went to make both the writer and the man.

**The Life and Letters of Robert Collyer, 1823-1912.** By John Haynes Holmes. In two volumes. Illustrated. \$5.00. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The inspiring story of the dramatic life of a famous divine, for thirty-three years pastor of the Church of the Messiah, New York City.

**Benjamin Franklin Self-Revealed.** A Biographical and Critical Study Based Mainly on His Own Writings. By William Cabell Bruce. Two volumes, with portraits. \$6.00.

An exhaustive and authoritative work, popularising a large amount of biographical material hitherto inaccessible to the reader,

Life and Letters of Maggie Benson. By Arthur C. Benson. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.50.

A story of the daughter of a talented house, written by her brother, Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge.

#### Drama

The Insurgent Theatre. By Thomas H. Dickinson. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$1.25.

A full discussion and orientation of departures from tradition on the American stage, with catalogue and appendix.

Mrs. Fiske. Her Views on the Stage Recorded. By Alexander Woollcott. New York: The Century Company. \$2.00.

Some table-talks recorded out of the long memory of the dramatic critic of the *New York Times*, some reprinted from the *Century Magazine* and others hitherto unpublished.

Sacrifice and Other Plays. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

Four new plays by an author whose dramatic work is already regarded as a valuable addition to dramatic literature.

The Little Theatre in the United States. By Constance D'Arcy Mackay. New York: Henry Holt and Company. Illustrated. \$2.00.

The first book on the Little Theatres (there are nearly sixty) in the United States, with a sketch of their ancestry, full descriptions, index, and illustrations of buildings, scenes, etc.

Problems of the Playwright. By Clayton Hamilton. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$1.60.

The most interesting and varied of Mr. Hamilton's three books on the theatre.

#### Ethics

The Dynamic of Manhood. By Luther H. Gulick, M.D. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.00.

The author, a popular writer on practical ethics, treats the various hungers of the human heart scientifically and humanly, showing their satisfaction to be as essential to human efficiency as bodily food is.

Utopia of Usurers. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: Boni and Liveright. \$1.25.

The author, a social protestant, analyses the utopia of hard-headed business men—how they are going to arrange their paradise, what they are going to do with art, science, religion, and other human institutions.

#### Essays

The Light Beyond. By Maurice Maeterlinck. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.00.

A collection of essays, already published, on the future life, in which the author dips into the mysterious realms of spiritualism, telepathy, and predictions of the future.

Christmas and the Year Round. By Doctor Frank Crane. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.00.

The latest book of this inspiring author, with the wisdom and human quality that make him widely popular.

#### Fiction

The Tortoise. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.50.

A serio-comic satire on the tyranny of small things, dealing with the affairs of certain Sussex gentle-folk.

Priest of the Ideal. By Stephen Graham. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$1.60.

A first novel, dealing with a mystic and a materialist, out of which association grows a series of incidents significant in its bearing on contemporary life.

The White Ladies of Worcester. By Florence L. Barclay. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A story, by the author of *The Rosary*, of events developing from the return of the hero from a crusade to find his fiancée had entered a convent.

A Sheaf of Bluebells. By Baroness Orczy. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.35.

A romance of France in the days of Bonaparte.

How Could You, Jean? By Eleanor Hoyt-Brainerd. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg. \$1.35.

An amusing novel along comedy lines by the author of *The Misdemeanors of Nancy*.

A Reversible Santa Claus. By Meredith Nicholson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Frontispiece and decorations. \$1.00.

A Christmas story of mysterious surprises and joyful holiday spirit, by the author of *The House of a Thousand Candles*, narrating the adventures of a burglar who reformed on Christmas Eve.

His Last Bow. Some Later Reminiscences of Sherlock Holmes. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.35.

The war has caused Mr. Holmes to lay his powers at the disposal of the government, with the historical results recounted in the eight adventures of *His Last Bow*.

A Change of Air. By Katherine Fullerton Gerould. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

A novel story dealing with the adventures of a varied group of persons who, by the generosity of an heiress, are left free to follow their own bent.

Abington Abbey. By Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.

Another story of English country life by the novelist whose skill in characteris-

- ing the country gentle-folk has given him the name among leading men of letters of the second Anthony Trollope.
- The Modern Library. Translated by Constance Garnett. Fathers and Sons. By Ivan Turgenev. New York: Boni and Liveright. 60 cents.
- The greatest of Turgenev's novels, whose hero is the first "nihilist" in Russian literature or life—a book marking an epoch in the literary history of Russia.
- The Deserter. By Richard Harding Davis. With an introduction by John T. McCutcheon. New York: Charles Scribner's. 50 cents.
- Mr. Davis's last story, in book form, has a patriotic value for this time.
- Brought Forward. By R. B. Cunningham Graham. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.35.
- Tales of two continents, by the author who is called the Goya of letters because of the unique colour and rhythm of his prose.
- 13 Rue Du Bondiable. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.35.
- A new kind of detective story which gives in the beginning the details of the murder of the charming French girl's uncle as he is about to present her with birthday pearls, the interest centring about the efforts of the detectives to arrive at a solution.
- Sheridan's Twins. By Sidford F. Hamp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.25.
- A story of frontier life, following the stirring adventures of two brothers who win their way through courage and brawn.
- Memories. By Alma Newton. New York: Duffield and Company. \$1.00.
- A revelation of woman's intimate love and of the inner feelings aroused by disappointment.
- A Hazard of New Fortunes. The Modern Library. By William Dean Howells. New York: Boni and Liveright. 60 cents.
- A new edition of this greatest novel of America's greatest novelist, in the opinion of many.
- Ann Veronica. The Modern Library. By H. G. Wells. New York: Boni and Liveright. 60 cents.
- A new edition of a well-known love story written when the author was still an unqualified radical.
- Mary, Mary. The Modern Library. By James Stephens. New York: Boni and Liveright. 60 cents.
- A new edition of a delightful story by the Irish writer.
- The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard. The Modern Library. By Anatole France. New York: Boni and Liveright. 60 cents. Translation and introduction by Lafcadio Hearne.
- New edition of a story which has the fine characterisation of all the work of this great modern French author.
- Missing. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. Frontispiece in colour. \$1.50.
- Mrs. Ward's first novel of the Great War, and an intense study in feeling, dealing with events developing from a call to the front of a husband leaving a bride of three weeks.
- Sentiment. By Vincent O'Sullivan. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. \$1.50.
- The American novelist, who has recently returned from twenty years in England, follows *The Good Girl* with a whimsical and diverting story.
- The Twilight of the Souls. By Louis Couperus. Translated by Alexander Teixeira De Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.
- The third volume of the Small Soul Series by the noted Dutch novelist who has been proclaimed by the critics a new Romain Rolland.
- Ommirandy. Plantation Life at Kingsmill. By Armistead C. Gordon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated by Walter Biggs. \$1.35.
- A reconstruction story reflecting intimate experiences of the author, dealing with days following the Civil War.
- A Country Child. By Grant Showerman. New York: The Century Company. \$1.75.
- A new departure in fiction, being a narration in the inimitable boy style of "A Country Chronicle" of a child's life in a pioneer home a generation ago.
- Extricating Obadiah. By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton and Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.
- A romance of a Cape Cod cabin boy, now fallen heir to a fortune—a situation full of Lincoln humour.
- The Forfeit. By Ridgewell Cullum. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs and Company. \$1.35.
- A ranch story of Montana, centring around the "Lightfoot Rustlers."
- Rothschild's Fiddle. The Modern Library Series. By Anton Chekov. New York: Boni and Liveright, Inc. 60 cents.
- A collection of fourteen stories, among which are some of the best tales of this author, both in his serious and in his lighter vein.
- Madame Bovary. The Modern Library. By Gustave Flaubert. Translated by Eleanor Marx Aveling. New York: Boni and Liveright, Inc. 60 cents.
- A new edition of the novel which, like Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina* and Sudermann's *Song of Songs*, depicts with relentless naturalism the eternal feminine.
- The Abandoned Room. By Wadsworth Camp. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. Illustrated. \$1.35.

- A detective story unravelling the mystery of a secret room which was the scene of many murders.
- The Heart of O Sono San.** By Elizabeth Cooper. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. \$1.75.
- A story of the heart of a Japanese woman, revealing the ideals of old Japan in its highest type of womanhood.
- Faulkner's Folly.** By Carolyn Wells. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25.
- A realistic mystery novel untangling the motives of a baffling tragedy involving two women, one of whom develops a romance.
- Herself, Himself, Myself.** By Ruth Sawyer. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$1.35.
- A human story of America and Ireland, in which "Herself," the penniless orphan of a rich man, grew up in a glorified garret supported by "Myself," her faithful nurse, until in the days of the war she went abroad and met "Himself" in Ireland.
- The Wishing-Ring Man.** By Margaret Widdemer. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$1.35.
- A sequel to *A Rose-Garden Husband*: an idyl of a New England summer colony in which the author tells of the same warm-hearted people, this time the centre of interest being a young girl who finds that her hope comes true to life, giving her what she wants, "like a wishing-ring."
- Miss Million's Maid.** By Berta Ruck. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. Illustrated. \$1.40.
- An amusing complication of the love affairs of a newly made heiress with those of her maid, a girl of spirit and breeding who is tired of traditional limitations.
- The Ivory Tower.** An Unfinished Novel. By Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
- This novel, the greater part of which was written before the author's death, is of particular interest from the fact that its scene is laid in Newport, and that it deals with the experiences and problems of a young American to whom a fortune has been unexpectedly left.
- The Sense of the Past.** An Unfinished Novel. By Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
- A story of remote and phantasmal life in London with a curious psychological plot.
- Barbarians.** By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton and Company. Illustrated. \$1.40.
- A story of the war, in which twelve adventurers enter the battle front at different points—among these Jim Neeland of the "Dark Star."
- The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow.** By Anna Katherine Green. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.
- A typical Anna Katherine Green story, in which the famous Detective Gryce unravels an unusually fascinating mystery of the death of a young girl.
- Hearts Undaunted.** By Eleanor Atkinson. New York: Harper and Brothers. Illustrated. \$1.30.
- A romance of four frontiers, in which the heroine passes from her childhood in the lodge of an Iroquois chief through many adventures.
- Prairie Gold.** By Iowa Authors. Chicago: The Reilly and Britton Company. Jacket and Frontispiece by J. N. Darling. \$1.50.
- A worth-while book made up of the selections of fifty of Iowa's authors, who are doing their bit, co-operatively, toward the Iowa fund for the American Red Cross.
- The Safety Curtain and Other Stories.** By Ethel M. Dell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.
- A volume of four long stories with this author's usual characteristics of love interest and social adventure.
- The Sturdy Oak.** By Fourteen American authors. New York: Henry Holt and Company. Illustrated. \$1.40.
- A composite novel of American politics, by some of the most popular novelists of to-day, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the suffrage cause.
- A Daughter of the Morning.** By Zona Gale. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$1.40.
- A novel of village life which appeared anonymously in the *Woman's Home Companion*.
- Apron-Strings.** By Eleanor Gates. New York: Sully and Kleinteich Company. \$1.35.
- A story for mothers and daughters of a modern girl who is sacrificed to duty.
- Marie Grubbe.** A Lady of the Seventeenth Century. By J. P. Jacobsen. Scandinavian Classics, Vol. VII. Translated from the Danish by Hanna Astrup Larsen. New York: The American-Scandinavian Foundation.
- A translation of a book which Brandes has called one of the greatest *tour de force* in Danish literature.
- Our Square and the People in It.** By Samuel Hopkins Adams. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.50.
- Tales of human joys and sorrows—of love, adventure, ambition, comedy, and tragedy which take place in a quaint corner of New York City.
- Slaves of the Lamp.** A story of Yorke Norroy. Secret Agent. New York: W. J. Watt and Company. Illustrated. \$1.35.
- Another story with the central theme of the great opium conspiracy, but this time "A Manhattan Night's Entertainment."
- The Witness.** By Grace L. Lutz. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$1.40.
- The latest story of this author, and char-

acterised by the spiritual note of her other work.

### General Literature

**A Book of Prefaces.** Joseph Conrad, Theodore Dreiser, James Huneker. A Borzoi Book. By H. L. Mencken. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.50.

Three interesting critical discussions, not academic, by a *Smart Set* editor who was the first American critic to write of Conrad at any length, who for years has been the chief interpreter of Dreiser, and who now first gives serious consideration to the work of Huneker.

**A Russian Anthology in English.** Edited by C. E. Bechhoffer. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.50.

A selection from the prose, the verse, and the drama of Russia with the idea of interesting the non-Russian reader in the riches of this young but vigorous literature.

**Tendencies in Modern American Poetry.** By Amy Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

Turning to criticism, as in "Six French Poets," Miss Lowell deals with "The New Movement" in American poetry by discussing six leading poets biographically and critically.

**The Cambridge History of American Literature.** Edited by W. P. Trent of Columbia University, John Erskine of Columbia University, Stuart P. Sherman of the University of Illinois, Carl Van Doren of the Brearley School. In three volumes. Vol. I. Colonial and Revolutionary Literature. \$1.25.

An important book whose appearance has been looked for—an exact and authoritative work which, though written by specialists, is designed to meet the needs of the general reader.

**Romance of Old Japan.** By Elizabeth W. Champney and Frere Champney. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. With ninety illustrations. \$3.50.

Uniform with the other well-known works of this author, this book traces the legends of the ancient island kingdom of the East, with notable colour reproductions from paintings, sketches, photographs, and many other illustrations.

**The Friendly Year.** Chosen and arranged from the works of Henry Van Dyke, D.C.L. (Oxon.). By George Sidney Webster, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

A new edition with new selections chosen from the author's nine volumes since 1906—chosen to bring out the dominant note of human friendliness and comradeship which runs through the work of an author who knows books well, but who cares more for people.

**Sylvander and Clarinda. The Love Letters of Robert Burns and Agnes M'Lehose.** Edited by Amelia Josephine Burr. New

York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.50.

A book of characteristic letters of the greatest interest to Burns lovers.

**For France.** By some of the best known of America's men and women. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. \$2.50. Stories, poems, music, pictures, by many men and women who responded to the request for a tribute to France as a testimonial of the deep affection in the hearts of the American public.

**The Romance of King Arthur and His Knights of the Round Table.** Abridged from Malory's *D'Arthur*. By Alfred W. Pollard. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated in colour by Arthur Rackham.

Another Arthur Rackham book following the wonderful old tales of Malory, prepared under the editorship of Mr. Pollard of the British Museum.

### History

**The Story of Princeton.** By Edwin M. Norris. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Sixteen illustrations from drawings by Lester G. Hornby. \$2.00.

The newest volume in this *Story of Colleges Series* by the editor of the *Princeton Alumni Weekly* presents and preserves the history, traditions and anecdotes of the University for two centuries.

**The Romance of the Romanoffs.** By Joseph McCabe. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.00.

This authentic history of princes and struggling democracy reads like a fantastic romance.

**A History of the United States Since the Civil War.** By Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer. In five volumes. Vol. I: 1865-68.

The unique value of this history is to be found in its emphasis on the social and economic side of the people's life, though political subjects are not neglected.

**The Future of the Southern Slavs.** By A. H. E. Taylor. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$3.00.

A discussion and conclusion of this timely question, based upon historical and statistical data.

### Juvenile

**The Blue Heron's Feather.** By Rupert Sargent Holland. Philadelphia: J. R. Lippincott and Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.

Adventure and out-door fun make this story of a Dutch boy's colonial life with the Indians as much of a favourite as the other stories of this author.

**Opening the West with Lewis and Clarke. The Trail Blazers Series.** By Edwin L. Sabin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Company. Illustrated in colour and black and white. \$1.25.

A new trail blazer—the adventures of

- a Connecticut lad who is kidnapped combine history, romance and woodcraft.
- The Boy's King Arthur.** Sir Thomas Malory's History of King Arthur and His Knights of the Round Table. Edited for Boys by Sidney Lanier. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.  
Fourteen illustrations in colour as well as beautiful lining decorations are a notable feature of Mr. Lanier's classic, which includes seven of the greater King Arthur tales.
- Center Rush Rowland.** By Ralph Henry Barbour. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.35.  
One of the biggest football stories the author has yet written, relating the school adventures of a backwoods Yankee of seventeen, the son of a Maine lumberman.
- The Lure of the Mississippi.** By D. Lange. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.  
Another interesting Indian story for boys, in which the two heroes have lively times on the dangerous Indian frontier of Minnesota, where they are kept from their homes in the South.
- The Water Babies.** Stories All Children Love Series. By Charles Kingsley. Philadelphia: J. R. Lippincott Company. Illustrations and linings in colours. \$1.35.  
The charm of this "fairy tale for a land baby" has increased in its appeal since its original publication in 1865, when the author wrote it to please the little fellow who had arrived latest in his own family.
- Mystery Tales for Boys and Girls.** Selected by Elva S. Smith. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. Frontispiece and decorations. \$1.50.  
A collection from the best classics of twenty-six poems and stories of mystery. Plays, Pantomimes and Tableaux for Children. By Nora Archibald Smith. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company. \$1.00.  
Dramatic entertainments for little folks—five plays.
- Life of Robert E. Lee.** For Boys and Girls. By J. G. de Roulhac-Hamilton and Mary Thompson-Hamilton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25.  
A sound and interesting biography for young Americans.
- Tales of the Persian Genii.** By Frances Jenkins Olcott. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated by Willy Pagány. \$2.00.  
Stories to delight children, retold by the head of the Children's Department of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, and beautifully illustrated by the Hungarian artist.
- Songs and Stories for the Little Ones.** By E. Gordon Browne. Melodies chosen and arranged by Eva Browne. New and enlarged edition. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.  
New material increases the value of this charming collection for those who wish to use it as a means of awakening and encouraging the love of dramatisation which is latent in most children.
- A Child's Year-Book.** By Ruth Sawyer. New York: Harper and Brothers. Illustrated with cut-out pictures by the author. 75 cents.  
A book of attractive verses for each month of the year, with full-page pictures as well.
- The Boys' Book of Mounted Police.** By Irving Crump. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.35.  
A story similar in style to Mr. Crump's popular vocational books for boys, about the heroic service and romantic lives of the American Constabulary or Mounted Police.
- If I Could Fly.** By Rose Strong Hubbell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated by Harold Gaze.  
Stories in free verse for children, with beautiful decorations and illustrations in colour.
- Mr. Turtle's Flying Adventure.** Hollow Tree Stories. Stories for Bedtime. New York: Harper and Brothers. Illustrated. 50 cents.  
Further amusing and ingenious animal stories of this well-known series.
- The Way to Wonderland.** By Mary Stewart. Illustrated gift edition. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.00.  
An entertaining story for little folks about the mysteries of the forest and sea, with exquisite lining, decorations, and illustrations by Jessie Willcox Smith.
- Nights with Uncle Remus.** By Joel Chandler Harris. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. With illustrations by Milo Winter. \$3.00.  
A holiday edition of the most popular of the Uncle Remus books, which one of the leading animal illustrators of the country has made very attractive with 12 full-page illustrations in colour, 10 half-titles in black and white, decorated linings and end pages, and cover in full colour.
- Stories for Any Day.** By Carolyn Sherwin Bailey. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. \$1.00.  
Another of this author's collections of delightful stories, suitable for telling to children between four and eleven—many of them about home life.
- Children's Book of Patriotic Stories.** Spirit of 1776. Edited by Asa Don Dickinson and Helen Winslow Dickinson. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.  
Stirring tales for big, middle-sized and little children, with the aim first of all to please, and next to revive the spirit of '76.
- The Young Loggers, or The Gray Axeman of Mt. Crow.** Camp and Trail Series. By Hugh Pendexter. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. With illustrations by Charles Copeland. \$1.25.  
An out-of-doors story of three manly



boys in the logging-gangs of the Maine woods; many old friends reappear who played important parts in earlier books by the same author.

**John Martin's Annual.** A Jolly Big Book for Little Folks. 1917. Illustrated and decorated. \$1.25. John Martin's House, Inc., and Doubleday, Page and Company.

A big book of stories for very little folks, with charming illustrations and decorations on every page.

**Insect Adventures.** By J. Henri Fabre. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos and adapted for young people by Louise S. Hasbrouck. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. Illustrated. \$2.00.

The life stories of the bee, the wasp, the spider, and the fly, told like a fairy tale, with many pleasing quaint sketches.

**Surprise House.** By Abbie Farwell Brown. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.00.

A story of fun and surprises about a legacy left by an eccentric old lady to her grand-niece—for girls of nine to fourteen.

**The Venture Boys Afloat.** By Howard R. Garis. New York: Harper and Brothers. Illustrated. \$1.25.

The story of three daring boys who set out to salvage a derelict with a valuable cargo, and of their adventures in a motor-yacht.

**The Prince and the Pauper.** By Mark Twain. New York: Harper and Brothers. Coloured illustrations by Franklin Booth. \$2.50.

A special illustrated edition of this delightful historical romance for young people of all ages.

#### Miscellaneous

**Random Reflections of a Grandmother.** By Mrs. R. Clipston Sturgis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.00.

An original little book of reminiscence and reflection, with humorous philosophy and characterisation.

**The Freaks of Mayfair.** By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated by George Plank. \$1.50.

A sheaf of satirical monographs in which the accomplished ironist, in the mood of the classic Mr. Titmarsh, Esq., deals with the absurd falsities of smart life generally.

**Woman as Decoration.** Illustrated gift edition. By Emily Burbank. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. With 32 illustrations, and sketches from life of Mme. Geraldine Farrar, Mrs. Vernon Castle and other famous modern women. \$2.50.

An attractive and unusual discussion, in twenty-eight chapters, of the history, technique and art of dress, classic and modern,

as it relates to woman, an important factor in any decorative scheme.

**An Admiral's Wife in the Making.** By Lady Poore. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. With Portraits. \$3.00.

Reminiscences of a charm remembered by readers of *Recollections of an Admiral's Wife*.

**An American in the Making.** By M. E. Ravage. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$1.40.

A personal narrative of a young Rumanian's adventures on emigrating to America, with the interest of a dramatic novel.

**The Chinese Cook Book.** By Shiu Wong Chan. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

To those who are looking for new ideas for cooking appetizing, nutritious food, this book of novel recipes with explicit directions may appeal.

#### Philosophy and Economics

**Geography and World Power.** By James Fairgrieve. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.50.

A stimulating discussion of the influence of a country's geographical situation and characteristics in determining its part in moulding the history of the world.

**The High Cost of Living.** By Frederick C. Howe, Commissioner of Immigration, Port of New York. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In twenty-four chapters the author discusses the causes and remedies of the high cost of living, a condition which he does not think is due to the war.

**The Trust Problem.** Revised and Enlarged by Jeremiah Whipple Jenks, Ph.D., LL.D., of New York University, and Walter E. Clark, Ph.D., of the College of the City of New York. \$2.00.

An up-to-date edition widely used as a text-book in American schools and colleges which has been called "The Bible on Industrial Combinations."

**How Germany Does Business.** Chapters on Export and Finance Methods. By Dr. Paul Pensac Gourvitch. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$1.00.

A study in detail of Germany's business methods which enabled her to break into world markets.

**A Parent's Job.** By C. N. Millard. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. \$1.00.

A teacher's discussion of the co-operation of parent and teacher in the child's school life.

**The King's Mirror (Speculum Regale—Konungs Skuggsjá).** Translated from the old Norwegian by Laurence Marcus Larson. New York: The American-Scandinavian Foundation.

A translation of a unique work by one of the great masters of old Norse prose.

## Poetry

**Main Street and Other Poems.** By Joyce Kilmer. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.00.

The third volume of verse by this popular young American poet.

**The Dreamers and Other Poems.** By Theodosia Garrison. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25.

The latest collection of verse from one of the best lyrists of the day.

**The Chinese Nightingale and Other Poems.** By Vachel Lindsay. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

A new collection bringing together some of Mr. Lindsay's later poems, a number of which are in the manner which he has made peculiarly his own, "to be read aloud."

**Camp-fire Verse.** By William Haynes and Joseph Leroy Harrison. New York: Duffield and Company. \$1.25.

An anthology of the best verse on life in the woods, hunting, and fishing, nearly one hundred and fifty poems being included.

**A Treasury of War Poetry.** British and American Poems of the World War. Edited with introduction and notes by George Herbert Clark. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25.

A collection of 130 poems on the war, containing important authors not accessible to other anthologies.

**Mandragora.** Poems by John Cowper Powys. New York: G. Arnold Shaw. \$1.25.

That strange gift of creative imagination which has won for the author his position as novelist, critic, and lecturer, here expresses itself in poetry named from "Give me to drink Mandragora" of *Antony and Cleopatra*.

**Weights and Measures.** By Franklin P. Adams. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.00.

A characteristic book of verse by the author, "F.P.A.," whose column in the *New York Tribune* is a country-wide delight.

**The Standard Book of Jewish Verse.** Compiled and Edited by Joseph Friedlander. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$3.00.

An anthology of Jewish poems, containing seven hundred poems by about two hundred authors of all centuries, and nationalities—a treasury of poetry by and about Jews.

**Songs for a Little House.** By Christopher Morley. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25.

A new collection of characteristically delightful poems centring about the home.

**Poems.** By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Introduction by Ernest Rhys. The Modern Library. New York: Boni and Live-right. 60 cents.

An anthology of complete selections from the work of the poet called "the last of the Giants," in this popular edition.

**Arnljot Gelline.** By Björnstjerne Björnson. Translated from the Norwegian with introduction and notes by William Morton Payne, LL.D.

A translation of the epic cycle, expressing the old spirit of Norse paganism.

## Politics

**The Philippines.** To the End of the Commission Government. By Charles B. Elliot. With a prefatory note by Elihu Root. \$4.50.

At a time when Americans are reviewing the whole Philippine question, which presses anew for solution, this work will have a deserved hearing, being written with the knowledge and authority of a lawyer.

**Political History of Poland.** By Edward H. Lewinski-Corwin, Ph.D. New York: The Polish Book Importing Company, Inc.

A timely discussion of the Polish Question, which the Great War has placed foremost among the political problems which must be solved at the close of the present hostilities.

**Canadian Confederation and Its Leaders.** By M. O. Hammond. With portraits. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.50.

A review in perspective of the important factors and leaders of opinions in the era of union.

**The Turkish Empire: Its Growth and Decay.** By Lord Eversley. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. With a frontispiece and three maps. \$3.00.

A description, by a visitor to the country, of the processes by which the Turkish Empire was aggregated under the first ten great Sultans, and dismembered under their twenty-six degenerate successors.

**The Monarchy in Politics.** By J. A. Farrer. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$3.00.

An impartial inquiry into the question of the position of the Crown in the English system of government: its actual working out as evidenced by the letters, memoirs, diaries and speeches of recent sovereigns and of contemporary statesmen.

**Abdul Hamid.** By Sir Edwin Pears. Makers of the Nineteenth Century. Edited by Basil Williams. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$2.00.

The history and work of the man whose influence on the political thought and action of Europe in the last quarter of the nineteenth century justify this volume.

## Psychology

**Applied Psychology.** By H. L. Hollingsworth and A. T. Poffenberger, Jr. New York: D. Appleton and Company. \$2.25.

The author's thesis is that an understanding of individual psychology is a very efficient instrument in producing success in life.

Handicaps of Childhood. By H. Addington Bruce. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.

An addition to the new child psychology which is effecting a revolution in the methods of upbringing the next generation.

### Religion

A Social Theory of Religious Education. By George Albert Coe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

A book invaluable to Sunday-school teachers, and leaders of religious education.

Some Turning-Points in Church History. By Ambrose White Vernon, D.D. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. 75 cents.

The Southworth Lectures for 1915, dealing with important crises which have determined the form of the organisation of the Christian churches.

The Catholic's Work in the World. By Rev. Joseph Husslein, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.00.

A practical discussion of religious and social problems of to-day, by the associate editor of *America*.

The Bible in English Literature. By Edgar Whitaker Work, D.D. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. \$1.25.

A discussion, some of which has been used in lectures, by an author who believes that English-speaking people "have the Bible in the blood."

### Science

A Thousand Health Questions Answered. By J. H. Kellogg, M.D., LL.D. Battle Creek, Michigan: Good Health Publishing Company.

A helpful collection of practical answers to questions selected by the author from among the seventy or eighty thousand that have been most in demand in the popular question-box at the Battle Creek Sanitarium and in the author's journal, *Good Health*.

Everyman's Chemistry. The Chemist's Point of View and his Present Work. By Elwood Hendrick. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$2.00.

A timely book for the amateur, giving a popular view of modern progress in a field of particular importance at the present time, and emphasising the necessity of chemical independence in this country in view of the effects of the war.

### Travel and Description

A Holiday in Umbria. With an Account of Urbino and the Cortegiano of Castiglione. By Sir Thomas Graham Jackson. With coloured and other illustrations by the author. \$3.00.

A narrative of travel in that part of Italy little visited by travellers: with a brief abstract of the *Cortegiano of Castiglione*, pronounced by Dr. Johnson "the

best book ever written on good breeding." Odd Corners. By Isabel Anderson (Mrs. Larz Anderson). New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.50.

A narrative of travel of unusual interest which has appeared serially in *THE BOOKMAN*.

Finland and the Finns. By Arthur Reade, Lecturer in English at the University of Helsingfors. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. Illustrated. \$2.00.

An entertaining volume discussing the features of modern Finnish life, and explaining the nation's activity in terms of the national character.

Green Trails and Upland Pastures. By Walter Prichard Eaton. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. Illustrated. \$1.60.

Nature sketches revealing new beauties in New England scenes, with particularly satisfying illustrations in colour.

On the Headwaters of Peace River. A Narrative of a Thousand-Mile Canoe Trip to a Little-Known Range of the Canadian Rockies. By Paul Leland Haworth. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated.

Another of this author's delightful narratives of travel experience, with many illustrations and maps.

Japan Day by Day. By Edward S. Morse. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. With seven hundred and seventy-seven illustrations from sketches in the author's journal. The set \$8.00.

A record of life in Japan by the author of *Japanese Homes and Their Surroundings*, material invaluable to a student of Japan, and made more attractive by the hundreds of "thumb-nail" sketches.

Persian Miniatures. By H. G. Dwight. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. \$3.00.

A whimsical account of the author's sojourn in a Persian town, with much of the Oriental colour and charm of *Stamboul Nights*, and with attractive drawings by Mr. Wilfred Jones.

Old Seaport Towns of the South. Illustrated Gift Edition. By Mildred Cram. Drawings by Allan G. Cram. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.50.

A charming and intimate narration of travel in the South, with picturesque descriptions of the new as well as of the old South.

Greenwich Village. Illustrated Gift Edition. By Anna Alice Chapin. With sixteen full-page drawings by Allan G. Cram. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.50.

In print and line Miss Chapin and Mr. Cram have captured something of the charm of America's fascinating Latin quarter—Greenwich Village.

Rambles in Old College Towns. Illustrated Gift Edition. By Hildegard Haw-

- thorne. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. With sixteen illustrations in two colours. \$2.50.
- An informal account of a vacation pilgrimage through sixteen famous old college towns, with the charm of tradition and the personal note in anecdote and experience.
- American Adventures.** By Julian Street. New York: The Century Company. Eighty illustrations by Wallace Morgan. \$3.00.
- Events and observations in a ramble through the South, told delightfully and with illuminating treatment of the negro and other problems.
- Autumn Loiterers.** By Charles Hanson Towne. Drawings by Thomas Fogarty. New York: George H. Doran Company.
- A little book of random impressions during a tour of the Berkshires.
- New Footprints in Old Places.** By Pauline Stiles. San Francisco: Paul Elder and Company. Frontispiece. \$2.00.
- A diary of foreign travel, with many artistic illustrations from photographs.
- The Secrets of Polar Travel.** By Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary. New York: The Century Company. Seventy-five illustrations from photographs by the author. \$2.50.
- A sort of handbook on Arctic travel which sounds like a romance of American achievement as told by the man whose courage, persistence, and ingenuity overcame previously unsurmounted difficulties.
- War**
- The Solution of Tactical Problems.** A Logical and Easy Way of Working Out Tactical Schemes. By Lieut.-Col. J. Layland Needham. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. With diagrams and maps. \$2.00.
- An important book for military students, setting forth the general problem of attacks, with logical solution and comments.
- On the Road from Mons.** By Captain A. Clifton-Shelton. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.25.
- What it means in modern war to supply a fighting army with food and forage, fuel and light, is humourously told in this story of an English A. S. C. (Army Service Corps) officer, who was in the retreat from Mons to Paris and the forward movement to the line of the Aisne.
- Sixteen Months in Four German Prisons.** By Henry C. Mahoney. With an introduction by Frederick C. Talbot. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. \$1.50.
- The experiences of a private citizen imprisoned at the outbreak of the war "brand the Huns with an indelible stain."
- The Diary of a Nation. The War and How We Got into It.** By E. S. Martin. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50.
- Current discourses from life during the first three years of the war, concerning themselves with American politics as affected by the war.
- The Rebuilding of Europe.** A Survey of Old Europe and the Promise of the New. By David Jayne Hill. New York: The Century Company. \$1.50.
- A scholarly presentation, by the eminent jurist, of the development among European races of ideas of government leading to the present war, and a forecast of the internationalism to follow the war.
- Militarism.** By Dr. Karl Liebknecht. New York: B. W. Huebsch.
- The second printing of a book suppressed by the German authorities who now hold the author in prison.
- The Book of the Machine Gun.** By Major F. V. Longstaff and A. Hilliard Atteridge. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. With eighty-five illustrations.
- A graphic presentment of the evolution, tactics, and training of the machine gun, up to the present minute; with appendices and bibliography.
- Alsace-Lorraine under German Rule.** By Charles Downer Hazen. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$1.25.
- A brief and reliable study of the history of Alsace-Lorraine since its annexation by Germany in 1871 as a result of a successful war.
- A Journal from Our Legation in Belgium.** By Hugh Gibson, then First Secretary, American Legation in Brussels. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. Illustrated. \$2.50.
- A series of letters written on the spot day by day by an official who, as Richard Harding Davis says, saw more of actual warfare than did any or all of our twenty-eight military men in Paris.
- The Choice Before Us.** By G. Lowes Dickinson. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.00.
- An analysis and discussion of the pre-suppositions which underlie militarism, and the kind of organisation that is both possible and essential if war is not to destroy mankind.
- Crumps. The Plain Tale of a Canadian Who Went.** By Louis Keene. Illustrated by the author. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25.
- The author, an artist now captain of a machine-gun section, describes the training and fighting of the Canadian army at Ypres.
- All in It. K i Carries On.** By Major Ian Hay Beith. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.50.
- A continuation of *The First Hundred Thousand*, with stories of actual fighting, of the work of the field telephone men and others.

# THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of October and the first of November:

## FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City.....	The Long Lane's Turning	The Salt of the Earth
Atlanta, Ga.....	Christine	The Soul of a Bishop
Boston, Mass.....	Christine	The Dwelling Place of Light
Boston, Mass.....	The Dwelling Place of Light	Extricating Obadiah
Baltimore, Md.....	Christine	Long Live the King
Baltimore, Md.....	The Long Lane's Turning	The Hundredth Chance
Buffalo, N. Y.....	Extricating Obadiah	The Dwelling Place of Light
Chicago, Ill.....	The Dwelling Place of Light	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Chicago, Ill.....	The Long Lane's Turning	The Broken Gate
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	Christine	Long Live the King
Cleveland, Ohio.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	His Family.
Dallas, Texas.....	The Soul of a Bishop	Christine
Detroit, Mich.....	Indian Drum	The Salt of the Earth
Houston, Tex.....	Long Live the King	The Dwelling Place of Light
Indianapolis, Ind.....	Christine	The Dwelling Place of Light
Los Angeles, Cal.....	Christine	Long Live the King
Louisville, Ky.....	In Happy Valley	The Dwelling Place of Light
Memphis, Tenn.....	Christine	Long Live the King
Milwaukee, Wis.....	The Soul of a Bishop	Beyond
Minneapolis, Minn....	The Salt of the Earth	The Dwelling Place of Light
New Haven, Conn.....	Extricating Obadiah	The Dwelling Place of Light
New Orleans, La.....	Christine	The Soul of a Bishop
Norfolk, Va.....	Christine	The Soul of a Bishop
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Christine	Paradise Auction
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	Anne's House of Dreams	Long Live the King
Portland, Ore.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Dwelling Place of Light
Providence, R. I.....	Long Live the King	The Soul of a Bishop
Rochester, N. Y.....	The Salt of the Earth	Extricating Obadiah
San Antonio, Tex.....	Christine	Extricating Obadiah
San Antonio, Tex.....	The Red Planet	The Dwelling Place of Light
San Francisco, Cal....	Christine	Beyond
San Francisco, Cal....	The Dwelling Place of Light	His Family
Seattle, Wash.....	The Red Planet	Long Live the King
Spokane, Wash.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Martie the Unconquered
St. Paul, Minn.....	The Salt of the Earth	Christine
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Dwelling Place of Light	We Can't Have Everything
St. Louis, Mo.....	Indian Drum	The Light in the Clearing
Toronto, Ont.....	The Soul of a Bishop	Anne's House of Dreams
Utica, N. Y.....	Indian Drum	Long Live the King
Washington, D. C.....	Christine	The Salt of the Earth
Worcester, Mass.....	Christine	Extricating Obadiah

(Continued)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Ranny The Conquest	Belinda of the Red Cross Anne's House of Dreams	The Youth Plupy Beyond	Finished We Can't Have Every- thing
Extricating Obadiah The Rise of David Le- vinsky The Soul of a Bishop	The Salt of the Earth The Forfeit	Abington Abbey Barbarians	Beyond The Youth Plupy
The Dwelling Place of Light	The Dwelling Place of Light The Red Planet	Extricating Obadiah The Soul of a Bishop	Beyond Scandal
The Salt of the Earth Christine The Soul of a Bishop The High Heart Christine The Dwelling Place of Light The Soul of a Bishop	The Long Lane's Turning Long Live the King Bab: A Sub-Deb The Coming Changing Winds Red Pepper's Patients	Beyond In Happy Valley Anne's House of Dreams The Soul of a Bishop The Long Lane's Turning Long Live the King	The Soul of a Bishop Martie the Unconquered The Secret Witness The Secret Witness The Light in the Clearing The Heart's Kingdom
Scandal In Happy Valley The Dwelling Place of Light Calvary Alley The Soul of a Bishop	The Red Planet Anne's House of Dreams Martie the Unconquered Beyond	Red Pepper's Patients Mistress Anne The Soul of a Bishop The Red Planet	The Dwelling Place of Light Beyond Long Live the King Under Fire
The Long Lane's Turning The Soul of a Bishop Long Live the King Long Live the King	Long Live the King Mr. Britling Sees It Through Long Live the King The Coming Christine The Secret Witness	The High Heart Martie the Unconquered Extricating Obadiah Long Live the King The Soul of a Bishop Mistress Anne	The Secret Witness Red Pepper's Patients Green Fancy Cousin Julia Green Fancy We Can't Have Every- thing
The High Heart The Salt of the Earth Martie the Unconquered Wildfire Extricating Obadiah	Robert Shenstone The Long Lane's Turning The Light in the Clearing Martie the Unconquered Red Pepper's Patients	Scandal Martie the Unconquered Extricating Obadiah Long Live the King The Dwelling Place of Light Long Live the King Long Live the King	A Castle To Let The Light in the Clearing Understood Betsy The Long Lane's Turning The High Heart
Christine The Soul of a Bishop	Indian Drum The Dwelling Place of Light	Long Live the King Long Live the King	Red Pepper's Patients The Red Planet
Mr. Britling Sees It Through Scandal Temperamental Henry	The Dark Star The Soul of a Bishop Sunny Slopes	Anne's House of Dreams His Family The High Heart	The Soul of a Bishop The Salt of the Earth The Red Planet
The Dwelling Place of Light Wildfire The Light in the Clearing	The Soul of a Bishop Bab: A Sub-Deb The Soul of a Bishop	His Own Country The Red Planet The Dwelling Place of Light	Christine Christine Anne's House of Dreams
The Definite Object The Lifted Veil Long Live the King The Light in the Clearing The High Heart The Dwelling Place of Light	The Red Planet Sunny Slopes The Definite Object The Definite Object The Red Planet Anne's House of Dreams	The Hundredth Chance Christine Martie the Unconquered The Long Lane's Turning Bab: A Sub-Deb The Secret Witness	Long Live the King Long Live the King The Secret Witness Christine Long Live the King Red Pepper's Patients

## BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

On the Edge of the War Zone. Mildred Aldrich.	In the World. Maxim Gorky.
Rookie Rhymes. (By Plattsburg Men.)	The Land of Deepening Shadow. Thomas D. Curtin.
Laugh and Live. Douglas Fairbanks.	Carry On. Coningsby Dawson.
A Student in Arms. D. W. A. Hankey.	Over the Top. Arthur Guy Empey.
Under Fire. Henri Barbusse.	My Four Years in Germany. James W. Gerard.
At the Front in a Flivver. W. Yorke Stevenson.	Japan Day by Day. Edward S. Morse.

## BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 510 and 511) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives 10
" " " 2d " " " " 8
" " " 3d " " " " 7
" " " 4th " " " " 6
" " " 5th " " " " 5
" " " 6th " " " " 4

1. Christine. Cholmondeley. (Macmillan.) \$1.25 .....	200
2. The Dwelling Place of Light. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.60...	165
3. Long Live the King. Rinehart. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50 .....	156
4. The Soul of a Bishop. Wells. (Macmillan.) \$1.50 .....	140
5. Extricating Obadiah. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.50 .....	81
6. The Salt of the Earth. Sidgwick. (Watt.) \$1.50.....	78

## A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

Abington Abbey. Archibald Marshall.	The Land of Deepening Shadow. Thomas D. Curtin.
Anne's House of Dreams. L. M. Montgomery.	Laugh and Live. Douglas Fairbanks.
Bab: A Sub-Deb. Mary Roberts Rinehart.	The Light in the Clearing. Irving Bachelor.
Belinda of the Red Cross. Robert W. Hamilton.	The Long Lane's Turning. Hallie E. Rives.
The Broken Gate. Emerson Hough.	Martie the Unconquered. Kathleen Norris.
Barbarians. Robert W. Chambers.	Mistress Anne. Temple Bailey.
Beyond. John Galsworthy.	My Four Years in Germany. James W. Gerard.
Calvary Alley. Alice Hegan Rice.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through. H. G. Wells.
Carry On. Coningsby Dawson.	Over the Top. Arthur Guy Empey.
Castles to Let. Mrs. Baille-Reynolds.	Out of a Clear Sky. Maria T. Daviess.
Christine. Alice Cholmondeley.	On the Edge of the War Zone. Mildred Aldrich.
The Coming. J. C. Snaith.	Paradise Auction. Nalbro Hartley.
Cousin Julia. Grace H. Flandrau.	Ranny. Randolph H. Dukes.
The Conquest. Olive Wadsley.	Red Pepper's Patients. Grace Richmond.
The Dark Star. Robert W. Chambers.	The Red Planet. William J. Locke.
The Definite Object. Jeffery Farnol.	The Rise of David Levinsky. A. Cahan.
The Dwelling Place of Light. Winston Churchill.	The Salt of the Earth. Cecily U. Sidgwick.
Extricating Obadiah. Joseph C. Lincoln.	Scandal. Cosmo Hamilton.
Finished. H. Rider Haggard.	The Secret Witness. George Gibbs.
The Forfeit. Ridgewell Cullum.	Robert Shenstone. W. J. Dawson.
Green Fancy. George Barr McCutcheon.	The Soul of a Bishop. H. G. Wells.
His Family. Ernest Poole.	A Student in Arms. D. W. A. Hankey.
His Own Country. Paul Kester.	Sunny Slopes. Ethel Hueston.
The Hundredth Chance. Ethel M. Dell.	Temperamental Henry. Samuel Merwin.
The Heart's Kingdom. Maria T. Daviess.	Understood Betsey. Dorothy Canfield.
The High Heart. Basil King.	Under Fire. Henri Barbusse.
In Happy Valley. John Fox, Jr.	The Worn Doorstep. Margaret Sherwood.
In the World. Maxim Gorky.	We Can't Have Everything. Rupert Hughes.
The Indian Drum. W. MacHarg.	The Youth Plupy. H. A. Shute.
Japan Day by Day. Edward S. Morse.	



# THE BOOKMAN

An Illustrated Magazine  
of Literature and Life

FEB 17 1918

JANUARY

SPIRITISM IN ENGLAND

Robert Mountsier

AUGUSTE RODIN

Jules Bois

AUSTIN DOBSON ONCE MORE

Brander Matthews

MY "LORD JIM"

Joseph Conrad

WOMEN AND NATIONAL DEFENCE

Louise Maunsell Field

THE EX-CZARINA: SOME MEMORIES AND AN IMPRESSION

Countess of Warwick

THE ADVANCE OF ENGLISH POETRY IN THE TWENTIETH  
CENTURY

William Lyon Phelps

LE THÉÂTRE DU VIEUX COLOMBIER

Clayton Hamilton

SOME CONDUCTORS AND THEIR BATONS

Frederic Dean

## DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

25 cents a copy NEW YORK \$3.00 a year

**NOTICE TO READER:** When you finish reading this issue, place a one-cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any postal employee, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front.  
NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS S. A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.



## **TWO BIG WAR BOOKS FOR 1918**

---

**"DARBY THE YANK" fights with the tanks.**

# **A YANKEE IN THE TRENCHES**

**By Corporal  
R. DERBY HOLMES**

**22d Battalion  
Queen's Royal  
West Surrey  
Regiment**



This American boy who did his bit with a London cockney battalion in the trenches, in No-man's-land, and with the tanks on the Somme, has written a book to stir the heart. It is a vivid picture of the life our armies now face and the scenes of war have not dulled the author's irrepressible sense of humor.

*Illustrated*

*\$1.35 net*

---

## **Letters of a Canadian Stretcher Bearer . . . By R. A. L.**

This remarkable correspondence from the fighting front, edited by Anna Chapin Ray, is far removed from the usual run of trench letters. They make one feel the very pulse of war.

*\$1.35 net*

**AT ALL BOOKSELLERS**

---

**Publishers LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY Boston**

# THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

JANUARY, 1918

## SPIRITISM IN ENGLAND

BY ROBERT MOUNTSIER

TO LIVE a life of shattered hopes during a moment's sudden frenzy of the imagination at the coming of the postman or postwoman; to look upon every boy or girl in the blue uniform of the telegraph service as a bearer of death tidings; to turn instinctively to the page in the morning paper containing the latest list of the nation's dead—that is the lot of the English people to-day. Not an English home can be found which is not mourning quietly the life tax exacted from it in making up the total, mounting now, after more than three years of war, into the hundreds of thousands.

In the minds of those remote from the war these losses tend to be little more than mathematical symbols; to those directly concerned they are the facts of death, from which it is impossible to escape. For instance, what does a list of the men lost on H.M.S. *Invincible*, which went down in the great naval battle off Jutland, mean to you? The list of a thousand names begins:

Navy Roll of Honour  
Killed

Rear-Admiral the Hon. Horace L. A. Hood  
Secretary Harold R. Gore Brown  
Lieutenant Frank P. O'Reilly  
Assistant Paymaster Lewis R. Tippen

And this record of death ends:

Worters, L. G., London Z.1942; Wright, J., Tyne, Z.6863; Wright, SS.104319; Wyatt, A. H., 181053.

Vol. XLVI, No. 5.

To you this list of names may mean in the abstract nothing more than a company of brave men as indefinite in its physical make-up as any gallant crew mentioned in one of your old history text-books. To thousands in England it meant and still means tears, suffering, desolation, loneliness. One person overcome with grief by the destruction of the *Invincible* is my friend, Mrs. Stuart—to give her a name other than her own, which I am not at liberty to use. Her seventeen-year-old son Edward, an only child, was one of the midshipmen lost with the *Invincible*. When the newspapers and a telegram from the Admiralty removed the hope that her son might have been saved, she gave herself up to a consuming grief. Nothing could console her. Friends enlarged upon the theme, "He went to a gallant death, dying for you and England." The vicar came with these words, "Comfort yourself with the thought that his death is God's will, that he awaits you in heaven."

Mrs. Stuart's reply was always the same: "I am a mother who wants her boy above everything else, and what you say is to me nothing but words, mere words. If I only knew where he is!"

Now Mrs. Stuart has the knowledge she longed for. Having gone to a private séance, attended by a small group of people, Mrs. Stuart was startled by hear-

ing the medium give a description that fitted her son.

"A young man, a boy, has a message for some one here. I see a uniform; it is the blue of the navy. The boy is tall, stands very straight. Has black hair and eyes softly luminous. Nose long and delicate. His lips are thin and sensitive. When he smiles there is a dimple on his right cheek."

"It's my boy," interrupted Mrs. Stuart, without realising that she had spoken until the medium said, "He wants to talk with his mother."

"You must not grieve so for me, mother. Again and again I have come to you when you have been weeping for me. But you haven't been able to know that I was there. Really, I am quite happy, and there is no reason why you should make yourself so unhappy. You are like so many others; you will not believe that there is such a thing as my talking to you. At first I did not know this myself, but now I understand."

Up to this point in the séance there is nothing extraordinary, except the description of Edward Stuart. Later the medium solemnly swore to Mrs. Stuart that before the spirit of Edward Stuart appeared she had never heard nor read of either the mother or her son. As to the beginning of the message it is not unfair to assume that any medium or any person who has studied the messages so frequently communicated by mediums should be able to utter the same words without any connection with the "other side."

The voice of the medium continued: "You should not think, mother, that I suffered when the ship went down. You are always picturing to yourself my last hours as horrible torture. Those hours are the most wonderful I ever had on your side. When we were going down Weaving came to me. He was very calm. He said: 'You and I are going to leave all this. Let us go.' And we came over."

Immediately upon returning home Mrs. Stuart went to a list of those lost on the *Invincible*. There was the name

of Weaving, a name which was in a part of the list she had never looked at before and which her son had never mentioned in his letters. The day following the séance she secured from the Admiralty the address of a member of Weaving's family. By correspondence she learned that Weaving, a man of education, had been interested in spiritualism, but had never consulted a medium. Weaving's letters to his family had contained no references to Edward Stuart by name.

After carefully investigating those features of the case that were susceptible of fraud, Mrs. Stuart was convinced that she had been in communication with the spirit of her departed son. Spiritualism has brought her consolation.

But there are the other mothers and the wives, the fathers and brothers, who mourn not only the men carried to their death by the *Invincible*, but the armies of dead that constitute England's losses. Before the war the English people were brought face to face with losses no more serious than railway accidents and disasters at sea. The occasional and incidental loss of life of pre-war days has become normal and universal in their every-day life. Victims are daily numbered by the thousands. The scale makes a vast difference.

Shaken to the foundations are the churches and creeds of England as well as its political and social institutions. This war, the most appalling agency of death and suffering in the world's history, challenges, as no philosophy has ever done, Christian beliefs and Christian ethics.

When the clergy is assailed as the "prey of Edwardine High Church influences, of rabid Puritanism, of Caroline class partisanship, of Georgian stagnation," when high dignitaries of the Church of England themselves admit that the Church has failed as a spiritual influence, when the Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Gore, declares in an address to prelates of the Church that "democracy is an enemy we have to contend with,"

that "the working classes are determined not to have Christianity at any price," it is not to be wondered at that Sir Oliver Lodge's book of spiritualistic research, *Raymond*, is to-day more popular in England than the Bible, that spiritualism, with its frank attempt to offer something tangible as to survival after death, has taken so great a hold on death-stricken England, that people are flocking to spiritualistic séances as they did to the churches at the beginning of the war.

This crowding of the churches was born of emotionalism, and emotionalism, no matter whether it is in the wooden tabernacle of a coatless Billy Sunday or in St. Paul's with the pomp of royalty and vested clergy, is never sustained. Germany has suffered a similar ebb and flow, but there is no indication of this change in the German uniform; "Gott mit uns" is still on the German soldier's helmet and belt buckle. On the other hand, the French and Russian peoples have risen to the heights of a superb faith. The French soldier is fighting with the sword of Joan of Arc; the Russian peasant goes to battle with ikon and priest.

With the English soldier it is different, not that I would have it thought that I deny the existence of religious faith among England's fighting men. Without doubt there is religion on the British front, some of it based on conviction, some of it the outgrowth of emotionalism. But there is also much agnosticism. No matter what his convictions the English Tommy has the finest religion of comradeship that I have seen anywhere from the Irish Channel to the Bosphorous. The religion of comradeship does not, however, supply an answer to the constant why? why? why?—where? where? where?

The soldier says: "Gawd! There ain't no Gawd. If there was a Gawd 'e wouldn't let us be killed for something we don't understand."

The man of God answers: "God has not forgotten; He awaits in silence the hour of His greatest victory, when we

as children, who have found in warfare our limitations, will come back very humbly to the feet of God." And the soldier is not satisfied.

Sorrowing mothers, wives, fathers ask: "Where is he, and how is it with him?"

The Bishop of Birmingham, the Right Rev. Dr. Wakefield, answers: "He passed hence for the sake of the world's righteousness. Were there no hereafter, still he has lived to make better and nobler the ideals and the methods of mankind. He will live, therefore, in the future he has helped to create. Love is life, and death cannot kill love. So be comforted and—wait."

Confronted with the same question day after day, the Rev. R. J. Campbell makes the reply that we here on earth are but dreamers tossing in uneasy slumber, that we shall wake by-and-by to a golden morning upon which night shall never more descend; and Father Bernard Vaughan, voicing the answer of the Catholic Church, tells the bereaved wife or mother that the dead soldier is gone to God in heaven, where he awaits her home-coming, full of joy and hope. The soul is invulnerable and wings its flight to God, becoming like Him as He is. In heaven he partakes of the duration of God's eternity, of the wealth of His knowledge, of the raptures of bliss, as well as of the spotlessness of His sanctity.

To the great mass of sorrowing wives and parents none of these answers gives the satisfaction the bereaved seek. Their grief demands that their friends, laymen, make some attempt to lessen it. And what does the layman say?

Time and time again those who have felt it a duty to offer consolation have found themselves unable to point to any other source of comfort than the high heroic memory the dead have left the living. Israel Zangwill, Jewish novelist and playwright, has confessed his inability to do more than this. "To suppose," he says, "that this tragic butchery could be circumvented by immortality would be to deprive death of its reality,

heroism of its substance and war-makers of their guilt."

When words of consolation are expected of him, John Galsworthy, the novelist and playwright, finds it impossible to send to people holding accepted views of life and religion any message that he considers would be comforting. Confronted with the same problem the pacifist also is in a predicament. Ramsay MacDonald, the most active pacifist in England, does not attempt to conceal that his faith in everything good is sadly shattered and that he is tired of cheap consolation. According to his view, it is turning religion into a desert and calling it peace.

Mrs. Desmond Humphrys, the novelist, best known as "Rita," declares it at once a problem and a fact that Christianity does not satisfy the intense agonising desire to know what really happens after death. "We ask, 'Where are our dead?' It is the passionate demand of this question that has placed the Church in its present dilemma. It can only reiterate the doctrine of the Atonement and the Resurrection. But to-day men have learned to demand more than the acceptance of miracles, deeper truths than texts or doctrines. Death has become so constant a visitor, is so close to all that means love and joy of life, that the heart demands fuller explanation than the pulpit seems able to give.

"The Church seems to ignore the ability of the laity. It has not reckoned with the force of an advancing tide of criticism—criticism born of the Church's own supine stupidity, its belief in its own supremacy over the minds and souls of mankind, its blind adherence to proved errors, its long and tacit acceptance of unprovable facts, its aggressive attitude toward Science."

In this indictment of the Church lie the reasons for its opposition to spiritualism. The Church resents the experiments of those engaged in psychic research to establish by scientific means that life after death is an absolute fact, that we of this world have the power to know what the "dead" are doing, think-

ing, saying. Despite this opposition of the clergy and the disinclination of the public to accept anything smacking of spiritualism, those who believe in psychic phenomena feel that spiritualism offers the only real consolation to the multitude of the sorrowing.

Among well-known Englishmen who believe that spiritualism can satisfy the bereaved where religion has failed are Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir Oliver Lodge and General Sir Alfred Turner, with whom I have considered the various phases of spiritualism, especially its relation to religion and the conditions that have brought the subject so prominently before the public.

To these men, each with a scientific training, spiritualism is a science—a science which has reached a point after many years of investigation and research where further proof of its basic truth is superfluous, where the weight of disproof lies upon those who deny. All three believe the knowledge gained through the phenomena of spiritualism supplements, but does not undermine, the essential tenets of Christianity.

Spiritualistic séances are no longer in the parlour-game stage. They are emerging from that of debatable scientific novelty. The phenomena underlying them are taking shape as the foundations of a definite system of religious thought, which confirms as well as corrects established systems of religion.

They are confirmatory as to all those moral laws which are common to most human systems. They are confirmatory as to life after death, which has been taught by most religious systems but denied by many intelligent men. They are confirmatory as to the existence of higher beings and an ever-ascending hierarchy culminating in God.

As to points of correction: Death makes no abrupt change in the process of development, nor does it make an impassable chasm between those who are on either side of it. No trait of the form and no peculiarity of the mind are changed by death, but all are continued in that spiritual body which is the coun-

terpart of the earthly one at its best and contains within it that core of spirit which is the very essence of man. Apparently the spirit's surroundings, experiences, feelings, even foibles, are not very different from this world. Spirits claim that they are happier than we. They have no more force of intellect than they took over with them, and they have the same difficulties in solving the question of communication as their friends and relatives on earth.

On both sides of the "partition" the vast majority would appear to be absolutely indifferent and ignorant upon the subject. But also on both sides there are bands of pioneers who comprise some of the best minds in this world and the more advanced spirits. For communication there are many methods—clairvoyance, clairaudience, the direct voice, automatic writing, spirit control—each depending upon that inexplicable thing called mediumship. All are imperfect, but some are fitfully and wonderfully successful—at least so say the exponents of spiritualism.

"The situation may be summed up in a simple alternative," said Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in going over the subject with me. "The one supposition is that there has been an outbreak of lunacy extending over two generations of mankind on two continents—a lunacy that assails men and women of character and intellect who are otherwise eminently sane. The alternative supposition is that the world is now confronted with a new revelation from divine sources which constitutes by far the greatest religious event since the death of Christ—a revelation which alters the whole aspect of life and death. Between these two suppositions I can see no solid position. Spiritualism is absolute lunacy or it is a revolution in religious thought, giving us as by-products an utter fearlessness of death and an immense consolation when those who are dear to us pass behind the veil."

As a part of the enormous amount of evidence on which this view of spiritualism is based Conan Doyle and others,

among them General Turner and the noted scientists, Sir William Crookes and Sir William Barrett, consider Sir Oliver Lodge's book, *Raymond*, an epoch-making work. Conan Doyle acclaims the book as one of such value that its true place in the development of human convictions can hardly be measured by contemporaries: "It is a new revelation of God's dealing with man, and it will strengthen, not weaken, the central spirit of Christianity. It is one of the few books of which it can be said that no one can read it with care and understanding and be quite the same man or woman afterward. If you are a believer in such things already it will have left that belief wider and more definite. If you are not a believer you will find opened up to you a new world which you cannot lightly dismiss from your philosophy of life."

On the other hand, Sir Oliver Lodge's book, which for months has been a "best seller" in England, has had to encounter all sorts of attacks in the press, ranging from the statement of the London *Sunday Times* that "the regrettable circulation of Sir Oliver Lodge's *Raymond* has helped to increase the spiritualist craze not a little" to the *Daily Mail's* violent words, "Sir Oliver Lodge's spook book, outrageous, balderdash, half a guinea's worth of rubbish."

If *Raymond* itself does not sway the conviction, it is impossible to talk with Sir Oliver Lodge without realising the courage and sincerity of this man of science who has exposed the privacy of his family life in the cause of truth. He is frankly and unselfishly trying to help the many who have suffered a bereavement similar to his own in the death of his son Raymond at the front. The sanity of his mental attitude cannot be better defined than by this portion of his illuminating talk: "Communication with the departed can be abused like any other power. It can be played with by the merely curious, or it can be exploited in an unworthy way for selfish ends. But it can also be used reverently and seriously for the very legitimate purpose of

comforting the sorrowing, helping the bereaved and restoring some part of the broken link between souls united in affection but separated by an apparently impassable barrier.

"From the scientific point of view progress is being made, and anyone with a real desire to know the truth need not lack evidence, if he will first read the records with an open mind and then be patient until an opportunity for first-hand critical observation is vouched him. An opportunity may occur at any time; the readiness is everything. Really clinching evidence in such a case is never in the past. A *prima facie* case for investigation is established by the records, but real conviction must be attained by first-hand experience in the present.

"Under other circumstances," continued Sir Oliver Lodge, "it would not be desirable that general belief in the facts of communication should spread too quickly, for it is a pity when new truth is exploited by uncritical and injudicious people. Indeed, if it were not for the shocking amount of bereavement, and the consequent suffering and desire for reunion on both sides of the partition, there would be no need to hasten any perception of the possibility of communication. As it is, we must run the risk. I hope that the gravity of the occasion will lessen the danger inevitably incurred by learners in a comparatively new and difficult subject, in which mental balance and common sense are supremely required."

England's unprecedented interest in the phenomena of communication with the dead has been accompanied by the dangers Sir Oliver Lodge deprecates. Fraud on the part of alleged mediums or dishonest ones and the ignorance and idle curiosity of many uninitiated have had unfortunate results, tending to increase the scepticism of doubters and supplying critics with material for attacking all spiritualists and their tenets.

Men and women who for the first time have turned to spiritualism as a result of the war have had two methods of approach—attending public séances

and lectures on psychical phenomena or going direct to a medium for a sitting. The first is the course that people for the most part are following in England. In the larger cities numerous lectures, especially on Sundays, and classes for instruction in the many phases of psychic thought are open to the beginner as a means of preparing himself for private séances with a medium. In addition, various organisations hold informal gatherings for the purpose of making acquainted those interested in spiritualism so that they may help one another by the exchange of ideas and experiences.

Most popular of all is the public séance. It is to spiritualism what the Church service is to established religions, and it partakes of the nature of a religious service when the medium prays at the request of relatives for the spirits of certain persons who have passed over. The communications received from the other side at these public séances are rarely satisfactory when viewed from a scientific standpoint, if only because of the lack of time for individual attention and concentration.

For private séances too many of the bereaved depend on chance in the selection of a medium. Advertisements are numerous, and many are the alleged mediums whose power of deceit gets the better of them and their clients. It is their custom to have the client divulge information which they "communicate" later in the trance stage with the addition of vague messages and questions suggesting acquaintance with matters of which the dead are supposed to have some knowledge. Frequently this sort of medium creates an exotic atmosphere for his séances by Oriental hangings, burning incense and flowing robes.

England's leading psychic organisations attempt to eliminate the fraudulent from spiritualism, but present conditions are such as to make this sometimes difficult, especially in London, now the spiritualist capital of the world, whose ever-increasing opportunities have attracted many impostors. Each week London's authoritative journal of psychic research,

*Light*, announces at the head of a column of advertisements, under the title "The Personal Investigation of Spiritualism," that "while adopting every reasonable precaution to ascertain the bonafides of advertisers, the proprietors do not hold themselves in any way responsible, either for the qualifications of such advertisers or for the results obtained by investigators."

In addition this advice is given: "Try the results you get by the light of reason. Maintain a level head and a clear judgment. Do not believe everything you are told. Do not enter into a very solemn investigation in a spirit of idle curiosity or frivolity."

Then follow two columns of advertisements, of which these are typical:

Miss Chapin (Blind) (of New York). Sitings daily; hours from 2 o'clock to 6 P.M. Select séance, Tuesday afternoon, at 3, 2s.; Friday evening, at 8, 2s.—6s., Macfarlane-road, Wood-lane, W. (close station). (Ring Middle Bell.)

Dr. S. G. Yathmal, B.A., Ph.D., educated Hindoo, native of India, Scientific Investigator, Hindoo Seer, Indian Psychic, gives Readings. Fees moderate. 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. Correspondence invited; short visits.—62, Edgware-road (near Marble Arch), W.

Mr. A. Vout Peters now in London. Apointments can be made by letter only addressed to c/o 16, Tavistock-square, W. C.

The honest investigators are agreed that there should be a more efficient system than exists at present for checking charlatans. Recently the Spiritualists' Education Council appealed to the Government to allow them to form their own committee to give certificates to qualified mediums. Speaking for the mediums, Mr. Horace Leaf said that the Council could supply a committee capable of judging whether or not a person is a true medium. Why, he asked, permit anyone to practise as a psychic unless he had received a certificate from the authority appointed to decide on his ability any more than permit a person to practise as a physician unless he had

received the sanction of an accredited body?

General Sir Alfred Turner, who in more than twenty-five years of psychic research has had séances with numerous mediums of various nationalities, tells me he has come in contact with very few who are not genuine. Recently he has had a number of sittings with three mediums in whose powers and integrity he has the utmost confidence because of repeated tests and communications.

At one of these sittings, with a medium known as Mr. Craddock, a distinguished general officer, who died in the Sudan thirty-one years ago, appeared to the medium and General Turner, "as clearly as in his physical life," said General Turner in telling the details. He asked the spirit what had happened to his son, who was an officer in the Guards and who had been reported "missing, believed killed." The father replied that his son is a prisoner in Germany, and that owing to shell-shock his memory is completely destroyed, and he cannot recall his name to give to his captors.

When sitting with X, a medium of more than ordinary powers, there came a voice calling General Turner "uncle." He could not identify the source of the communication until the spirit gave his Christian name; then General Turner recognised him as a boy of nineteen, an officer in the Guards, who although not a nephew had always addressed him as uncle. General Turner knew that the boy had been brutally murdered by a German officer. The battalion of the Guards to which the boy belonged was being pressed back by the Germans in greatly superior numbers when he was wounded by a piece of shrapnel. His comrades, unable to carry him, saw him shot by a German officer. Later this German was captured, identified, tried by court-martial and shot.

At this séance the boy told General Turner that he was perfectly happy and had no wish to return to earth. He said that since his spirit had left his body he had been helped by other spirits.



At a subsequent séance General Turner was in communication with the boy a second time, but with a different medium, Mrs. Susannah Harris. Through one of her control spirits, called Harmony, General Turner addressed a question to this nineteen-year-old officer of the Guards relating to the fellow-officer "reported missing, believed killed" and said by the spirit of the father to be a prisoner in Germany.

"Is Captain \_\_\_\_\_ with you?"

"No," came the reply, "he is still on your side. He was made a prisoner. The people around him cannot learn who he is. He is suffering from shell-shock, and he knows nothing about the past."

"Does he know his name?"

"No, he has forgotten everything."

As yet no information has been received from Germany verifying these corroborative communications from different spirits through different mediums. But the spiritualist is just as firm in his belief of the truth of these communications as the Christian, who does not demand material proof of his religious beliefs.

During the same séance with Mrs. Harris, General Turner was in communication with Lord Roberts, who died on November 14, 1914, after the English people and government had realised their mistake in not following his advice in regard to preparations to offset Germany's military strength. This was uppermost in General Turner's mind, and he addressed a question concerning it to Lord Roberts: "Do you feel that the refusal of the government to listen to your warnings will have a disastrous effect on the outcome of the war?"

"I am convinced England will be victorious," replied Lord Roberts. "If the government had only met Germany's activities with the proper military preparations everything on your side would be very different from what it is to-day. Everything will be well in the end."

"Can you see what will happen before the Allies are victorious?"

"I only know that there is a terrible,

dense veil of darkness before you reach the glorious light of peace and happiness."

Extraordinary communications, but prove that they are true, is the attitude of the sceptic. Extraordinary, yes, as we of this world view things, but prove that they are not true, is the position taken by the spiritualist.

The sceptic, however, is no more able to disprove them than he is able to prove that Mrs. H—— did not see the spirit of her son upon four different occasions at her home in Lancashire. On a Wednesday evening the mother was sitting alone at tea when she heard the door open and saw her boy enter and lean against the wall just inside. With an exclamation of delight at his return, she got up to greet him, when to her surprise he went out again and shut the door. Thinking that he had gone to buy cigarettes, she hurried out to two shops nearby and made inquiries. No one had seen her son. She decided that he had met friends and would return later, so she left the door open all evening and sat up till eleven o'clock waiting for him.

The next afternoon while sewing she happened to lift her eyes and there sitting on a stool was her son. She approached to kiss him, but again he disappeared without a word.

Friday evening, after having tea, she was standing, tea-pot in hand, when again she saw him appear at the door.

"My boy," she cried, "don't leave your mother this time! Come in and sit down and have a cup of tea."

"I can't, mother," came the reply, "I'm done. I want to go to bed."

Then she noticed for the first time that there was blood on his breast. "Go up to your room, and I will come and wash you and bring you a cup of tea."

She heard him go up. Within a few minutes she followed and found him standing by the bedside. Suddenly he fell on the bed. He rolled over on his back, and the mother saw the bed covered with blood. With an exclamation of dismay she caught up the sponge and turned again to the bed. No one was

there, and the bed was spotless and undisturbed.

For the first time she realised that it was not the actual physical presence of her son that had been before her. The next day, Saturday, the son appeared for the fourth time, telling her not to fret, for everything was all right with him.

The next morning when the postman came to the door she said, "You have brought me bad news." A letter he gave her contained the news of her son's death at the front. He had been killed on the previous Wednesday, the day on which he had first appeared before his mother.

What can the sceptic say that will make this woman believe she did not see her son? Or how can the sceptic prove to the satisfaction of over one hundred officers and men that they did not see Col. ——— on the day that he died several hundred miles distant from the trenches where they were stationed?

This is the story. Col. ———, of one of England's most famous regiments, was idolised by the officers and soldiers under him. There was no sacrifice they would not make for him, and he was equally devoted to their interests. He shared their dangers in Flanders for a year, until one morning he was wounded by a hand grenade which caused the loss of his right arm. When after a number of months he was fitted with an artificial arm he used all the influence possible to get back to his old regiment. The War Office was obdurate. He could not return to fighting in Flanders. However, if he wished he could have the command of a garrison battalion that would first be landed at Lemnos.

He accepted, but his heart was with his old regiment. They heard of his new command, but all of them, officers and men, believed that the colonel would succeed in getting back to them. Shortly after landing at Lemnos the colonel became ill with dysentery. He was put aboard a hospital ship which reached a channel port on a Tuesday. At noon the next day the colonel was placed on a

hospital train, but he never reached London, for he died just half an hour later.

At the hour of the colonel's death a company of his old regiment saw him in their trench in Flanders. The company sergeant-major turned to the company commander, "Beg your pardon, sir, here's Colonel ——— coming round; didn't know he was back again."

The officer looked up, and there stood the colonel, with his cap just a little on one side as he always wore it and with a pair of binoculars, familiar to all the men, slung around his neck.

The company commander started toward him, dropped his stick and stooped to pick it up. When he straightened up again the colonel was gone. Down a communication trench rushed the officer to company headquarters. The officers there had also seen the colonel. "We looked at him for fully a minute, then suddenly he was not there. We can't make it out either, for we thought he was in the Dardanelles. Besides all the men saw him, and he had both his arms."

Not until the next week did the regiment learn of the colonel's death. Not one of the hundred and more men who had seen him even knew until then that the colonel had left the Mediterranean.

No matter what you and I believe, no matter what arguments we might put forward in attempting to prove that the colonel or his spirit did not appear, that company saw its former colonel. They know they did.

Such knowledge, such conviction as that of these soldiers, of the lonely Lancashire woman, of Conan Doyle, of Sir Oliver Lodge—knowledge and conviction now multiplied innumerable times in England and the other warring countries, with their millions of dead and their tens of millions of bereaved—all this constitutes a collective psychological experience that has produced the germ of the most remarkable, perhaps, of the possible results of the war. For the first time in modern history a result in its

essence, psychological or spiritual, may be found to have subordinated every other.

But there remains a world to convince. Does England's unprecedented

interest in spiritualism represent a psychological reaction or the belated awakening to a divine revelation—the belief, long held a truth by many minds, that “there are no dead”?

## THE BLACKSMITH

BY HENRY BRYAN BINNS

WHAT have you in your stithy, Thor,  
That now you make your bellows roar  
So terribly within?  
What is there hidden in the heat  
That now you snatch it forth and beat  
With such huge din?

He shouted—for he would not cease  
Hammering—“What I make is peace!  
Amid this clang of war  
I shape to't—I who have the skill—  
The stubborn steel of all men's will.”  
—So I heard Thor.

The metal rimed the word he spoke  
As though each awful hammer-stroke  
Gave freedom and release:  
Under the blacksmithing of Thor  
Anvil and steel together swore  
World oath of peace.

He took me also, and his blast  
Roared, as through all my being passed  
The permeating heat:  
Within the fury of the flame  
I, that had stood apart, became  
For forging meet.

Snatched forth and on the anvil laid,  
With sudden heavy strokes he played  
On me his music well:  
“Death! Death! Death!” was the hammer clang  
And “Faith! Faith! Faith!” the answer rang  
Clear as a bell.

# AUGUSTE RODIN

BY JULES BOIS

## I

"No, I will not let my works leave this place. I do not want to exile them. If the barbarians must come, let my statues perish where they were born. Let them perish together with me, for I will never abandon them."

These were the words that Rodin spoke to me in his garden at Meudon, several days before the victory of the Marne. At that time Von Kluck's army was nearing Paris. The government was at Bordeaux. The marvellous treasures of the museums of the Louvre and Luxembourg had been sent off to the provinces. We learned afterward that the danger incurred had been great. Our enemies had everything prepared to denude Paris of its valiant men as well as of its monuments and art objects. But Joffre and Galieni, with their "poilus," saved both Rodin and Paris.

I cannot without emotion recall that afternoon in August, 1914. How completely *en famille* Rodin appeared here in the midst of his sons and daughters in plaster, in marble, or in bronze. He jealously defended his offspring even against the buyers, who had great difficulty to obtain them. The future counted for little. It hurt him to part with these living parcels of his soul.

We were strolling along the cool footpaths of the master's rustic abode, he and I. Statues blended naturally with groves and fountains, and lived quite in harmony with some dogs, a cow, doves and swans. Age, instead of bending his frame, had rather made it straighter and stronger. He was of robust build, though not very tall, and he had marked features, a strong nose with sensitive nostrils, a flowing beard like that of Michael Angelo's Moses. At times, his keen eyes peered into mine, restless, piercing, profound.

Below, the Seine meandered between rows of poplars; the hills of Sèvres, Suresnes, Saint-Cloud, still green, lay lovely in the delicate light of the setting sun. A landscape of Ile de France as clear as those of Greece and more finely shaded than those of Italy! Afar off, beneath wandering plumes of smoke, Paris stretched the immensity of its roofs, domes and belfries. Here was the happy home, rich in inspiration, where worked the French Michael Angelo, face to face with Nature's serenity, but with ears open to the stirring din of the most intellectual of the world's capitals.

## II

In fact, never since the Greeks has a sculptor more intimately combined nature and intellectuality with a surer instinct. As the painter Monet discarded the light of the studio, so Rodin repudiated the atmosphere of the museum. He wholeheartedly dedicated his creations to the open air; he subjected them to the test of sunlight and shadow. He liked them to be polished by the wind, the rain, the falling leaves, and the birds as they brushed past. Thus, *The Thinker* occupies at present a place in front of the Pantheon and decorates a nook in a beautiful park of San Francisco. He was the first to make his figures walk naturally, their feet firmly planted on the soil. He hated the pedestal, made to emphasise the artificiality of a work of art. He would have one meet a statue in a garden, just as one crosses paths with strangers.

"I remember," he confided to me, "having asked that the various types composing the group of *The Burghers of Calais* should be engraved on the slabs of the public square before the City Hall of Calais. Thus they would become part and parcel of the daily life of the

city. The official commission thought I was mad. . . . I had to yield and allow a pedestal."

Rodin had no patience with the useless, conventional detail. His clear mind and his insight urged him to extremities of simplification.

"I abhor tinsel," he told me. "I ruthlessly discard all that is not *expressive*. Hence, I thought, I had the right to present Hugo as an antique deity. My Balzac has neither arms nor feet. He disappears in the vague and elusive folds of a dressing gown which makes him look like a phantom. Why not? What I had to render was the anguish of the creative literary effort. I have emphasised the contortions of his face, for even the importance of the features is secondary to the hidden fermentation of the brain of my model, the patron saint of all novelists."

I halted before one of the most impressive compositions of this ultra-synthetic kind, namely, *Maternity*. Here the work of the sculptor is reduced to the essential. From the block of marble rises the head of the mother, in which the intensity of emotion triumphantly asserts itself; then there is the pretty movement of the child's head toward the faintly discernible shoulder; finally the mother's foreshortened arm with the delicate curvature of the embrace. That is all. The rest lies dormant within the virgin matter. . . . The busts of Puvis de Chavannes, of Mozart, not to mention others, suppress the very possibility of dress. There is not even the neck, hence the absence of the hideous collar. These statues are merely isolated heads, emerging from a shapeless rock, similar to deathless visions stripped of all that is not an intimate part of their peculiar genius.

### III

With that self-forgetfulness which is characteristic of the greater artist, Rodin led me to his collection of pagan bronzes and marble statuary.

"I have spent on them," he remarked, "the largest part of what I have earned,

and I shall bequeath them to the state, together with my own works."

The quiet, the serenity of these masterpieces of antique art, set off the anguish and the passion which characterise the figures shaped by Rodin. Nevertheless, his intensely modern æsthetic creed preserves a bond of sympathy and common intention with the art of the antique world.

"The Greeks and the Egyptians," I said to him, "had the same starting-point as you, namely, the principle of truth without anything useless or affected; but the pagan art, confining itself as it did to the love of life, knew but little the tribulations of the spirit and the anxieties of the Beyond. You, on the contrary, you are profoundly Christian. Your works, scattered here all around us, what impressions have they perpetuated of remorse, and tenderness, and ecstasy, and the eternal duel of the higher and lower nature! Your most poignant productions, such as *Ugolino*, *The Weeping Woman*, *Fugit Amor*, *The Eternal Idol*, *Eve After the Fall*, are alive with this duel, which lends nobility to modern life."

Rodin smiled in silence. It was, he knew well, by shearing sculpture of false idealisation and of the frigid and pompous poses of the Schoolmen that he had reformed the art after Rude, Carpeau, and Barye. He returned to the freedom and spontaneity of an age when the habit of nudity allowed the body its natural expansion and when the gestures, to quote Rodin, had "the youth of eternity."

And the master added:

"Good sculpture, my friend, consists in rendering movement with sincerity. The *inexpressive* alone is *ugly*. False classicism 'feigns beauty,' while true beauty is in the manifestations of life. They stuffed the antique art and made this distorted image the idol of the Schools. I have been an iconoclast. Like the sculptors of the time of Phidias, I daily spend several hours in the midst of my models in my studio flooded with daylight. I do not force upon them any

preconceived pose, but when they find one that strikes me, I immediately endeavour to set it down. And if the pose continues to please me, I embody it in a statue. My sole merit is to have re-discovered some of the infinitely varied aspects of the human flower."

#### IV

Rodin's death has not taken us by surprise, although it has grieved us deeply. The north wind of last winter, which was fatal to Mme. Rodin, had gravely affected him, too. The war has brought about a shortage of coal, and Rodin found it difficult to heat his house at Meudon. No detail is too humble in the history of a great life. Aged and deprived of the loving care of his life-companion, Rodin took cold. He, too, has been caught in the hurricane of devastation which is at present raging in the world. . . .

I made Rodin's acquaintance at the beginning of my literary career in 1890, and we became friends at once. He readily welcomed young writers, who, on their part, did not stint him their enthusiasm, and worked to spread his glory. He was one of our masters not only in the plastic arts, but in general æsthetics. He led us away from conventions, nearer to nature, to a point equally distant from too vague an idealism and too narrow a realism. He helped us grasp and express the complexities of modern life, with its contradictions and surprises, its grandeur and mystery. We ranked this sculptor with Balzac, Tolstoy, Ibsen, Walt Whitman. He taught us, after a fashion of his own, the same lessons.

Like these great writers, he was in turn exasperated, lyrical, brutal, luminous—he had perplexities, obscurities, and deficiencies, which only swelled our love for him. Was he not thus more ourselves? The shadows which went with his splendour, in rendering him truer and more human, made him nearer to us.

While the moralist transcends his

time in order to transform it, the artist, on the contrary, dominates merely to give expression. Now, no other period in history—I mean that which preceded the war—has been more stormy, more restless, more disquieting, but also none has been more abundant in magnificent soaring flights followed by the aftermath of appalling depression. Like the typical writers I have just mentioned, Rodin was filled with the fervour of his age; together with his own temperament, he embodied it in bronze and in marble.

Visit one of the numerous Rodin museums, scattered all over the world—particularly in France and in America, at Meudon and in Paris, in New York and in San Francisco. The humblest among us will have the feeling of finding himself face to face with his own soul, dismembered, and embodied in masterpieces or fragments of masterpieces. These heads, arms, hands, busts, unfinished bodies, forms, tottering, or triumphantly sturdy, springing from unformed rocks: they are the thought, the sensibility, and also the will of modernity, with its efforts, impetuous, incomplete, distracted—until the war came and gathered these scattered fragments into a stupendous *ensemble*, a magnificent and formidable group, which the sculptors of the future, the Rodins of the Society of Nations, will in later times translate into the language of plastic forms.

I remember having seen, in 1897, the rough sketch of *The Gates of Hell* at the studio which Rodin kept at the "Depot des Marbres," Rue de l'Université, Paris.

Among the privileged visitors was Octave Mirbeau, the celebrated novelist, who died several months ago. He was an enthusiast, and a man given to excesses of sensibility. Not only did he congratulate Rodin on the beauty and the picturesqueness of his groups of the damned, but he admired what others criticised, namely, the hollows, the gaps, all that had remained unfinished in this "Gate of Hell," and which thus lent it something of what is unexpressed and inexpressible.

Such a eulogy smacked of the paradox. But after all, why not? Do not rests count in music? The poetry of a strophe is made up not only of what the words express, but also of what is merely suggested. This art, seemingly so material, so limited, Rodin strove to make render the mysterious and the impossible. And he often succeeded in it. Do you know Harriman's bust in the Museum of New York? Here the triumphant power of the glance is expressed precisely by the hollow of the eyes, by all that they seem to lack, but which is nevertheless there.

## V

This singular, æsthetic doctrine inevitably attracted obstacles and hostility. It was a thorny, heroic path to fame. Poverty, failure, ostracism—he knew them all before he reached his goal.

Rodin's first studio was a plain stable, which he rented for one hundred and twenty francs a year. At the age of twenty he lived there, drunk with the wine of creation, like a young god. But this god saw his worlds vanish one by one, without being able to finish them. He lacked the money necessary to have his works cast! The moulded clay fell to pieces, in winter because of the cold, in summer because of the heat.

It was there, however, that he completed his *Man with the Broken Nose*, a work revealing already surprising qualities of truth and audacity. Naturally, the bust was rejected at the Salon.

*The Man with the Broken Nose* was a challenge to the graceful and the pretty. Rodin proclaimed the rights of what the common people call ugliness. Nor are *The Burghers of Calais* or *Saint John* "beautiful" in the bourgeois or fashionable sense of the word. *Ugolino* is terrible; *She Who Was the Fair Helmet-Maker* is a monster of horror. But in art everything is beautiful when inspiration and life are hallowed by the skill of the artist.

To keep body and soul together, Rodin was forced to work as a "manual worker," a nameless studio assistant to

other sculptors, who were more moneyed than he, but surely less talented. Later, he found hospitality in Belgium. There he modelled his *Age of Bronze*, so intensely real and glowing with life that he was accused of having cast it from nature!

After having obtained this time a modest third medal at the Salon, Rodin returned to Paris, where he lived till the end of his days. His existence is identical with the succession of his works. Most of them made a considerable stir, precisely because of the stubborn opposition which they met.

The envious sought to crush his growing reputation under the weight of ridicule. Instead of being intimidated by his enemies, Rodin set them at defiance. He asserted his personality without making the slightest concession to the tastes of his day or to the æsthetic canons of the academies. If there is anything to reproach him with, it is that as he grew older he exaggerated his manner, made it more violent and aggressive—which is a reproach redounding to Rodin's credit. Some of his works, for instance *Balzac*, are not unlike provocations. He conquered where others, less gifted or less persistent, would have lost themselves.

His fertile old age, which ceaselessly renewed itself and refused to shut itself up in a rigid formula, brings to one's mind Hokusai's radiant wane of life. The illustrious Japanese impressionist, far from being affected by the burden of years, would exclaim laughingly, "Mark my word, when I will be one hundred and ten years old, it will be even better. Not a single line, not a single stroke will come from my brush which will not express life!" Owing to the continuity of labour, Rodin's extended maturity was an unbroken ascent. Age is powerless against such men. Their brain, instead of growing weaker, gains in strength. Michael Angelo, Titian, Poussin, and especially Rembrandt and Victor Hugo, belonged to this race. In growing simpler Rodin's art rose to loftier heights.

Of course, he could not subdue all his

adversaries. This circumstance came clearly to light when, several months before his death, there arose the question of founding at the Hotel Biron a state museum reserved for his works. But what did it matter? He had won not only those whose opinions count, but also the majority of the public. Rodin witnessed his own apotheosis. Great artists, aristocrats, politicians, diplomats, financiers, all paid him a visit with an admiration which a certain snobbishness tinged with fanaticism.

His admirers wrangled over his most trivial sketches, to the point of contending for his drawings of the last hour, which are at times little more than dreams or whims. He came pretty near being proclaimed a prophet. Some people he inspired with a feeling bordering on religious reverence. His slightest utterance was received as an oracle. Back of this sometimes too excessive enthusiasm, which, after all, did not counterbalance the injustice of former reviling, there was the consciousness of the radiant personality of this man, so completely possessed of his art that he had become its priest and hero.

## VI

In 1915, between two trips to the United States, I saw my friend. We spoke of America. I am glad to have come upon a few hasty notes taken after a conversation which, alas! will never be resumed:

"America," Rodin declared to me, "is the only country which I should like to

visit, if I were not already too old; if France were not so dear to me, and if I were not detained here by my 'children,'" he pointed to his statues. "It would be a pilgrimage of gratitude; for that great country befriended me before all the other countries. Americans understand; more than that, they have foresight. This wealth of expression which pervades my bronze and marble, this perpetual desire with which my statues glow, this eager taste for action—that is what, they told me, attracted them from the first. Had I consented, the United States before long would have formed a trust for my works! They would have monopolised them. I am proud of this appreciation. I also believe that in America the human body is recovering its harmony and freedom. Through outdoor exercises and various games, both modern and ancient, girls and boys have regained possession of some of the elements which constituted Hellenic beauty and Hellenic health. I know I have there disciples or, rather, young brothers who have before their eyes splendid specimens of the human race to inspire them. But, I repeat, what moves me most deeply is that the sympathy of the Americans has many a time sustained me in the trials through which I have gone. If all I am I owe to France, my mother, America has often come to me as a messenger of hope. And in hours of depression I heard her generous voice calling to me: 'Forward, Rodin! If the present is forbidding, the future smiles on you from afar.'"



# AUSTIN DOBSON ONCE MORE

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

## I

IT is just forty years since Mr. Austin Dobson published his second volume of verse, *Proverbs in Porcelain*; and since the delighted perusal of this collection of lilting lyrics sent me back at once to its predecessor, *Vignettes in Rhyme*, which I had not earlier seen and which revealed itself as an elder brother to the younger book, with the same air of distinction and the same atmosphere of unconscious grace. I fell captive then to the charm of the poet who had put forth these two modest tomes; and I am still a thrall to him. In two score years the potency of his magic has not weakened; and his latest lyrics have all the fascination of his earlier songs and madrigals, even if they now strike only the notes with which we have long been familiar and if they lack the novelty which first arrested attention. With renewed and unflinching pleasure has the lover of poetry welcomed the new lyrics that have flowered from the old roots, year after year, finding in them ever the same fragrance. The lyrist himself may have grown older, but his eyes are not dimmed to beauty and his hand has lost none of its cunning. The fruit of the tree may not be as abundant as once it was but its flavour is as delicious and its aroma as delightful.

If we seek to catalogue the qualities which give to Mr. Dobson's lyrics their perennial charm, we cannot do better than to quote once more the copy of verses written by the late Andrew Lang on the occasion of the publication of his friend's *At the Sign of the Lyre*. With his customary felicity Lang rimed this review more or less in imitation of the manner of the author he was eulogising:

A little of Horace, a little of Prior,  
A sketch of a Milkmaid, a lay of the  
Squire—

These, these are on draught *At the Sign of  
the Lyre!*

A child in Blue Ribbons that sings to herself,  
A talk of the Books on the Sheraton shelf.  
A sword of the Stuarts, a wig of the Guelph,

A lai, a pantoum, a ballade, a rondeau,  
A pastel by Greuze, and a sketch by Moreau.  
And the chimes of the rhymes that sing  
sweet as they go,

A fan, and a folio, a ringlet, a glove,  
'Neath a dance by Laguerre on the ceiling  
above,  
And a dream of the days when the bard was  
in love,

A scent of dead roses, a glance at a pun,  
A toss of old powder, a glint of the sun.  
They meet in the volume that Dobson has  
done!

If there's more than the heart of a man can  
desire,  
He may search in his Swinburne for fury  
and fire;  
If he's wise—he'll alight at *The Sign of the  
Lyre*.

To "a little of Horace" and "a little of Prior," we may add a little of Landor and a little of Locker, a little of Præd and a little of Herrick; and even then we noted only half a dozen of the elder lyrists whose strains we seem to recover now and again in the varied verse of Mr. Dobson. But what we find in this verse, insistent and unmistakable, is the strain of Austin Dobson himself. He studied under many early masters that he might find himself and disengage his own originality, personal to him, pungent with his own indisputable individuality. Every poet who wins to the front is the heir of the ages, the inheritor of the lessons

of the past, the bearer of a torch lighted long ago.

It was the kindly and acute Stedman who declared that "there is an English Horace in every generation, and Mr. Dobson is unquestionably the present holder of the title—if not of the Sabine Farm." It was the fastidious Aldrich who asserted that Austin Dobson had "the grace of Suckling and the finish of Herrick, and is easily the master of both in metrical art." It was the cautious and discriminating Brownell who dwelt on the certainty of Mr. Dobson's technique and on "the admirable combination of ease and elaboration in virtue of which his verse seems to have been conceived as it was written."

Probably the poems by which Mr. Dobson is best known, the *Ballad of Beau Brocade*, for example, the ballades of *Prose and Rhyme* and of the *Pompadour's Fan* and the *Proverbs in Porcelain*, are to be classified under the misleading name of *vers de société*. The name is misleading because the best in this kind is far better than mere "society verse." More appropriate is the name that Cowper gave it,—“Familiar Verse.” It is the verse which is brief and brilliant and buoyant, and which is always clever but never for the sake of its own cleverness. It is the verse which is blithe and debonair on the surface and tender beneath its finish and its polish. It is the verse in which humour and pathos play hide-and-seek, and in which the smile never broadens into the laugh and the sigh is never followed by the tear. It is the verse which is sustained by sentiment and which never relaxes into sentimentality. It is the verse in which the humour is always good humour and always devoid of buffoonery.

It is verse which may seem easy because of its hidden art and its strictly controlled inspiration; but it is verse achieved with difficulty, only on occasion, and only by those who have the native gift for it,—a native gift denied to not a few of the major bards of the language. In one of the papers of the *Rambler* Doctor Johnson, often a shrewd critic

even of poetry, declared that it is "less difficult to write a volume of lines swelled with epithets, brightened by figures, and stiffened by transpositions, than to produce a few couplets graced only by naked elegance and simple purity, which require so much care and skill that I doubt whether any of our authors have yet been able for twenty lines together nicely to observe the true definition of easy poetry."

I have told elsewhere how Frederick Locker, a most loyal adherent of Dobson's poetry, once pointed out to me that the best of this poetry is not strictly Familiar Verse, since Dobson was too richly endowed to be content to express himself within the narrower limitations of this ever enjoyable but always restricted subdivision of the lyric. Dobson himself recognised the justice of this criticism and did not in any way object to it. Indeed, he had earlier expressed to me what might almost be termed a protest against a too rigorous insistence upon a too rigid classification. "Why should Familiar Verse, if worthy of permanence be parcelled off at all?" he asked. "Why might it not be called poetry at once? Why, because it looks at life sportively, and laughed, like Figaro, to avoid crying, should it be ticketed as trifling? Why should it be thought a thing for grave readers to avoid, while any bardlet who writes Stanzas to Melancholy or Sonnets to the Moon may call his lines poetry?"

Nevertheless I was able to persuade him, more than thirty years ago, to draw up for me the "Twelve Good Rules of Familiar Verse." This clever code for the governance of all who may essay *vers de société* (falsely so called), has been printed more than once; but it cannot be published too often. Since none of its laws have been repealed it is as valid to-day and as valuable as it was when it was promulgated. Here are

#### THE TWELVE GOOD RULES OF FAMILIAR VERSE

- I. Never be vulgar.
- II. Avoid slang and puns.

- III. Avoid inversions.
- IV. Be sparing of long words.
- V. Be colloquial but not commonplace.
- VI. Choose the lightest and brightest of measures.
- VII. Let the rimes be frequent but not forced.
- VIII. Let them be rigorously exact to the ear.
- IX. Be as witty as you like.
- X. Be serious by accident.
- XI. Be pathetic with the greatest discretion.
- XII. Never ask if the writer of these rules has observed them himself.

## II

Austin Dobson is Horatian in his reserve, in his unflinching felicity of phrase, in his detachment and self-control, in his preservation of the attitude of a man of the world. He is also to be paralleled to the most friendly of the Roman bards because he was able to enrich English verse with poetic forces captured from the foreigner as Horace had enriched Latin verse. The metres of Horace's lyrics are taken over from the Greek poets, but with delicate modifications and modulations to adjust them aptly to the ruder accents of the Latin tongue. So Austin Dobson, borrowing the ballade and the rondeau and the triolet, found for these French forms the most appropriate English rhythms. In fact, only those familiar with the fixed forms in French are in a position to recognise the full value of the British bard's taste and tact in translating his metrical exotics.

Just now, when the poetry which is most prevalent,—if not most popular,—in the United States is a lax and negligent *vers libre*, a sort of Free and Easy verse, which seeks to uncover the darker and more mysterious recesses of the human soul and to focus attention upon the discomforts and the discords of life, there may be advantage in setting up over against it the vernacular terseness, the metrical integrity, and the moral soundness of Austin Dobson's cheerful

lyrics. They will serve again as models when at last the inevitable reaction comes against these sombre and cruel libels upon humanity and when the idols of the hour crumble upon their clay feet and are cast down in the dust.

Perhaps the next generation of versifiers will not echo the vaunt of the bards of the moment who boast that they owe nothing to their predecessors in the art of poetry and who—if this claim is justified—are therefore reduced to the barren imitation of their contemporaries; they are a little like the fabled inhabitants of the Scilly Isles who were said "to earn a precarious living by taking in one another's washing." Goethe once rimed three couplets in witty derision of those who wilfully renounce the privilege of apprenticeship to the past; and Austin Dobson has rendered them into six English lines as sharply pointed as those of Goethe's satiric stanza:

Saith one: "To no school I belong;  
No living Master leads me wrong;  
Nor do I, for the things I know,  
A debt to any dead man owe."  
Which means, in phrasing less polite:  
"I am a Fool in my own Right."

This sextain is one of more than a score of epigrams scattered through the pages of *A Bookman's Budget*, composed and compiled by Austin Dobson (Oxford University Press, 1917). I confess to what the physicians call "a predisposing condition" which for two score years has stimulated me to write about the author of *Vignettes in Rhyme* whenever occasion offered; and it is this new book of his which is the "exciting cause" of these rambling remarks. It is not only a new book, it is a book of a new kind,—except in so far as it may have found its model in the equally readable volume entitled *Patchwork* which Frederick Locker published in 1879. *Patchwork* is a thing of shreds and patches, and so is *A Bookman's Budget*. Each of them is a medley of prose and verse, original and borrowed. Each of them abounds in anecdote and epigram and apt quotation. Each of them is enriched by lyrics from

the pen of its compiler, not collected into his own volumes of verse. Each of them is truly a bedside book, to be taken up and read for a few minutes at a time, to be tasted and not to be devoured, to be dipped into at odd moments.

In other words, *A Bookman's Budget* and *Patchwork* both belong to that department of literature which used to be popular under the name of Commonplace Book and which often deserved to be dismissed as specimens of the books that Charles Lamb declared not to be books. In the preface to *Patchwork* Locker lightly admitted the plentiful lack of interest which such a compilation was likely to possess: "I do not know whether a reference to Dr. Johnson's dictionary would show that a Commonplace Book is a book kept by a commonplace sort of person, but I should not be surprised if the Doctor had thought so, and certainly, there is a very general opinion that collections of such scraps are mighty poor reading,—in sustained and coherent interest not a whit better than the Doctor's own lexicon."

Yet when a Commonplace Book is made not by a commonplace person but by a person of an individuality as outstanding and as engaging as that of Locker himself, or that of Austin Dobson, then the compilation may have an interest of its own, even if this is not "sustained and coherent." The quotations are apt and apposite as we find them here in Austin Dobson's pages; and they are often ingeniously capped by pertinent comments. For instance, he cites Aldrich's wise and witty quatrain on "Originality":

No bird has ever uttered note  
That was not in some first bird's throat;  
Since Eden's freshness and man's fall  
No rose has ever been original.

Then he finds in a line of Théophile Gautier's the hint for a quatrain of his own as sharply phrased as the American poet's epigram which has served as his text:

The green trees never aim at blue.  
They want no change. And why should you?  
(Nothing betrays a poor vitality  
Like straining for originality.)

Sometimes the epigram is borrowed entire from another tongue, generally French, but sometimes Latin. Here are four lines very closely Englished from an anonymous French epigram of the eighteenth century:

When Dick his wife doth Venus call,  
We pass it—in a madrigal;  
But all the same (though that's between us)  
'Tis no great compliment to Venus!

Here is a couplet amplified from a familiar line of Boileau's:

You need never lack praise, if you stoop to  
acquire it,  
For folly finds always its fool to admire it.

Here, again, is a quatrain extended from a couplet rimed by the same shrewd critic:

Go your own pace. No showy action  
Can do the work of honest traction;  
And those who hurry most may find  
More than they think is left behind.

and it is from a Latin prose motto that this couplet is derived:

Who, without books, essays to learn,  
Draws water in a leaky urn.

### III

Although Austin Dobson is willing now and again to levy on the alien the best of his epigrams are minted from his own ore with no foreign alloy. What could be neater in its playfulness than this quatrain?

#### SILENT CRITICISM

I read my rimes to Jack, who straight  
Slips off to Sleep's dominion;  
Then yawns, when I expostulate—  
"Why, sleep is . . . my opinion!"

Here is another bit of lyric wisdom, addressed to unduly hortatory bards:

Parnassus's peaks still take the sun,  
 But why, O lyric brother!  
 Why build a pulpit on the one,  
 A platform on the other?

When he penned the following eight lines and called them *Advice to a Poet*, Austin Dobson was probably thinking more particularly about the writers of Familiar Verse, and yet the counsel he gives might well be needed by lyrists of a loftier ambition:

My counsel to the budding bard  
 Is "Don't be long" and "Don't be hard."  
 Your "gentle public," my good friend,  
 Won't read what they can't comprehend;  
 And what they really like the best,  
 Is something short and well-expressed.  
 Therefore, if you would hold their ear,  
 Be brief, above all things, and clear.

This advice, proffered to other poets, Austin Dobson has always himself acted upon. He is ever brief and ever clear; he is never long and never hard. The direct thinking and the firm statement that we find in the lighter trifles just quoted, are to be found also in his longer lyrics and more especially in those more ambitious poems in which he rises nobly to an opportunity for a larger utterance upon a more exalted theme. For the commemoration of the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death, eighteen months ago, he contributed a poem which he called *A Riddle* and for which he took as a text Arnold's "others abide our question":

What like wert thou, O Riddle of our Race!  
 Whose intent eye the minds of men could  
 see,  
 And, by excess of intuition, trace,  
 In the dull germ its full maturity?

Thou, "of imagination all compact,"  
 Alone among thy fellows, couldst ally  
 The thought and word, the impulse and the  
 act.  
 Cause and effect, unerringly. But why?

None can make answer! To our ken a shade  
 Thou—for whom souls lay open—art as  
 dark

As formless phantoms of the night, that fade  
 With daybreak and the singing of the  
 lark.

We may explore thy Secret still, yet thou  
 Serene, unsearchable, above us all,  
 Look'st down, as from some lofty mountain-  
 brow,  
 And art thyself thine own Memorial.

To all those who have joyed in the poetry of Austin Dobson for now these many years, these sonorous lines will not seem less characteristic than his deft and dextrous epigrams or his brisk and brilliant ballades. In hours of idleness he may murmur with the shallows but when the minute comes to find words for the depths that are dumb, his lyre is ready to strike the fuller and more resonant chords. In this medley of his, which sometimes dons the motley and which sometimes arms itself in steel he has gathered together the half-dozen rondeaus he has contributed to one and another of the many volumes issued to raise funds for the sufferers by the war. By most readers the rondeau is esteemed fit only for "society" themes and for the more frivolous aspects of life; but in at least two of these martial rondeaus Austin Dobson has revealed its larger possibilities. Here is a rondeau to Belgium, written for King Albert's book:

For Right, not Might, you fought. The foe,  
 Checked in his wild World-overthrow,  
 Ravaged with his remorseless band,  
 Your ancient fanes and peaceful land,  
 Thinking to crush you at a blow.

You are not crushed, as well we know.  
 If you are trodden, 'tis to grow;  
 Nor can they fail at last who stand  
 For Right, not Might.

God speed you, Belgium. Time will show  
 How large a debt to you we owe.  
 To you—through all reverses grand—  
 Men stretch to-day a grateful hand . . .  
 God speed you still—in weal or woe—  
 For Right, not Might.

Even more vigorous is the rondeau which looks forward, as the rondeau to

Belgium looked back, and which is entitled *When there is Peace*.

*"When there is Peace our land no more  
Will be the land we knew of yore."*

Thus do our facile seers foretell  
The truth that none can buy or sell  
And e'en the wisest must ignore.

When we have bled at every pore,  
Shall we still strive for year and store?  
Will it be Heaven? Will it be Hell?  
When there is Peace.

This let us pray for, this implore;  
That all base dreams thrust out of door,  
We may in loftier aims excel  
And, like men waking from a spell,  
Grow stronger, nobler than before,  
When there is Peace.

Although it has seemed best in this discursive disquisition to quote Austin Dobson's own contributions in verse to his compilation, this may be dangerous, since it might mislead the reader into overlooking the fact that most of the contents of the book is taken from others and is in prose. There is an aptness in quotation as there is in composition; and mere juxtaposition may have an unex-

pected effectiveness. It was a skilful touch to place just before the war-lyrics a stirring passage from a sermon preached by Sydney Smith, more than a hundred years ago, when the little isle set in the silver sea was in danger of invasion by a formidable foe. This passage of prose is as pertinent for us here and now in these United States as it was and as it is for the British. Indeed it may fitly bring to an end this straggling paper of citation and comment:

Be not deceived, there is no wall of adamant, no triple flaming sword, to drive off those lawless assassins that have murdered and pillaged in every other land. Heaven has made with us no covenant, that there should be joy and peace here, and wailing and lamentation in the world beside. I would counsel you to put on a mind of patient suffering and noble acting; whatever energies there are in the human mind, you will want them all. Every man will be tried to the very springs of his heart, and those times are at hand which will show us all as we really are, with the genuine stamp and value, be it much or be it little, which nature has impressed upon each living soul.

# LE THÉÂTRE DU VIEUX COLOMBIER

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

IN THE now-forgotten period before the war, not even the most civilised of nations escaped entirely that taint of decadence which comes from long-protracted leisure and a consequent excess of lassitude. In France, the flag of art had been nailed to the mast for many centuries; but it began at last to droop, and to seem a little sullied, when no vivifying wind had blown upon it for more than forty years. Paris was becoming wearied of its own distinction, as the citadel of "those who know." Even the French theatre, which had led the world since 1830, was beginning to grow dull.

Something had gone wrong with France, and with the world at large. The wreaths that decked the statue of Strasbourg in the Place de la Concorde had almost begun to shrivel up and be forgotten; and then. . . .

But we are talking now of the time before the war, and of the condition of the French stage in a period of leisure and of lassitude. The theatres of Paris—unbelievable as it might seem—had almost descended to the level of the tedious. There were two reasons for this sad condition,—two antithetic tendencies which account, together, for the dearth of living drama in the somnolent and easy-going Paris of the light and laughing years before the war.

In the first place, more than half the energy that was expended in the French theatres of the time was devoted merely to a meaningless continuance of the traditions of the past; and, in the second place, the only relief from this incubus of ponderous conventionality was offered by a wild and whirling group of anarchists and "lesser breeds without the Law." French art—to talk in terms of politics—was languishing between a formal past of Louis Quatorze and a formless future of the Bolsheviki,—between an over-emphasised respect for Law and an exag-

gerated tendency to take a gambling chance on Lawlessness. Hence, those mixed and indigestible *Salons* of painting and of sculpture, which seemed bewildering at the passing moment, but which are easy enough to understand in retrospect to-day.

In that recent but now-superseded period, when the great art of the drama seemed destined either to die of old-age or to perish still-born in expectancy, an ambitious actor by the name of Jacques Copeau decided to establish a little, unpretentious theatre which should seek to light a vivid torch from the dying embers of the inspiration of the past. M. Copeau was neither a Reactionary nor an Anarchist: he was merely a lover of the maxim that Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty: and he had a vivid feeling that there is nothing either new or old in that eternal region where Truth and Beauty join hands and dance together, to the music of melodies unheard.

M. Copeau assembled a little group of co-operative actors and founded a new theatre in Paris on October 22, 1913. This theatre took its title from that mediæval street in the Quartier Latin, leading somewhat vaguely westward from the Place de Saint Sulpice, which might be named, in English, the Alley of the Ancient Dove-cot. Between October 22, 1913, and May 31, 1914, more than three hundred performances of fourteen plays, both classical and modern, were exhibited, to ever-growing audiences, at Le Théâtre du Vieux Colombier. Among the many authors represented were Shakespeare, Molière, Thomas Heywood, Alfred de Musset, Dostoyevsky, Paul Claudel, and Henri Becque. Before the end of his first season, M. Copeau had received "golden encomiums" from Eleanora Duse, Igor Strawinsky, Claude Debussy, Henri Bergson, Paul Claudel, Émile Verhaeren, and many other leaders

of the art-life of Europe. In the spring of 1914, M. Copeau was regarded, by the court of last resort, as the *régisseur* of that one theatre in the world which seemed manifestly most alive.

The principles of Jacques Copeau were very simple. He was neither a Reactionary nor an Anarchist. He neither respected the past for the insufficient reason that it was the past nor revered the future for the insufficient reason that it was the future. He freed his mind at once from traditions and from fads, and devoted his attention to the lofty task of "drawing the Thing as he saw It for the God of Things as They Are." One theory he clung to, absolutely:—that the drama is essentially an art of authorship, and that the purpose of the theatre is to recreate and to project the mood and purpose of the dramatist. In adhering to this theory [with which—it might be said in passing—the present writer utterly agrees] M. Copeau seceded not only from the immemorial tradition of the Comédie Française, which sets the actor higher than the author, but seceded also from the heresy of Mr. Gordon Craig, by which the actor is suppressed in order that the decorator may be almost deified. M. Copeau has little use for scenery or decoration. He does not believe, like Mr. Craig, that the drama is essentially a pattern of lines and lights and colours. Neither does he believe, like Mr. David Belasco, that the drama is a mere accumulated and assorted hodge-podge of properties and accessories. He believes that the *idea* of the dramatist is the only thing that counts, and that this idea may be rendered lovingly—without extraneous assistance—by an eager company of co-operative actors.

In the gospel of M. Copeau, "the play's the thing," and the purpose of the acting is to vivify and recreate the play. This gospel—simple as it seems—appeared exceptional in Paris in the year before the war; for, at that time, the reactionaries claimed that acting was the thing, and the anarchistic revolutionaries claimed that decoration was the thing. Between the shade of Talma and the

shadow of Gordon Craig, the theatre was obfuscated by a twilight that was doubly deep. Then came M. Copeau, with his very simple *dictum*:—Molière wrote plays intended to be acted; Molière acted plays intended to be seen; therefore, the only purpose of the theatre is to convey, through the fluent medium of acting, the creative purpose of the author. Decoration, after all, is nothing more than decoration. The idea of the play is the only thing that is eternal.

With this formula, M. Copeau succeeded; and, before the advent of the month of May in 1914, *Le Théâtre du Vieux Colombier* was already known and celebrated throughout Europe. Shakespeare, Molière, and a dozen other dramatists were enjoying, once again, a vivid life in the Alley of the Ancient Dove-cot. Then fell the war. . . .

Most of the actors were immediately mobilised. The theatre ceased to be. For many months, it seemed that Art itself was being shelled and shattered by the Hun, together with that symbol of all that is, in art, most Christian and, in consequence, most sacred,—the church of Joan of Arc,—*la cathédrale de Rheims*. *Le patron du Vieux Colombier* was—like Othello—a hero with an occupation gone. This artist of the stage—a man of more than military years—was suddenly divested of his theatre, or, in other words, his spiritual home. What was he to do? . . . The question was answered by the Minister of Fine Arts, who advised him to come to the United States, in order to deliver a series of *discours*.

In the now-forgotten days when this country still pretended to be "neutral" between Right and Wrong, many emissaries were sent over to our shores by the antithetic nations. The Germans and the Austrians sent over a small army of assassins, bomb-planters, artists in arson, and inciters to *sabotage*. The French sent over Jusserand, Brioux, and many other gentlemen instructed to do nothing and to say nothing, but to leave us quite religiously alone until we had had time to consult our own underlying conscience. Brioux, when he landed in New



York in the fall of 1914, said to the reporters:—"I am coming as an emissary from the French Academy to the American Academy; I am coming from a free people who can think to a kindred free people who can think; and, so long as I enjoy your hospitality, I shall say no word about the war."

Jacques Copeau, when he came to America a year ago, was similarly tactful. He talked to us of art and Molière, and said no word about the war. We know, now, that France was bleeding at the time; but this artist—sent over by his government—talked to us only about Truth and Beauty,—eternal matters, in the midst of many things succumbing momentarily to death. We welcomed Jacques Copeau,—because he wore the face of Dante, because he had the voice and the demeanour of one "having authority," because of any of a multitude of reasons that are trivial and real. We asked him, naturally, to remain among us; and this request was backed by a guaranteed subscription, collected in support of the occasion by Mr. Otto Kahn and some of his associates in the directorate of the Metropolitan Opera House.

In consequence of this support from a friendly nation overseas, the French Government was easily persuaded to encourage a transference of Le Théâtre du Vieux Colombier from Paris to New York. Such actors of the company originally chosen by M. Copeau as had not already been killed in action were demobilised, for the specific purpose of carrying the torch of art from Paris to New York; and a re-constituted theatre, wearing as a sort of proud *panache* the name of Le Vieux Colombier, was sent overseas to the fellow-countrymen of Mr. William Randolph Hearst, as an item of friendly and disinterested propaganda.

Meanwhile, Mr. Kahn and his associates had leased the old Garrick Theatre and caused the auditorium to be entirely rebuilt and redecorated in conformity with the desires of M. Copeau. This new edifice is now as pleasing to the eye as any theatre-building in America. The old top-gallery has been discarded,

the boxes have been removed from the proscenium to the rear of the auditorium, and the gilt and tinsel of Broadway have been replaced by the lath and plaster of the sixteenth century. The interior is remarkable for its simplicity and quietude of tone, and suggests a sense of mediæval inn-yards in Warwick or Beauvais.

The stage of the Vieux Colombier more nearly resembles the stage of Shakespeare than the stage of Molière. Before the curtain, there is of course an "apron" devoid of footlights, which is accessible from either hand through a couple of proscenium doors. Behind the curtain, the main stage is spacious, free, and unencumbered. No scenery—in the Belasco sense—is ever used upon it; but sometimes the stage is developed to two levels by the introduction of an elevated platform, about five feet high, which is accessible by steps from every side; and sometimes the acting-space is contracted with enclosing screens or curtains and localised by the introduction of certain set-pieces of "property." At the rear of the stage, there is a balcony, borne aloft by columns, which may be used, when needed, as the "upper room" of Shakespeare or, when not needed, may be curtailed off by an "arras" and employed merely as a decorative background. This free and easy stage may be entered from any angle and from a multitude of levels. As in the Globe Theatre on the Bankside, the main purpose is to get the actor on and to allow him to deliver the lines of the author. The lighting, of course, comes entirely from overhead, like the natural sunlight of Shakespeare.

The "fluency" of this neo-Elizabethan stage [for "fluency," I think, is the only word that is appropriate] was amply illustrated at the opening performance, on November 27, 1917, when *Les Fourberies de Scapin* was offered as the *pièce de résistance*. This farce, though written so late as 1671, represented a return to the earlier manner of Molière, inherited from the acrobatic antics of the Italian *commedia del arte*. The scene is said to be a public square in Naples; and Molière, no doubt, used the fixed

set that is summarised and still exemplified to students of the stage in the theatre of Palladio at Vicenza. But M. Copeau thinks rightly that the scene is really any public place accessible from all sides by actors unimpeded by an obligation to account for their exits and their entrances. He projects the piece upon two levels,—before, beside, beyond, and [more especially] atop, the portable platform with which he is enabled to adorn—as by a plinth of statuary—an otherwise empty and unfocussed stage.

M. Copeau's performance of Scapin may be described as a reminiscence and a revelation. It showed the acrobatic grace and rhythmic, keen agility that have been ascribed by history to Molière's own teacher,—that immortal Scaramouch who came from Italy to Paris to remind the modern world of the grandeur that was Rome. Plautus seemed alive again when this actor snaked and floated through his many *fourberies*, and belaboured the minds or bodies of his victims with literal or figurative slapsticks. M. Copeau was ably aided by M. Louis Jouvet, who projected a memorable character-performance in the rôle of old *Géronte*. Jouvet's bewildered repetition of the famous line, "*Mais que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère,*" is a thing to be remembered always and laid away in lavender, together with one's memories of the greater and the lesser Coquelin. The rest of the company is adequate to the occasion. M. Copeau has organised a group of players who have learned to speak and learned to act and learned a proper reverence for the authors who have written down the lines assigned to them.

As an induction to this inaugural performance of *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, M. Copeau composed an *Impromptu du Vieux Colombier*, which was modelled on the *Impromptu de Versailles*, and which repeated many of the most pertinent comments on the art of acting which were made, in 1663, by Molière himself. This playful skit served the purpose of introducing quite informally to the American public the associated

actors of the company. One passage is especially noteworthy, because it summarises in a few words the attitude of those who come to us from France toward the cataclysm that has overwhelmed the world. A young actor, fresh from the trenches, M. Lucien Weber, says to the Director,—"*Il faut aussi nous laisser le temps, Patron, de nous ressaisir, d'écarter de nos yeux des images trop affreuses.—Moi, je suis de Rheims . . .*"; and M. Copeau replies,—"*Ces images, mes amis, ne les écartez pas de vos yeux. Il faut qu'elles nous inspirent. Mais gardons-les secrètes. Nous n'exploiterons jamais des émotions sacrées. Nous ne parlerons pas de nos souffrances. Nous ne déploierons pas sur une scène de théâtre le drapeau des combats. Nous ne chanterons pas d'hymne guerrier. Nous ne ferons pas applaudir un acteur sous l'uniforme bleu. Celui qui représente ici la France, qui est l'ami de Ronsard, de Shakespeare et de tous nos vieux auteurs, nous a donné l'exemple de la délicatesse et de la dignité. Mais dans toutes nos actions, dans tous nos gestes, dans la moindre intonation du beau langage qu'il nous est donné de parler, nous tâcherons d'être reconnus pour de véritables Français. . . .*"

These exalted people are our friends. Let us try to take advantage of the present opportunity to climb to that great height of civilisation from which already they "throw little glances down, smiling, and understand us with their eyes."

#### MADAME YVETTE GUILBERT

The Théâtre du Vieux Colombier—with its moody intermixture of the Latin Quarter and the world at large, the mediæval and the modern—affords a sympathetic setting for the finest and most perfect artist who is living in the world to-day; and it seems almost a stroke of poetry to print a simple record of the fact that Madame Yvette Guilbert is now appearing, for a series of Sunday evenings and Friday matinées, at this new French theatre in New York.

There is nothing new to say about

Madame Yvette Guilbert. The world already knows what she does and what she is. She is Art itself, incorporated in a Woman, and sent—as a special emissary from Olympus—to remind the world of that ideal of Beauty [which is Truth] recalled by Plato from that dim, eternal pre-existence, out of which mankind is born. She is the only artist still living in the world [for Auguste Rodin forsook us for fresh woods and pastures new, a little while ago] about whose work it is impossible to speak except in terms of absolute superlative.

Madame Guilbert is now repeating many of the features of her former programmes; but the one point which calls for special comment is the new addition to her repertory. This is a recitation—without music—of a long passage from *Les Soliloques des Pauvres*, of Jehan Rictus. This passage—which is rendered by Madame Guilbert in the costume of a tragic Pierrot [a Pierrot in black and white, whose face is pale, not from rice-powder, but from suffering and sadness]—recounts the meeting, in the streets of Paris, of a starving and demented workman with an imagined vision of the resurrected Christ,—emaciated, suffering, and poor, and homeless in the midst of many homes. The piece records the colloquy between these spectres—two ghosts arising from the very cesspool of a modern world that seeks, too cruelly, to lay its ghosts, and endeavours vainly to forget what can never be forgotten.

By means of this performance, Madame Guilbert has managed to convey the message of a poet heretofore unknown on the hither side of the Atlantic. Jehan Rictus appears to be a younger brother of François Villon. He writes of rogues and scamps and vagabonds and thieves, and of those millions of the inarticulate that must be classed, by custom, among the despised and the rejected of this world. The inspired poems of Jehan Rictus are difficult to read and hard to understand by any people but the

French,—even by Americans who have explored the very nooks and corners of contemporary Paris; for this poet writes habitually in the slang that comes most easily to the lips of that un-noted and un-celebrated tenth of the entire population that suffers and obscurely dies in the factories of the *faubourgs*. He interprets the life and death of the common labourer in the very dialect of the common labourer. The subject and the mood are easily receptible; but, of course, the local language opposes obstacles to even the most sympathetic foreigner.

These obstacles, however, are swept away summarily by the great interpretative art of Madame Yvette Guilbert. She reveals Jehan Rictus as a great poet giving voice to a great class that, for centuries, has been condemned to the outer darkness of the inarticulate. Rictus, assuredly, is more than a mere poet: he has become an apostle,—an apostle of the poor. Born of an aristocratic family, endowed with wealth and gifted undeservedly with leisure, he renounced his easy heritage and assumed the rôle—to state the matter in the simplest language—of a sort of Tolstoi of *les faubourgs*. He lived the life of an ordinary toiler of the submerged tenth, absorbed and exhausted the emotions of the down-trodden and oppressed, and rendered these emotions vocal in the crude and vital language of the common people. The art of Rictus is, as has been said, in some way comparable to the art of François Villon; but his mood and subject-matter approach more nearly the intention of the greatest man and greatest poet that has ever yet been born on the hither side of the Atlantic. It is not unfair to say that Jehan Rictus has become to modern Paris what Walt Whitman has been, for half a century, in relation to the inchoate and teeming life of these United States. To Madame Guilbert we owe a lasting debt of gratitude for introducing us to one of the great poets and apostles of the modern world.

# MY "LORD JIM"\*

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

WHEN this novel first appeared in book form a notion got about that I had been bolted away with. Some reviewers maintained that the work starting as a short story had got beyond the writer's control. One or two discovered internal evidence of the fact which seemed to amuse them. They pointed out the limitations of the narrative form. They argued that no man could have been expected to talk all that time, and other men to listen so long. It was not, they said, very credible.

After thinking it over for something like sixteen years I am not so sure about that. Men have been known, both in the tropics and in the temperate zone, to sit up half the night "swapping yarns." This, however, is but one yarn, yet with interruptions affording some measure of relief; and in regard to the listener's endurance, the postulate must be accepted that the story *was* interesting. It is the necessary preliminary assumption. If I had not believed that it *was* interesting I could never have begun to write it. As to the mere physical possibility, we all know that some speeches in Parliament have taken nearer six than three hours in delivery; whereas all that part of the book which is Marlow's narrative can be read through aloud, I should say, in less than three hours. Besides—though I have kept strictly all such insignificant details out of the tale—we may presume that there must have been refreshments on that night, a glass of mineral water of some sort to help the narrator on.

But, seriously, the truth of the matter is, that my first thought was of a short story, concerned only with the pilgrim ship episode; nothing more. And that was a legitimate conception. After

\*This article is the preface to the new edition of Mr. Conrad's book, which will be issued shortly by Doubleday, Page and Company.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

writing a few pages, however, I became for some reason discontented and I laid them aside for a time. I did not take them out of the drawer till the late Mr. William Blackwood suggested I should give something again to his magazine.

It was only then that I perceived that the pilgrim ship episode was a good starting-point for a free and wandering tale; that it was an event, too, which could conceivably colour the whole "sentiment of existence" in a simple and sensitive character. But all these preliminary moods and stirrings of spirit were rather obscure at the time, and they do not appear clearer to me now after the lapse of so many years.

The few pages I had laid aside were not without their weight in the choice of subject. But the whole was rewritten deliberately. When I sat down to it I knew it would be a long book, though I did not foresee that it would spread itself over thirteen numbers of *Maga*.

I have been asked at times whether this was not the book of mine I liked best. I am a great foe to favouritism in public life, in private life, and even in the delicate relationship of an author to his works. As a matter of principle I will have no favourites; but I do not go so far as to feel grieved and annoyed by the preference some people give to my *Lord Jim*. I will not even say that I "fail to understand. . . ." No! But once I had occasion to be puzzled and surprised.

A friend of mine returning from Italy had talked with a lady there who did not like the book. I regretted that, of course, but what surprised me was the ground of her dislike. "You know," she said, "it is all so morbid."

The pronouncement gave me food for an hour's anxious thought. Finally I arrived at the conclusion that, making due allowances for the subject itself be-

ing rather foreign to women's normal sensibilities, the lady could not have been an Italian. I wonder whether she was European at all? In any case, no Latin temperament would have perceived anything morbid in the acute consciousness of lost honour. Such a consciousness may be wrong, or it may be right, or it may be condemned as artificial; and, perhaps, my Jim is not a type of wide commonness. But I can safely assure my readers that

he is not the product of coldly perverted thinking. He is not a figure of Northern Mists either. One sunny morning, in the commonplace surroundings of an Eastern roadstead, I saw his form pass by — appealing — significant — under cloud — perfectly silent. Which is as it should be. It was for me, with all the sympathy of which I was capable, to seek fit words for his meaning. He was "one of us."

## MY LIBRARY

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

UPON the west my library should look;  
 And through the boughs of ancient apple trees,  
 Hearing in May the burden of the bees,  
 Red sunset gleams should rest on shelf and book,—  
 Parchment or vellum; and with cushioned crook  
 A settle there should be deep-built for ease  
 Before a cavernous hearth whence harmonies  
 Of warmth should shine on every shadowy nook.

Here should come Chaucer in his gaberdine,  
 And vagrant Villon clad in guise to suit,  
 Twinkling Boccaccio, Rabelais with his grin,  
 Dante grave-browed, Petrarch with pensive mien;  
 While Marlowe should with Shakespeare saunter in,  
 And Parson Herrick thrumming on his lute!

# THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

BY THE EDITOR

THE President's message to Congress, delivered on December 4th, may be summarised under these divisions:

1. We are in this war to win it. The President recommended certain definite and admirable steps toward this objective.

2. We must know when we may consider the war won—our "war aims." Autocracy must be shorn of its power, justice must be done to friend and foe alike, the rights of every people, great and small, must be preserved, there must be no retaliations or punitive measures.

3. We fight for a permanent peace and it is to be a peace of peoples rather than a peace negotiated by governments.

4. We stand for a partnership of peoples that shall preserve peace in the world.

5. This is a war of high principle, based on a just and holy cause, and the settlement must be of like motive and quality.

...

The most striking feature of this address, the one that will make it of permanent value in history, is contained in the last count above mentioned, though its spirit permeates the whole of the message: that America is battling wholly without selfish motive and entirely for principle. We have no objectives that are not consistent with the ultimate welfare of all peoples, friends and foes; we seek only the establishment and maintenance of the known principles of social righteousness that condition the liberty and peace of democratic peoples. We mean, of course, no interference in the lives of other peoples. If the German people wish to retain their Imperial Dynasty they shall do so, but a people so governed cannot be taken into the partnership of democracies that shall police

the world. The wrongs that Germany has committed cannot be righted by the commission of similar wrongs against her; Germany must make reparation for her crimes, but she must be made to suffer no retaliatory or punitive measures—the German people must be allowed to work out their own destiny as long as they engage in no disorderly conduct endangering the peace of the world. Austria-Hungary will not be interfered with, and our only interest in the Near East is that its peoples shall have the opportunity to "make their own lives safe and their fortunes secure against oppression and injustice." There must be no territorial aggrandisements or acquisitions contrary to the wishes of the people involved—no selfishness or greed on the part of any government. There must be a "partnership of peoples" to establish and apply, by force if necessary, those principles of right conduct by which a permanent peace may reasonably be looked for.

...

It is unnecessary, and under the circumstances it would be invidious, to compare these war objectives with those of our European allies. Europe has been accustomed to think in terms of nationalism—a continuous and envious comparison with neighbour states—and its only conception of national development involves protective tariffs, trade extension and colonial expansion *at the expense* of other states; and the aim of nationalism is, of course, superior strength. Such motives of national action brought into play the idea of the "balance of power," the innumerable treaties that have been mere legal fictions to patch up truces to the greatest advantage possible of the governments concerned, and the Machiavellian theory

of international "unmorality." Of course the maintenance of the diplomatic intricacies of such a system has afforded amusement, a good living and an outlet for the energies of the privileged classes. And equally, of course, such a top-heavy system had to be paid for, and it was the common people who footed the bill—willingly enough, to be sure, because a false patriotism kept them in harness, although of recent years, before the war, voices of protest began to be heard where little groups of internationalist thinkers were gathered together.

• • •

But it has been reserved for the Western Continent to proclaim the passing of the old order and the inauguration of the new conception of social relationships. The day of the plain people has come—not of the proletariat as it so unfortunately appears in Russia, but the day of the men who work and who know how to organise and handle the tools of production. These men have simple, homely standards of right and wrong based on a sound sense of nature's demands in the struggle to master her; they have a natural respect and tolerance for each other, and they have an *intolerance* of any form of privilege or "paper" claim against them. They live in a world of stern fair-play, and they demand fair-play for all. And, as President Wilson observes with great perspicacity, the atmosphere of this world of the plain people is that which every government must breathe that wishes to live henceforth. So it is that the President's message to Congress becomes of the utmost moment in history, because President Wilson has become the spokesman of the plain people. For them he has declared a crusade for democracy, a fight for the people everywhere against privilege and oppression, a battle where the motives are unselfish, and where the aims include the welfare of friend and foe alike. The President's message lifts the war out of a squabble of nations for territory and aggrandisements on to a plane of unselfish aspiration for the com-

mon good. It marks an epoch in social progress, a new state of social relationships; it acclaims a revolution in social thinking and in the motives of human action. For the first time in history the most powerful nation in the world has taken, officially, an embattled position in behalf of progressive Christian ethics—a phenomenon that is perhaps some nineteen hundred years belated.

• • •

And now can we achieve our aims? Can we overcome the forces of aggression and mediævalism? We shall "battle until the last gun is fired," no doubt, but will it avail? Are we going to beat Germany? This is a land of faith, faith in ourselves and in our destiny, and it would be treason to the genius of this country to doubt our triumph. We shall win, Germany's power will crumble before us—there is not an American who doubts that it is so written. But there are not a few of us who, looking ahead, see something of the intensity and pervasiveness of the readjustments that face us and who would earnestly implore that those who have the direction of our energies under their control would do all in their power to hasten the coming order. Two considerations, two aspects of the situation, seem to obtrude themselves for immediate attention. The first is a very definite and practical step, and the time would seem to be ripe for it.

• • •

President Wilson has defined the principles for which we fight, and the press and statesmen of our allies have accepted them with almost extravagant favour. Now is the time to consolidate this sentiment throughout the world. The president's ideals and "war aims" should be formally adopted by all the Allies, assembled by their representatives in a world parliament—and fortunately this country is in a position to insist upon their acceptance even though the President's message had not been so favourably received. These principles of justice and international comity are permanent, they

are not conditioned by a state of war or of peace. A world parliament could officially declare them and apply them in the form of an ultimatum, to all the territories, peoples, economic and other questions involved in this war; and it could at the same time formulate the terms by which the "partnership of peoples" will police the world. Then Germany will continue to renounce these principles and terms at her peril! Such a declaration of Allied war aims, based on just principles, would invite acceptance by all democratic peoples and would put outside the world-organisation all peoples who reject them.

• • •

On the military side such an ultimatum might prove of incalculable service. Russia, now dominated by sentimentalists, whose dreams, nevertheless, have aroused the admiration of the world, hangs in the balance. But were her people aware of the spirit of America's influence there is little doubt that the two countries would find themselves side by side in aims and in effort. It is not yet too late, Russia may be saved to the Allied cause, but she will never be saved by the diplomatic methods and aims of the Old World scheme of things. Russia looks to America—if we fail her, she will fail the world. An official announcement, at America's instigation, of the common Allied objectives would simplify the Russian situation.

• • •

Then we must not overlook the possible effect upon Germany of such an official declaration. Germany would know then exactly what to expect by surrender—a contingency far from pleasing to her military overlords, but possibly not so foreign to the minds of her common people. For surely some element of insubordination in the Fatherland there must be—the Germans are not all barbarians and slaves—and any disaffection would be comforted and strengthened by the solemn assurance that the Allies do not intend to dismember Germany, that

they will not parade down Unter den Linden shooting Germans, nor even that they will ravage the countryside and carry off the German women! Were the German people once convinced that the Allies mean no interference in their affairs and that they stand only for a permanent and democratic peace, the war would take on a different character with a possibly failing support for their military leaders. And the way to convince them is to believe it ourselves, we and our allies. In this respect the Russian revolution with its exposure of the secret diplomatic treaties might not unreasonably prove the greatest step in hastening this consummation, for the Russian revolution must be doing much to teach them the new spirit of the world outside of Germany. None of us could want in any way to impede or hamper military preparations—we demand a military decision—but it would surely not be unwise to unite in putting our joint war aims on an irreproachable plane of humanity and justice and in declaring them for all the world to know and believe; and the victory will inevitably be ours, and sooner, perhaps, than we dare to hope.

• • •

The second consideration for the prosecution of the war refers to the mobilisation of our own resources. Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, the president of the National City Bank of New York and now on Secretary McAdoo's staff for the duration of the war, made a very significant statement to the press recently. The government had planned to spend one billion dollars a month on war materials; it is actually spending about half that amount. This discrepancy is not due to lack of money—we have enough gold to pour it molten down the German trenches. Our expenditure is limited because, as everybody knows, we cannot produce goods fast enough to take up the surplus in our national bank balance. We have heard much of the power of money and of how it would win the war—but here we are, money-rich and not far from goods-bankrupt! Money



will by no means win a modern war—the mobilisation of productive power (with an effective military establishment, of course) alone will do it. Modern warfare necessitates compact industrial organisation and high-speed technology—it is said that for every man in the trenches, twenty effective workers are needed at home. We have the men for the trenches and the workers for the industries, but nobody is so rash as to claim for us an effective organisation at home. The truth is far from that goal and the evidences are these: strikes breaking out in all parts of the country, continual demands for higher wages, "profiteering" in every possible business that can take advantage of the disturbances of the markets, the rapidly rising cost of necessities, the declining credit strength together with operative disorganisation of the railroads, a falling stock market denoting among other things the lessening value of private capital, "pleasure as usual" among the non-producing classes, knitting in the theatres while a great army of domestic flunkies eat their heads off at home. This is far from organisation—to the geologist it would suggest undifferentiated protoplasm. It is unquestionably an appalling dilemma which the war has precipitated in our national consciousness, the solution of which we must achieve if we do not want the conflict to drag out into untold misery and destruction.

• • •

We want to win out in this war and not to muddle through it. And this means an honest facing of our difficulties, a frank discussion of them and a united effort to overcome them. A vast multitude of voices is heard suggesting price regulation, food and fuel cards, govern-

ment control of markets and of distribution, government ownership of the means of production and even the endowment of single united industries in the spirit of the university. But at the basis of every scheme of adjustment lies the necessity, if we would obtain our results, of a change in human motives, of a new orientation of character. The motive of productive effort to-day is *profits* and it has resulted, inevitably of course, in the competitive system by which Big Business "charges what the traffic will bear" and exploits the labour and the natural resources of the country to the utmost—a system that has given us an inverted social order with the privileged owning class in control of the tools of production and having at their mercy the vast class of producers who really understand and manipulate the machines. The world will have to discard the cult of profiteering if for no other reason than that it does not work. And in place of the lust of profits as a driving force to effort we will have to substitute the much more natural, normal and human motive: the will to serve; instead of competition to produce excess profits we will have a competition to produce increased social values. To-day we esteem a man by the money he has gathered, the future will judge him by the quality of the service he can perform. When each and every one of us workers aims to make his own identity mean the utmost for co-operative power, the difficulties of organisation will melt away; when each one of us feels the inspiration of his necessary function in the common adventure of life, society will be mobilised for strength, either in war or in peace. But it is probable that it will be only through suffering that we shall learn. It has always been so.

## CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE, for many years editor of *THE BOOKMAN* and who resigned just a year ago to go to Belgium for work with the Relief Commission, has just brought out his account of the three months he spent inside the German lines. *Bottled Up in Belgium* is the title of his book. Mr. Maurice left New York on January 7th last year, and was the last delegate actually to get into Belgium; others started later, but were returned. His adventures began at landing at Falmouth dock—he had failed to obtain the necessary papers from the commission to account for his business in England. It looked like a serious *impasse*, but Mr. Maurice was saved from a possible detention by a lucky incident. Before leaving New York Frederick Palmer, the American war correspondent, now official censor with our expeditionary forces, had given him the manuscript of his *My Second Year of the War* for delivery to the British War Office for censorship before publication in this country. This manuscript saved the day. A royal messenger from the War Office was there in response to a cablegram from Mr. Palmer and took all responsibility for Mr. Maurice's proper conduct while in the United Kingdom.

But this was a mild annoyance to the events that followed. In Holland he was deprived of everything of a suspicious nature, even of a pack of cards with which he had provided himself with an eye to solitaire in the dull hours, and, of course, binoculars and a camera joined a pile of other such *impedimenta* left for "safe keeping" by previous delegates—we wonder if Mr. Maurice ever recovered the various pieces of luggage he "discarded"

*en route* to Belgium! An automobile dash took him to the neck of the Bottle: a great double gate across the road with a thin ribbon of steel stretching to right and left—the famous electric wire stretched across Northern Belgium to prevent the Belgians from escaping into Holland. Mr. Maurice tells us that the system of search conducted by the Germans was "childish compared to the system that I had encountered in England and the system that I was later to encounter in France. . . . One day crossing the frontier will mean being stripped and having your back painted with acid to be sure that you are not carrying any secret writings; the next you could carry a message of military purport from the British War Office to every able-bodied male subject in Belgium."

• • •

The work of the commission in Belgium aroused Mr. Maurice's highest admiration, although he seldom mentions his own part in it, and that only to develop the story he has to tell of Belgium under Germany's cultured guidance. One anecdote in particular of the work there is well worth describing because of the interesting sidelight it throws on the character of Herbert Hoover. Let us use Mr. Maurice's own words:

To the helm a great man had been called. I have never met Herbert Clark Hoover. But it was not necessary to meet him to know him. . . . The evidence of the C. R. B., the organisation's unswerving loyalty, profound belief, deep-seated admiration, were enough. If they were not I would accept the verdict of the Belgian, Émile Francqui. Once the wrangling over agreements and concessions was more than usually acute. The occupying military authorities felt that theirs was the whip hand, and they were not gentle in pushing their

advantage. The Chief bided his time. One day, like a bolt from the blue, came his sweeping order: "Stop the work. Disband the commission. Send the men home." He had seized upon the exact moment, the one hour above all others when the Germans stood in greatest need of our work for the Belgians. Panic-stricken, they yielded upon all points. When Francqui heard what had happened his hands were tossed skyward in astonished tribute. The equivalent in Americanese of his comment was: "Some diplomat!"

• • •

We have one quarrel with Mr. Maurice, a little one, but an ardent one.

**An Ancient  
Quarrel**

Mr. Maurice went to Princeton (we never knew why) and since that time he has faithfully attended every Princeton-Yale football game and with an almost equal regularity he has sacrificed good coin of the realm on the altar of Sport. Now, it so chances that Yale's college song, *Bright College Years*, is set to the music of *Die Wacht am Rhein*, which implies nothing in any way derogatory either to the German song or to Yale University. And, of course, it was inevitable that the German bands in Brussels should indulge in the strains of their ancient hymn. Once, says Mr. Maurice, across the Place Royale came the tramp of the grey column and the flash of the bayonets and directly opposite to him the band leader turned, waved his baton, and lo, *Die Wacht am Rhein!* It is impossible to explain, says Mr. Maurice: "The moment, the scene, the green-grey column against the trees of the opposite park, passed from the vision and from the mind" and in their place came "the green turf and the chalk lines and the teams running on the field for the beginning of the second half, and in the great stand opposite the swinging hats of the cheering sections," and "the music was moulding itself into the words of *Bright College Years*." It is a pretty conceit of happier days—may they come again soon. And when they come, as come they must, it is our hope that when

Mr. Maurice again sits among the orange and black stands he may hear *Bright College Years* to as good purpose as ever, but may he never mar his enjoyment by a thought of that *Die Wacht am Rhein* in the Place Royale during the Great Devastation!

• • •

Mr. Maurice writes with charm and vivacity—he would be sure to be entertaining no matter in what unfortunate surroundings the chances of war—or peace—

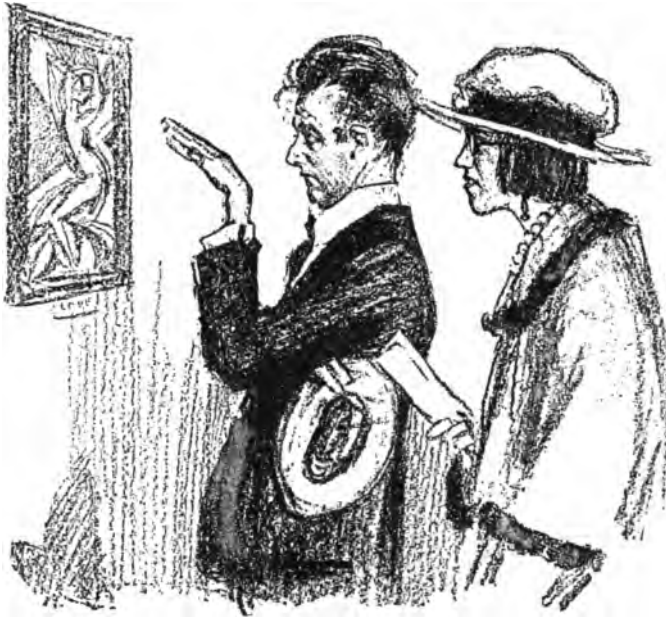
**As He  
Writes**

might throw him. His book abounds in anecdote, in "colour," in that precious sparkle of the perennially happy mood. We wish he had seen more—we even wish he would go back to the Europe he used to know so well and tell us of all the changes, of the human changes especially, that war has brought over the country and over the spirit of life. We venture the prediction that when peace comes again the call of the Old World will prove too strong for him and that again he will cross and we shall have more accounts from his bright pen of those interesting salients of life that the bizarre "war" reporters never see. But in the meantime Mr. Maurice is staying in New York, engaged on the literary staff of the Boston publishing house of Little, Brown and Company.

• • •

In the just published *Mark Twain's Letters* two interesting commentaries are found concerning Rudyard Kipling and the great American humourist: "Rudyard Kipling wrote to a friend that 'I love to think of the great and godlike Clemens. He is the biggest man you have on your side of the water by a damn sight, and don't forget it. Cervantes was a relative of his.'

"And when this was transmitted to Mark, he wrote: 'It makes me proud and glad—what Kipling says. I hope fate will fetch him to Florence while we



MODERN ART CRITICISM: NOW THERE'S SOMETHING AWFULLY BIG, AWFULLY BROAD, AWFULLY VIRILE, IN THE HANDLING OF THIS ONE. FROM "AMONG US MORTALS," DRAWINGS BY W. E. HILL, COMMENTS BY FRANKLIN P. ADAMS ("F.P.A.")

are there. I would rather see him than any other man.'"

...

Mr. Franklin P. Adams (he of the New York *Tribune's* Conning Tower, known as "F. P. A.") "F. P. A." is a good Samaritan. Scores Again For many months, even running into years, his regular and thoughtful criticisms, appearing in his "Conning Tower," of THE BOOKMAN's typography did much to maintain the *morale* of our proof-readers, whom, let it be whispered, we suspect of conducting a little pool on the number of errors "F. P. A." would catch each month. Be that as it may, Mr. Adams has again proven his worth by showing that it is possible to write both intelligent and clever captions to those inimitable cartoons, *Among Us Mortals*, that W. E. Hill has been drawing for the Sunday *Tribune*. We had about given up hope

in the matter of the captions in the *Tribune* when a little volume appeared under the same title, *Among Us Mortals*, a collection of Mr. Hill's drawings with the one touch of brilliance to make them immortal: Captions by "F. P. A." We give a sample herewith. Mr. Adams is now "somewhere" in Washington on some kind of war work (variety unknown), but he left behind him, among other memories, a book of verses, *Weights and Measures*, of which Arthur Guiterman has evolved the following:

The Minstrel-Boy to the war has gone  
And left his chief of treasures,  
A parallelepipedon,  
Entitled *Weights and Measures*.

"Little Book," said the Warrior-Bard,  
"Go Forth! my blessing speed you!  
I have no time to drop a card  
To all who ought to read you."

The Boy that wrote the book whereof  
We carol, Sirs and Madams,

The Bard alluded to above,  
Is Captain F. P. Adams!

So if you have the slightest taste  
In gay and winsome verses,  
You'll surely draw, in blissful haste,  
One dollar from your purses.

For now that you have Bought your Bond,  
You need not stint your pleasures  
Before you've likewise bought and conned  
The book called *Weights and Measures*.

The folks who print this Work, aglow  
With thought both wise and witty,  
Are Doubleday and Page and Company,  
Of lovely Garden City.

• • •

It was that solemn periodical, the *Unpopular Review*, which described the breakdown of a young bride who, living with her husband in Greenwich Village, had finally to confide the fact of her honourable state to relieve her feelings, but under pledge of secrecy, and weepingly, "For," said she, "if Freedom Club knew we were really married, they would—would thi-ink we were nar-row-w." This with practically all the other good things ever said about any section of New York Helen W. Henderson has collected in her volume *A Loiterer in New York*, just published. The book is, however, very much more than a repository of such plums. The sub-title of the volume reads: "Discoveries Made by a Rambler Through Obvious Yet Unsought Highways and Byways." It traces in an intimate way, and most certainly not in the spirit of the soulless *savant*, the history of Manhattan Island from its earliest white settlers. And in this procedure it upsets some of our hallowed traditions, though with amiable sympathy it at the same time recognises that sweet are the ways of error. Henry Hudson, for instance, as the author points out, was an English explorer, in the service of the East India Trading Company of Holland. The Dutch were just as human

as the people of other nationalities with regard to their treatment of heroes and heroines. After Hudson was, presumably, dead and gone, they not only named the river and bay that he had discovered after him, they claimed him bodily and ancestrally for their own, pretending that he was a Dutchman, and changing his name to Hendrick in their annals and descriptions.

• • •

It is interesting, too, to be reminded that the Delawares and Mohicans called the island where they received the Dutch visitors *Manahachtánienk*, which, in the Delaware language, we are assured by Bishop Heckewelder, the Moravian missionary to the Indians, means "the place where we all become intoxicated." From the initial step in the settlement of the island by white men, the author passes through the story of Dutch dominion and English rule. Folk-lore, creative literature and geology are all grist for her mill. She records all the interesting facts, such as that geologists tell us that the trap-rock under the streets of New York is the oldest part of the surface of the earth. She illustrates the significance of the nomenclature of the streets of the old town; and illuminates the origin of the most characteristic architectural features of the city. One important heritage of the old Dutch town, she shows, persists in the high "stoop" (stoep) which the colonials built from force of habit, to protect the best rooms from the dangers of inundation, a necessary precaution in the old country; and thus fastened upon our vernacular an amusing Dutch derivation purely local in its usage.

• • •

After getting her historical foundation well in hand, the author begins at the Battery and "loiters" her way uptown. Great highways and queer byways, historic churches, old and new public buildings, parks and "squares" and plazas, avenues and



THE DELICATE SPIRE OF ST. JOHN'S. FROM A WATER COLOUR SKETCH BY JESSIE BANKS, REPRODUCED IN HELEN W. HENDERSON'S "A LOITERER IN NEW YORK"

bridges, palatial hotels, theatres, museums and statues—she has them all on her list. Half-forgotten mysteries and neglected beauties are disclosed all along the way. And the author writes with both charm and erudition. Her book is at once a history of the romance and the art of Manhattan. At the upper tip of Manhattan she turns back, and becomes a wanderer in Brooklyn, which she "covers" from the sculpture of Frederick MacMonnies to Brooklyn's battle marks. The illustrations to this volume would make by themselves an album of considerable and enduring worth. There are eighty-six pictures, most of them full-

page, all handsomely reproduced. The book has a preface by Paul W. Bartlett.

...

A passage in Hamlin Garland's *A Son of the Middle Border* has aroused some discussion among his readers. Knowing Mr. Garland's sturdy patriotism and his loyalty to the government, some of his admirers were unable to explain the reference to the flag which occurs in the first chapter. Mr. Garland, in describing his father's departure for the Civil War, says:

**A Disputed Passage in Garland's Book**

some discussion among his readers. Knowing Mr. Garland's sturdy patriotism and his loyalty to the government,



THE GARLAND HOMESTEAD, WEST SALEM, WISCONSIN. THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT HAMLIN GARLAND PURCHASED FOR HIS "FOLKS"—IT WAS THE CLIMAX OF HIS DREAMS FOR THEM—AND THE STORY OF IT IS ALL TOLD IN HIS "A SON OF THE MIDDLE BORDER"

. . . Therefore he went away to join Grant's army at Vicksburg. What sacrifice—what folly! Like thousands of others he deserted his wife and children for an abstraction, a mere sentiment. For a striped silken rag—he put his life in peril. For thirteen dollars per month he marched and fought, while his plough rusted in the shed and his harvest called to him in vain.

When the fact that these sentences were being misinterpreted was brought to Mr. Garland's attention, he gave out the following statement:

Of course the lines referring to my father's action in volunteering are ironic and I am surprised to learn that they have been misinterpreted. I have the highest admiration for the spirit of the men of '61 and '62 who went to the defence of their country at great personal sacrifice, and I had in mind as I wrote the tepid patriotism of present-day pacifists who consider love for a flag—any flag—a kind of national selfishness, a primitive and atavistic emotion soon to be replaced by the "Internationalism" of the advanced thinkers of to-day. From their

point of view it was foolish for my father to enlist, leaving his girl wife with three children, all under five years of age, to suffer in his absence, but to me it was heroic and I so intended my readers to feel. We must consider the time, the place and the man. There were plenty of his neighbours in Wisconsin in those days to say, "What does it matter? Let the South secede if it wants to do so." But my father was not of that way of thinking. He came of a long line of ancestors who believed that this nation was, as Washington conceived it to be, a Union, an organic unity which could not be divided and live. The flag was to him not a silken rag, it was a symbol which blended a heroic past with the assurance of a glorious future—and so he went away to fight for its supremacy. He left a concrete personal obligation for an abstract national duty, just as our boys to-day are giving up ease and security and the family circle to battle for a lofty conception of international justice. My father lived long enough to rise to this new conception and to express the wish that he might be of service in the new and grander army.



NORMA BRIGHT CARSON AND HER TWO CHILDREN. BESIDES BEING A HOME BUILDER, MRS. CARSON IS THE EDITOR OF "THE BOOK NEWS MONTHLY," AND SHE HAS JUST HAD PUBLISHED HER FIRST NOVEL, "TRUEHEART MARGERY," A STORY OF CHILD LIFE. MRS. CARSON IS A "MODERN" WOMAN OF THE RIGHT SORT

The picture of Norma Bright Carson and her two children reproduced here affords an effective pictorial answer to those dissenters who fear that "women's work" is going to ruin the home—and the country! Mrs. Carson has a husband who "takes care of her," she manages a home and is bringing up two healthy, sturdy youngsters. Mrs. Carson is also the editor of *The Book News Monthly*, and she has just had published her first novel, *Trueheart Margery*, making in all an enviable record—a splendid career—for any

#### A Suffrage Argument

woman! Mrs. Carson has some decided ideas on the wholesomeness of fiction—her own story deals with a most wholesome subject, child life. "The whole matter is simply a question," she said recently, "of mental health. Though novelists labour tremendously upon their books, and give them the maximum amount of concentration, I am inclined to doubt sometimes if they realise the extent to which a well-constructed novel grips and influences the mind of a reader. They sometimes fail to realise the power of the art in which they are dealing. My experience is that the reader who sticks



to a book through the three hundred or three hundred and fifty pages which go to make up the average novel has been giving it considerable attention. He is certain to be influenced, more or less, in his point of view; and I don't wish to be responsible for perverting it. Certainly there are subjects which cannot be called wholesome, but which it is legitimate to treat in fiction. No one would deny that. But it isn't around such books that the controversy centres. Most of the unwholesome books are simply that and nothing more. They have no special high purpose to serve. The question of their legitimacy depends almost entirely upon their subject. Of such books we have quite enough. We can well afford to dwell, particularly at times such as these, upon refreshing, regenerating topics, upon things which will give a new impulse of encouragement to life and inspire a greater humanity on the part of all."

Of her own book, *Trueheart Margery*, Mrs. Carson explained: "The idea of

**Mrs. Carson's Book**

writing a novel which would have a child for one of its central characters and at the same time have an element of romance which could give it an adult appeal was in my mind for some time before I actually began to utilise it. I will admit that I was originally inspired by something of the missionary spirit. The great humanity of such a theme impressed me and I wanted the largest audience I could possibly obtain. It was this thought which made me determine first that whatever form I used I should aim at the utmost simplicity. I believe in letting all the people get acquainted with all ideas.

Joseph Conrad gives some most interesting information, and in his delightfully characteristic manner, in this issue of **Conrad's Birthday** THE BOOKMAN regarding the writing of his *Lord Jim*, the novel that is probably

his most widely read book. Mr. Conrad passed his sixtieth birthday anniversary on December 6th, last. An interesting theory regarding Conrad's work is propounded by H. L. Mencken in his recently published *A Book of Prefaces*. Mr. Mencken, by the way, is one of the editors of the *Smart Set* of whom we had occasion to make mention in these columns touching upon that scurrilous (and entertaining) little volume *Pistols for Two*. Mr. Mencken says of Conrad:

He is an inquirer, not a law-giver; an experimentalist, not a doctor. One constantly derives from his stories the notion that he is as much puzzled by his characters as the reader is—that he, too, is feeling his way among shadowy evidences. The discoveries that we make, about Lord Jim, about Nostromo or about Kurtz, come as fortuitously and as unexpectedly as the discoveries we make about the real figures of our world. The picture is built up bit by bit; it is never flashed suddenly and completely as by best-seller calciums; it remains a bit dim at the end. But in that very dimness, so tantalising and yet so revealing, lies two-thirds of Conrad's art, or his craft, or his trick, or whatever you choose to call it. What he shows us is blurred at the edges, but so is life blurred at the edges. We see least clearly precisely what is nearest to us, and is hence most real to us. A man may profess to understand the President of the United States, but he seldom alleges, even to himself, that he understands his own wife.

William McFee, engineer and author of *Casuals of the Sea* and a new novel

**William McFee Enlists for Duration of the War** to be published by Doubleday, Page and Company in the spring, who has been doing transport service in the

Mediterranean since the beginning of the war, is now in London. He had been there only five days when he received a commission as Engineer Sub-Lieutenant, R. N. R. Therefore Mr. McFee has enlisted, so to speak, for the duration of the war, which he declares in a recent letter to an

American friend "to be very dimly in the future."

"I have postponed my home-coming until the bells ring for peace," writes Mr. McFee, "if they ever do. We know it will not be soon. We know, we and you, that we will have to strain every muscle in our backs to lift the load.

"I wouldn't reply if you asked me, 'Do you mean to say that the soldiers and sailors believe the war will last forever?'—I wouldn't reply 'Yes,' but I do say they have given up making any arrangements; I do say that they have given up the idea of getting their jobs and their seniority back again; I do say they have given up waiting to be married until the end of the war; I do say they have settled down to war and propose to go on living at war until the end of their lives if necessary."

• • •

The past-time pursuits of great men are ever varying. Now comes Shan F. Bullock, the English literary critic, in a recent letter with the following information concerning former Premier Asquith: "Mr. Asquith, when not making speeches and preparing for them, amuses himself by translating modern verse, particularly Kipling's, into Latin. I know another public man who keeps fresh his scholarship by turning advertisement tags and mottoes into Greek hexametres."

• • •

A jury of fifty critics, composed of the literary editors of the principal daily papers and literary periodicals of the United States, ten or twelve professors of literature and an equal number of men of science were asked to check up three hundred titles of the best new books of 1917 for the annual book exhibit of the National Arts Club, New York. *The Life and Letters of Edward Everett Hale*, for which all but seven of the fifty jurors voted, received the largest number of ballots cast for any one of the three

hundred books. Ernest Poole's *His Family* received the greatest number of votes in fiction, thirty-two, as compared with twenty-nine each for Kipling's *A Diversity of Creatures*, Eden Phillpotts's *The Banks of Colne* and *Christine* by Alice Cholmondeley. In biography thirty-nine ballots were cast for Mark Twain's *Letters* and thirty-eight for Viscount Morley's *Recollections*. Brander Matthews's *These Many Years* and Garland's *Son of the Middle Border* each received thirty-six votes; Fabre's *Life of the Grasshopper* thirty-seven; Gosse's *Swinburne* thirty-eight and Gorkey's *In the World* thirty-five.

• • •

Recently, in one of the prize competitions, which are a regular feature of the London *Westminster Gazette*, the task set was the production of a recognisable English version (not necessarily a translation) of a poem written by a French officer. In view of the special statement of the sentiment expressed in the poem, both the original and the prize-winning version should be of interest to readers of THE BOOKMAN, and are reprinted below.

#### BUTS DE GUERRE

*A la mémoire du Lieutenant Marcel Mironneau tué à l'ennemi.*

L'un déclara:—Moi, je me bats pour le drapeau.

L'autre:—Pour être libre.—Et moi, pour mon troupeau,

Dit un berger.—Et moi, pour garder ma besace,

Dit un pauvre.—Et nous, pour la Lorraine et l'Alsace.

—Moi, c'est pour me venger, car ils ont tout détruit.

—Et moi, dit Chantecler, c'est pour chasser la Nuit,

Car notre chant vainqueur fera lever l'Aurore.

—Moi, c'est pour des galons.—Moi, pour qu'on me décore.

—Moi, je combats pour mon foyer que je défends.

—Et moi, c'est pour ma mère.—Et moi, pour  
mes enfants...

Ainsi parlaient un soir quelques soldats de  
France.

Auprès d'eux, un jeune homme, avec indif-  
férence,

Un livre en main les écoutait distraitemt.

—Et toi, lui cria-t-on, quel est ton sentiment?

Pour qui donc te bats-tu, pilier de librairie?

Quel nom vas-tu donner ce soir à la Patrie,

Et pour quel idéal peux-tu mourir demain?

Mais le soldat montra le livre dans sa main

Et dit, en reprenant la page familière:

—Moi? Je me bats pour La Fontaine et pour  
Molière.

CAPITAINE AB DER HALDEN.

From the "Bulletin des Armées de la  
République."

#### WAR-CRIES

One, "For the flag"; the next, "In Freedom's  
name";

"To guard my flock," a shepherd said, "I  
came."

"To keep my beggar's scrip," a poor man  
sighed.

"Italia Irredenta," others cried.

"For vengeance: they have left me nothing  
else."

"To banish Night," Sir Chanticleer foretells;

"Our Triumph-song shall call the Dawn  
awake."

"For my commission." "For a medal's  
sake."

"I fight to save my household hearth from  
stain."

"I for my mother." "For my children's  
gain" . . .

So talked one night some soldiers of the  
land.

Beside the rest one younger, book in hand,  
Sat unconcerned and heard with careless ear.

"And you," they rallied him, "why fight you  
here?

You habitant of bookshelves, tell us true!  
What name to-night our country bears for  
you,

And for what dream to-morrow could you  
die?"—

Showing his book, the soldier made reply,  
The while his glance upon the page came  
home:

"For Dante's Florence and for Virgil's  
Rome."

#### ON READING THE *NEW REPUBLIC*

By Seymour Barnard in the *New York  
Tribune*

Ah, pause, Appreciation, here

Sophistication doubly nice is;

See polished paragraphs appear

Anent some cataclysmic crisis.

Note raw-boned, rude, impulsive thought

Arrested here and subtly twitted;

Note youth comporting as he ought,

And naked truth correctly fitted.

Not passion's stress, but aftermath;

Opinion's peaceful realignment;

Here ordered logic takes its path

Along the line of most refinement.

To tune the nation's raucous voice

Be these the accents sorely needed;

A calm, discriminating choice,

By pleasant dalliance preceded.

And here beyond the stir of strife,

Where distant drones the blatant babble,

Ah, tread the promenade of life,

A pace behind the vulgar rabble.

. . .

The "black Maria," known also as  
the "Jack Johnson," of the early days of

the war has now become

They Are a "crump." Nicknames,

Now "Crumps" clever though they were,

surrendered to the in-

stinct for onomatopoeia—though British

Tommy might not believe you if you

told it to him that way. All the different

types of shells have friendly names in

the trenches, where they are intimately

known, but the high explosives seem to

have had the most varied history in this

respect. "Crumps" is the latest on ac-

count of the sound they make, a sort of

*cru-ump* noise as they explode. At least

so Captain Louis Keene informs us in

his "war experience" book, *Crumps*, and

we must confess that we were not suffi-

ciently up to date in trench slang—al-

though this seems to be part of an edi-

tor's work to-day—to recognise the sig-

nificance of the title. Captain Keene's

book is not particularly significant, for



WHAT'S THE USE? FROM "CRUMPS," BY LOUIS KEENE. THE DRAWINGS ARE ALSO BY CAPTAIN KEENE

we have had a number of vivid personal stories of the war, but it makes a valuable addition to our knowledge and feeling about the trenches, and the pictures, drawn by Captain Keene, are particu-

larly striking. His story is that of a Canadian artist who felt the call of the war in the early days, went through it all "over there" and returned, wounded, to tell of his experiences.

## AMEN

BY BEATRICE WITTE RAVENEL

SOME day the dawn will fail to break,  
 Inert and cold the sun will lie,  
 And God will smile along the sky  
 That one world's heart has ceased to ache,  
 And say, "That cosmic butterfly  
 I always fancied my mistake."

# WOMEN AND NATIONAL DEFENCE

BY LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

WHEN the future historian of the Great War, that important and inevitable individual perhaps not yet born, begins his unenviable task of sifting and choosing material, he will of course have a perspective altogether different from our own. Many of the incidents which are to-day emblazoned on the front pages of our newspapers will seem to him of relatively small importance, while others which, in the turmoil of present events, attract comparatively little attention, will weigh heavily in his scale of relative values. And although predictions are no doubt the outcome of that temerity the angels are said to lack, it may, nevertheless, not be over-daring to suggest that among these latter will be found the events of that April day when the Council of National Defence appointed the Woman's Committee, summoning to its aid and that of the nation a small body of representative women; the first time such a thing had been done in all the history of the world.

For from the moment when Congress declared the existence of a state of war between the United States of America and the Imperial German Government, the authorities at Washington were fairly besieged by women, organised and unorganised alike, women of the North, South, East and West, all asking as with a single voice one solitary question: "What can we do to help?" The women of England and France and other of the belligerent nations had proved their valour and their value; the women of America, equal to those others in intelligence and industry and courage, were not one whit their inferiors in patriotism. Here then was a vast store of energy which only asked to be directed, only asked to be given proper channels through which to flow. And the Council of National Defence, having before

its eyes the example of the women of those other countries, almost immediately began to consider the question of how best to utilise this important part of the national resources. No time, indeed, was lost; the Council of National Defence possessed the power to form subordinate bodies, and on April 21, 1917, it appointed a Woman's Committee, bidding ten women—the number on the Committee has since been increased by the appointment of a Resident Director—come to Washington, to advise with the Council and to serve the government.

Promptly the call was answered. There was, of course, no compulsion, but no man summoned by the draft responded more speedily than did those busy women, who put aside their own interests, personal and philanthropical and professional, to give swift fulfilment to their country's request. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that they served and still serve without pecuniary compensation of any kind. Headquarters, an Executive Secretary, clerical help and the franking privilege are provided by the Council; nothing more. Dr. Anna Howard Shaw was elected chairman, and the Committee at once went to work "to co-ordinate the activities and the resources of the organised and unorganised women of the country" so that no fraction of an ounce of good will or energy should be wasted for lack of knowledge or direction, and every woman in the land at least be given the opportunity to do her bit, and do it in the best way. No small undertaking this; but fortunately a certain amount of available machinery was already in running order. A number of women's organisations of national scope existed; the Woman's Committee began work on May 2d, and one of the first things done

was the summoning of the heads of these organisations to a conference in Washington on June 19th.

And they came, women from all over the Union, women of every kind and class and creed, ready to lay aside every difference that divided them and unite on the one broad platform of their country's service. Very many brief speeches were made; but not one woman of them all endeavoured to insert a plea for the special cause to which, in very numerous instances, she had given years, and sometimes the best years of her life. All partisan questions were ignored; only one thing mattered—helping to win the war. Each of these heads of women's organisations of national scope was made a member of the Honorary Committee. And thus was the first step taken in the work of linking up, so to speak, not merely every city, but also every remote hamlet, with the central committee at Washington. Now each State has its division, with a chairman who is in direct touch with the Woman's Committee as well as with the State Council of Defence, of which she is frequently a member. Working under each of these chairmen is a committee composed of the heads of the state organisations of women; then come the county and town chairmen with their committees and units, units to which any woman who wishes to do so can belong, no matter what her colour may be, or her creed.

Primarily, of course, this Woman's Committee is an advisory committee to the Council of National Defence, and all its plans are submitted to that body before they are put into execution. But it has its own special objects: To eliminate any waste of women's energy; to prevent unnecessary over-lapping of work; to utilise and centralise, so far as may be, every particle of the already existent and available machinery; to standardise women's war work, finding out the best way to do each job, whether it be knitting or canning, clothing or feeding or what not, that no time or strength may be wasted on mistaken or valueless

labour, at the same time leaving every organisation free to continue its activities in its own chosen field, every community at liberty to work out its own especial problems in the manner best adapted to its abilities and its needs. In short, to provide a clearing-house for women's war work, a direct channel of communication between the loyal women of the United States and the government at Washington, so that when the demand comes, whether it be for a Food Conservation campaign or a Liberty Loan "drive" or any other of a dozen activities, word may be sent without loss of time from the government to the Woman's Committee, from the Woman's Committee to the State Divisions, from the State Divisions to the local units, and the great army of women thus be enabled to do its part swiftly and efficiently—these are some of the objects of the Woman's Committee.

It is something new in the world, this intentional, immediate mobilisation of women as women, for war service, this network of wires so spread out that the message flashed from Washington can be transmitted in the shortest possible time to every woman willing to receive it, whoever and wherever and whatever she may be. The matter of Food Conservation, one of those earliest considered by the Committee, has been discussed so frequently and at such great length that here it needs but brief mention, though it may be remarked in passing that few among the general public realise how important and extensive has been the work of the Committee on this alone.

But Food Conservation is by no means the only matter with which the Committee has busied itself in co-operation with the Council of National Defence; Liberty Loans; soldiers' insurance; women in industry; child welfare; educational propaganda; maintenance of existing social service agencies; Red Cross work; Allied Relief; registration of women for service—these are among the subjects which most concern the Woman's Committee. Of them all, the last is surely

not the least in importance. Women's "intuition" has been preached upon and insisted upon until women could scarcely be blamed if they believed themselves competent to do anything and everything at a moment's notice. But; "This is not a war for amateurs: Train!" advises the Committee, insisting that the useful woman is she who knows how to do some one thing well. Women, Dr. Shaw declares, are patriotic instinctively; the question is only one of teaching them how best to use that patriotic instinct. It is good to know that there exists a great multitude of women ready to do what they can for their country in this her hour of need; it is better to know what each one of them actually can do. This the Committee proposes to find out through a systematic registration on authorised registration cards. This registration the United States Government recognises as official, and it will be made on cards approved by the Census Bureau as well as by the Council of National Defence. Thereby will every woman be given an opportunity to offer the service, whatever it may be, that she is best qualified to render. It will, moreover, be altogether voluntary; there has been no draft of the women as yet, and in fact one of the difficulties with which the Committee has had to cope is the over-ardent desire of the women "to do something," and one of its pleas is that they will not be restless nor too anxious, and realise that to keep the country normal, though it may be less picturesque and less exciting than driving an ambulance, for instance, is still one of the most valuable services they can possibly render.

Which, of course, does not imply that work more or less out of the ordinary is not already being done. One of the duties which the Woman's Committee has taken upon its shoulders is the issuing of a news-letter "to suggest means of service and . . . to show the woman in Bath, Maine, what the woman in San Diego, California, is doing," while the Foreign News Bureau of the Publicity Department devotes itself to keeping the

American woman informed as to the fields of service her sisters and Allies are finding for themselves in this so-altered world. And they are doing a great deal, they who stand at every possible point in "the far-flung battle line" of the United States army of women, which, as Dr. Shaw reminds us, is "an integral part of the army of the government . . . of as vital importance to the success of the war as is the army in the field." Now that camps are dotting the country, any number of problems have been created, among them what has been called the question of wholesale and retail hospitality. So when the North Carolina Division of the Woman's Committee, for example, learned that in their state there was to be a cantonment of some sixty thousand men, they went to work in co-operation with the city authorities to make that camp what it ought to be, and to surround the men with the friendliest and best possible influences. The Committee Chairman wrote that they were planning to do as much for the men from New England as for their own boys. And the women of New England mean to do as well by the men from the South. Massachusetts has a special committee from the women's colleges to provide club-houses and homes outside the camp to which the men may go for rest and recreation. Apart from the direct and excellent object for which these things are done, they will surely be of value in helping to draw all sections of this huge and diverse country of ours closer together.

A problem perplexing enough in peace times, doubly perplexing now we are at war, is that of our immense alien population. The Nebraska Division of the Woman's Committee has started a Department of Naturalisation, while in other States the Woman's Committee is working on various plans of Americanisation. "Every foreigner in the United States should speak English" has been suggested as the slogan for this department.

All these things are state if not national matters; wherefore it is interesting

to turn to the concrete example of what has been done by the women in one mid-western suburban town of about five thousand inhabitants. First a War Emergency Union of men and women was formed, with a joint committee of men and women, the men to take certain branches, the women others; and here are some of the things the women did: A local unit of the Woman's Committee was formed and a permanent chairman elected, who became a member of the joint committee of the War Emergency Union; they registered the village women for service; they conserved food, bringing experts in home economics to the village to give lectures and demonstrations—all expenses borne by the Woman's Club; they had actual canning and preserving done in the school-house kitchen under expert direction, the women providing their own materials; they set aside certain days for the members of the Relief and Aid Society to can in the school kitchen such vegetables as were donated from private gardens, to be used in charity work this winter; they did Red-Cross work, making surgical supplies and hospital garments; they had a branch of the Navy League working every day in the Woman's Club-house; they made garments for the women and children of our Allies; they saw to it that all the local charities were maintained; they organised three groups of Camp Fire girls; they joined with others in neighbouring villages to support "A Khaki Teahouse" for officers in the nearby training camp, mended clothes for the soldiers and opened a parish house one night a week for dances, besides providing magazines and newspapers. And besides all this, a joint committee of men and women undertook a complete survey of the village sanitary conditions with excellent results. No wonder the Woman's Committee declares that the people of this village have shown "the finest kind of constructive patriotism," doing well that work which lay directly before their eyes and would therefore have been so very easy to overlook.

The women of this model town conserved food; but they conserved many other things as well, and an important part of women's share in national defence, as directed by the Woman's Committee, has to do with certain of these other things; especially, with the children of the nation. By the middle of August word went forth to the State Chairmen asking their help in making effective the new Federal Child Labour Law, which went into operation on September 1, 1917, and giving them definite and simple information as to what they could do about it. The campaign whose slogan was, "Order ahead and save the bread," began early in August and quickly proved effective, resulting in the saving of many thousands of loaves that would otherwise have gone to the pigs and chickens. Then came the work for the reform of the returned-goods evil, in which the Woman's Committee cooperated with the Commercial Economy Board of the Council of National Defence, the results of which are already apparent here in New York. Release men for the war, appeals Miss Ida Tarbell of the Woman's Committee; eliminate "the vast, unnecessary use of men and horses and trucks and money and time," and place the delivery system on "a rational basis where it is strictly confined to what is necessary."

We Americans have the reputation of being an exceedingly wasteful people; but we also have the reputation, certainly quite as well deserved, of being exceptionally quick to learn. It seems highly probable that one of the benefits resulting from this war to us as an individual nation, apart from those which we will share with all the nations of the earth, will be the acquiring of a certain amount of economy. Parsimonious we will never be—we could not be if we tried—but we may acquire a reasonable amount of carefulness through having the actual cost of our extravagance demonstrated to us with vigour and emphasis. We have long known, for instance, that our food delivery system, though convenient, was expensive; how expensive, the Com-



mercial Economy Board makes plain when it estimates that "the gross delivery expense of retail grocers in the country is over seventy-five millions of dollars a year." But mere estimates and statistics have little effect upon the average house-keeping woman; she must have her attention called to what they imply, and that in some clear and forcible way, such as Miss Tarbell uses in the bulletin of the Woman's Committee, from which the above quotations were taken. Our women may be extravagant, but they are certainly patriotic. And they can economise when economy is put up to them as a matter of national service.

In the words of Secretary Baker, himself the chairman of the Council of National Defence, and speaking at the Liberty Loan convention: "There is a certain significance, perhaps a certain indication of the extent to which our civilisation has gone, when a Secretary of War can say to a conference of women, that the success of the United States in the making of this war is just as much in your hands and in the hands of the women of America as it is in the hands of the soldiers of our army. Already in many ways the activities of women have been summoned to assist the nation. . . . I find a certain stimulus in the fact that you are coupled up with the financial operation of this war."

Significant indeed. For, with the summoning of those ten women to Washington, summoned as women to co-ordinate the work and the energy and the devotion of women, there came a new responsibility, a responsibility placed upon

all the women of the nation. Heretofore, so far as actual war work went, women had been regarded—with, of course, certain notable exceptions—as an exempt class. Regarded as exempt; not actually exempt, for some of the heaviest burdens fell upon their shoulders. When people in general spoke of the war service of women they usually alluded to nurses and those few other women who had direct contact of one kind or another with hospitals and camps. The formation of the Woman's Committee, however, was a direct and official recognition of the importance of women's work in many fields, some of which might, to a careless observer, seem remote from war service, but all of which had in truth a close connection with the one great object that is nearest to all our hearts—a victorious and a lasting peace. And that very recognition implies responsibility; every woman in every unit which forms a link in the golden chain binding the loyal women of the land to their government in Washington, feels herself as never before a part of the national life, a factor in the nation's welfare. This sense of personal responsibility is one of the noblest sources of strength. And if the morale of the army in the field is of enormous importance, scarcely less important is the morale of that other army upon which the welfare of the first so largely depends—the army of the women of America, mobilising for national defence under the leadership of that splendid group, the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defence.

# THE EX-CZARINA

## SOME MEMORIES AND AN IMPRESSION

BY FRANCES EVELYN WARWICK

(Countess of Warwick)

IN SPITE of what is generally called the "Popular Press," the instinct of the average English-speaking man is to treat women with courtesy and both men and women with justice. Should a woman have the grave misfortune to be an empress she is entitled to as much consideration as if she were a seamstress or a factory worker. But for reasons hard to understand there has been no fair play for the elder daughter of Ludwig, fourth Grand Duke of Hesse and our English Princess Alice, the favourite granddaughter of Queen Victoria and the wife of Nicholas Romanoff sometime Emperor of Russia. Her younger sister married that Grand Duke Serge of Russia who fell to a bomb that can hardly be said to have been misplaced; she also was greatly beloved by Queen Victoria, and the two girls were very much at Buckingham Palace in their early days and were prepared for their unhappy married lives with all the care and thought that could be lavished upon them.

I rub my eyes when I read that the Czarina is a deeply scheming *intrigante* who had ambiguous relations with Rasputin and aimed at the success of Germany over the country she had adopted by marriage as her own. It is only necessary to cast my memory back to the time when I was just entering womanhood and the Princess Alexandra Alix was a girl some ten years my junior. Certainly I knew the shy, reserved simple child well enough to realise that she had not the mental development for any form of intrigue. Residence at Buckingham Palace under the keen critical eye of an august grandmother, an eye that nothing could possibly escape, did not make for

striking individuality, nor did the quiet simplicity of the German home, and the Princess grew up beneath the double burden of surveillance and etiquette, sharing the quiet intellectual life of an adored mother. Yet she had a certain measure of high spirits, loved tennis and dancing, and having tuned her life to play its small part in the great household orchestra, seemed happy enough.

She married Nicholas Romanoff a month after the death of his father, Alexander III, and was plunged into the heart of an entirely new life. Her first duty was to provide the throne with an heir. Although she has been a devoted mother, the disappointments as daughter succeeded to daughter were very deep. Highly sensitive, she felt she had failed her husband and the Empire. The strain of child-bearing was too much for her and she became first depressed and then neurotic. Remember that Russian home life only came to her in a single guise, and that was the official one. "A despotism tempered by assassination" was a description not inept of government in Russia. For all the luxury and pomp surrounding her life the Czarina was a lonely woman, full of the deepest apprehensions. She could not move save under guard. If her husband travelled from place to place there could be no peace of mind until the journey was completed. Every stranger might be an assassin, every day might see a fresh victim to forces she could neither gauge nor fathom. Small wonder that her mind, never a strong one, began to fail.

I have been particularly interested in Russia, partly on account of my intense sympathy with the revolutionary movement and partly on account of the mar-

riage of the Princess Alix and the Czar. I always wondered how the sensitive, beautiful girl I had known would play her part in that strange country among its various peoples, how she would respond to the curious attitude of the majority, their veneration and adoration of the throne. Friends in Petrograd told me from time to time, first of the Czarina's growing depression, then of the settled gloom of her life. Then I heard that she was retiring more than ever from court functions, that she even dined in her own rooms with one or two maids of honour, and was happiest when spending long hours in her private chapel, that the strain of religious mania that is in her blood was making itself manifest. It did not surprise me any more than I was surprised when, on the assassination of the Grand Duke Serge his widow, the Czarina's sister, retired to a convent. Anxiety about the dynasty, grief at the lack of an heir, the breakdown of a fair constitution through constant child-bearing, these were the causes and, through the medium of an intensely narrow religious outlook, a great interest in mysticism was the result.

I heard of the Czarina endeavouring to get into touch with exterior powers and being responsive to influences healthy minds would have ignored or rebuffed. Of this phase I heard much from the late W. T. Stead, with whom the Czarina corresponded. The son came at last after preparations and ordeals that need

not be discussed, and then the overwhelming desire was that this life should be saved for the throne. Nervous, even neurotic, the Czarina needed a strong man to make life endurable, and Nicholas Romanoff was never able to answer to that definition. The fact that the Czarina was a devotee of mysticism was public property; Rasputin was the last and greatest of all the charlatans who benefited by her state of mind. But if the Czarina listened to Rasputin it was to the monk who claimed supernatural power, not to the political intriguer. Not only did she lack the interest but she lacked the subtlety, there never was and there is not to this day the gift that intrigue demands. I have seen enough of life to know what type of woman has the capacity to handle large and difficult situations, and indeed I do not know anyone who knew Princess Alix and is not of my opinion. She was at worst a weak woman who was in the hands of those who sought to achieve all manner of ends through her weakness. Admit that, and the worst that can be said in truth has been laid to her account. I am not so foolish as to suppose that fiction of the kind that appeals to the largest numbers of the unthinking is going to be abashed by plain facts, but none the less I have felt impelled to place these facts on record, for the ex-Czarina is a greatly suffering and distraught woman whose case calls for the pity of all and the hatred of none.

# THE ADVANCE OF ENGLISH POETRY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

## PART IV

*Two Northumberland Poets—Wilfrid Wilson Gibson—his early failures—his studies of low life—his collected poems—his short dramas of pastoral experiences—“Daily Bread”—lack of melody—uncanny imagination—whimsies—poems of the Great War—their contrast to conventional sentimental ditties—the accusation—his contribution to the advance of poetry.—Ralph Hodgson—his shyness—his slender output—his fastidious self-criticism—his quiet facing of the known facts in nature and in humanity—his love of books—his humour—his respect for wild and tame animals—the high percentage of artistic excellence in his work.—Lascelles Abercrombie.*

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON—a horrible mouthful—was born in Hexham, Northumberland, in 1878. Like Walt Whitman's, his early poetry was orthodox, well groomed, and uninteresting. It produced no effect on the public, but it produced upon its author a mental condition of acute discontent—the necessary conviction of sin preceding regeneration. Whether he could ever succeed in bringing his verse down to earth, he did not then know; but so far as he was concerned, he not only got down to earth, but got under it. He made subterranean expeditions with the miners, he followed his nose into slums, he talked long hours with the unclassed, and listened sympathetically to the lamentations of sea-made widows. His nature—extraordinarily delicate and sensitive—received deep wounds, the scars of which appeared in his subsequent poetry. Now he lives where John Masfield was born, and like him, speaks for the inarticulate poor.

In 1917 Mr. Gibson collected his poems in one thick volume of some five hundred and fifty pages. This is convenient for reference, but desperately hard to read, on account of the soggy weight of the book. Here we have, however, everything that he has thus far written which he thinks worth preserving. The first piece, *Akra the Slave*

(1904), is a romantic monologue in free verse. Although rather short, it is much too long, and few persons will have the courage to read it through. It is incoherent, spineless, consistent only in dullness. Possibly it is worth keeping as a curiosity. Then comes *Stonefolds* (1906), a series of bitter bucolics. This is pastoral poetry of a new and refreshing kind—as unlike to the conventional shepherd-shepherdess mincing, intolerable dialogue as could well be imagined. For, among all the groups of verse, in which, for sacred order's sake, we arrange English literature, pastoral poetry easily takes first place in empty, tinkling artificiality. In *Stonefolds*, we have six tiny plays, never containing more than four characters, and usually less, which represent, in a rasping style, the unending daily struggle of generation after generation with the relentless forces of nature. It is surprising to see how, in four or five pages, the author gives a clear view of the monotonous life of seventy years; in this particular art, Strindberg himself has done no better. The experience of age is contrasted with the hope of youth. Perhaps the most impressive of them all is *The Bridal* where, in the presence of the newly wedded pair, the man's old, bed-ridden mother speaks of the chronic misery of her married life, intimates that the son is just like his dead father, and

that therefore the bride has nothing ahead of her but tragedy. Then comes the conclusion, which reminds one somewhat of the close of Ibsen's *Lady from the Sea*. The young husband throws wide the door, and addresses his wife as follows:

The door is open; you are free to go.  
Why do you tarry? Are you not afraid?  
Go, ere I hate you. I'll not hinder you.  
I would not have you bound to me by fear.  
Don't fear to leave me; rather fear to bide  
With me who am my father's very son.  
Go, lass, while yet I love you!

ESTHER (*closing the door*). I shall bide.  
I have heard all; and yet, I would not go.  
Nor would I have a single word unsaid.  
I loved you, husband; yet, I did not know  
you  
Until your mother spoke. I know you now;  
And I am not afraid.

The first piece in *Stonefolds* represents the tragic helplessness of those newly born and those very old, a favourite theme with Maeterlinck. A lamb and a child are born on the same night, and both die before dawn. The lamb is a poetic symbol of babyhood. Nicholas, the aged shepherd, who longs to go out into the night and do his share of the work that must be done, but who is unable even to move, thus addresses the dying lamb:

Poor, bleating beast! We two are much  
alike,  
At either end of life, though scarce an hour  
You've been in this rough world, and I so  
long  
That death already has me by the heels;  
For neither of us can stir to help himself,  
But both must bleat for others' aid. This  
world  
Is rough and bitter to the newly born,  
But far more bitter to the nearly dead.

In *Daily Bread* (1908-09), there are eighteen brief plays, written not in orthodox blank verse, like *Stonefolds*, but in irregular, brittle, breathless metres. Here is where art takes the short cut to life, sacrificing every grace to gain reality; the typical goal and method of

twentieth-century poetry. So long as a vivid impression of character and circumstance is produced, the writer apparently cares nothing about style. I say "apparently," because the styleless style is perhaps the one best adapted to produce the sought-for effect. There is ever one difference between life and "art"—between drama and theatre—that Mr. Gibson has, I suppose, tried to cancel in these poems of daily bread. In art, the bigger the drama, the bigger the stage; one could not mount *Götterdämmerung* in a village schoolhouse. But Life does not fit the splendour of the setting to the grandeur of the struggle. In bleak farm cottages, in dull dwellings in city blocks, in slum tenements, the greatest of life's tragedies and comedies are enacted—love, hate, avarice, jealousy, revenge, birth, death—the most terrific passions known to human nature are fully presented, without the slightest care for appropriate scenery from the Master of the show. Thus our poet leads us by the hand into sea-girt huts, into hovels by the mouths of mines, into garrets of noisy cities, and makes us silent witnesses of elemental woe. Here Labour, man's greatest blessing, takes on the aspect of the primal curse, since so many tragedies spring from the simple root of poverty. The love of money may be the root of all evil, but the lack of it is the cause of much pain.

It was a happy inspiration that made Mr. Gibson call these scenes *Daily Bread*; for it is the struggle, not for comfort, but for existence, that drives these men from mother, wife, and child into the thick of the fight. Many novels and plays are written nowadays against "big business," where, among other real and imagined evils, the Business itself is represented as the villain in the home, alienating the husband's affections from wife and children. A particularly good example of this class of books is *The Empty House*, an anonymous novel that appeared in 1917. This is crudely written, but is none the less a powerful indictment against modern conditions. Whatever may be the case with the pri-

vate soldiers, the Captain of Industry does not, and by the nature of things cannot, confine his labours to an eight-hour day—when he finally comes home, he brings the business with him, forming a more well-founded cause of jealousy than the one usually selected for conventional drama. Mr. Gibson, however, is not interested in the tragic few, but in the tragic many, and in his poems the man of the house leaves early and returns late. The industrial war caused by social conditions takes him from home as surely and as perilously as though he were drafted into an expeditionary force. The daily parting is poignant, for every member of the family knows he may not come back. Perhaps the most dramatic illustration of this corroding worry is seen in *The Night-Shift*, where four women with a newly born baby spend a night of agonised waiting, only to have their worst fears confirmed in the dawn.

The wife, weak from childbirth, sits up in bed, and speaks:

Will no one stop that tapping?  
 I cannot sleep for it.  
 I think that someone is shut in somewhere,  
 And trying to get out.  
 Will no one let them out,  
 And stop the tapping?  
 It keeps on tapping, tapping. . . .  
 Tap . . . tap . . . tap . . . tap . . .  
 And I can scarcely breathe,  
 The darkness is so thick.  
 It stifles me,  
 And weighs so heavily upon r. e.,  
 And drips, and drips. . . .  
 My hair is wet already;  
 There's water all about my knees. . . .  
 As though great rocks were hanging over-  
 head!  
 And dripping, dripping. . . .  
 I cannot lift my feet,  
 The water holds them,  
 It's creeping . . . creeping . . . creeping. . . .  
 My wet hair drags me down.  
 Ah, God!  
 Will no one stop that tapping. . . .  
 I cannot sleep. . . .  
 And I would sleep  
 Till he comes home. . . .  
 Tap . . . tap . . . tap . . . tap . . .

These poems were, of course, composed before the war. In the greater tragedy, some of the lesser ones disappear. For example, Mr. Gibson represents young, able-bodied, healthy and temperate men as unable to find work of any kind; their wives and children starve because of the absence of employment. Surely, since August, 1914, this particular cause of suffering has been removed.

In *Womenkind* (1909), dedicated to Rabbi and Mrs. Wise, we have a real play, not only dramatic in character and situation, but fitted for stage representation without the change of a word. The theme is just the opposite of Middleton's old drama, *Women Beware Women*. Here the two young women, one the mistress-mother, and one the bride, join forces against the man, and walk out of his house on the wedding-day. They feel that the tie between them is stronger than the tie which had united them severally to the man, and depart to live together. The play closes on a note of irony, for Jim, his blind father, and his weary mother repeat in turn—but with quite different emphasis—the accusation that women are a faithless lot.

The long series of poems called *Fires* (1910-11) differ in matter and manner from the earlier works. The form of drama is abandoned, and in its place we have vivid narrative, mingled with glowing pictures of natural scenery, taken at all hours of the day and night. These verses are in rime, though there is no attempt at singing melody, an art to which Mr. Gibson has contributed little. Perhaps he does not know how to write music; perhaps he does not care to try. Each of his poems must be taken as a whole, for each poem strives for a single effect. This effect is often gained by taking some object, animate or inanimate, as a symbol. Thus, in *The Hare*, the hunted animal is the symbol of woman. *The Flute*, *The Lighthouse*, and *The Money* mean more than their definition. Mr. Gibson is somewhat kinder to his readers in this collection, for the monotony of woe, that hangs over his work like a cloud, is rifted here and there

by a ray of happiness. In *The Shop*, the little boy actually recovers from pneumonia, and our share in the father's delight is heightened by surprise, for whenever any of our poet's characters falls into a sickness, we have learned to expect the worst. Still, the darker side of life remains the author's chosen field of exploration. Two pieces are so uncanny that one might almost think they proceeded from a disordered imagination. The blind boy, who every day has rowed his father back and forth from the fishing-grounds, while the man steered, one day rows cheerfully toward home, unaware that his father is dead from a stroke. The boy wonders at his father's silence, and laughingly asserts that he has heard him snoring. Then his mirth changes to fear, and fear to horror.

Though none has ever known  
How he rowed in, alone,  
And never touched a reef.  
Some say they saw the dead man steer—  
The dead man steer the blind man home—  
Though, when they found him dead,  
His hand was cold as lead.

Another strange poem describes how a cripple sits in his room, with a mother eternally stitching for bread, and watches out of the window the giant crane swinging vast weights through the sky. One night, half-dead with fear, the great crane swoops down upon him, clutches his bed, and swings him, bed and all, above the sleeping city, among the blazing stars.

Following Mr. Gibson's development as a poet, year by year, as we are doing in this essay, we come to *Thoroughfares* (1908-14). These are short poems more conventional in form than their predecessors, but just as stark and grim as chronicles of life. Everyone remembers the torture inflicted on women in the good-old-times, when they were strapped to posts on the flats at low tide, and allowed to watch the cruel slowness of approaching death. The same theme, with an even more terrible termination, is selected by Mr. Gibson in *Solway*

*Ford*, where the carter is pinned by the heavy, overturned wagon on the sands; while the tide gradually brings the water toward his helpless body. He dies a thousand deaths in imagination, but is rescued just as the waves are lapping the wheels. Now he lies in bed, an incurable idiot, smiling as he sees gold and sapphire fishes swimming in the water over his head. . . . That rarest of all English metres—which Browning chose for *One Word More*—is employed by Mr. Gibson in a compound of tragedy-irony called *The Vindictive Staircase*. Unfortunately the rhythm is so closely associated with Browning's love-poem, that these lines sound like a parody:

Mrs. Murphy, timidest of spectres,  
You who were the cheeriest of charers,  
With the heart of innocence and only  
Torn between a zest for priest and porter,  
Mrs. Murphy of the ample bosom,—  
Suckler of a score or so of children.

It seems best to leave this measure in the undisturbed possession of the poet who used it supremely well. Yet some of the verses in *Thoroughfares* are an advance on Mr. Gibson's previous work. No reader will ever forget *Wheels*.

Passing over *Borderlands* (1912-14) which, with the exception of *Akra*, is the least successful of Mr. Gibson's works, we come to his most original contribution to modern poetry, the short poems included under the heading *Battle* (1914-15). These verses afford one more bit of evidence that in order to write unconventional thoughts, it is not necessary to use unconventional forms. The ideas expressed here can be found in no other war-poet; they are idiosyncratic to the highest degree; yet the verse-forms in which they are written are stanzaic, as traditional as the most conservative critic could desire. There is, of course, no reason why any poet should not compose in new and strange rhythms if he prefers to do so; but I have never believed that originality in thought necessarily demands metrical measures other than those found in the history of English literature.

These lyrical poems are dramatic monologues. Each one is the testimony of some soldier in the thick of the fight as to what he has seen or heard, or as to what memories are strongest in his mind as he lies in the filth of the trenches. Conventional emotions of enthusiasm, glory, sacrifice, courage, are omitted, not because they do not exist, but simply because they are taken for granted; these boys are aflame with such feelings at the proper time. But Mr. Gibson is more interested in the strange, fantastic thoughts, waifs of memory, that wander across the surface of the mind in the midst of scenes of horror. And we feel that the more fantastic these thoughts are, the more do they reflect the deep truths of experience. Home naturally looms large, and some of the recollections of home take on a grim humour, strangely in contrast with the present environment of the soldier.

#### HIS FATHER

I quite forgot to put the spigot in.

It's just come over me. . . . And it is queer

To think he'll not care if we lose or win  
And yet be jumping-mad about that beer.

I left it running full. He must have said  
A thing or two. I'd give my stripes to hear  
What he will say if I'm reported dead  
Before he gets me told about that beer!

It would appear that the world has grown up, or at all events, grown much older, during the last forty years. It has grown older at a high rate of speed. The love of country is the same as ever, because that is a primal human passion, that will never change, any more than the love of the sexes; but the expression of battle-poems seems far more mature, sophisticated, if you like, in this war than in any preceding conflict. Most of the verses written in England and in America are as different as may be from "Just before the battle, mother," which was so popular during our Civil War. Never before has the psychology of the soldier been so acutely studied by national

poets. And instead of representing the soldier as a man swayed by a few elemental passions and lush sentiment, he is presented as an extraordinarily complex individual, with every part of his brain abnormally alert. Modern poetry, in this respect, has, I think, followed the lead of the realistic prose novel. Such books as Tolstoi's *Sevastopol*, and Zola's *La Débâcle*, have had a powerful effect in making war poetry more analytical; while that thoroughly original story, *The Red Badge of Courage*, written by an inspired young American, Stephen Crane, has left its mark on many a volume of verse that has been produced since August, 1914. Of all the poems of Alan Seeger, the one that attracted most attention was that called "I have a rendezvous with death," which expression was taken from Stephen Crane.

What is going to become of us all if the obsession of self-consciousness grows ever stronger?

There is not a trace of cheap sentiment in *Battle*. Even the poems that come nearest to the emotional surface are saved by some specific touch, like the sense of smell, which, as everyone knows, is a sharper spur to the memory than any other sensation.

To-night they're sitting by the peat  
Talking of me, I know—  
Grandfather in the ingle-seat,  
Mother and Meg and Joe.

I feel a sudden puff of heat  
That sets my ears aglow,  
And smell the reek of burning peat  
Across the Belgian snow.

Browning wrote of Shelley, who had been dead eleven years,

*The air seems bright with thy past presence yet.*

A similar effect of brightness in life and after-glow in death, seems to have been made on everyone who knew him by Rupert Brooke. No young poet of the twentieth century has left such a flaming glory as he. The prefatory poem to Mr.



Gibson's *Friends* (1915-16), beautifully expresses the common feeling:

He's gone.  
I do not understand.  
I only know  
That as he turned to go  
And waved his hand  
In his young eyes a sudden glory shone:  
And I was dazzled by a sunset glow,  
And he was gone.

The fine sonnets that follow strengthen the strong colour, and are among the most authentic claims to poetry that their author has set forth. The second one, contrasting the pale glimmer of the London garret with the brilliant apparition of Brooke at the open door, "like sudden April," is poignant in its beauty. The verses in this volume are richer in melody than is customary with Mr. Gibson, yet *The Pessimist* and *The Ice-Cart* show that he is as whimsical as ever. He has no end of fun with his fancy.

*Livelihood* (1914-16) takes us back to the bitter pessimism of *Stonefolds* and *Daily Bread*; only instead of being dialogues, these stories are given in descriptive form, and for the most part in regular pentameter rime. The best of them is *In the Orchestra*, where the poor fiddler in the band at the cheap music hall plays mechanically every night for his daily bread, while his heart is torn by the vulture of memory. This poem shows an absolutely firm grasp of the material; every word adds something to the total effect.

Mr. Gibson's constantly repeated pictures of the grinding, soul-crushing labour of the poor seem to say *J'accuse!* Yet he nowhere says it explicitly. He never interrupts his narrative with "My Lords and Gentlemen," nor does he comment, like Hood in *The Song of the Shirt*. Yet the total effect of his work is an indictment. Only, whom does he accuse? Is it the government; is it society; is it God?

An interesting feature of the *Collected Poems* is a striking unfinished portrait of the author by Mrs. Wise; but I

think it was an error to publish all these verses in one volume. They produce an impression of grey monotony which is hardly fair to the poet. The individuals change their names, but they pass through the same typical woe of child-birth, desertion, loveless old age, incipient insanity, with eternal joyless toil. One will form a higher opinion of his work if one reads the separate volumes as they appeared, and not too much at a time.

His contribution to the advance of English poetry is seen mainly in his grim realism, in his direct, unadorned presentation of what he believes to be the truth, whether it be the facts of environment, or the facts of thought. Conventional war-poetry, excellently represented by Tennyson's *Charge of the Light Brigade*, which itself harks back to Drayton's stirring *Battle of Agincourt*, has not the slightest echo in these volumes; and ordinary songs of labour are equally remote. Face to face with Life—that is where the poet leads us, and where he leaves us. He is far indeed from possessing the splendid lyrical gift of John Masefield; he has nothing of the literary quality of William Watson. He writes neither of romantic buccaners nor of golden old books. But he is close to the grimy millions. He writes the short and simple annals of the poor. He is a poet of the people, and seems to have taken a vow that we shall not forget them.

Ralph Hodgson was born somewhere in Northumberland about forty years ago, and successfully eluded the notice of the world until the year 1907. He is by nature such a recluse that I feel certain he would prefer to attract no attention whatever were it not for the fact that it is as necessary for a poet to print his songs as it is for a bird to sing them. His favourite companions are Shelley, Wordsworth, and a bull terrier, and he is said to play billiards with "grim earnestness." In 1907 he published a tiny volume called *The Last Blackbird*, and in 1917 another and tinier one called

*Poems.* During this decade he printed in a few paper booklets, which some day will be valuable curiosities, separate pieces such as *Eve*, *The Bull*, *The Mystery*. These are now permanently preserved in the 1917 book. This thin volume, weighing only a few ounces, is a real addition to English poetry of the twentieth century.

It is impossible to read the verse of Ralph Hodgson without admiration for the clarity of his art and respect for the vigour of his mind. Although many of his works are as aloof from his own opinions as a well-executed statue, the strength of his personality is an immanent force. He writes much and publishes little; he is an intellectual aristocrat. He has the fastidiousness which was the main characteristic of the temperament of Thomas Gray; and he has as well Gray's hatred of publicity and much of Gray's lambent humour, more salty than satiric. His work is decidedly caviare to the general, not because it is obscure, which it is not, but because it presupposes much background. Lovers of nature and lovers of books will love these verses, and reread them many times; but they are not for all markets. No contemporary poet is more truly original than he; but his originality is seen in his mental attitude rather than in newness of form or strangeness of language. The standard metres are good enough for him, and so are the words in common use. His subjects are the world-old subjects of poetry—birds, flowers, men and women. Religion is as conspicuously absent as it is in the works of Keats; its place is taken by a real sympathy for humanity and an extraordinary sympathy for animals. He is as far from the religious passion of Francis Thompson as he is from the sociological inquisitiveness of Mr. Gibson. To him each bird, each flower appears as a form of worship. Men and women appeal to him not because they are poor or downtrodden, but simply because they are men and women. He is neither an optimist nor a pessimist; the world is full of objects both interest-

ing and beautiful, which will pay a rich return to those who observe them accurately. This is as near as he has thus far come to any philosophy or any theology:

#### THE MYSTERY

He came and took me by the hand  
Up to a red rose tree,  
He kept His meaning to Himself  
But gave a rose to me.

I did not pray Him to lay bare  
The mystery to me,  
Enough the rose was Heaven to smell,  
And His own face to see.

It is the absolute object that interests this poet, rather than vague or futile speculation about it. The flower in the crannied wall he would leave there. He would never pluck it out, root and all, wondering about the mystery of the life principle. No poet is more clean-eyed. His eyes are achromatic. He has lost his illusions gladly; every time he has lost an illusion he has gained a new idea. The world as it is seems to him far more beautiful, far more interesting than any false-coloured picture of it or any longing to remould it nearer to the heart's desire. He faces life with steady composure. But it is not the composure either of stoicism or of despair. He finds it so wonderful just as it is that he is thankful that he has eyes to see its beauty, ears to hear its melodies—enough for his present mortal state.

#### AFTER

"How fared you when you mortal were?  
What did you see on my peopled star?"  
"Oh, well enough," I answered her,  
"It went for me where mortals are!

"I saw blue flowers and the merlin's flight  
And the rime on the wintry tree,  
Blue doves I saw and summer light  
On the wings of the cinnamon bee."

There is in all this a kind of reverent worship without any trace of mysticism. And still less of that modern attitude more popular and surely more fruitless than mysticism—defiance.

There is a quite different side to the poetry of Mr. Hodgson, which one would never suspect after reading his outdoor verse. The lamplit silence of the library is as charming to him as the fragrant silence of the woods. He is as much of a recluse among books as he is among flowers. No poet of to-day seems more self-sufficient. Although a lover of humanity, he seems to require no companionship. He is no more lonely than a cat, and has as many resources as Tabby herself. Now when he talks about books, his poetry becomes intimate, and forsakes all objectivity. His humour, a purely intellectual quality with him, rises unrestrainedly.

#### MY BOOKS

When the folks have gone to bed,  
And the lamp is burning low,  
And the fire burns not so red  
As it burned an hour ago,

Then I turn about my chair  
So that I can dimly see  
Into the dark corners where  
Lies my modest library.

Volumes gay and volumes grave,  
Many volumes have I got;  
Many volumes though I have,  
Many volumes have I not.

I have not the rare Lucasta,  
London, 1649;  
I'm a lean-pursed poetaster,  
Or the book had long been mine. . . .

Near the "Wit's Interpreter"  
(Like an antique Whitaker,  
Full of strange etcetera),  
"Areopagitica,"

And the muse of Lycidas,  
Lost in meditation deep,  
Give the cut to Hudibras,  
Unaware the knave's asleep. . . .

There lies Coleridge, bound in green,  
Sleepily still wond'ring what  
He meant Kubla Khan to mean.  
In that early Wordsworth, Mat.

Arnold knows a faithful prop,—  
Still to subject-matter leans,  
Murmurs of the loved hill-top,  
Fyfield tree and Cumnor scenes.

The poem closes with a high tribute to Shelley, "more than all the others mine."  
The following trifle is excellent fooling:

#### THE GREAT AUK'S GHOST

The Great Auk's ghost rose on one leg,  
Sighed thrice and three times winkt,  
And turned and poached a phantom egg,  
And muttered, "I'm extinct."

But it is in the love of unextinct animals that Mr. Hodgson's poetic powers find their most effective display. His masterpiece on the old unhappy Bull is surprisingly impressive; surprisingly, because we almost resent being made to feel such ardent sympathy for the poor old Bull, when there are so many other and more important objects to be sorry for. Yet the poet draws us away for the moment from all the other tragedies in God's universe, and absolutely compels our pity for the Bull. The stanzas in this poem swarm with life.

From a certain point of view, the poet is justified in calling attention to the sufferings of our animal brothers. For it is the sufferings of animals, even more than the sorrows of man, that make it difficult to believe either in the providence or in the love of God. Human suffering may possibly be justified because of the spiritual gain it (sometimes) brings; and at all events, we know that there is no road to greatness of character except through pain. But what can possibly compensate the dumb animals for their physical anguish? It is certainly difficult to see their reward, unless they have immortal souls. That this is no slight difficulty in the way of those who earnestly desire to believe in an ethical universe, may be seen from the fact that it was the sight of a snake swallowing a toad that destroyed once for all the religious beliefs of Turgenev; and I know a man of science in America who became

an agnostic simply from observation of a particular Texas fly that bites the cattle. The Founder of Christianity recognised this obstacle to faith in God, as He did every other painful fact in life, when He made the remark about the sparrow.

The villains in the world are those who have no respect for the personality of birds and beasts. And their cruelty to animals is not deliberate or vindictive—it arises from crass stupidity.

#### STUPIDITY STREET

I saw with open eyes  
Singing birds sweet  
Sold in the shops  
For the people to eat,  
Sold in the shops of  
Stupidity Street.

I saw in vision  
The worm in the wheat,  
And in the shops nothing  
For people to eat;  
Nothing for sale in  
Stupidity Street.

Mr. Hodgson would apparently agree with Coleridge that he prayeth best who loveth best all things both great and small. But his attitude toward the lion in the jungle, the bull in the field, the cat in the yard, the bird on the tree is not one of affectionate petting, for love and sympathy are often mingled—consciously or unconsciously—with condescension. There is no trace of condescension in the way Mr. Hodgson writes of animals. He treats them with respect, and not only hates to see them hurt, he hates to see their dignity outraged.

#### THE BELLS OF HEAVEN

'Twould ring the bells of Heaven  
The wildest peal for years,

If Parson lost his senses  
And people came to theirs,  
And he and they together  
Knelt down with angry prayers  
For tamed and shabby tigers  
And dancing dogs and bears,  
And wretched, blind pit ponies,  
And little hunted hares.

I confess that I have often felt a sense of shame for humanity when I have observed men and women staring through the bars at the splendid African cats in cages, and have also observed that their foolish stare is returned by the lion or tiger with a dull look of infinite boredom. Nor is it pleasant to see small boys pushing sticks through the safe bars, in an endeavour to irritate the royal captives. One remembers Browning's superb lion in *The Glove*, whom the knight was able to approach in safety, because the regal beast was completely lost in thought—he was homesick for the desert, oblivious of the little man-king and his duodecimo court.

Although the total production of Ralph Hodgson is slight in quantity, the percentage of excellence is remarkably high. The reason for this is clear. Instead of printing everything he writes, and leaving the employment of the cream-separator to his readers, he gives to the public only what has passed his own severe scrutiny. He is a true poet, with an original mind.

As for the work of Lascelles Abercrombie, which has been much praised in certain circles, I should prefer to leave the criticism of that to those who enjoy reading it. If I should attempt to "do justice" to his poetry, I should seem to his friends to be doing just the opposite—the opposite of just.

---

*Professor Phelps's next article on the Advance of English Poetry will deal with Walter De La Mare, Rupert Brooke, and James Elroy Flecker.*

# THE MASQUE OF POETS\*

EDITED BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

## FACTORY-GIRL

WHY are your eyes like dry brown flower-pods,  
Still, gripped by the memory of lost petals?  
I feel that, if I touched them,  
They would crumble to falling brown dust,  
And you would stand with blindness revealed.  
Yet you would not shrink, for your life  
Has been long since memorised,  
And eyes would only melt out against its high walls.  
Besides, in the making of boxes  
Sprinkled with crude forget-me-nots,  
One is curiously blessed if one's eyes are dead.

## EAST SIDE MOVING PICTURE THEATRE—SUNDAY

An old woman rubs her eyes  
As though she were stroking children back to life.  
A slender Jewish boy whose forehead  
Is tall, and like a wind-marked wall,  
Restlessly waits while leaping prayers  
Clash their light-cymbals within his eyes.  
And a little hunchbacked girl  
Straightens her back with a slow-pulling smile.  
(I am afraid to look at her again.)

Then the blurred, tawdry pictures rush across the scene,  
And I hear a swishing intake of breath,  
As though some band of shy rigid spirits  
Were standing before their last heaven.

\*"The Masque of Poets" is made up of the following contributors: Thomas Walsh, Witter Bynner, Margaret Widdemer, Amelia Josephine Burr, Anna Hempstead Branch, William Rose Benét, Sarah N. Cleghorn, William Alexander Percy, Christopher Morley, Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Vincent O'Sullivan, John Gould Fletcher, Grace Hazard Conkling, Sara Teasdale, George Sterling, Harriet Monroe, Edgar Lee Masters, Arthur Davison Ficke, Bliss Carman, Alfred Kreymborg, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Lincoln Colcord, William Stanley Braithwaite, Conrad Aiken, Josephine Preston Peabody, Lizette Woodworth Reese, Abbie Farwell Brown, Odell Shepard, Abbie Carter Goodloe, Maxwell Bodenheim, Amy Lowell, Charles Wharton Stork, Edward J. O'Brien. The series has continued throughout the year, and next month, the February number, the poems, given hitherto anonymously, will be listed with their authors' names.

## . I COME AND GO

I come and go  
 And never stay.  
 I pick and choose  
 A night, a day,  
 I find, I lose,  
 I laugh along,  
 I will not know  
 Right things from wrong.

I pity those  
 Who pity me,  
 I ask no boon,  
 But being free . . .  
 And so the moon,  
 My polished stone,  
 Shines and shows  
 I lie alone.

## AN OLD INN BY THE SEA\*

All night long we had heard the voice of the Sea  
 Roaming the corridors.  
 Across the worn and hollow floors  
 There went a ghostly tread incessantly.  
 The walls of our old inn,  
 By windy winters eaten grey and thin  
 Trembled and shook, the wild night long,  
 With resonant, vague, hoarse-throated song,  
 Like a storm-strung violin.

All night we heard vast forces throng  
 To onset in the dark, indomitably strong,  
 An army under sable banners flying.  
 And then, above the din  
 Of far wild voices crying  
 And farther, wilder voices dreadfully replying,  
 Slowly, far down the unseen mysterious shore,  
 With fearful sibilance and long unintermittent roar,  
 We heard another, mightier tide begin!

\*Written shortly after America's declaration of war.

Then our hearts shook, there on the world's wild rim  
 Fronting eternity and neighbouring the Abyss.  
 Had we not cover'd all night from the face of Him,  
 The King of Terrors, from the coil and hiss  
 Of the pale snakes of death  
 Writhing about our very door?  
 Had we not borne his clammy breath  
 Upon our hair  
 Nightlong, and his stealthy footstep on the stair,  
 His vast voice everywhere?  
 Had not each echoing wall and hollow floor,  
 Worn by his winds so grey and spectre-thin,  
 Resounded like the shell of a fragile violin  
 That screams once at its death and never more?  
 Had He not homage of our fear enough before  
 He sent this last dark cohort crashing in?

### THE PLUME

"Here is a gift!" the Brownie said,  
 As something fell on the little maid's head;  
 "A golden feather with silver bars  
 Of the Faraway Bird who sings to the stars!  
 A beautiful plume to use as you will,  
 Fortunate Friend on-top-of-the-Hill!  
 Fasten it into your curly hair,—  
 Love will follow and find you fair.  
 Put it into the Magi's hands,—  
 They will pay you with gold and lands.  
 Feather a shaft with the magic thing,  
 And bring down Fame with a crippled wing.  
 Other wonders the plume can do,  
 But I wouldn't bother, if I were you!"

Now the queer little maid on-top-of-the-Hill  
 Clipped the plume to a scratchy quill,—  
 The golden feather with silver bars  
 Of the Faraway Bird who sings to the stars!  
 Then she wrote and wrote, all night, all day,  
 The curious things it made her say,—  
 Wonder-tales and whimsical rimes,  
 Faraway deeds of Faraway times;  
 Told for the clamor-ing boys and girls,  
 With bangs and braids, with clips and curls.  
 The children laughed and clapped and cried,—  
 "Tell it again! Tell more beside!"  
 The queer little maid was proud and glad;  
 And this was the good of the gift she had,—  
 The magical plume of the Faraway Bird.

But the Brownie sighed; for never a word  
 To the busy house on the hill-top came,  
 Of flattering love, or wealth, or fame.

# CONTEMPORARY POETRY

## NOTES AND REVIEWS

BY JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

### COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRIZE

WHEN the late Joseph Pulitzer founded the School of Journalism of Columbia University, he left an endowment for annual prizes in all branches of literature save poetry. Mr. Pulitzer could hardly foresee the time when poetry would again take its place as a force in American life and it is not to be wondered at that a practical journalist should have made no provision for it. This fact, however, did not escape the attention of the president of the Poetry Society of America, Mr. Edward J. Wheeler, who took the matter up with Dr. Butler and received the reply that Columbia would be glad to award such a prize had it funds for the purpose. It was not difficult for Mr. Wheeler to persuade a well-known patron of the arts to pledge the sum of five hundred dollars to be used by Columbia as an annual prize for the best volume of poetry published by an American. As the genesis of the idea came from the Poetry Society of America, through its president, and the judges are annually to be nominated by the society, Columbia University has paid the society the compliment of naming the prize in its honour. The judges for the present year are Professor Bliss Perry of Harvard University, William Marion Reedy, editor of the *St. Louis Mirror*, and Jessie B. Rittenhouse. All American poets, whether resident here or abroad, are eligible for the prize, which will be given on the merit of work published in book form in 1917. Those wishing to enter books for the prize should write the Secretary of Columbia University for an application blank, which gives all conditions.

### POETRY IN WAR LIBRARIES

We hear from Burton Egbert Stevenson, editor of *The Home Book of Verse* and librarian at Chillicothe, Ohio, that the demand for modern poetry on the part of our boys in camp is out of all proportion to the supply. Mr. Stevenson is assisting in assembling books for cantonments of the Middle West and makes an appeal to the Poetry Society of America to assist him in having poetry more adequately represented in war libraries. Mr. Stevenson says that in the cantonments immediately within his knowledge, and their branch libraries, fourteen copies of each volume of verse could be used to advantage. If this many are needed in one vicinity, it will readily be seen what an opening is presented for poetry, should the board in charge of the selection of books be made to see the necessity of having it more fully represented. The Poetry Society of America has taken the matter up with the proper authorities and hopes to bring about this result.

It is now several years since Vachel Lindsay evolved the distinctive type of poetry which we have grown to associate with him, poetry written primarily for the ear and not the eye, and in these years he has demonstrated his minstrelsy by several poems which stand out as highly original illustrations of his theory. The idea, of poetry susceptible of being chanted after the manner of the primitive bards, came to Mr. Lindsay as a natural outgrowth of his self-elected and picturesque vagabondage, during the period that he tramped the great West preaching the gospel of beauty and tak-



ing as his only scrip the little sheaf of *Rhymes to be Traded for Bread*.

That he should so have outraged the Middle West tradition in which he was born as to make this vagabond journey at all, proved him of the stuff of pioneers and augured well for whatever theories he might advance. Poets are altogether too respectable in this twentieth century of ours. Where is the Dionysian quality that from the beginning has given to the poet something reckless and splendid, fateful and free? That innate quality that has impelled poets to rush upon disaster, to break themselves upon the wheel, in the attempt to be themselves in a conformist world? Not the intoxication of wine, but the intoxication of life, of beauty, such as embodied itself in the Dionysian symbol, is the need of the poet, and one which the conventions of modern life tend to destroy. The more conventionalised the life of the poet becomes, the more does his art tend to inflexibility and crystallisation. Poetic madness is an irresponsible thing; it bears its possessor to tragedy; but who would shirk the issue were he impelled by the mood that impelled Coleridge, or Byron, or Burns, or Shelley, or Villon, or Poe? To fly in the face of convention will not make a poet. The Dionysian madness is something far deeper than that. The only point at issue is that conformity is stultifying and the poets of an earlier day saved their souls alive by breaking away from it.

Whatever else Vachel Lindsay is, he is a non-conformist; he has approached life from his own angle and expressed himself in a personal way. No one would be rash enough to say that he has always succeeded in producing art, least of all would he say it himself. In fact, time must be the sole test whether he has produced art at all, since there are no standards by which to test the exact thing that he is doing. Much of his work is frankly experimental and must inevitably go the way of ephemeral things, but it is as reasonably certain as anything can be in this uncertain world that such poems as *The Congo* and

*The Chinese Nightingale* must hold their place not only as unique experiments in form, but as definite creations of art. In *The Congo* the very temperament and soul of the negro race are made to reveal themselves through the succession of swiftly moving pictures which Mr. Lindsay flashes before us. No method could be more effective, none could suit the theme more perfectly. All the barbaric, colourful, sensuous quality of the negro is in the poem, tempered by the religious quality and a certain prophetic strain of the development of the race.

Whereas in *The Congo* Mr. Lindsay treats an indigenous theme, projecting it for the sake of atmosphere against the background of the Congo and the jungle, in *The Chinese Nightingale*,\* which forms the title poem of his new volume, the theme is purely exotic and the beauty of the poem is due to the strangeness, to the unfamiliar atmosphere invoked by the bird as he sings of the former life, or lives, of simple Chang, the laundryman. Something hypnotic in the music of the bird entrances Chang in his own dreams, which take shape in the poem, unfolding all his past in a series of exquisite pictures. Nothing could afford a better opportunity for the varied beauty of rhythm and the musical nuances which form the most distinctive feature of Vachel Lindsay's art, than the song of the bird and the words of the joss in *The Chinese Nightingale*. In pure music and colour it is a creation, and one finds himself under the spell of

Life and hurry and joy forgotten,  
Years on years I but half remember . . .  
Man is a torch, then ashes soon,  
May and June, then dead December,  
Dead December, then again June.  
Who shall end my dream's confusion?  
Life is a loom, weaving illusion.

In *The Tiger Tree*, the second poem in the new book, Mr. Lindsay has, to my mind, one of the most imaginative

\**The Chinese Nightingale*. By Vachel Lindsay. New York: The Macmillan Company.

poems that he has written, but by no means a work for the laity. When I saw it in manuscript, it seemed to me so cryptic that without the key to the elaborate symbolism it might as well have been written in a foreign tongue; but here is the proof of Vachel Lindsay's own contention that poetry is primarily for the ear—when I heard him recite it the poem was as clear as daylight! It is an indictment of war, of the tiger-hearts that feed on the leaf of the Tiger Tree and contend with the "Mam-months" who may themselves be either the friends or the enemies of the struggle for peace.

The Tiger Tree leaf is falling around  
As it fell when the world began:  
Like a monstrous tiger-skin stretched on the  
ground  
Or the cloak of a medicine-man.

The wind swirls it down from the leperous  
boughs.  
It shimmers on clay-hill and lake,  
With the gleam of great bubbles of blood,  
Or coiled like a rainbow shell.  
I feast on the stem of the leaf as I march,  
I am burning with Heaven and Hell.

The poem is not likely to become a familiar one; it is too difficult; but it is a remarkable illustration of Vachel Lindsay's imagination.

For the remainder of the book there is *Pocahontas*, where the Indian atmosphere is admirably conveyed; *Niagara*, one of the most charming and spontaneous of Mr. Lindsay's recent poems, and the Booker Washington Trilogy, which is racial to the core. No one understands the negro better than Vachel Lindsay, and the blend of humour, superstition and religious fanaticism makes the trilogy as diverting as it is characteristic.

There is much that is ephemeral in the volume, but the poems cited are sufficient to offset the casual work. Whatever Vachel Lindsay does, one feels the sincerity and the strong native impulse back of it. He is a vitalising force in modern poetry, having at once the

social vision and the knowledge that it cannot be realised apart from beauty. Technically he has widened the outposts of poetry, and we may look to him to annex a still wider demesne.

*Lustra*,\* the first book by Ezra Pound to appear in this country since 1912, contains most of the verse done by him since he repudiated his earlier manner. The mind of Ezra Pound is a poetic scrap-bag. He dips into Anglo-Saxon, mediæval Italian, Provençal, early Spanish, ancient Greek, Latin, Chinese and Japanese literatures and draws out a bit of brocade woven of the words of some forgotten poet, a scrap of song still holding a faint colour or a bit of tapestry from an antique loom, and from them all he weaves for himself a fabric of song which might be beautiful had Mr. Pound the art to make it so, but which remains merely a patchwork, an incongruous blending of the scraps that he has drawn.

No one challenges the poet's right to draw his materials from any source that he chooses. No one cares how far into the past he penetrates, so that he brings back something of beauty and value, something that he has revitalised and made his own. It is of no moment whether the inspiration came from Charles d'Orleans, or Bertrand de Born, or Lope de Vega, or Propertius, so that Mr. Pound is able to give us something worthy of the inspiration. But when from these excursions into the antique he brings back chiefly what is inconsequent and often repulsive, one sees no particular reason for going so far afield for material. The whole effect of Ezra Pound's work, of recent years, is that of one straining for technical variety, passing from one technical experiment to another, projecting the whole against a background of many tongues as if to obtrude his recondite learning. In all this bewildering medley of tongues and styles, where does Ezra Pound himself come in? What is his own voice, his own style, his own individuality? If

*Lustra*. By Ezra Pound. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Mr. Pound gave to these many styles a clear-cut definition it would be of less moment that he had evolved from them no distinctive style of his own, but the effect of the fragmentary, the transient and tentative, is over the entire work. One feels that it is all an experiment, and the experiment of a man who conveys but a few phases of life.

Mr. Pound has set a trap for his critics by virtually repudiating his earlier poems, which he avers were accepted by the public because they "were twenty years behind the times." I, for one, walk into this trap with open eyes. I would rather have *Piccadilly*, *A Ballad for Gloom* and *The Ballad of the Goodly Fere* than a dozen cantos of Italian literature and art jumbled together with the incoherence with which Mr. Pound has jumbled them in the cantos which close the volume, *Lustra*. These three poems would also, for my own taste, far outweigh the entire group of *Contemporiana* with which the volume in question opens.

In the Chinese section, *Cathay*, there is much beauty and the poems amount to creations, since they are expanded from fragments often very slight. They are chiefly from Rihaku, eighth century A.D., and are from the manuscripts of the late Ernest Fenollosa. *The River Song* and *The Lament of the Frontier Guard* are especially fine.

Incorporated with *Lustra* is the volume *Ripostes*, published in England in 1912 and memorable as containing the first Imagist poems, written not by Ezra Pound, but by T. E. Hulme and printed by Mr. Pound for good fellowship. *Ripostes* contained a haunting and lovely poem which I have treasured ever since:

Be in me as the eternal moods of the bleak  
wind, and not  
As transient things are—gaiety of flowers.  
Have me in the strong loneliness of sunless  
cliffs  
And of grey waters.  
Let the gods speak softly of us  
In days hereafter.  
The shadowy flowers of Orcus  
Remember Thee.

A few more poems of this sort would be gratefully received by Mr. Pound's former admirers.

Events in modern poetry have moved so fast that it seems ancient history since *The Lyric Year* appeared and broke the ground for contemporaneous anthologies. We are likely to forget that *The Lyric Year* was the pioneer anthology for strictly modern, or current, American verse, and that the impetus it gave to other work of this sort was more important than any work which it presented—with the exception of *Renascence* by Edna St. Vincent Millay. We are reminded of this volume and its fortunes by the receipt of *Asphalt*,\* a collection of verse by Orrick Johns, whose poem, *Second Avenue*, won the first prize in *The Lyric Year*.

*Second Avenue* came in upon the crest of the social wave that swept over American poetry a few years ago, and its theme had much to do with its winning the prize in question. Nothing could afford a better illustration of the fact that poetry which addresses itself to current issues or social conditions will grow *passé*, like a last year's garment, than the lack of interest which one feels now in a poem like *Second Avenue*. At the time it seemed to have vitality, but social conditions in a country like America are of all things most fluctuant; what may be true to-day is untrue to-morrow, and "time-spirit" poetry cannot be otherwise than ephemeral, since the spirit of the times continually changes. The same criticism applies to the opening section of *Asphalt*, to the street ballads, in gutter dialect, through which Mr. Johns hits off social conditions. These poems are clever. No doubt they are true, and anything that is true has a right to be said; nevertheless one cannot but feel the journalistic quality of them. Many poets with a clever pen and an eye to human nature could have done them equally well, whereas Orrick Johns is much more than clever; he is a true poet, a poet of rarely delicate touch and feeling,

*Asphalt*. By Orrick Johns. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

and some of the lyrics in this volume are among the choicest to be found in recent poetry.

*Country Rhymes*, whose title must not mislead one into thinking they are rustic verses, take one captive from the start. They are full of charm and whimsicality, but something much deeper is in them, too. They are conjectures, guesses at this enigmatic thing we call life. Now and then the poet sees through it or gives us a flash of insight from the eyes of *The River Man*, *The Mad Woman*, or *The Interpreter*. Mr. Johns is at his best when he takes the thing nearest at hand and most familiar to all of us. Nothing is so strange and rare as the commonplace, when envisaged by a poet. Ezra Pound rifles Provence and Cathay and gives us something that still smacks of the technician; Robert Frost stays on his hillside at Franconia and turns up poetry with the plough. We are steeped in romance, we know all the heroes of literature, but the farmer going out by night with his lantern to feed his stock is as strange to us as a mythical figure. Mr. Johns knows this; he knows that novelty is in the thing we overlook because it is constantly under our eyes, and it is because the *Country Rhymes* give charm and romance to the immediate thing, that they seem the freshest and most vital part of Mr. Johns's book. One of the most delightful is this in praise of *Little Things*:

There's nothing very beautiful and nothing  
very gay  
About the rush of faces in the town by day,  
But a light tan cow in a pale green mead,  
That is very beautiful, beautiful indeed. . . .  
And the soft March wind and the low March  
mist  
Are better than kisses in a dark street  
kissed.  
The fragrance of the forest when it wakes at  
dawn,  
The fragrance of a trim green village lawn,  
The hearing of the murmur of the rain at  
play—  
These things are beautiful, beautiful as day!  
And I shan't stand waiting for love or  
scorn  
When the feast is laid for a day new-born.  
Oh, better let the little things I loved when  
little  
Return when the heart finds the great things  
brittle;  
And better is a temple made of bark and  
thong  
Than a tall stone temple that may stand  
too long.

We miss from this collection *The Sea-Lands*, a really magical lyric that Mr. Johns wrote several years ago; also some fine things in free verse that have appeared from time to time in Miss Monroe's magazine, but these are doubtless saved for a subsequent book. *Asphalt* demonstrates the fact that Mr. Johns has versatility and a poetic gift of no common order.

## SNAP-SHOTS OF AMERICAN AUTHORS: MORRIS

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

MORE modern than Masters,  
More ancient than Blondel de Nesle,  
You, born a minstrel,  
Have cheated the gold of your songs,  
Casting it in odd little idols  
Plated with steel and with brass.

But the gold is too hot:  
Again and again it burns through  
In spite of that cynical self  
Which isn't yourself!

# "MAURICE GUEST" AND "RICHARD MAHONEY"

BY EDNA KENTON

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON'S third novel, *The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney*, has just been issued in this country by Henry Holt and Company. This statement, which should rouse instant interest in the reading world, will fall empty on most ears. For the name of Henry Handel Richardson, which should be known as widely in Anglo-Saxon countries as it is known on the Continent, means nothing to any but a few in England and America who, through the nine years since the publication of *Maurice Guest*, one of the most remarkable first novels ever written, have held this unknown writer's name as one standing for high-water achievement in first work, and as one of the few English names to be seriously reckoned with in the future.

To those who know *Maurice Guest*, and the English edition of *Richard Mahoney* the American edition of this third Richardson novel seems unnecessarily lacking in informative detail. Its title page is bare of anything but the title and the author's name. The English edition, issued by William Heinemann, who has evident and steadfast faith in this writer, indicates that Henry Handel Richardson is the author of *Maurice Guest* and *The Getting of Wisdom*, and that *The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney* is only the first novel in a series; Book I of *Australia Felix*. Just why this illuminative detail should be withheld from the American reading public lies in the inner ring of the inscrutable, and adds another bit to the general mass of mystery that has so long shrouded the identity and work of Henry Handel Richardson, author of two long and remarkable novels, and a briefer but no less masterful study.

It is to the credit neither of English

nor American critics and readers that *Maurice Guest*, published by Heinemann in 1908 and brought out in America the following year by Duffield, failed in both countries. From a few of England's men of letters the novel received high recognition from the beginning. I have sought and I have never found any adequate American reviews of it, and I am assured by its American publishers that critics here gave it the scantiest sort of notice. On the Continent, however, it is widely known, through French and German and Russian translations. When it is remarked that *Maurice Guest* runs well past the quarter-million word length, it may be assumed that the labour of translation was deemed worth while. One of the odd facts gathering about this book is that in the New York Public Library the German two-volume translation may be had, but one may call in vain for an English copy. And the presence of this German translation there seems due not so much to the literary acumen of the purchasing staff as to the kindness of the *New York Evening Post*, whose office stamp lies across the title page. The American edition was limited, and the book is now out of print and unobtainable. To-day only the English edition may be had, by long war-time process of ordering.

But though the book failed partially in England and entirely here, in both countries a small group has grown up about it, keeping green its name and fame, and the fame and name of its unknown author. Henry Handel Richardson, never heard of before the publication of *Maurice Guest*, has remained a name unilluminated by "literary notes," devoid of personality. For four or five years after reading *Maurice Guest*, I

sought in vain for some personal word of its author, and the manner of life and work that had preceded its writing. It seemed an incredible thing that this book, planned on a scale so large, and done with such finished technique, could be a first book. It was only two years ago that, in a Western city, a passing reference to the book brought me into instant touch with a stranger in whom I discovered one who knew the quiet, silent, Australian-English woman who writes under the name of Henry Handel Richardson. Whatever added compliment lies in the fact that admiring critics and readers have read *Maurice Guest* and could read *Richard Mahoney* without a suspicion that the masculine name masked a woman's sex has gone freely to her. She lived her early years in Australia, studied music in Leipzig, and, after a serious break in health, which made the career of concert pianist impossible of achievement, she went back to the avocation of her early life—writing. *Maurice Guest* was her first published novel.

And it is a very great novel. It is the story of Maurice Guest, of Heinrich Krafft, of Eugen Schilsky, and of Louise Dufroyer. In no less complete way it is the story of Avery Hill, of Madelaine Wade, of Ephie Cayhill. It is the story of musical student life in Leipzig, and through the intersecting lives of these main characters a dozen minor characters move, acting and reacting upon them with the abrupt completeness or incompleteness of life. It is also, and marvelously, the story of musical Leipzig of the 1890's. The city like the people throbs with life, music, beauty, ugliness, power to make for love or pain. The story moves slowly through two years of these people's lives in Leipzig with lavish detail of musical background and vital characterisation not only of chance waiters and minor music masters and their wives, but of cafés, houses, little streets and parks and concert halls, every detail working toward fuller intimacy in the final unfolding of the complicated loves of Maurice and Krafft and Schilsky and

Louise. Maurice's youthful, ideal, consuming passion for Louise Dufroyer is the theme, involved most tragically with the loves of Krafft and Schilsky, and through it all Avery Hill, Madelaine Wade, and Ephie Cayhill play their poignant, minor parts. From the blowy day in early spring when this young English boy arrives in Leipzig we live with him, through the white light of the author's visioning of his and others' secret lives, day by day, up to the pale grey dawn of another day in spring whose illimitable blue he had willed not to see, and whose brightness fell through the trees of a secret park upon his dead and staring eyes.

But Louise Dufroyer willed to live—and lives. I do not know a heroine anywhere in English fiction that ranks with her for emotional vitality and intensity. She is depicted with so complete an understanding of the shameless prides of the emotional temperament as to be spared nothing in the nakedness of her drawing, and to need no sparing. Some of the scenes between her and Maurice, or Krafft, or Madelaine, or Ephie Cayhill, are fairly torn from life, their bleeding unassuaged and unassuagable. A woman of little beauty, she is so instinct with sex as not to need the added lure of loveliness. If her materialism turned Maurice's ideal love to hateful passion, his ideals, worn and wasted in her fire, shamed and humiliated her self-respect in love as no other love of hers had ever shamed it, and the struggle of their conflicting temperaments is a story of beauty turned to irredeemable ugliness, of ecstasy turned to unendurable pain.

Henry Handel Richardson's second book, *The Getting of Wisdom*, brought out a year later, is a far briefer book, on a lesser scale. It reads like the prologue to an unwritten novel, or, perhaps, a first study to one of two women in *Maurice Guest*. Laura Rambotham might be the sketch for the completed portrait either of Madelaine Wade or of Avery Hill. It is the story of a girl in her early teens at an Australian school for girls, unadorned with loveliness of

environment or spirit, a bare presentment of the struggles of adolescent girlhood in unfriendly environment, but shot through with the same poignant insight into the human soul.

In *The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney*, Henry Handel Richardson, after seven years of silence, presents again a large stage, set with many people moving across a background as instinct with life as the people it projects. This background is Australia of the 1850's and 1860's; the people are Australian pioneers. *Richard Mahoney* will be called a different book to *Maurice Guest*, and it is in so far as Australia in its pioneer days differs from Leipzig of the 1890's, and its Irish, Scotch, English, American, Chinese, Jewish, Lascar, and ticket-of-leave pioneers are unlike the musicians and exiled American residents and music students of Leipzig. People who read novels for their plot stuff may well pass *Richard Mahoney* by, for it has none. In this long book nothing happens. Richard Mahoney comes to Australia in the gold rush of 1852, a young Irishman of twenty-five, a trained surgeon, to find that all the new land is not made of gold. Failing gold, he also fails of practice, and sets up a general store, through whose "slimpsy" doors passes all of life on Ballarat. He marries Polly Turnham—who is a markedly careful study in wives—and after the death of their only child sets upon a belated attempt at establishing a medical practice. He builds a house, borrows money, finds it difficult to repay the loan; while through his office, as through his general store, flows the life of Ballarat, in chance entrances and exits, and Polly makes her definite attempts to establish social prestige and gain valuable friends—for Richard. Finally the ugly land, the lack of understanding people, the whole boring effect of wasting life

in ugly environment for nothing but money, and never enough of that—all this scrapes Mahoney's tired nerves raw, and his repressed and disappointed youth breaks out with a flare. He will leave Australia with Polly, in spite of Polly, for the old country, adventuring again, at forty-five, before the fear of life closes down on him, and it is too late. With the sailing of the ship outward bound for England, Book I of *Australia Felix* ends.

In people and background nothing more unlike *Maurice Guest* could be chosen. But in *Richard Mahoney* only the people and background are different. Here, too, as in Henry Handel Richardson's first novel, is the same sweeping comprehension of the meaninglessness of life to humanity while it lives it; the same clairvoyant insight into the intricate labyrinth of human instincts that make for reasoned and unreasoned action, each so often equally futile for the achieving of happiness or peace; the same extraordinary gift for the massing of selected detail, without confusion, for the soft or sudden illumination of soul and deed; the same sensing of the formlessness of life and the endless conflict between matter and spirit in the bodies and souls of men and women; the same vision into all of life that makes the essential aloneness of the human soul stand out with whatever tragic beauty its solitude gives it.

*Maurice Guest* and *The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney* are two books that discriminating readers should know, and "Henry Handel Richardson" is a name that, long since known on the Continent, through the various translations of *Maurice Guest*, should not any longer be unknown to America. The second volume of *Australia Felix* should find an eager and intimately friendly audience ready to receive it.

# A LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER\*

## A REVIEW

BY ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

AS EVERY true American boy should be, I was "raised" on Uncle Remus and Mark Twain. At this remote date, I find it hazardous to conjecture which exerted the greater influence on my character. It can, however, be stated "without fear of successful contradiction," that each gave me unadulterated and measureless joy. A time came when I unmistakably outgrew Uncle Remus; he ceased to be a staple article of consumption in adult life. Not so Mark Twain; the habit grew on me to such an alarming extent that at last I became a hopeless victim. As a school-boy, I was startled one day to read in a current periodical the declaration by one of Mark Twain's English admirers, that "*Huckleberry Finn* was the best story written on either side of the Atlantic in the preceding twenty-five years." This dictum so strongly confirmed my own deliberate, if immature, conviction—which was much more downright, to the effect that this story was the best story ever written on either side of the Atlantic, or of the Pacific, for that matter!—that it awakened in me, for the first time, a sort of mild respect for literary criticism.

The reading of these letters brings back with poignant freshness a thousand memories associated with Mark Twain. How touched I was by his reluctant promise to his daughter, Clara, as he was about to depart for England in 1907, not to wear his white evening clothes in England, for fear of shocking the rigid conservatives of the British Isles. And how thunderstruck I was to discover, upon calling on him later at Brown's

Mark Twain's Letters. Arranged with comment by Albert Bigelow Paine. New York and London: Harper and Brothers. 1917.

Hotel in London, that the streets were blocked each day with spectators at the hour when, clad in gorgeous bath robe and loose slippers, he nonchalantly lounged down the crowded thoroughfare to the Turkish bath parlours! Mark Twain was an incorrigible jester; he had his joke at all hazards. He had no faith in Oliver Wendell Holmes's dictum that "all reputable authors are ashamed of being funny." On the contrary, he gloried in it; and somehow, by some strange exercise of genius, brought it about that others gloried in it. As I read over, with a mild amusement, the early letters of this callow youth of the Middle West, as he evolved through "the various planes of the phases," as O. Henry put it—printer, steamboat-pilot, miner, journalist, editor—I find it troublesome to swallow (even now) the solemn-faced panegyrics of Mr. Paine. For him, Mark Twain is rather oppressive and awe-inspiring as a world-figure—even when, in describing to his sister, Pamela, a visit to a World's Fair exhibition in 1853, he says: "It would take more than a week to examine everything; and as I was only in a little over two hours, I only glanced at about one-third of the articles; and having a poor memory, I have enumerated scarcely any even of the principal objects." In this same letter, responding to an inquiry as to where he spent his evenings, he refreshingly says: "Where would you suppose, with a fine printers' library containing more than four thousand volumes within a quarter of a mile of me, and nobody at home to talk to?"

One of the real contributions of such a collection of letters is the entirely natural picture it presents of an almost miraculous development. In a book I once



wrote about Mark Twain, I expressed the opinion that American life affords no example of supreme success from humblest beginning so signal as the example of Mark Twain. The chastening and refining influence of his wife again appears in all its vividness—reminding me of something he once said to me: "I never wrote a serious word until after I married her. Her advice to me was: 'Don't give way to your invincible temptation to destroy the good effect of your story by some extravagantly comic absurdity. Don't thwart your purpose with an ill-timed joke.'" Another important contribution of these volumes is the confirmation of the evidence, already afforded by Mr. Paine's biography, of the tremendous debt Mark Twain owed to Mr. William Dean Howells for a kindly censorship and rigorous criticism that exerted an appreciably salutary effect upon much of his maturer writing. Mark Twain was a torrent of productivity—a cataract of literary energy. Invention never flagged. The crude product poured forth in an unending stream—awaiting the destructive influence of the rock-crusher, the winnowing of the sieve, the refining process of the pans. It would be interesting to know how much of Mark Twain's writing was so vague, unco-ordinated, or crude, as to render it useless for preservation in printed form. I wonder what per cent. of it had to be "killed" because it did not measure up, strictly, to a standard of excellence in humour inexorably maintained. It was surely this ruthless self-criticism, to which he was driven, often with intense suffering, by his wife, Mr. Howells, and others, which transformed the "comic writer" into the great humourist. Mark Twain's admiration for Mr. Howells's art as a writer and critic was superlative. In speaking of a certain scene in *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, he characteristically says: "That's the best drunk scene—because the truest—that I ever read. There are touches in it that I never saw any writer take note of before. And they are set before the reader with amazing accuracy. How very drunk, and how

recently drunk, and how altogether admirably drunk you must have been to enable you to continue that masterpiece!" And again he writes to Howells: "If your literature has not struck perfection now we are not able to see what is lacking. . . . Only you see people and their ways, and their insides and outsides as they *are*, and make them talk as they *do* talk. I think you are the very greatest artist in these tremendous mysteries that ever lived."

These letters fully confirm the impression, derived from Mark Twain's published works, that he was a remarkable observer, a faithful reporter; and that his descriptions deserve study as extraordinary specimens of graphic narrative. His naïveté, his freshness in observation, his forthright sincerity are truly memorable. It was with him a cardinal virtue never to permit himself, to employ a phrase of Ibsen's, to be "frightened by the venerableness of the institution"—however stable or well established the institution might be. His robustness of judgment, his buoyancy of spirit, and his faith in the contemporary stamps his work with the seal of perennial youth. Some words I wrote some years ago occur to me now as I read this important collection of letters, which constitute a revelation of many aspects of the American civilisation which Mark Twain so broadly and so many-sidedly represented: "There is a 'sort of contemporaneous posterity' which has registered its verdict that Mark Twain was the greatest humourist of the present era. But there is yet to come that wiser posterity of the future who will, I daresay, describe Mark Twain as America's most expressive, most human sociologist in letters. He is the historian—the historian in *art*—of a varied and unique phase of civilisation on the American Continent that has passed forever. Future investigators into the sociological phases of that civilisation are predestined to discover priceless and veracious documents in the wild and rudimentary, yet sane and universally human, writings of Mark Twain."

# SOME CONDUCTORS AND THEIR BATONS

BY FREDERIC DEAN

## TSCHAIKOVSKY'S RUSSIA

ON THE evening of Saturday, December 1st, in Carnegie Hall, Walter Damrosch conducted a performance of Tschaikovsky's *Symphonie Pathétique*, using the men of the Symphony Society of New York as his instrument of expression. I choose this form of statement, as it was peculiarly and emphatically a Damrosch night—the director was peculiarly and emphatically inspired. It seemed as if the great Russian composer were standing at his side, charging his soul with the elemental poesy of this monumental hymn of national sorrow, electing to inject personally into the conductor and through him into the men with whom he was surrounded, the Russian spirit of unrest, compelling them to utter, as never before, this cry of anguish that so adequately and completely pictures the helplessness, the transcendent sadness of the heart of Russia in this her hour of darkest despair. There is boundless tragedy in a Vereshtchagin canvas, intense personal grief in a Tourgénéief story, but no artist has exalted national sorrow as has Tschaikovsky in this lamentation. His *Pathétique* has been played superbly by Safonoff and only less well by dozens of others, dozens of other times. Mr. Damrosch himself has often presented it with a fine regard for the love he bore the composer—his guest upon this very platform not so many years ago—but on this occasion there was a special devotion to the memory of his friend, a new reverence in his interpretation of his well-beloved, yet ever superbly new, instrumentation of Russia's prayer. The wood-winds sang with special plaintiveness; the strings soared to exalted heights and sank to tragic depths; the brasses sobbed with fresh despair; the crescendoes beat upon our hearts with new stress; at the di-

minuendoes we held our breath; after the last expiring sigh we seemed to see Russia, bruised, beaten, broken—a final wreckage past repair.

## A BUNDLE OF STICKS

In a drawer in my study I have a bundle of sticks—batons that have been used by various conductor-generals of



WALTER DAMROSCH, CONDUCTOR OF THE SYMPHONY SOCIETY OF NEW YORK

the music world in their orchestral campaigns in the name—and for the cause—of their art. Some of these sticks are long, some short; some thick and heavy, others—notably the one used by Dr. Karl Muck—but a trifle larger and longer than an average lemonade straw. Here is the one used by Anton Seidl when he conducted the first American performance of the *Nibelungen Ring*; this elegant-looking affair is the one with which the elegant Tschaikovsky opened

Carnegie Hall; this, with its leather thong, which held it to his wrist, was Arditi's, carried by him through many a performance of Italian opera in the old Academy of Music; another light one, splintered at the top, was broken by Theodore Thomas at his last New York appearance, when he conducted Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. This other long, light one was handled by Sir Joseph Barnby; that little bent bit of rattan was the one used by Hans Richter—both during London days, in St. James's and Albert Halls; the sticks of Nikisch and Gericke, Damrosch and Paur, Toscanini and d'Albert, Camille St. Saëns and Richard Strauss—and some two score or more others—are wrapped up in that little bundle, each as individualistic as the man who wielded it—everyone telling a differing story. They are ghosts of departed days—dreams of musical treats of the past.

For the present musical season there is being presented in New York a wonderful variety of feasts, each similar in intent if not in intensity to that presented by Mr. Damrosch on that particular Saturday night just mentioned—each prepared and directed by a wielder of one of these little emblems of power. All of the orchestras are giving more concerts than usual. The Philharmonic has arrived at the maximum number of four-and-forty—nearly eight times as many as it used to offer; the New York Symphony is doing double duty by playing in both Carnegie and the Aeolian Halls; the Russian Symphony will produce a larger number of exotics from their native composers than ever before; even the popular moving-picture houses—the Rialto and the Strand—announce "symphonic" menus for their patrons—patrons who are accustomed to take their entertainment through their eyes. In the matter of opera, too, we are to be regaled with more than the usual number of performances. Not content with the offerings at the Metropolitan, the city is to be invaded by a second opera company—from Chicago; a season of but four weeks is announced, but this double

fortnight is to be packed with enough novelties for a longer stay by the visitors.

#### WHAT THE MUSICAL CHEFS ARE OFFERING

Now, what of the conductors of these varied musical bands—these chefs of rare dishes for our palates? Surely they are entitled to a special word of commendation and criticism. What manner of leaders are they? To what kind of musical pabulum are we being subjected? These be war times. Does this fact affect the builders of programmes? Is there a noticeable change in the compositions offered? Frankly, I think there is. A well-known singer expressed it very well the other evening. "Whenever I go this season," she said, "I am confronted by the old standbys—Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn—with a dash of Bach. It is as if we had been so overwrought by the excitement attendant upon the war that we could not stand so much of the modern tempestuous music and needed the quieting influence of the saner and less impassioned writers to soothe and comfort us in these days of storm and stress." Possibly she was right. The times are certainly out of joint and we *are* having many rehearsals of the old-timers. Not long ago Mr. Stransky gave us a very peaceful afternoon with Papa Haydn, and both Mr. Damrosch and Dr. Muck have joined him in giving us more than one taste of Beethoven. Mr. Altschuler is excused from any of this old-time propaganda, as his men play nothing but Russian music. But, even at that, it seemed to some of us that Mr. Altschuler galloped a bit too fast upon his novelty nag at his first concert of the season. The other day I saw some music that had just come over from Russia—something new from Rachmaninov. The paper was so bad the music was well-nigh undecipherable. The publisher explained that it was the best paper obtainable. But it reminded me of these new compositions presented by Mr. Altschuler. They were possibly the best obtainable compositions just at this moment. But we

must not cavil with whatever else was offered us, when we had the opportunity of hearing Madame Lubimova. Here is a sterling good artist, one fully able to cope with the technique of whatever she attempts and fully alive to the possibilities of the real essence of the composition. A beautiful woman, extremely gracious in manner, and a thorough master of her instrument; she should be heard often by the piano-loving New Yorkers. Madame was more generous to the Vassar College girls than to plain New Yorkers—to them she gave an entire programme of Russian novelties for the piano. It is hoped that she may be induced to repeat this programme in New York in the near future. For she comes with an exceedingly strong recommendation; she has been an intimate of these good writers for many years; she has had the opportunity of their own criticism and advice, and she plays their pieces as the composers would have them played. Here, then, is a pretty fair phonographic reproduction of the originals.

#### THE RUSSIAN SYMPHONY SOCIETY

It was the sensitive Huneker who started the slogan, "Beware the Slav!" Tschaikevsky had paved the way and, in his wake, had streamed the rugged Russians with their bristling batteries of harmonics, weird and strange to the ear, but pulsating with a new life—a life that demanded attention if not affection, a life that frightened at times and caused pain—but it was at least real and as such straightway marched into our hearts and made itself welcome. The Russians are not those who knock timidly—they bombard. In this particular instance they made such a terrible hubbub that New York promptly surrendered and—demanded more! Now, the only way to secure more was to gather together a body of players who should play nothing but this Russian fire music and make them responsible for our hearing as much of it as we would; and, thus was born the Russian Symphony Orchestra, with modest Altschuler at its



TAMARA LUBIMOVA, RUSSIAN PIANISTE AND SOLOIST, WITH THE RUSSIAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

head as conductor. This was a dozen years ago. Since its organisation the orchestra has fully demonstrated its usefulness as a missionary in Russia's cause. There have been times when we thought that perhaps the works offered needed a little more polish before their presentation—but it might be justly questioned, Why polish that which is rugged in essence and temperament?

It has been in great measure a labour of love on Mr. Altschuler's part—this bringing out novelty after novelty—and occasionally we have found his musical dishes somewhat gamy, as at his last concert when was presented a programme which showed to what lengths the Slav has been driven in his extremities of war pangs. But even these ultra-modern bits of revolutionary music were at least interesting, and during his many years of service Conductor Altschuler has led us into some of the most exquisite musical fields that have been opened up to us. Haunting melodies, crashing dissonances that were but a part of the most colour-

ful of orchestral mosaics; rhythmic cadences that set our whole being pulsating; long, strong sweeps of phrase that carried us away upon an irresistible tide, these are but echoes of the heart-music into which he has initiated us.

#### WHAT THE PHILHARMONIC STANDS FOR

When the Philharmonic Society gave its first concert down in the Apollo Rooms, over three-quarters of a century ago, its members little thought that the same organisation would be announcing its eleven hundred and eighty-fourth concert this month and that during all these years "going to the Philharmonic" would be one of the joys of the New Yorker, whether music-lover or plain Philistine. Musical societies of varying types have been formed in honour and disbanded in dishonour; orchestras have come and gone, but this sturdy band of true workers still holds to the traditions of long ago—a little changed in its policy as far as money matters are concerned, but still the same fine company of thoroughbred artists, united in purpose and in zeal, doing more for the musical uplift of the community and for its general education and entertainment than was ever thought possible in the days gone by.

As originally planned, the body known as "The Philharmonic Society" was composed of sixty-three men, bound together as no other body of musicians in this country. Each one of the sixty-three was an "actual member," that is, a professional player upon an orchestral instrument, and a member of the orchestral body as long as he was able to play his instrument creditably. He had paid the sum of twenty-five dollars to become such a member; he gave his services to every rehearsal and performance of the society, and he profited *pro rata* by every dollar taken in after all expenses had first been paid. At the end of the first year each member received the sum of twenty-five dollars as his individual part of the dividend declared—one thousand four hundred and sixty-two dollars; and at the end of the forty-ninth year the

dividend amounted to fifteen thousand five hundred dollars, and each man drew the sum of two hundred dollars for his year's work.

As time grew on it was deemed best to change the plan of organisation. Some of the best men found it far from practical to devote so much time to rehearsals and public performances and dropped out; others were voted out and new blood was infused. The year that Walter Damrosch was conductor he inveigled Andrew Carnegie into acting as president of the society, hoping thereby that he (Mr. Carnegie) might see his way clear to divert one or more of his many millions into the society's treasury. But Mr. Carnegie said that he did not wish to pauperise the men who had stood by their guns so long and so manfully and declined. In 1911 the men were put upon a salary basis and a small endowment fund was started and has grown with the years, but it never amounted to enough to pay the yearly salaries, and there is a yearly deficit. This year the society has been hit severely by reason of the war.

#### JOSEF STRANSKY AND AMERICAN MUSIC

The position of "conductor" of such a body of men means more than that of musical director to many another orchestra. The traditions of the society, the dignity of the programmes selected, the care of preparation necessary with so long and so excellent a reputation behind this, its seventy-sixth season, all make for rare gifts in the man entrusted with the baton which is to guide these ninety musicians in their public performances. Josef Stransky is in his seventh year of service with the orchestra. He came to fill the place left vacant by the sudden death of Gustav Mahler, who was preceded by such musical giants as Safonoff, Anton Seidl, Theodore Thomas and the like. It was feared at his coming that Mr. Stransky might not fill out the robe worn by these great ones to the satisfaction of the captious public, but before the close of his first season he had dispelled such doubts and proven



JOSEF STRANSKY, CONDUCTOR OF THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY

himself to be one of the elect. His programmes were found worthy to be classed with those of his predecessors; his grasp of the compositions selected for presentation has been equal to that of those who formerly wore the toga and the concerted work of his men has been in every way satisfactory.

Mr. Stransky speaks modestly about his work: "We have rehearsals practically every day during the season and our programmes are made up of music from every country—all nationalities are represented, with a strong leaning toward the new works of the young Americans. I have been in this country for seven years. I came to try it as an experiment. To-day I love it so much more than ever before that I am more an American than a European. American painters have become internationally honoured, American writers are known as the strong men of literature—of the literature of the world; American music is making rapid strides toward first place and we cannot be blind to the fact that

we have right here a mine of musical delights. It shall be the pleasure of the Philharmonic Society to exploit these treasures and present them with the same measure of care and attention to detail that has served to make the society's offerings what they have ever been in the past."

Well spoken and well meant. Mr. Stransky puts American music in the same crucible as any other music and produces side by side Bruch's concerto for two pianos and Hadley's symphony *North, East, South and West*. And there are those who heard both and decided to give first honours to the young American.

#### THE BOSTON SYMPHONY AND ITS IDEALS

Some of us prefer to be classed in the minority that does *not* care for the perfection of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—we occasionally demand a break in the *tempi*—here and there a (not too) discordant brass—a rugged splendour thoroughly incompatible to the smoothing-out process to which the Boston band was subjected by the metro-nomic Gericke.

It was once said that the Boston Symphony Orchestra was made by Wilhelm Gericke, but that it took Arthur Nikisch to breathe into it a living soul. Some of us remember that first taste vouchsafed us of the reality of Boston's supremacy as voiced in the first concert given in New York by the Boston men. Gericke lined up his sixteen first violins in front of the other players and *as one instrument* they played Haendel's *Largo*. There was not so much as a hair's breadth of a difference in the bowing—let alone any other discrepancy—among the entire sixteen. As a piece of virtuosity, it was an epoch-making "stunt," but for real music there were those who preferred the inspirational gifts of Nikisch—even if he did keep the poor horn-player waiting so long in the beginning of the Brahms symphony that he lost his breath and had none for the very telling note when the time came for his expression.

Possibly, of all the conductors that have been engaged by Colonel Higginson Karl Muck is the most refined in his readings, the most given to Greek-like shadings of meaning. Take the symphony last played by him in Carnegie Hall—Beethoven's Fifth—and recall the *whispered* passages of the strings and wood-winds. Call him, if you will, the Wendell Phillips of the orchestra—willing to sacrifice sonority to sentiment. He Dr. Muck is a doctor of philosophy. He



PIERRE MONTEUX, CONDUCTOR AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

weighs the meaning of a musical phrase as he chooses the exact word for his sentence. As sensitive as Chopin, he would be shocked by a lack of perfect balance of tone in the differing choirs of his band. To the precision of Gericke and the soul of the Magyar Nikisch he has added the delicacy of a Meissonier. Under his wisplike wand the Boston Symphony Orchestra seldom have torrential outpourings of sound, but there are gradations of tone as delicate as the whispering of the summer wind.

#### THE EVOLUTION OF PIERRE MONTEUX

Last summer a series of popular concerts was given in that home of summer music—the St. Nicholas Rink in New York. But these were no ordinary "summer concerts" planned to entertain languidly the busy man—and woman—forced to stay in town during the hot nights, such as had been the mission of Franz Kaltenborn, of Anton Seidl, of Theodore Thomas and such as had called Straus, the waltz king, to cross the water and fiddle his adorable melodies into our grateful hearts; for this season had a special interest. It came at a time when all New York was under Khaki rule. The projectors of the proposition were wise enough to realise this and made their concerts a rallying-post for the khaki-clad soldiery, who were glad to have a bit of diversion, *provided* it were tintured with something that smacked of "service." So, at these musical evenings there were addresses by men of military rank, who interspersed between the musical selections, rallying notes for the benefit of those already pledged to their country's service and for those who were not—but would like to be. The scheme worked like magic and kindled a great deal of enthusiastic energy.

At these concerts a new conductor, Pierre Monteux by name, fitted into the double rôle of musical and military director most admirably. He had served in the French army all through the struggle on the Marne and had seen enough trench warfare to give the necessary flare to the *Marseillaise* and other national anthems. Sincere in his appreciation of what was best in all schools, his Beethoven was reverently played, Mendelssohn had as clear a recognition as had Massenet and Debussy. But it was noticed that in his own French music he was at his best and that extra care was given to those moderns who are better known to us by their songs than by their symphonies. This is the man chosen by Gatti-Casazza to interpret the French operas at the Metropolitan.



CLEOFONTE CAMPANINI, CONDUCTOR OF THE  
CHICAGO OPERA COMPANY

The spectacular revival of *Faust* was put in his charge with most gratifying results. His place is already secured.

RE-ENTER CLEOFONTE CAMPANINI

Cleofonte Campanini first came to notice in this country in a series of performances of Verdi's *Otella* in the Academy of Music. This was over a quarter century ago. What he promised then he fulfilled later. Oscar Hammerstein had him in mind when he planned to enter the grand-opera field. What a

help the maestro was to him at the beginning of his venture is a bit of well-known history. There were lean days for Hammerstein during that first season—lean days that might have meant bankruptcy. But with each announced deficit Campanini took on new courage; extra rehearsals were called; more precision demanded; increased care was given to details. Charged with the responsibility of bringing before the public a number of novelties and in presenting new voices in old operas, Campanini had his hands full without the annoyance of thin houses and no money. But he never faltered, and finally the tide turned. Little by little the number and the enthusiasm of the patrons increased. The tawdry interior was fortunately small enough to make an evening at "the little opera house on Thirty-fourth Street" seem like a family gathering; an intimacy sprang up among the *habitués*, who missed anything rather than their nights at the Manhattan. The firm of Hammerstein and Campanini had won out.

What the maestro did for Hammerstein and New York a decade ago he has since been doing in Chicago. This month he is due to bring his operatic wares to a New York market. The very newest of the new are advertised—the newest operas by the newest of writers—to be sung by the newest of singers and in the newest of opera houses—the Lexington Theatre. And may all success attend his venture!



# THE CIVIL WAR AND AFTER\*

BY LUTHER E. ROBINSON

THE lapse of the years since the Civil War has brought under dispassionate scrutiny an increasing mass of letters, diaries, and reminiscences to supplement the voluminous information preserved in newspapers and periodicals, statutes and addresses, state papers and despatches, public and private. The study and interpretation of this cumulative body of fact and opinion has been the work of many years of scholarly endeavour. Behind the effort the motive of accuracy of statement concerning events has smoothed the way for less clouded judgments respecting their meaning. Herein lies their intellectual and moral value for the future. The clearing of ill-feeling and predilections springing from the long ferment of contradictory ideals has followed with each new generation of men, with larger educational sympathy and economic transformation. The growth of the national spirit has been attended by the intellectual independence of which Emerson spoke, and by the passion for trustworthy investigation. Out of these have come not only successive appraisements of our great internal struggle to establish democracy with discipline, but also a desire to record and interpret the phenomenal expansion of American life and idealism which have since risen above the iconoclasm of war.

The civil conflict was the climax of immiscible forces which had strengthened with the extension of population and

\* *History of the Civil War.* By James Ford Rhodes. New York: The Macmillan Company.

*Honest Abe.* By Alonzo Rothschild. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

*Uncollected Letters of Abraham Lincoln.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

*History of the United States Since the Civil War.* By Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer. New York: The Macmillan Company.

the national domain. The core of the strife was slavery. Moral sentiment in one group of States had grown hostile to its further propagation. Congress had become an arena in which statesmen, for and against, engaged their energies in sharp legislative strategy to fortify their respective positions on the great question in dispute. The contest found a brief quiescence in the Missouri Compromise. Then arose the evil genius of presidential ambition to rekindle the flame of sectional antagonism. Mr. Douglas, unconscious of the passion his proposal would engender, and insensible of the evil of slavery, invoked the Kansas-Nebraska act, presumably as a new step in the operation of democracy. His parliamentary tact was as clever as his argument was specious. Events inveigled him into the temptation to include the repeal of the Missouri Compromise as a feature of his programme. This plunge was the undoing of his hopes for the Presidency. The formation of the Republican party, the rise of Lincoln with his formula of national impermanence "half slave and half free," and the consequent breach in the Democratic party, instituted a new era of thought in which Douglas and his theories had no part. But he had staged the critical act of the drama which brought the North and South into irconcilable attitudes of mind. Secession was the recourse of the South for the security of slavery; her action became the Nemesis of both the Confederacy and its "chief cornerstone."

As an episode in the annals of democracy the Civil War will long attract the pen of the faithful historian. Its interpretation will carry still greater significance with the spread of human experience in government. One is impressed with this feeling as one reads

the latest work on the subject by that veteran historian, James Ford Rhodes. His new *History of the Civil War* has not been prepared as an abridgment of the last three volumes of his well-known history, which cover in greater detail the Civil War period. The last of those three volumes was published in 1904. Since that time the access of new sources of information has justified the new work. Notable among these sources are the *Official Records of the Union and Confederate Navies*, the invaluable *Diary of Gideon Welles*, Secretary of the Navy under Lincoln and Johnson, and General Wilson's *Life of John A. Rollins*, whom General Grant's latest biographer has aptly called "Grant's conscience." Mr. Rhodes has employed also the *Letters and Diary of John Hay* besides numerous late secondary sources, such as Thayer's *Life of John Hay*, Miss Nocolay's *Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln*, and the histories of recent writers extending over the same period. Apparently Mr. Rhodes's new volume is in no sense an amplification of his *Lectures on the American Civil War*, delivered at Oxford University in 1912. Rather it is based upon the three preceding volumes on the Civil War. It contains statements in the language of the older work. Like its predecessors, it is unusually well provided with a list of the best authorities, an ample table of contents, and a very complete index.

In general, Mr. Rhodes's historical work has the distinction of frequent citations from the sources interwoven with his text, and a style uniformly clear, dignified and familiar. There is always the presence of independent but never obtrusive personal judgment. His eye is ever upon his subject; and there is cheering absence of academic statement and the tendency to abstraction. With all his conscientious attention to authenticity, he gives us the desired effects of movement and proportion. The result is that he makes history concrete, instructive, and readable. Perhaps it would not be unfair to say that his charm of style and breadth of learning are no-

where found in happier combination than in his *Historical Essays*, published in 1909, a companion volume of which would be accepted with delight. On the other hand, these virtues are found at their low point of excellence in the *Oxford Lectures*, which imposed the necessity of great condensation in presenting a complex series of events which lend themselves successfully only to the art of narration or exposition. In this new volume he succeeds in uniting the excellences of the larger work as nearly as is attainable in not more than one-third of the space.

Aside from an adequate account of the circumstances out of which the war arose, the foreign and domestic problems involved, and the economic and social difficulties encountered, the dominant impression obtained from this new work may be well expressed in Lincoln's phrase, recorded in Welles's *Diary* and uttered soon after Hooker's defeat at Chancellorsville. Lee was planning to carry the theatre of war into the North. It was known that this enterprise would threaten the safety of Baltimore, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, and possibly Washington. The North, roused to a high pitch of excitement and hasty preparation, appealed to the President to supersede Hooker with McClellan. Mr. Lincoln shared the anxiety of the moment, but did not fancy McClellan for the emergency. "We cannot help beating them," he declared, "if we have the man. How much depends in military matters on one master mind!" This expression contains the crux of the obstacles which prolonged the war. Here, as in the larger work, Mr. Rhodes gives just and attractive emphasis to the significance of leaders on both sides of the struggle. How often men have asked why McClellan did not take the Confederate capital when he had penetrated within a few miles of his coveted goal? Why did he not pursue and destroy Lee's army after Antietam, or follow up his victory at Malvern Hill and completely disable the enemy? Mr. Rhodes tells us that McClellan had no love for

a fight; that often he was not present when his army was in action; that he persistently over-estimated the force of the enemy, and continually carped at the administration for not providing him with reinforcements. Perhaps General Meade expressed the pith of the matter when he wrote that McClellan waited to have everything in perfect readiness before attacking, and that meantime "the enemy pounced upon him and thwarted all his plans."

If McClellan's "ideal completeness of preparation" was his psychological impediment and prolonged the war, he compensated somewhat for this defect by his skill in handling the engineering problems concerned with success in offensive warfare. Probably more fundamental still as an explanation of his mixture of success and failure are the words of General Grant: "If McClellan had gone into the war as Sherman, Thomas or Meade, had fought his way along and up, I have no reason to suppose that he would not have won as high distinction as any of us." McClellan's successor, Burnside, met his disaster at Fredericksburg. Hooker succeeded and met a similar fate at Chancellorsville. Hallack proved to be only a "good clerk," and Pope was the unlucky choice of a desperate situation. Meade himself had written: "We must expect disaster so long as our armies are not under one master mind." The next year, when Lee was marching hopefully into Pennsylvania, Hooker asked to be relieved. Meade took his place and was given an opportunity of exhibiting his own and the President's philosophy of leadership. All agree with Mr. Rhodes that the choice of Meade was excellent; yet after his success at Gettysburg, Lincoln was grievously disappointed at his failure to capture or disable Lee before the latter's escape across the Potomac. The various commanders of the Army of the Potomac had not developed the ability to handle a large army with skill and expedition. Not until Grant won his brilliant victories at Vicksburg and Chattanooga did the

"master mind" appear, ably seconded by Sherman.

Mr. Rhodes expresses the common historical judgment when he ascribes military genius to Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson. From the beginning of the war the Confederacy possessed military leadership of a high order. Though not a discussion within the purview of this new volume, many readers will recall that in the matter of military spirit and leadership the South was in an important sense better off in 1860 than the North was. Both sides had indeed inherited a number of officers who had been trained at West Point and had seen service in the war with Mexico. But class distinction was peculiar to Southern society. The upper class had long been accustomed to military drill, and the use of arms was the habitual disposition of white men of both classes. The military academy was typical of the South. In the North the absence of class cleavage in the Southern sense, the presence of large and growing cities, and of varied industries, predisposed the people to occupations unassociated with the bearing of arms. In military matters it is not surprising that the North should find her adjustment, or even her "master mind," more tardily than the South. In the civil sphere Mr. Rhodes concedes to Jefferson Davis administrative ability, and on the testimony of his state papers great executive talent. He estimates Mr. Lincoln far higher as "a compeller of men." "The great man of the Civil War was Lincoln. Lacking him the North would have abandoned the contest. . . . Other rulers . . . have remorselessly crushed those who stood in their way. He said, I am not in favour of crushing anybody out. . . . We speak of the mighty Cæsar, never of the mighty Lincoln. But nobody speaks of the honest Julius, while Honest Old Abe will live through the ages."

The splendid tribute to Lincoln with which Mr. Rhodes closes his able volume is supported in detail in Alonzo Rothschild's *Honest Abe*, a new work which the author's untimely death ren-

dered it necessary to leave unfinished. It will be remembered that Mr. Rothchild's *Lincoln, Master of Men*, published in 1906, presented Lincoln from the viewpoint of his mastery in the discernment and management of men, and brought the subject up to the nominating convention of 1864. The present volume presents Lincoln from the angle of uprightness, and illustrates this characteristic during many circumstances of his varied career. Honesty was the basis of Lincoln's conduct during the "pinching times of poverty" as well as during professional and official life. Although his mother is presented as a woman of integrity and gentleness, the quality of honesty in Abraham is emphasised as a paternal strain. Even Lincoln's father, the much-caricatured and improvident Thomas, seems to have been traditionally truthful. Lincoln's professional ethics has become a popular legend, especially the notion that he never undertook a law case for a client whom he believed to be in the wrong. There is abundant testimony that this was his general practice. Those familiar with the life of Alexander H. Stephens will be reminded of his assertion of a similar practice in his own life "to inquire into the facts and the law applicable" to a case and to decline it if it appeared the litigant was not "entitled to success." Mr. Rothchild gives interesting accounts of Lincoln's law practice, and presents the general facts about the "Effie Alton" suit, the McCormick reaper case, in which he first met Stanton, and the suit in which he appeared for the Illinois Central Railroad, earning his largest fee, four thousand eight hundred dollars. The author's death occurred too early for his use of valuable material, corroborative of some of his best exposition of Lincoln, such as is found in the volumes by Richards and Rankin. But his volume is greatly enriched by full historical and explanatory notes on each chapter. His son completes the book by an interesting memoir of the author.

Students of Lincoln will rejoice over the new volume of *Uncollected Letters*

just published by Gilbert A. Tracey. Miss Tarbell furnishes an introduction to the collection. It contains about three hundred and forty-six letters, gathered from a variety of sources, many of them very brief military orders. They date from as early as 1836, the latest belonging to 1865. A number fall within the period of the debates with Douglas. Some of these comment on Douglas's effort to hold the loyalty of Democrats on both sides of the slavery issue. There are letters to Trumbull, Chase, and O. H. Browning. The letter to Carl Schurz, written after the Democratic successes in the congressional elections in 1862, which Schurz ascribes largely to Mr. Lincoln's appointment of numerous Democrats to office, maintains that no such appointments had been made except those urged by Republicans and "opposed by none." These appointments include McClellan, "first brought forward by the Republican Governor of Ohio." One of the most interesting letters for the historian is that to General Steele and Military Governor Phelps of Arkansas, dated November 18, 1862, announcing the President's appointment of W. M. McPherson as his representative to encourage the loyal people in Arkansas to elect members of Congress, and possibly state officers, and asking that the "people be given a chance to express their wishes at these elections." Those seeking office were to be "gentlemen of character and willing to support the Constitution as of old." This letter bears upon the slowly forming plan of reconstruction which Lincoln was apparently shaping in his mind. Even more interesting is the letter to A. H. Stephens of January 18, 1860, exactly a year before the secession of Georgia. The letter contains Mr. Lincoln's refutation of Southern complaints against Northern attitude toward the States Rights doctrine, and contains these words: "Let me say right here that only the unanimous consent of all the States can dissolve this Union. We will not secede and you shall not." This letter contains an intimation of the elevation

and argument Lincoln was to employ a month later at Cooper Institute.

What Mr. Rhodes has accomplished so satisfactorily for our history from the Compromise of 1850 to the end of the great war is to be continued by a *History of the United States Since the Civil War*, by Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer. This courageous undertaking is projected for five volumes, of which the first of over five hundred pages is just published. It begins with the assassination of President Lincoln and closes with the purchase of Alaska. It is a storehouse of detail; every page carries the evidence of comprehensive and discriminating research. Official publications, letters, speeches, and newspapers contribute their liberal shares of information. Welles's *Diary* does good service for this volume, and will undoubtedly contribute to the next following. The author holds a judicial restraint upon his own views. He is expert in searching for the events and the views of those sharing in the making of history. The period is a difficult one for the historian. Those who have treated it have done so with more or less generality; they have realised the danger of going astray in the maze of contradictory and passionate testimony, whether from the living or the dead. Mr. Oberholtzer's enterprise will command the greatest interest, not only because of the obvious difficulties, but because of the equally obvious need of a full and disinterested record of the rich and diversified expansion of our life and institutions, our wealth and our world influence, since the period of triumph in political solidarity. Popular prejudices have faded before the advance of the common intelligence, American idealism has become highly socialised, constructive, dynamic. We feel the need of a closer connection with the epical achievements of the last half century, and our sympathies favour such a presentation as this new work promises in its initial volume.

The succession of Johnson to the presidential office, the pursuit and punishment of Mr. Lincoln's assassins, the

disbanding of the veteran armies, the arrest and disposition of Confederate leaders, the desolation left in the wake of war, the great public indebtedness—these form the introduction to President Johnson's policies. Like Mr. Rhodes's, Mr. Oberholtzer's vision of American achievement embraces more than politics. In this volume we are given, in proper alignment and proportion, the growth of cities, of transportation, of expanding industries and population. The great West, with its varieties of soil, climate, and resources, rises in power and influence. The romantic experience of its first settlers, the conquest and control of its Indian tribes, the establishment of trade relations with the Far East by way of the Pacific, are described. The beginnings of very many discoveries and inventions are traced, including petroleum, the introduction of Nobel's nitroglycerine, the sewing machine, and new devices useful in mining or in navigation. The author pictures the amusements and fashions of people, as their diverse modes of living stretch out from Saratoga and Atlantic City to the wild life of pioneer miners in Colorado or Wyoming. But the focal theme of the volume, never neglectful of the social forces contemporaneously in action, is the unhappy task of Reconstruction.

Here again, as in all well-written history, it is a study of policies through personalities. Johnson, untrained in mind and in government, followed with fidelity the path indicated by his great predecessor, left inchoate by reason of the immediate burdens of war and the sudden tragedy which ended his life. Johnson was out of sympathy with the governing class of the South, whence he had come. His amnesty proclamation struck at the wealthier social class by withholding pardon from persons possessing property to the amount of twenty thousand dollars. Replying to a group of Virginia gentlemen protesting against this exception, he bluntly riveted upon them responsibility for the attempt to subvert the Union. "I know how the

thing was done," he asserted. "You rich men used the press and bullied your little men to force the State into secession." He spoke, observes the historian, as a "poor white" for the "poor whites." Despite his unpopularity, there was much to respect in Johnson's sincere and narrow philosophy. Helper's *Impending Crisis*, a decade before, was a significant if unscholarly attempt to speak for this class. Mr. Oberholtzer could have cited in support of the President's indictment the valuable testimony of the Vice-president of the Confederacy. In his *Recollections* Mr. Stephens declares that "the Southern mind was influenced and misguided by a class of public men, politicians not statesmen, newspaper editors and preachers, who possessed far more ambition and zeal than wisdom and knowledge. By their power over the passions and prejudices of the multitude they precipitated the Southern people into re-assumption of their independence as States more as an escape from anticipated wrongs than from actual grievance."

But Johnson's difficulties were destined to rise out of the North, not from the South. What to do with the negroes became the most perplexing and potent of manifold issues. Lincoln had hoped for a solution in colonisation. The impracticability of this plan and the substitution of the idea of citizenship brought on the breach between the President and Congress. Johnson would bestow suffrage upon the freedmen gradually, imposing a literacy or property qualification. The radicals, headed by Sumner, Chase, and Stevens, demanded unqualified suffrage. Many Northern men sympathised with the President's

view. Chase, now Chief Justice, visited the South to encourage the radical policy. General Sherman told him that the adoption of his suffrage ideas "as a fixed policy of government to be backed by physical power will produce new war, which from its desultory character will be more bloody and destructive than the last." Few realise to-day the intensity of bitter feeling which this crucial issue of Reconstruction produced at the North. No one has surpassed Mr. Oberholtzer in giving to the story its human and realistic touch. The President was strongly supported by the moderates. His opponents in Congress defied him by offering to the South the Fourteenth Amendment. The President sought to strengthen his following by his "swing around the circle," speaking to great crowds from New York to Chicago and St. Louis. This move and its effects suggest to us now an amended version of Lincoln's military philosophy; it shows how much depends in politics upon a great and engaging personality. Johnson's vituperative and ill-considered expressions, as he unsparingly denounced his "adversaries," fell upon disappointed followers, many of whom, through inaction or hostility, strengthened the ranks of the radicals. Johnson's lack of refinement and moderation, in spite of his sincere desire to do justly, must figure largely in any judgment of the factors that led at last to his impeachment. The outcome of this event Mr. Oberholtzer reserves for the succeeding volume. He leaves us with the issues and the protagonists well in mind, and closes with an account of the troubles in Mexico and the purchase of Alaska.

# IDEALS AND ALLEGIANCES\*

## IN CURRENT FICTION

BY H. W. BOYNTON

SOME of us may have wondered (and perhaps ceased to wonder) if the war had definitely done for that promised trilogy of which *The Duchess of Wrexhe* was the first member. Mr. Walpole seemed there to have embarked upon a pretty large undertaking, though we may not have been quite sure what that undertaking was. In calling his trilogy *The Rising City*, he seemed to have something in mind that was a good deal broader and more inclusive than London Town; nothing less than the City of Life, the metropolis of the human soul, as modern minds and hands are building it. Now comes, rather unexpectedly, the second part of the work, *The Green Mirror*. Its last pages, it appears, were written in August, 1914, immediately upon the outbreak of the war. Shortly thereafter began Mr. Walpole's service in the Russian Red Cross. That brought us *The Dark Forest*, which is still, to my mind, the finest novel in English written since the war and out of the war—the finest, certainly, as a work of literary art. Meanwhile *The Green Mirror* had lain untouched until a convalescence of the author's, late in 1915, when it underwent some revision. An-

\**The Green Mirror: A Quiet Story*. By Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Missing. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

*Priest of the Ideal*. By Stephen Graham. New York: The Macmillan Company.

*The Witness*. By Grace L. H. Lutz. New York: Harper and Company.

*The World and Thomas Kelly*. By Arthur Train. New York: Scribner and Company.

*Seth Way: A Romance of the New Harmony Community*. By Caroline Dale Owen (Mrs. Charles H. Snedeker). Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

*The Major*. By Ralph Connor. New York: George H. Doran Company.

other year and a half were to pass before it was issued, with a dedicatory preface from Mr. Walpole, still in Russia. He half-deprecates the book: "We are now," he says, "in a world very different from that with which this story deals, and it must, I am afraid, appear slow in development and uneventful in movement, belonging, in style and method and subject, to a day that seems to us already old-fashioned." Heaven forbid that it should already be a day not worth interpreting as Mr. Walpole has here interpreted it! Like *The Duchess of Wrexhe*, it records the passing of a régime. The Duchess, you will recall, was the last of the aristocrats, the feudal rulers of social England: the essential prop, in particular, of that Beaminster edifice which looks so imposing until, with her long-deferred collapse, it is seen to have been a house of cards. The Trenchards of the present story represent another phase of England's strength and weakness. There is a point of contact in the Trenchards' acquaintance with the Rachel Beaminster who married Roddy Seddon. "Rachel Seddon was a Beaminster, and although the Beaminster power was now broken, about that family there lingered traditions of greatness and autocratic splendour. Neither Rachel nor Roddy Seddon was autocratic, but Katherine could not trust herself entirely to them. It was as though she was afraid that by doing so she would be disloyal to her own people." In the main, however, the Trenchards and their allied Faulders are not afraid of outsiders, since they are not conscious of them in any way. This is the contrast their chronicler repeatedly draws. The Beaminsters have represented a social autocracy proudly and desperately hold-

ing to their pre-eminence; the Trenchards represent that upper middle class family solidarity which, at the beginning of the century, presented a buffer of complacent indifference between itself and the rest of the world. For the Trenchards and the Faulders there is no world outside of themselves. They dwell in that "feather-bed element" of safe and isolated comfort described by Dostoyevsky in the passage used as motto for the book. In being shaken out of it, they themselves are to pass. This comes about through the intrusion into the family circle of a young Englishman whose temperamental differences from the Trenchard standards have been emphasised by a long stay in Russia. Philip Mark, having inherited a competence, returns to England with the intention of joining the comfortable English squirearchy, and of marrying just such a girl as the Katherine Trenchard with whom he at once falls in love. He rouses in her a passion which is for a long time at war with her devotion to her family. They accept him on what is virtually a year's probation, but they distrust and secretly dislike him, in his character of outsider. Mrs. Trenchard, who is the embodiment and champion of the Trenchard idea, as the Duchess of Wrexhe was of the Beaminster idea, sets herself against him from the start. She determines that her Katherine shall never escape her, and that before the year is out Philip shall either be got rid of or utterly absorbed. Chances are in her favour: Katherine is very much a Trenchard in many ways, she cannot bear to give up anything of her family possessions; also Philip has a vein of amiability which makes him the natural prey of strong wills. He comes very near being smothered in the feather bed. It is Katherine who, at the eleventh hour, shows herself at last to be more a woman even than a Trenchard, and finds escape for them both. Mrs. Trenchard is implacable, but her world (like the green mirror of the Trenchards, with its symbolic shattering at the hands of the younger generation) is hopelessly broken. As for the new world, the new

"city" that is rising yonder, she can only turn her face away from it, and pretend that it is not there. Not so the younger generation: Katherine and Philip have their glimpses of it; young Henry at Cambridge has his vague and noble dreams: "He knew nothing of the past; he knew nothing of the future; but he saw his City rising, so pure and of marvellous promise, before his eyes. . . ." This is in the year 1903. How far, we wonder, was Mr. Walpole's third and concluding narrative to bring us along the road to the astounding present? What chance is there that we shall ever know? As always with this writer, one turns these pages with a continual sense of contact with a beauty and a dignity in form and substance such as are rare among Mr. Walpole's chatty and documentary contemporaries of the "younger British school."

From Mrs. Ward also, in a day of blunt and hasty literary manners, we receive always a gift of dignity and grace. It may be rather hard to realise that she is the same story-teller who in the late Victorian period of her début, thirty years ago, seemed to her audience somewhat advanced and daring. She is not more timid now; but the world has moved faster than she, and the medal for valour is no longer awarded to the novelist who gently questions the conventions of religion or society. *Missing* is a piece of story-telling as pure and simple as one need look for nowadays. Mrs. Ward has written earnestly and discerningly of the war; in this book she merely takes toll of it in the form of an effective romantic situation. An attractive English girl (of the "Victorian" type) becomes a "war-bride." Her young husband is presently reported "missing." Nothing is heard of him for a year or two, and he is supposed to be dead. Meanwhile a handsome and accomplished young baronet has become devoted to Nelly, whose ambitious and designing sister does what she can to advance the intimacy. Nelly is very feminine, very much of the clinging vine sort, and Sir William is nothing



if not an oak. Things seem to be drifting toward the desired consummation, from the sister's point of view, when she learns that the war-husband is alive in a Paris hospital. Concealing the news from Nelly, she goes to Paris, finds him deaf and dumb from shell-shock, and apparently dying; and for the sake of Nelly's prospects, refuses to identify him as her brother-in-law. But this, of course, does not end matters. At the moment when Nelly is about to give herself to Sir William, the truth is revealed to her. The husband has made a partial recovery; Nelly casts off her sister and turns her back on the well-meaning baronet, and has a few days of reunion with her hero before death parts them. What is to be her future? That is left to our surmise: "Nelly had been an old-fashioned, simple girl, brought up in a backwater of life. Now she was being drawn into that world of the new woman—where are women policemen, and women chauffeurs, and militant suffragists, and women in overalls and breeches, and many other strange types. The war has shown us—suddenly and marvellously—the adaptability of women. Would little Nelly, too, prove as plastic as the rest, and in the excitement of meeting new demands, and reaching out to new powers, forget the old needs and sweetnesses?" Or would the feminine instinct, the need of a mate, prevail, and award her in time to the faithful Sir William? We do not know; but one thing her creator is sure of—that her experience has not been without its broadening and deepening influences, that the war and its lessons have not been wasted even upon this childlike nature: "She only knew that she was uplifted, strengthened—to endure and serve."

*Priest of the Ideal* is described by the publishers as the "first novel" of that accomplished physical and mystical adventurer, Mr. Stephen Graham. Well, nobody can deny it, since nobody can tell you what a novel is not, until he has accomplished the still more precarious feat of telling you, beyond peradventure, what

it is. If a novel, whatever it may be in a secondary way, is (as I believe) first of all a story, not overmuch can be said for the present exhibit. In a sense, Mr. Graham's "priest of the ideal" is merely another of those pseudo-Christ's whom every modern novelist seems to feel free to create in his own image; and the action in which he is concerned is very tenuous and impalpable indeed. An hypothetical (and preposterous) Yankee, after the outbreak of the war, but during the period of American neutrality, makes for England upon an amazing mission. Washington King is a descendant of the father of his country, is described as a gentleman, and has (in streaks) the manner and speech of the American of the London music halls. He is backed by a syndicate of "some billions of dollars," to dicker in England for whatever he can get in the way of "spiritual atmosphere." He represents an America not greatly interested in the fate of Europe, but ready to buy from her, in her time of need, any sort of old treasure, such as, say, a cathedral or two. His argument is that Europe, and especially England, is overburdened with treasures of that sort, many of which she has no longer any real use for. Why not let them go (for a suitable consideration) to that Western land which is so well provided with money and so deplorably poor in atmosphere? "I have *carte blanche* and a blank cheque," says Washington King to anybody that will listen to him. "I can buy what I like, and pay what I think fit. Our idea is that there must be in England a great number of historical monuments, buildings, manuscripts, paintings, furniture, and what not, that has ceased to have any particular significance or cultural value for you. You have a superfluity of castles, abbeys, monuments, historical buildings, belonging to the time when our ancestors and yours lived peacefully and undivided in the good old country. But we have none of these things. Our landscape is full of new houses, new monuments, new churches, and it has no cultural or spiritual value." Well, then!

Our purchaser of antiquity is armed with many letters of introduction, but chance directs him to the one man in England who can best interpret her ancient treasures: Richard Hampden, her unfrocked "priest of the ideal." It is Hampden's mission, so far as the surface story goes, to show King what a fool he is: how impossible it is to find anywhere in England a real spiritual or "cultural" treasure that she can afford to part with, or is willing to part with. In connection with their rambling from shrine to shrine of old England, these pages present a vast deal of detail about the early English Church and her spirit, and quite enough of sermonising on the part of the ineffable Hampden. King, in the end, is to come out of his dream of a vague æsthetic mission for benighted America, and to offer his life for England. Hampden does not quite do that; but he does not enforce his rights as a conscientious objector, and makes his mark at the front as a spiritual leader of men, before death takes him as a sacrifice to the Cause. His idealism has a curious feministic twist, so that, not content with believing "the womanly is the highest revelation of beauty in love," he must assert that "at the last the male will disappear and there will be only the spiritually feminine, the bride of Christ." *Absit omen!*

*The Witness* is a story of sincere religious feeling based upon a simpler kind of mysticism. With Mr. Graham the ancient symbolisms of churchly observance, the old usages, the old shrines, the old creeds even, not only body forth the faith but are an essential part of it. His priest of the ideal is a conscious product of the past, an initiate who, to be sure, is also an interpreter. The young prophet of *The Witness*, Paul Courtland, is of very different origin and inspiration. He is an American undergraduate, healthy and normal—an "all-round" man. He is popular, athletic, a good scholar and a good fellow. He has no money matters to worry about, and up to the threshold of his senior year, nothing has touched him very deeply. In

his dormitory, as it happens, is an underclassman, Stephen Marshall. There is nothing against him except his overblamelessness and unconcealed piety. The "gang" therefore feel bound to take him in hand and haze him out of his virtue. Paul Courtland takes no active part in this process, but he is a bystander while Marshall is being mauled, forced into ridiculous clothing, and taken to a performance of a malodorous play. There is a fire in the theatre, and Marshall, after prodigies of service in saving others, perishes in the flames. Courtland sees the last of him: and at that moment something happens to himself. Like the apostle Paul, he sees a light, is, above all, conscious of a Presence which never thereafter altogether deserts him. He has had no religious breeding, the experience falls in with no formula of his past, and is therefore all the more real to him. His attempts to convey the experience to his college intimates are fumbling and vain. They can make nothing of him except that the shock of the fire has been too much for him; he is evidently "batty" and must be side-stepped for a while till he pulls himself together. The point of view and the lingo of the undergraduate world are conveyed with extraordinary verisimilitude. Indeed, though the text of the narrative is here and there a bit formal or florid, the dialogue thrown out is uncommonly natural, from the uncouth slangery of the college boys, through the smart chatter of the girl Gila to the delightful back-country speech of "Father and Mother" Marshall. Gila, the gilded siren who can look like a Solveig, is to give our Paul Courtland much sorrow and suffering. That he is so slow to see through her is perhaps the "thinnest" part of the book. From her, in the end, as from all other fatal causes of doubt and temptation, the Presence is to free him; and there is, of course, another girl who is his right mate. We leave them devoting themselves to a religious enterprise as remote as possible from any that would commend itself to Mr. Graham's "priest." Courtland, after some study of theology, finds the

deserted church building of an odd sect called the "Church of God," buys and fits it up and starts a new sect of his own named the "Church of the Presence of God." He has dreams of reforming and humanising the whole neighbourhood, socially and industrially, as well as religiously. Perhaps it is fortunate that we are not called upon to follow the course of his experiment in detail. Such a man ought to succeed; and the story of his aspiration is in itself a fine and sincere thing.

*The World and Thomas Kelly* is another story of American youth finding its way out of the muddle. The author, who is a prominent lawyer, has written various books, out of expert knowledge but in popular form, about criminals and the courts as well as a number of successful stories of mystery and detection. This, I think, is his first attempt at the serious interpretation of life as he has known it. The hero evidently belongs to Mr. Train's own generation, and there must be a good deal of direct memory involved in his account of the Boston of the eighties and nineties. Tom Kelly might have belonged to the author's own class at Harvard. No reader who (like the present writer) was brought up in the Boston of that day will turn these pages without an absorbed and delighted recognition of that older, shabbier, more homelike, and on the whole, more characteristic Hub. There is a curious pallour or woodenness about most of the recent fiction that has taken Boston for its scene. That, perhaps, is the trouble: it has "taken" Boston rather than found itself there. One has no such feeling in reading this story. Here we are in the old place, the Boston of Papanti's dancing class, of the crowded rehearsals in the old Symphony Hall, of street-lamps lighted by hand, and horse-cars that jogged slowly out to Cambridge. It is all remembered with a sort of friendly irony, an affectionate recognition of its quaintness and relative simplicity. That was a Boston still looking over its shoulder in grieved surprise at the aliens, and espe-

cially the Irish, who were crowding it from all sides. This had something to do with the fact that Thomas Kelly, though he was born on Newbury Street of an old and not undistinguished Boston family, grew up to find himself an outsider. Another cause was his rather feckless father's marriage with a common, good little woman who had been fatally born in Chelsea. The father had died not long after the birth of the boy. The mother did her best; and after a not unwholesome if commonplace boyhood, Tom Kelly finds himself a Freshman at Harvard. He is a boy of good mind and manners, but of no extraordinary outlook; and his first three years are embittered by his resentment at the secondary social position to which he appears to be condemned. Then comes a sudden success in athletics, in itself a sort of fluke; and presently Tom finds himself a member of one of those exclusive little clubs toward which he has yearned from afar. The sudden elevation goes to his head, he drinks too much, plays and spends too much; and at the moment of his graduation (which he achieves by a margin none too wide) he is not more than a rather selfish young "rotter." He has little notion of tackling life in earnest. His success in tennis wins him an invitation from one of his clubmates to spend a month at Newport before the national tournament. There, among the richer and faster set (which, Mr. Train is careful to explain, does not represent Newport at its best), he becomes an easy favourite and takes the primrose way. The story concerns his year of purgation and its happy issue—an issue, it must be reluctantly owned, somewhat hastily and sentimentally contrived.

A story of exceptional quality, both as embodying an interesting phase of American social history, and in its character of fiction, is *Seth Way*. The author, Caroline Dale Owen, is presumably a descendant of that visionary genius, Robert Owen, among whose many schemes for reorganising society was the founding of the famous Com-

munity at New Harmony, Indiana. Owen himself has his important part in the story, and the greatness and the noble folly of his character are painted with affectionate humour. The hero, however, is a young mountaineer, who has been early roused to scientific research, and makes his way to New Harmony chiefly for the sake of studying under the masters whom Owen has succeeded in importing from Europe. The prosperity of the Community was based upon those sublime fallacies which have doomed all similar socialistic experiments before and since. Human nature and human differences could not be determined by any set of rules, however broad and magnanimous their tenor. Owen had expected a few chosen spirits to rally to his standard: he found himself swamped from the outset by cranks and parasites—all those who are bound to be attracted by any movement that appears to offer the twin benefits of free speech and conduct, and free board. He himself had too many irons in the fire, in England and elsewhere, to act as the permanent working head of the Community; and his sons, active and zealous as they were for the cause, were unable long to hold it together. So we see it gradually splitting up and disintegrating, until New Harmony finally ceases to be an institution and becomes a place—a place, however, in which certain big residual traces remain of what has, after all, been a great-hearted experiment. The writer conveys successfully, and with much of the demure humour of *The Blithedale Romance* in its study of the similar Brook Farm experiment, the fine and heroic absurdity of the attempt. But this is more than a chronicle of a lost cause; it is an interesting romantic story as well. Most of the incidents, varied and picturesque as they are, the author has taken direct from the fact. "All the improbable things in this story are true," she says. "The probable ones were invented by me." Certain names have been changed; especially the central figure, Seth Way, is drawn after the geologist Thomas Say: "But I have not dared to

make his character so perfect nor his attainment so swift as were Say's. In fiction they would not be believed." He is a fine fellow, at all events, a hero somewhat of the John Ridd order (plus brains)—a big, simple-hearted, chivalrous boy, who after due tribulations is rewarded, in the proper way, with the heart of a girl as brave and quixotic as himself. Next to interpreting the present, there is no finer task for our novelists than the rescuing and embodiment in fiction of such episodes of our American past. It was worthy of Cooper and of Hawthorne; Mr. Howells, the other day, gave a fine example of it in *The Leatherwood God*, beside which *Seth Way* quite deserves to be placed.

America is still in the making, and there is pioneering and settling still to be done. The frontier of "civilisation," however, has moved steadily toward the Northwest. There, in many districts of the plains and the "bush," ranching and mining industries are still in their primitive phases. There, as well as in the cities, the problems of the melting-pot are to be met and solved. There the delicate adjustment between the interests and the prejudices of the two dominant "native" races, the French and the English, must be maintained under conditions of uncommon difficulty. There, also, a steady inflow of German, Scandinavian and Slav immigrants and, by no means least important, of settlers from the States, has increased the strain upon the assimilative powers of a new country. And in the foreground of all the fiction dealing with this region is an element fresh from Little England, the England of Oxford and Bond Street, which tries to maintain its snobbish standards in the face of raw necessity and plain commonsense. The reckless "re-mittance man," the honest but London-bound younger son of the British aristocracy, are always present as a foil and an obstacle to the sturdy democratic progress of our northern neighbours. All this complex, experimental society has been repeatedly depicted, in the light of romance, by such story-tellers as Harold

Bindloss and "Ralph Connor." None of its familiar elements are missing in *The Major*. The writer, a firm believer in the national character and destiny of Canada, here shows how much the war has done toward assuring its solidarity. More particularly, this is the story of a youth of solid English stock, of the second generation in Canada, who, out of a profound hatred of war, and a stubborn disbelief in the possibility or the necessity of the present war, is roused to a sense of militant Quaker inheritance by enlisting for for-

eign service. The contrast is strongly brought out between his devotion to Canada, and the ready apostasy of a young German-Canadian, also of the second generation, whose years of education in Germany have made him more Prussian than the Prussians. He knows that the war is to be, and has no qualms in turning traitor to his Canadian allegiance in the name of the Fatherland. The story-teller is successful in welding all this material into the substance of a spirited romance.

## POMPEII

BY ANNE McCORMICK

O city desolate upon the sea,  
 Thy shrunken streets are cloisters of old dreams,  
 Austere and secret. In thy muted streams  
 Flows silence like a voice. The mystery  
 Of all the patient past looks out at me  
 From vacant windows; and in slanting beams  
 Of unperturbèd sunlight stirs and gleams  
 The shining dust of ancient pageantry.

I see dead children playing in the sun;  
 I hear dead lovers whisper as they pass;  
 The clamour that I fled is strangely one  
 With this bright peace. The same breath moves the grass  
 That stirs far cities;—O insatiate Breath  
 Of Life's reiteration, denying Death!

# SOUTH AMERICAN LITERATURE FOR 1917\*

BY THOMAS WALSH

THE events of the war have contributed their share of importance and interest to a rather remarkable production of works dealing with the life, letters and trade of our brethren of Latin America. What our economists and trade-experts have long been urging upon us has been brought home in an unmistakable manner by the facts of the European blockades and the sudden intimacy of mutual trade dependency among the Americas great and small. It has been feared that the activities of some of our pan-American associations would result in South America in the dubious manner of so many missionary endeavours, which have accomplished only the greater estrangement of the natives with the assertion of northern superiority and importance; this has been caused in part by an over-anxiety to present North America to the South as the model to be taken in all things, without proper regard for the excellence of certain Iberian standards and the proven methods of Tropical civilisation. It is well to have our popular literature, for instance, disseminated in Spanish and Portuguese; the works of such authors as Jack London and O. Henry are already having a certain vogue among folk who are not unschooled in the works of our Longfellow, Cooper, Hawthorne, Bryant and Poe; but would not a proper reciprocity suggest that in the United States we should learn some-

thing at least of the great works and names of Hispanic letters?—the poetry and prose of a Bello, a Mitre, a Pombo, a Chocano and a Valencia—before we go much farther in this talk of brotherhood and equality?

Miss Annie Peck, in her handy volume *The South American Tour, a Descriptive Guide*, appreciates the importance of taking the North American in person to see this new world, that in conditions and sentiments is so different from our own. If Miss Peck is not always so broadly sympathetic with the Latin American point of view as she might be, she is at least an intelligent and industrious guide and provides the tourist with a sort of Baedeker, not altogether without the real Baedeker's occasional flippancy and lack of reverence for the non-Germanic viewpoint.

Miss Peck has many humorous reminiscences, notably the reference to the women-conductors of Valparaiso and Santiago:

Having heard of these before arriving, I was expecting to see trim, young women, with possibly a coquettish eye at times upon some of the gentlemen patrons, as occasionally happens in some of our cheap restaurants, but no! Staid indeed are the women-conductors in Valparaiso and Santiago, and far from handsome. Plainly dressed in a sort of blue uniform with white aprons, they

\*The South American Tour. By Annie M. Peck. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Quito to Bogotá. By A. C. Veatch. New York: George H. Doran Company.

British Exploits in South America. By W. H. Koebel. New York: The Century Company.

The Brazilians and Their Country. By Clayton Cooper. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Brazil To-day and To-morrow. By L. E. Elliott. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The City of the Discreet. By Pio Baroja. Translated from the Spanish by Jacob F. Fassett. New York: Alfred Knopf Company.

The Cabin. By V. Blasco Ibanez. Translated from the Spanish by Francis Haffkine Snow and Beatrice M. Mekota. New York: Alfred A. Knopf Company.

Masterpieces of Modern Spanish Drama. Translated from the Spanish. New York: Duffield and Company.

Plays by Jacinto Benevente. Translated from the Spanish by John Garrett Underhill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

are obviously of the so-called labouring class, of rather stolid appearance, perhaps, mothers of families and closely intent upon their duties. It appears that during the War of '70-'81, so many young men joined the army that women were drafted into the service. Performing it in a satisfactory manner, they continued to be employed, though not to the total exclusion of men.

*The South American Tour* contains also a good index and a valuable bibliography of the countries covered, from which we regret to see omitted, Colombia, Venezuela and the Guianas, which, however, properly belong to the West Indies Tours.

For the Republic of Colombia Dr. A. C. Veatch provides a careful and detailed text and guide in his *Quito to Bogotá*. He leads the way by saddle from the capital of Ecuador to the capital of Colombia, through the magic lands of Cauca and Cali, the country of Jorge Isaac's charming heroine "Maria." His is the careful study of a trained traveller, geographer and geologist, and it is prepared with a sympathetic touch that must please all lovers of these northern regions of South America. Dr. Veatch gives this charming picture of the great Colombian poet Guillermo Valencia, who some years ago retired to live in his native city of Popayan in the Valley of the Cauca:

There is one four-wheeled vehicle in Popayan, the great state coach belonging to Dr. Valencia, which has been brought to this place at what must have been a very considerable expenditure of energy. Accordingly at noon on July 24th, the time fixed for our departure, the great coach stopped before the door of our house with a liveried coachman holding the reins of its two horses, which looked as if they did not particularly relish their unaccustomed task and would infinitely have preferred saddles. When we were all seated the great coach moved off with its attending cavalcade of horsemen, slowly over the rough cobble-stones and amid the excitement of the populace, passed along the Plaza de Calda out the Calle del Humilladero and over the picturesque, many-arched bridge spanning the Rio Molino, to

the new cart-road which leads northward from the city. The slow and steady progress of the carriage gave us a very delightful hour's chat with Dr. Valencia, who is an accomplished linguist, and we learned with much interest that he had a very wide and intimate knowledge of the English writers and that his favourite authors were Scott and Kipling, complete sets of whose works he had in his library.

Mr. W. H. Koebel, the author of many valuable books on South America, has added to his list a singularly attractive volume of studies, *British Exploits in South America*. He divides his accounts among the navigators, traders and buccaneers, the British in Colonial South America and in the early part of the nineteenth century, many of his stories making the tales of fiction seem pale and without action, by contrast. This is the book of an author full of his subject and evidently forms the result of many years of note-taking and much general and special reading. It is a permanent contribution not only to South American literature, but is also a noteworthy addition to the shelves of general romance and adventure. Reading of these Irish, English and Scottish pioneers of the South makes one wish for a similar book that will relate the exploits of our own Americans among the Latins below the Equator. A great book is here presented as finished and another suggested for the future.

*The Brazilians and Their Country*, by Clayton Cooper, is a well-written account of several years' residence and study of the conditions of life and trade in the great Lusitanian domain of South America. Mr. Cooper gives an agreeable and ample account of all we should wish to know of his chosen field; he speaks of Brazilian courtesy and the sentiment that affects even their business and official relations; he notes their theories and experiments in racial interbreeding, and the different typical qualities of the great and almost independent states of which Brazil is to-day constituted. We have as a result a history

with science, observation, and experience combined in a really valuable volume.

*Brazil To-day and To-morrow*, by L. E. Elliott, deals also with the former empire of the Portuguese. Its arrangement of material is admirable and a great deal of patient study and research is evident in its pages. There is also an ample consideration of the arts and letters of Brazil that will satisfy the student of these particulars. Miss Elliott sees nothing in these rumours of the German colonies as hostile centres in Brazil; she shows that while extended over a large territory their numbers are not above a few hundred thousand, as the immigration ceased in 1859, and hence most of the so-called Germans are really native-born. Their stubborn maintenance of their language and ancestral habits of life do indeed differentiate them from the rest of the Brazilians.

Some translations of works, that are important to the critics of South America and formative of their thought and ideals of life, have made their appearance very recently. *The City of the Discreet*, by Pio Baroja (translated from the Spanish by Jacob F. Fassett), will particularly interest the North American who has visited Cordoba in Spain and gone through its ancient mosque and across its Roman Bridge and few paseos in the manner of a tourist. To such, the revelations of Pio Baroja's novel will come with striking force. Here is seen in the clear pitiless light of a decaying city the unveiled features of the types created by this decay and abandonment. The novel is hardly matter for babes and children, but strong meat for men and students of life. Mr. Fassett is to be congratulated on his version of this fine novel, which shows us the best features of the modern Spanish realistic school.

*The Cabin* (*La Barraca*), by V. Blasco Ibanez, is not so successful, although it purports to present a very detailed account of the lives of the Valencian peasant, dwellers in a land that is a beautiful memory in the mind of many travellers. Mr. Ibanez's narrative style has all the faults of Spanish rhetoric,

and to the mind of an American reader his utterance seems always retarded by phrasing and sluggishness of the detail. It is strange to find in all his account of these Valencian peasants no reference to the soulfulness that is supposed to lift their days from routine existence to a high scale of peace and contentment. "The Cabin" is an unlucky piece of property for the owners and tenants of the story, and in spite of some bloody scenes at the close the reader is left cold and unsatisfied.

Another timely and important publication of the year was *Masterpieces of Modern Spanish Drama*, translations of *El Gran Galeoto* of José Echegaray, by Eleanor Bontecou; of Benito Perez-Galdos's *The Duchess of San Quentin*, by Philip M. Hayden; and Angel Guimerá's *La Pecadora*, by John Garrett Underhill. We have here in English well-rendered versions of the greatest productions of the modern Spanish stage. If there seems some disproportion of merit, it is entirely due to the extraordinary literary and dramatic quality of *The Great Galeoto*, which leaves the other dramas, great in themselves, somewhat in the shadow of its pre-eminence. *The Great Galeoto* has been produced often enough on the American stage to leave little excuse for any ignorance of it on the part of the intelligent public; *The Duchess of San Quentin* and *La Pecadora* are interesting variants on the theme of *Magda* and *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, in which a woman changing her social conditions causes upset and havoc to those associating with her in a smaller sphere. These plays are supremely worth the reading; they are a permanent contribution to our dramatic literature and will long represent a fruitful period in an art that seems already to have passed into an historical state.

Charles Scribner's Sons have also maintained this good work with an excellent edition of some of the best *Plays* by Jacinto Benevente, translated from the Spanish by John Garrett Underhill. These four plays show Benevente's range from the serio-comic of *His Widow's*



*Husband* (shortly to be presented on the New York stage), to the fantastic *Bonds of Interest* and the realistic *Evil Doers of Good* and the tragical *Ill-Belovéd*. Mr. Underhill does yeoman's service in the cause of the Spanish stage, showing us how very much we have to learn in America from dramatists already popular in Spain and South America.

A very important place in the relations of North and South America has been taken by "The Pan-American Division of the American Association for International Conciliation." This organization, under the able guidance of Dr. Peter H. Goldsmith, has not only formulated plans for an interchange of thought and aspiration between the two Americas, but has organized and issued *The Inter-America Magazine*, which on alternate months in English and in Spanish presents the best and most salient features of our thought from one end of the hemisphere to the other. Recently have been published *Henry Clay and Pan-Americanism*, by John Bassett Moore; *The University as a Factor in American Relations*, by Nicholas Murray Butler, *The Next Step in Inter-American Relations*, by Peter H. Goldsmith; and *The Secondary School and the University*, by Ernesto Nelson, of the Argentine Republic. The Pan-American Division also announces a number of volumes dealing with the arts of our country and some volumes of translations from Latin American literature for our further instruction.

From Bogotá, known, not without reason, as "The Athens of South America," have recently arrived two interesting publications: one, the official complete edition published by the Colombian Government of the *Poesias*, of Rafael Pombo, edited by the distinguished scholar-poet of Colombia, Dr. Antonio Gómez Restrepo; the other, the *Derecho International Privado* (International Law), by Dr. Julian Restrepo-Hernandez, Professor of International Law in the Colegio Mayor del Rosario of Bogotá. This latter work must have special interest for the student of inter-

national jurisprudence, representing, as it does, the mind of scholarly South America on the mutual relations between nations. There are many points of special interest for the publicist, and we note a very vigorous denunciation of the separation of Panama under the patronage of former President Roosevelt and the statement concluding that "Meanwhile Panama is not, as far as Colombia is concerned, as to its authorities or its people, a nation independent and sovereign. It is still the Department of Panama, an integral part of our territory in rebellion and under the military occupation of the enemy of Colombia."

Dr. Restrepo-Hernandez has also published recently a comprehensive series of *Lecciones de Antropología* (Lessons in Anthropology), which has special interest, in that it follows and interprets the science according to the Thomistic teachings, as well as proclaiming the doctrine of equal rights for women in South America. To the revelation of the cultivated thought of his country these works of Dr. Restrepo-Hernandez bring a most valuable contribution.

In the *Poesias* of Rafael Pombo we have the presentation of the life-work of a great poet, a lover of both Americas and long a resident in the North—who may also be said to be the last, and not the least, of the great Romantics of Latin America. The friend and correspondent of Longfellow, Bryant and other North American poets, he gave to his own work something of the breadth of his own travels and personal experiences. All South America was *intrigued* for years over the anonymous authorship of his poems called *Edda*; his most famous ode is an address to our Niagara, while another much quoted poem deals with the ravishing beauties that passed his hotel along Broadway. We have in Pombo a superior to Nathaniel P. Willis—an intermediate figure, perhaps, between Longfellow, Bryant, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox, whose earlier poems Pombo and the world at large were accustomed to admire. He has translated many American poems

into Spanish and even left some charming original work in English, of which we can only quote his lines to his mother:

Couldst thou portray that face whose holy  
spell  
Still sheds its peace o'er all the loved at  
home?

'Tis mine so long in other lands to roam  
That her smile only I remember well.

Dr. Antonio Gómez Restrepo has done his filial work with great ability and industry, and his edition places Rafael Pombo in a secure niche of the poets' Pantheon of South America.

## THREE BOOKS OF THE MONTH\*

### I

#### SIDNEY COLVIN'S "JOHN KEATS"\*

IT IS now thirty years since Sir Sidney Colvin contributed his monograph on Keats to the English Men of Letters Series. During these three decades, the reputation of the poet has steadily increased throughout the English-speaking world; for, as Rossetti said in an inspired moment, the name of Keats was "not writ but rumour'd in water, while the fame of it along Time's flood goes echoing evermore." The lapse of time has also brought to light many documents and a great deal of correlated information that were not available when Monckton Milnes prepared his interesting memoir or when the late Mr. Buxton Forman compiled his valuable edition of the complete works of the poet. Through all these many years, Sir Sidney Colvin has devoted the leisure moments of his life to an extensive survey and intensive study of the field of scholarship comprising Keats himself and every other matter that relates to Keats in literary history. The result of this long and faithful service to a subject fully worthy of a lifetime of devotion is now summed up and uttered in a massive volume of six hundred pages, which erects a lasting monument to one of the great men of modern

\*John Keats: His Life and Poetry; His Friends, Critics, and After-Fame. By Sidney Colvin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

times. This careful, thorough, tactful, and exhaustive work renders obsolete all previous expressions of opinion upon Keats; it deserves, indeed, to be labelled with the final word, "definitive"; and it is pleasant to record the fact that it has been timed to appear on the hundredth anniversary of the publication of the first volume of the poetry of Adonais.

This book is much more than a biography. Indeed, the story of the whole career of Keats might be told completely in a few hundred, or a few thousand, words. His active and creative life was compressed within a period of six years. His first considerable poem was written in the spring of 1815, when he was only nineteen years of age; and his work was laid aside forever at the outset of 1821, when he was scarcely more than twenty-five. His brief life was uneventful; and nothing need be added to the record of it, except some wondering account of his birth and bringing-up, and a final chapter dealing with his "posthumous existence" and his death in Rome. Amid these facts, there is no room for a mere biographer to move about in.

But Sir Sidney has supplemented the biographic record with a full account of many other matters that are pertinent. The present volume offers also a complete concordance to the works of Keats, which constitutes a monument of literary criticism. The author employs, throughout, that method which was de-

fined by the master-critic, Matthew Arnold, as "scientific," or "historical." Thus, in connection with his criticism of *Endymion*, the author offers an exhaustive study of the various mutations in the technique of the pentasyllabic couplet that have occurred throughout the age-long history of English prosody. He is equally industrious in tracking down the sources—in pre-existent books, or works of painting or of sculpture—from which this acquisitive but scarcely cultured poet derived the incentive, or the inspiration, for many of his compositions. In fact, the entire history of English poetry—accompanied by many lightning-glimpses of the history of art in general—is here summarised and centred in a study of the works of Keats.

The drawing of the character of Keats is enriched and vivified by the composition of a vaster background which depicts, in orderly arrangement, the many famous men with whom this obscure apprentice to a surgeon was destined, during the brief years of his active life, to establish an intense and tingling contact. The value of these incidental bits of portraiture may be indicated by the following quotation, which depicts the "gentle Elia":

Lamb, noticeable by his neat, sombrely clad small figure on its spindle legs and his handsome romantic head; by his hurried, stammering utterance and too often, alas! his vinous flush and step almost as titubant as his tongue; but most of all by that airy genius of insight and caprice, of deep tenderness and freakish wisdom, quick to break from him in sudden, illuminating phrases at any moment and in any manner save the expected.

Particularly interesting is the analytic study of the case of posterity against Lockhart and Wilson for their respective shares in the unwarranted attacks on Keats directed through the pages of *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*. Sir Sidney's attitude toward Lockhart—who was a big man in his way, despite the fact that he was frequently misguided—

is studiously catholic and reveals that generosity that comes of understanding.

The chapter devoted to the "deliberate and creeping progress" of the poet "to the grave," which records also the pathetic ministrations of the ever-memorable Joseph Severn, is so touching that even now—a century away from the narrated facts—it can scarcely be read by any lover of the life that lived and flared and flickered out in Keats without a genuflexion of the spirit and a pouring forth of that libation of tears which is granted only at great moments.

If this monumental volume is, in any way, disappointing to the present commentator, it is only because Sir Sidney Colvin—actuated by his trained and careful sense of literary values—has avoided sedulously many manifest temptations to assert and to insist upon the prime importance of his hero. The over-emphasis of sheer enthusiasm is—in the long run—more to be desired than the under-emphasis of scholarly restraint. Whenever a critic is confronted by a great man, it is better by far to say too much than to say too little. And, to my mind—if I may be permitted, for a final moment, to shift the point of view from the third person to the first—Sir Sidney says, if anything, too little in praise of Keats.

The great thing to be remembered about any man is his Religion,—or what, because of his experience in life, he has gradually grown to think about the universe in general. The religion of Keats is summarised and uttered in the last two lines of the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*. This gospel is either true or false. If false, it is of no account, and will gradually falter and finally fade from the recollection of mankind. If true, it formulates one of the most momentous utterances that had been delivered to the world throughout two thousand and two hundred years of human history. Either Keats was right when he agreed with all the great Athenians, grouped and constellated around Pericles, in the summary and absolute assumption that Truth and Beauty are identical; or else the Puri-

tans were right in their assumption that Beauty is inimical to Truth. The determination of this question is even more momentous than the determination of the present war between the forces of Treachery and the forces of Faith. But this question, which—to my own less guarded and less tactful mind—appears to be of prime importance, is never once approached in the whole six hundred pages of this otherwise exhaustive volume. I should like to hear less of the life and the environment of Keats—even less about his poetry—and more of his religion; for to me this man—untimely born, untimely dying—this creature of the godlike face and the more than godlike utterance, has rescued us from the preceding outer darkness of more than twenty centuries and appeared as a shining priest to lead us back to what we knew, in ancient Athens, before the world grew weary and grew old. I care comparatively little about Keats the poet: what seems to me immortally important is Keats the apostle.

But this, of course, is merely an explosion of what is called so carefully in science "the personal equation." It is much more sage to follow the procedure of Sir Sidney Colvin:—to state the facts, and indicate the truth, and modestly withdraw while history records the verdict. For the reticence—as well as the completeness—of this monumental work of literary history and criticism, I acknowledge an almost unexceptionable admiration. An incidental, but important, point to be recorded is that Sir Sidney Colvin is a master of English prose. The gift of style has now become so rare that those who run have little time to recognise it while they read. But this author—this prince of gentlemen and scholars—has learned, through the devotion of a lifetime, the gentle art of setting words alluringly together; and the present book will, therefore, be remembered, in the years to come, not only as a monument to Keats but also as a monument to a man whose long and loving life has evermore been lighted by the torch of loveliness.

Clayton Hamilton.

## II

### DOROTHY SCARBOROUGH'S "THE SUPERNATURAL IN MODERN ENGLISH FICTION"\*

The last place one would look for a "best-seller" would be among doctors' theses; yet this book, which more than earned the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Columbia for its author, has such a general appeal that it may conceivably have a large sale. It is at once scholarly and popular; it exhibits extensive research, has a good index, is well-shod with footnotes, and yet both in subject and in treatment it is adapted to the reading public. A huge army of spooks is drafted from the history of fiction, and paraded before the gentle reader. The introductory chapter is anything but dusty in style. One feels that this work has been a labour of love. Miss Scarborough loves her ghosts, her demons, her hobgoblins, and has resurrected many from forgotten graveyards.

Ghosts have always been common in drama and prose fiction; in Elizabethan plays they reached a *reductio ad absurdum* in Chapman, one of whose stage directions is "They dance about the dead body, and exeunt." Shakespeare of course was just as far ahead of other authors in his treatment of spirits as he was in handling mortals. He gave them their due, and no more, well realising that the familiarity-contempt adage applies to ghosts even more emphatically than to human beings.

Miss Scarborough begins with the Gothic romance in the eighteenth century, and closes with the year 1917. She shows, with a wealth of illustration, the influence that spirits, the Devil, and the supernatural in general have had upon the novel. An immense number of contemporary writers are called in as witnesses, and the modern attitude toward the spiritual world—distinct from that of the eighteenth century—is convincingly set forth in the most attractive manner. For a resurrectionist, she is the

\*The Supernatural in Modern English Fiction. By Dorothy Scarborough. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

most cheerful person I have seen these many years. She is, I might punningly remark, full of high spirits. After alluding to *Patience Worth*, she remarks: "It is astonishing how many ghosts are trying to break into print these days. And, after all, what do the poor things get out of it? No royalties, scant praise, and much ridicule when their style fails to come up to specifications."

The fact of it is, the modern novelist has had his range extended boundlessly. His field is the world, but the world now embraces the spiritual as well as the material, as shown in such abiding masterpieces as Kipling's *They* and Henry James's *Turn of the Screw*, two of the finest ghost stories ever written. The child's love of hobgoblins has changed into a mature thirst for authentic spooks. Miss Scarborough speaks of William De Morgan's *An Affair of Dishonour*, and of *A Likely Story*, but I could wish that she had devoted some attention to *Alice-For-Short*, where real ghosts appear—for the late Mr. De Morgan was a firm believer in them. And although Julian Hawthorne is discussed, no mention is made of his best yarn of the supernatural—*Archibald Malmaison*.

This is a valuable and entertaining book. Many readers will be surprised to see what a grip the supernatural has always had on literary art, and will follow the history of its influence in these pages with constantly increasing attention.

She ought to have read the proof more carefully. Inasmuch as F. P. A.—how we all miss him!—has taken such innocent delight in pointing out typographical errors in *THE BOOKMAN*, it may not be an impertinence to mention some of those I have found in this handsomely printed volume:

Thomas Lovell Beddoes has a hard time. On page 53 the possessive is given as Beddoe's; on page 115 he is called Robert Lovell Beddoes. She gives our friend Vachel Lindsay an extra "l" on page 217; Hawthorne's Dr. Heidegger is misspelled on page 184; the great Irishman is called Singe on page 240;

Ann Radcliffe gets an extra "e" frequently; Poe has his middle name misspelled in the index; Mark Twain is made to spell Connecticut with an extra final "t" on page 122, nor is the title of that story there cited given in full, which may cause some folks trouble in looking it up in library catalogues; Oscar Wilde did not spell his hero "Dorian Grey," as given on pages 32, 60, 121, 134, but "Gray." Which leads me to remark that the adjective is commonly spelled "gray" in America and "grey" in England. Somehow I think "grey" looks much *grayer* than "gray."

William Lyon Phelps.

### III

BLANCHE COLTON WILLIAMS'S "A HANDBOOK ON STORY-WRITING"\*

This freshly wrought text-book on the technique of the short story is the result of seven years' experience teaching classes in Hunter College and Columbia University. Dr. Williams, whose instruction has proved fruitful to many well-known short-story writers, has long felt the need of a text-book for the use of beginners, as well as advanced practitioners of the art, and this volume, unique in its way, is based on the peculiar needs of the present-day writer as she has studied them in her classrooms.

I recall a morning last winter which revealed to me more of the possibilities inherent in such instruction than I had hitherto suspected possible. Experience with many story writers who had completed courses in short-story writing under competent critics had left me frankly sceptical as to the value of endeavouring to teach the technique of a developing and changing literary form. It seemed to me that such instruction administered to complacency rather than culture, if insincere, or floundered in a morass of definitions and classifications, if sincere. And the last state of the pupil seemed worse than the first.

I had confided my scepticism to a

\*A Handbook on Story-Writing. By Blanche Colton Williams. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

short-story writer, whose best work in its kind is not rivaled by many in America to-day, and he confessed that he was a student in a Columbia University extension course at that time. I expressed surprise, and questioned him as to its value for his own artistic development, whereupon he invited me to visit his class with him, and discover its value for myself. What I found in this class was a free play of critical intelligence, taking actual stories as its point of departure, rather than arid classifications and theories,—a free play of intelligence upon the part of the pupil as well as the teacher, and an alert consciousness of immediate values in daily action. Here was a true academy, in which the teacher learned from the pupil an equal forum of challenge and resolution, in which unchanging standards were never forgotten, but in which the visible event retained its significance.

It is because of this spirit that Dr. Williams's training is as significant a milestone in the history of the American short story as the training of Professor Baker has been in the history of the American drama. You will find the concrete embodiment of her influence in many of the best stories published in America to-day, whether they appear in the *Atlantic Monthly*, *The Century*, *Scribner's Magazine*, or the *Metropolitan*, or in some periodical more obscure to the public consciousness, but no less conscientious in the quality of its standards. And if you seek the body of critical intelligence upon which this influence is based, you will find it here, lucidly ordered and minutely chronicled, in Dr. Williams's *Handbook on Story-Writing*.

I have no hesitation in saying that this volume is one of the two best text-books available for the student of short-story writing, and of these two, I regard this as the more helpfully thorough and catholic in its relation to our own day and its needs. The book's value is largely due to its continual reference to illustrative examples, and its wide range of allusion offers well-nigh limitless ground for objective study. These allusions are

not limited to the classic stories of Poe and de Maupassant and Kipling, but the contemporary stories of our own magazines are drawn upon for illustrative material.

Opening with a chapter on Definitions and Characteristics, Dr. Williams proceeds to a thorough psychological analysis of the inception of the short story, and reinforces her own conclusions with those of many story-writers.

Of the four chapters on Plot, which are among the most valuable parts of the book, one is devoted to preliminaries. The distinctions between the anecdote, the incident, and the short story, are carefully recorded, and the relationship of one to another is made clear. A second chapter is devoted to the problems of struggle and complication. The various types of struggle are pointed out, as well as the methods of developing each type. The discussion of complication is thoroughly lucid, and Dr. Williams's analysis of the various lines of interest is most graphic. The value of secondary lines of interest is pointed out, and the student is shown how to handle them. A third chapter is devoted to problems of actual composition, and here special pains have been taken by the author to explain the technique of linking incidents, and the use of minor crises or climaxes. The fourth chapter on plot is devoted to an exposition of story types dependent on plot order, and the logical principles and distinctions here laid down by Dr. Williams are a fresh and much-needed contribution to a perplexing subject.

The seventh chapter of the book is devoted to a study of the point of view. This has been too little considered in the past, and for the reader's good fortune I find this one of the most carefully conceived chapters in the volume. Particularly noteworthy are the expositions of the value and danger of omniscience, and of the relation of the point of view to the shaping material.

The eighth chapter is a study of the *scenario*, with a most complete exposition of character differentiation, setting, and

transition. Throughout her volume Dr. Williams has made her philosophy clearer by pointing out the analogies between the short story and the drama, and the points of likeness are of special significance in this chapter.

Two chapters are devoted to the subtleties of characterisation. The laws of characterisation in the short story and the novel are discussed fully, and their parallel qualities and differences contrasted. The management of trait, character in development vs. character at a crisis, description, and the problem of selection are painstakingly made clear to the student. The three methods of characterisation,—the descriptive method, the analytic method, and the dramatic method are exposed at length, and their relations to one another and the possibility of their combination discussed.

The eleventh chapter is devoted to dialogue, its relation to conversation and monologue, the value of growth in dialogue, and its use to further action and portray character. There is a clear exposition of talking in character, and of dialect.

The emotional element in tragedy and comedy is the subject of the twelfth chapter. Its office and tools, the value of restraint in tragedy, attendant circumstances, motives, situations, incongruity, burlesque, humour of character and situation, irony, and surprise are luminously analysed.

A chapter is devoted to the problems of local colour and atmosphere, and an-

other chapter to the elements of composition depending upon the division of the short story into beginning, body, and end. Finally, as an example of a definite type embodying all the principles involved in the preceding chapters, the ghost story is studied minutely in a classical example.

The volume concludes with a bibliographical appendix, with lists of short-story indexes, books on the development and technique of the short story, collections of short stories, and, best of all, a long and most suggestive list of short stories for study and criticism. This list reveals a wide and catholic range of interest. I do not think that this bibliography is well arranged, however, for general effectiveness, and in a later edition of the book, I would suggest that the exact source of each story should be more precisely indicated. This criticism also applies to the body of the book, where stories are frequently used for illustrative purposes, without any other clue to their origin than the title. While they can eventually be found in the bibliography, the amateur's search would be less arduous, if the author's name were always associated with the title. To the list of volumes in which short stories are indexed, the monumental "Standard Index of Short Stories, 1900-1914," by Francis J. Hannigan, of the Boston Public Library, must be added. With its thirty-eight thousand entries, it is the only useful volume in its field.

*Edward J. O'Brien.*

## THE BOOKMAN RECOMMENDS

*In this department the editors each month will endeavor to select from among the previous month's publications those volumes in each classification which seem in their opinion to be most worthy of recommendation to BOOKMAN readers. The editors will be happy to answer any questions in their power regarding these books and indeed regarding any books concerning which BOOKMAN readers may desire information.*

### Art

**The Sources of the Power of Music.** By Ella White Custer. Portland, Maine: The Mosher Press.

An appreciation in six chapters.

**Modern Water-Colour, Including Some Chapters on Current-day Art.** By Romilly Fedden. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. With Illustrations. \$2.00.

A painter's ideas and opinions set forth to help students—the outcome of experience rather than theory.

### Biography

**Portraits and Backgrounds.** By Evangeline Wilbour Blashfield. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

A consideration of four representative women, not only as to their biographical interest, but as to their reflection of the manners, ideals, and in general the historical features of the periods to which each of these striking figures belongs.

**Madame Adam (Juliette Lamber).** By Winifred Stephens. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Eight illustrations.

A biography giving a picture of the influence which a brilliant woman may exercise in the world of art and politics, throwing light upon the present situation in France and the prospects for the future.

**The Life and Art of William Merritt Chase.** By Katherine Metcalf Roof. With Letters, Personal Reminiscences and Illustrative Material. Illustrated with Reproductions of the Artist's Work. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$4.00.

A full and interesting discussion and collection made by a pupil of the great artist at his request.

**The Private Life of Marie Antoinette.** By Jeanne Louise Henriette Campan, First Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen. With illustrations. Vol. I.

Memoirs in a new edition revised by F. M. Graves, with personal recollections illustrative of the reigns of Louis XIV, XV, XVI.

**Audubon the Naturalist. A History of his Life and Time.** By Francis Hobart Herrick. New York: D. Appleton and Company. In two vols. Illustrated.

The first complete record of the gifted ornithologist, animal painter, and writer.

**Abigail Adams and Her Times.** By Laura E. Richards. New York: D. Appleton and Company. \$1.35.

An authentic record based on diaries and letters, of especial interest to girls.

**The Middle Years.** By Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. With photograph. \$1.25.

The author's reminiscences of his early London life, with sketches of his daily life and surroundings, embodying their charm of novelty for him.

### Business

**Money Making for Boys.** By A. Frederick Collins. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.00.

Actual practical schemes by which a boy may make and save money whether in city, village, or backwoods.

### Domestic Science

**Salads and Sandwiches.** By Mary M. Wright. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company.

A book of recipes requiring little in the way of materials but which produce delightful dishes.

**Preserving and Pickling.** By Mary M. Wright. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Company.

Two hundred recipes with directions.

**The Food Problem.** By Vernon Kellogg and Alonzo E. Taylor. With a preface by Herbert Hoover. \$1.25.

A setting forth of the character and scope of the food problem as it now immediately concerns us, and an indication of the possible and most promising methods of its solution.



**Education**

**The Exceptional Child.** By M. P. E. Groszmann. With a medical symposium from a number of eminent specialists. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A non-technical and exhaustive presentation of the situation, with ways and means of coping with the problem.

**The Permanent Values in Education.** By Kenneth Richmond. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.25.

An examination of the educational systems of the leaders of all nations, with practical deduction and discussion.

**Drama**

**Amateur and Educational Dramatics.** By E. Hilliard, T. McCormick, and K. Oglebay. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$1.00.

A volume on how to make amateur dramatics successful, for clubs, church organizations, and general societies.

**The Art Theatre.** A Borzoi Book. By Sheldon Cheney. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. With sixteen photographs of productions. \$1.50.

A discussion of its ideals, its organization, and its promise as a corrective for present evils in the commercial theatre.

**Aucassin and Nicolette.** Done from the old French by Michael West. New York: Brentano's. With music and decorations. \$3.50.

Remarkable for the beauty of the illustrations and elaborate decorations.

**Economics**

**Reclaiming the Arid West.** The Story of the United States Reclamation Service. By George Wharton James. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. With over sixty illustrations. \$3.50.

A practical treatment of this problem, for the homeseeker and layman.

**The Foundations of National Prosperity.** Studies in the Conservation of Permanent National Resources. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

A discussion of conservation, not only as a need of to-day and to-morrow, but as a permanent, all-around condition.

**Essays**

**Days Out and Other Papers.** By Elizabeth Woodbridge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25.

This out-of-doors author here writes of indoor topics and personal characteristics—sketches some of which appeared anonymously in magazines.

**There's Pippins and Cheese to Come.** By Charles S. Brooks. Illustrated by Theo-

dore Diedricksen, Jr. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$2.00.

Informal and humorous essays formerly appearing in the *Yale Review* and the *New Republic*.

**Fiction**

**An American Physician in Turkey.** By Clarence D. Ussher and Grace H. Knapp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.75.

A story of adventure by a medical missionary who was caught in Turkey at the outbreak of the war.

**And the Captain Answered.** By Octave Thanet. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A war story in which the son of a pacifist mother and of military forbears makes the decision.

**Michael.** By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

The story of Michael, who, it will be remembered, comes into Jerry's life. Another London story in which the fortunes of Jerry's brother, Michael, are characteristically developed.

**My Story: Being the Memoirs of Benedict Arnold: Late Major-General in the Continental Army and Brigadier-General in that of His Britannic Majesty.** By F. J. Stimson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$2.00.

An original achievement in fiction, purporting to be Benedict Arnold's autobiography, in this form really conveying a historical novel of Revolutionary times.

**Gulliver's Travels.** Edited by Padraic Colum. Presented by Willy Pogány. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

A new edition with lining and decorations.

**The World and Thomas Kelly.** By Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

A novel of the very rich in Boston and Newport.

**Sister Carrie.** By Theodore Dreiser. New York: Boni and Liveright. \$1.50.

A new edition of this novel of middle class New York and Chicago life.

**Seth Way.** By Caroline Dale Owen (Mrs. C. H. Snedeker). Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A romance of the New Harmony Community.

**The Story of Sugar.** By Sara Ware Bassett. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. 75 cents.

A story of two boys in a New England school, in which they learn all about sugar.

**Castaway Island.** By Perry Newberry. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. \$1.75.

A story of primitive tropical life in which a boy and his companion are shipwrecked on an island near the equator.

**The Wonder of War in the Air.** By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. With 42 illustrations from photographs and sketches. \$1.35.

A timely American boy's story of adventure, combining narration and technically accurate information.

**Christmas Tales of Flanders.** New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. Illustrated by Jean de Bosschère. \$3.00.

Popular tales and legends throughout Flanders and Belgium, translated by M. C. O. Morris and published for the first time in English. Flemish nursery rhymes.

**The Major.** By Ralph Connor. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. \$1.40.

Another typical Connor novel, in which the young Canadian citizen turns soldier.

**Days of Discovery.** By Bertram Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.50.

A series of episodes describing the child's adventurous, experimental advances into life, attempting to adjust himself on a working basis with society, as represented by his incomprehensible parents, the servants and other absurd grown-ups.

**The Gambler and Other Stories.** By Fyodor Dostoyevsky. From the Russian by Constance Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

The ninth volume in the new series of Dostoyevsky stories, containing some of the author's most popular work written in his youth.

**Trueheart Margery.** By Norma Bright Carson. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.35.

The first full-length novel of the editor of the *Book News Monthly*.

**The Next of Kin: or Those Who Wait and Wonder.** By Nellie L. McLung. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25.

Stories and sketches revealing the Canadian men and women's reaction to war.

**The Green Mirror.** By Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.50.

A quiet story reflecting the life of a conservative family into which there comes the intrusion of many changes.

### General Literature

**Le Morte D'Arthur of Sir Thomas Malory and Its Sources.** By Vida D. Scudder. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.50.

An interpretation and study based on fifteen years' work, in which the author is guide rather than pioneer.

**Passages from the Journal of Thomas Russell Sullivan, 1891-1903.** Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Written at the bachelor quarters of the author in Boston after he had given up his business for literary work.

**John Keats. His Life and Poetry, His Friends, Critics and After-Fame.** By Sidney Colvin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. With Numerous Illustrations. \$4.50.

A renewed and detailed study of Keats's life and activity by the author of the monograph in the English Men of Letters Series.

**Mark Twain's Letters.** Arranged with comment by Albert Bigelow Paine. New York: Harper and Brothers. 2 Vols. Illustrated. \$4.00.

A complete collection of great interest to those who wish to pursue the subject more exhaustively from the strictly personal side than would be possible from the biography.

**The Greek Genius and Its Influence. Select Essays and Extracts.** Edited with an introduction by Lane Cooper, Ph.D. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$3.50.

Selections from the interpretations of a few moderns—an effort to promote interest in "Greece, the nurse of all good arts."

**Life and Architecture.** By Lafcadio Hearn. Selected and edited with an introduction by John Erskine. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$3.50.

The letters here collected are most representative of Hearn's individual taste and the adventurous note in his criticism.

**The Less Familiar Kipling, and Kiplingana.** By G. F. Monkshood. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.00.

Information about the early, the suppressed, and the less known works and shorter writings of the great author—especially intended for collectors of Kipling's works.

**Pan Tadeusz; or, The Last Foray in Lithuania.** By Adam Mickiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Professor G. R. Noyes of the University of California. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.25.

The epic of Poland: a story of life among Polish gentleness in the years 1811 and 1912, in twelve books.

**Adventures and Letters of Richard Harding Davis.** Edited by his brother, Charles Belmont Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$2.50.

A full and interesting record that will be welcomed by the many friends of this author.

### History

**A Short History of England.** By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.50.

A characteristic survey of the history of England, with stimulating theories and problems presented.

**France, the Nation and its Development.** Great Nations Series. By W. H. Hudson. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. \$3.50.

The first of a new series of modern histories—studies of human progress dealing with the people, the customs, the art and literature—in fact all the conditions of life and the development of civilisation.

**Twentieth Century France.** By M. Betham-Edwards. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Illustrations reproduced by express permission. \$4.00.

The social, intellectual, and territorial expansion of France since 1900, with an interesting chapter on "the Frenchwoman."

**History of the Civil War.** By James Ford Rhodes. New York: The Macmillan Company. Maps. \$2.50.

An absorbing story of the Civil War, based on fresh study and material.

**With Cortes the Conqueror.** By Virginia Watson. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. With illustrations in colour and decorations.

The story of the conquest of the Aztecs, —an imaginative rendering of the facts of Prescott's narration.

**China. Her History, Diplomacy, and Commerce, From the Earliest Times to the Present Day.** By E. H. Parker. Revised Edition. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

An up-to-date version of Chinese life and history, by one of the best living authorities.

### Juvenile

**The White Blanket.** By Belmore Browne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. With illustrations from original drawings by the author. \$1.25.

The story of an Alaskan winter—for boys.

**The Boy Who Went to the East.** By Ethel C. Brill. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

Quaint folk-tales of the Indians, retold in form suitable for children; they throw interesting light on customs of primitive life and thought of the earliest Americans.

**The Funnyfeathers.** By Lansing Campbell. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Illustrated and decorated. \$1.50.

An animal comedy for little folks, with attractive lining and decorations.

**The Enchanted Bird and Other Fairy Stories.** By Antoinette DeCoursey Patterson. Illustrated. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company.

A collection of fairy stories that will please children.

**The Happifats and the Grouch.** Story and pictures by Kate Jordan. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Linings, decorations and illustrations. \$2.00.

Another of this well-known author's delightful stories.

**All Around the Sun-Dial.** By Caroline Hofman. With pictures by Rachael Robinson Elmer. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.00.

A collection of charming verses for children, with illustrations in colour of unusual interest as well as decorations in black and white.

**Camp Fire Girls and Mt. Greylock.** By Isabel Hornibrook. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. Illustrated in colours. \$1.35.

Adventures in the Berkshire Hills, fitting girls for the new organisation, "The Minute Girls of 1916," for emergencies in peace or war.

**A Little Maid of Ticonderoga.** By Alice Turner Curtis. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. \$1.00.

The story of a happy little girl who, as the daughter of a sturdy American pioneer, helps Ethan Allen and his American patriots.

**The Boy with the U. S. Weather Men.** U. S. Service Series. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. Illustrated. \$1.35.

A new book of the series, exploring the world of the air—written in co-operation with the officials of the U. S. Weather Bureau.

## Miscellaneous

**Effective Public Speaking. The Essentials of Extempore Speaking and of Gesture.** By Joseph A. Mosher, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

A complete guide to the art of speaking in public, with selections for analysis and delivery.

**The American Girl.** By Winifred Buck. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.00.

Advice to girls along many modern lines.

**The Heart of the Puritan.** By Elizabeth Deering Hanscom. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

Selections from letters and journals to afford a revelation of the Puritans' daily life and conversation, and of the inner temper which governed their public acts.

**Among Us Mortals.** By W. E. Hill and Franklin P. Adams (F.P.A.). Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.00

A selection from the series of pictures appearing in the *New York Sunday Tribune*, with characteristic comment by F.P.A. of "The Conning Tower."

**A Modern Purgatory.** By Carlo De Fornaro. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.25.

A picture of the prison life and the spiritual experiences of the journalist and artist who served a sentence for criminal libel against the late President Diaz.

**Fifteen Thousand Useful Phrases.** By Grenville Kleiser. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company. \$1.60.

A book to supplement the dictionary and synonym book.

**George Eliot and Thomas Hardy. A Contrast.** By Lina Wright Berle. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.50.

An analysis and comparison of the power, aims, methods, and lasting appeal of the two great English realists.

**A Handbook on Story Writing.** By Blanche Colton Williams, of Columbia University. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.

Practical principles, with helpful exercises and bibliographies, by a teacher whose student's story found a place among the best fifty short stories out of 2,500 published in 1916.

## Poetry

**Others. An Anthology of the New Verse.** Edited by Alfred Kreymborg. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.25.

A second issue of the anthology of 1916, the success of which encourages its becoming an annual feature.

**Lustra. A Borzoi Book.** By Ezra Pound. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.50.

Poems on modern subjects, with "translations" from Chinese manuscripts, and some earlier poems.

**Beggar and King.** By Richard Butler Glaeuzer. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$1.00.

An exceptional first volume of verse.

**Terse Verse.** By Walt Mason. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company. Frontispiece and decorations. \$1.30.

Rimes in the form of prose, many of which are reprinted from newspapers.

**Anthology of Swedish Lyrics. From 1750 to 1915.** Translated in the Original metres by Charles Wharton Stork. Scandinavian classics, Vol. IX. New York: The American-Scandinavian Foundation.

A collection from the later Swedish lyrics, some of which have appeared in various magazines.

**The Red Flower. Poems Written in War Time.** By Henry Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 50 cents.

Except four poems, those contained in this volume were written after the author had left his diplomatic post in Holland.

**Songs of the Stalwart.** By Grantland Rice. New York: D. Appleton and Company. \$1.00.

A collection of the author's best poems, by the man whom Irwin Cobb has called the successor to James Whitcomb Riley.

## Politics

**The Irish Issue in Its American Aspect.** By Shane Leslie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

A contribution to the settlement of Anglo-American relations during and after the Great War.

**British Foreign Policy in Europe to the End of the Nineteenth Century.** By H. E. Egerton. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

A book dealing with British foreign policy and putting forward the views of past British statesmen.

**The Fight for the Republic in China.** By B. L. Putnam Weale. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. With illustrations. \$3.50.

A semi-official statement of China's case to the world, and a concise, reliable and thoroughly interesting account of the Chinese Republic by a noted authority on Far Eastern affairs, who occupies an important position under the Chinese Government.

**Early Diplomatic Relations Between the United States and Japan. 1853-1865.** By Payson J. Treat, of Stanford University. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press.

The Albert Shaw lectures on Diplomatic History, 1917.

**The Evolution of Prussia. The Making of an Empire.** By J. A. R. Marriott and C. Grant Robertson. New York: Oxford University Press. With maps. \$2.25.

The story of the rise and development of the Hohenzollern dynasty as a connected whole and with due regard to the claims of historical scholarship.

**Li-Hung-Chang, Makers of the Nineteenth Century Series.** By J. O. P. Bland. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$2.00.

About the man who laid the foundations of a foreign policy for China.

### Religion

**The Gospel of Buddha.** Compiled from Ancient Records by Paul Carus. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. Illustrated. \$1.00.

Selections from the sacred Buddhist books, making its teachings easily accessible to the layman.

**The Historical Development of Religion in China.** By W. J. Clennell. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.00.

A contribution to a better understanding of the Chinese by the English-speaking peoples, being a concise presentation of the Chinese attitude toward religious beliefs during the last three thousand years.

### Science

**The Human Side of Birds.** By Royal Dixon. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. With four illustrations in colours and thirty-two from photographs. \$1.60.

From a new angle—a study of the disposition, character, emotions and "thought processes" of birds.

**Non-technical Chats on Iron and Steel.** By LaVerne W. Spring. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. With two hundred and ninety-four illustrations and diagrams. \$2.50.

The story of the iron industry as it has evolved to the present day, when thirty thousand pounds of steel are turned out by a single Bessemer converter every seventeen minutes during the twenty-four hours of the day.

### Travel and Description

**A Loiterer in New York. Discoveries made by a Rambler Through Obvious Yet Unsought Highways and Byways.** By Helen W. Henderson. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$4.00.

A history of the romance and art of Manhattan by a true art critic without the pretensions of a critic; with many attractive illustrations by Maxfield Parrish.

**Touring Great Britain.** By Robert Shackleton. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated with photographs.

An attractive narrative of travel.

**Pioneering Where the World Is Old.** By Alice Tisdale. New York: Henry Holt and Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

The experiences of a man and woman during an interesting sojourn in Manchuria.

**The Hill-Towns of France.** By Eugénie M. Fryer. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Illustrated with fifty pen-and-ink drawings and over twenty-five photo-engravings. \$2.50.

A series of descriptive and historical sketches of some of the most storied, romantic and beautiful places in Europe.

**Vanished Halls and Cathedrals of France.** By George Wharton Edwards. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Company.

Another book as noteworthy as *Vanished Towers and Chimes of Flanders*, with similar beautiful illustrations.

**Voyages on the Yukon and Its Tributaries.** A Narrative of Summer Travel in the Interior of Alaska. By Hudson Stuck, Archdeacon of the Yukon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. With maps and illustrations. \$4.50.

The second of this author's brilliant books of travel.

**Over Japan Way.** By Alfred M. Hitchcock. New York: Henry Holt and Company. With nearly a hundred illustrations. \$2.00.

An entertaining and informing book of travel.

**The Book of the West Indies.** By A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Profusely illustrated with maps, a glossary, and compendium of information. \$2.50.

A book for the tourist, on the people, the history, the present-day life and the resources of the islands, by an authority of many years' standing.

**The Balfour Visit.** Edited by Charles Hanson Towne. New York: George H. Doran Company. 75 cents.

A little book telling how America received her distinguished guest; and the significance of the conferences in the United States in 1917.

**Diplomatic Days.** By Edith O'Shaughnessy. New York: Harper and Brothers. Illustrated. \$2.00.

Personal reminiscences of interesting people and picturesque scenes by the author of *A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico*.

### War

**The Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution.** Reminiscences and Letters of Catherine Breshkovsky. Edited by Alice Stone Blackwell. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Frontispiece. \$2.00.

A record of the forces that created a new Russia, by an outstanding figure of the Russian revolt who has spent thirty of her seventy-three years in Siberia and has been under police surveillance since her twenty-third year.

**The Note-Book of an Intelligence Officer.** By Eric Fisher Wood. New York: The Century Company. \$1.75.

Another book of Major Wood's in which he tells of the fighting in which he took part, and gives authoritative information as to how the soldiers are transported, housed and trained.

**The Smiths in War Time.** By Keble Howard. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.40.

Two of Mr. Howard's most popular characters answer the question in this humorous story, "What can I do to help my country in war time?"

**From Montreal to Vimy Ridge and Beyond.** The Correspondence of Lieut. Clifford Almon Wells. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.35.

The story of a young soldier killed in action—letters of nobility and heroism written to his mother.

**My Home in the Field of Mercy.** By Frances Wilson Huard. New York: George H. Doran Company. With drawings by Charles Huard, official painter of the war to the sixth army of France. \$1.35.

The story of the rehabilitation of the Home in the Field of Honour into a home of mercy and succour for the wounded French.

**My German Correspondence.** By Professor Douglas W. Johnson. New York: George H. Doran Company. 50 cents.

Letters between a German and an American professor, presenting the obliquity of the German mind.

**Some Naval Yarns.** By Mordaunt Hall. With a preface by Lady Beatty (formerly Miss Ethel Field of Chicago). New York: George H. Doran Company. 75 cents.

Accounts of the work being carried on by the various departments of the Royal Navy to-day.

**The Soul of the Russian Revolution.** By Moissaye J. Olgin. New York: Henry Holt and Company. Illustrated. \$2.50.

A readable but scientific book by a Russian journalist who has been on the inside of all the important Russian revolutionary movements of the past seventeen years.

**The Eyes of the Army and Navy.** Practical Aviation. By Albert H. Munday, Flight Lieutenant, R. N. New York: Harper and Brothers. Illustrated by diagrams, photographs and tables. \$1.50.

The intricate problems of aviation are explained and simplified by the author of this little book.

**Is War Civilisation?** By Christopher Nyrop. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.25.

Not a theoretical discussion of the question, but a setting forth of facts by which the author makes a practical contribution to the answering of the question.

**America at War.** By Professor W. F. Osborne. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.00.

Letters from Washington by the Special Correspondent to the *Manitoba Free Press*, beginning with April, 1917.

# THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of November and the first of December:

## FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City.....	Christine	Salt of the Earth
New York City.....	The Luck of the Irish	A Reversible Santa Claus
Albany, N. Y.....	The Dwelling Place of Light	All in It
Atlanta, Ga.....	The Dwelling Place of Light	The High Heart
Boston, Mass.....	The White Ladies of Worcester	Extricating Obadiah
Boston, Mass.....	Extricating Obadiah	The Dwelling Place of Light
Boston, Mass.....	Green Mirror	Salt of the Earth
Baltimore, Md.....	Salt of the Earth	Extricating Obadiah
Baltimore, Md.....	The Dwelling Place of Light	Christine
Chicago, Ill.....	The Dwelling Place of Light	Long Live the King
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	Long Live the King	Christine
Denver, Colo.....	Christine	His Family
Des Moines, Iowa.....	Prairie Gold	The Major
Detroit, Mich.....	The Major	The Indian Drum
Detroit, Mich.....	The Dwelling Place of Light	The Soul of a Bishop
Indianapolis, Ind.....	The Dwelling Place of Light	Missing
Kansas City, Mo.....	Vanguards of the Plains	The Red Planet
Los Angeles, Cal.....	Under Fire	The Dwelling Place of Light
Louisville, Ky.....	The Dwelling Place of Light	The Secret Witness
Milwaukee, Wis.....	The Dwelling Place of Light	The Long Lane's Turning
New Haven, Conn.....	Extricating Obadiah	The Major
New Orleans, La.....	Christine	The Dwelling Place of Light
Norfolk, Va.....	In Happy Valley	The Dwelling Place of Light
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Christine	Salt of the Earth
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Missing	The Dwelling Place of Light
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Dwelling Place of Light	Christine
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	Extricating Obadiah	Understood Betsy
Portland, Me.....	Extricating Obadiah	Red Pepper's Patients
Providence, R. I.....	Long Live the King	Extricating Obadiah
San Antonio, Tex.....	Missing	The Red Planet
San Francisco, Cal.....	Christine	His Family
San Francisco, Cal.....	The Dwelling Place of Light	The Coming
St. Paul, Minn.....	The Major	Anne's House of Dreams
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Indian Drum	The Light in the Clearing
St. Louis, Mo.....	Missing	We Can't Have Everything
Seattle, Wash.....	Christine	Long Live the King
Toronto, Ont.....	The Major	All in It
Utica, N. Y.....	His Last Bow	Extricating Obadiah
Worcester, Mass.....	Extricating Obadiah	Christine

(Continued)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
The Coming	Neapolitan Lovers	The Soul of a Bishop	The Rise of David Le- vinsky
The Forfeit	Missing	The Golden Triangle	The High Heart
The Major	Christine	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow	Carry On
Scandal	Missing	Calvary Alley	Paradise Auction
Missing	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow	The Major	His Last Bow
Christine	His Last Bow	The White Ladies of Worcester	The Major
His Last Bow	Christine	Barbarians	Webster-Man's Man
Missing	The Sin That was His	Calvary Alley	Red Pepper Burns' Pa- tient
His Last Bow	Missing	The White Ladies of Worcester	Bab: A Sub-Deb
Beyond	The Soul of a Bishop	In Happy Valley	The White Ladies of Worcester
Missing	The Major	Dwelling Place of Light	Under the Witches' Moon
Long Live the King	The Soul of a Bishop	Salt of the Earth	The Dwelling Place of Light
The Dwelling Place of Light	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	We Can't Have Every- thing	Fanny Herself
Extricating Obadiah	Dwelling Place of Light	Salt of the Earth	Anne's House of Dreams
Christine	Salt of the Earth	Anne's House of Dreams	Extricating Obadiah
Christine	The Major	In Happy Valley	Calvary Alley
Salt of the Earth	Calvary Alley	Dwelling Place of Light	Long Live the King
Long Live the King	Christine	Temperamental Henry	The Indian Drum
The White Ladies of Worcester	Beyond	Calvary Alley	Long Live the King
In Happy Valley	Christine	Extricating Obadiah	A Country Child
His Last Bow	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow	Calvary Alley	Missing
Missing	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Definite Object	Mistress Anne
Christine	Carry On	All in It	Missing
Beyond	The High Heart	The Soul of a Bishop	Calvary Alley
Extricating Obadiah	The Indian Drum	Long Live the King	His Last Bow
Extricating Obadiah	Salt of the Earth	Red Pepper's Patients	Calvary Alley
The Light in the Clearing	Dwelling Place of Light	Finished	The Soul of a Bishop
Calvary Alley	The Luck of the Irish	Green Fancy	His Last Bow
The Secret Witness	Carmen's Messenger	Missing	Salt of the Earth
The Soul of a Bishop	Long Live the King	The Light in the Clearing	The Coming
Salt of the Earth	The Second Fiddle	The Red Planet	We Can't Have Every- thing
Limehouse Nights	Fanny Herself	Christine	His Own Country
Christine	The Dwelling Place of Light	Salt of the Earth	The Road to Understand- ing
Red Pepper's Patients	Sunny Slopes	Extricating Obadiah	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
The Light in the Clearing	The Red Planet	The Dwelling Place of Light	Long Live the King
Webster-Man's Man	The High Heart	Salt of the Earth	The Soul of a Bishop
Dwelling Place of Light	White Ladies of Worces- ter	The Red Planet	Anne's House of Dreams
Dwelling Place of Light	Vanguards of the Plains	The Major	Missing
Dwelling Place of Light	The Major	Anne's House of Dreams	The Secret Witness



## BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

Joseph H. Choate. Theron G. Strong.  
 Militarism. Dr. Karl Liebknecht.  
 A Journal from Our Legation in Belgium.  
 Hugh Gibson.  
 All in It. Ian Hay Beith.  
 Fighting for Peace. Henry Van Dyke.  
 My Home in the Field of Mercy. Frances  
 Wilson Huard.

The Origin and Evolution of Life. Henry  
 Fairfield Osborn.  
 Carry On. Coningsby Dawson.  
 Over the Top. Arthur Guy Empey.  
 My Four Years in Germany. James W.  
 Gerard.  
 At the Front in a Flivver. W. Y. Stevenson.  
 Under Fire. Henry Barbusse.

## BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 622 and 623) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives 10	
" " " 2d " " " " "	8
" " " 3d " " " " "	7
" " " 4th " " " " "	6
" " " 5th " " " " "	5
" " " 6th " " " " "	4

1. The Dwelling Place of Light. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.60. . . . . 205
2. Christine. Cholmondeley. (Macmillan.) \$1.25 . . . . . 156
3. Extricating Obadiah. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.50 . . . . . 117
4. Missing. Ward. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50. 101
5. The Major. Connor. (Doran) \$1.40. 85
6. The Salt of the Earth. Sidgwick. (Watt.) \$1.50 . . . . . 73

## A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

All in It. Ian Hay.  
 Anne's House of Dreams. L. M. Montgomery.  
 At the Front in a Flivver. W. Y. Stevenson.  
 Bab: A Sub-Deb. Mary Roberts Rinehart.  
 Barbarians. Robert W. Chambers.  
 Beyond. John Galsworthy.  
 Calvary Alley. Alice Hegan Rice.  
 Carmen's Messenger. Harold Bindloss.  
 Carry On. Coningsby Dawson.  
 Christine. Alice Cholmondeley.  
 The Coming. J. C. Snaith.  
 A Country Child. Grant Showerman.  
 The Definite Object. Jeffery Farrol.  
 The Dwelling Place of Light. W. Churchill.  
 Extricating Obadiah. Joseph C. Lincoln.  
 Fanny Herself. Edna Ferber.  
 Fighting for Peace. Henry Van Dyke.  
 Finished. H. Rider Haggard.  
 The Forfeit. Ridgewell Cullum.  
 The Golden Triangle. Maurice Le Blanc.  
 Green Mirror. Hugh Walpole.  
 His Family. Ernest Poole.  
 His Own Country. Paul Kester.  
 His Last Bow. A. Conan Doyle.  
 The High Heart. Basil King.  
 In Happy Valley. John Fox, Jr.  
 The Indian Drum. W. MacHarg.  
 Joseph H. Choate. Theron G. Strong.  
 A Journal from Our Legation in Belgium.  
 Hugh Gibson.  
 The Luck of the Irish. Harold McGrath.  
 Limehouse Nights. Thomas Burke.  
 The Light in the Clearing. Irving Bacheller.  
 The Major. Ralph Connor.  
 The Long Lane's Turning. Hallie E. Rives.

Long Live the King. Mary R. Rinehart.  
 Missing. Mrs. Humphry Ward.  
 Mistress Anne. Temple Bailey.  
 My Home in the Field of Mercy. Frances  
 W. Huard.  
 My Four Years in Germany. J. W. Gerard.  
 Mr. Britling Sees It Through. H. G. Wells.  
 Mystery of the Hasty Arrow. A. K. Greene.  
 Militarism. Dr. Karl Liebknecht.  
 Neapolitan Lovers. Alexandre Dumas.  
 Over the Top. Arthur Guy Empey.  
 Origin and Evolution of Life. H. F. Osborn.  
 Paradise Auction. Nalbro Bartley.  
 Prairie Gold. Iowa Authors.  
 Red Pepper's Patients. Grace Richmond.  
 The Red Planet. William J. Locke.  
 A Reversible Santa Claus. Meredith Nicholson.  
 The Rise of David Levinsky. A. Cahan.  
 The Road to Understanding. Eleanor H.  
 Porter.  
 The Sin That Was His. F. L. Packard.  
 Scandal. Cosmo Hamilton.  
 The Second Fiddle. Phyllis Bottome.  
 The Secret Witness. George Gibbs.  
 The Soul of a Bishop. H. G. Wells.  
 Sunny Slopes. Ethel Hueston.  
 Temperamental Henry. Samuel Merwin.  
 Under the Witches' Moon. Nathan Gallizier.  
 Understood Betsy. Dorothy Canfield.  
 Under Fire. Henri Barbusse.  
 The White Ladies of Worcester. F. Barclay.  
 We Can't Have Everything. Rupert Hughes.  
 Webster—Man's Man. Peter B. Kyne.  
 Vanguard of the Plains. Hill-McCarter.

# THE BOOKMAN

An Illustrated Magazine  
of Literature and Life

FEBRUARY

THE BEST SIXTY-THREE AMERICAN SHORT STORIES

OF 1917

Edward J. O'Brien

THE WOMEN OF GERMANY

Gertrude Atherton

THE DRAFT ARMY OF BOOKS

Montrose J. Moses

THE REVOLUTION ABSOLUTE

Charles Ferguson



ALFRED DE MUSSET IN THE THEATRE

Clayton Hamilton

JERUSALEM RETAKEN.—A Poem

Norreys Jephson O'Connor

**DODD, MEAD & COMPANY**

25 cents a copy  NEW YORK  \$3.00 a year

**NOTICE TO READER:** When you finish reading this issue, place a one-cent stamp on this notice, hand same \*  
postal employee, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front.  
NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS. *A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.*

THE NEW COUNTRY LIFE

D.P. & CO.

THE WORLD'S WORK

# GREAT, TRUE WAR BOOKS

VITAL, SIGNIFICANT, INFORMING AND  
ABSORBINGLY INTERESTING



## CAVALRY OF THE CLOUDS

BY "CONTACT" (Capt. Alan Bott, Royal Flying Corps)

One of the true and lasting "personal experience" stories of the war. Here is the fighting aviator on duty and off, engaged in work which experts say may win America's future battles and end the war. Capt. Bott's squadron was admitted by a captured German airman to be the most feared of all the British flying units. This book and McConnell's vivid "FLYING FOR FRANCE" are the beginning of the great literature of the air. (Net, \$1.25)

## A JOURNAL FROM OUR LEGATION IN BELGIUM

BY HUGH GIBSON, Then First Secretary of our Legation

Hugh Gibson's book will ever remain the great and living record of the tragedy in Belgium. (Net, \$2.50)

## COMRADES IN COURAGE

BY LIEUT. ANTOINE REDIER, Translation by Mrs. Philip Duncan Wilson  
This is one of the three great books in France inspired by the experiences of the war. Heroism and adventure are here, but greater still is the soul's unfolding in this young officer. (Net, \$1.40)

## OTHER INTERESTING BOOKS OF VARIED CHARACTER

### THE KENTUCKY WARBLER

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN  
Author of "A Kentucky Cardinal"

Told in the masterful style of a real maker of literature this is the charming story of a boy's contact with nature and its lasting effect in developing his character. (Net, \$1.25)

### THE SPIRIT OF LAFAYETTE

BY JAMES MOTT HALLOWELL

—tells why we all pay tribute to the Frenchman who fought for America's ideals. It will give courage to our fighting men and to those at home. (Net, 75 cents)

### THE FALSE FACES

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

The forerunner of a new class of mystery and detective stories made possible by the war. Here is exposed the Prussian spy peril, tracked down by "the Lone Wolf." (Net, \$1.40)

### BOOTH TARKINGTON

BY ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY

"Strangely interesting and altogether original," comments Mr. Tarkington. "The personal portrait is immense . . . a queer feller seen by a queerer feller." (Net, \$1.25)

### THE FULL MEASURE OF DEVOTION

BY DANA GATLIN

"The Full Measure of Devotion"—the words are Lincoln's and here is the spirit of Lincoln, alive in the hearts of a modern father and mother. (Net, 50 cents)

### THE GOLDEN BLOCK

BY SOPHIE KERR

Author of "The Blue Envelope"  
In which love and business success are rivals, and a girl proves that "there's no sex in brains." (Net, \$1.40)

DOUBLEDAY  
PAGE & CO.



GARDEN CITY  
NEW YORK.

THESE BOOKS ARE FOR SALE AT ALL BOOKSTORES

RUDYARD KIPLING  
JOSEPH CONRAD  
SELMA LAGERLOF  
BOOTH TARKINGTON  
GERALD STEWART  
ELLEN GLASGOW

O. HENRY  
WALT WHITMAN  
KATHLEEN MORRIS  
DAVID GRAYSON  
STEWART EDWARD WHITE  
G. S. & A. M. WILLIAMSON

NATURE LIBRARY

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.  
COUNTRY LIFE PRESS, GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK

THE GARDEN MAGAZINE

# THE BOOKMAN

*A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE*

FEBRUARY, 1918

## THE DRAFT ARMY OF BOOKS

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

IT IS difficult to imagine a soldier in a dug-out "somewhere in France," reading Milton's *Comus*; it is incomprehensible to believe that a private, trying to rest in the dank depths of a trench, should be able to lose himself in the pages of Darwin's *The Origin of Species*. But such instances of the fighting man's craving to read have come to my attention. I see the picture of a sentry pacing his lone round and chanting bits of verse that help to recall brighter and happier times; I conjure up some private in Mesopotamia tearing into four or five sections a magazine that has fallen into his hands, that his comrades may have the same chances as he to read. Nor does it take too much imagination to reason why soldiers, crossing the desert and being parched in mind as well as in thirst, should send home wild appeals for books, books and still more books.

Out of such a necessity arose the widespread campaign that has been conducted in England for reading matter to send to the British army at the different fronts. It was an appeal that instantly struck a responsive cord in the hearts of all the British authors, and news comes to us of Miss Beatrice Harraden and Miss Elizabeth Robins working night and day in a hospital, noting down the wants of the wounded soldiers on whose hands time hangs heavily; of

Mr. Ernest Rhys inventing methods of forcing the public to come across with contributions; of Mr. Dent, the publisher, giving copiously of his *Everyman* series. There is an army in Flanders to be catered to; there are cries from Egypt and Palestine. And it is not for the cheap book they are asking. There is a record somewhere of a regiment commander in Gallipoli begging for the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. Do you not recall Hugh in *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* writing to his father that while Park wants Metchnikoff's *Nature of Man* he hankers after Spencer's *The Faerie Queene*? One need show no surprise as to what the soldier reads. He is, after all, trying, in the midst of the hideousness of war, to recall that there is still beauty in the world. He believes that a line or two of Shakespeare will be able to calm shattered nerves. There are records, since August, 1914, of many a fighting man who has had time to go through a volume of Keats and Wordsworth, where in the ordinary routine of life he would never have had the time. You can find, among the trench-diggers around Constantinople and Palestine, men who have discovered relics of a past age, and who have thus become fired with a longing to dip into archaeology. How often does one meet with requests from New Zealanders for bush-

ranger stories? even as the soldier from Indiana reads Riley and Tarkington, how many of the Indian troops long for a volume of their mystic philosophy?

This is catering under new and stressful conditions. But the Library Commission in England in each and every case has so organised the work that no request is left unheeded. Then there is the added strain of caring for the mental wants of the wounded—men too weak to hold a book, too relaxed to concentrate on a long story. To these are given scrap-books filled with pictures and short stories and jokes—large scrap-books of only sixteen or twenty-four pages, with enough on a page to last the patient until the nurse in her rounds comes back and turns the page for him. This scrap-book campaign has given many a British girl the opportunity of doing her bit.

Since our declaration of war, we, in America, have been confronted by a problem somewhat different from that in England. We learned, while our men were at the Mexican Border, that they craved magazines, and these were supplied through the agencies of the Y. M. C. A. and the Knights of Columbus. But since we have drafted an army, the Government has realised its paternal responsibility to these men, suddenly drawn away from their ordinary pursuits. And so the President appointed a Commission on Training Camp Activities, to look after the welfare of the soldier in his spare time. The camp reading fell within their province just as surely as did camp athletics, camp movies or camp theatres. It was found that the farmer, now turned into a soldier, still wanted to keep in touch with the latest methods of intensive farming; that the teacher, now in the cavalry, demanded educational nourishment for his mind; that the majority of the men, untutored in a foreign tongue, wished to study French and to know something about French geography. So the Commission asked the American Library Association to tackle the problem—a big problem indeed when one

considers the scope. For whoever undertook the work would have to care for sixteen cantonments, each containing over thirty-five thousand men, to say nothing of the other camps and naval and aero-training stations.

These are the days of slogans. The pocket-book of the average citizen is worn out by the countless "drives" and "calls." The A. L. A. raised the cry, "A Million Dollars, for a Million Books, for a Million Soldiers." So energetically was the campaign conducted that when it ended there were over a million and a half dollars to be spent, and the Carnegie Corporation—ever to the fore where a library is to be built—donated \$320,000 for housing the books in thirty-two buildings.

Give an American librarian a problem like this to solve, and he is happy. But the soldier's reading is not alone a mixture of book selection and decimal classification. This was discovered as soon as Dr. Herbert Putnam of the Library of Congress got his associates together in a sort of Book War Cabinet. Here, they rightly argued, is just where the public can help us. We will issue an appeal for people to give books out of their own homes. We will have a book week in every town. You can see right away what a temptation this was for a general house-cleaning! Tons of novels and nondescript reading-matter poured in—some of it splendidly fit, but some of it shocking! The library board should have taken warning from the experience of England. A similar appeal was made to the British public, and the response brought such books as *Advice to Mothers* and the out-of-date telephone directory! Nevertheless, from this mixture of material, literally dumped into the library bin, some wheat was separated from the chaff. There was the "discard" sent to the factory to be ground into pulp for paper in a day when paper is scarce; there was the mountain-high pile of semi-damaged books, suitable for contagious hospital wards; and finally there were the slightly used books, quickly selected, dex-

terously stamped with the A. L. A. War Commission's bookplate, and then assigned to empty boxes waiting to be packed for the different cantonments and for the transports to go overseas.

And while the books were flowing in, the cantonments were being built,—which meant that, at the same time the Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. halls, the barracks, the theatres, and the hostess houses were being erected, the libraries were likewise rising up as part of the sixteen lumber cities Uncle Sam was organising. This is the time when everyone in service wears a uniform. The librarian assigned to his camp has an insignia on his sleeve as significant as that of the commanding general. He is the custodian of from ten to twenty thousand books, as truly as the general is the custodian of forty thousand men selected from out the citizen body to fight for democracy. Acting upon the advice of the Library Commission, he has drafted his books into the service, a manual of instructions being handed to him, consisting of a list of titles found to be approximately in accord with the tastes of soldiers, and of male citizens who heretofore have been accustomed to buy books at the stores.

One has found, since the soldiers have assembled at the different cantonments, that, though they have a man's duty to perform, when off-guard they are merely boys. Some of them are seen jumping rope, playing tug-of-war; while others, in their bunks, have lost themselves in Henty's numerous historical stories. The librarians are right, therefore, in believing that it is not only the mess-boy, but the younger drafted soldier, who wants to read football and baseball stories by Barbour, Heyliger, and Stratemeyer. It may be that some of these men turn to the simple book because it is difficult for them to read. Statistics show that in the draft army there is a goodly percentage of illiteracy. But I believe,—and I have followed the trend of juvenile literature for many years,—that this tendency on the part of the soldier to read boys' books is

only another evidence of the fact that juvenile literature, since it has come under the influence of out-door sports and modern inventions, has in it a degree of expertness which appeals to *no* age and to *all* interest. However that may be, there are soldiers now in our drafted army who are reading the same sport books and are pouring over the same manuals descriptive of ships, wireless, and aeroplanes, used by the grammar and high-school boy.

It may be argued that after a day of intensive training the soldier is only too glad to hear the "lights out" of the camp. But that is not generally so. He craves recreation. One of these recreations is reading. It will be found six months from now that military taste is not so different from that of the average citizen. But this war has raised certain questions for the librarian to solve. Never before in the history of modern warfare has the individual soldier been brought so closely in contact with the actual scientific accessories of the army: he wants to read up on these. Never before has the soldier been so constantly subjected to nervous strain, from the sky above or the earth beneath, as now: this has not made him want to forget by steeping his mind in mediocrity, but has made him want to cling to things of permanent worth. Never before in modern military history has inactivity in the trenches played so important a part in defensive warfare: the soldier, therefore, must have some semblance of home life, even behind the first line trenches. All of these considerations are certain to have an influence, even indirect, on his taste. The French soldier resented the degraded type of amusement sent him by the Parisian theatrical manager. Fire had somehow purified his taste.

At a glance it will be seen that the same book policy agreed upon for the soldiers at the front will not do for the men assembled at the different cantonments for six months' instruction. In the latter camps there must be more of the permanence of the home. For



the cantonment is a city, and if there is a central library with a reading room accommodating two hundred and fifty readers, there must likewise be branch libraries for the barracks. The librarians will probably modify their ideas as they proceed with the work. In the manual of instruction given to every camp librarian, the Commission of the A. L. A. has written its belief that the nearer a soldier gets to the front, the farther off the war book should be kept from him. But that is not so on this side of the water. I looked into many of the packing boxes filled with books about to be distributed to the camps—and these books were not gifts, but represented purchases made on the strength of requests. What did I find? Bernhardt and Treitschke, Empey and Hugh Gibson, war maps and war history—a technical array of books. The soldier knows what he wants, and the splendid spirit in the different camps shows me that he is going to get it if Uncle Sam has his way. In one place I was told that the newly drafted Sammie often waits in line for three hours before the victrola until his turn comes and he can play the record he covets. In another place I saw a man waiting patiently for a magazine being read by someone else. Such scenes are common occurrences.

It is hardly time to judge what the camp libraries mean to the drafted man. When statistics are compiled, the diversity of taste will be about the same as that in any library under normal conditions. One librarian writes me: "The last four requests to-day were for Ian Hay's *All In It*, George Meredith's *Richard Feverel*, a book on the repairing of locomotives, and the poems of Robert Burns." Any branch library in New York City would show the same diversity. In England they have found that side by side with the man eagerly devouring the novels of Nat Gould—an author little known in this country,—there will be another reading Bunyan, Shelley or Conrad. All the world over, men are of the same variety and

inconsistency. A pamphlet recently issued by one of Dr. Herbert Putnam's assistants, Mr. Theodore W. Koch, will be of inestimable interest. It is entitled *Books in Camp, Trench and Hospital*. It is semi-technical in character, and because of that will, I fear, have but a limited circulation. But it is filled with human interest—just the evidence needed to impress the public with the importance of the library to the soldier. Veterans of former wars will argue that they were not taught to sing, as the drafted men are now being taught by the official song leaders. When the time came they just sang. They had no books to keep them amused. This latter fact, the Government now argues, is the reason there were so many desertions from the army in the Civil War. Mr. Koch brings back from England a host of stories which lead to the conclusion that this chautauqua movement on the part of all governments tends toward sanity, and keeps the soldier mentally alert, against the time when he shall return home to his normal pursuits. But where one soldier reads *Pickwick Papers* and another ponders over Plutarch's *Lives*, Mr. Koch found abroad many instances of soldiers cleaning their guns with parts of *Swiss Family Robinson*, or lighting their pipes with leaves from the *Meditations of St. Ignatius*. One is sure to meet such incongruous instances, just as one finds human divergence in a city block. For Kitchener's army and our draft forces are not soldiers in the professional sense. They consist of citizens brought into service for one purpose.

The American Library Association has its overseas duty also. In view of the stringencies of transportation, it requires some planning to house boxes of books in the transports. But books are implements of war these days. It is now found advisable to give to each man as he goes up the gang-plank in the first stages of his trip to France some book that he may read aboard ship and pass along to his neighbour when he is through. When the ship reaches a port

on the French coast, the books are left aboard, and are gathered by officials of the Y. M. C. A., who proceed to forward them to the trenches, where they do additional service.

The cry is still for books. The soldier can use as many as the public and the publisher will give. Think over what you like best, what you have most enjoyed, and send it "Somewhere in France," or to the cantonment library nearest you. A librarian told me that he thought the newspapers through the country, which made it a rule to review

the latest books, should print on the fly-leaf of each book sent from the office, "To be returned to the A. L. A. for Government service." There are khaki bibles as well as khaki men; Red Cross poetry as well as Red Cross nurses. Side by side, in the stronghold, shrapnel and Browning; "Jack Johnsons" and Samuel Johnson. Such mental high-explosives as Treitschke and Nietzsche and Bernhardt we handle with care. They must be discounted along with the present German Government.

## THE PEACEMAKER—AUGUST, 1914

BY HENRY BRYAN BINNS

THE nightmare that was once Napoleonism  
Stalks now the harvest-ready, unharvested  
Fields at high noon, to blast them with his red  
Laughter, loosing a final cataclysm.

We boasted him a dream, while he was whetting  
His belly's hunger, for he never ceased  
Behind the years to gloat on the fair feast  
Preparing—all the births of our begetting!

Is there no spear with which to slay this Slayer  
Of nations, this Dragon of massacre, this  
Viceroy on earth of the Monarch of the Abyss?  
Is there no Champion against Life's Betrayer?

There is a hand that yet shall stay the slaughter,  
A brand that yet shall smite to the death Love's Cheat!  
Ringing across the world the hills repeat  
Liberty's challenge, that the mountains taught her.

And she shall not withhold her hand for sorrow,  
Or pity, or prudence that counts up the cost:  
Either the day is Freedom's, or we have lost  
Peace, and the Spectre walks again to-morrow.

She shall make peace, but never with oppression:  
Hallowed her pitiless sword that it may clean  
The whole earth utterly of the obscene  
Presence that holds the folk in his possession.

O, she shall make an end of war for ever:  
Victress, she shall make peace, a radiant-browed  
Splendour of fear-defiant Faith, endowed  
With all the heart of passionate endeavour.



# THE WOMEN OF GERMANY

## AN ARGUMENT FOR MY NOVEL "THE WHITE MORNING"

BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON

I HAVE been asked by the Editor of THE BOOKMAN to state my authority for writing *The White Morning*; in other words, for daring to believe that a revolution conceived and engineered by women is possible in Germany.

Before giving my own reasons, stripped of what glamour of fiction I have been able to surround the story, I should like to say that when I began to put the idea into form I thought it was entirely my own. But while it is always pleasant to offer this sort of incense to one's vanity, I should have been more than glad to quote to my editor and publisher some reliable male authority; a man's opinion, on all momentous subjects, by force of tradition, far outweighing any theory or guess that a woman, no matter what her intimate personal experience, may advance.

Imagine then my delight, when the story was half finished, to read an article by A. Curtis Roth, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, in which he stated unequivocally that it was among the possibilities that the women of Germany, driven to desperation by suffering, and privation, and disillusion, would arise suddenly and overturn the dynasty. Mr. Roth, who was American vice-consul at Plauen, Saxony, until we entered the war, has written some of the most enlightening and brilliant articles that have appeared on the internal conditions of any of the belligerent countries since August, 1914. He remained at his post until the last moment and then left Germany a physical wreck from malnutrition. In spite of the fact that he was an officer in the consular service of a neutral country, with ample means at his command, and standing in close personal relations with the authorities, he could

not get enough to eat; and what he was forced to swallow—lest he starve—completely broke down his digestion.

On the other hand, he never ceased to observe; and having made friends of all classes of Germans, and been given facilities for observation and study of conditions enjoyed by few Americans in the Teutonic Empire at the time, he noted every phase and change, both subtle and manifest, through which these afflicted people passed during the first three years of the war. They are in far worse case now.

Later (in November), I read an article by a German, J. Koettgen, in the *New York Chronicle*, which was even more explicit.

Herr Koettgen is one of the agents in this country of Hermann Fernau, an eminent intellectual of Germany, who escaped into Switzerland, and wages relentless war upon the dynasty and the military caste of Prussia; which he holds categorically responsible for the world war. There is a price on Fernau's head. He dares not walk abroad without a bodyguard, and cannon are concealed among the oleanders that surround his house. Not only has he written two books, *Because I am a German*, and *The Coming Democracy*, which, if circulated in Germany, would prick thousands of dazed, despairing brains into immediate rebellion, but he is the head of those German Radical Democrats who have united in an organisation called "Friends of German Democracy."

Their avowed object, through the medium of a bi-weekly journal, *Die Freie Zeitung*, and other propaganda, is to plant sound democratic ideas and ideals in the minds of German prisoners in the Entente countries, and to recruit:

the saner exiles everywhere. These publications reach men and women of German blood whose grandfathers fled from military tyranny after their abortive revolution in 1848, and, with their descendants, have enjoyed freedom and independence in the United States ever since. The best of them are expected to exert pressure upon their friends and relatives in Germany. There are already branches of this epochal organisation in the larger American cities.

Herr Koettgen (who has written a book called *The Hausfrau and Democracy*, by the way) walked into the office of the *Chronicle* some time in November and presented a letter to the editor, Mr. Fletcher. In the course of the heated conversation that ensued, Herr Koettgen exclaimed with bitter scorn: "Oh, so you think yourself as fiercely anti-German as a man may be? Well, let me tell you that you are not capable of one-tenth the passionate hatred I feel for a dynasty and a caste that have made me so ashamed of being a German that I could eat the dust."

In Herr Koettgen's article occur the following paragraphs:

At the first glance German women hardly appear likely material for the coming Revolution which will turn Germany into a modern country. But many incidents point to the fact that German women are growing with their increasing task. They are beginning to replace their men not only economically but politically. Most of the public demonstrations in Germany during this war have been led and arranged by women. The very first demonstration in 1915 consisted of women. As Mr. Gerard tells us in his book, they had no very definite idea of what they wanted; only they wanted their men back. But since that time their political education has made rapid progress. . . . With their men in the field and their former leaders (Rosa Luxemburg, Clara Zetkin, Louise Zietz) in prison, German women are learning to act for themselves. Their demonstrations point to it, as do also letters written by German women to their men who are now prisoners of war in France and Eng-

land. In one of these letters, which escaped the watchful eye of the censor, a German *hausfrau* described how she made the officials of Muenster sit up by her energetic and persistent demands.

A girl upon one occasion said to Herr Koettgen: "Only women and children were employed in our factory. We had more than one strike. Two women would go round to every woman and girl in the shop and tell them: 'We have asked for twenty or thirty pfennigs more. To-morrow we are going on strike. She who does not come out will have the thrashing of her life.' We were all frightened and stayed away, for they really meant it."

Herr Koettgen continues:

Novel circumstances are reawakening in the meek German *hausfrau* some of that combative spirit which characterised the Teuton women in the time of Tacitus, when they often fought alongside of their men in the wagon camp. . . . German women will show their men the way to freedom. Doing more than their share of the nation's work, they insist upon being heard, and their growing influence is one of the greatest dangers to German autocracy in its present predicament. As politicians German women have the advantage of not having gone through the soul-destroying, brutalising school of Prussian militarism, and of not being burdened with the rigmarole of theory which formed the content of German politics before the war. They can be trusted to make a bee-line for the real obstacle to peace and liberty—to eradicate the autocratic militaristic régime which enslaved the German people in order to enslave the world.

Now that the way has been cleared by two men of affairs who have never condescended to write fiction, I will give my own reasons for belief in the German women, and also for the general plan of *The White Morning*.

I had an apartment for seven years in Munich and spent six or eight months alternately in that delightful city and travelling in Europe, passing a month or two in England, or returning for an

equal length of time to my own country. During that long residence in Germany, I naturally met many of its inhabitants, and of as many classes as possible. German women do not tell you the history of their lives the first time you meet them, not by any means; they are naturally secretive and the reverse of frank. But they are human, and when you have won their confidence they will tell you surprising things. The confidences I received were for the most part from girls, and one and all assured me they never should marry. Having grown up under one House Tyrant, for whom they were not responsible, why in heaven's name should they deliberately annex another? Far, far better bear with the one whose worst at least they knew (and who could not live forever) than marry some man who might be loathsome as well as tyrannical, and who, unless there happened to be a war, might outlive them.

The idea in my novel of the four Niebuhr girls and their initial rebellion was suggested to me by a family of Prussian junkerdom that I met at a watering place in Denmark. The baroness was a charming woman who used a moderate invalidism in a smiling imperturbable fashion to insure herself a certain immunity from the demands of her autocratic lord. The girls were lively, intelligent, splendidly educated. They were in love with society and court functions, but deeply rebellious at the attitude of the German male, and determined never to marry. That is to say, the three younger girls; the oldest had married a tame puppy, and anything less like a tyrant I never beheld. No American husband could be more subservient. But there was no question that he belonged to a small exceptional breed; while his wife, with all the dominating qualities of her father, was one of a rapidly increasing number of German women silently but firmly rebellious.

The Herr baron was a typical Prussian aristocrat and autocrat. The girls could hardly have had less liberty in a convent. When they came from their hotel to mine he escorted them over and

often came in. Luckily he liked me or I never should have had the opportunity to know them as well as I did. Nor should I have been able to continue the acquaintance after the day I wickedly induced them to run away with me to Copenhagen, where we shopped, prom-naded all the principal streets, then took ices on the terrace of one of the restaurants. When we returned he was storming up and down the platform of the station, and he fairly raved at the girls. "And you dared, you dared, to go to Copenhagen without permission, without your mother, without me!" The girls listened meekly, but whenever he wheeled laughed behind his military back. Then he turned on me, but I called him a tyrant and gave him my opinion of his nonsensical attitude in general. As I was not his daughter he gradually calmed down and seemed rather to relish the tirade. Finally they all came over to my hotel to tea.

"You see," said one of the girls to me afterward, "I have not exaggerated. Do you think I want another like that?" And, so far as I know, they have never married.

I did not draw any of my characters on these four delightful girls, but took the episode as a foundation for the incidents and characters that grew under my hand after I got round to the story.

The episode of Georg Zottmyer was also told me by a German girl whom I got to know very well in Munich, and who distantly suggested the character of Gisela (that is to say, in the very beginning. As Gisela developed she became more like her own legendary Brunhilda).\*

This young woman was as independent in her life and in her ideas as any I ever met in England or the United States. But fortune had been kind to her. Her father died just after her education was finished, and as he left little money, she went to Brazil as governess in a wealthy family. She re-

\*For this reason I asked the most beautiful woman I have ever seen of the heroic or goddess type to be photographed for the frontispiece of the book.—G. A.

mained in South America for several years, gaining, of course, poise and experience. Then a relative died and left her a comfortable fortune. When I met her she was living in Munich from choice, like so many other Germans who were bored with routine and rigid class lines.

She was a beautiful young woman, with dark hair and eyes and a brilliant complexion, and dressed to perfection, although she wore no stays. This may have been a bit of vanity on her part, as the awful *reformkleid* was in vogue, and fat German women were displaying themselves in lumps and creases and billows, and sections that rolled like the untrammelled waves of the sea. Her own figure was so firmly moulded and so erect and supple that it was, for all her fashionable clothes, quite independent of the corset. She had charming manners, combined with an imperturbable serenity, and always seemed faintly amused. On the other hand, she displayed none of the offensive German conceit and arrogance.

We spent several days together at Partenkirchen, one of the most picturesque spots in the Bavarian Alps, and as we were both good walkers, and there was no one else in the hotel who interested us, we became quite intimate. She was one of the first to talk to me about the deep discontent and disgust of the German women, and she was frank in expressing her own contempt for the meek *hausfrau* type, and for the tyrannies, petty, coarse, often brutal, of the man in his home. Nothing, she was determined, would ever tempt her to marry, and she could name many others who were making an independent life for themselves, although, lacking fortune, often in secret. No matter how much she might fancy herself in love (and I imagine that she had had her enlightening experiences) she would not risk a lifelong clash of wills with a man who might turn out to be a mediæval despot.

It was then that she told me of the tentative proposal of one of her beaux (she had many), "Georg Zottmyer,"

which I have recorded almost literally in the scene between this passing character and Gisela in the Café Luitpolt. My object in doing so was to give as realistic an impression as possible of what the German woman is up against in dealings with her male. I knew Zottmyer personally, and he interested me the more (as one is interested in a bug under a microscope) because he had less excuse for his conceit and arrogance than most German men: he was brought up in California, where his father is a successful doctor. But that only seemed to have made him worse. He returned to Germany as soon as he was of age, more German than the Germans, and despising Americans.

I had often wondered what became of this highly interesting young woman, and when I began to write *The White Morning* she popped into my mind. I believe she could be a leader of some kind if she chose. Perhaps she is.

The cases could be multiplied indefinitely. The Erkels and Mimi Brandt are drawn, together with their conditions, almost photographically. "Heloise" finally married a Scot and went with him to his own country, but her sisters were dragging out their tragic lives when I left Munich.

A few days ago I met a highly intelligent American woman of German blood who, before the war, used to visit her relatives in Germany every year. I told her that I had written this story, and she agreed with me that it was on the cards the women would instigate a revolution. "Never," she said, "in any country have I known such discontent among women, heard so many bitter confidences. Their feelings against their fathers or husbands were the more intense and violent because they dared not speak out like English or American women."

There is no question that for about fifteen years before the war there was a thinking, secret, silent, watchful but outwardly passive revolt going on among the women of Germany. I do not think it had then reached the working women. It took the war to wake them up. But

in that vast class which, in spite of racial industry, had a certain amount of leisure, owing to the almost total absence of poverty in the Teutonic Empire, and whose minds were educated and systematically trained, there was persistent reading, meditating upon the advance of women in other nations, quiet debating unsuspected of their masters; and they were growing in numbers and in an almost sinister determination every year. Of course there were plenty of *hausfraus* cowed to the door mat, and, like the proletariat, needing a war to wake them up; but there were several hundred thousand of the other sort.

Now, all these women need is a leader. The working women have their Rosa Luxemburgs, who think out loud in public and get themselves locked up; and, moreover, do not appeal to the other classes—for Germany is the most snobbish country in the world. If there were—or if there is—such a woman as Gisela Döring, who before the war had acquired a widespread intellectual influence over the awakening women of her race, and then, when they were approaching the breaking point, had gone quietly and systematically about making a revolution, there is no question in my mind as to the outcome.

Just consider for a moment what the German women have suffered during this war—a war that they were told was forced upon their country by the aggressive military acts of Russia and France, but which, owing to Germany's might, would hardly last three months. For nearly three years they have never known the sensation of appeased hunger, and, having always been immense eaters, have suffered the tortures of dyspepsia in addition to hunger. But, far worse, they have listened almost continuously to the wails of their children for satisfying food, children who are forever hungry and who often succumb. Karl Ackerman, whose accuracy no one has questioned, states in his book, *Germany, the Next Republic?*, that in 1916 sixty thousand children died of malnutrition in Berlin alone.

These women have lost their fathers, husbands, sons—well, that is the fortune of any war; but they are beginning to understand that they have lost them, not in a war of self-defence, but to gratify the insane ambitions and greed of a dynasty and a military caste that are out of date in the twentieth century. Their parents, when over sixty, have died from the same cause as the children. Their daughters, both unmarried and newly widowed, are “officially pregnant,” or the mothers of brats the names of whose fathers they do not know. The young girls of Lille hardly have suffered more. The German victims are sent for, then sent home to bear another child for Germany.

Now, we know what the German men are. These women are the mothers and wives and sisters of the German men; in other words, they are Germans, body, and bone, and brain-cells, capable of precisely the same ruthless tactics when pushed too hard—if they have a leader. That, to my mind, is the whole point. Given that leader, they would effect a revolution precisely as I have described in my story. Nor would they run the risk of failure. The German race is not eight-tenths illiterates and two-tenths intellectuals, emotional firebrands, anarchists and sellers-out like the Russians. They are uniformly educated, uniformly disciplined. They will do nothing futile, nothing without the most secret and methodical preparation of which even the German mind is capable. It will be like turning over in bed in camp: they will all turn over together. They are damnably efficient.

It may be said, “But you may have spoiled their chances with your book. You not only have revealed them in their true character to their men, but all the details of their probable methods in working up and precipitating a revolution. You have, in other words, put the German authorities on their guard.”

The answer to this is that no German of the dominant sex could be made to believe in anything so unprecedented as German women taking the law into their

own hands, uniting, and overthrowing a dynasty. Nothing can penetrate a German official skull but what has been trained into it from birth. Unlike the women, the system has made the men of the ruling class into the sort of machine which is perfect in its way but admits of no modern improvements. That has been the secret of their strength and of their weakness, and will be the Allies' chief assistance in bringing about their final defeat. I am positive they go to sleep every night murmuring: "Two and two make four. Two and two make four."

The women could hold meetings under their very noses, so long as these were not in the street, lay their plans to the last fuse, and apply the match at the preconcerted moment from one end of Germany to the other, unhindered, unless betrayed. The angry and restless male socialists would not have a chance with the alert members of their own sex—who regard women with an even and contemptuous tolerance. Useful but harmless.

I made Gisela a junker by birth, because a rebel from the top, with qualities of leadership, would make a deeper impression in Germany than one of the many avowed extremists of humbler origin. On the other hand, it was necessary to drop the von, and take a middle-class name, or she would have failed to win confidence, in the beginning, as well as literary success, from opposite reasons. It is very difficult for an aristocratic German of artistic talents to obtain a hearing. Practically all the intellectuals belong to the middle-class, the aristocrats being absorbed by the army and navy. The arrogance and often brutal lack of consideration of the ruling caste, to say

nothing of common politeness, have inspired universal jealousy and hatred, the more poignant as it must be silent. But even the silent may find their means of vengeance, as the noble discovers when he attempts recognition in the intellectual world. But if he were a propagandist, with the welfare of all Germany at heart, and won his influence under an assumed name, as Gisela Döring did, the revelation of his identity, together with proof of dissociation from his own class, would enhance his popularity immensely. Moreover, it would be incense to the vanity of classes that never are permitted to forget their inferior rank.

In this country there is a snobbish tendency to exalt and boom any writer who is known to belong to one of the old and wealthy families; and the more snobbish the writer the more infectious the disease. But then in this country, which has never suffered from militarism, there is a naïve tendency to worship success in any form. In Germany my heroine would have doomed herself to failure if she had signed her work Gisela von Niebuhr. But her early education, surroundings, position—to say nothing of her four years in the United States—were just what gave her the requisite advantages, and preserved her from many mistakes. She starts out with no prejudices against any caste, and an intense sympathy for all German women who lack even the compensation of being *hochwohlgeboren*.

No one knows what the future holds, or what unexpected event will suddenly end the war; but I should not have written *The White Morning* if I had not been firmly convinced that a Gisela might arise at any moment and deliver the world.

# THE ADVANCE OF ENGLISH POETRY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

## PART V

*Rupert Brooke—a personality—the spirit of youth—his horror at old age—Henry James's tribute—his education—a genius—his poems of death—his affected cynicism—his nature poems—war sonnets—his supreme sacrifice—his charming humour—his masterpiece, "Grantchester."—James Elroy Flecker—the editorial work of Mr. Squire—no posthumous puffery—the case of Crashaw—life of Flecker—his fondness for revision—his friendship with Rupert Brooke—his skill as a translator—his austerity—art for art's sake—his "brightness"—love of Greek mythology—steady mental development—his definition of the aim of poetry.—Walter De La Mare—the poet of shadow—Hawthorne's tales—his persistence—his reflective mood—his descriptive style—his Shakespeare characters—his sketches from life.—D. H. Lawrence—his lack of discipline—his subjectivity—absence of reserve—a master of colour—his glaring excesses.—John Drinkwater—the west of England—his healthy spirit.—W. H. Davies—the tramp poet.*

### I

RUPERT BROOKE left the world in a chariot of fire. He was something more than either a man or a poet; he was and is a Personality. It was as a Personality that he dazzled his friends. He was overflowing with tremendous, contagious vitality. He was the incarnation of the spirit of youth, wearing the glamour and glory of youth like a shining garment. Despite our loss, it almost seems fitting that he did not live to that old age which he never understood, for which he had such little sympathy, and which he seems to have hated more than death. For he had the splendid insolence of youth. Youth commonly feels high-spirited in an unconscious, instinctive fashion, like a kitten or a puppy; but Rupert Brooke was as self-consciously young as a decrepit pensioner is self-consciously old. He rejoiced in the strength of his youth, and rolled it as a sweet morsel under his tongue. He was so glad to be young, and to know every morning on rising from sleep that he was still young! His passionate love of beauty made him see in old age only ugliness; he could not foresee the joys of the mellow years. All

he saw consisted of grey hairs, wrinkles, double chins, paunches. To him all old people were Struldbrugs. We smile at the insolence of youth, because we know it will pass with the beauty and strength that support it. Ogniben says, "Youth, with its beauty and grace, would seem bestowed on us for some such reason as to make us partly endurable till we have time for really becoming so of ourselves, without their aid; when they leave us . . . little by little, he sees fit to forego claim after claim on the world, puts up with a less and less share of its good as his proper portion; and when the octogenarian asks barely a sup of gruel and a fire of dry sticks, and thanks you as for his full allowance and right in the common good of life,—hoping nobody may murder him,—he who began by asking and expecting the whole of us to bow down in worship to him,—why, I say he is advanced."

Henry James—whose affectionate tribute in the preface to Brooke's *Letters* is impressive testimony—saw in the brilliant youth, besides the accident of genius, a perfect illustration of the highest type of Englishman, bred in the best

English way, in the best traditions of English scholarship, and adorned with the good sense, fine temper, and healthy humour of the ideal Anglo-Saxon. He had indeed enjoyed every possible advantage; like Milton and Browning, had he been intended for a poet from the cradle, his bringing-up could not have been better adapted to the purpose. He was born at Rugby, August 3, 1887, where his father was one of the masters in the famous school. He won a poetry prize there in 1905. The next year he entered King's College, Cambridge, where his influence as an undergraduate was notable. He took honours in classics, went abroad to study in Munich, and returned to Grantchester, which he was later to celebrate in his best poem. He had travelled somewhat extensively on the Continent, and in 1913 went on a journey through the United States and Canada to the South Seas. I am glad he saw the Hawaiian Islands, for no one should die before beholding that paradise. At the outbreak of war, he enlisted, went to Antwerp, and later embarked on the expedition to the Dardanelles. He was bitten by a fly, and died of blood-poisoning on a French hospital ship, the day being Shakespeare's, April 23, 1915. He was buried on a Greek island.

Rupert Brooke lived to be nearly twenty-eight years old, a short life to show ability in most of the ways of the world, but long enough to test the quality of a poet, not merely in promise, but in performance. There is no doubt that he had the indefinable but unmistakable touch of genius. Only a portion of his slender production is of high rank, but it is enough to preserve his name. His *Letters*, which have been underestimated, prove that he had mental as well as poetical powers. Had he lived to middle age, it seems certain that his poetry would have been tightly packed with thought. He had an alert and inquisitive mind.

Many have seemed to think that the frequent allusions to death in his poetry are vaguely prophetic. They are, of course—with the exception of the war-

poems—nothing of the kind, being merely symptomatic of youth. They form the most conventional side of his work. His cynicism toward the love of the sexes was a youthful affectation, strengthened by his reading. He was deeply read in the seventeenth-century poets, who delighted in imagining themselves passing from one woman to another—swearing “by love's sweetest part, variety.” At all events, these poems, of which there are comparatively many, exhibit his least attractive side. The poem addressed to *The One Before the Last*, ends

Oh! bitter thoughts I had in plenty,  
But here's the worst of it—  
I shall forget, in Nineteen-twenty,  
You ever hurt a bit!

He was perhaps, too young to understand two great truths—that real love can exist in the midst of wild passion, and that the best part of it can and often does survive the early flames. Such poems as *Menelaus and Helen*, *Jealousy*, and others, profess a profound knowledge of life that is really a profound ignorance.

His pictures of nature, while often beautiful, lack the penetrative quality seen so constantly in Wordsworth and Browning; these greater poets saw nature not only with their eyes, but with their minds. Their representations glow with enduring beauty, but they leave in the spectator something even greater than beauty, something that is food for reflection and imagination, the source of quick-coming fancies. Compare the picture of the pines in Brooke's poem *Pine-Trees and the Sky: Evening*, with Browning's treatment of an identical theme in *Paracelsus*, remembering that Browning's lines were written when he was twenty-two years old. Brooke writes,

Then from the sad west turning wearily,  
I saw the pines against the white north  
sky,  
Very beautiful, and still, and bending over  
Their sharp black heads against a quiet  
sky.



Browning writes,

The herded pines commune, and have deep thoughts,

A secret they assemble to discuss,  
When the sun drops behind their trunks  
which glare

Like grates of hell.

Both in painting and in imagination the second passage is instantly seen to be superior.

The war sonnets of 1914 receive so much additional poignancy by the death of the author that it is difficult, and perhaps undesirable, to judge them as objective works of art. They are essentially noble and sincere, speaking from the depths of high-hearted self-sacrifice. He poured out his young life freely and generously, knowing what it meant to say good-bye to his fancy. There is always something eternally sublime—something that we rightly call divine—in the spendthrift giving of one's life-blood for a great cause. And Rupert Brooke was intensely aware of the value of what he unhesitatingly gave.

The two "fish" poems exhibit a playful, charming side to Brooke's imagination; but if I could have only one of his pieces, I should assuredly choose *Grantchester*. Nostalgia is the mother of much fine poetry; but seldom has the expression of it been mingled more exquisitely with humour and longing. By the rivers of Babylon he sat down and laughed when he remembered Zion. And his laughter at Babylon is so different from his laughter at Grantchester. A few felicitous adjectives sum up the significant difference between Germany and England. Writing in a Berlin café, he says:

Here tulips bloom as they are told;  
Unkempt about those hedges blows  
An English unofficial rose;  
And there the unregulated sun  
Slopes down to rest when day is done,  
And wakes a vague unpunctual star,  
A slipped Hesper; and there are  
Meads toward Haslingfield and Coton  
Where *das Betreten's* not *verboten*. . . .  
Oh, is the water sweet and cool,

Gentle and brown, above the pool?  
And laughs the immortal river still  
Under the mill, under the mill?  
Say, is there Beauty yet to find?  
And Certainty? and Quiet kind?  
Deep meadows yet, for to forget  
The lies, and truths, and pain? . . . oh! yet  
Stands the Church clock at ten to three?  
And is there honey still for tea?

## II

When Hamlet died, he bequeathed his reputation to Horatio, the official custodian of his good name. He could not have made a better choice. Would that all poets who die young were equally fortunate in their posthumous editors! For there are some friends who conceive it to be their duty to print every scrap of written paper the bard left behind him, even if they have to act as scavengers to find the "remains"; and there are others who think affection and admiration for the dead are best shown by adopting the methods and the language of the press-agent. To my mind, the pious memoir of Tennyson is injured by the inclusion of a long list of "testimonials," which assure us that Alfred Tennyson really was a remarkable poet. Mr. J. C. Squire, under whose auspices the works of Flecker appear in one handsome volume, is an admirable editor. His introduction is a model of its kind, giving the necessary biographical information, explaining the chronology, the origin, the background of the poems, and showing how the poet revised his earlier work; the last paragraph ought to serve as an example to those who may be entrusted with a task of similar delicacy in the future. "My only object in writing this necessarily rather disjointed Introduction is to give some information that may interest the reader and be useful to the critic; and if a few personal opinions have slipped in they may conveniently be ignored. A vehement 'puff preliminary' is an insolence in a volume of this kind; it might pardonably be supposed to imply either doubts about the author or distrust of his readers."

As a contrast to the above, it is interesting to recall the preface that an anonymous friend contributed to a volume of Crashaw's verse in the seventeenth century, which, in his own words, "I have impartially writ of this Learned young Gent." Fearing that readers might not appreciate his poetry at its true value, the friend writes, "It were prophane but to mention here in the Preface those under-headed Poets, Retainers to seven shares and a halfe; Madrigall fellowes, whose onely businesse in verse, is to rime a poore six-penny soule a Suburb sinner into hell;—May such arrogant pretenders to Poetry vanish, with their prodigious issue of tumorous heats, and flashes of their adulterate braines, and for ever after, may this our Poet fill up the better roome of man. Oh! when the generall arraignment of Poets shall be, to give an accompt of their higher soules, with what a triumphant brow shall our divine Poet sit above, and looke downe upon poore Homer, Virgil, Horace, Claudian; &c. who had amongst them the ill lucke to talke out a great part of their gallant Genius, upon Bees, Dung, frogs, and Gnats, &c. and not as himself here, upon Scriptures, divine Graces, Martyrs and Angels." Our prefatory friend set a pace that it is hopeless for modern champions to follow, and they might as well abandon the attempt.

James Elroy Flecker, the eldest child of the Rev. Dr. Flecker, who is Head Master of an English school, was born November 5, 1884, in London. He spent five years at Trinity College, Oxford, and later studied Oriental languages at Caius College, Cambridge. He went to Constantinople in 1910. In that same year signs of tuberculosis appeared, but after some months at an English sanatorium, he seemed to be absolutely well. In 1911 he was in Constantinople, Smyrna, and finally in Athens, where he was married to Miss Skiadaressi, a Greek. In March the dreaded illness returned, and the rest of his short life was spent in the vain endeavour to recover his health. He

died in Switzerland, January 3, 1915, at the age of thirty. "I cannot help remembering," says Mr. Squire, "that I first heard the news over the telephone, and that the voice which spoke was Rupert Brooke's."

He had published four books of verse and four books of prose, leaving many poems, essays, short stories, and two plays, in manuscript. All his best poetry is now included in the *Collected Poems* (1916).

Flecker had the Tennysonian habit of continually revising; and in this volume we are permitted to see some of the interesting results of the process. I must say, however, that of the two versions of *Tenebris Interlucentem*, although the second is called a "drastic improvement," I prefer the earlier. Any poet might be proud of either.

Flecker liked the work of Mr. Yeats, of Mr. Housman, of Mr. De La Mare; and Rupert Brooke was an intimate friend, for the two young men were together at Cambridge. He wrote a sonnet on Francis Thompson, though he was never affected by Thompson's literary manner. Indeed, he is singularly free from the influence of any of the modern poets. His ideas and his style are his own; he thought deeply on the art of writing, and was given to eager and passionate discussion of it with those who had his confidence. His originality is all the more remarkable when we remember his fondness for translating verse from a variety of foreign languages, ancient and modern. He was an excellent translator. His skill in this art can only be inferred where we know nothing at first hand of the originals; but his version of Goethe's immortal lyric is proof of his powers. The only blemish—an unavoidable one—is "far" and "father" in the last two lines.

Knowest thou the land wherè bloom the  
lemon trees?  
And darkly gleam the golden oranges?  
A gentle wind blows down from that blue  
sky;  
Calm stands the myrtle and the laurel high.

Knowest thou the land? So far and fair!  
Thou, whom I love, and I will wander  
there.

Knowest thou the house with all its rooms  
aglow,  
And shining hall and columned portico?  
The marble statues stand and look at me.  
Alas, poor child, what have they done to  
thee?

Knowest thou the land? So far and fair.  
My Guardian, thou and I will wander  
there.

Knowest thou the mountain with its bridge  
of cloud?

The mule plods warily: the white mists  
crowd.

Coiled in their caves the brood of dragons  
sleep;

The torrent hurls the rock from steep to  
steep.

Knowest thou the land? So far and fair.  
Father, away! Our road is over there!

Fletcher was more French than English in his dislike of romanticism, sentimentalism, intimate, and confessional poetry; and of course he was strenuously opposed to contemporary standards in so far as they put correct psychology above beauty. Much contemporary verse reads and sounds like undisciplined thinking out loud, where each poet feels it imperative to tell the reader in detail not only all his adventures, and passions, but even the most minute whimsies and caprices. When the result of this bosom-cleansing is real poetry, it justifies itself; but the method is the exact opposite of Flecker's. His real master was Keats, and in his own words, he wrote "with the single intention of creating beauty." Austerity and objectivity were his ideals.

Strangely enough, he was able to state in a new and more convincing way the doctrine of art for art's sake. "However, few poets have written with a clear theory of art for art's sake, it is by that theory alone that their work has been, or can be, judged;—and rightly so if we remember that art embraces all life and all humanity, and sees in the tem-

porary and fleeting doctrines of conservative or revolutionary only the human grandeur or passion that inspires them."

Perhaps the best noun that describes Flecker's verse is *brightness*. He had a consumptive's longing for sunshine, and his sojourns on the Mediterranean shores illuminate his pages. The following poem is decidedly characteristic:

#### IN PHÆACIA

Had I that haze of streaming blue,  
That sea below, the summer faced,  
I'd work and weave a dress for you  
And kneel to clasp it round your waist,  
And broider with those burning bright  
Threads of the Sun across the sea,  
And bind it with the silver light  
That wavers in the olive tree.

Had I the gold that like a river  
Pours through our garden, eve by eve,  
Our garden that goes on for ever  
Out of the world, as we believe;  
Had I that glory on the vine  
That splendour soft on tower and town,  
I'd forge a crown of that sunshine,  
And break before your feet the crown.

Through the great pinewood I have been  
An hour before the lustre dies,  
Nor have such forest-colours seen  
As those that glimmer in your eyes.  
Ah, misty woodland, down whose deep  
And twilight paths I love to stroll  
To meadows quieter than sleep  
And pools more secret than the soul!

Could I but steal that awful throne  
Ablaze with dreams and songs and stars  
Where sits Night, a man of stone,  
On the frozen mountain spars  
I'd cast him down, for he is old,  
And set my Lady there to rule,  
Gowned with silver, crowned with gold,  
And in her eyes the forest pool.

It seems to me improbable that Flecker will be forgotten; he was a real poet. But a remark made of Tennyson is still more applicable to Flecker. "He was an artist before he was a poet." Even as a small boy, he had astonishing

facility, but naturally wrote little worth preserval. The *Collected Poems* show an extraordinary command of his instrument. He had the orthodox virtues of the orthodox poet—rime and rhythm, cunning in words, skill in nature-painting, imagination. The richness of his colouring and the loveliness of his melodies make his verses a delight to the senses. His mind was plentifully stored with classical authors, and he saw nature alive with old gods and fairies. In one of his most charming poems, *Oak and Olive*, he declares,

When I go down the Gloucester lanes  
My friends are deaf and blind:  
Fast as they turn their foolish eyes  
The Mænads leap behind,  
And when I hear the fire-winged feet,  
They only hear the wind.

Have I not chased the fluting Pan,  
Through Cranham's sober trees?  
Have I not sat on Painswick Hill  
With a nymph upon my knees,  
And she as rosy as the dawn,  
And naked as the breeze?

His poetry is composed of sensations rather than thoughts. What it lacks is intellectual content. A richly packed memory is not the same thing as original thinking, even when the memories are glorified by the artist's own imagination. Yet the death of this young man was a cruel loss to English literature, for his mental development would eventually have kept pace with his gift of song. His cheerful Paganism would, I think, have given place to something deeper and more fruitful. Before he went to Constantinople, he had, as it is a fashion for some modern Occidentals to have, a great admiration for Mohammedanism. A friend reports a rather naïve remark of his, "his intercourse with Mohammedans had led him to find more good in Christianity than he had previously suspected." I have sometimes wondered whether a prolonged residence among Mohammedans might not temper the enthusiasm of those who so loudly insist on the superiority of that faith to Chris-

tianity. Mr. Santayana speaks somewhere of "the unconquerable mind of the East." Well, my guess is that this unconquerable mind will some day be conquered by the Man of Nazareth, just as I think He will eventually—some centuries ahead—conquer even us.

Flecker died so soon after the opening of the Great War that it is vain to surmise what the effect of that struggle would have been upon his soul. That it would have shaken him to the depths—and perhaps given him the spiritual experience necessary for his further advance—seems not improbable. One of his letters on the subject contains the significant remark, "What a race of deep-eyed and thoughtful men we shall have in Europe—now that all those millions have been baptised in fire!"

The last stanza of his poem *A Sacred Dialogue* reads as follows:

Then the black cannons of the Lord  
Shall wake crusading ghosts  
And the Milky Way shall swing like a  
sword  
When Jerusalem vomits its horde  
On the Christmas Day preferred of the  
Lord,  
The Christmas Day of the Hosts!

He appended a footnote in December, 1914, when he was dying: "Originally written for Christmas, 1912, and referring to the first Balkan War, this poem contains in the last speech of Christ words that ring like a prophecy of events that may occur very soon." As I am copying his Note, December, 1917, the English army is entering Jerusalem.

Flecker was essentially noble-minded; and without any trace of conceit, felt the responsibility of his talents. There is not an unworthy page in the *Collected Poems*. In a memorable passage, he stated the goal of poetry. "It is not the poet's business to save man's soul, but to make it worth saving."

### III

Walter De La Mare, a close personal friend of Rupert Brooke, came of Huguenot, English and Scotch ancestry,

and was born at Charlton, Kent, April 25, 1873. He was educated at St. Paul's Cathedral Choir School. Although known to-day exclusively as a poet, he has written much miscellaneous prose—critical articles for periodicals, short stories, and a few plays. His first poetry-book, *Songs of Childhood*, appeared in 1902; in 1906, *Poems*; in 1910, *The Return*, which won the Edmond de Polignac prize; *The Listeners*, which gave him a wide reputation, appeared in 1912; and *Peacock Pie* in 1917. When, in November, 1916, the Howland Memorial Prize at Yale University was formally awarded to the work of Rupert Brooke, it was officially received in New Haven by Walter De La Mare, who came from England for the purpose.

If Flecker's poems were written in a glare of light, Mr. De La Mare's shy Muse seems to live in shadow. It is not at all the shadow of grief, still less of bitterness, but rather the cool, grateful shade of retirement. I can find no words anywhere that so perfectly express to my mind the atmosphere of these poems as the language used by Hawthorne to explain the lack of excitement that readers would be sure to notice in his tales. "They have the pale tint of flowers that blossom in too retired a shade,—the coolness of a meditative habit, which diffuses itself through the feeling and observation of every sketch. Instead of passion there is sentiment; and, even in what purport to be pictures of actual life, we have allegory, not always so warmly dressed in its habiliments of flesh and blood as to be taken into the reader's mind without a shiver. Whether from lack of power, or an uncontrollable reserve, the author's touches have often an effect of tameness. . . . The book, if you would see anything in it, requires to be read in the clear, brown, twilight atmosphere in which it was written; if opened in the sunshine, it is apt to look exceedingly like a volume of blank pages."

Hawthorne is naturally not popular to-day with readers whose sole acquain-

tance with the art of the short story is gleaned from the magazines that adorn the stalls at railway-stations; and to those whose taste in poetry begins and ends with melodrama, who prefer the hoarse cry of animal passion to the still, sad music of humanity, it would not be advisable to recommend a poem like *The Listeners*, where the people are ghosts and the sounds only echoes. Yet there are times when it would seem that everyone must weary of strident voices, of persons shouting to attract attention, of poets who capitalise both their moral and literary vices, of hawking advertisers of the latest verse-novelties; then a poem like *The Listeners* reminds us of Lindsay's little bird, whose simple melody is not defeated by the blatant horns.

Far away the Rachel-Jane,  
Not defeated by the horns,  
Sings amid a hedge of thorns;—  
"Love and life,  
Eternal youth—  
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,  
Dew and glory,  
Love and truth,  
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet."

There are living, to-day, greater and more important poets than Walter De La Mare; but this fact, which no one knows better than he, does not disturb him in the least. He cultivates his own garden, where real flowers bloom.

Decidedly a poet must have both courage and faith to hold himself so steadily aloof from the competition of the market-place; to work with such easy cheerfulness in his quiet corner; to remain so manifestly unaffected by the swift currents of contemporary verse. For fifteen years he has gone on producing his own favourite kind of poetry, dealing with children, with flowers, with autumn and winter, with ghosts of memory, with figures in literature, and has finally obtained a respectable audience without once raising his voice. He has written surprisingly little love poetry; the notes of passion, as we are accustomed to hear them, seldom sound

from his lute; nor do we hear the agonising cries of doubt, remorse, or despair. There is nothing turbulent and nothing truculent; he has made no contribution to the literature of revolt. Yet many of his poems make an irresistible appeal to our more reflective moods; and once or twice, his fancy, always winsome and wistful, rises to a height of pure imagination, as in *The Listeners*—which I find myself returning to muse over again and again.

His studies of humanity—both from observation and from books—are descriptive rather than dramatic. I do not know a contemporary poet whose published works contain so few quotation marks. The dramatic monologue, which Emerson back in the 'forties prophesied would be the highest class of poetry in the immediate future (which prophecy was abundantly fulfilled), does not interest Mr. De La Mare; maybe he feels that it has been done so supremely well that he prefers to let it alone. His remarkable thirteen poems dealing with Shakespearean characters—where he attempts with considerable success to pluck out the heart of the mystery—are all descriptive. Perhaps the most original and beautiful of these is

## MERCUTIO

Along an avenue of almond-trees  
Came three girls chattering of their sweet-  
hearts three.

And lo! Mercutio, with Byronic ease,  
Out of his philosophic eye cast all  
A mere flow'r'd twig of thought, whereat...  
Three hearts fell still as when an air dies  
out

And Venus falters lonely o'er the sea.  
But when within the further mist of bloom  
His step and form were hid, the smooth  
child Ann

Said, "La, and what eyes he had!" and Lucy  
said,

"How sad a gentleman!" and Katharine,  
"I wonder, now, what mischief he was at."  
And these three also April hid away,  
Leaving the spring faint with Mercutio.

There are immense tracts of Shakespeare  
which Walter De La Mare never could

even have remotely imitated; but I know  
of no poet to-day who could approach  
the wonderful Queen Mab speech more  
successfully than he.

The same method of interpretative  
description that he employs in dealing  
with Shakespearean characters he uses  
repeatedly in making portraits from life.  
One of the most vivid and delightful of  
these is

## OLD SUSAN

When Susan's work was done she'd sit,  
With one fat guttering candle lit,  
And window opened wide to win  
The sweet night air to enter in;  
There, with a thumb to keep her place  
She'd read, with stern and wrinkled face,  
Her mild eyes gliding very slow  
Across the letters to and fro,  
While, wagged the guttering candle flame  
In the wind that through the window came.  
And sometimes in the silence she  
Would mumble a sentence audibly,  
Or shake her head as if to say,  
"You silly souls, to act this way!"  
And never a sound from night I'd hear,  
Unless some far-off cock crowed clear;  
Or her old shuffling thumb should turn  
Another page; and rapt and stern,  
Through her great glasses bent on me  
She'd glance into reality;  
And shake her round old silvery head,  
With—"You!—I thought you was in bed!"—  
Only to tilt her book again,  
And rooted in Romance remain.

I am afraid that Rupert Brooke could  
not possibly have written a poem like  
*Old Susan*; he would have made her  
ridiculous and contemptible; he would  
have accentuated physical defects so that  
she would have been a repugnant, even  
an offensive figure. But Mr. De La  
Mare has the power—possessed in the  
supreme degree by J. M. Barrie—of  
taking just such a person as Old Susan,  
living in a world of romance, and mak-  
ing us smile with no trace of contempt  
and with no descent to pity. One who  
can do this really loves his fellow-men.

Poems like *Old Susan* prepare us for  
one of the most happy exhibitions of  
Mr. De La Mare's talent—his verses

written for and about children. Every household ought to have that delightful quarto, delightfully and abundantly illustrated, called *Peacock Pie: A Book of Rhymes. With Illustrations by W. Heath Robinson*. There is a picture for each poem, and the combination demands and will obtain an unconditional surrender.

If the poetry of James Flecker and Walter De La Mare live after them, it will not be because of sensational qualities, in matter or in manner. Fancy is bred either in the heart or in the head—and the best poetry should touch either one or the other or both. Mr. De La Mare owes his present eminence simply to merit—his endeavour has been to write just as well as he possibly could. His limit has been downward, not upward. He may occasionally strike over the heads of his audience, for his aim is never low.

#### IV

The poetry of D. H. Lawrence (born 1885) erupts from the terrible twenties. In spite of his school experience, he has never sent his mind to school; he hates discipline. He has an undeniable literary gift, which has met—as it ought to—with glad recognition. He has strength, he has fervour, he has passion. But while his strength is sometimes the happy and graceful play of rippling muscles, it is often mere contortion. If Mr. De La Mare may seem too delicate, too restrained, Mr. Lawrence cares comparatively little for delicacy; and the word restraint is not in his bright lexicon. In other words, he is aggressively "modern." He is one of the most skillful manipulators of free verse—he can drive four horses abreast, and somehow or other reach the goal.

He sees his own turbulent heart reflected stormily in every natural spectacle. He observes flowers in an anti-Wordsworthian way. He mentions with appreciation roses, lilies, snapdragons, but to him they are all passion-flowers. And yet—if he only knew it—his finest work is in a subdued mood.

He is a master of colouring—and I like his quieter work as a painter better than his feverish, hectic cries of desire. Despite his dialect poems, he is more successful at description than at drama. I imagine Miss Harriet Monroe may think so too; it seems to me she has done well in selecting his verses, to give three out of the five from his colour-pieces, of which perhaps the best is

#### SERVICE OF ALL THE DEAD

Between the avenue of cypresses,  
All in their scarlet capes and surplices  
Of linen, go the chaunting choristers,  
The priests in gold and black, the villagers.

And all along the path to the cemetery  
The round dark heads of men crowd  
silently;  
And black-scarfed faces of women-folk wistfully  
Watch at the banner of death, and the  
mystery.

And at the foot of a grave a father stands  
With sunken head and forgotten, folded  
hands;

And at the foot of a grave a mother kneels  
With pale shut face, nor neither hears nor  
feels

The coming of the chaunting choristers  
Between the avenue of cypresses,  
The silence of the many villagers,  
The candle-flames beside the surplices.

(Remember the English pronunciation of "cemetery" is not the common American one.) He is surely better as a looker-on at life than when he tries to present the surging passions of an actor-in-chief. Then his art is full of sound and fury, and instead of being thrilled, we are, as Stevenson said of Whitman's poorer poems, somewhat indecorously amused. All poets, I suppose, are thrilled by their own work; they read it to themselves with shudders of rapture; but it is only when this *frisson* is felt by other than blood-relatives that they may feel some reasonable assurance of success. The London *Times* quite properly refuses to surrender to lines like these:

And if I never see her again?  
 I think, if they told me so,  
 I could convulse the heavens with my  
 horror.  
 I think I could alter the frame of things in  
 my agony.  
 I think I could break the System with my  
 heart.  
 I think, in my convulsion, the skies would  
 break.

He should change his gear from high to  
 low; he will never climb Parnassus on  
 this speed, not even with his muffler so  
 manifestly open.

The *Times* also quotes without appreci-  
 ation from the same volume the fol-  
 lowing passage, where the woman, look-  
 ing back, stirs a biblical reminiscence.

I have seen it, felt it in my mouth, my  
 throat, my chest, my belly,  
 Burning of powerful salt, burning, eating  
 through my defenceless nakedness,  
 I have been thrust into white sharp crystals,  
 Writhing, twisting, superpenetrated,  
 Ah, Lot's wife, Lot's wife!  
 The pillar of salt, the whirling, horrible  
 column of salt, like a waterspout  
 That has enveloped me!

Most readers may not need a whole pil-  
 lar, but they will surely take the above  
 professions *cum grano salis*. It is all in  
 King Cambyses's vein; and I would that  
 we had Pistol to deliver it. I cite it  
 here, not for the graceless task of show-  
 ing Mr. Lawrence at his worst, but be-  
 cause such stuff is symptomatic of many  
 of the very "new" poets, who wander,  
 as Turgenev expressed it, "aimless but  
 declamatory, over the face of our long-  
 suffering mother earth."

## V

John Drinkwater, born June 1, 1882,  
 has had varied experiences both in busi-  
 ness and in literature, and is at present  
 connected with the management of the  
 Birmingham Repertory Theatre. Acti-  
 vely engaged in commercial life, he has  
 found time to publish a number of vol-  
 umes of poems, plays in verse, critical  
 works in prose, and a long string of  
 magazine articles. He has wisely col-

lected in one volume—though I regret  
 the omission of *Malvern Lyrics*—the  
 best of his poems that had previously  
 appeared in four separate works, con-  
 taining the cream of his production from  
 1908 to 1914. His preface to this little  
 book, published in 1917, is excellent in  
 its manly modesty. "Apart from the  
 Cromwell poem itself, the present selec-  
 tion contains all that I am anxious to  
 preserve from those volumes, and there  
 is nothing before 1908 which I should  
 wish to be reprinted now or at any  
 time." One of the earlier books had  
 been dedicated to John Masfield, to  
 whom in the present preface the author  
 pays an affectionate compliment—"John  
 Masfield, who has given a poet's praise  
 to work that I hope he likes half as well  
 as I like his."

The first poem, *Symbols*, prepares the  
 reader for what is to follow, though it  
 is somewhat lacking in the technique  
 that is characteristic of most of Mr.  
 Drinkwater's verse.

I saw history in a poet's song,  
 In a river-reach and a gallows-hill,  
 In a bridal bed, and a secret wrong,  
 In a crown of thorns: in a daffodil.

I imagined measureless time in a day,  
 And starry space in a wagon-road,  
 And the treasure of all good harvests lay  
 In the single seed that the sower sowed.

My garden-wind had driven and havened  
 again  
 All ships that ever had gone to sea,  
 And I saw the glory of all dead men  
 In the shadow that went by the side of me.

The West of England looms large in  
 contemporary poetry. A. E. Housman,  
 John Masfield, W. W. Gibson, J. E.  
 Flecker have done their best to cele-  
 brate its quiet beauty; and some of the  
 finest work of Mr. Drinkwater is lov-  
 ingly devoted to these rural scenes. We  
 know how Professor Housman and John  
 Masfield regard Bredon Hill—another  
 tribute to this "calm acclivity, salubrious  
 spot" is paid in Mr. Drinkwater's  
 cheerful song, *At Grafton*. The spirit



of his work in general is the spirit of health—take life as it is, and enjoy it. It is the open-air verse of broad, wind-swept English counties. Its surest claim to distinction lies in its excellent, finished workmanship—he is a sound craftsman. But he has not yet shown either sufficient originality or sufficient inspiration to rise from the better class of minor poets. His verse-drama, *The Storm*, which was produced in Birmingham in 1915, shows strong resemblances to the one-act plays of Mr. Gibson and is not otherwise impressive.

## VI

William Henry Davies, the Welsh poet, exhibits in his half-dozen miniature volumes an extraordinary variety of subjects. Everything is grist. He was born of Welsh parentage in Monmouthshire, April 20, 1870. He became an American tramp, and practised this interesting profession six years; he made eight or nine trips to England on cattle-ships, working his passage; he walked about England selling pins and needles. He remarks that "he sometimes varied this life by singing hymns in the street." At the age of thirty-four he became a poet, and he insists—not without reason—that he has been one ever since. Readers may be at times reminded of the manner of John Davidson, but after all, Mr. Davies is as independent in his poetry as he used to be on the road.

Sometimes his verse is banal—as in the advice *To a Working Man*. But oftener his imagination plays on familiar scenes in town and country with a lambent flame, illuminating and glorifying

common objects. He has the heart of the child, and tries to see life from a child's clear eyes.

## THE TWO FLOCKS

Where are you going to now, white sheep,  
Walking the green hill-side;  
To join that whiter flock on top,  
And share their pride?

Stay where you are, you silly sheep:  
When you arrive up there,  
You'll find that whiter flock on top  
Clouds in the air!

Yet much of his poetry springs from his wide knowledge and experience of life. An original defence of the solitary existence is seen in *Death's Game*, although possibly the grapes are sour.

Death can but play one game with me—  
If I do live alone;  
He cannot strike me a foul blow  
Through a beloved one.

To-day he takes my neighbour's wife,  
And leaves a little child  
To lie upon his breast and cry  
Like the Night-wind, so wild.

And every hour its voice is heard—  
Tell me where is she gone!  
Death cannot play that game with me—  
If I do live alone.

The feather-weight pocket-volumes of verse that this poet puts forth, each containing a crop of tiny poems—have an excellent virtue—they are really interesting, good companions for a day in the country. There is always sufficient momentum in page 28 to carry you on to page 29—something that cannot be said of all books.

*Professor Phelps's next paper will deal with some of the Irish poets. The succeeding essays will be exclusively devoted to contemporary Americans.*

# THE REVOLUTION ABSOLUTE

## PART I. THE METHOD OF PROPHECY

BY CHARLES FERGUSON

IT HAS been said that the test of science is prophecy. You are no astronomer unless you can forewarn us of an eclipse of the moon or a transit of Venus, and tell us precisely where to go to see it. And you are not a chemist unless you can say by anticipation just what kind of a crystallisation will take place at the jar of the beaker in your hand.

I am undertaking to foreshow things that are coming to pass in the world of men. This is a book\* of prophecy. Yet I make haste to disavow any special inspiration. I have not been with God in the Mount nor spoken familiarly with angels or oracles. Indeed it is my opinion that the best of prophets—even those whose words have become scripture—have had, each in his own degree, only the kind of qualifications that I have. They foretold what would happen to men, because they understood what was happening and what had happened.

Their understanding of events was based upon an understanding of the nature of society in its health—which is a matter concerning which most men have no conception, since none have any experience. No man has ever lived in a society that was not abnormal, in the sense that its order was self-destructive, nurturing fondly in its bosom the fanged wolf.

It is impossible to understand public events unless one is able to measure their meaning against a sound criterion of social health. It is impossible to estimate the strength or weakness of a commonwealth unless one has first achieved a

\*This is the first of a series of three articles by Mr. Ferguson, to appear in *THE BOOKMAN*, which the author will expand into a book for publication this coming April under the title *The Revolution Absolute*.—  
Editor's Note.

right conception of the way to make a commonwealth strong, to the limits of its latent strength.

This business of being a prophet begins therefore with the task of finding out what kind of a thing a human society would be if it were quite sane. I think that is the way Isaiah began and Amos and Micah and the rest. They may or may not have been wholly successful in their quest. It is sufficient to note that the value of their foreshowings was proportionate to the depth of their knowledge of the real nature of society. And this rule holds also for all the prophets who have not been canonised—for Marx and Buckle, for Metternich and Napoleon and Macaulay and the leader-writers in the New York and London newspapers.

If one knows the quality of social health one begins to understand the character and course of social diseases. And then it becomes possible to say, without doing violence to what is called the scientific spirit: Within such and such a time the fever in the nation will run to fatality, or else there will be a resurgence of the life-force and a new and recuperative era will begin. This is substantially the formula of scriptural prophecies. They do not say—as for example Marx and Haeckel do: Given the present facts, and we will tell you certainly what the future will be.

In this matter of social predictions the scriptural prophets are more scientific than most of the moderns; they have a sense of the truth that the fatality of passing events is balanced—and may at any moment be over-balanced—by a spiritual fatality, a gravitation toward health. That is why the old prophets stated their predictions in alternative terms—as a good physician does. The

doctor says: The patient will die at such a stage of the distemper, unless the *vis medicatrix* shall intervene before that stage is reached. Even so the old prophets were content to say: You shall arrive at perdition at a specified juncture—unless you repent.

It is however to be observed that a competent prophet, like a good physician, is sometimes made aware of the invincibility of health, even in the face of frightful disease. He can say with certitude: There is great strength here in reserve, the fever will only burn up morbid tissue, the recuperation may be slow and painful, but a new and abundant life is assured. That is the kind of prophecy to which, in all severity of study and understanding, I am able to invite your attention—in face of the fever of nations. I am going to give you reasons for assurance that a new civilisation, far happier than we have known or imagined, is in process of being born.

I begin by telling you how I know. I will explain to you in advance the method of this prophecy. This is a chapter on what the philosophers would call epistemology—the science of how one comes to know things.

Francis Bacon published in 1620 his *Novum Organum* to explain how one may best acquire a knowledge of the natural sequence of physical phenomena. The world has made no mistake in accepting his demonstration. Prodigies of intellectual and practical achievement have been accomplished by the method that Bacon defined. He is the father of modern physical science and of the vast modern development of technology. In him the spirit of the Italian Renaissance acclimated itself in Elizabethan England, and in due time sent forth to America and the four quarters of the world the gospel of earth-subduing realism that is the canon and inspiration of great business. It was through the incomparable work of Francis Bacon that the history of the universal mind turned, as a door turns upon its hinges. True it is that

the balance of political and academic power still remains with those who have not been penetrated by the Baconian spirit; but that is only to say that the door which Francis Bacon opened upon a new kingdom of the mind has not yet been definitively closed upon the old order.

We must understand that up to the middle of the fifteenth century there had nowhere been any large-scale social effort to direct the higher powers of the mind toward the business of making people at home in the material world. And the movement in Southern Europe that is called the Renaissance would have spent itself in vain, and could not have diverted men's minds from the ancient Mediterranean abstractions and the cult of sacerdotal resignation, could not have committed the Western races to a career of buoyant action and achievement, if it had not found a secure footing in the mind of a first-rate prophet in Elizabethan England.

Bacon elaborated the intellectual technique whereby the modern world has acquired its earth-grip. He invented the mental machinery that has made possible the co-operation of myriads of minds in the working of the physical mechanism of a machine-age. Our modern working organisation with its instantaneous communications, its high technology, its corporate structure, its world-changing mastery of tools, comes straight from the *Novum Organum*.

I am going to show that it is precisely this modern working organisation, with its incalculable implications of misunderstood or unacknowledged political power, that has precipitated the world-crisis of our times. Thus it may be said, in a sense, that Francis Bacon made the Great War. Yet I insist that he should be exonerated from all blame. For the deeper truth is that the war is due to our own blamable failure to fulfil the work that Bacon began. The great conflict is at bottom a collision between the forces that Bacon set in motion, and certain other ancient and belated powers of

the mind that have stubbornly refused to be touched by the modern spirit, and that now are giving disastrous battle at their last stand.

The edge of the conflict is an inherent contradiction between a modernised working system and a political and social structure that is not modern. It ought to be admitted that *The Advancement of Learning* and *The Novum Organum* do not reveal any clear prevision on the part of their author of the danger of such a contradiction. He attended to the work he had in hand, and began at the right beginning of it. He laid his emphasis upon the need of "restoring or cultivating a just and legitimate familiarity between the mind and things." He spoke with a strange voice of order and sense, to a world that was inveterate in intellectual confusion. He was lonely, and his task was heavy upon him. One may find in his own words some measure of the gravity and difficulty of the undertaking—such words as these:

Francis of Verulam thought thus, and such is the method that he determined within himself, and which he thought it concerned the living and posterity to know. . . . Whilst men agree to admire and magnify the false powers of the mind and neglect or destroy those that might be rendered true, there is no other course left but with better assistance to begin the work anew, and raise or rebuild the sciences, arts and all human knowledge from a firm and solid basis. This may at first seem an infinite scheme unequal to human abilities, yet it will be found more sound and judicious than the course hitherto pursued, as tending to some issue; whereas all hitherto done with regard to the sciences is vertiginous or in the way of perpetual rotation. . . . Nor is he ignorant that he stands alone in an experiment almost too bold and astonishing to obtain credit, yet he thought it not right to desert either the cause or himself, but to enter boldly on the way and explore the only path that is pervious to the human mind. . . . Uncertain however whether these reflections would occur

to another, and observing that he had never met any person disposed to apply his mind to similar thoughts, he determined to publish whatsoever he found time to perfect. Nor is this the haste of ambition; but anxiety, that if he should die there might remain behind him some outline and determination of the matter his mind had embraced, as well as some mark of his sincere and earnest affection to promote the happiness of mankind.

These are words of high emotion. Who can read them unmoved? Who shall reproach Francis Bacon for neglecting—say rather refraining with nicest calculation of costs and consequences—to point out the inevitable antagonism between inductive science and the Aristotelian abstractions that ruled the politics of his day and of ours? For my own part I am content with him and am deeply impressed with the dignity and validity of his warfare. The social problem was not his problem, and he did well to let it alone.

His intellectual valour and his discretion are alike remarkable. He took the social order as he found it and saluted king, lords, commons and the academic and ecclesiastical establishments with a deference that may seem obsequious, but was strategic. He quotes with significant relish the saying of the sage who would not dispute his best with the Emperor Adrian, because "It is reasonable to yield to a man who commands thirty legions."

It is related that Diogenes, when challenged to explain why it was that philosophers followed the rich while the rich did not follow philosophers, said it was because the philosophers knew what they needed and the rich did not. This acid answer was Baconian. Whatever one may think of Bacon's political morals there is no lack of the completest proof that he himself thought ill of them, and of the legal and social circumstances to which he had adapted them. When he was deposed from the High Chancellorship by the House of Lords for taking customary gifts from litigants, he re-

marked concerning the judgment: "I was the justest judge that was in England these fifty years; but that was the justest censure that was in Parliament these two hundred years."

Three centuries ago this wise, bright Francis Lord Verulam "rang the bell," as he said, "to call the wits together." They came; and during these long cycles it has happened that they have done their work of freeing the world from the sway of loose words and vain abstractions—mainly in the realms of chemistry, physics and kindred studies. In these realms they have given us the kind of knowledge that can be turned into life-sustaining power. But "the wits" have mostly stood, as Bacon stood, with their backs to the fictions and futilities of law and politics. They have let those sleeping dogs lie—or have left it to men of lesser faculty to disturb them.

Hence it has come to pass that modern science and practical art are unsocial—in the sense that industry and great business have broken loose from social conscience. On the other hand it should be set down in strictness of speech that there is as yet no such thing as social science—no ordered knowledge of the real nature of society or understanding of the reasons why nations rise and fall.

In law, politics and diplomacy we are fog-bound and rudderless on the bosom of a tumultuous sea—because in social affairs we are blinded by the brilliance of ancient words. In our manner of using such words as property, sovereignty, authority, liberty, they are devoid of realistic and definite signification.

Thus the spirit of science has conquered the integument and extremities of life, but not the blood currents or the pulsing heart of it. We understand astronomy, geography, the chemical elements, plants and the lower animals, but we do not understand human nature in its massive action. Some say that it is good, some that it is bad, and some that it changes quickly from good to bad or *vice versa*; but no living man can define with authority this goodness or badness,

or offer a convincing exhibit of the causes that work the changes. We can make machines to weave tissues or cut isthmuses, machines to conquer great distance and obstruction; but we have no agreed and workable comprehension of the social mechanism, or of the dynamics of high-powered society. We can compass Orion and the nebulae and chart the ways of protoplasm and bacteria, but neither Washington nor Wall Street has any sure and foreseeing knowledge about the psychology of money, or credit, or commercial panic, or war.

Now I protest it is not necessary or inevitable that the modern spirit, the passion for science and reality, should content itself with the mastery of the periphery of life, and submit to be endlessly excluded from the emotional centre of it. There is really no reason to suppose that knowledge can penetrate the things that matter least, but not those that matter most. The intrinsic laws of society are not unknowable. What is necessary is to ring the bell again and call the wits together. And that is what I propose to do.

It is necessary to finish the work that Francis Bacon with such bravery—and withal such careful reserves of prudence—has successfully begun. The scientific spirit must penetrate to the heart of the social problem.

Up to this moment social reformers have in general either used the methods of an antique philosophism or else have misapplied the Baconian method. We have had nothing but a pull and haul between utopians and statisticians. The utopians from Rousseau and Mazzini to Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hillquit have tried to finish off a perfect state dedicated to social justice. The statisticians on the other hand—such as the English Fabians, including Bernard Shaw, and Americans of the type of Professor Ely and Mr. Gompers—have assumed that natural evolution will succour us, if duly assisted by figures, and by intestine fights for small but cumulative improvements. These have supposed themselves to be

acting in a modern and scientific spirit; but I venture to say that Francis Bacon would not suppose so.

It is not scientific to assume that human affairs must improve by mere lapse of time. It is no more scientific to trust to time than to trust to space. And as for the gains made by the statistical study of specific social wrongs and disabilities, they are very nearly negligible. They generally cost as much as they come to.

The true social implication of the Baconian culture is not that men should be studied as things are studied, or bred as horses are bred—but quite the opposite of that. Bacon laboured to draw society out of its inveterate pre-occupation with itself, and to direct its will and mental energy to the mastery of the sub-human world. Thus the all-inclusive social question from the Baconian point of view is this: *How can the social constitution be made to achieve the highest possible power over the forces and materials of nature?*

How is society to be cleared of its morbid moralisms, its paralysing legalities, and mobilised for the advancement of the practical arts? That is the social problem, stated in Baconian terms. The war will force the most reluctant to give respectful attention to such a statement of the problem. For war is Baconian in its argument. It finds the world full of loose words and vain abstractions, but in the deepening intensity of its agony there is no room for rhetoricians.

If men are slow to perceive that the Baconian statement of the social problem is the true statement, it will be discovered to the surprise of many preachers that the reluctance proceeds primarily not from selfish attachment to gainful interests that must be sacrificed, but rather from a false culture of heart and mind that has blinded us to the truth that social virtue and social strength are the same thing, and that the social mastery of arts and arms involves all spiritual issues.

For my own part, the confidence I

have in the prophecy of a vast and recuperative social change, rests upon a Baconian habit of mind fortified by peculiar disciplines. I am not disconcerted by the doubts of others, because I know that with their outlook I should share their doubts. The resistance of traditions to the great change I foresee—traditions legal, ecclesiastical, academic, commercial, political, populistic—seems invincible to those who look out upon the world from the standpoint of one or another fixed social or professional status. They do not fully feel, as I do, the force of the cancellation that these several traditions exercise upon one another. Therefore they do not perceive that the way to the renewal is wide open.

For twenty-five years or a little more I have had no absorbing preoccupation—save for frequent intervals of idleness and waste—but the problem of social mobilisation: How to escape from the deadlock and disaster toward which the world was running. I should have preferred farming or a technical specialty or the pursuit of money to play with, rather than any intellectual or clerical profession—if I had not seen the social problem in terms of sharp antithesis challenging a definitive solution, and so luring me on to try my wits upon it in professional establishments and institutions. Always the quest was for a conception of social health and power that I could feel to be clear and scientific—a working knowledge of the kind of society that would really work.

I did not occupy myself with reforms, and no reform has ever interested me. For I have been forewarned that no change in forms can save us from failure. We require nothing less than a new and modern conception of the source and sanction of law and order; and an institution of commanding energy and authority to impose this modern definition of Right upon the severed parts and faculties of our disordered life.

It is of course impossible to believe that any institution of commanding au-

thority can be brought into existence merely because discreet men see the need of it. Their discretion should go deeper. They should understand that an organ necessary to sustain the life of a living body must in the nature of things be already in existence in some vestigial or prophetic shape. Accordingly I have spent a quarter of a century in making intimate acquaintance with the organs and functions that belong to what may be called the physiology of modern society. I have submitted to every professional discipline that seemed likely to help toward the discovery of the true emotional centre or vital plexus of modern communities—and to many other

disciplines that are not called professional. I have absorbed myself by turns in the practice and routine of the law, the church, journalism, official life, finance, commerce, engineering, agriculture—caring for each as if it were all, and turning away from each not in distaste or flagrant disability—but because I was pressed on to finish the search I had undertaken.

And now I am through; I have found what I was looking for—as anybody else might have done, with like persistence.

In attempting to exhibit to others what I have discovered I am assisted by the moving argument of events, written in the head-lines of all the newspapers.

*Part II in the group of three articles by Mr. Ferguson will appear next month under the title "The Epiphany of Power."*

## JERUSALEM RETAKEN

BY NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR

ABOVE the pounding of the winter sea,  
 From far off on the bloody Continent,  
 Where men are crazed by war's wild agony,  
 I heard, as though a mighty instrument  
 Sighed with the winds' rebellious discontent,  
 The voices of the knights of four crusades,  
 Murmurous men's voices, in one shouting blent  
 With clank of armour and the clash of blades,  
 As though ten thousand spirits from the shades  
 Again were quickened, and were heartening them  
 Who, putting by a hundred peaceful trades,  
 In the world's adventure took Jerusalem.  
 "Brothers in arms, what boots it now our loss,  
 When from her towers floats the Christian cross?"

## A CHANGE OF MIND

IN CONSIDERING the foreign policies of our nation and of other nations when at war, it is quite natural that we should think in terms of a bargain, each nation striving to get what it can and to relinquish only what it must in the way of territory and indemnity. The whole of modern history has proceeded along these lines, every disturbance among nations being settled by a conference about a mahogany table to match wits in the old diplomatic game of bartering in the souls and property of men. It is so natural for us to expect this kind of an ending to the present war that some of our most brilliant writers, with very specious reasoning, deplore the utterances of British and American labour, of President Wilson and Lloyd George, on "war aims." If we win, say these writers, we will make Germany pay even unto the third and fourth generation; if the war is a draw we will have to accept drastic modifications in our demands; if we lose, it is we who will have to settle with our conquerors. To these thinkers there is only one possible set of war aims: what the victorious side can safely acquire of lands and monetary reparation. To them there is nothing else that counts, and, as we have said, this is a very natural and understandable view when it is remembered that the whole of modern history points to such a settlement as the logical conclusion of this war.

But the world moves on and the precedents of history become the stepping-stones, not the guide-posts, of progress. To-day a great new force has come into the world with an arbitrary note in its voice—the force of the world's plain people, the voice of labour demanding a universal democracy. It is insistent, it will not be denied, and, as President Wilson has very justly observed, "the atmosphere of this world of the plain people is that which every government must breathe that wishes to live

henceforth." As a result of this voice, this demand, President Wilson, Mr. Lloyd George, British labour and American labour have all drawn up statements of war aims, the President's the most far-reaching and at the same time the most specific, all of which are based on the universal application of the common law of humanity—"the principle of justice to all peoples and nationalities, and their right to live on equal terms of liberty and safety with one another, whether they be strong or weak." This means that this present war will not be settled in the old diplomatic, bargain-counter fashion—that the arbitrary disposition of the lives of millions in the interests of governments or of governing or other privileged classes is a thing of the past. We are done with secret diplomacy, done with class privilege and the exploitation of the weak. These statements of war aims mean that at the peace conference there will be no room for debating the terms on which peace will be made, but that the conference will occupy itself with the practical methods through which these terms will be applied,—and we shall fight on to victory until we are in a position to apply them.

• • •  
This change in the relationship of nations from a mutually jealous hostility, thinly veiled in times of peace and openly violent in times of war, as it has been in the past, to an unselfish demand for universal humanity and liberty requires a definite alteration in our methods of thinking, a specific readjustment in certain of our preconceptions. In thinking of national interests in the past our conceptions have been divided *vertically* according to group or national boundaries: thus the interests and welfare of America, it has been said, are dependent upon the development of the tin-plate industry, so it is necessary to establish a high protective tariff to shut



out foreign competition; and if this protection has an unfavourable effect upon foreign industries, let them look to it, it is no concern of ours. So the welfare of each nation was thought to lie within its own borders, and where national interests came into open conflict, the only way to avoid war was conceived to be in a mutual compromise or sacrifice. From this system of ideas our minds must take the definite step to conceptions of national interests that leave out the vertical lines which have cut off our vision at our own geographical boundaries; we must broaden our outlook so as to envisage the whole world in our faith in democracy; we must think in terms of humanity instead of in terms of nations; we must realise that a disaster to one country, economic or elemental, is a disaster to all; we must not build up tariff walls that are detrimental alike to foreign industry and to our own consumers, and really serve only to benefit the privileged capitalists interested; we must in short look forward to a world so universally organised in the pursuit of bettering mankind's living conditions that peace will be its normal, lasting state. As we alter our minds to achieve this view of the coming world order, so shall we grasp the tremendous significance of President Wilson's recent address to Congress and the momentous character of the times in which we live.

• • •

For President Wilson's "war aims" embody the latest clause in the charter of human liberty that, for the Anglo-Saxon race, took its inception in the Magna Charta in 1215. The sanctions of that great instrument have become the cultural usage of the English-speaking peoples: exemption from arbitrary arrest, trial by a jury of one's peers, justice to be neither sold, denied nor delayed, the protection of life, liberty and property from unlawful deprivation. Do these terms not sound like our war aims today? These principles for more than seven centuries have determined the social relations of individuals in English-

speaking countries, but before to-day it has never been thought possible to apply them to the intercourse of nations—even the Monroe Doctrine, applying the ideals of democracy to the Western Hemisphere, was by necessity a warning and a threat to the nations of the Old World. It is hard to get over the belief that a country's progress and welfare depend upon the amount of territory it can acquire and hold and upon the degree of superiority, military and industrial, that it can achieve over its neighbours; and the preconceptions of national "unmorality" and "balance of power," assiduously fostered, as they were in Europe by the privileged classes, have also militated against the adoption of a basis of justice in international relationships. So it has been reserved for the democracy of the West, with its fresher, freer outlook, to cut through these psychological difficulties and to expand the principles of justice from individual into national terms; to apply the sanctions of freedom in vogue within its own borders universally to humankind; to recognise the certainty that to-day the human race is a unit, that peoples stand or fall together. This is what President Wilson has done in his messages—he has challenged the world with a sublime faith in the ideal of democracy—and that is why to-day the President of the United States is the acknowledged moral leader of the civilised world.

• • •

We in America, the pioneer nation, have fought and are still fighting the primeval battle against the rigours of Nature, a battle that in the older societies of Europe had settled down into more stable lines of effort. With us the cruelty of the wilderness is more obvious, the struggle more determined, both the dangers and the rewards greater. And so we are learning in a hard school that the real enemy of man is not his fellow-man but the hostility of the natural world in which he finds himself. We know that war is a futility and a crime against the progress and happiness of the

race, we believe that in a co-operation and mutual serviceability of all men on the face of the earth can we alone hope to achieve a universal happiness based on a consistent process of development—we aim therefore in the present war to eradicate predatory privilege, military and economic, and to unite men everywhere in the common pursuit of the art of well-living. It is a great task to which we have set our hands. The vast problems in the crusade against Prussian invasion call for the finest talent in organisation and military and industrial technology that the country can produce, the exigencies of our position demand an

energy and a unity of effort hitherto unapprehended. President Wilson has mobilised the sentiment of the country into a singleness of purpose and strength of determination that a call to our idealism alone could achieve, and America stands solidly behind the man who has the vision, the knowledge and the courage to express its best hopes, its hitherto vague purposes. It remains to work—we still await the leaders pre-eminently fitted by training, experience and businesslike habits of mind to direct and co-ordinate effort, to mobilise the country's resources, to "produce the goods."

G. G. W.

## CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

PROFESSOR STUART P. SHERMAN is an idealist with iconoclastic tendencies toward the Younger Generation. That is why he has dedicated his new book, *On Contemporary Literature*, to Paul Elmore More. This collection of essays does not attempt any specific evaluation of the work of the writers discussed, for, according to Professor Sherman, truth is a personal and private matter, not to be measured by any common standard; and so it is only the saliences or exaggerations of thought or vision in the writings of his contemporaries that have afforded this critic a means of approach for his oft-times trenchant pen. The "Barbaric Naturalism of Dreiser," for instance, is a by no means inept characterisation of an outstanding quality in this popular literary hero's artistry. It has always repelled us, and now, fortified by Professor Sherman's well-reasoned opinion, we venture to avow our aversion. Dreiser would make us all mere organs of instinct. It is the jungle-motive alone that actuates his characters; and "its unvarying victoriousness depends for its

plausibility," says Professor Sherman, "directly upon the suppression of the evidence of other motives."

• • •

This is true talk. Dreiser represents in literature the nadir of the movement to biologise human society—a movement that was the outcome of the discovery that man's physical endowment is the product of natural law. The biologisers have run amuck in attempting to carry over into human institutions and social conventions the "survival of the fittest" theory; just as Germany is running amuck now in its ruthless application of this one-sided conception to the relations of nations. We rebel; man has an instinctive insubordination, a divine quality if you will, that refuses to lie down and let the universe walk over him. The war is making us more and more conscious of this aspect of our nature. Dreiser's philosophy is as antiquated to-day as if he had lived before Darwin, however much we may respect his artistic power.

It is all very well to take a fall out of H. G. Wells's *Invisible King*. William Archer has done it at some length in a book about which Professor Phelps has something to say elsewhere in this issue; Professor Sherman does it in his chapter on the "Utopian Naturalism of Wells," and even these columns have yielded to the lure of such easy prey—it is the fashion. We will not discuss Professor Sherman's comments on this unfortunate divinity—Mr. Wells made him and therefore let him pass for a god. It is where Arnold and Wells are compared that Professor Sherman reveals a bent that shows the bias of his doctrine. We venture to note this bias, even though Professor Sherman assures us that "truth is a personal and private matter"—so that critics, as critics, should not have doctrines, it would seem. Professor Sherman is, with Arnold, a "humanist"; he believes in the cultivation of the inner life of man, in the elaboration of mental and spiritual values and of moral standards quite independently of the external world—indeed, he maintains that there is an eternal conflict between the "law for things" and the "law for man." He would build up a world of principles whose criterion of validity would be merely their consistency with each other and their "harmony with the constitution and aim of the human organisation"—whatever that may be. There are two drawbacks to this theory: first, it provides no way for getting people to think and feel in a common language of hope or purpose, and therefore would lead to the confusion that attended the erection of that ancient tower of Babel; and second, that it furnishes no basis of common action for the maintenance of physical life or the raising of the standard of living. Without a modicum of common preconceptions and habituations it would be difficult to maintain a sufficiently cohesive organisation to overcome the difficulties of existence on a livable scale; the dispersive character of a society function-

ing upon such a philosophy should be obvious.

• • •

Professor Sherman's philosophy is a very natural reaction to the exaggerated and distorted emphasis given of recent years to the cult of naturalism, and he properly excoriates this aspect of modern thought as it makes its appearance in the work of contemporary writers. Naturalism needs a vigorous denunciator and Professor Sherman is in some respects the man to do the work. On the other hand the way out is not to go back to the futile idealism that characterised the speculations of the era just preceding the modern industrial age. The discipline of the modern technology has irresistibly inculcated a matter-of-fact philosophy, a scientific spirit of inductive research. There has been a tumbling down of totem poles, which all of Professor Sherman's horses and men will be unable to put up again. Naturalism is simply a by-product of this iconoclasm—an unfortunate and mistaken product, which should not be confused with the great modern effort to master the difficulties of existence in a spirit of objective investigation, and to subdue our environment to the practical purposes of incarnate souls. And so the solution of the paradoxes of our life to-day is not a return to the vague principles and standardless moralities of the era of speculation, but rather a complete orientation to the business of making ourselves at home in the material world—with the understanding that the bread and wine problem involves all the spiritual issues. This is not a subservience to nature, not a biologising of human society; it means instead giving play to the *élan vital* in the greatest of all pursuits: the domination of the laws of nature and the harnessing of them for the benefit of man. Arnold's humanism, to which it would appear that Professor Sherman subscribes, is a false humanism in that it seeks an escape from the duress of life in futile speculations upon detached mo-

ralities, principles and human "rights." Wells, on the other hand, appeals to the Younger Generation (to use Professor Sherman's suggestive capitals) by a fearless facing of the problems of life in the spirit of inductive, impersonal research—the modern spirit, engendered, if you will, by the discipline of modern technology. We wonder what a comparative census of the admirers and readers of Arnold and of Wells might reveal.

• • •

The true humanism, in distinction from that of the idea-mongers, is that which occupies itself in

**And Wise** striving to make man  
**Virgins** at home in his world.

It does not flee from life in an idle and ideal pursuit of Principle or Beauty, nor does it apply to human life the biologic laws of naturalism; it seeks principle and beauty in the conditions of living and strives to subdue the laws of nature to human service; its criterion of conduct is the right of a man to live his life in an environment of health and happiness, its preconception upon which a cohesive society can progress is a community of interest in the struggle against the inclemency of nature. And in this humanism there is a common standard of truth (even though Professor Sherman may insist upon his "personal and private" conception): this truth resides in the laws, qualities, stresses, forces of the universe—it is never uncertain, never a matter of vague speculation or of the raucous disputations of the schools. The highly diversified and articulated system of art and industry to which we have attained in the struggle with these forces compels those natural, normal standards of loyalty, honesty, mutual service and supreme faith—a system of truth that is intrinsic in the universe in which we live, and that has nothing exclusive or individual about it. It is the Right of Life as against the Right of either Things or Prejudice. It is coming, this age of humanism: Russia is trembling in its birth throes, England meditates—

but she moves, France has been its apostle for a hundred years, the volcano is smouldering in Germany, America has its symptoms in strikes and in its President—but she, too, moves a halting step at a time, as in the Government's seizure of the railroads. The war is hammering the hard-crust societies of the West into pliable forms, to-morrow they will re-shape themselves into new moulds and we shall find ourselves in another kind of world—let us, therefore, be of the company of the wise virgins and see that our lamps of understanding are duly filled.



CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Christopher Morley, poet, troubadour of the Genialities of the Common-place, contributor to **A Guest-Room Shelf** **THE BOOKMAN'S Masque of Poets**, member of the editorial staff of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, gives some advice in the *New York Sun* for the selection of a guest-room shelf of books. While his choice is catholic in its appeal, it represents at the same time his own personal interests. It is interesting to compare his favourites



WHILE THE OUTSIDE WORLD WAS SPECULATING UPON THE FATE OF JOSEPH CONRAD, IN THOSE FIRST DAYS OF THE WAR, HE WAS IN POLAND, CUT OFF FROM ANY COMMUNICATION WITHOUT. IT WAS AT THIS TIME, IN OCTOBER, 1914, THAT THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN OF THE GREAT POLISH-ENGLISH AUTHOR

with those that each one of us would select for a similar purpose—have BOOKMAN readers any better list to suggest? This is Mr. Morley's letter:

You were choosing, let us suppose, some books to put on a guest-room shelf, for the entertainment of visitors to your house. Let us assume that many of your guests are of the male sex and have the habit of reading in bed. You keep a reading lamp by the bed, of course, and a bookshelf. What thirty

volumes would you choose to fill that shelf? May I tell you my selection?

*Treasure Island* and *St. Ives*, by Stevenson. *Rudder Grange* and *The Late Mrs. Null*, by Stockton. *The New Arabian Nights* and *The Dynamiter*, by Stevenson. *A Study in Scarlet*, by Conan Doyle. *Margaret Ogilvy* and *My Lady Nicotine*, by Barrie. *The Moonstone* and *The Lady in White*, by Wilkie Collins. (Did you see Brander Matthews remarking in the *Times* the other day that "the breath of life has

long ago departed from all the stories of Wilkie Collins"? Pooh, what rot!) *The Adventures of Captain Kettle*, by Cutcliffe Hync. *Tales of Mean Streets*, by Arthur Morrison. *Casuals of the Sea* and *Aliens*, by William McFee. *Trivia*, by Pearsall Smith. *The Pastor's Wife*, by Arnim. *Strictly Business*, by O. Henry. *Typhoon* and *Youth*, by Joseph Conrad. *Captains Courageous* and *The Jungle Book*, by Kipling. *A Duet*, by Conan Doyle. *The Notebooks of Samuel Butler*. *The Letters of Mark Twain*. *The History of Tom Jones*, by Fielding. *Moonbeams From the Larger Lunacy*, by Leacock. *The Path to Rome*, by Hilaire Belloc. *The Adventures of a Younger Son*, by Trelawny. *The Bible*.

I find that for such strollers, wastrels and errant persons as frequent my house, this is a fairly well-selected guest-room library. I wonder if your readers will concur.

• • •

It is possible that in his next novel Joseph Conrad will relate his experiences in those months

**Conrad in Poland** immediately following the outbreak of the war when he was isolated from the rest of the world in Poland. From little snatches of gossip and intimations which are picked up here and there it becomes more and more certain that Mr. Conrad's experiences in getting out of Poland were of the sort to make interesting reading. One phase of these experiences was described the other day to a friend by former Ambassador Penfield, who until recently represented the interests of the United States at the Austrian court. It will be remembered that Mr. Conrad and his family had gone to Poland shortly before the outbreak of the war to visit the scenes of his youth and spend a few weeks in leisurely travel in his native country. Then when the deluge broke and Mr. Conrad's friends found it impossible to communicate with him they began to feel anxiety. All the efforts of his bankers and his publishers to get into touch with him and to get to him with funds failed. In the effort



CAPTAIN JAMES L. HOUGHTELING, JR., AUTHOR OF "A DIARY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION," A DAILY ACCOUNT OF THE UPRISING OF MARCH, 1917. CAPTAIN HOUGHTELING WILL SOON GO TO FRANCE, WHERE HE PLANS, ALSO, TO KEEP A DIARY

both Ambassador Page at London and Ambassador Penfield at Vienna were called upon, and finally the latter succeeded in reaching Mr. Conrad by a special messenger sent into Poland with money and papers which would insure his safe return at least to Vienna.

• • •

Thus one day, weeks later, was ushered into Ambassador Penfield's office the great Polish-  
**Interned in Vienna** English novelist. It so happens that Mr. Penfield had been for many years one of the legion of Conrad's admirers, and therefore his interest in being of service to the novelist was just that much greater, and a warm friendship sprang up between the two immediately. Unfortunately, however, for

Mr. Conrad's sake, when the Ambassador asked for passports for the novelist and his family, the Austrian Government delayed giving a definite answer on the basis that Mr. Conrad was a subject of Great Britain. So the Conrad family, practically cut off from the rest of the world, was to all intents and purposes interned in Vienna. Every possible method of securing permission to leave the country was tried, when, finally, Mr. Conrad made friends with the chief police authority of the city, subscribing to his favourite charities and otherwise making himself pleasant. Mr. Penfield's advice had been from the very beginning of the negotiations, "When you get the word to go, start without consulting anyone else, no matter from what official the permission comes."

• • •

The result, presumably, at least, was a pass from the friendly official, for the Conrads disappeared

**Teuton** from Vienna, and it  
**Efficiency** was many days before two letters were placed upon Mr. Penfield's desk, one of them upon the right-hand side and one upon the left-hand side. Seeing Conrad's well-known handwriting, the Ambassador opened the personal letter first. It read: "We are in sight of the chalk cliffs of England and within twenty minutes will be upon English soil." The letter concluded with warm thanks to Mr. Penfield for his efforts. Turning to the right-hand side of his desk he picked up the second letter, which was an official document from the Austrian Foreign Office, and which said that under no circumstances would Mr. Conrad or his family be allowed to leave the country during the war!

• • •

The first story to come out of our new army camps is *Conscript 2989—His Diary*, which claims in its subtitle to be "Conscript 2989" "the observations of a drafted man who did not want to go until he got there"—from which we infer that army life did

not prove so much of a misfortune to him after all. This particular conscript was an artist with an excellent education and accustomed to the refinements of good living, and very naturally he regarded his new prospects with some re-



"CONSCRIPT 2989"

luctance. He had the same hopes and misgivings as thousands of other young men similarly placed, and when he went to his cantonment to begin training it was like entering another existence to which he was totally unaccustomed. His experiences, which he has well described, are those that are coming to young men in cantonments all over the country, and it is interesting and valuable that these events are beginning to find their reflection in descriptive literature. *Conscript 2989* is well worth reading.

• • •

Asked to give an account of himself, Arthur Guy Empey, author of *Over the Top*, of which nearly a quarter of a million copies have been printed, replied:

"Pretty hard thing you ask of me,

that writing a sketch of my life, sort of a delicate matter in my opinion.

"Well, here goes:

"I was born in the eighties, closer to the bottom than the top. When I first opened my eyes, I breathed the air of the Rockies.

"It is with pride that I state that I am a pure, unadulterated American. My roving started at the early age of four. This was in Cheyenne, Wyoming. I took it into my head to explore the sand hills, and after a frantic twelve-hour search by my parents, was brought back to the fold.

"From Cheyenne my family went to Virginia; from Virginia to Canada, thence to New York.

"In New York I went through public school, then to high school. The most worthy thing I did in high school was to make left half-back on the football team. While in high school I took a notion to go to sea.

"I ran away and shipped as second cook on the tramp steamer *Cuzco*, a lime-

juicer. She was bound for South America. At St. Lucia, British West Indies, I stowed away a little West Indian and called him 'Monday' (the day he came aboard).

"The cruise lasted six months and twenty days. During that time we put in at twenty-six different ports and I peeled eleven million barrels of 'spuds.'

"The skipper was a 'limejuicer,' the first mate a 'Blue Noser,' the chief engineer a Scotchman, while the crew was composed of Spaniards, Germans, Finns, Swedes, and Russians. The Bos'n was Irish and the cook a Welshman. A nice polite bunch too. Believe me, I had my troubles.

"I landed in New York with a monkey, a parrot, and about eight dollars in silver.

"After resting for two weeks, I joined the 47th Regiment of Brooklyn and became Sergeant. From the 47th I went into the Navy and was lucky enough to be on the 'rookie battleship' *Missouri*,



MR. AND MRS. POST WHEELER IN THE GARDEN OF THEIR JAPANESE VILLA IN TOKYO. MRS. WHEELER IS BETTER KNOWN AS HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES, WHOSE LAST BOOK, "THE LONG LANE'S TURNING," WAS ISSUED LAST FALL. MR. AND MRS. WHEELER HAVE JUST RETURNED TO THIS COUNTRY FOR A BRIEF STAY



or 'Misery' as we called her, when she rammed the *Illinois* and nearly foundered her in Guatanamo Bay, Cuba. Then she went on the target range off Pensacola in the Gulf of Mexico, and had an explosion in her after-turret, which killed thirty-four men. I barely escaped with my life.

"From the Navy I enlisted in the 12th U. S. Cavalry and was promoted to the rank of Sergeant-Major. We gave exhibitions of rough riding at the Jamestown Exposition. After the 12th Cavalry, I joined the 11th U. S. Cavalry and did duty with them on the Mexican border during the trouble in 1911. Was discharged in San Antonio, Texas. Returning to New York, I started in business for myself. During my stay in New York I served three years as Sergeant of Mounted Scouts in the 4th Regiment of New Jersey. Upon expiration of my term of service, I joined the Mounted Scouts of the 71st Regiment, N. G. N. Y. In 1915 I thought I would take a peep at France, so I shipped on the horse ship *La Gascogne* as assistant veterinarian, and after ducking the submarines we landed thirteen hundred horses for the

French Artillery at Bordeaux, France. Returned on the *Rochambeau* to New York.

"One day while walking down Broadway I heard a German pass the remark about the Americans being too proud to fight, so I went to London and joined the British army, where I served as bomber and machine gunner until I was discharged on account of wounds received in the Battle of the Somme or 'Big Push.' These wounds were caused by the unauthorised entrance of three bullets into or through my anatomy,—one in left side of face, two through left shoulder. Then back to New York."

Since returning Sergeant Empey has been busy writing and lecturing. His latest book, *First Call*, was published in January.

• • •

The recent death of Auguste Rodin cast a shadow across the world, even in these tragic times. He was a universal figure, belonging to no age or country. In *Rodin: the Man and His Art*, compiled with an introduction by Judith Cladel, we



Photo by Lipschotz.

DAVID PINSKI, THE YIDDISH PLAYWRIGHT, WHOSE WORK IS DISCUSSED IN AN ARTICLE IN THIS ISSUE, "NEW YORK'S YIDDISH WRITERS," BY DR. ISAAC GOLDBERG

have the actual leaves from the notebooks of the master sculptor, and his meditations on his art, on modelling, on flowers, on portraiture, on nature, and on the great works of the past, are expressed in lucid language and with the simplicity and veracity of profound experience and observation. Perhaps in no better way could the average reader gain a knowledge of the heroic mould in which this giant among men was cast than through this carefully compiled collection of Rodin's views. In it we hear the master chat, now in his atelier about some piece of antique sculpture that has come into his possession, or about a work he has in hand, now while he rambles in his garden or through the museums or the old streets of Paris. And through it all runs the golden strain of personality that aids the mind to grasp the lofty nature of the greatest of modern sculptors. Last month *THE BOOKMAN* presented a short sketch of Rodin by one of his friends in the literary world, M. Jules Bois.

• • •

Louis Raemakers, the famous Dutch cartoonist, now in this country, whom the *London Times* has called "the only great genius brought out by the war," was unheard of before the war began. On August 1, 1914, he was living quietly with his family, contentedly painting the tulip-fields, waterways, cattle, and windmills of his native Holland. Four days later he drew the first cartoon, *Christendom After Twenty Centuries*, of a series that was to reveal him as a champion of civilisation and make his name a household word in every country. Raemakers personally investigated the Belgian horror, and though a hundred of his early cartoons bear witness to the burning impression made upon his mind, he has only once brought himself to speak publicly of this experience. It was at a dinner given the artist at the Savage Club, London, that, pointing to the portraits of Peary, Scott, Nansen, and Shackleton, Raemakers said: "I, too,

have been an explorer, gentlemen. I have explored a hell, and it was terror unspeakable."

• • •

Raemakers is in his forty-eighth year. He is of medium height and build, with the fair beard and hair, light blue eyes and ruddy complexion of the typical Hollander.

With his wife and three children he lives modestly in a suburb of London, think-



SHOLOM ASCH, THE "MOST VIGOROUSLY EFFECTIVE" YIDDISH WRITER, ACCORDING TO DR. GOLDBERG'S ARTICLE IN THIS ISSUE

ing always and only of the war and planning pictures to aid the Allies' cause. He is a quick worker—scarcely one of his black and white drawings takes more than a couple of hours to execute—wielding his crayon in swift, vigorous lines. He scarcely changes a line once it is down, and never uses a model. As a mere material record of industry, Raemakers is probably unique in the world's history. Since the beginning of the war



MAJOR STEWART EDWARD WHITE (LEFT) AND CAPTAIN PETER B. KYNE, FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THESE TWO CALIFORNIA AUTHORS IN MILITARY SERVICE. CAPTAIN KYNE'S LAST NOVEL WAS "WEBSTER—MAN'S MAN"; MAJOR WHITE'S NEW BOOK, "SIMBA," WILL BE PUBLISHED IN MARCH

he has drawn over six hundred cartoons. There is not a single phase of the war, military, naval, or political, that has not formed a basis for his artistic comment, and the cream of his later work has been gathered between the covers of *Kultur in Cartoons*, with explanatory text by such well-known writers as Eden Phillpotts, Sidney Lee, Edmund Gosse.

• • •

In the late summer of 1908, at the end of the parliamentary session, Mr. Lloyd George traversed Germany from west to east and from north to south. It was a very systematic motor-tour. The object of the tour was to investigate the German system of National Insurance. Harold Spender, who was a member of the Lloyd George party, has written a highly interesting account of Lloyd George's experiences in Germany in his biography, *The Prime Minister*, soon to be published in this country. He says:

Bethmann-Hollweg was at that time "Home Secretary," a vigorous, amiable Min-

ister of the official kind, sincerely keen on social reforms; a Junker of the better type. He treated Mr. Lloyd George with great courtesy. He returned from his holiday, and specially entertained him and his party in the famous restaurant at the Zoological Gardens at Berlin. He invited many eminent members of the German Civil Service to meet us. Every one was very gracious and polite—almost too polite for comfort. After dinner we went into a large reception room, and there we remained standing all the evening, talking and looking at one another. Toward the end of the evening we began to feel very fatigued. I ventured to ask one of the German officials whether it would be the correct thing to sit down. "Oh!" he said, "we have all been waiting for you to sit down! We, too, are very tired!"

In the middle of this rivalry in fatigue, they brought round great glasses of foaming beer in Prussian fashion. Mr. Lloyd George, who is almost a teetotaller, looked at the glasses with a scared expression. Then suddenly his face grew resolute. "We must show that Great Britain is not to be left behind!"

The conversation drifted to King Edward's visit to the Russian Czar at Reval. That visit had caused a great ferment in Germany, and gave suspicions of British intentions. Bethmann-Hollweg voiced those suspicions in the frankest manner. "You are trying to encircle us!" he cried to Mr. Lloyd George. "You and France and Russia are attempting to strangle us!"

Mr. Lloyd George assured him of the friendliness of Great Britain toward all the great Powers; but for the moment he refused to be appeased. He thumped the table with his hand. "The Prussian Government has only to lift a finger," he cried, "and every living Prussian will die for the Fatherland!"

Mr. Lloyd George listened to all this with his characteristic calmness and good-humour. "But what about the other Germans?" he put in at this point.

A shadow passed over the face of the Prussian Minister.

"Oh! they?" he said with a gesture. "They, too, will come along!"

• • •

Why is fiction regarded with a certain condescension? The novel is the test case for democratic literature. We cannot afford to pay its practitioners with cash merely, for cash discriminates in quantity

**Our Contemporary Deplores the Lot of Fiction**

and little more. Saul and David were judged by the numbers of their thousands slain; but the test was a crude one for them and cruder still for fiction. We cannot afford to patronise these novelists as our ancestors did before us. Not prizes of endowments or coterie worship, nor, certainly, more advertising, is what the American novelist requires, but a greater respect for his craft. The Elizabethan playwright was frequently despised of the learned world, and, if a favourite, not always respected of the vulgar. Strange that learned and vulgar alike should repeat the fallacy in dispraising the pre-eminently popular art of our own times! To Sir Francis Bacon, *Hamlet* was presumably only a play-

actor's play. If the great American story should arrive at last, would we not call it "only a novel"? The reasons for this deplorable attitude toward the novel are analysed in an article entitled *On a Certain Condescension Toward Fiction*, by Professor Henry Seidel Canby, announced for the February *Century*. The novel, according to Professor Canby, was given a bad name in its youth that has overshadowed its successful maturity.

• • •

It is just twenty years since the book *David Harum* first saw the light. In that time more than a million copies have been sold and the book has apparently won a permanent position as one of the classics of American country life and humour. Recognising this, the Syracuse Public Library, proud of its association with the birthplace of the author, has for the past year been collecting material for a "David Harum" exhibit, which is now in place. This includes the first type-written manuscript of the book, the manuscript which the publishing house of D. Appleton and Company used as "copy," portraits of Edward Noyes Westcott, a piece of manuscript music written with his own hand, copies of the different editions of the book, portraits of William H. Crane in the stage version of the story, both on the regular stage and in the movies, and scrap-books kept by Mrs. William H. Crane, Mr. Forbes Heermans, and Mrs. Victor Morawetz, the daughter of the author.

• • •

A new edition calls to mind a very wonderful book that should not be forgotten by admirers of the best in fiction and of what is at the same time unusual, unconventional. *The Wonderful Adventures of Phra the Phœnician*, by Edwin Lester Arnold, is unique in its conception, and in those illusive qualities of "atmosphere" and attitude toward life it is fascinating and compelling; above all it

**A Great Story**

the best in fiction and of what is at the same time unusual, unconventional.

is a brilliant story, full of stirring incident and adventure, holding the reader spellbound to its fated conclusion. Our acquaintance with this book dates back many years and many times has it been read, each time with an added pleasure and heightened impression—we have long wanted an excuse to talk about it, and the enterprise of the Putnams in publishing a new edition affords us the opportunity at last. Phra began life as a Phœnician trader in the days when Rome was a thriving predatory village on the banks of the Tiber. On a venture to Britain, trading and raiding as opportunity afforded, he fell in with Boadicea, a queen of the natives, and deserted his comrades to lead a wild life with his savage beauty. Killed finally by the Druid priests, or nearly killed, he slept for many years—to wake in Roman Britain with all its splendour of Roman life and pomp of soldiery. Adventure, while the brilliant luxury of the Empire foretells destruction—and again Boadicea, for her life is forever woven with his throughout all his experiences and the many existences that follow through the course of Britain's history.

• • •

It was a vast span of years, a cosmic vista that tortured the hero and his devoted mate—for she was never recognised until too late—and made of him a strange, weird figure, like the Ancient Mariner, pursuing his unknown pilgrimage down the centuries. From the comradeship of Roman centurions he woke again to fight by the side of Harold; he swore hatred of foreign tyrants in the wassail bowls of serfs, and bestrode Norman chargers in tilt-yards and battle-fields; he assisted in the momentous birth of a steam monster, the forerunner of the steam engine, he lived and fought desperately and loved desperately with the pent-up energy of generations, until in the days of good Queen Bess his real love triumphed and Boadicea called him for the last time to his well-earned rest.

The author's father, Sir Edwin Arnold, wrote truly in his Introduction:

While renewing in each existence the characteristic passions and sentiments which constitute Phra's individuality and preserve the unity of the narrative, the author seems to me to have adapted him to varying times and places with a *vraisemblance* and absence of effort which are extremely effective.

• • •

Michael Monahan journeyed down to town from the literary precincts of New Canaan, Connecticut, one day last month to sign his name five hundred times. The occasion was the matter of his autographing the limited edition of his new book, *New Adventures*, which is reviewed elsewhere in this issue. These large octavo volumes printed on Alexandra deckle edge paper, bound in boards, quarter vellum, gilt top, only awaited the author's signature to go forth into the hands of the chosen of chosen people—Michael Monahan "fans." Two very strong small boys carried a couple of hundred of these tomes into a quiet room at the author's publishers, and Mr. Monahan took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, dipped first his pen and then his elbow into a pot of ink, and began. He was observed about the premises for several days. The celebrated twinkle, it is reported, waned in Mr. Monahan's eye with the passing of time, and there are those who declare that Mr. Monahan's active and sustained exercise in autographing reduced his weight appreciably.

• • •

It appears at last that the mystery of that all-discerning eye with which we accredited Mr. Franklin P. Adams is solved. In his *Conning Tower* in the *New York Tribune*, Mr. Adams, better known as "F. P. A.," regularly pointed out certain typographical errors in *THE BOOKMAN* as it made its appearance each month. We always felt with Mr. Adams that doing

so was a great service in helping to make THE BOOKMAN better in that most important respect of typography. The "proof-room eluders" were noted each month, and the series of errors listed, and we believe that THE BOOKMAN has profited by this faithful criticism. It appears now that our thanks must be divided between Mr. Adams and Miss Carolyn Wells. But we trust that neither of them will feel that our gratitude is in any way lessened by this division, but rather are we doubly under obligation. For it was Miss Wells who discovered the errors, and "F. P. A." who kindly allowed the space in his *Conning Tower* for their publication. The following letter from Miss Wells speaks for itself:

Editor of THE BOOKMAN:

Since both you and your contributors are lamenting the absence of "F. P. A." as a guide, philosopher and friend in the matter of your proof-reading, I feel the time has come to confess that it was I and not "F. P. A." who blithely noted your little peccadilloes. He kindly printed my lists in his column, but if there is any blame, it belongs on my shoulders; and if it be praise, I know "F. P. A." would wish me accredited. You see I am sensitive to typographical errors, and especially in THE BOOKMAN. I hated to see the little pitted specks in garnered fruit. Oh, well, I should not have mentioned this at all but for your pleasant acknowledgment of the assistance in maintaining your *morale*. In the name of "F. P. A." I salute you.

CAROLYN WELLS.

## TO MYSELF

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

GIRL, I am tired of blowing hot and cold;  
 Of being that with that, and this with this;  
 A loosened leaf no bough would ever miss,  
 At the wind's whim betwixt the sky and mould.  
 Of wearing masks. Oh, I would rend them all,  
 Into the dust that by my door is blown;  
 Of my old secret bare me to the bone,  
 Myself at last, none other. I would call;—  
 "I had a lover once. This is the face  
 He lauded April-high and April-deep,  
 As fair a flower as hers of Camelot;  
 And yet he loved it but an April's space.  
 This is myself indeed. Now hear me weep.  
 I had a lover once, but he forgot."

# ALFRED DE MUSSET IN THE THEATRE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

ALFRED DE MUSSET once wrote a little poem in which he expressed a wish that, in due time, he might be buried beneath a weeping willow tree. I have forgotten the text of this poem; but I remember that it is inscribed upon the rather ugly monument that marks his grave in Père-Lachaise. Over this unpretentious tombstone there hangs—or used to hang—a lonely branch of willow,—the languid offshoot of a sapling planted by some pious hand. I remember being struck by the incongruity between the verses, carved in rock, and the sickly little tree that drooped forlornly over them.

This impression dates from twenty years ago; for, at the age of seventeen, I renounced the youthful habit of visiting the graves of the great. (It must have been about that time that I read R. L. S. on *Old Mortality*.) But now the thought occurs to me that the sculptured verses may be taken as a symbol of the permanent fame of de Musset as a poet, and the struggling willow branch may be regarded as a symbol of his slender but still-growing reputation as a dramatist. Perhaps some later traveller can tell me if the simile may be developed even further. That nearly leafless sapling which made me smile, a score of years ago, may now—for aught I know—be grown into a healthy and promising young tree. In that event, the fanciful comparison would be perfected; for the fame of de Musset as a playwright has steadily increased in recent years.

In the history of all the arts except the drama, the posthumous achievement of a noble reputation is not at all unusual. Many painters, many sculptors, neglected in their life-time and derided by their own contemporaries, have subsequently come to be regarded as men whose only failing was that they were doomed to work on earth before their

time. So recent a painter as Jean François Millet lived in penury while he was making canvases that now are sold at auction for a hundred thousand dollars. The painter and the sculptor manufacture objects that are durable, and may appeal to the leisurely consideration of posterity. Their merit is finally evaluated by that small but perpetual minority composed of "those who know,"—a minority that may summon but a few votes in any single generation but that triumphs ultimately by an undisturbed repetition of its verdict throughout the tireless succession of the centuries.

The history of literature has been enriched by many similar instances of men who, scorned by their contemporaries, have been accepted as apostles by posterity. A notable example is afforded by the case of Keats. This man was absolutely honest; and when, upon his death-bed, he requested Joseph Severn to inscribe upon his tombstone the pathetic legend, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water," he believed exactly what he said. His poems had been appreciated only by the inner circle of his friends; even by this inner circle he had been regarded mainly as a promising disciple of Leigh Hunt; and to the general public he had merely been made known as a butt for the sarcastic and heavy-handed ridicule of Lockhart and Wilson. His short life seemed a failure, and he died a disappointed man. Yet now—one hundred years after the publication of his faulty and faltering first volume—Keats is commonly regarded as one of the very greatest of all poets in the English language and one of the very few important apostles to the modern world.

It is only in the domain of the drama that these drastic reversals of an adverse

contemporary verdict are so rare as to seem almost absolutely negligible. As a general rule [but rules, of course, are always open to exceptions] it may safely be asserted that a playwright who has failed to please his own contemporaries can scarcely hope to attract the patronage of posterity. The reason is, of course, that the drama is a democratic art. It succeeds or fails by a *plebiscite* of the immediate, untutored public, instead of by a vote delivered by the small but self-perpetuant minority composed of "those who know." A book may keep itself alive, if only a single printed copy chances to avoid the iniquity of sheer oblivion and happens, in some future century, to fall into the hands of an appreciative critic; but it is very difficult, at any time, to persuade a theatre-manager to reproduce a play that failed to interest the theatre-going public in the very year when it was first produced. The exercise of any art—as R. L. S. has told us—is nothing but the playing of a game; and the game of the dramatist is to interest the public of his time, assembled in the theatre of his time, in the predetermined antics of the actors of his time. The playwright—because of the conditions of his craft—is required to appeal to the immediate many, instead of the ultimate few; and his efforts to interest a helter-skelter audience must stand or fall by the democratic verdict of the public toward which he has directed his immediate appeal.

Such representative great dramatists as Sophocles, Shakespeare, Molière, and Ibsen, succeeded amply in attracting the applause of their immediate contemporaries and thereby laid the basis for the favour that has been bestowed upon them by succeeding generations. Their plays are still produced by commercial-minded managers, because the fact has been established that there is a public willing to patronise them. On the other hand, there is nothing—in the general domain of art—more difficult to resurrect than a play that once has died in the presence of a gathered audience.

Volumes and volumes of testimony

might easily be drawn upon to support the thesis that dramatic art cannot appeal to the verdict of posterity; but one exception to this reasonable rule of criticism is obtruded by the plays of Alfred de Musset. This author was regarded justly in his life-time as one of the supreme triumvirate that led the renaissance of French poetry in the first half of the nineteenth century; but he received no recognition whatsoever as a writer for the stage. It is only since his death that de Musset has been at all respected as a dramatist.

His career, in relation to the theatre, is so exceptional that it calls for recapitulation, at this moment when one of the least known of his pieces is being successfully presented in New York, at Le Théâtre du Vieux Colombier. Alfred de Musset was born in Paris in 1810. His first play, *La Nuit Vénitienne*, was offered at the Odéon in 1830, the very year of Victor Hugo's epoch-making *Hernani*. It will be noted that de Musset was, at that time, less than twenty-one years old. This fledgeling effort was a failure; and the author, disgusted with the theatre, refused thereafter to write pieces for the stage. This petulant renunciation reminds us now of Dante's famous phrase, "the great refusal;" for there is no longer any doubt that de Musset, if he had chosen to take the theatre seriously, might easily have rivalled the popularity of Hugo with the contemporary public. He continued to compose in the dramatic form, because of a necessity of his nature; but, instead of offering his pieces for production, he printed them successively in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. While Hugo was writing clap-trap melodramas, disguised as literature by the flowing garment of his gorgeous verse, de Musset was writing, in neat and nimble prose, fantastic comedies conceived in an unprecedented mood of witty and romantic playfulness. These pieces, as they appeared in print, were regarded by contemporary readers merely as vacationary exercises by a writer whose more serious medium was verse. The reading public tolerated



these relaxations of a noble mind; but it never occurred to any critic that de Musset's printed comedies might possibly be actable. The author did not care. He hated *Hernani*, and despised the *Antony* of old Dumas; and he had a happy time composing little pieces for a theatre that existed only in his own imagination.

It was in 1833 that de Musset became involved in that famous affair with George Sand which has been satirised so cleverly by Mr. Philip Moeller in one of the most amusing plays of the current season in New York. Their trip to Italy took place in December of that year, and lasted till April, 1834, when de Musset returned to Paris. His final rupture with the famous female novelist took place in 1835. It was precisely at this period—and, for the most part, during the Italian tour—that de Musset wrote nearly all the comedies composed for the theatre of his dreams. Even as a closet-dramatist [if a critic of the living theatre can stoop to use that hated, self-defeating word], de Musset's work was finished for all time when he was scarcely twenty-six years old. It is only fair, in any posthumous appraisal, to remember that the comedies of Alfred de Musset were written not only for a non-existent theatre but written also by a young man in his early twenties.

The poet lived till 1857, when he was forty-seven years of age; and, before he died, the theatre of his time began to find him out. His one-act play, *Caprice* [which was presented in New York two years ago by the Washington Square Players], was the first of all his comedies since *La Nuit Vénitienne* that was acted in his life-time. It was first presented, far away from France, in the French theatre of Petrograd; and its success was so striking that the piece was soon re-imported to Paris by Madame Allan. This was in November, 1847,—nearly fifteen years after *Caprice* had been composed. Within the next four seasons, the poet witnessed the production of half a dozen of his other plays in Paris; and, subsequent to his death,

his career as a contributor to the current theatre was continued. *On ne Badine pas avec l'Amour*—which has remained in the repertory of the Comédie Française—was first produced in 1861. *Barberine*—which is being acted in New York this season by the company of Le Vieux Colombier—was not presented for the first time till 1882,—nearly half a century later than the period in which it was composed.

The biography of *Barberine* is unique in the history of the theatre. This piece was written, in his early twenties, by a man who had retired from the theatre before the date of his majority and was almost totally unknown to his contemporaries as a dramatist. It was acted for the first time fifty years after it was written and twenty-five years after the author had been laid away in his resting grave. Yet now, in 1918—when de Musset, to count the ticking of the clock exactly, is one hundred and eighteen years of age—*Barberine* is pleasing many English-speaking people in a city half the world away from Paris. To students of the theatre, the record of this fragile, unpretentious play is more remarkable, in many ways, than that of *Hamlet*. That sickly little willow-wand in Père-Lachaise need no longer weep and wither: a wind is blowing from the west to cause its leaves to overturn their silver sides in a ripple of delighted laughter.

*Barberine* is delicately entertaining; and the appeal that it makes to the æsthetic sensibilities is representative of the appeal that is inherent in all the comedies composed by Alfred de Musset. Disdaining the theatre of his time, this poet understood more clearly than the celebrated author of the *Preface to "Cromwell"* the meaning and the method of the comedies of Shakespeare. Alone among all modern playwrights, he has recaptured and restored the magic atmosphere of the Forest of Arden,—an atmosphere which marries to identity the usually antithetic moods of loveliness and wit. He flutes a little melody upon a slender reed; but this music wakens

echoes from an organ which resounds with the diapason of eternity.

The story of *Barberine* is suggestive of any of the hundred tales of Boccaccio, which date from a period when narrative was naïve and had not yet become self-conscious and sophisticated. Count Ulric is married to a perfect wife. A dashing, attractive, and self-conceited youth—Astolphe de Rosenberg—makes a bet with Ulric that he can seduce the latter's wife while her husband is away from home; and the laying of this wager is witnessed by the Queen of Hungary. The Baron Rosenberg goes to the castle of Count Ulric, secures admittance as a guest, and tries his arts against the Countess Barberine; but he is unexpectedly repulsed by the clever Countess and locked up in a room to which both food and water are denied except upon condition that Rosenberg shall devote his entire time, without remission, to the woman's work of spinning. In this ridiculous predicament, the incarcerated Baron is discovered ultimately by Count Ulric and by the gracious Queen of Hungary.

This is a story of the sort that—according to our modern standards—may be described as a tale intended to be written in words of one syllable. But the author has embroidered it with many interesting corollaries and has told it with an art that is reminiscent of that sudden and surprising wisdom which comes occasionally from the mouths of babes. The whole play is so child-like, yet so utterly delightful, that it makes us fumble for a reason to explain the purpose of the manifest complexity of the majority of modern dramas.

Most of de Musset's plays provoke a similar response. Their merit is so simple and so obvious that it remained unrecognized for half a century. It was deemed impracticable to expect a gathered public to enjoy a sort of day-dream that a poet had narrated to himself in a mood of self-enjoyment. The tardy and almost accidental discovery of the fact that the fantastic comedies of Alfred de Musset are stageworthy, after all, is an

incident unparalleled in the whole history of dramatic literature.

*Barberine* is most effectively presented on the fluent stage of Le Théâtre du Vieux Colombier; and it is owing to the interpretative activity of M. Jacques Copeau that I find myself indebted—in company with many other interested auditors—for a re-awakened interest in the dramaturgy of Alfred de Musset. A professional attendant of the theatre is required to waste so many, many evenings sitting through a senseless repetition of mere trash that it seems good at last to be reminded of a man who wrote those lovely lines,—

Poète, prends ton luth et me donne un baiser;  
La fleur de l'églantier sent ses bourgeons  
éclore. . . .

It is a long way from Parnassus to Times Square; and "backward to retrace the way"—as Virgil said—is difficult indeed. . . . But it is one of the miracles of New York that it is possible to listen to George M. Cohan and Alfred de Musset on two successive evenings.

To conclude this journalistic commentary, I can do no better than to offer a paraphrase of a passage written by Gustave Lanson, Professor in the Faculty of Letters of the University of Paris:—

"The theatre of de Musset is exquisite, and of the purest romantic essence; it is lyrical without adulteration; and all the images that the imagination of the poet is pleased to create,—images of incidents and images of characters,—are nothing other than the exact representation of different states of sensibility that he himself has experienced. No preoccupation foreign to the sentimental drama of his own existence obtrudes itself to modify or complicate his theatre. He does not spur himself to resurrect historic epochs; he offers us neither archæological visions, like Hugo, nor lectures on history, like Dumas. He uses times and places according to his fantasy, to suit the image of his action to the sad or joyous semblance of his dream. He shows us a geography of reverie: it is his dream of Germany, of Italy, of the eighteenth cen-

ture, of the Renaissance, that he imagines, turn by turn, as the medium most suited to the immediate mood or recent crisis of his sensibility. By this means he generates an atmosphere of ideality, in which his transitory self seems more complete and more at home. . . .

"Excepting *Les Nuits* [the greatest of his lyric poems] de Musset has done nothing superior to half a dozen of his comedies. In the first place, the dramatic form purifies the lyric inspiration by reducing it to objectivity. Particularly when the theme is always love, an unimpeded lyricism becomes too easily annoying or tedious. Furthermore, de Musset is endowed precisely with those qualities to which the dramatic form is particularly advantageous. His theatre is exquisite because of the fine notation of states of sentiment entirely original and utterly precise: the author analyses

himself, under different names, with a penetrant acuteness. . . .

"Alfred de Musset is gifted with the sense of dialogue; he sees his interlocutors as distinct people, and he manifestly hears the tone of each voice, the accent and the mannerism which indicate the position and the quality of each of the characters that he is dealing with. It is scarcely possible to conduct a dialogue with certitude without having, in some degree, the psychologic sense: and de Musset has it more than any other member of the great romantic movement. . . .

"The fantastic comedies of de Musset, —exquisite but natural, eccentric but firmly centred, sentimental but satirical, —more poetic than the comedies of Marivaux, less profound than the comedies of Shakespeare, —constitute a unique achievement in French literature, —dowered with a grace unprecedented and inimitable."

# THE MASQUE OF POETS

EDITED BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

## OVERSEAS

In memory of  
Alan Seeger

Killed in battle, Belloy-en-Santerre,  
July 4, 1916.

ACROSS the vexed, insuperable sea,  
Afar, we call to him—alas, in vain!  
No voice of passionate sweetness answers me,  
No gallant hand waves back to us again.  
Across relentless barriers of foam  
With useless tears our longing eyes we strain,  
And useless arms stretch forth to lure him home.

He will not come to us! Afar, heart high,  
He fared to find fulfilment of his dreams.  
Athirst for romance, beaconing destiny,  
He sought what to fair youth the fairest seems.  
Singing he went—song ever on his lips—  
Bright Phosphor of clear poesy, whose beams  
Still shine on us even in his star's eclipse.

Across the blue, the unreturning sea,  
Afar, we call to him—alas, I hear  
No more a voice that chants of liberty,  
No song thrill out the springtime of the year!  
No clarion call from desolate Champagne  
Where roll red, ebbing battle-tides, or where  
The trampled vineland lapses to the Aisne.

Silent the Meuse save for the cannon's roar,  
The bugle's note, the skyplanes' winnowing hum;  
Silent the reaches of the scarred north shore;  
Silent the shell-swept trenches of the Somme;  
Silent for evermore the lonely air  
Of all that lyric sweetness, hushed and dumb,  
Muted upon a hillside of Santerre.

Hostage of our land's honour, by red ways,  
There on that bloody slope, 'neath flame-lit skies,  
With the brave few he yielded his brief days  
Battling for freedom's menaced liberties.  
Glimpsing, no more, horizons of romance,  
Nor love's bright paths, he turned stern, dying eyes  
Towards the fire-rimmed, "the brave frontiers of France."

## The Masque of Poets

Oh, not for him, earth's tranquil, pleasant way!  
That fervent pulse which beat to life's desire,  
Leapt to the call of arms without dismay.

No conscript of blind fate! Blithe heart afire  
With passionate zeal, he gave his latest breath  
As some enraptured martyr mounts the pyre  
And happily goes singing to his death.

Spirit of flame and tears and tenderness!

Singer and soldier, debonair and gay!  
Fond worshipper of earth's dear loveliness  
From Orizaba's snows to far Calais!

Pilgrim of dreams! Knight-errant without fears!  
Alas, Death vanquished, should have turned away  
And spared thee to Life's utmost days and years.

Useless, this vain complaining of thy will,

O Lord of Death! Earth-born we bear our part—  
All thine inexorable laws fulfil,

By thine appointed ways from earth depart.  
What boots it thee, cold Death, that mute, alone,  
Those ardent lips, that once intrepid heart,  
Sleep now quite passionless and overthrown?

But oh, to us left all unsatisfied,

What solace can there be for evermore?

The fair fruition of his hopes denied,  
His last sigh breathed upon a distant shore!  
How comfort us?—except, despite war's toll,

Song has saved perfect from art's ravished store  
The imperishable essence of his soul!

## A PILGRIMAGE

I put off my smoke-dimmed garment,  
I put on white for grey;  
For I would go on pilgrimage  
At the opening of the day;

To a nameless saint, whose altar  
Is hidden I know not where,  
To be healed of the heavy sickness  
My soul like a cloak must wear.

The dull brown road before me  
Like a fluttering pennon ran;  
And the tingling dust in my nostrils  
Smelled sweeter than roses can.

The wayside shrines were many—  
But which was the one I sought?  
One was of ancient branches  
With murmuring leaves inwrought;

One a sun-dazzled wheat field  
 Where the wind made a shadow road  
 That rippled and wavered and beckoned,  
 And in streams unchannelled flowed.

One lay where the moonlight-colour  
 Of oats, green-silvered, shone;  
 And one where the purpling clover  
 Close to my feet had grown.

But the brown road fled before me,  
 And would not let me stay  
 To kneel at the shrines of the wayside,  
 To lift up my heart and pray.

So who was the saint, I know not,  
 Who quiet healing wrought;  
 For the road that had turned like a fancy,  
 Lay straight as an iron thought:

Led back to my house of labour,  
 To my garment of smoke-dimmed grey,  
 And home from my pilgrimaging  
 At the closing of the day.

But lo! It was girdled with sunshine  
 (O where was the miracle shrine?)  
 And my garment shone as the rainbow,  
 And my heart sang aloud, for a sign!

### THE FLOCK AT EVENING

Down from the rocky western steep  
 Where now the sunset crumbles low  
 The shepherd draws his sun-drowsed sheep  
 Ringed in a rosy glow;  
 Along the dusty leaf-hung lane,  
 Now blurred in shade, now bright again,  
 They trail in splendour, aureoled  
 And mystical in clouded gold.

As insubstantial as a dream  
 They huddle homeward by my door,—  
 From what Theocritean stream  
 Or what Thessalian shore?  
 What ancient air surrounds them still,  
 As though from some Arcadian hill  
 They shuffled through the afterglow  
 Across the fields of long ago?

## Concerning the "Masque of Poets"

Is this the flock that Bion kept  
 From straying by his reed-soft tunes  
 While the long ilex shadow crept  
 Through ancient afternoons?  
 In some still Arethusan wood,  
 Ages agone, have they not stood  
 Wondering, circle-wise and mute,  
 Round some remote Sicilian flute?

I think that they have gazed across  
 The dazzle of Ionian seas  
 From the green capes of Tenedos  
 Or sea-washed Cyclades,  
 And loitered through the twilight down  
 The hills that gird some Attic town  
 Still shining in the early gloam  
 Beside the murmur of the foam.

What dream is this? I know the croft,  
 Deep in this dale, where they were born;  
 I know their wind-swept hills aloft  
 Among the rustling corn;  
 Yet while they glimmer slowly by  
 A younger earth, a fairer sky  
 Seem round them and they move sublime  
 Among the dews of dawning time.

## CONCERNING "THE MASQUE OF POETS"

BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

WHEN *The Masque of Poets* was first conceived, it seemed to me that it might fulfil a purpose in American literature by serving to define the quality of the best contemporary poetry as poetry, rather than as the literary production of writers whose work was sought by the public because of the personalities which produced it. This series of poems has been gathered in order to restore in some measure to our day that Elizabethan spirit of comradeship and friendly rivalry which produced poetry because it had to sing rather than because it sought the applause of its personal admirers.

Many of us are inclined to believe falsely that poetry, and the spirit which produces it, is a more sophisticated art

than it was in the days of the Elizabethans. But I think that America today reflects very much the same spirit of adventurous seeking that England knew more than three centuries ago, and that this spirit will not find its happiest fulfilment till it becomes less personal in its consciousness of a public, and more disinterested in its practice as an art.

That the American poets who have contributed to *The Masque of Poets* are disinterested, is proven by their desire to remain anonymous when these poems were first published. Elizabethan poets sang out of pure joy and good fellowship, and the finest American achievements of the last decade have been born of similar joy and good fellowship. I

should like to see American poetry published anonymously in such anthologies as this and left for judgment to the public irrespective of authors' signatures. That the authors of these poems now disclose their parenthood is in order that the public may satisfy itself that good work can receive acknowledgment and interested recognition for its own sake, as these poems have been welcomed during their serial appearance in **THE BOOKMAN**.

In *The Masque of Poets* many schools and many ideals now meet for the first time on common ground, and the points of view only serve to emphasize the essential unity of inspiration. What we are all trying to do in this discussion has raged during the last three years or more as the new poetry America is producing is compared with the old poetry. The best that we can find is that it is a new passion, and truth is always sought, and the authors are now sincere. Interests change, the stuff of poetry and the criteria of the Greek and Roman Imagism, with the complete idea to poetry find their roots in Br

effect on many minds, and in other cases poets have recently published volumes containing every manuscript that they cared to print.

Five years from now it would be interesting to repeat this experiment, and I think the results would prove that very little change had taken place in the substance of our poetry, though the manner of its weaving might be different. As this series now stands, I commend it to the public who are adventurers all in life as our poets are adventurers in art.

It only remains now to disclose the authorship of these poems, that the reader may confirm his speculations and gratify his pride by the recognition of the obvious critical acumen.

The poems and the author's names are listed below in the order in which they appear in **THE BOOKMAN**, February,



<b>September</b>	An April Sequence. Edward J. O'Brien. Afternoon. Fannie Stearns Gifford. To Butterfly. William Alexander Percy. The Last Nurture. George Sterling. He Sings Because His Wife Has Gone Out of the House. Vincent O'Sullivan.	<b>December</b>	The Name. Anna Hempstead Branch. Animals. Alfred Kreymborg. Twenty Stars to Match His Face. William Stanley Braithwaite. Chloe to Amaryllis. Lizette Woodworth Reese.
<b>October</b>	Calypso. Amelia Josephine Burr. Fatherland. Olive Tilford Dargan. The Embers Speak. Thomas Walsh.	<b>January</b>	Factory-Girl. Maxwell Bodenheim. East Side Moving Picture Theatre—Sunday. Maxwell Bodenheim. I Come and Go. Witter Bynner. An Old Inn by the Sea. Odell Shepard. The Plume. Abbie Farwell Brown.
<b>November</b>	Preludes. Alfred Kreymborg. Prayer Before Summer. Arthur Davison Ficke. The Wet Woods. William Stanley Braithwaite. A Chronicle. William Stanley Braithwaite.	<b>February</b>	Overseas. Abbie Carter Goodloe. A Pilgrimage. Nancy Barr Mavity. The Flock at Evening. Odell Shepard.

CONTEMPORARY POETRY

BY JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1917, by William Stanley Braithwaite, and Other Recent Volumes of Poetry.\*

It is now five years since Mr. Braithwaite has published in book form his annual summary of magazine poetry, which originally appeared as an autumn article in the Boston Transcript. Each year he has added to the scope of the anthology until the present volume contains over a hundred poems, selected not only from the leading magazines but from the whole field of periodical literature. In this Braithwaite errs on the side of democracy, extending his field to the latest and smallest magazine, which in several instances has suspended

publication before the issue of his anthology. Even more catholic is the method followed in listing, at the end of the volume, the name of every poet who has published verse in any magazine printed in America during the past year, together with a list of his selections. Although I have given my entire time since 1900 to the study of modern poetry, I confess that Mr. Braithwaite's list of the poets who published verse in the magazines in 1917 is somewhat disconcerting to me, since there are over four hundred names there of which I have never heard, and this despite the fact that I rise up early and sit up late and eat the bread of sorrow in attempting to keep pace with them. Just why, for example, Mr. Braithwaite should include in his anthology the poems of so numerous citations of verse by the pupils of the St. John's Technical High School of Winnipeg, Canada, does not appear. Why are these pupils to

Magazine Verse for 1917, by William Stanley Braithwaite, Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.  
Renaissance and Other Poems, by Edna St. Vincent Millay. New York: Mitchell Kennerly.

Elegy in Autumn, by Orison Scott Card, New York: Frederick A. Stokes and Company.  
Lyrics from the Library by Clayton Koppard. Perelandra: Thomas Bird and Joseph

the social poetry of America, by John and Edna St. Vincent Millay, New York: Frederick A. Stokes and Company.  
What is new in American poetry, by Edna St. Vincent Millay, New York: Mitchell Kennerly.

of Anna Lowell, the supposed heroine of the poetry of Anna Lowell, they are carried as it were, to the reader of new poems, and are universally denied, not only by the new critics, but by the reader of what were felt to be the poems of the past. I should claim, however, that the poems of Anna Lowell, and generally felt to be the poems of the past, and I have written what are these poems to find, the reader of what were felt to be the poems of the past.

to the several contrasting series of poems represented in the anthology. I do not claim that the poems of Anna Lowell, and generally felt to be the poems of the past, and I have written what are these poems to find, the reader of what were felt to be the poems of the past. I should claim, however, that the poems of Anna Lowell, and generally felt to be the poems of the past, and I have written what are these poems to find, the reader of what were felt to be the poems of the past.

us or we to them that we should be expected to read of their juvenile effusions in a list of American magazines?

It is undoubtedly an arduous labour to list every poem by every poet in every magazine in America, but it is purely a clerical labour. Mr. Braithwaite could well delegate it to a subordinate, and has probably done so. What we expect of a critic is not an alphabetical list of the work of nearly nine hundred people, but a list of the work of the saving minority of that nine hundred, whatever it may be. If one hundred, or two hundred, poets have done creditable work during the year—and America is in an excellent way if that number be found—surely the work of the critic is to disengage this group and not to submerge it in a welter of names. Democracy may be the hope of Society, but discrimination is the hope of Art, and the best service that could be rendered to-day to American poetry, judging from such publications as the last volume of *Others*, would be a campaign of suppression. The true values must be emphasised, what is fine and beautiful and individual must be disengaged from what is vulgar and cheap. The public can well be trusted to do this. Art's final test is always given by the people, the critic is merely a little in advance. He should be the discoverer, but if he fail in this office, the people will eventually pronounce the correct judgment.

Personally, therefore, I must differ from Mr. Braithwaite in the main argument of his Introduction to the present anthology. He says, "The year 1916 witnessed the development of the present growth in American poetry to the point where a critical reaction will be fatal to its further progress." If this be true, then the sooner this reaction comes, the better. If American poetry is not composed of sterner stuff, if it is merely Dead Sea fruit which will go to ashes at a touch, then it does not deserve to survive. I cannot, however, accept this view of things. Our poetry, where it merits the name, is too wholesome and

sound, too robust, indeed, to be affected permanently by any adverse criticism. A sincere poet who values his art more than his self-love, will profit by such criticism and re-examine his work in the light of it; whereas the poet who feeds upon sugared encomiums is already on the way to fatty degeneration. We should be sorry, for illustration, if Mahlon Leonard Fisher should accept as his due the words with which Mr. Braithwaite characterises him: "Mr. Fisher is unapproached as a sonneteer in contemporary American verse. His austerity, his elaborately carved phrases, his 'organ tones,' are Shakespeare's, Milton's, Wordsworth's, Keats's gifts to this American poet." When words are exhausted, when a mortal is measured with the gods, what possible growth can there be left to that poet, if he be so unwise as to believe it? American poetry stands in much more danger of inflated praise than of balanced, judicious, even negative, criticism.

When Mr. Braithwaite says in his Introduction, "The future of American poetry depends seriously upon the present and future quality of criticism" and adds, "I have the greatest faith that the quality of that criticism will be creative,"—the statement must be judged entirely by what Mr. Braithwaite means by "creative." If by it he means laudatory, not to say fulsome, it is quite as far from being creative as if it swung to the other extreme. A reaction always follows undue praise as it follows undue blame. To be affirmative in the truest sense, and therefore creative, criticism must be a matter of insight, of penetration into the lasting values of art, and that the true may be disengaged from the false, it must reject with the same reverence with which it accepts. Criticism, too, is a matter of divination, an intuitive sense of beauty and reality, no matter in what new guise they may present themselves. Who is equal to these things? Few in a generation, since, as Professor Spingarn well says, criticism in its highest function becomes creative through recognition, through

an instantaneous response to what is fine, thus making genius and taste practically identical.

But if one cannot agree with Mr. Braithwaite's thesis upon criticism, this in nowise detracts from the interest attaching to the anthology proper, nor from the value of it as an annual presentation of American poetry. It has, indeed, become a book of so much value that if one challenges Mr. Braithwaite's editorial methods in listing all the poets who get into print, it is because of one's wish that his anthology may hold the place of influence that it has gained. Mr. Braithwaite has given to poetry a devoted, single-minded, unselfish service which all must appreciate, however they may differ from his opinions.

One finds in the anthology many poems of indifferent merit, but it is of greater moment that he finds so many of merit. Happy indeed would be the anthologist with whom everyone agreed! It is doubtful if Palgrave himself attained to this felicity. One-fifth of the poems carry the significance of the book, but that would be the case in any selection covering a similar field.

As a general characteristic, one notes the tendency to long poems, which, as far as magazine publication is concerned, belongs entirely to the present poetic revival. A few years ago, editors would have been inflexible in excluding poems to which they now give unrestricted space. In theory this is excellent, but in practice it is proving a doubtful blessing. When it gives a true poet a chance to express some conception which he is able to sustain, everyone must welcome it, but when it gives one unsure of his theme a chance to wander through dreary pages in pursuit of it, one is not so certain of its value.

The present narrative style tends to laxity of technique and an expansive analysis that, once it is started, tends to go of its own momentum. Even Edgar Lee Masters, the incisive, the caustic, has caught the infection, and his later work is showing a Browningsque diffuseness. This is never without Mr.

Master's own keenness of psychology, nor without a power of its own, but Mr. Masters is so wholly himself when he is himself, that one deploras the tendency on his part to be otherwise. He is represented in the anthology by several selections of which the strongest is a monologue of Shakespeare, *To-morrow Is My Birthday*. This is Edgar Lee Masters and none other, as far as the philosophy of the poem is concerned. Sex as the motive power of life, sex as the creative power of art, sex as the light of the soul,—all this is in the poem, which ranges from passages brutally frank and altogether masculine, to passages of luminous beauty. Mr. Masters is a virile force in American poetry and a provocative thinker. It is not necessary to agree with him, it is much more stimulating now and then to meet our poets in a mental encounter.

For contrast of theme one could not do better than to turn to the *Eye-Witness*, by Ridgely Torrence. Here, from the lips of a tramp, we have a song of the great Love in which alone lies the hope of humanity. Ridgely Torrence is a voice crying in the wilderness. In the face of all outward events, of all seeming to the contrary, he goes on declaring Love as the eternal principle and insisting upon its application to every need of life. His three Negro plays have this truth as their inner motive and it animates his entire work. In the *Eye-Witness*, three tramps who have halted at sunset on the edge of a little wood by a railroad track, are listening to a fourth as he tells of a vision of Christ which came to him one winter night as, homeless, he "went suffering through the snow."

I found he was a roamer and a journey  
man,  
Looking for a lodging since the night began.

He went to the doors but he didn't have the  
pay.

He went to the windows, then he went  
away.

Says, "We'll walk together and we'll both  
be fed."

Says, "I will give you the 'other' bread."

Oh, the bread he gave and without money!  
O drink, O fire, O burning honey!

It went all through me like a shining storm:  
I saw inside me, it was light and warm.

I saw deep under and I saw above,  
I saw the stars weighed down with love.

• • • • •

I looked around, and as close as touch  
Was everybody that suffered much.

They reached out, there was darkness only;  
They could not see us, they were lonely.

I saw the hearts that deaths took hold of,  
With the wounds bare that were not told of;

Hearts with things in them making gashes;  
Hearts that were choked with their dreams'  
ashes.

Good men wasting and trapped in hells;  
Hurt lads shivering with the fare-thee-  
wells.

I saw them as if something bound them;  
I stood there, but my heart went round them.

I begged him not to let me see them wasted.  
Says, "Tell them then what you have  
tasted."

Told him I was weak as a rained-on bee;  
Told him I was lost. Says, "Lean on Me."

Something happened then I could not tell,  
But I knew I had the water for every hell.

Any other thing it was no use bringing;  
They needed what the stars were singing.

What the whole sky sang like waves of light,  
The tune that it danced to, day and night.

Oh, I listened to the sky for the tune to  
come;

The song seemed easy but I stood there  
dumb.

The stars could feel me reaching through  
them;

They let down light and drew me to them.

I stood in the sky in a light like day,  
Drinking in the word that all things say.

Where the worlds hang growing in clustered  
shapes  
Dripping the music like wine from grapes.

With "Love, Love, Love," above the pain,  
The vine-like song with its wine-like rain.

Through heaven under heaven the song  
takes root  
Of the turning, burning, deathless fruit.

Naturally in this, one is reminded of *The Everlasting Mercy*, but in reality the two are quite different. Masfield's hero, in those wonderful closing passages, sings his own deliverance from sin; Torrence's hero thinks only of giving to others what has come to him, of enveloping all the stricken and suffering in love. It is a poem of deep insight and significant as an indication of the way in which Mr. Torrence is turning to the common life for inspiration.

Among the other poems which stand out particularly in the Anthology are Sara Teasdale's *Songs Out of Sorrow*, written in a different vein from her other work, but with the same lyric beauty; *Overtones*, by William Alexander Percy; Amy Lowell's *Bather*, a striking bit of colour, and her long polyphonic poem, *Guns as Keys: And the Great Gate Swings*. This is a series of brilliant pictures; is, indeed, a brilliant production—but is it poetry? *Quien sabe?*

In addition to these poems, Hermann Hagedorn's impassioned *Ode of Dedication*; Eunice Tietjen's *Most Sacred Mountain*, one of her keenly cut *Profiles from China*; Aline Kilmer's naive *Ambition*; Joyce Kilmer's whimsical *Blue Valentine*; Louis Untermeyer's fine poem, *The Wave*,—these are a few of the selections in the Anthology which have given me particular pleasure. A

list of the books of verse published in 1917 and of articles pertaining to poetry, adds greatly to the reference value of the book.

Last month in speaking of the work of Orrick Johns, I was reminded of *The Lyric Year*, and the fact that it not only paved the way for subsequent anthologies, but presented one poem of remarkable imagination—*Renascence*, by Edna St. Vincent Millay. By a coincidence, Mr. Braithwaite who, in his annual anthology, may be said to be carrying on the tradition of *The Lyric Year*, was one of the judges of the earlier volume. *Renascence* did not get the prize, but it would be unjust to lay too much stress upon this fact since prizes have an immemorial habit of going to the wrong people. Now, however, after six years in which Miss Millay, who was a school girl when she wrote the poem, has been at college, studying and developing,—appears *Renascence and Other Poems*.

One almost fears to re-examine a poem which, six years ago, seemed not only individual but unique, lest the rapid changes in form and theme through which we have been passing should have rendered it out of date and robbed it of vitality. One is relieved to find that this is not the case. While the poem has naturally its immaturities, it remains a remarkable production not only for a girl of nineteen, but for anyone. *Interim*, though written later, shows more of youth and has less certainty of touch than *Renascence*. This is largely due to its form. It is written in the diffuse, conversational style so much affected of late, a style that permits instant transitions from the sublime to the ridiculous. Between pathos and bathos there is but a letter, a hair's-breadth, which it is almost impossible not to cross in a soliloquy of this sort. Yet, immediately following some passage of love or loss that William Archer would call "domestic," may come one of stark poignancy which shows how deeply, after all, this young poet can feel.

If we emphasise Miss Millay's youth,

it is because it is so obviously the cause of whatever limitations her poems yet show. *Interim* was written, if I remember correctly, only two years after *Renascence*. In *Suicide* the touch is much more sure, though in individual passages *Interim* rises higher. All of these poems reveal a gift whose potentialities impress themselves constantly upon the reader. This is just as it should be. A first book should be rich in foretokens, it should hint of something beyond its fulfilment, and no one can read Miss Millay's volume without recognising the authentic poet.

Aside from *Renascence* itself, the most successful poems in the book are certain lyrics such as *When the Year Grows Old*, and the group of sonnets at the end of the book. Here Miss Millay has both simplicity and magic. She is quite herself: promise and performance are one. Let us show the quality of her book by one of these sonnets:

Time does not bring relief; you all have  
lied

Who told me time would ease me of my  
pain!

I miss him in the weeping of the rain;  
I want him at the shrinking of the tide;  
The old snows melt from every mountain-  
side,

And last year's leaves are smoke in every  
lane;

But last year's bitter loving must remain  
Heaped on my heart, and my old thoughts  
abide!

There are a hundred places where I fear

To go,—so with his memory they brim!

And entering with relief some quiet place  
Where never fell his foot nor shone his face  
I say, "There is no memory of him here!"

And so stand stricken, so remembering  
him!

The late autumn brought so many  
new volumes that one can do little more  
than give them a passing word. Two  
from the pen of Clinton Scollard are  
among the group, of which one, *An Elegy*

in *Autumn*, bears the double interest of having been written as a memorial to Frank Dempster Sherman, whose collected work Mr. Scollard has recently edited, with an appreciative Introduction. Mr. Sherman and Mr. Scollard began their work in poetry at about the same time and brought out one of their early volumes in collaboration. Sherman's work was constantly appearing in the 90's and while it was never work of broad significance, it had the true lyric quality and delicate artistry. In his middle years his work at Columbia University absorbed him so that he wrote little, but he was always at heart the singer, and the friendship which had grown up between the two poets through early association in their common art, was sustained to the last and is adequately celebrated by Mr. Scollard in the quiet beauty of the *Elegy in Autumn*.

The other offering by Mr. Scollard is the Mosher edition of his *Lyrics From a Library* issued, in the *Lyra Americana* Series with all the charm of book-making that Mr. Mosher commands. These lyrics, which range from the celebration of a forgotten cavalier like John Cleveland to a tribute to one of his contemporaries, show the scholar's passion and the poet's joy. Mr. Scollard is particularly happy in seizing the picturesque quality in a personality and making it the theme of one of his songs, so that in reading these lyrics one comes again into intimate touch not only with the noble and approved singers, but with the lovable

and irresponsible folk who have given charm to poetry. Mr. Scollard has, too, the sensitive feeling for literature that discovers excellencies and penetrates to the intrinsic quality in the work of the one whom he celebrates. One stands in the little Temple-Close by the grave of Goldsmith, repeating the lines:

'Twas his unconscious part  
To touch the human heart  
With a fine feeling that is more than art,

or casts a line in Itchen stream with Izaak Walton, or gathers daffodils with Herrick. As we have room, however, for only one poem from the book, let it be, as befits war-time, these lines to a forgotten singer, Grenville Mellen:

Poet that livest in a single line,—  
"Above the fight the lonely bugle  
grieves,"—

About thy grave on cloud-encompassed  
eyes

The banded winds in consonance combine  
To breathe forth battle-strains;—a fitting  
shrine

For such impassioned utterance!—the  
leaves

Falling the while, and sad autumnal  
sheaves

Against the sunset etched in weird design.

There is the pathos of all mourning airs,  
And of the fading pageant of the year,

In unfulfilled ambition such as thine;  
And yet thy brow one leaf of laurel wears;

Niggard of favour is the Muse austere,  
Poet that livest in a single line!

# NEW YORK'S YIDDISH WRITERS

BY ISAAC GOLDBERG

STRANGELY enough, it has long been a question to many, not alone whether the modern Jews have any literature, but whether Yiddish itself is a language. Many have been the prophecies which predicted the immediate extinction of the tongue, and yet, like the fabled Phoenix of old, it has risen new-born from its own ashes. Let prophets deal in futures—and it must be admitted that from certain signs familiar to students of linguistic evolution Yiddish would seem to be eventually doomed—the fact remains that to-day it is enjoying what amounts practically to a renaissance. And the question whether modern Jews have a literature is settled by a reading of the works themselves.

To Americans it is of added interest to learn that the latest phase of this renaissance has taken place almost entirely in New York, which, since the beginning of the European war, has fairly wrested from Warsaw the position of literary capital of the Jews. And thus, in a metropolis which contains nations within a nation, is born a literature within a literature.

The one thing that must strike even the superficial observer of Yiddish literature in New York is the fact that it rises almost wholly from the radical movements. Take up anything by Pinski, Asch, Raisin, Kobrin or Libin, for instance. You are immediately made aware of a revolutionary outlook upon life. There is an atmosphere of frustrated hope, crushing disillusionment, overwork that blunts the finer instincts, tenement life that saps the bodily strength. There is humour, too; a humour which is all too often the grin of the skull's teeth, yet which has its less ironic moments, and at its best can produce such a figure as the late Sholom Aleichem, long known and revered as the Yiddish Mark Twain.

This revolutionary strain is, of course, in line with the foundations of Yiddish literature, which from its beginning has been forced to be in large measure a literature of propaganda and of enlightenment. The great Isaac Leib Perez, who was one of the most significant of nineteenth century writers in any tongue, outside of his generally worthless dramas fused this propaganda element with the highest type of pure artistry. His successors rise to uncommon worth in just the proportion in which their art triumphs over their propaganda.

As to the drama, here we deal with an evolution more rapid and more complex. Yiddish drama, speaking from the standpoint of actual stage production, is but little over forty years old. It began in 1876, in Roumania, with Abraham Goldfaden, came to Russia two years later, was there stifled by official decree in 1883, and soon found its way to New York, where it has flourished ever since through various phases of achievement. Beginning in Roumania with the operettas of Goldfaden, in America the stage underwent a realistic reaction, at the head of which towered Jacob Gordin. Gordin, mainly concerned with the problem play, ransacked the world's library for subjects. He adapted Shakespeare, Ibsen, Goethe, Hebbel, Ostrovsky, and who not else, and the pendulum of realistic reaction swung often to the extreme of naturalism and grotesquerie. Gordin, like Goldfaden, left a tradition, but both were soon to be surpassed by a master who was to bring Yiddish drama into the light of universal literature. This David Pinski has but lately accomplished with his *The Treasure*, recently characterised by Professor Baker of Harvard as one of the greatest dramatic products of the twentieth century.

Yet the Yiddish stage, despite the fact that it has produced its greatest dramatists only yesterday, as it were (both Goldfaden and Gordin, like Sholom Aleichem, died in New York) is already, despite its financial successes, next door to extinction. That same spreading of secular education, that same melting-pot influence which has taken its best clientèle away to the Gentile theatres, will perhaps one day withdraw from Yiddish literature, too, that intelligent public which alone can call forth and reward an author's worthiest efforts.

That such a literature, with all its internal and external drawbacks should in so short a time have produced a Perez, a Pinski, an Asch, is nothing less than remarkable. New York to-day holds a group of writers who, did they write in English, would easily stand beside the best we can show, and in several instances rise above.

At their head stand David Pinski and Sholom Asch. The first represents what is most artistic in his people's literary development; the second, that which is most vigorously effective. The first is the soul of modern Israel; the second its body. They are complementary personalities; each at times reveals in his work those elements which are more characteristic of the other; to know the modern Jew one must read both.

Pinski was born in Mohliv, Russia, forty-five years ago. Like so many youths of the day, he was destined to the career of a rabbi, and at the age of ten was a recognised Talmudist. Again like so many youths, he yearned for a broader life, and was early attracted to writing. It was not until he had reached his seventeenth year that he decided definitely to abandon Hebrew and Russian as literary media, and to write thenceforth in Yiddish. His early successes were achieved in the field of the short story; he has, in fact, been called by his nation's critics the discoverer of the Yiddish proletariat in fiction. Various vicissitudes brought him soon to Berlin, where he studied philosophy and literature, and made the acquaintance of Ger-

many's foremost literary lights. It was here, under their influence, that he wrote his first significant drama, *Isaac Sheftel*, in 1899,—a powerful study of the soul of a Jewish worker, whose deep vision is so far beyond his stunted mental powers that he is at last driven to suicide. Here at the very outset of his dramatic career Pinski reveals the artistry that has only lately won him universal recognition. There is not a word of propaganda in the play, great as the temptation must have been to include anti-capitalist tirades. Isaac Sheftel rises into a world-wide symbol. He is man's better self in combat with the crass materialism of life; he is our intuition of greater glories baffled by the limitations of our present intelligence.

Pinski's reputation was now so widespread among the Jews that he was invited to become an editor upon a New York radical weekly. He accepted, not so much for the position, as for the fact that New York then possessed the only real Yiddish stage, and he felt that here was an opportunity to have *Isaac Sheftel* produced. But he reckoned without the managers; this gentry refused even to look at the manuscript, because, forsooth, it was written in three acts! And is it not the first commandment of the Yiddish theatre that all plays must be written in four? From that time on Pinski has gone his own way. All his plays, except *Isaac Sheftel*, have thus been written in New York. They are the logical offspring of his ideals, written with an artistry hitherto foreign to the Yiddish drama; at their best they leap across the borders of the pale and take their place beside what is most significant in universal drama.

Thus, his *Zwie Family*, finished in 1904 upon the day for which his "Ph.D." examination was set at Columbia University, is far more than a mere pogrom-drama, for which superficial readers have mistaken it. The figure of Moses Zwie, the old grandfather, last of the pious Jews, who sees in his son and his three grandsons the disintegration of the Jewish race, is likewise something



more than a mere patriarch that has out-lived his days. Old Zwi becomes a human symbol, a sort of Yiddish Brand, and the play depicts the world-struggle between the Old and the New. *The Zwi Family* was accepted for production at the Moscow Art Theatre by Stanislavsky, but was forbidden by the censor. What are human symbols to censors, when the mention of pogroms can place Russian officialdom—now happily overthrown—in an unenviable light? Societies for the production of the *Zwi Family* sprang into existence all over Russia, and the play had to be smuggled into the country, as its production was a criminal offence. It is interesting to know that Pinski never took his Ph.D. examination.

As playwright Pinski, even in his symbolic plays, belongs to the realistic school. He builds from character, and conventional situations, climaxes, and so forth, are meaningless to him unless they germinate from the inner soul of his men and women. Hence his *The Treasure*, written in 1906 and produced in a German version in 1910 by Max Reinhardt at the Deutsches Theatre, Berlin, is a masterly satire upon the power of wealth, real or imaginary, with a mystic epilogue that rises most naturally from the action that precedes. In general, his work may be divided into three manners: the plays inspired by proletarian and domestic problems, his sex dramas, and his biblical plays. Of the first, *Isaac Sheftel* is the chief representative; the one-act *Forgotten Souls* has been hailed by Professor Burton as a masterpiece; of the second, *Gabriel and the Women* (comparable in some respects to Shaw's *Candida* and Ibsen's *Lady of the Sea*) and *Mary Magdalene*, which is an entirely original and unconventional treatment of the theme, in which Mary symbolises woman's will to power. In respect of humour and passion, psychological insight and the suggestion of fascination, Pinski in this play surpasses both Paul Heyse and Maurice Maeterlinck's treatment of the same figure. The biblical plays are biblical in suggestion only;

they deal with live men and women who are kin to us and our day. *The Wives of King David* is a beautiful series of one-act plays, five in all. *The Dumb Messiah*, one of a group of dramas founded upon the Messianic idea, is a masterpiece of colour, movement and poetic fire. Here, too, the figure of Menachem Penini, whose dream that he is the Messiah is finally wrecked, with the result that he jumps from a high cliff into the ocean, becomes a symbol of human disillusionment. It is almost incredible that a masterpiece of such deep appeal should have been written at high emotional pressure in four days.

Pinski, at his best, writes a Yiddish prose that is his own discovery: a limpid, crystalline, melodious line that rivals the flow of a Maeterlinck, a Yeats or a Dunsany. His latest piece, *Little Heroes*, a one-act playlet of the present war in which the oldest character is but fourteen and the youngest ten, is one of the most touching artistic products of the conflict. Its tender humanity would have warmed the heart of Dickens; those same angels who, in their lighter moments, have been said to sing Gilbert and Sullivan in the heavens, would read *Little Heroes* to the cherubim. Pinski is still a young man, and his best work may lie yet in the future.

Sholom Asch is some seven or eight years younger than Pinski. Unlike the latter, he has been a resident of New York only since the war, and was one of the arrivals that helped swing the Yiddish literary centre of gravity from Warsaw to New York. Again unlike Pinski, who is a Socialist and Jewish nationalist, Asch is an individualist. Russian by birth, he is by predilection cosmopolitan. At the age of twenty-four he started his literary career with flying colours, with his drama *Returned* and his *The Town*, a series of pictures of Jewish life which may, in some respects, be likened to Phillpotts's charming *Widecombe Fair*.

Asch has been hailed as the successor of Perez, but despite a positive flair for the melodramatic, the theatrical, the ef-

fective, he has not cultivated, as yet, the vision and the art of the genius who fostered him. Asch, perhaps the most popular of living Yiddish writers, has done much to earn that popularity. He is at times inclined, however, to be guided by, rather than to guide, his readers. A writer of undoubted power, humour, pathos, he is so prolific, and his work is in such demand, that he shirks the sterner dictates of adequate planning and technical mastery. Yet more than one of his earlier short stories, which have earned him the sobriquet "the Yiddish Maupassant," is a masterpiece in its kind. At his best he is unsurpassed as a story-teller; one feels, and feels strongly, positively, that he is much better than he sometimes cares to write himself down. His intense *God of Vengeance*, produced in German by Max Reinhardt in 1910, at the Deutsches Theatre, is a drama that presents the terrible retribution visited upon parents who keep a brothel into which their own daughter is at last ensnared, despite the pious gifts with which they had hoped to buy their child's purity as a compensation for their evil life. The crushing power of the final scene, where the father thrusts his daughter into the cellar with the rest of his prostitutes, is as undeniable as it is revolting. *Jepthah's Daughter*, a symbolic play upon the theme of sex, is remarkable for its Dionysiac frankness—a theme, moreover, which is treated by Yiddish writers with far greater freedom than would be permitted to their American confrères. The play has beauty, poetry and elemental power. It is surpassed, however, by the one-act *The Sinner*, where the symbolism, though a little less clear at first, is united to a plot where there is less insistence upon mere sex and more upon the age-old struggle between orthodoxy and heterodoxy. The latter theme is one which has fascinated—and naturally, more than one of the Yiddish writers. Asch has treated it again in *With the Current* and *Our Faith*. He is not afraid to adopt an unorthodox standpoint. His latest play (excepting the

recent dramatisation of his novel *Mottke the Scamp*) is *A String of Pearls*, in which the purity of the Yiddish race is framed against a background, neutral in tone, of the present war.

It is natural that Asch should have been accused of eroticism, yet it should be constantly borne in mind that the Yiddish public will listen to and read, without hiding it, much of what the American public would affect not to care for, only to read it surreptitiously. The racial sense of humour is so strong, so elemental, often so Rabelaisian, let us say, that what to outsiders would appear a question of morality is really nothing but a problem in humour. At other times the presentation of certain scenes is an artistic obligation which the author cannot shirk. Thus, in Asch's *Mottke the Scamp*, which ran serially in the columns of the *New York Forward*, the world's largest Yiddish daily, and was afterward published in book form, achieving an enormous sale, there are certain passages to which Comstockian readers would certainly object strongly in an English version. And yet, the story of Mottke's progress, or retrogression, from his birth in the cellar so common to Jewish fiction, to his final imprisonment for self-confessed murder, demands those scenes and is spoiled without them. American squeamishness and hyper-puritanism have much to profit from Yiddish fiction and Asch's healthy elementalism in particular.

Perhaps better even than *Mottke the Vagabond*, which is the title of the novel in its English translation, are Asch's two older novels *Meri* and *The Road to Self*, which present, in a wealth of colour, passion and frequent pages of consummate artistry, the epic of the revolutionary and Zionistic movement among the young Jews of Russia in the crucial days of 1905.

The works of Abraham Raisin, who was recently accorded a Jubilee at Carnegie Hall, in honour of his twenty-five years' service to Yiddish literature, run to twelve solid volumes of poems, tales and an occasional play. His style is so

simple, so unaffected, that at first one is misled into believing there is little behind it. He has been compared, by his admirers, to Tchekov, for just this simplicity, this readiness to forsake the easier field of sharply marked climaxes for the story that often has no real ending—an unframed picture, as it were. None knows better than Raisin the soul of the wanderer; he is himself a Jewish Bohemian. The Jewish reader, moreover, is not so insistent as the American upon a rising climax in his tales, and many of Raisin's stories are in reality fine genre pictures: snap-shots from life, flashlights of character, related with a minimum of words and a maximum of effect. He appeals to people in their quieter, more contemplative moods, even as his work has itself blossomed from reflection rather than action. His poetry has at times so well spoken for his people that some of his verse is a national possession.

Although Perez Hirschbein left New York a few months ago for a circuitous journey to Russia, a few words should be said here for the conscientious artistry of this writer. He is about the same age as Asch. Although some of his work is spoiled by an overinsistence upon symbolism, which he imbibed from the French, and much of his drama is too poetic to endure before the footlights, he is a highly successful seeker after beauty and truth. The five volumes of his plays published in 1916, containing twenty-six of his dramatic works, and representing, incidentally, some of the best bookmaking that has yet appeared with a Yiddish imprint, hold between their covers much that should be known in English.

None of the preceding writers has devoted much attention to Yiddish life in America; Pinski says that the psychological types which he prefers do not abound among the Jews on this side of the water; Asch does not yet know America well enough. It has been left to Leon Kobrin and Zalmon Libin to write the drama and comedy of the East Side. Libin, who early made a name for himself as a writer of powerful sketches,

and has been called "the O. Henry of the East Side," knows the trials of the immigrant as few of his people do; he has lived through all he writes; he is, in fact, largely autobiographical. To read the tales of Kobrin and Libin, indeed, is to peruse the best Badacker to the East Side that one could desire. Of the two Kobrin is the psychologist and Libin the anatomist, as it were. One sees the effect upon the immigrant's mind of his new environment—follows it in its various stages, chronicles it with minute detail; the other catches its more external, yet none the less essential aspects, and endears himself to his race by his faithful transcript of their daily trials. Of late, however, Libin has abandoned his natural field for the more lucrative writing of theatrical thrillers. Although he has been mentioned as the compromiser, on the stage, between the purely literary drama and popular trash, there is altogether too little literature in the compromise. Libin makes his living from his plays; he will live through his tales.

As dramatist Kobrin began by collaborating with Jacob Gordin. He has been identified with the fight of the better playwrights against managerial tyranny, and dramas like *Israel's Hope* and *Children of Nature* (which was lately produced with much success, in a Russian version, at the Moscow Art Theatre) rise far above the average pieces that draw East Side audiences.

Of those who are concerned exclusively with poetry, and whose work, from the very nature of the medium they employ, suffers most by translation, there lacks space to treat adequately. I should like to call attention to the neglect, in our tongue, of such a spirit as Yehoash (Sol Bloomgarden). Yiddish already has its school of "young" poets, too. The poetic consciousness of the race cannot help being strongly stimulated by the recent appearance, in two large, splendid volumes, of Bassin's anthology, entitled *Five Hundred Years of Yiddish Poetry*. For Yiddish poetry dates back to 1410.

The "young" literary group as a whole reveals that same restlessness and grop-

ing as characterises the youthful Americans. Youth is youth, whatever the tongue. It is highly significant, too, that Noah Steinberg's volume of criticism of the "young" spirits is called *Young America*. For the new group of Yiddish writers writes not only in, but on and of America.

What the effect of the recent Russian revolution will be upon Yiddish literature in New York is hard to tell. At the end of the war there may be a literary exodus to the old country; the removal of restrictions against the Jews,

and freedom to use their latent powers in a country which they have never ceased to love may betoken new things for Yiddish literature abroad. Perhaps Warsaw will yet be the capital of Jewish letters once again. With the brightening of hopes for Zion may come an era of Yiddish letters for which the present renaissance may be but a preparation. If America would understand its great population of Jews, nothing could lead to such an understanding better than a knowledge of New York's Yiddish writers.

## ACTION AND THE STORY SOME CURRENT INSTANCES\*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

READERS of this department may have noticed that it uses the words "story" and "story-telling" oftener than "novel" or "fiction." To one reader, at least, this usage has seemed frivolous; he appears to have felt that the simpler terms have less dignity and meaning than the others. I feel quite the other way about it. A "fiction," strictly speaking, is something that is not fact—whether it is contrary to it or aside from it. It

\*The Ivory Tower. By Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Sense of the Past. By Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Change of Air. By Katharine Fullerton Gerould. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Enlightenment of Paulina. By Ellen Wilkins Tompkins. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Three's a Crowd: An Anglo-American Comedy. By William Caine. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Sentiment. By Vincent O'Sullivan. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

Miss Million's Maid. By Berta Ruck. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Ladies Must Live. By Alice Duer Miller. New York: The Century Company.

Unconquered. By Maud Diver. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Shining Heights. By I. A. R. Wylie. New York: John Lane Company.

need not possess any distinguishable form or meaning; and indeed we have come to use the word as covering any sort of narrative that is not a literal record of fact. So with the word "novel": it was a good little word once upon a time, it meant something to Boccaccio, for instance; but what more is it now than a handy label, which we tack to any sort of extended prose narrative, any tract or treatise or "slice of life" product, that may choose to usurp the form of a story? We tack it also to the real stories: the point is that the story is the real thing. And I think there is little doubt in our minds, when we stop befuddling them with ambiguous terms, as to what a good story is. It tells something, in two senses: it has an action and it has a meaning. And these two things hang together, cannot be torn apart. Every good story bids us share an adventure—an adventure complete and intelligible, beginning somewhere and ending somewhere, whether in the world of facts ("realism") or in the world of dreams ("romance"); or, as is vastly more common, partly in one world and partly in the other. As for "ideas,"

every good story-teller is, willy-nilly, an interpreter; and the goodness of his story depends chiefly on how nearly he succeeds in embodying that interpretation in the action—or, we may even say, on how nearly he succeeds in concealing it within the action. The greatest story-tellers, or, if you will, novelists, have felt the primary importance of the story as action. We have before us an illustration of how true this was in what may seem an unlikely quarter. The two unfinished posthumous novels of Henry James are far less interesting for their five-hundred-odd pages of text than for the hundred and fifty pages of "Notes" appended to them. In fact, what we have here in each instance is one fine long continuous or at least connected monologue (dictated, according to James's later habit) which lets us into the secret of the artist's larger process as a maker of stories. From beginning to end the one thing that impresses us is the unwearied ardour with which he strives for perfection of structure, for a close-knit dramatic action—for the story—as the one great object of his effort. It is the story he is after, the bone and sinew of the thing; and all that elaborate expression which marked and often obscured the finished product, was a matter of more or less unlucky predestination with him. It was a natural and easy, if in later years increasingly clumsy lingo that he spoke. He uses it in these notes, speaking to himself. Henry James's style was not an affectation, but a disease, a trivial but too visible complaint that made us blind to the true health that was in him. That was a delicious caricature Wells made of him in the *Boon* volume as Mr. Blandish, "going delicately through life," with murmurs of "Oh, no! oh, no! But *yes!* and *This is it!*" There is a good deal of that kind of ejaculation in these "Notes": the enlightening thing is that they have to do with major matters, matters of shape and balance and force and dramatic conciseness. Yes, conciseness. Instead of as a thin idea, spread out and padded and elaborated to the utmost, he

sees his work always as an action crowded with meaning: "I seem to see already," he exults, "how my action, however tightly packed down, will strain my ten books, most blessedly, to cracking. That is exactly what I want, the tight packing and the beautifully audible cracking!"

Each of these stories, as happened, was planned and in some way begun a number of years before the present draft was undertaken. *The Ivory Tower* has a modern socio-psychological action, involving matters of property and social position, and mainly set in Newport, Lenox, and Fifth Avenue. James was at work on this when the war broke out, and paralysed his hand. For at one stroke it makes a mockery of the refined civilisation in which his fastidious intelligence had been at home. He could not go on with his tale of a modern world which was suddenly in pieces. This left him one resource—the world of dreams, of remote illusion and phantasm. This also was a world of his; and he presently took up the story which he planned to call *The Sense of the Past* and pushed on with it, full as always of enthusiasm and confidence, until his last illness put an end to it and him. It is a long story, rather consciously set in the mood and key of that earlier masterpiece *The Turn of the Screw*. The four books that were finished have all the niggling verbosity of James's "later manner;" there is a touch of pathos in his frequently expressed determination that there shall be no superfluous phrase, word, or letter in the narrative to hamper its flow or meaning. His "packed and calculated closeness" of design, he realises, demands a sure hand: "Keep this closeness up to the notch while admirably animating it, and I do what I should be simply sickened to death *not* to! Of course it means the absolutely exclusive *economic* existence and situation of every sentence and every letter—; but again what is that but the most desirable of beauties in *itself*?" Alas, poor Yorick! What he asked of his expres-

sion, at all events, was that it keep out of the way of his action—his story. He may have asked in vain; but there is no question about his intention.

The other books that have interested me most this month seem to have very little in common, except this main thing; they are all (with a single exception) primarily stories, and good stories in their kind. Since I have started from Henry James, the easiest transition would be by way of Mrs. Gerould's *Change of Air*. Like those women story-tellers, Edith Wharton and Anne Douglas Sedgwick, the two Americans, for whom alone (rather quaintly), James found it possible to say a good word, Mrs. Gerould belongs more to his "school" than to any other. Sophistication is the thing: our business, in this company, or at least our point of view, is always that of the Jacobite "better sort," the elect and the reconдите. Subtlety is our hunt, and not a plain tale of men and things. So much the better for those of us who like variety. By action, of course, no critic means "something doing" every moment, in the visible or physical sense—"a thrill on every page." What he wants—what every reader wants, consciously or unconsciously, is the starting from somewhere and getting somewhere; and a mental or spiritual or even æsthetic action will do very well if it is sufficiently humanised. *A Change of Air* takes the form of a series of episodes springing from an initial situation. Fat, mystical, middle-aged Cordelia Wheaton determines to rid herself of her fortune and to retire for good to some seat of holiness in the Far East. Therefore, she summons all those not very well-off relatives and friends whom she has intended to remember in her will and gives them their windfalls on the spot, keeping a pittance for herself. This is a story of consequences, showing how each of the astonished beneficiaries is affected by his or her change of circumstance. Mrs. Gerould does not incline to the pretty view of things. Only two of these persons, whom we are to take as average citi-

zens, stand the test. The final "show-down" comes when poor Cordelia loses all the tiny capital she has kept, and is thrown upon the hands of those she has befriended. All of them, save the two, are inclined to quibble and find excuses, whereupon, after they have had their chance to be decent, the faded bachelor, Walter Leaven, sends them about their business and undertakes to look out for Cordelia single-handed. To him we owe the story's rescue from bitter comedy to a finale of exquisite romance. Leaven has loved Cordelia once, in her youth and slenderness, and has never loved anyone else. Passion has died with his own youth; but even in the physical obesity and mental fogginess of her age, she somehow still contains romance for him—all the romance he has known. His care of her in her fading days, her mute response, are unmarred by surface sentimentalism. Great tenderness and beauty are in the final picture of his mind and heart, as he watches the dying woman: "It came to him, with a slow insistent rush of conviction, that he himself was still in Cordelia's debt. Nothing he had done for her in this season of slow dying could equal the beauty of her complete abandoning of herself to his care. . . . "And at the end a final offering presents itself, an abandonment on his part which shall in part discharge the debt." It is his figure, treading devotedly toward its goal of self-realisation through self-devotion, that makes a story out of what might otherwise have been a mere group of satirical episodes.

*The Enlightenment of Paulina*, also, is a story of the graver sort: its action is primarily spiritual, not physical, though the external "plot" is by no means lacking in interest. Least of all is it such a novel as the title would suggest—a love-story of the fluffy, saccharine, made-by-woman-about-woman-for-woman order. It is a story of character and destiny and deals (therefore, shall we say?) with both worlds—the world of fact and the world of dream. It begins with an altogether uncompromising portrait of

Paulina in the selfishness and spiritual squalor of her young womanhood. Her relations with the dull husband she has married for his money, are described with rather more than the customary frankness of the modern novelist. She gives him nothing, and he goes to the dogs for her, and she sees him jailed with thankfulness and sets out to make a new fortune of some kind. For the moment, she chooses to visit a friend of her mother in the South, where she is welcomed as "Pauline Selden's child," and becomes a member of the typical little Southern community that goes by the name of Middleborough. It is a proud and complacent little town, but full of Southern charm and hospitality. Paulina's hosts, the Taliaferros, are of the chosen, and they are a delightful family in their own right. They know the truth about her husband, but agree that she shall pass for a widow. She thinks, however, that the one person in Middleborough who comes to mean everything to her, is in the secret. This is a clergyman named Fellows, a widower of long standing, and a man of warm human qualities as well as high spiritual endowment. Through association with him and the good Taliaferros, Paulina's selfish nature undergoes a change; and to the happy bloom of the new Paulina poor Fellows presently succumbs. Then the catastrophe: he declares his love; and Paulina, in the moment of her full response, discovers that he has not known her estate, has thought her a widow after all. So her old world, the world she has striven to make a setting for her personal happiness, tumbles about her ears. Not so with the new world of sound feeling and generous conduct, to the threshold of which friendship and love have led her. We leave her awkwardly but not hopelessly trying her half-fledged wings. A story of original flavour and of sincere and varied characterisation: to many readers the girl Clyde Taliaferro, who has her own road to find, will come near stealing the scene, for a time at least, from the titular heroine.

*Three's a Crowd* is also a story of original accent and varied substance. The author employs the familiar manner now discredited by sticklers for the rules of the game. It may be very wrong theoretically for a story-teller to permit his own personality and opinions to intrude; but the fact is, most of us do not feel that it is intrusion. The method that was good enough for Thackeray and Trollope and De Morgan continues to be good enough for their successors, when they are big enough to handle it. The author of *Three's a Crowd* is hardly (on the evidence of this story) a big writer, but he is big enough in personality to make us enjoy seeing the little world of his tale through his eyes. That, of course, is what we really do in any case: the point of etiquette turns simply on the question as to whether the novelist ought to make the fact as inconspicuous as possible. This story-teller does not think so. When he feels like breaking the even flow of his narrative to comment on the action, or to tell us, in an aside from the author's box, what is going to happen next, he is simply taking us into his confidence; and I, for one, feel that it is rather pleasant of him. Not the less so for his slyly keeping up his sleeve nothing less than the main outcome of the action. His opening situation and his dry and satirical manner prepare us for one of those marriage-demolishing documents of which current fiction has to be so productive: e.g., the works of Messrs. Galsworthy and George. A little later we seem to be in for a fresh exhibit in the time-honoured case of man versus his mother-in-law. Then a very promising triangular problem seems to be shaping. Only toward the end do we become aware, beyond peradventure, that if this is any sort of document or exhibit, it is in favour of good, honest, wedded love, wrought, as it so commonly is, out of the most unlikely materials. The marriage between George Marsh, the very British painter, and Doll Brackett, the very American beauty and spoiled child, is, on general principles,

preposterous. Marsh is an honest and "coming" young artist, bent upon doing his best work and living upon the decent but modest scale his income warrants, until there shall be a better income. Doll is the shockingly coddled daughter of a foolish mother, who dotes on her as a private possession upon which she may lavish her morbid fondness for beautiful toys—her "Doll-That-Has-Come-Alive." That is the character in which she values her daughter, and she has no intention that marriage shall snatch her doll away from her. She lets Doll have George, because Doll has asked for him. By giving her a large allowance, however, she maintains the bond between them, and gets in the thin end of the wedge that is to pry away George altogether in time—or so she thinks. For Mrs. Brackett soon hates him, and persuades poor Doll that *she* hates him; and what with the triangular gentleman at hand, and George's determination to remain solvent, and the mother-in-law's forthcoming insolvency, we have a pretty kettle of fish. As I say, it all "comes out right" in the end, and mighty glad we are. For the rejoicing of that old Adam in us which we call righteous indignation, this storyteller has the delightful Trollopean knack of subjecting his chief characters for a time to the malice and tyranny of a perfectly intolerable female, and then permitting them to give her what-for. Everything is done and said to Mrs. Brackett, before the end, that we have been wishing might be said and done.

The subtitle classifies this book as "an Anglo-American comedy," and as such we may accept it, taking the abused word comedy in no mean sense. It rings true and sweet beside the pseudo-romance and thin satire of Vincent O'Sullivan's *Sentiment*. I may be permitted to quote what I have said of this book elsewhere, as I think of no better way of saying it: "An English critic has given Mr. O'Sullivan place among 'the first twenty American novelists.' It appears that Mr. O'Sullivan was born in America, but his twenty years of Eng-

lish breeding have placed him definitely with a British group of sardonic realists, of whom Mr. John Cowper Powys and Mr. Louis Wilkinson are prominent members. Mockery is their forte, mockery of usages, of philosophies, of faiths—particularly, of course, the faith which is called love. In *The Good Girl*, Mr. O'Sullivan did present one pure unselfish passion, enshrined, as it were, amid the paltriness and frivolity and selfishness that marked all the other human relations registered in the book. It was, of course, an unhappy passion, a love, from its very purity, destined to be squandered if not altogether wasted in a world where, we gather, sex as a rule means either lust or boredom. In *Sentiment* we are vouchsafed no saving draught of honest feeling. We are to look on, with amused tolerance, at the ridiculous struggles of certain persons to invest their pursuit of selfish gratification with the colours and graces of sentiment. Unluckily the performance has nothing of the warmth and naturalness of comedy, none of these persons can be admired or liked, and for that reason there is small pleasure or profit in laughing at them. We find good fun, here and there, by the way, as in the portrait of the village authoress who 'had a story called *Annie's Overshoes* appearing at that moment in an American periodical; and she was wont to declare that she never read anything but contemporary literature from fear of injuring the large-hearted modern outlook which was recognised in her productions by publishers and critics.'" In short, the book has no sound action; it tells nothing about anybody or anything; it is the kind of whimsical skit that will pass readily enough for a "novel," but collapses outright if you try to take it as a story.

Two good bits of romantic comedy, frankly of the lighter sort, are *Miss Million's Maid* and *Ladies Must Live*. Berta Ruck, author of *In Another Girl's Shoes*, has a merry fancy, and a special touch for humourous social complications and amatory cross purposes. Each of her stories openly sets out from a whimsical



situation; but when you have accepted the premise, events follow each other plausibly and in order. Plausibly, that is, for a reader who has yielded to the mood of whimsy: *Alice in Wonderland* means nothing to a mental clothopper. Here is Beatrice Lovelace, in her early twenties, with aristocratic forbears, a ridiculous maiden aunt, and no means and less desire for keeping up the family dignity. There is a little kitchen wench in the household, called Million, a good-natured, vulgar little thing. Let her suddenly come in for literal millions, let her young mistress (bent on escape from the hopeless shabbiness and snobbery of her aunt's régime) volunteer to be the maid; and let the pair embark upon their new life in the most fashionable of London hostelrys: what amazing things have the right to happen after that! All sorts of terrific and perfectly harmless adventures do ensue, involving two or three very nice young men for Miss Lovelace, and a suitable one for the splurging Million. The action properly keeps to its plane of comedy, and the people are as real as they need be for our romantic purpose. *Ladies Must Live*, with its more elaborate manner, is equally consistent within its sphere of romantic whimsy. It is all preposterous if the reader approaches it equipped with the cool monocle of reason. But he ought not to do that: the famous glasses of rose colour are his proper tool. A rich young damsel who foists herself upon a young man, for reasons of pure convenience, and insists upon being engaged to him against his will, is plainly a creature of fancy. But the author succeeds in getting us (in our amiable mood) to accept the hypothesis, and spins a very ingenious and amusing yarn out of this almost impalpable dream-stuff.

Two stories which may be rudely classified as British polite romance, war-flavoured, are *Unconquered* and *The Shining Heights*, by novelists of long-standing popularity in England. The Sir Mark Forsyth of *Unconquered* is a ladies' hero rather of the Mrs. Hum-

phry Ward type: masterful, impatient, susceptible, and immensely ardent about the affair of his own happiness. His mother, though a very modern woman in most ways, adores and spoils him in a quite old-fashioned way. They are friends and comrades—in such a sense that the son feels quite free to be as rude as he likes to the mother when matters become uncomfortable for him. The good and sweet Sheila who loves him, and who is of much larger nature than he, puts up with whatever crumbs of condescending kindness he may find time to let fall; and when, in the end, he discovers the obvious, and turns away from the memory of the shallow enchantress who has jilted him, Sheila is dutifully waiting to be taken to his bosom. It is all extremely British. It is so evident that his being a baronet is one reason, sufficient in his creator's eyes, for the servility of his females. The contrast between Sir Mark as a typical Briton (old style) and Riatt, the amenable aviator of *Ladies Must Live* as a typical American (all styles) would be highly comic if it were just to the differing character of the two books. Sir Mark (who by the way is an artist as well as a baronet), after he has landed himself in a mess of false romance with the enchantress, is fortunately called to duty by the war. Lady Forsyth and Sheila follow him to France as nurses, and in due time he is discovered in a hospital and brought home damaged but safe. The conclusion is rather like that of Phyllis Bottome's recent story *The Second Fiddle*. In time Sir Mark discovers what, of course, we have been pretending not to be sure of from the outset—that Sheila is the girl for him. Being damaged physically, however, he cannot ask her to marry him, wherefore she presently achieves the horrid feat (these ladies are really Victorian, however modern their costume and manner) of popping the necessary question. Here again, if we accept the premises, the action carries on with vigour, the characters are consistent, and the outcome is all that can be desired. *The Shining*

*Heights* is of somewhat more varied range. The central figure in this scene also is a dominant male, a dark, single-minded devotee, who is ready to face the contempt of the world, and to sacrifice any of his fellow-beings, including his wife, to attain his end. His end, however, is not a selfish one. We are to see him, a trained scientific worker, inheriting from his father a partly worked-out method of curing tuberculosis. The father has been a successful physician, but his theories and experiments have resulted in the ruin of his career through the enmity of his fellow-physicians. The son knows what he must face, even if he were in a position to carry through the experiments to a successful end. This seems unlikely; but at the moment when he is nearly "down and out," a rich girl whom he meets by chance and confides in, offers to marry him, as a mere means of partnership, since her money will give him his chance. Not long thereafter the war comes, and Harding, for the sake of his cause, escapes to America in order to escape service. After the war (for this action is so far antedated) he returns to England and opprobrium. Why he returns to England except for the convenience of the author is, to tell the truth, altogether unevident. Accepting that as our blind premise, we get on

very well. Having perfected his formula, Harding and his wife take a long-deserted house on the Cornish coast and bring there a number of advanced "cases" who have put themselves into Harding's hands. But the whole neighbourhood is saturated with memories of the war: nearby is a settlement of cripples who have a bitter scorn of any man who has not paid his share of the price of England's safety. One neighbour in particular, a gentleman whose face has been terribly disfigured in battle, is directly offset against the despised but defiant Harding. He proceeds to fall helplessly in love with Harding's wife "in name only;" and for a time it seems that she is to respond. Harding's experiment apparently fails, and he makes off to the wilds of Africa, determined to take himself out of his wife's way. But it is he whom she loves; and it is to fall to the lot of the other man, in the end, to go after her husband: she follows, and in a disease-riddled nook of darkest Africa, that great and always satisfying moment arrives which I understand is known in theatrical circles as "the kiss curtain." It is a good story, a little drawn out, not a little melodramatic in spots, but a true thing of its romantic kind.

## SNAP-SHOTS OF FOREIGN AUTHORS: LOTI

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

I, TOO, have seen the fishing fleet  
 Come home to Paimpol  
 And the wives and the mothers  
 Bravely prepared for the worst.  
 And I have been in the graveyard  
 Where are buried only women  
 And children and very old men;  
 And there I bowed to you,  
 Poet of the others,  
 The husbands and the sons  
 Who went down fighting like Frenchmen.

# THE BEST SIXTY-THREE AMERICAN SHORT STORIES OF 1917

BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

THE sixty-three short stories, published in the American magazines during 1917, which I shall discuss in this article are chosen from a larger group of about one hundred and twenty-five stories, whose literary excellence justified me in including them in my annual "Roll of Honour." The stories which are included in this Roll of Honour have been chosen from the stories published in about sixty-five American periodicals during 1917. In selecting them, I have sought to accept the author's point of view and manner of treatment, and to measure simply his degree of success in accomplishing what he set out to achieve. But I must confess that it has been difficult to eliminate personal admiration completely in the further winnowing which has resulted in this selection of sixty-three stories. Below are set forth the particular qualities which have seemed to me to justify in each case the inclusion of a story in this list.

1. *The Excursion*, by Edwina Stanton Babcock (*Pictorial Review*), is, in my belief, one of the best five American short stories of the year. It is significant because of its faithful and imaginative rendering of American folk-life, because of its subtle characterisation, and the successful manner in which it reveals the essentially racy humour of the American countryside with the utmost economy of means. The characterisation is achieved almost entirely through dialogue, and the portraiture of the characters is rendered inimitably in a phrase or two. In this story, as well as in *The Band*, Miss Babcock has earned the right to a place beside Francis Buzzell as a regional story writer, fairly comparable to John Trevena's renderings of Dartmoor.

2. *The Brothers*, by Thomas Beer

(*Century Magazine*), will remind the reader in some respects of Frederick Stuart Greene's story *The Black Pool*, published in *The Grim* 13. But apart from a superficial resemblance in the substance with which both writers deal, the two stories are more notable in their differences than in their resemblances. If *The Brothers* is less inevitable than *The Black Pool*, it is perhaps a more sophisticated work of art, and I am not sure but that its conclusion and the resolution of character that it involves is not more artistically convincing than the end of *The Black Pool*. It is certainly a memorable first story by a new writer and would of itself be enough to make a reputation. Mr. Beer is the most original new talent that *The Century Magazine* has discovered since Stacy Aumonier.

3. *Onnie*, by Thomas Beer (*The Century Magazine*), has a certain stark faithfulness to life which makes of somewhat obvious material an extremely vivid and freshly felt rendering of life. There is a certain quality of observation in the story which we are accustomed to think of as a Gallic rather than an American trait. I think that Mr. Beer has slightly broadened his canvas where greater restraint and less cautious use of suggestion would have better answered his purpose. But *Onnie* is a better story than *The Brothers*, to my mind, and Mr. Beer, by virtue of these two stories, is one of the two or three most interesting new talents of the year.

4. *Ironstone*, by Phyllis Bottome (*Century Magazine*). To those who have enjoyed in recent years the admirable social comedy and deft handling of English character to which Miss Bottome has accustomed us, *Ironstone* must have come as a surprise in its revelation of a new aspect in the author's talent, akin to the

## Edward J. O'Brien



EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK AND HER LITTLE NEPHEW

kind of tale which is found at its best as a "middle" in the *London Nation*. It compresses the emotion of a Greek drama into a space of perhaps four thousand words. I find that the closing dialogue in this story is as certain in its march as the closing pages of *Riders to the Sea* and the *katharsis* is timeless in its final solution.

5. *From Hungary*, by "John Breck" (THE BOOKMAN), is, perhaps, not to be classified as a short story, but the academic limitations of the short story have never interested me greatly, and in its own field this short fiction sketch is memorable. Its secret is the secret of atmosphere rather than speech, but atmosphere here becomes human in its reality and the resultant effect is not unlike that of *When Hannah Was Eight Years Old*, by Miss Girling, which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* a few years ago. "John Breck," or Elizabeth C. A. Smith, to disclose her pseudonym, has found complete embodiment for her conception in this story for the first time, and it is a promise for a vivid and interesting future.

6. *The Flying Teuton*, Brown (Harper's Magazine) short story that has come out as yet in either English magazines. Accepting the *Flying Dutchman*, Miss imagined it re-embodied in ting, and out of the ironies tion a most dramatic story a sure and true message for can people. It is in my opinion the five best short stories of I am happy to say that it accessible to the public once form.

7. *Closed Doors and Tea*, by Maxwell Struther in Scribner's Magazine). stories and in *The Glory Green Earth*, John O'M. *Panache*, all of which appear's Magazine during the place is made for the American short-story writer of Mrs. Gerould, Wilbur ]



MAXWELL STRUTHERS

and H. G. Dwight. Two years ago I had the pleasure of reprinting his first short story, *The Water-Hole*, in *The Best Short Stories of 1915*. I thought at that time that Mr. Burt would eventually do fine things, but I never sus-



IRVIN S. COBB

pected that, in the short period of two years he would win for himself so important a place in contemporary American letters. Mr. Burt's technique is still a trifle over-sophisticated, but I suppose this is a fault on virtue's side. A collection of Mr. Burt's short stories in book form should be anxiously awaited by the American public.

9. *Lonely Places* and 10. *The Long Vacation*, by Francis Buzzell (Pictorial Review). The attentive reader of American fiction must have already noted two memorable stories by Francis Buzzell published in previous years, *Addie Erb* and *Her Girl Lottie* and *Ma's Pretties*. These two stories won for Mr.

Buzzell an important position as an American folk-writer, and this position is amply sustained by the two fine stories which he has published during the past year. His imaginative realism weaves poignant beauty out of the simplest and most dusty elements in life, and it is my belief that it is along the lines of his method and that of Miss Babcock that America is most likely eventually to contribute something distinctively national to the world's literary culture.

11. *The Mistress*, by Fleta Campbell (Harper's Bazar), is a most highly polished and sharply outlined story of the war. It makes an art out of coldness in narration which serves to emphasise and bring out by contrast the human warmth of the story's substance.

12. *The Foundling*, by Gunnar Cederschiöld (Collier's Weekly). Readers who recall the fine series of stories by Alden Brooks published during the past two years in *Collier's Weekly* and *The Century Magazine* will find in *The Foundling* a story equally memorable as a ruthless portrayal of the effects of war. Whether one approves or disapproves in general of the ending is irrelevant in this case. This story must take its place as one of the best dozen stories of the war.

13. *Boys Will Be Boys*, 14. *The Family Tree*, and 15. *Quality Folks*, by Irvin S. Cobb (all in the Saturday Evening Post). It is seven years since Irvin Cobb published his first short story, *The Escape of Mr. Trimm*, in the *Saturday Evening Post*. During that short period he has passed from the position of an excellent journalist to that of America's most representative humourist, in the truer meaning of that word. Upon him the mantle of Mark Twain has descended, and with that mantle he has inherited the artistic virtues and the utter inability to criticise his own work that was so characteristic of Mr. Clemens. But the very gusto of his creative work has been shaping his style during the past two years to a point where he may now fairly claim to have mastered his material, and to have found the most effective human persuasiveness

in its presentation. Our grandchildren will read these three stories, and thank God that there was a man named Cobb once born in Paducah, Kentucky.

16. *Laughter* (Harper's Magazine) and 17. *Our Dog* (Pictorial Review), by Charles Caldwell Dobie. The rapid rise of Mr. Dobie in less than two years from the date when his first short story was published challenges comparison with the similar career of Maxwell Struthers Burt. As Mr. Burt's art has its analogies with that of Mrs. Gerould, so Mr. Dobie's art has its analogies with that of Wilbur Daniel Steele. I am not certain that Mr. Dobie's talent is not essentially that of a novel writer, but certainly at least four of the short stories which he has published during the past year are notable artistic achievements in widely different moods. If tragedy prevails, it is purified by a fine spiritual idealism, which takes symbols and makes of them something more human than a mere allegory. If an American publisher were courageous enough to start publishing a series of volumes of short stories by contemporary American writers, he could not do better than to begin with a selection of Mr. Dobie's tales.

18. *A Little Nipper of Hide-an'-Seek Harbor*, by Norman Duncan (Pictorial Review). This story has a melancholy interest, because it was the last story sold by its author before his sudden death last year. But it would have been remembered for its own sake as the last and not the least important of the long series of Newfoundland sagas which Mr. Duncan has given us. It shows that Norman Duncan kept his artistic vigour to the last, and those who know Newfoundland can testify that such stories as these will always remain its most permanent literary record.

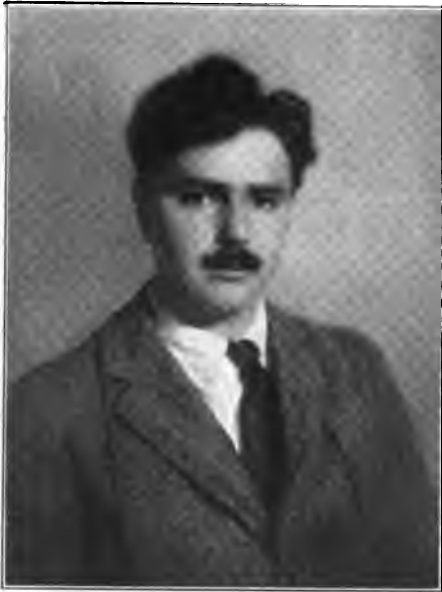
19. *The Emperor of Elam*, by H. G. Dwight (Century Magazine). Those who have read Mr. Dwight's volume of short stories entitled *Stamboul Nights* do not need to be told that Mr. Dwight is the one American short-story writer whom we may confidently set beside Joseph Conrad as a master in a



H. G. DWIGHT

similar literary field. American editors have been diffident about publishing his stories for reasons which cast more discredit on the American editor than on Mr. Dwight, and accordingly, it is a genuine pleasure to encounter *The Emperor of Elam*, and to chronicle the hardihood of the editor of the *Century Magazine*. The story is a modern odyssey of adventure, set as usual in the Turkish background with which Mr. Dwight is most familiar. In its atmosphere is realised completely for its own sake, and as a motive power urging the lives of his characters to their inevitable end.

20. *The Gay Old Dog*, by Edna Ferber (Metropolitan Magazine), is, in my opinion, the big story which *The Eldest* was not. It is my belief that Edna Ferber is a novelist first and a short-story writer afterward, but in *The Gay Old Dog* she has accepted a theme which can best be handled in the short-story form and has made the most of it artistically, much as Fannie Hurst has done in all of her better stories. Miss Ferber has not sentimentalised her substance as she



WALDO FRANK

does most often, but has let it remain at its own sentimental valuation.

21. *Bread-Crumbs*, by Waldo Frank (Seven Arts Magazine). I cannot help feeling that this is an extremely well-written and honestly conceived story, whose substance is essentially false, but the author has apparently persuaded himself of its truth and presents it almost convincingly to the reader. Be this as it may, Mr. Frank has not failed to make his two characters real for us, and the poignancy of their final revelation is certainly genuine. Mr. Frank, however, should save such material as this for longer fiction, as his method is essentially that of a novelist.

22. *Pearls Before Swine*, by Cornelia Throop Geer (Atlantic Monthly). With a quiet and somewhat reticent art, the author of this story has succeeded in deftly conveying to her readers a delicate pastoral scene of innocence reflecting the dreams of two little Irish children. It was a difficult feat to attempt, as few can safely reproduce the atmosphere of an alien race successfully, and even to Irish-Americans Ireland cannot be sufficiently realised for creative embodi-

ment. I am told that a volume of Irish stories is promised from the pen of Miss Geer, and it should take its place with the better folk stories of modern Irish life. Miss Geer's method is the result of identification with, rather than condescension toward, her subject.

23. *East of Eden* (Harper's Magazine), 24. *The Hand of Jim Fane* (Harper's Magazine), 25. *The Knight's Move* (Atlantic Monthly), 26. *The Wax Doll* (Scribner's Magazine), and 27. *What They Seem* (Harper's Magazine), by Katharine Fullerton Gerould. In these five short stories, Mrs. Gerould amply sustains her claim to rank as one of the three most distinguished contemporary writers of the American short story. Preoccupied as she is with the subtle rendering of abnormal psychological situations, her work is in the great traditional line whose last completely adequate exponent was Henry James. One and all, these stories have the fascination of strange spiritual adventure, and the persuasiveness of her exposition conceals inimitably the closely woven craftsmanship of her work. Of these five stories, *The Knight's Move* and *East of Eden* surely represent a development in her art which it will be almost impossible for her to surpass.

28. *Dare's Gift*, by Ellen Glasgow (Harper's Magazine). I prefer to beg the question whether this is a short story or a very short novel. It certainly has the unity of a well-defined spiritual incident, and if one recalls its substance, it is only to view it as a completely rounded whole. As such it is surely as fine a study of the influence of place as Mrs. Wharton's *Kerfol* or Mrs. Pangborn's *Bixby's Bridge*. The brooding atmosphere of a house mindful of its past and reacting upon successive inmates morally, or perhaps immorally, has seldom been more faithfully rendered.

29. *The Hearing Ear* (Harper's Magazine) and 30. *A Jury of Her Peers* (Every Week), by Susan Glaspell. It is always interesting to study the achievement of a novelist who has won distinction deservedly in that field, when that

novelist attempts the very different technique of the short story. It is particularly interesting in the case of Susan Glaspell, because with these two stories she convinces the reader that her future really lies in the short story rather than in the novel. Few American writers have such a natural dramatic story sense, and to this Susan Glaspell has added an increasing reticence in the portrayal of her characters. In these two stories you will not find the slightest sentimentalisation of her subject-matter, nor is it keyed so tightly as some of her previous work. *A Jury of Her Peers* is one of the better folk stories of the year, sharing that distinction with *The Excursion*, by Miss Babcock, and the two stories by Francis Buzzell of which I have spoken above.

31. *His Father's Flag*, by Armistead C. Gordon (Scribner's Magazine). The many readers who have revelled in Mr. Gordon's admirable portraits of Virginia negro plantation life will be surprised and gratified at Mr. Gordon's venture in this story into a new field. This story has all the infectious emotional feeling of memory recalling glorious things, and I can only compare it for its spiritual fidelity toward a cause to the stories by Elsie Singmaster, which she has gathered into her volume about Gettysburg, and particularly to that fine story, *The Survivors*.

32. *The Bunker Mouse* and 33. "*Molly McGuire, Fourteen*," by Frederick Stuart Greene (The Century Magazine). Captain Green's story, *The Cat of the Cane-Brake*, attracted so much attention at the time of its publication in the *Metropolitan Magazine* a year ago that it is interesting to find him achieving high distinction in other imaginative fields. Captain Greene's natural gift of narrative is the result of a strong impulse toward creative expression, which moulds its form a little self-consciously, but convincingly, for the most part. I think that he is at his best in these two stories rather than in *The Cat of the Cane-Brake* and *The Black Pool*, because they are based upon a more direct apprehension and experience of life. "*Molly Mc-*

*Guire, Fourteen*" adds one more tradition to those of the Virginia Military Institute.

34. *Rainbow Pete*, by Richard Matthews Hallet (Pictorial Review), reveals the author in his most incorrigibly romantic mood. Mr. Hallet casts glamour over his creations, partly through his detached and pictorial perception of life, and partly through the magic of his words. He has been compared to Conrad, and in a lesser way he has much in common with the author of *Lord Jim*, but his artistic method is essentially different and quite as individual.

35. *Frazee*, by Lee Foster Hartman (Harper's Magazine). Mr. Hartman has been a good friend to other story writers for so long that we had begun to forget how fine an artist he can be himself. In *Frazee* he has taken a subject which would have fascinated Mrs. Gerould and has handled it with reserve and power. It is pitched in a quieter key than is usual in such a story, and the



SUSAN GLASPELL





LEE FOSTER HARTMAN

result is that character merges with atmosphere almost imperceptibly. I regard the story as almost a model of construction for students of short-story writing.

36. *Four Days*, by Hetty Hemenway (Atlantic Monthly). This remarkable story of the spiritual effect of the war upon two young people was so widely commented upon, not only after its appearance in the *Atlantic Monthly*, but later, when it was republished in book form, that I shall only commend it to the reader here as an artistically woven study in war psychology.

37. *Get Ready the Wreaths*, by Fannie Hurst (Cosmopolitan Magazine). The artistic qualities in Miss Hurst's work which have commended themselves to such disinterested critics as Mr. Howells are revealed once more in this story, in which Miss Hurst accepts the shoddiness of background which characterises her literary types, and reveals the fine human current that runs beneath it all. I am not sure that Miss Hurst has not diluted her substance a little too

much during the past year, and in any case that danger is implicit in her method. But in *Get Ready the Wreaths*, the emotional validity of her substance is absolutely unimpeachable and her handling of the situation it presents is adequate and fine.

38. *Journey's End*, by Percy Adams Hutchison (Harper's Magazine). An attentive reader of American short stories during the past few years may have observed with interest at rare intervals the work of Mr. Hutchison. In it there was always a promise of an achievement not unlike that of Perceval Gibbon, but a certain looseness of texture prevented Mr. Hutchison from being completely persuasive. In *Journey's End*, however, it must be confessed that he has written a memorable sea story that is certainly equal at least to the better stories in Mr. Kipling's latest volume.

39. *The Strange-Looking Man*, by Fanny Kemble Johnson (The Pagan). I suppose that this story is to be regarded as a sketch rather than a short story, but in any case it is a vividly rendered picture of war's effects portrayed with subtle irony and quiet art. I associate it with *Chautonville*, by Will Levington Comfort, and *The Flying Teuton*, by Alice Brown, as one of the three stories with the most authentic spiritual message in American fiction that the war has produced.

40. *The Sea-Turn*, by E. Clement Jones (The Seven Arts). In this study of the spiritual reactions of a starved environment upon an imaginative mind, Mrs. Jones has added a convincing character portrait to American letters which ranks with the better short stories of J. D. Beresford in a similar genre. The story is in the same tradition as that of the younger English realists, but it is an essential contribution to our nationalism, and as such helps to point the way toward the future, in which a true national literature must find its only and inevitable realisation.

41. *The Caller in the Night*, by Burton Kline (The Stratford Journal). I believe that Mr. Kline has completely

realised in this story a fine imaginative situation and has presented a folk story with a significant legendary quality. It is in the tradition of Hawthorne, but the substance with which Mr. Kline deals is the substance of his own people, and consequently that in which his creative impulse has found the freest scope. It may be compared to its own advantage with *The Lost Phoebe*, by Theodore Dreiser, which was equally memorable among the folk stories of 1916, and the comparison suggests that in both cases the author's training as a novelist has not been wholly to his disadvantage as a short-story teller.

42. *When Did You Write Your Mother Last?*, by Addison Lewis (*Reedy's Mirror*). This is the only story I have read in three years in which it seemed to me that I found the authentic voice of "O. Henry" speaking. Mr. Lewis has been publishing a series of



ADDISON LEWIS



BURTON KLINE

these "Tales While You Wait" in *Reedy's Mirror* during the past few months, and I should much prefer them to those of Jack Lait for the complete success with which he has achieved his aims. Imitation of "O. Henry" has been the curse of American story-telling for the past ten years, because "O. Henry" is practically inimitable. Mr. Lewis is not an imitator, but he may well prove before very long to be "O. Henry's" successor. In the words of Padna Dan and Micus Pat, "Here's the chance for some one to make a discovery."

43. *Widow La Rue*, by Edgar Lee Masters (*Reedy's Mirror*). This is the best short story in verse that the year has produced, and as literature it realises, in my belief, even greater imaginative fulfilment than *Spoon River Anthology*. I should have most certainly wished to include it in *The Best Short Stories of 1917* had it been in prose, and it adds one more unforgettable legend to our folk imagination.



Photo by Bachrach

MARY SYNON

44. *The Understudy*, by Johnson Morton (Harper's Magazine), is an ironic character study developed with much *finesse* in the tradition of Henry James. Its defect is a certain conventional atmosphere which demands an artificial attitude on the part of the reader. Its admirable distinction is its faithful rendering of a personality not unlike the *Tante* of Anne Douglas Sedgwick, if a novel portrait and a short-story portrait may fittingly be compared. If the portraiture is unpleasant, it is at any rate rendered with incisive kindness.

45. *The Heart of Life*, by Meredith Nicholson (Scribner's Magazine). Mr. Nicholson has treated an old theme freshly in *The Heart of Life* and discovered in it new values of contrasting character. Among his short stories it stands out as notably as *A Hoosier Chronicle* among his novels. It is in such work as this that Mr. Nicholson justifies his calling, and it is by them that he has most hope of remembrance in American literature.

46. *Murder?*, by Seumas O'Brien (Illustrated Sunday Magazine). With

something of Hardy's stark rendering of atmosphere, Mr. O'Brien has portrayed a grim situation unforgetably. Woven out of the simplest elements, and with an entire lack of literary sophistication, his story is fairly comparable to the work of Daniel Corkery, whose volume, *A Munster Twilight*, has interested me more than any other volume of short stories published in America this year. The story is of particular interest because Mr. O'Brien's reputation as an artist has been based solely upon his work as a satirist and Irish fabulist.

47. *The Interval*, by Vincent O'Sullivan (Boston Evening Transcript). It is odd to reflect that a literary artist of Mr. O'Sullivan's distinction is not represented in American magazines during 1917 at all, and that it has been left to a daily newspaper to publish his work. In *The Interval* Mr. O'Sullivan has sought to suggest the spiritual effect of the war upon a certain type of mind. He has rendered with faithful subtleness the



WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

newly aroused longing for religious belief or some form of concrete spiritual expression, that bereavement brings. This state has a pathos of its own that the author adequately realises in his story, and his irony in portraying it is Gallic in its quality.

48. *Bixby's Bridge*, by Georgia Wood Pangborn (Harper's Magazine). Mrs. Pangborn is well known for her artistic stories of the supernatural, and this will rank among the best of them. She shares with Algernon Blackwood that gift for making spiritual illusion real which is so rare in contemporary work. What is specially distinctive is her gift of selection, by which she brings out the most illusive psychological contacts.

49. "*A Certain Rich Man*—," by Lawrence Perry (Scribner's Magazine). I find in this story an emotional quality keyed up as tightly, but as surely, as in the best short stories by Mary Synon. Remote as its substance may seem, superficially, it touches the very heart of the experience that the war has brought to us all, and reveals the naked stuff out of which our war psychology has emerged.

50. *The Portrait*, by Emery Pottle (The Touchstone). This study in Italian backgrounds is by another disciple of Henry James, who portrays with deft, sure touches the nostalgia of an American girl unhappily married to an Italian nobleman. It just fails of complete persuasiveness because it is a trifle overstrung, but, nevertheless, it is memorable for its artistic sincerity.

51. *The Path of Glory*, by Mary Brecht Pulver (Saturday Evening Post). This story of how distinction came to a poor family in the mountains through the death of their son in the French army is simply told with a quiet, unassuming earnestness that makes it very real. It marks a new phase of Mrs. Pulver's talent, and one which promises her a richer fulfilment in the future than her other stories have suggested. Time and time again I have been impressed this year by the folk quality that is manifest in our younger writers, and what is most encouraging is that, when they write of

the poor and the lowly, there is less of that condescension toward their subject than has been characteristic of American folk-writing in the past.

52. *Miss Fothergill*, by Norval Richardson (Scribner's Magazine). The tradition, in English fiction, which is most signally marked by *Pride and Prejudice*, *Cranford*, and *Barchester Towers*, and which was pleasantly continued by the late Dr. S. Weir Mitchell and by Margaret Deland, is admirably embodied in the work of this writer, whose work should be better known. The quiet blending of humour and pathos in *Miss Fothergill* is unusual.

53. *The Scar That Tripled*, by William Gunn Shepherd (Metropolitan Magazine), is none the less truly a remarkable short story because it happens to be based on fact. *The Deserter* was the last fine short story written by the late Richard Harding Davis, and *The Scar That Tripled* is the engrossing narrative of the adventure which suggested that story. Personally, I regard it as superior to *The Deserter*.

54. *A Country Christmas*, by Grant Showerman (Century Magazine). Professor Showerman's country chronicles are now well known to American readers, and this is quite the best of them. These sketches rank with those of Hamlin Garland as a permanent and delightful record of a pioneer life that has passed away forever. Their deliberate homeliness and consistent reflection of a small boy's attitude toward life have no equal, to my knowledge.

55. *The Christmas Angel* (Pictorial Review) and 56. *The Flag of Eliphalet* (Boston Evening Transcript), by Elsie Singmaster, add two more portraits to the pleasant gallery of Elsie Singmaster's vivid creations. Although her vein is a narrow one, no one is more competent than she in its expression, and few surpass her in the faithful rendering of homely but none the less real spiritual circumstance.

57. *The End of the Road*, by Gordon Arthur Smith (Scribner's Magazine), is a sequel to *Feet of Gold*, and chronicles

the further love adventures of Ferdinand Taillandy, and their tragic conclusion. In these two stories Mr. Smith has proven his literary kinship with Leonard Merrick, and these stories surely rank with the adventures of Tricotrin and Pitou.

58. *Ching, Ching, Chinaman* (Pictorial Review), 59. *Ked's Hand* (Harper's Magazine), 60. *White Hands* (Pictorial Review) and 61. *The Woman at Seven Brothers* (Harper's Magazine), by Wilbur Daniel Steele. With these four stories, together with *A Devil of a Fellow, Free, and A Point of Honor*, Mr. Steele assumes his rightful place with Katharine Fullerton Gerould and H. G. Dwight, as a leader in American fiction. *Ching, Ching, Chinaman, White Hands, and The Woman at Seven Brothers* are in my belief the three best short stories that were published in 1917 by an American author, and I may safely predict their literary permanence. Mr. Steele's extraordinary gift for presenting action and spiritual conflict pictorially is unrivalled, and his sense of human mystery has a rich tragic

humour akin to that of Thomas Hardy, though his philosophy of life is infinitely more hopeful.

62. *None So Blind*, by Mary Synon (Harper's Magazine), is a study in tragic circumstance, the more powerful because it is so reticently handled. It is Miss Synon's first profound study in feminine psychology, and reveals an unusual sense of emotional values. Few backgrounds have been more subtly rendered in their influence upon character, and the action of the story is inevitable despite its character of surprise.

63. *The Scar*, by Elizabeth Stead Taber (The Seven Arts). The brutal realism of this story may repel the reader, but its power and convincing quality cannot be gainsaid. So many writers have followed John Fox's example in writing about the mountaineers of the Alleghanies, that it is gratifying to chronicle so exceptional a story as this. It is as inevitable in its ugliness as *The Cat of the Cane-Brake*, by Frederick Stuart Greene, and psychologically it is far more convincing.

## TO A BIBLIOPHILE

BY CHARLES WHARTON STORK

You rule a narrow castle, nobly built  
 In mellowed calf and red morocco tiers  
 Of ancient volumes rich with sombre gilt;  
 Your Caxtons, Aldines, and your Elzevirs.  
 You have not doubted since your day began  
 That *man was made for books*, not books for man.

# ECHOES

## I. GRAVEN IMAGES

IT WAS Aunt Katherine's nature to be churchly. Besides she was fond of the rector. He had watery blue eyes and a lisp. You could not help feeling that he was dubious about the past, a little uncertain about the future and very uncomfortable about the present. He was, however, extremely orthodox, and devoted to gardening. He used to drive a fat pony hitched to a low basket chaise. Sometimes he would come back from the woods with the chaise filled with moss and lichens and branches of flowering thorn, while he walked beside the pony. I believe that Aunt Katherine was fond of him more for his love of gardens than for his love of God. He did seem to have more positiveness in his feeling for hardy annuals than for the Law and the Prophets.

The rector is quite inextricably bound up with the earlier phases of my childhood. I remember sitting beside Aunt Katherine in church, looking up at him and saying to myself, "Golly-Golly-Golly" and holding my breath for God to smite me. Then later on when I had learned "Damn" I remember whispering it softly through a prayer, with a lump of excitement in my throat, waiting for a white hot bolt of lightning to break the dim quiet of the church.

And then I can see the rector in Aunt Katherine's front parlour, his hands on his knees, shyly telling Aunt Katherine about the parish, and about the slugs on his tomato vines, and about the imminent dangers of woman suffrage. I sat on a little stool and thought how dull it was to talk about slugs and militant women, when he held the key to so many mysteries. The talk passed to the confirmation class, and dwindled off among the thirty-nine articles. I stopped to meditate on the commandments. The first ones were the most interesting. I

had no desire to steal, kill or to commit adultery, but I had an intense, consuming desire to make unto myself a graven image, and to bow down and worship it. The next day on my way to the village I passed the church and I could hear the Confirmation class droning out those alluring and appalling words: "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of anything that is in the heavens above nor in the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down to them nor worship them. . . ."

The tremendous threat at the end left me cold with excitement. I had no particular personal feeling about God. I more than half suspected Him of being a kind of celestial bluff, especially since that unpunished damn episode. I pictured Him as an active, fairly elderly gentleman, a little crotchety like Stebbins, our gardener, when his gout was bad, and His attitude toward other gods reminded me of my father's attitude toward his business competitors.

The desire to transgress the law became stronger within me, and at last I made up my mind to make to myself a god and to worship him. Then I should see how much there was in the threats of the Deity by whom Aunt Katherine set such store. That would give me some data for future transgressions. First I tried making a graven image with one of the cook's kitchen knives. The result was a stupid-looking totem pole toward which I could feel no stirrings of emotion. There was so little that one could feel about a piece of kindling wood, cautiously removed from the basket by the stove and hacked into by an old knife. After that I tried constructing a god out of fruit jars filled with cotton, to which I set fire. The jars cracked miserably and dirtily, filled with a horrid smudge. Then I found a wheel off of one of Aunt

Katherine's old carriages, and rolled it down to the "river," where I wound it with branches from the willow tree. With an elaborate ritual I set it afloat, but though the branches kept it up for a while it soon sank with a faint gurgle to the bottom, where it lay still, inspected by curious little minnows. By this time I was beginning to suspect why there was so little competition to Aunt Katherine's God. At night I lay awake trying to think of a real Divinity that could be made from my rather limited resources. There was the *Boy's Handy Book*, which told you how to make any number of unfamiliar things, but remained non-committal about gods,—except the catamaran, which had a sound of mystery and might about it. I supposed that the author of the *Boy's Handy Book* was, like the rector, under the influence of the threats uttered so sonorously every Sunday. I wondered as I lay there if God would creep out of the darkness and carry me off. I wondered if it would do any good to scream, and whether if I did Aunt Katherine would think she ought to interfere with the course of divine wrath. But nothing came. I was not afraid of the great quiet dark, except when streaks of moonlight fell across it, throwing familiar objects out of focus and sharpening the unknown corners of tall cupboards and bureaus.

So I fell asleep. The next day I went down to the "river" to play in the old tree that swept almost entirely across it. Close up to the shore I could see the smooth round pebbles that formed part of the stream bed. I had always had the keenest delight in little inanimate things, and with a kind of instinctive paganism urging me to worship, I slipped to my knees beside the water. Scooping out a handful of the smoothest stones, I arranged them in a circle, piling one on the other, until I had an altar there by the brook. Then I gathered cowslips and laid them on the stones. There is an odd association of memories about that altar. Years afterward I came across an epigram of Leonidas of Taren-

tum, which brought a perfectly clear picture to my mind; a pile of round polished stones, a slow little stream, and the fresh wet smell of cowslips strewn about the altar. It was an epitaph of a little girl who had "passed untimely to Hades, in her seventh year, before her many playmates, poor thing, pining for her baby brother, who at twenty months tasted of Joveless death. Alas! how near at hand God has set the sorest griefs to man."

For several days after that I brazenly defied the jealous God. I worshipped everything with an unflattering promiscuousness. I worshipped myself in the mirror, though that embarrassed me, for it reminded me of freckles that I had been trying to forget. Besides it is just as unsatisfactory to worship oneself as a jagged totem pole. There was nothing unknown or mysterious about me. Of course there were times when I had been sure that I was a changeling, else why should my parents treat me so unfeelingly when I left the gas burning for a whole night in the attic, or when I shut my grandfather up in the study, in his wheeled chair, and set fire to it while he slept—and no amount of explanation could convince them that only my affection for the old man made me want to send him to heaven like Elijah in a fiery chariot. There was a time, too, when believing that the exchange of children must have caused mother and father much unhappiness, I set about to find their real child. I shall never forget mother's face when I led home an alley child with adenoids, who seemed to me to have the placid and unquestioning qualities she required.

But all this has nothing to do with my following after strange gods. As I said, for several days I worshipped fruitlessly. God stayed in His heaven and ignored me. Perhaps, I thought, He visited iniquities only on really distinguished persons. Then it occurred to me that if the rector could be induced to worship a graven image, God would be forced to show His hand. The question was how to bring it about.

The next day I met the rector driving his fat pony hitched to the chaise. He was redder-eyed than usual. I believe that the smell of the clover gave him hay fever. He stopped the pony and I climbed in beside him. We were rather friendly. I told him that there were cowslips and marigolds and blue iris by our stream, and that I had seen a blue heron standing on one leg on the bank. He suggested that we go and look for him. I felt like Delilah. I had a moment of doubt. Perhaps rectors were not distinguished enough. But it was too late to turn back. We tied the pony to the low apple tree by the wall and climbed over into the meadow. There was the altar by the stream, the cowslips lying dry but faintly sweet across it.

"What smooth stones," said the rector. "I believe that it is an altar to Pan." He began to weave a wreath of reedy grass and cowslips. I watched him with terrified fascination. I wanted to tell him that his God was a jealous God. He surely had forgotten. Instead I grew curiously dumb and frightened. I pictured myself dragging the rector's dead body across the meadow and propping it up in the chaise—then the dreary ride back to the village.

Now he stooped, and put the wreath on the altar, smiling a little as he did so and saying some words that I did not understand. He told me afterward that they were

Πάν φιλε, πικτίδα μίμνε τεύεις ἐπί χειχεσι  
συρων,

ἐχὼ γὰρ δήεις τοιοῦδ' ἐνὶ θει λοπέδοις—

and I remember how the scene came back to me when I first saw the lines translated,

Dear Pan, abide here, drawing the pipe  
over thy lips,

For thou wilt find Echo on these sunny  
greens.

After that he stood for a long time looking down at the little pile of stones and I noticed that there were tears in his faded eyes. And by and by the strain relaxed and we turned back to the chaise. God had ignored our transgression.

At breakfast the next morning Aunt Katherine said in her dust-to-dust tone, "I want you to take some of our tomato plants over to the rector. The slugs have fairly riddled his vines, Stebbins says. I suppose in this weather there's no stopping them once they've got a start."

*Rebecca Lowrie.*

• • •

## II. THE ROOF-BUILDERS

Man is the roof-builder; and throughout history the best manhood of every tribe and of every nation has risen to the freedom of that service. Here alone has been our salvation and here alone will it continue to be. The roofs we have built, or have dreamed, are the gauges of our amplitude of soul; so that the great upsweeping cathedral lofts are the true symbols of our race's glory, equalled perhaps alone by the low shelter of the cottage roof, the relic and affirmation of a single pair of hands.

And these structures built by the spirit in stone are but counterparts of yet more glorious edifices reared by the spirit in spirit. The latter, built in song, word

and deed, are the great roof-ideas of the world, roofs of aspiration, of faith and of desire; for under the great outspreading of their eaves there is a precinct, freed from the alien chaos without, wherein we may take sanctuary and gain for our wearied selves new impulse toward the mastery of life. Each of these structures must have been wrought in the joy and pain of love, for a roof is an act of protective love; and in each there is a living shelter as beneath the wings of love, and in each the gesture of the vigorous upward beat of these very wings themselves.

True, there have been roofs that have crumbled at a touch; there have been faulty roofs; and great roofs that by our very unfaith have been made prisons, in



that we have failed to dare to gauge their height, and, in our blindness, deemed them low. Before condemning these, however, we should strive to discern the scope of their original purpose; in which search we may penetrate the obscured vastnesses that we have ignored, and with braver vision discern dim trophies of an elder faith, and hear beyond the storming of a greater, bolder life.

Why wonder, then, that there are some of us who refuse to discard old music, old books and stories of old deeds? We cherish them, not because they are old, but because they span experience whose height is a sky as yet unwinged by us. Old ballads, old legends, have at its simplest this quality of the gift of light. Many such we miscall superstitions; yet to unfeared individual acceptance on our part and to the freedom of a creative imagination, what lofty beckoning may not be theirs? To those who have had a great love, to those who would have such an one, is the legend of the Stigmata naught but superstition? Rather is it not of the mysterious heart of love itself the potent expression, instinct with a meaning that will vanquish the dolour of unconsummated longing by beautiful identity in a union of pain?

The mighty roof-idea, under which we of this generation have grown up, that of Evolution, is hope-giving in a sense, but blinding if we lose ourselves in its extent and intricacy. Under its influence let us not ignore the fundamental, innate completeness that abides in the great relationships of life. Evolution, perhaps, is but the slow growth in us of the power to measure these spiritual piers which are coeval with life and which cannot be destroyed even by our gravest malice. The culmination of evolution then may be the sudden realising, on our part, of the integrity and beauty of these yet invisible roofs above us, and the crowning knowledge of the mystery that, although they exist in indestructible reality, we somehow help in their perpetual erection; must in a way create them anew in order that they be

complete, infinite, and a part of our spirit, which at the supreme moment will achieve the reality that is theirs and issue forth, free, beneath the ultimate roof, which is God.

If evolution, then, be but the slowly increasing exercise of a power we already possess, its purpose may be to bring us to the denial of evolution and the experience of the immediacy of the spirit; whereby we shall learn that our crumbled roofs, our faulty roofs, are our failures to follow the sanction of our hearts upon whose undying stone the upright timbers of our structure should have been reared.

The idea of education—the leading to the light of the inner spiritual life—is one of the greatest of our lofty structures; yet have we recognised the noble spaciousness of its soaring roof? Have we not been busy rather with its lower corners, filling them with shreds and tatters of thought and unmeaning systems of words? Look dispassionately at the actuality of our modern schooling. It is bad enough for our boys who have an ignorance that will learn from anything, but worse for our girls; for they have a knowledge that must not be violated. Confused by words that are often unfounded and born without travail, they are not left at home with the realities in which they should dwell unafraid. They are beaten upon by a storm of too facile opinions in which the bridges of their mind are shattered so that their spirit becomes a land devoid of highways of communication and life ceases to be an activity of hope. It is as though we made a child afraid of the dark and, putting him in a sombre chamber whose corners were ebon mysteries, worried his mind to analyse the half-seen objects of his fear. Instead of this he needs something that he cannot express: perhaps it is a warm, intimate relation to these causes of his fear, such as may be gained through love alone and may not be attained till he can feel a glow of very guardianship toward the dark corner itself.

The blind would lead those with

sight; and we elders are the blind for our failure to discern the deep dissatisfaction of the young for what we give them and their hunger for what is not expected of them—which is their tacit and immediate knowledge of spiritual truths, which are known to us through the medium of life. They need that we share with them the simple sight, which not effort, but a gesture of the soul may give us. Instead we impose on them an ignorance of a modern, subtle sort; we are slave-drivers, not apostles be-mused with the simplicity of Christ.

And to women, to those our most companions, for whom our roofs should be all high and precious—do we really yield to them the companionship they silently ask for? Do we recognise the sanctity innate in marriage? But, on the other hand, do the most radical of us sincerely believe that marriage can be reduced to a contract? Must it not always be something more to bear the dignity of that name? And can a label of this sort do aught but blind our own eyes? Do not imagine that the partners to such a contract believe it to be so; they will follow to the depths of sorrow or degradation, be dragged helpless through sin and held in a bondage from which they cannot, or will not, escape alone; not because of the legality of the binding, but because of the gift in our hands of the higher spiritual companionship, or because of our very helplessness to proffer this thing that they see smothered in our refusing hands. The denial of this right of companionship is the rejection of them; and we deny it by failure to erect our most spiritual ideal. No political equality for them can be aught but oppressive if this right be denied. Without it their life is like a meadow from whose bed every flower has been uprooted by a wind that has found not the hindrance of protective trees.

You may say—and I have seen it recently stated—that between man and woman there never has been and can never be such a hoped-for union; that they are irrevocably divided from each other by the very gifts they bring, since woman

brings the gift of life and man the gift of destruction. War is held to be the final and sufficient proof of this eternal division between them. Yet is not this too easy an explanation and should we abide in it and go no further? War takes hold of the lives of men with startling force and suddenness, drawing from out their deeper selves new selves, translated, it seems, to new spiritual values and attuned to new intensity of pitch. They feel within themselves deeper, calmer assurances than they have ever imagined possible. And war gives this to them; and this that war gives, itself condemns war.

What explanation is there for this tremendous power of war? Few there are who take part in it who think they are not doing something essential, imperative, final. It seems to satisfy not only something material at the base of their being, but something spiritual as well. Do they find complete satisfaction in the thought of this wholesale self-destruction? Or do they not blindly seek death itself, urged on by the mystical knowledge that death is other than it seems, a thing to be sought as unimaginably good? Thus, is it their proclamation that death itself is good, although they are unaware that war is the profoundly wrong method of seeking it? Death should be sought through life. Do not they themselves sometimes feel this, and rather than war itself, do they not wish for a short intensity of life to supplant the long weary round of common days? As we in art shorten the span of events so that we may grasp them as a whole and yet feel their progression, so they would do with the stuff of life itself. Is this right? Rather should not the soul recognise and strive to realise its power to deal with a greater span; to find eternity in this life, not by reducing life to a point, a thrill, but by expanding one point to infinity? Does not the greater spiritual art always try to do this by developing the essentials of life, not by putting a limit to life and reducing it to an arbitrary, graspable circumference? Men who strive thus to do are impa-

tient with life's inessentials, but long-suffering with life itself; they approach to the infinite time-span; theirs are embracing souls. We feel that the brave partakers in war have such generous souls, for by this act of death they would prove the immortality of that very gift that women bring, which some say they would destroy.

Under the roof of marriage then should we not recognise a necessary union? In the gift of life woman is not alone and her great adventure of motherhood is no lonely separation from man; for he, with her, is shaken to the roots of his being, and in his very daring of death he is in travail with life. He holds to a closer union with her than with aught else on earth; she is closer to him than he is to himself. We prefer here to be high-handed with our thought and to say that the mystery of women is the mystery of an immortal choice. For us it is as though they were sprung from the lineage of beings who had made a primal choice; who from some far angelhood had stepped down to give their fellowship to men that they might be more intimate, more human, in their love. They have placed their fate irrevocably in our hands; and their gift of Hope—which may be a power peculiar to woman—is a ministration to our creative Faith. If faith be "the substance of things hoped for," hope may be no other than life itself, and faith a cherishing of life; so that to create is to protect. We who aspire to be the roof-builders feel this to the fibres of our being, and in marriage we would rear a lofty shelter, strong, spacious, and soaring, where to the dweller within we would give a happiness that is transcendent over pain; where we would give a certain solitude to her soul, a solitude where there is warmth and nourishment for both, and for both, unmistakably, the going forth of God; a solitude where her highest and her lowest become as one, and where, as the withered flower goes back to its root, her fallen vanities will be upgathered, transmuted to the simplicity of a child.

Mothers understand this quality of creative faith—they for whom we would especially rear our shelter. They at times may be timid under our guidance, but they have no fear; or if they have, it may be fear that the shelter we erect prove irreverent; fear that we refuse the hospitality of our hearts to the divinity of motherhood, and give the sacred mother a stable for home and for cradle a manger to her child. This may be their only and great fear.

I say that the mother understands this protection of faith; also in her there is a flowering of a hitherto unopened consciousness. Strangely, at this moment when we need to give her our best shelter, she is mysteriously beyond the sphere of our power, save as we can offer her, like the Kings from the East, the gold of our strength, the incense of our prayers and the myrrh of our tears.

If to the depths of life women have followed us, so they, in the humility of their choice, will be led by us to its heights. Let us not wonder that, although they will be with us at the summit, it shall be with brow as cool as ours is hot and hand as healing as ours is tense; for they are in Being to a degree we do not understand and they have no need of our toil of Becoming.

Here is the paradox; when they need us least, their need has grown greatest—need that we should fulfil the promise of that primal choice by which they are self-bound to us and which they will never unspeak. They are calm with this unrepudiated word; and, although sometimes bewildered by the tumult of earthly events, often unable to bring to consciousness the deeps of their being, they are watchers in an eternal day; they are silent witnesses to our life and give to it a validity and affirmation that abides beneath all; they are sharers to the uttermost in our fate. To us was given the power to sin, to us the need of salvation. If sometimes we deem that this same need is not indwelling in them, we do not thereby detract from their humanity and companionship; it is that we feel deeply, unmistakably, that no

sin in this life can ever stain them so deeply as to destroy the glory of that original choice.

Let us unfog our minds, and abide by the eternal largesse of our hearts. It is for us to bring to fruition the chosen flower of their souls. The shelter we are building, whether it be the cottage roof of our humblest love or the Gothic loftiness of our highest dreams, shall not fail, for it is founded on the very stuff

of our heart and soul. On the tried and tested staunchness of these stones may we not strive for yet more ample roofs that shall aspire to be some day identical with the firmament itself; so that the trees of the forest, whose spirit seems so much mightier than their form, shall rejoice that they once descended "from the mountains to uphold the roof of men as faithful and necessary as themselves?"

*Charles R. Murphy.*

## G. P. R. JAMES IN AMERICA

BY S. M. ELLIS

### PART II\*

IT WAS in November, 1852, that G. P. R. James arrived at his new post, as British Consul, in Norfolk, Virginia, to look things over before his family followed. In the later words of his son Charles—a child of six at this period—"Had he understood the southern temper as well then as afterward, he might have looked them over a little longer before sending for us. However, he did so before the winter set in. I remember our descent of Chesapeake Bay in a steamer. For some cause, long since forgotten, I volunteered one of those unmelodious solos with which children of six or less not infrequently entertain their elders. Walter took me up and carried me into the ship's kitchen, pre-vaillingly dark, but lit with a fire of lurid red, around which black figures were moving, all so complete a cyclorama of the orthodox place where bad boys go when they die, that I, being very sensible of deserving it, was awed into silence, though the sceptical side of me was busy inquiring how hell came to be on board a steamboat. . . .

I remember coming in sight of the wharf at Norfolk, where we again saw my father waiting for us."

There, on the dreary quay in the dull and dismal December weather, the James family were reunited, and proceeded, no doubt forlornly, to a hotel, whence in a short time they removed, on January 6, 1853, to a house in East Street with surroundings and atmosphere compact of wharves, dead dogs and cats, poor Irish and concomitant pigs—a change indeed from the pleasant home at Stockbridge. But far worse things than these were to come. Poor James soon found that he had been appointed to the most undesirable and unhealthy and depressing station in the States. Although Norfolk was adjacent to the wide mouth of the River Elizabeth and the open sea of Chesapeake Bay, the climate was extremely deleterious owing to the proximity of the Great Dismal Swamp, forcing-pit of fever and ague; and yellow fever was brought every summer by ships from the West Indies, culminating in the terrible epi-

\*Part I of Mr. Ellis's article described the first two years in America (1850-52) of the great English romance writer, G. P. R. James. Many of our readers will recall the pleasure of reading some of those great historical romances of James, perhaps the best known of which are *Richelieu*, *Darnley*, *The Gipsy*, *Attila*, *The Robber* and *Forest Days*.—Editor's Note.

demic of 1855. In addition, mosquitoes abounded, the streets of Norfolk were very insanitary, and the place was often swept by hurricanes—"they would tear up large trees by the roots, throw down brick walls, suck up and scatter the water, and fill the streets with frogs and fish taken up at the same time." Such was the new home of G. P. R. James, who, bereft of all congenial society, and in failing health himself, had to work hard and late to set in order the affairs of the consulate, much neglected by an incompetent predecessor.

The Great Dismal Swamp, which lay a few miles to the south of Norfolk, had, however, its picturesque and romantic aspects. Its inner mysteries were unexplored, and many were the tales of runaway slaves and murdered maroons attaching to the great marsh. Ghost legends, too, of terrible people of the mist were numerous; and when a heavy fall of rain was impending at night the sky would be lit up by the Wind Lights—exhalations of the swamp. These aspects of the Great Dismal Swamp naturally appealed to the romantic imagination of James, and he fully described the locality in his subsequent tale, *The Old Dominion, or the Southampton Massacre* (1856). His picture of the district is of dense woods, then a track through breaks and fallen trees and mud, leading to the actual swamp—resembling a wild and dismal moor, hemmed in on every side by a belt of lowering forest. In the midst of all, the great lake, seven miles long. Thomas Moore also was much impressed by this weird district, and one of its legends was the basis of his ballad, *The Lake of the Dismal Swamp*:

They made her a grave, too cold and damp

For a soul so warm and true;

And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,

Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp  
She paddles her white canoe.

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—

His path was rugged and sore,

Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,  
Through many a fen, where the serpent  
feeds

And man never trod before.

Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen  
bark,

Which carried him off from the shore;  
Far he followed the meteor spark,  
The wind was high and the clouds were  
dark,

And the boat returned no more.

But oft from the Indian hunter's camp

This lover and maid so true

Are seen at the hour of midnight damp,

To cross the Lake, by a fire-fly lamp,

And paddle their white canoe.

The summer of 1853 proved to be appallingly hot. James remained in Norfolk some time after he had sent his family away for a sojourn in a more healthy part of the coast. The thermometer in his consulate office stood at 103 degrees for a long number of days in succession. His son relates: "Among our acquaintances was Commodore Barron of the United States Navy. He had been employed on the Guinea coast, under the equator, in stopping the exportation of slaves from Africa, but he said during this season America was the hottest country in the world, and Norfolk the hottest place in America." The great heat naturally increased the diseases rampant in the locality, including a variety peculiar to the Virginian swamps known as "black tongue fever." As a climax to his misfortunes, James had to endure unpopularity and calumny in Norfolk. The great slave agitation was then paramount, and James being reported as in favour of abolition, he was hated and attacked by the slave-owners of this southern town to an extent which culminated in eight incendiary outrages at or near his house. He also received an anonymous letter containing threats to kill him. He was advised to carry a pistol, but replied that his cane was good enough to break an assailant's head—his "cane" being a

heavy hunting crop, with ivory handle, a relic of his English days.

No wonder that at the end of his first year in Norfolk poor James was quite out of heart, and expressed his feelings thus in a letter to Charles Ollier, dated November 6, 1853:

. . . I cannot feel that an appointment, of very small value, to the dearest and most unhealthy city in the United States (with the exception of New Orleans) is altogether what I had a right to hope for or expect. You must recollect that I never asked for the consulate of Virginia, where there is neither society for my family, resources or companionship for myself, nor education to be procured for my little boy; where I am surrounded by swamps and marsh miasma, eaten up by mosquitoes and black flies, and baked under an atmosphere of molten brass, with the thermometer in the shade at 103; where every article of first necessity, with the exception of meat, is sixty per cent. dearer than in London; where the only literature is the ledger, and the arts only illustrated in the slave market.

I hesitated for weeks ere I accepted; and only did so at length upon the assurances given that this was to be a step to something better, and upon the conviction that I was killing myself by excessive literary labours. Forgive me for speaking somewhat bitterly; but I feel I have not been well used. You have known me more than thirty years, and during that time I do not think you ever before heard a complaint issue from my lips. I am not an habitual grumbler—but "the galled jade will wince."

I am very grateful to Scott for his kind efforts, and perhaps they may be successful; for Lord Clarendon,\* who is, I believe, a perfect gentleman himself, when he comes to consider the society in which I have been accustomed to move, my character, my habits of thought, and the sort of place which Norfolk is—if he knows anything about it—must see that I am not in my proper position there. He has no cause of enmity or ill-will toward me, and my worst enemy could not wish me a more unpleasant

position. If I thought that I was serving my country better than I could elsewhere, I would remain without asking for a change; but the exact reverse is the case. The slave dealers have got up a sort of outcry against me—I believe because, under Lord Clarendon's own orders, I have successfully prosecuted several cases of kidnapping negroes from the West Indies—and the consequence is that not a fortnight passes but an attempt is made to burn my house down. The respectable inhabitants of Norfolk are indignant at this treatment of a stranger, and the authorities have offered a reward for the apprehension of the offenders; but nothing has proved successful. This outcry is altogether unjust and unreasonable; for I have been perfectly silent upon the question of slavery since I have been here, judging that I had no business to meddle with the institutions of a foreign country in any way. But I will not suffer any men, when I can prevent or punish it, to reduce to slavery British subjects without chastisement.

You will be sorry to hear that this last year in Norfolk has been very injurious to my health; and I am just now recovering from a sharp attack of the fever and ague peculiar to this climate. It seized me just as I set out for the West—the great, the extraordinary West. Quinine had no effect upon it, but I learned a remedy in Wisconsin which has cured the disease entirely, though I am still very weak. What do you think of sulphur and treacle? Each time I felt the fit coming on, and found my fingers and lips turning blue, I took enough sulphur to make me odious to myself, and in ten or fifteen minutes the shivering subsided in gentle perspiration. Charlie has never recovered from the effects of a Norfolk spring, and is very thin, but as active in mind and body as ever. Walter has done all sorts of fine things in engineering and has got a good appointment. But I must end by once more bidding you believe me ever,

Yours faithfully,

G. P. R. JAMES.

\*The Fourth Earl, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, 1853-58.

The real cause of James's unpopularity among the slave-owners of the

Norfolk locality—in addition to the fact that he was the representative of England, a country opposed to slave traffic—was a curious literary incident, which dated back to his intimacy with Charles Lever. In *The Dublin University Magazine*, 1846,\* at a time when there was talk of American interference in Irish affairs, there appeared a mediocre poem purporting to be "Lines by G. P. R. James," prefixed as follows by a note from Lever, who was himself the editor:

MR. EDITOR: The accompanying lines I forward for insertion in your Magazine, exactly as I received them; nor, although not intended for the public eye, do I fear any reproach from their distinguished writer in offering them for publication unauthorised. They are bold, manly, and well-timed.

Yours,

L.

MY DEAR L:—I send you the song you wished to have. The Americans totally forgot when they so insolently calculated upon aid from Ireland in a war with England, that their own apple is rotten at the core. A nation with five or six millions of slaves, who would go to war with an equally strong nation with no slaves, is a mad people.

Yours,

G. P. R. JAMES.

A cloud is on the western sky,  
There's tempest o'er the sea,  
And bankrupt States are blustering high,  
But not a whit care we.  
Our guns shall roar, our steel shall gleam  
Before Columbia's distant stream  
Shall own another's sway.  
We'll take our stand,  
And draw the brand  
As in the ancient day.

They count on feuds within the Isle,  
They think the sword is broke,  
They look to Ireland and they smile—  
But let them bide the stroke.  
When rendered one in hand and heart,  
By robber war and swindler art,  
Home griefs are cast away,  
We take our stand,  
And draw the brand  
As in the ancient day.

\*Vol. XXVII, pp. 341, 342.

Oh, let them look to where in bonds  
For help their bondsmen cry—  
Oh, let them look ere British hands  
Wipe out that living lie.  
Beneath the flag of Liberty  
We'll sweep the wide Atlantic Sea,  
And tear their chains away;  
There take our stand,  
And draw the brand  
As in the ancient day.

Veil, starry banner, veil your pride,  
The blood-red cross before,  
Emblem of that by Jordan's side,  
Man's freedom-price that bore.  
No land is strong that owns a slave,  
Vain is it wealthy, crafty, brave:  
Our freedom for our stay,  
We'll take our stand,  
And draw the brand  
As in the ancient day.

Shout, dusky millions, through the world!  
Ye scourge-driven nations, shout!  
The flag of Liberty's unfurled,  
And Freedom's sword is out!  
The slaver's boastful thirst of gain,  
Tends but to break his bondsman's chain,  
And Britain's on the way  
To take her stand  
And draw the brand  
As in the ancient day.

One can well believe that when some busybody in Norfolk raked out this old volume of *The Dublin University Magazine* and circulated the poem in the district, resentment against James was keen—and justified from the slave-owners' point of view. But a truly Hibernian feature of the incident is that it is doubtful whether poor James wrote the poem, or knew anything at all about its publication in 1846! Both the biographers of Charles Lever, Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick and Mr. Edmund Downey, came to the conclusion that the whole affair was a joke of Lever's at the expense of his rather prim friend, James. Mr. Downey has stated to the present writer that "Lever was very fond of this sort of humour, and his manner of introducing it to the Editor of *The D. U. M.*

supports the theory (or fact) that it was one of Lever's jests. He frequently had a dig at America (as Dickens had) in connection with its shrieking about Freedom while it employed slaves."

On the other hand, there is no documentary evidence to prove the poem was written by Lever, for his remark on hearing of the persecution James suffered in Virginia in 1853—"God forgive me, it was my doing," might well refer to his printing lines "not intended for the public eye . . . publication unauthorised." If a joke, it was a pointless one, for Lever could not foresee in 1846 that James would hold an official position in America seven years later. Whatever the solution of the authorship of the poem, the consequences of its publication were very painful, as already related, to James. The situation was not improved by the part he took in another affair dealing with the slave question at this agitated period. A negro sailor was in danger of being hanged at Charleston, South Carolina, for aiding the escape of a fugitive slave. The accused claimed to be a British subject, having been born at St. Thomas, but as that island had been ceded to Denmark the question of the man's nationality was a nice one. The British Consul at Charleston being unable, apparently, to cut the Gordian knot, James was requested to deal with the matter. He was informed by the Governor of South Carolina that if the sailor was convicted in such a rapid city as Charleston his life was doomed, and the only hope for the man was an able lawyer. James at once secured the services of a barrister named Chandler, of Norfolk, who at the trial ably urged the legal point of the accused's nationality and the further fact that he, being a native of the West Indies, would not naturally know that a negro of South Carolina was almost certain to be a slave. He secured an acquittal—a great triumph in view of the fact that the jury was largely composed of slave-owners. James was delighted, though the incident increased the ill-will of his neighbours, the supporters of the

slave system that is, in Norfolk. However, as time went on and the new consul's merits both in official and private life were apparent, persecution died down, and even the slave-owners of Norfolk came to like and respect him. Charles James, in his *Autobiography*, often speaks of the slave question, and it seems that his father was not really a keen opposer of the system. He says:

It was not easy to manage without employing slave labour, but my father did not consider that his official position as agent of a government so anti-slavery as the British would allow of that. My mother, however, with her own money, hired a black cook who was a slave. She was just such another fat old creature as Aunt Chloe. My parents thought a great deal of her. Poor old soul, she died of yellow fever during the great visitation (we were in Wisconsin) and my father said, with tears in his eyes, that he expected nothing else on first hearing of her illness, for she had been taken sick once before since we had her, and nothing would keep up her courage but having "Massa" talk to her—"Massa" being himself; her legal owner, who let her out like a quadruped, was nothing to her.

Charles James also mentions the amazing insolence of the negro waiters at Willard's Hotel, Washington, before the outbreak of war, and how a Southerner shot one of them dead for misbehaviour, the result being a great uproar in the anti-slavery newspapers.

During the first year in Norfolk, James's two elder sons set out to seek their fortune farther afield. The second boy, Courtenay, then aged seventeen, sailed for Labrador (owing to attempted paternal chastisement for the crime of smoking); and Walter went to Wisconsin. He was accompanied thither by his father and sister. G. P. R. James rejoined his wife and youngest son at Winchester in November, 1853. During his Norfolk consulate, James generally had leave for three months, August to November, and he and his family travelled much, in addition to sojourns



at Old Point Comfort, Baltimore, and Washington. Among other celebrities of those regions, James knew Ole Bull, the violinist, Judge Taney, John Tyler (ex-President), and Madame Jerome Bonaparte, formerly Elizabeth Patterson. American society seems to have been very festive in those early days, and Charles James's account of its spontaneous gaiety and high spirits has been confirmed by the later reminiscences of his namesake, Mr. Henry James. Charles James says: "Dancing was the grown people's chief pleasure, and no lady was so indefatigable as Madame Bonaparte. She had no idea of ever growing old, and would dance off this mortal stage. My father once asked her if she believed in anything else, to which she promptly answered, 'No.' I shall not easily forget the great ballroom at Old Point Comfort on those hot nights, with the windows wide open, the mosquitoes, whom bats followed to devour, the glare of the lights, the fiddlers perched up high, the mint-juleps, the overheated multitude of the brave and fair; those were tremendously décolleté days."

On his return to Norfolk, James moved into a larger and better house in Granly Street, facing the open water, but even this dwelling was infested with the centipedes and rats so horribly numerous in Virginia. Here, on May 24, 1854, James gave his usual dinner in celebration of the Queen's birthday, and decorated his parlour with a huge British flag reaching from ceiling to floor.

Despite his official work, his ill-health and troubles, James continued to write, though in a much lesser degree than in the happy days of leisure and prosperity in England. In 1853 he published *Agnes Sorrel* and *Vicissitudes of a Life* (which contains some autobiographical matter), and in 1854 *Ticonderoga, or The Black Eagle*, a story he had commenced three years earlier. *Prince Life: A Story for My Boy*, 1856, was also belated in its public appearance, for Charles James notes in his copy: "This book was written for me at Stockbridge,

Massachusetts, about 1852. I wanted something written for me like *The Wonder Book* for Hawthorne's children. C. L. J."

Unhappily, James's health was ever getting worse and worse, as the following letter shows:

BRITISH CONSULATE,  
Norfolk, Virginia,  
7th April, 1855.

MY DEAR OLLIER:

It has been impossible for me to write to you, and it is now only possible for me to write a few lines, as I have already had to do more than my benumbed and feeble hands could well accomplish. For ten weeks I was nailed to my chair with rheumatic gout in knees, feet, hips, hands, shoulder. For some time I could only sign my despatches with my left hand and to some letters put my mark. Happily my feet, knees, etc., are well, but I cannot get the enemy out of my hands and arms. My shoulder is Sebastopol and will not yield.

I enclose you a cheque upon the Housatonic Bank, Stockbridge, Massachusetts, as the only way I have of remitting you the money. Here, that cheque is better than any State Bank Note, but I am afraid neither the Housatonic Bank is well known, nor

Yours ever

G. P. R. JAMES.

In this summer came the terrible epidemic of yellow fever, and—in his later report to the government—James traced its origin to a Yankee vessel called the *Ben Franklin*. The captain of the ship had called upon James and wanted him to take charge of the effects of a sailor who had died in the hospital, on the plea that the deceased was a British subject. "Did he die of yellow fever?" asked James. "Oh, no," replied the captain, "merely common ship fever" (typhus). The consul said he would inquire at the hospital, and his visitor—an unsuccessful disciple of George Washington, it seems—took a hurried departure. At the hospital, James was informed the sailor had entered his nationality as American in the book, and that the case was a virulent one of yellow fever, for the patient

was dead in two hours. In spite of James's protestations, the port authorities allowed the *Ben Franklin* to remain for some time under inefficient quarantine regulations, and the result was the pestilence that devastated Norfolk and the surrounding places. Many friends of the Jameses died, including Mrs. and Miss Taney, wife and daughter of the judge of that name, and Mrs. Barron, wife of Commodore Barron. Charles James says: "Hers was a horrible case. A frequent, though not invariable, symptom of yellow fever is hemorrhage. In Mrs. Barron's case, it was stated that blood oozed from the pores of her face. As to the sweat of blood—that narrative about Jesus is among portions of Scripture which have been ridiculed, but apologists have shown similar things to occur in other cases of high nervous irritation, which is very characteristic of yellow fever."

Norfolk became a town of desolation and despair; everyone who could fled from the place, and the conditions were not unlike those that attended the Great Plague of London. James's second-in-command, Frederick Cridland (afterward British Consul at Mobile and Charleston) was stopped one night by a sort of press-gang authorised to secure men for the purpose of burying the dead, and it was only by flaunting the majesty of the British flag that he escaped this most unpleasant duty. After James had started for his annual leave, two of his negro servants had yellow fever,—one of them, Kitty, an old woman previously mentioned, dying very rapidly,—and it was Cridland who himself disinfected the rooms of his chief. He remained in Norfolk till the epidemic had abated, and did his duty very finely.

The James family this summer travelled via Detroit and Chicago to Wisconsin and Minnesota, where the novelist and his eldest son, Walter, had invested in land. This was still a very primitive part of America. Charles James relates:

We ascended from a steamer from Fond du Lac, then a very pretty village trying

hard to be a city, even into Menasha. We boarded uncomfortable weeks here at a damnably kept hotel. Menasha was a typical Western village at the back of beyond. Though open on most sides to the prairies, it was also in close contiguity to the pineries. The principal business was lumbering. Neenah already showed signs of out-running Menasha. Between them was Doty's Island, for aught I know the property of (territorial) Governor Doty, whose house appeared to be the only one there. Doty's Island was quite large. Trees were felled for lumber there: yet it seemed in the main a perfect wilderness. The house, huge and well furnished, received us during a visit of some days' duration, and had a *rus in urbe* atmosphere about it quite delightful after the frontier tavern. The friendship, here cemented, endured.

The climate seemed to me relaxing and depressing, and the barbarism of everything, except on Doty's Island, intolerable. The scenery I thought monotonous except when there were plenty of swamps. About the only occupations were fishing and hunting. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, I had to own some beauties of the Great West. The long, long twilight of the prairies was very agreeable, and the cool nights. There were some really pretty places among the rising towns accessible by buggy-ride.

Appleton, already distinguished as a seat of learning, was one of them. A few civilised people had begun to drift out into the West. There were lots of foreigners belonging to the cruder social grades, and very scantily supplied with English. And ever-lordly, as throughout the continent, there was the true American of that variety who could read *The Advocate* with time enough to spell the words, but knew all there was to know without. There was an old hunter, a patriarch in woodcraft. Where he lived and how, it is not for such as I to know, but I saw him a few times, clad in buck-skins, paddling the placid surface of the Lake Des Morts in a dugout whose primitiveness entirely defies description, and wearing a venerable growth of grey hair, whiskers, beard, and moustache, which made the existence of osseous or fleshy features a mere question for impertinent curiosity.

We started at last from Menasha homeward on the Lake Winnebago steamer. Just about sunset I began to shiver. My father was much alarmed, for there was about a good deal of what they call here typhoid. He had almost overstayed his leave and was anxious to get on, but the doctors told him it would be at the risk of my life to move immediately, so he determined to hold back. After lying sick for some days at Fond du Lac, I was pronounced movable. The railroad terminus was at Wausau. To this place from Fond du Lac we had to stage it. Recent rains had brought it to the highest state of perfection. Before we reached Wausau, darkness overtook us. Every few minutes the vehicle sunk over the hubs in a mud hole. At last it became so dark and the holes so fathomless that we concluded it dangerous to attempt proceeding, and stopped at a wayside house which frequently did duty for a tavern. . . . Henceforth we had the railroad, but I was too sick for even railroad travelling when we reached Milwaukee, and lay there for several days more. One of them was my ninth birthday, October 23, 1855. . . . When we left Detroit the slaughter recommenced. It was evening. A violent thunderstorm came on, and being bound in the same direction as ourselves, it accompanied us all along the Lakes with dazzling lightning, pouring rain, and reports like the bursting of cannon. As we crossed the suspension bridge at Niagara, my father saw what must have been the unique spectacle of the Falls revealed by lightning. He asked if I did in a tone of such admiration that, not to disappoint him, I committed the departure from truth involved in saying "Yes."

Thus, after this not unexciting journey from the West, and short sojourns at Albany and Washington, the James family returned once more to Norfolk, where yellow fever had now fortunately abated. But as the disease had been actually in the Granly Street house, the consul established his family at Portsmouth, in the Macon House, a combination of inn and boarding establishment. In the following year the consulate was removed inland to Richmond, after

strong representations that a more healthy situation than Norfolk was essential, and the date of the change is given in the following letter:

BRITISH CONSULATE,  
Norfolk, Virginia,  
3d May, 1856.

MY DEAR MR. KENNEDY:

. . . Lord Clarendon has ordered me to make every preparation for moving the Consulate of Virginia up to Richmond, but not to do so until he has nominated a Vice-Consul for Norfolk. He also wishes me to send him a detailed report regarding the late epidemic here; and what between house hunting, office hunting, and trying to run down those foxes called rumours into their holes, and to draw Truth up from the bottom of her well in a place where people are as fanatical upon contagion and non-contagion as if they were articles of faith, I have had no peace of my life. My book\* I would have sent you, but I could not get a copy worth sending. It has found favour in the South and is powerfully abused in the North, both of which circumstances tend to increase the sale, so that it has been wonderfully well read.

I wish you a pleasant time in the Old World, and have the pleasure of enclosing some letters, though you will hardly need any introduction anywhere. You carry your own with you. These are all I have time to write before you go; but I will tell some others of my friends to find you out and call upon you at your hotel. I am sorry I did not think of taking notes of all the evening conversations at Berkeley. We might have made out together some few from the *Noctes Berkelianæ*.

Yours ever,  
G. P. R. JAMES.

In a letter to Commander J. McKeever, a few weeks earlier, he alluded to his press of work and ill-health:

A completely new Code of Instructions were waiting my arrival from the West, and these Instructions have nearly doubled

\**The Old Dominion, or The Southampton Massacre*, published this year. 1856.

the former labours of a consul, which were heavy enough before, so that I am quite overworked. I trust, however, in a few days to have finished the innumerable annual reports required at the end of each year, when my first gratification will be that of waiting upon you, although I have been so unwell ever since my return that I never should count upon health enough here to be certain of anything.

James's health was now beyond repair. His constant tendency to lameness, the miseries of suppressed gout, the irregularity of his heart's action, all increased year by year. And now, during his first winter at Richmond, he suffered from the prevailing epidemic of diphtheria—a disease then but little understood by the medical profession—and soon after contracted inflammation of the lungs. The season was exceptionally severe. Richmond was snowed up, there was difficulty in getting fuel, and so scarce were provisions that the negro population indulged largely in a diet of rats. James took an active part in organising measures of relief for the starving poor.

Although Richmond was a great improvement upon Norfolk in matters of health, wealth, and civilisation, possessed handsome Capitol Buildings and a theatre with a stock company (irradiated at times by passing meteors such as Edwin Forrest, in *Richelieu*, and the English actor Loraine), it was still in an elementary state. The population of forty thousand contained many wild elements, and disputes often ended in pistol fusillades in the streets, for Colt revolvers were commonly carried. There were public sales of negro slaves, fugitive and refractory blacks received severe floggings in the calaboose, and there was a slave warehouse—all in the style described by Mrs. Beecher Stowe in her rather too egregious romance. In James's time, Richmond was still unconnected by train with Washington, and the journey had to be made by an inefficient, ill-smelling steamboat service via the James and Potomac rivers to Acquia Creek. Thackeray came to lecture in Richmond early

in 1853, and visited James (who was then still at Norfolk).

The James family lived at first at the Exchange Hotel, in Franklin Street, which was connected by a bridge across the street with a sort of annex, called the Ballard House after the name of its proprietors. In the summer of, 1856 they moved out to Montgomery Springs, a beautiful place among the mountains, where they adopted the southern practice of living in a rustic cabin and merely going to an hotel for meals. It was a primitive country, surrounded by woodland, and just then the neighbourhood was indulging in one of its frequent scares of a negro insurrection, which was regarded so seriously that even little Charles James was armed with a pistol. In the autumn the family proceeded on a tour through Western Virginia, visiting the Otter Peaks, Lexington, and Liberty, from thence returning to Richmond late in November. Charles James relates an incident which occurred at Lexington illustrative of the summary manner in which the Americans of the fifties settled their quarrels:

Christian and Blackburn had quarrelled about a girl. It was Sunday evening, and the fight, which had been long pending, began at the church door, under a lofty hill. . . . They went up the hill, sparring with fists, Blackburn driving Christian, who had the advantage of the ground, before him. At the top of the hill, Blackburn, who was now on his own level, knocked him down and piled on to him. After bidding him get off once or twice, Christian stabbed him in the neck with a knife. There were third parties present when the fight began, but none of them seemed to think they ought to interfere with the gentlemen who went off and cut each other's throats in satisfactory privacy.

Christian, when tried for this murder, was acquitted. The following summer, 1857, was spent at Ashland, and after that the Jameses moved into their new house, near the Capitol grounds, at Richmond, where, however, they were des-

tined to remain but a short time. During this season, James, as British Consul, took part in the unveiling of the equestrian statue of George Washington in Richmond, and at night had the front of his house adorned with an arch of gas jets, which in those days was considered a very gorgeous mode of illumination.

In 1857 James published *Leonora D'Orco*, a romance of Italy in the fifteenth century; in 1858 appeared *Lord Montagu's Page*, and in 1859 a sequel entitled *The Cavalier* when published in America: this was his last work, and the title was changed to *Bernard Marsh* when it was republished posthumously, in 1864, in London.

G. P. R. James had long desired a change of consulate, and urged his claims to promotion. In 1858 he was offered the post of consul-general for the Black Sea with headquarters at Odessa. While he was considering this proposal there came the offer of the similar post for the Adriatic, with residence at Venice, and this he at once accepted. As soon as the news of his impending departure became known in Virginia, regret was expressed on all sides; and the impulsive, warm-hearted southerners—former feuds on the slave question all forgotten—were profuse with compliments and hospitalities. They presented James with a punch bowl at a farewell banquet in Richmond, when the following gracefully complimentary verses by John R. Thompson, the Virginian poet, were read\*:

Good-bye! they say the time is up—

The "solitary horseman" leaves us,  
We'd like to take a "stirrup cup,"

Though much indeed the parting grieves us:

We'd like to hear the glasses clink

Around a board where none was tipsy,

And with a hearty greeting drink

This toast—The Author of *The Gypsy!*

The maidens fair of many a clime

Have blubbered o'er his tearful pages,

The Ariosto of his time,

Romancist of the Middle Ages:

In fiction's realm a shining star,  
(We own ourselves his grateful debtors):  
Who would not call our G.P.R.—  
"H.B.M.C."—a "Man of Letters"?

But not with us his pen avails  
To win our hearts—this English scion,  
Though there are not so many tales  
To every roaring British Lion—  
For he has yet a prouder claim  
To praise than dukes and lords inherit,  
Or wealth can give, or lettered fame—  
His honest heart and modest merit.

An Englishman, whose sense of right  
Comes down from glorious Magna Charta,  
He loves, and loves with all his might,  
His home, his Queen, Pale Ale, the Gar-  
ter;  
The last embraces much, 'tis best  
To comprehend just what is stated—  
For Honi soit—you know the rest  
And need not have the French translated.

O! empty bauble of renown,  
So quickly lost and won so dearly,  
Our Consul wears the Muses' crown,  
We love him for his virtues merely;  
A Prince, he's ours as much as Fame's,  
And reigns in friendship kindly o'er us,  
Then call him George Prince Regent James,  
And let his country swell the chorus.

His country! we would gladly pledge  
Its living greatness and its glory—  
In Peace admired, and "on the edge  
Of battle" terrible in story:  
A little isle, its cliff it rears  
'Gainst wind and waves in wrath united,  
And nobly for a thousand years  
Has kept the fire of freedom lighted.

A glowing spark in time there came,  
Like sunrise o'er the angry water,  
And here is fed, an altar flame,  
By Britain's democratic daughter—  
From land to land a kindred fire  
Beneath the billow now is burning,  
O! may it thrill the magic wire  
With only love and love returning!

But since we cannot meet again  
Where wine and wit are freely flowing,  
Old friend! this measure take and drain  
A brimming health to us in going:

And far—beneath Italia's sky

Where sunsets glow with hues prismatic,—  
Bring out the bowl when you are dry  
And pledge us by the Adriatic!\*

James thus left America with the kindest feelings. Maunsell B. Field states:

I was with him during the last evening that he spent in America, at the Union Place Hotel, in New York. Washington Irving, between whom and himself there existed a sincere friendship, was also with us. Mr. James was telling about all the kindness which he had received in Virginia. "They're a warm-hearted people—they're a warm-hearted people," he said, while tears came into his eyes. The next morning I accompanied him to the steamer, and took my final leave of him. . . . He was a big-hearted man, too tender, merciful, and full

\*These verses were published shortly after in *The Southern Literary Messenger*.

of religious sentiment; a good husband, a devoted father, and a fast friend.

So, after eight adventurous years in America, James and his family left the New World for its extreme antithesis—Venice, where the novelist was destined to end life's journey less than two years later. His last days were passed amid the exciting period of the Italian-Austrian war situation, for adventure attended James to the last. He died, after long and acute suffering, on June 9, 1860, aged sixty, and was buried in the Protestant Cemetery of St. Michele, on the Island of the Dead, about a mile from the city of Venice.

In the following year, his widow returned to America; she survived until June 9, 1891, dying at Eau Claire, Wisconsin. The surviving children of G. P. R. James also settled in the New World: they are now dead, but their descendants continue there, and are of American rationality.

## THREE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

WILLIAM ARCHER'S "GOD AND MR. WELLS"\*

NOBODY is more orthodox than your orthodox agnostic. When John Stuart Mill left in manuscript *Three Essays on Religion*, whose publication proved to the world that he was not far from the Kingdom of God, Herbert Spencer was troubled, and all the agnostics with him. An almost amusing account of this incident is given in Lord Morley's *Recollections*. Morley says the book "dismayed his disciples," and that "it made a sort of intellectual scandal." Morley felt that Mill had somehow been tainted with treason. To see signs of weakness in one who his whole life long had fought the good faith, was indeed disquieting. For if a man like Mill was to show religious conviction, how much greater the

\*God and Mr. Wells. A Critical Examination of *God the Invisible King*. By William Archer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1917.

danger besetting those less mentally robust!

One feels sorry for both the agnostics and the pessimists; they have such tremendous difficulty in living up to their convictions, in remaining firm in the unfaith. As old Bishop Blougram says, just when they are "safest," something or other happens that whispers in the depths of their hearts the treasonable suggestion that there may be some truth in religion. Christianity, like its Founder, refuses to stay dead. It has been repeatedly and confidently proclaimed a corpse; then suddenly it shows signs of life in the citadel of its enemies, making most unexpected converts. Before the year 1916, it had seemed that if all the world became religious except one man, that man would be H. G. Wells. Then came Mr. Britling, teaching and practising Christianity. At the same moment that *Advocatus Diaboli*, Bernard Shaw, enrolled himself formally under the ban-

ner of Jesus of Nazareth—not as God, but emphatically as the Saviour of the world. Synchronously with these two “testimonies,” appeared the arch-Pagan, George Moore, who in a long book full of sacrilege, nevertheless showed that he, too, was captured by the spell of Jesus Christ; had become obsessed by the greatest character in all history. The Hound of Heaven is after big game these days, and is successfully disturbing the converts where the most resourceful foxes had made their nests.

William Archer, like Lord Morley, is an orthodox, stout-hearted, uncompromising agnostic. I admire the serene austerity of such a mind, knowing that it is inspired by two of the noblest passions—love of truth and love of mankind. If I did not find it more reasonable to believe in Christianity than to reject it, I would go over to the high and dry, simon-pure agnostics, and not take refuge in any invisible god-ghost who was just the coinage of my brain. As a rule—Lord Morley and Mr. Archer are exceptions—no persons are more credulous than those who refuse to believe in Christianity; a fresh instance of which is seen in the author of *God the Invisible King*. He is not only the author of the book, but of the Thing. Mr. Archer, in attacking Mr. Wells, makes many palpable hits; and I, who agree with neither of them, find the fight highly entertaining. One remark made by the critic goes to the root of the matter. “It is not quite clear why Mr. Wells should accept so large a part of the Christian ethic and yet refuse to identify his Invisible King with Christ.” Mr. Wells will convert no agnostics; and as for me, why on earth or in heaven should I go a-hunting for an Invisible King when I have a better One Who was Visible?

I have heard Mr. Archer’s book described as cynically and ironically humorous. I do not find it so. It has flashes of wit and humour, but it is a noble-minded book, coming from a noble-minded man. Nor is his attitude toward Mr. Wells coldly unsympathetic. Mr.

Archer knows that the only way to read *God the Invisible King* is with deep sympathy for the author’s idealism. The restless, bustling man seems for the moment to have found peace of mind. The only thing I fear for him is his cocksureness. The powerful and splendid novel was called *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*; the treatise on theology might be called *Mr. Britling Sees Through It*. Mr. Wells has once more disproved Maeterlinck’s statement that the dog is the only creature that has found his God. And Mr. Wells’s God bears such numerous and striking resemblances to Jesus of Nazareth that he may ultimately come to see that the One whom he worships was declared unto us a long time ago by St. Paul. It is vain for him to kick against the pricks.

Mr. Archer has performed some valuable services in this little book. He has once more shown us his own clear, honest mind—and I salute him! He has shown us that Mr. Wells’s scheme is nothing but a crude form of pragmatism; and pragmatism, under its very terms, is without absolute value, of no importance except to him who believes in it. It will never overcome the world. And finally, Mr. Archer has shown, perhaps unconsciously, that if you really want to worship God—which he does not—it is better to worship a Person than to worship an insubstantial, baseless fabric of your own social ideas.

*William Lyon Phelps.*

## II

### MICHAEL MONAHAN’S “NEW ADVENTURES”\*

Michael Monahan ends *New Adventures* with, “I trust the valiant reader who has come so far with me may reckon not vainly that he has gleaned a few grains of wheat by the way, now that we have reached the end.” Undoubtedly there are grains of wheat scattered through the forty-five essays which the book contains, but there is a deal of

\**New Adventures*. By Michael Monahan. New York: George H. Doran Company.

tares that now and again appears so dominating that it rather overshadows the wheat. Mr. Monahan possesses the sometimes envious quality of putting his reader out of patience owing to convictions he often arrives at, especially in those essays which treat of sex. Was it not Nietzsche who declared, "Convictions are prisons?" Mr. Monahan has actually built up dungeons about himself on more than one topic that he has not sufficiently explored or traversed in an inauspicious manner. Arguing from false premises is the most common fault of the essayist, and why should an essayist argue anyway? Mr. Monahan need not, for he possesses a ripe and mellow style, not too unctuous, and an apt humour that frequently lights up his pages to the great enjoyment of the reader. One suspects that the matter in *New Adventures* originally saw the light in some of the author's little magazines, *The Phoenix*, for instance, and therefore the fact that they treat of all sorts of subjects in an unrelated manner, from Balzac's love-affairs to Bermuda and the lure of the circus, is understandable.

One might ignore the author's paragraphs about sex were they not so frequent and conspicuous. His maudlin sentimentalities about the little white feet on Broadway, his excessive interest in Karin Michaelis—a nine-days' wonder who faded out of the inconstant mind of the world some years ago, his dredgings into the illicit love-affairs of Balzac, and especially the uncalled-for chapter entitled *False Youth*, form too prominent a bulk of the total content of *New Adventures* to be wholly passed over. *False Youth* is inexcusable, for it is, in effect, a warning to all husbands to watch their wives when they reach a certain age. This application of the Dangerous Age in promiscuous fashion to all mankind is less vulgar than silly and far-fetched.

Omitting the lapses, such as the aforementioned subjects which George Jean Nathan could handle with Gallic *esprit* and about as much value, and the ba-

nalities and frayed truisms that occasionally pop their smirking faces up, there is much to give genuine pleasure in *New Adventures*. For the most part the essays on *Manhatta* are pregnant with suggestion of both prevailing and vanished atmospheres in New York. Michael Monahan loves the Big City and he views it through a golden glow of appreciation. When a man reaches fifty years the city of his youth takes on a magical colour through the idealising vista of Time. Even for the author ghosts walk the streets as any who read the essay named for that species of supernatural visitant may learn. Only Michael Monahan's ghosts are real people, mere shells of spirits that once roused him to joy and laughter. Which brings us to the suggestive quality of his work.

We find him a lover of mankind except for a slightly jaundiced view of women. He has found Life good in the main, for it has brought him many things. He sighs occasionally, for he suffers as all sensitive spirits do; the nostalgia for youth will not forsake him. His suggestion that life has never brought him friends may be taken as a passing mood, for he refers to more than one person in a loving manner.

Two sketches in the book deserve special attention, *Nocturne* and *Yearnings*. They cannot be called short stories, although the first-named by a stretch of the imagination may be so catalogued. *Nocturne* I consider the best thing in the book. It is just a sketch of a middle-aged husband and wife dreaming before the fire. The old dictum that "we bring our children into the world and they drive us out of it" receives a vivid, though rather sentimental, expression. Things like this were written back in the 1890's. *Yearning* is, for the most part, the rather amusing letter of a great author to a feminine admirer. It presents the old plea, Let me love you at a distance and the ideal will remain unspoiled.

The critical articles scattered throughout the book do not appeal to me as pos-



sessing any intrinsic value, although the measure of Balzac is taken with some erudition. They are in all cases appreciations and not in reality criticism at all. James Whitcomb Riley and Richard Le Gallienne are among those treated. Mr. Monahan goes on at some length to state how nice they are and purrs about them contentedly. The homely talent of Riley and the lyric quality of Richard Le Gallienne's verse are well known, so much so that chapters of unrestricted laudation cannot either help or injure their fame.

*New Adventures* finds its chief value in its mellow style and smoothly flowing presentation of the moods of a sensitive and partly dreaming man. Sometimes introspective, often pregnant with thought of social importance, they succeed by their variety.

*Herbert S. Gorman.*

### III

#### WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND'S "AUSTRIA-HUNGARY"\*

The Dual Monarchy of Austria-Hungary, a factor always of delightful or embarrassing uncertainty to those who play the game of "high" politics in Europe, has in this World-War been assigned, possibly unconsciously, to the ungrateful rôle of the unimportant person who makes the opening speeches in a play, and who then retires, once the audience is seated, in favour of the actors of the leading parts. And yet this unfortunate player usually is obliged to remain until the last curtain falls and to keep occupied without getting much attention from the other side of the footlights. The immediate and direct cause of the explosion, long awaited by those who read history and economics with intelligence, is almost forgotten now. We Americans particularly are so apt to forget what has happened yesterday or the day before and have a happy faculty of pouncing judgment-wise on any event with no hindering sense of its relation

\*Austria-Hungary, the Polyglot Empire. By Wolf von Schierbrand. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

to what went before. But there may be some of us who are really interested in the most westerly of Europe's great Eastern problems, that queer seething cauldron of Balkan and "South-the-Danube" peoples, of which Austria-Hungary is the most coherent expression. To those this stately, painstaking volume will come very welcome, for it gives a vast deal of information, and information, furthermore, which aims to be correct and is quite free from the intentional bias actuating most "war books" on either side. In fact, the writer begins his labour by disclaiming any desire to send out a "war book," and his short remarks on the subject of this sort of literature are justified. His work and the years of study that preceded it were begun before the cloud had settled, and it was an accident of fate that kept him at the heart of the trouble once the storm came on. And yet, naturally, subsequent events have made the book of greater value, and particularly of greater value to those who are trying to get a true line on what has happened, and what is happening, that they may more intelligently await what will happen.

We have the poet's word for it that "East is East and West is West, and never the Twain shall meet." And yet in one of the distinctly European countries, the chief city of which has been for years a second Paris of gay modern life and a second Paris in vanity-creation to deck Europe's daughters, East and West have met and mingled in a way that finally threw the last spark into a powder magazine. Twenty different nationalities, belonging to three or four of the great races, twenty different nationalities, many with an old culture and each with its separate literary tongue, acknowledge a more or less shaky allegiance to the Austro-Hungarian Empire, or rather to the Hapsburg family as Emperors of Austria and Kings of Hungary. Eight of these twenty tongues are recognised official languages and official documents for general consumption, such as paper money for instance, and must have the important notices printed in these

eight tongues always. Also, a monarch's life is not a happy one—every member of the reigning family must become familiar with all of these eight languages and must know just when and where to use them. This overtime mental strain may explain some of the oft-mentioned degeneracy of the Hapsburg family. Esperanto would be a Godsend to them!

And not one of these twenty nationalities has ever ceased to agitate for greater political and economic advantages for its own people; not one of them, with very few passing exceptions, has succeeded in living at peace with its immediate neighbours under the flag of the Dual Monarchy. This is partly because of the East and West conflict—the poet may be right—East and West may meet but cannot mingle, at least, under Old-World conditions. The Teuton strain, the Magyar, fragments of the true Celt, the Slav, the Jew, and the Oriental all are represented here, and no condition has yet been reached in the political and economic structure of the empire which could persuade them to lie down at peace with one another.

A noted American ex-president, with his own delightfully characteristic manner of talking before thinking, expressed his astonishment to the author, stating: "It beats me why those people cannot get on together at home—somehow our American theorem of the Melting Pot does not seem to work there"—and more of the same sort. But the author of the book under discussion, who, being compelled to earn his living by his brains, tries to think first and then talk, has realised and made clear to us the political conditions that interfere with the Melting-Pot theory. Were our own country governed more according to the Rooseveltian ideal of a strong central government, with a large standing army and himself as dictator, the Melting-Pot theory would find no easy path here either. But as we have some measure of democracy and some measure of *political* freedom at least, the various races and nationalities that seek shelter with us realise that each and every one of

them can enjoy the political freedom and suffer under the lack of economic freedom equally. They understand it, these so-called ignorant foreigners, and the Szech, the Magyar, the Slovene, the Gypsy, the Ruthenian, and all the others who are always at each other's throats under the repressive measures which are the Hapsburg administrative policy, manage to live in comparative peace here—and the Melting Pot *does* work. The racial problem is no more difficult than the problem of religious creeds, or any other similar difference of thought and belief. Under the light of even comparative freedom, the difficulties fade away.

But the difficulties this race problem does present under the Dual Monarchy give sufficient justification for even a larger volume than the one Mr. von Schierbrand has written. For they present, as if mirrored in a tiny drop of water, some of the problems facing a larger world, and after all, it was in the drop of war that the explosion started. With a sympathy born of knowledge for a country of great and varied natural beauty, and for varied types of humanity, Mr. von Schierbrand describes carefully and lucidly the intricate mingling of races in the counties making up Austria proper, then the characteristics of the Magyar Kingdom of Hungary, the food garden of the Dual Monarchy, with its insistence on its own "rights" and its indifference to the rights of non-Magyar races within its own borders. Notable landmarks of history are brought to mind again: the Golden Bull of 1222, a charter of freedom more liberal even than Magna Charta, but soon more honoured in the breach than in the observance; Hungary's many strenuous years of battling as bulwark for all western Europe against Moslem invasion; the rise of the Hapsburg family and their gradual usurpation of imperial power; the kaleidoscopic shifting of frontiers throughout the centuries, and the changing racial types impressing themselves on different localities—all these chapters form the necessary and en-

lightening background to those which concern themselves with Austria's entrance into the war, and with the story of the Dual Monarchy under war conditions.

Most interesting to those of us who believed that in the strength of the Teuton element in Austria, and the possibilities of its return to the home empire, lay the reason for Germany's fatal delay in restraining Austria's hand, when such restraint might have prevented the war—most interesting is it to read of the gradual absorption of this element even in Vienna itself by the Slav. And indeed to those who remember the slender, graceful, dark-eyed pleasure-loving people of that gay capital city, the Teutonic strain seems to be disappearing even in its physical manifestations. And also to anyone going into Austria from Germany, the general slovenly carelessness, under surface glitter, which is characteristic of Vienna as the stranger sees it, has little of the German qualities of orderliness and attention to detail in it. And yet, from many things Mr. von Schierbrand tells us, we realise Austria's complete and entire dependence on Germany, in spite of under-the-surface dislike, envy and racial antipathy. In all that makes the Dual Monarchy a modern nation and not a mere conglomeration of primitive agricultural tribes, Austria-Hungary has had to rely on Germany, and now, in the conduct of the war, shown just as these lines are written, as well as at other times, Austria-Hungary would have gone under without her powerful ally. Most interesting, in the light of present events, are some things Mr. von Schierbrand says regarding the popular dislike to Germany and fondness for France, as well as for England and America, in many parts of the Dual Monarchy. The possibility that, properly handled, Hungary at least might have been induced to make a separate peace, and how this possibility was not only not utilised but directly prevented by the Entente powers, may or may not be exactly as stated in the book. But there are just as many

chances that Mr. von Schierbrand tells the truth as that he does not. Also, as this passage was written before our own entrance into the war, let us hope it will not lead, under our new laws, to the author's arrest.

He makes no effort to conceal Austria's sad blunders, sad and costly in human life, in the conduct of the war, blunders that would many times have led to complete defeat had it not been for German aid, and for some dramatic quality in the varied races of the empire, few of whom knew how to pull together in good team work, but all of whom possess, in the individual, splendid fighting qualities. Stories of romantic heroism will interest lovers of a good fighter—if they are willing to accept these qualities in an official enemy! And for the student of ethnography, there is much that is fascinating in this book. Most interesting of all, possibly, is the description of the Ladiners, a small group of some sixty thousand souls in all of pure Celtic blood and Celtic characteristics, living in the great storm centre Goriza, and the surrounding shore districts. They are now sheltered in a concentration camp in a lovely valley near Marburg.

Possibly most important in historical and economic significance is Mr. von Schierbrand's clear story of the land-question in Austria-Hungary and the part taken by the landlordocracy in further and fatally complicating the racial problem. Austria's serious food problem in war times, the surrogates manufactured with German aid and German machinery for articles of food and clothing now unobtainable, and the political reasons why a country so favoured by Nature and so fitted to be self-supporting should find itself in such straits, are clearly shown. And most welcome of all is the self-restraint shown by the author in dealing with the future, with the possible fate of this loosely tied bundle of combative units, which the present great combat has, for the moment at least, fused into some sort of unity.

*Grace Isabel Colbron.*

# THE BOOKMAN RECOMMENDS

*In this department the editors each month will endeavor to select from among the previous month's publications those volumes in each classification which seem in their opinion to be most worthy of recommendation to BOOKMAN readers. The editors will be happy to answer any questions in their power regarding these books and indeed regarding any books concerning which BOOKMAN readers may desire information.*

## Art

An Introduction to the Study of Landscape Design. By Henry Vincent Hubbard and Theodora Kimball. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated with pen and ink drawings and photographs. \$6.00.

A working theory of landscape design, with discussion of its elements and application of its theories.

## Biography

Wessel Gansfort. Life and Writings. By Edward Waite Miller, D.D. Principal Works translated by J. W. Scudder. In 2 volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. \$4.00.

An exhaustive treatment of the life and work of the Dutch scholar of the fifteenth century who anticipated most of the teachings of the Reformers.

The Life and Letters of John Fiske. By John Spencer Clark. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. Two Volumes. \$7.50.

An intimate and lively picture, by means of Fiske's own letters and journals, of the great historian and of famous men, such as Spencer, Huxley, and Darwin, who were his friends.

## Drama

Pawns of War. By Bosworth Crocker. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. \$1.25.  
A play visualising the German invasion of Belgium.

Madam Sand. By Philip Moeller. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.25.  
A biographical comedy centring about several famous personages.

The Evergreen Tree. A Masque of Christmas Time. By Percy Mackaye. New York: D. Appleton and Company. With scenic and costume designs.

A contribution to the "happy cause of a communal art."

Efficiency. The Greenwich Village edition. By Robert H. Davis and P. P. Sheehan. New York: George H. Doran Company. 75 cents.

A play in one act setting forth in an unusual manner the machine of Prussian autocracy.

## Economics

Our Money and the State. By Hartley Withers. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.25.

A discussion of whether or not War-Expenses should be met by loans or by taxes, by the former financial editor of the *London Times*.

The Unmarried Mother. Criminal Science Monograph No. 3. By Percy Gamble Kammerer. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. \$3.00.

A study of five hundred cases—authorised by the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology.

## Essays

Immortality. An Essay in Discovery. By Burnett H. Streeter and four other authors. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.25.

Essays co-ordinating scientific, psychical, and Biblical research.

The Spring of Joy. A Little Book of Healing. By Mary Webb. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.25.

Essays "for the weary and wounded."

## Fiction

What Never Happened. By "Ropshin" (Boris Savinkov). Translated by Thomas Seltzer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.60.

A "terrorist" tells the story of his experiences in the Russian Revolution.

Cabin Fever. By B. M. Bower. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Frontispiece. \$1.35.

A new story of the West by the author of *The Lookout Man*.

The Cabin [La Barraca]. By V. Blasco Ibanez. Translated from the Spanish by Dr. Francis Haffkine Snow and B. M. Mekota. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.50.

A realistic story of Spanish life to-day, dealing with the small farmers and a wealthy usurer.

**The City of the Discreet.** By Pio Baroja. Translated by Jacob S. Fassett, Jr. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Illustrated. \$1.50.

An adventurous tale spun around Cordova as she is to-day.

**The Winds of the World.** By Talbot Mundy. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A romance of plotting and adventures, dealing with the English in India at the outbreak of the world war.

**Bettina Brown, a Little Child.** By "One of her subjects." New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 75 cents.

A delightful story of the babyhood and childhood of a little girl of nine.

**A Nest of Spies.** By Pierre Souvestre and Marcel Allain. New York: Brentano's. \$1.35.

Another of the Fantômas detective novels.

**The Big Little Person.** By Rebecca Hooper Eastman. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$1.40.

The story of a brave nature disguised under very feminine qualities.

**At the Sign of the Oldest House.** By Juliet Wilbor Tomkins. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated by Chase. \$1.50.

A characteristic story of this author, with attractive illustrations.

#### General Literature

**Maxims of Le Duc de la Rochefoucauld.** Translated by John Heard, Jr. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Some five hundred maxims collected in a limited edition.

**Defenders of Democracy.** President's Edition. Edited by the Gift Book Committee of the Militia of Mercy. New York: John Lane Company. \$2.50.

Contributions from representative men and women of letters and other arts from our allies and our own country.

**Shakespeare and the Founders of Liberty in America.** By Charles Mills Gayley, Litt.D., LL.D., University of California. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

An argument for the unity of America and Shakespeare's England in institutions, law and liberty, and democracy administered by the fittest.

**A History of the French Novel.** By George Saintsbury. New York: The Macmillan Company. Vol. I. \$5.50.

The first volume of this scholarly series extends from the beginning to 1800.

**Legends and Romances of Brittany.** By Lewis Spence, F.R.A.I. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. With eight illustrations in colour and twenty-four in black-and-white by W. Atway Cannell. \$3.50.

An important book developing a phase of Celtic mythology closely allied with British source material.

**Letters of John Holmes to James Russell Lowell and others.** Edited by William Roscoe Thayer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$2.50.

A literary discovery—letters by the brother of the Autocrat, of whom Emerson said: "While Wendell had wit, John had to a unique degree the possession of humour."

#### History

**Love Stories of Court Beauties.** By Franzisca, Baroness von Hedemann. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. \$3.00.

Intimate pictures of European court life by a court modiste, with interesting photographs.

**Paul Jones. His Exploits in English Seas During 1778-1780.** By Don C. Seitz. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. With Bibliography. Frontispiece. \$3.50.

A collection of newspaper clippings reporting the activities of the hero in European waters.

**England's Debt to India.** By Lajpat Rai. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$2.00.

A historical narrative of Britain's fiscal policy in India.

**Memories of Old Salem.** By Mary H. Northend. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company. With eighty illustrations. \$4.00.

Reminiscences from the letters of a great-grandmother.

**A History of Poland.** By Lieut.-Col. F. E. Whitton. With three maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Fifteen chapters of Poland's history from the earliest times to the present day.

**William Claiborne of Virginia.** By J. H. Claiborne. Illustrated. \$1.75.

The genealogy of the Claibornes together with an authentic account of the dispute between Claiborne and Lord Baltimore regarding the ownership of Kent Island in Chesapeake Bay.

## Juvenile

**Adventures in Girlhood.** By Temple Bailey. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. \$1.00.

Helpful talks with girls about their problems.

**Twenty-two Goblins.** Translated from the Sanskrit by Arthur W. Ryder. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Illustrated by Perham W. Nahl. \$3.00.

An attractive collection of goblin stories, with twenty illustrations in colour.

**The Girl Beautiful.** By Jean K. Baird. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. \$1.00.

Personal hints to a group of girls for utilising the raw material in each of them.

**This Country of Ours.** By H. E. Marshall. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. \$2.50.

The story of the United States in seven parts, with beautiful pictures in colour.

**Prince Melody in Music Land.** By Elizabeth Simpson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Illustrated. \$1.25.

Musical fairy tales for musical children, with many amusing illustrations.

**The Little Tailor of the Winding Way.** By Gertrude Crownfield. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. 60 cents.

The story of how a little tailor answered a Lord Chancellor's call, leading to happiness and honour.

**The Foundling Prince and Other Tales.** Translated and Adapted from the Roumanian of Petre Ispirescu by Julia Collier Harris and Rea Ipcar. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Folk-tales of Roumanian mythology.

## Miscellaneous

**The Sum of Feminine Achievement.** By Dr. W. A. Newman Dorland. Boston: The S. Stratford Company. \$1.50.

The most valuable part of the book is an alphabetical appendix of the great women of history, including those living at the present time, with an account of the life work of each.

**Frenzied Fiction.** By Stephen Leacock. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.25.

A new collection by the popular humourist.

**The Undergraduate and His College.\*** By Frederick P. Keppel. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.60.

A study of the merits and demerits of the American college system, with special reference to the effect of wartime conditions on higher education.

**Divers Proverbs.** By Nathan Bailey. New Haven: Yale University Press. Illustrated. \$1.00.

A collection of proverbs with clever and amusing comments on each.

**The Seven Laws of Teaching.** By John Milton Gregory. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. 75 cents.

A reliable guide to the teacher, modern and non-technical.

**The Book of New York.** By Robert Shackleton. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated with photographs and drawings. \$2.50.

An informative history in twenty-eight chapters of the city, past and present, with eighty attractive illustrations.

**Marketing and Housework Manual.** By S. Agnes Donham. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. With numerous tables and charts. \$1.50.

Twenty years of study and experiment in scientific household management set forth for the housekeeper.

**Furniture of the Olden Time.** By Francis Clary Morse. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated new edition. \$6.00.

One hundred and twenty new illustrations, a new chapter, and glossary of terms mark this new edition, first popular fifteen years ago.

**Chicago.** By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrations by Lester G. Hornby. \$7.50.

A holiday gift book, with sixteen full-page drawings, and many decorative head-pieces, tail-pieces, and other embellishments.

## Politics

**League of Nations.** By Theodore Marburg. New York: The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.

A history of the movement in the United States to secure action in this country and abroad, after the war, looking to the establishment of a League to Enforce Peace.

**Young France and New America.** By Pierre de Lanux. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

An interesting book for the young people of America who are interested in the life of France—a summing-up of the author's ideas of what the Franco-American relations will offer to-morrow on concrete and on intellectual grounds as well.

**National Strength and International Duty.** By Theodore Roosevelt. Princeton: Princeton University Press. \$1.00.

A characteristic utterance of the author on national policies.

**Our Democracy: Its Origins and Its Tasks.** By James H. Tufts. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$1.50.

In tracing the origins and significance of the principles of American Government, the author draws upon history, sociology, and politics, in a connected and untechnical fashion, for the general reader and the younger reader; this book will help the citizen and the prospective citizen to understand democracy.

**Japan at the Cross Roads.** By A. M. Pooley. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$3.50.

A treatment of Japan's political, financial and economic conditions by a former correspondent in Tokio.

**Universal Training for Citizenship and Public Service.** By William H. Allen. New York: The Macmillan Company. With charts. \$1.50.

The author aims to formulate for lay students of public affairs certain aims and steps within the reach of the general public.

### Philosophy

**Platonism.** By Paul Elmer More. Princeton: Princeton University Press. \$1.75.

A series of studies on the origins and early environment of Christianity, and such more modern movements as the English revival of philosophical religion in the seventeenth century and the rise of Romanticism in the eighteenth.

### Poetry

**Muffie's Prophecy.** By William Wallace Muffie. New York: Oxford University Press.

A prophetic dramatic poem.

**Critical Moments.** By J. S. M. Tombs. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 3/6.

A collection of light verse and prose sketches by a young soldier who previous to his death in France had written for the English press.

**Covent Garden and Others.** By Guy Rawlence. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1/6.

A collection of imaginative verse dealing with nature and life.

**A Banjo at Armageddon.** By Berton Braley. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.00.

Poems by the "George Luks" verse, of workaday adventures, city life, and the war.

**Songs of a Mother.** By Marietta M. Andrews. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Illustrated. \$1.00.

A little book of verse by a mother to mothers, embodying common experiences.

**English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians.** By Olive Dame Campbell and Cecil J. Sharp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Frontispiece. \$3.50.

A collection of one hundred and twenty-two songs and ballads and three hundred and twenty-three tunes of interest to folklorists.

**The Poems of Frank Dempster Sherman.** Edited by Clinton Scollard. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Frontispiece. \$5.00.

A complete collection of some three hundred and fifty poems.

**At Vesper Time.** By Ruth Baldwin Chenery. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

Some seventy poems with themes of elevation and dignity—largely classic or historical.

**The Kid Has Gone to the Colors.** By William Herschell. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated with photographs. \$1.25.

A collection of verse that has appeared from time to time in the columns of the *Indianapolis News*.

**Green Fruit.** John Peale Bishop. Boston: Sherman, French and Company. 80 cents.

Poetry of the senses rather than of the emotions.

**Somewhere Beyond.** A Year Book of Francis Thompson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.25.

A selection of the best lines of this Catholic mystic and seer for every day in the year.

**The Potter's Clay.** By Marie Tudor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Some seventy poems of unusually imaginative quality.

**Elegy in Autumn.** Clinton Scollard. New York: Frederick F. Sherman. \$2.50.

A poem in memory of Frank Dempster Sherman.

**In Praise of War.** By Don C. Seitz. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$1.00.

Lively verses touching many phases of the war.

**Renascence and Other Poems.** By Edna St. Vincent Millay. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.50.

Poetry primarily of emotion.

### Psychology

**The Principles of Mental Hygiene.** By William A. White, M.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

An examination of the all-pervasive phenomena of mind in the life of the individual and of society.

**The Psychology of Behavior.** By Elizabeth Severn. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.

A successful practitioner of psychotherapy presents a systematised, practical psychology for actual use in daily life, telling "why people do things."

**Problems of Mysticism and Its Symbolism.** By Dr. Herbert Silberer, of Vienna. Translated by Dr. Smith E. Jelliffe, of New York. \$3.00.

A book for medical men, educators and serious students of psychoanalysis.

### Religion

**African Missionary Heroes and Heroines.** By H. K. W. Kumm. New York: The Macmillan Company. With maps.

The life stories of Dr. Livingstone and others well told.

**The Use of Motives in Teaching Morals and Religion.** By Thomas Walton Galoway. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. \$1.25.

Suggestions made from the standpoint of the natural elements of personality to be developed in religious teaching.

**In the Footsteps of St. Paul.** By Francis E. Clark. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. \$2.00.

An account of the life and labours of the apostle in the light of a personal journey to the cities visited by him.

**A Theology for the Social Gospel.** By Walter Rauschenbusch. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

The four Taylor lectures delivered before the Yale School of Religion.

**The High Call.** By Ernest M. Stires. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.50.

A book of essays on current topics, royalties from the sale of which are to be devoted to the fund for equipping chaplains serving with the troops.

**The Church and the Man.** By Donald Hankey. New York: The Macmillan Company. 60 cents.

A discussion, from the layman's standpoint, of how we can make the church more efficient.

**Noontime Messages in a College Chapel.** Boston: The Pilgrim Press. \$1.25.

Sixty-nine short addresses to young people by twenty-five well-known preachers of different denominations.

**Protestantism in Germany.** By Kerr D. Macmillan. Princeton: Princeton University Press. \$1.50.

Lectures delivered on the L. P. Stone Foundation at the invitation of the Faculty of Princeton Theological Seminary.

**The Meaning of Faith.** By Harry Emerson Fosdick. New York: Association Press. \$1.00.

Twelve studies in which the author demonstrates the excellence of the everyday method.

**Love Stories of the Bible.** By Billy Sunday. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

Stories told in the inimitable style of the evangelist.

### Science

**A Short History of Science.** By W. T. Sedgwick and H. W. Tyler. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$2.50.

A volume which seeks to furnish the student and the general reader with a concise account of the origin of that scientific knowledge and method which have helped to shape the conditions and direct the activities of human life.

**Tropical Wild Life in British Guiana.** By William Beebe, G. Inness Hartley and Paul G. Howes. New York: The New York Zoological Society. Illustrated with coloured plates, maps and diagrams. \$3.00.

The story of the work and surroundings of the new Research Station of the New York Zoological Society, is of great interest to all naturalists.



**Technic of the Carrel Method.** By J. Dumas and Anne Carrel. Translated by A. V. S. Lambert, M.D., of Columbia University. New York: Paul B. Hoeber. With eleven plates. \$1.25.

The irrigation treatment of wounds is an important contribution to surgical technic since the beginning of the war.

**Baldness. Its Causes, Its Treatment and its Prevention.** By Richard W. Müller, M.D. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.00.

A non-technical discussion, with illustrations, recipes and directions.

### Sociology

**The Prison and the Prisoner. A Symposium.** Edited by Julia K. Jaffray, Secretary National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor. \$2.50.

The results of seven years of study and personal investigation insuring a broad, scientific background of fact upon which can be based in years to come the training of prison workers.

**With Poor Immigrants to America.** By Stephen Graham. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$2.25.

A story of the author's association with immigrants during a voyage overseas, and of subsequent experiences with them in this country.

**A New Basis for Social Progress.** By William C. White and Louis J. Heath. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25.

A book for social workers and educators, in which the authors—writing from practical experience gained in making the Pittsburgh Survey—suggest the division of cities into population units as a basis for educational and social administration.

### Travel and Adventure

**The Cruise of the Corwin.** By John Muir. Edited by William Frederick Bade. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$2.75.

The original journals of the author and of his editor as members of the Corwin expedition in search of the lost Arctic explorer De Long.

**The Barren Ground of Northern Canada.** By Warburton Pike. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Illustrated. \$2.00.

A new edition of the story of the author's adventures some thirty years ago in search of the Musk-Ox.

**A Trip to Lotus Land.** By Archie Bell. New York: John Lane Company. With fifty-six illustrations. \$2.50.

An interesting book for the prospective visitor to Japan, giving advice as to where to go, what to see, how much to spend, as learned at first hand by the author in a leisurely pilgrimage.

**Tales of an Old Sea Port.** By Wilfred Harold Munro. Princeton: Princeton University Press. \$1.50.

Reprint of old letters and ships' logs, dealing with Yankee privateersmen and voyages to the Far North in the early years of the nineteenth century.

**Our Hawaii.** By Charmian Kittredge London (Mrs. Jack London). Illustrated. \$2.25.

Experiences in the island, with intimate sketches and anecdotes of the Londons.

### War

**The United States and Pangermania.** By André Chéradame. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A warning to America—a revelation of Germany's long-laid scheme for the mastery of the world.

**The Story of Ypres.** By Capt. Hugh B. Pollard. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. Illustrated. 75 cents.

A moving story by the captain of the London regiment, with good illustrations and maps.

**A Crusader of France.** Letters of Captain Ferdinand Belmont (Killed in action 1915). Translated from the French by G. F. Lees. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.50.

In these letters the French novelist Bordeaux finds reflected the spirit of France in war-time.

**Harry Butters, R. F. A., Life and Letters.** Edited by Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan. Twelve photographs. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.50.

War letters of a California boy who was killed fighting on the Somme.

**The Flyer's Guide.** By Captain N. J. Gill. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.00.

A handbook for the learner.

**Fighting for France.** By Henry Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

A vivid view of the origin, conditions, and right conclusion of the war, from the standpoint of one who was very close to it and who had intimate personal experiences which illuminate the subject with the light of reality.

**Alsace-Lorraine Under German Rule.** By Charles Downer Hazen. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$1.25.

A brief and reliable account of the earlier fate of Alsace-Lorraine, lying in a period of European history hazy to most Americans.

**Inside the Russian Revolution.** By Rheta Childe Dorr. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

An interesting account of the Russian Revolution by one on the inside.

**The Journal of Submarine Commander Von Forstner.** Translated by Mrs. Russell Codman, Jr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$1.00.

An inside account of the methods of "German frightfulness," with the author's own experiences while sinking English and neutral merchantmen.

**Topography and Strategy in the War.** By Douglas Wilson Johnson, Columbia University. New York: Henry Holt and Company. Maps and Illustrations. \$1.75.

An analysis of the topography of each of the most important theatres of war, a summary of the principal campaigns, with discussion of how military operations have been influenced by the surface features of the country.

**The Crime.** By a German. New York: George H. Doran Company. Vol. I. \$2.50.

The author of "I Accuse" arraigns the rulers of Germany and Austria, refuting their statements one by one.

**The War and the Bagdad Railway.** By Morris Jastrow, Jr. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Fourteen illustrations and map. \$1.50.

The story of Asia Minor and its relation to the present conflict.

**France Bears the Burden.** By Granville Fortescue. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

The author's observation and experience enable him to delineate the organization and practice of war as developed in France during three years.

**The World's Debate.** By William Barry. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25.

An historical defence of the Allies, by the English scholar and historian.

**Small Arms Instructors Manual 1918.** Compiled by the Small Arms Instruction Corps. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Illustrated. 60 cents.

An intensive course with many useful diagrams.

**Militant America and Jesus Christ.** By Abraham Mitrie Ribbany. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 65 cents.

A little book to convince those who think that Christ would have been a pacifist in the present crisis, that, on the contrary, He would have resisted German military aggression with the sword.

**The Story of the Anzacs.** Melbourne: James Ingram and Son. Maps and illustrations.

An historical account of the part taken by Australia and New Zealand in the Great War.

**The Ways of War.** By Professor T. M. Kettle, with memoir by his wife, Mary S. Kettle. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

A human document and also one of patriotism, by the Professor-Lieutenant: chapters in this book have appeared in various newspapers and magazines.

**We of Italy.** By Mrs. K. R. Steege. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Letters of Italian heroes, describing life in the field and the war activities of Italy's patriot king.

**War Addresses 1915-1917.** By Henry Cabot Lodge. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

A collection of eighteen war addresses by Mr. Lodge.

**Patriotism. National and International.** By Sir Charles Waldstein. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. \$1.00.

An essay in five chapters analysing patriotism, in particular as it is found in Germany as irresponsible for the war, and in general as the international patriotism of the future.

**Disasters. Social Work Series.** By J. Byron Deacon. New York: Russell Sage Foundation. 75 cents.

The first comprehensive account from the original documents of the experience of the American Red Cross in disaster relief work.

# THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of December and the first of January:

## FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City.....	Long Live the King	Missing
New York City.....	The Dwelling Place of Light	The White Ladies of Worcester
Albany, N. Y.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Bab: A Sub-Deb
Atlanta, Ga.....	Long Live the King	In Happy Valley
Baltimore, Md.....	Salt of the Earth	The Green Mirror
Baltimore, Md.....	The Dwelling Place of Light	Extricating Obadiah
Birmingham, Ala.....	The Soul of a Bishop	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Boston, Mass.....	The Major	Missing
Boston, Mass.....	Extricating Obadiah	Christine
Buffalo, N. Y.....	Extricating Obadiah	The Major
Chicago, Ill.....	The Major	The Dwelling Place of Light
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	Missing	His Last Bow
Cleveland, Ohio.....	The Dwelling Place of Light	Christine
Dallas, Tex.....	Anne's House of Dreams	The Dwelling Place of Light
Denver, Colo.....	The Major	The Dwelling Place of Light
Des Moines, Iowa.....	The Major	The Dwelling Place of Light
Detroit, Mich.....	The Dwelling Place of Light	The Major
Indianapolis, Ind.....	A Reversible Santa Claus	Under Fire
Jacksonville, Fla.....	The Major	The Red Planet
Kansas City, Mo.....	The Red Planet	Vanguards of the Plains
Louisville, Ky.....	The Dwelling Place of Light	Long Live the King
Milwaukee, Wis.....	Christine	The Long Lane's Turning
Minneapolis, Minn.....	The Major	Extricating Obadiah
New Haven, Conn.....	Extricating Obadiah	The Major
Norfolk, Va.....	The Dwelling Place of Light	Salt of the Earth
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Major	The Dwelling Place of Light
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	The Soul of a Bishop	The White Ladies of Worcester
Portland, Me.....	Extricating Obadiah	The Major
Portland, Oregon.....	The Major	The Dwelling Place of Light
Portland, Oregon.....	The Major	Christine
Richmond, Va.....	The White Ladies of Worcester	Missing
Providence, R. I.....	Extricating Obadiah	The Major
Rochester, N. Y.....	The Major	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow
Seattle, Wash.....	The Major	Long Live the King
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Dwelling Place of Light	The Light in the Clearing
St. Paul, Minn.....	The Major	The Dwelling Place of Light
Tacoma, Wash.....	The Light in the Clearing	The Major
Toronto, Ont.....	The Major	Bab: A Sub-Deb
Utica, N. Y.....	Extricating Obadiah	The Major
Washington, D. C.....	The Major	Extricating Obadiah
Worcester, Mass.....	Extricating Obadiah	The Major

(Continued)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
The Forfeit	The Long Lane's Turning	The Shadow of the Stone	Our Square and the People in It
Extricating Obadiah	Beyond	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow	A Nest of Spies
Dwelling Place of Light	The Major	Christine	His Last Bow
Ladies Must Live	Conquest	The Soul of a Bishop	We Can't Have Everything
His Last Bow	Missing	The Major	Calvary Alley
The Major	Salt of the Earth	The Wishing-Ring Man	The Green Mirror
The Wanderers	Light in the Clearing	Long Live the King	The Thoroughbred
The Green Mirror	Extricating Obadiah	Abington Abbey	His Last Bow
His Last Bow	Abington Abbey	Missing	Beyond
His Last Bow	The Wishing-Ring Man	Dwelling Place of Light	Great Possessions
Long Live the King	The Soul of a Bishop	Christine	Fanny Herself
Dwelling Place of Light	Christine	The Major	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow
The Light in the Clearing	The Definite Object	The Red Planet	A Son of the Middle Border
The Major	In Happy Valley	The Red Planet	Missing
Salt of the Earth	Long Live the King	Anne's House of Dreams	The Forfeit
Light in the Clearing	Fanny Herself	Sunny Slopes	How Could You, Jean?
Anne's House of Dreams	Salt of the Earth	Extricating Obadiah	The Second Fiddle
The Major	Christine	His Last Bow	Dwelling Place of Light
Green Fancy	Anne's House of Dreams	The High Heart	The White Ladies of Worcester
The Definite Object	Dwelling Place of Light	Fanny Herself	Christine
Calvary Alley	The High Heart	The Major	The Secret Witness
Extricating Obadiah	Calvary Alley	In Happy Valley	Long Live the King
Salt of the Earth	Enchanted Hearts	Long Live the King	Understood Betsy
Calvary Alley	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow	His Last Bow	The Dwelling Place of Light
The White Ladies of Worcester	The Major	His Last Bow	Anne's House of Dreams
Extricating Obadiah	His Last Bow	The White Ladies of Worcester	Red Pepper's Patients
Extricating Obadiah	Anne's House of Dreams	Salt of the Earth	Dwelling Place of Light
Long Live the King	Calvary Alley	Anne's House of Dreams	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow
Christine	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Webster-Man's Man	Wildfire
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Dwelling Place of Light	Anne's House of Dreams	Sube Cane
Dwelling Place of Light	The Major	The Soul of a Bishop	The Heart's Kingdom
Salt of the Earth	Anne's House of Dreams	A Song of the Middle Border	Bab: A Sub-Deb
Extricating Obadiah	The Wishing-Ring Man	Long Live the King	Salt of the Earth
Calvary Alley	We Can't Have Everything	Salt of the Earth	Missing
Bab: A Sub-Deb	Missing	The Major	His Last Bow
Extricating Obadiah	Anne's House of Dreams	His Own Country	Red Pepper's Patients
Calvary Alley	Winds of the World	Christine	The Broken Gate
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Dwelling Place of Light	The Next of Kin	Missing
The White Ladies of Worcester	Missing	His Last Bow	Vanguard of the Plains
His Family	Dwelling Place of Light	Calvary Alley	Bab: A Sub-Deb
Dwelling Place of Light	Anne's House of Dreams	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Mistress Anne

## BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

- A Journal from Our Legation in Belgium. Hugh Gibson.  
 All in It. Major I. H. Beith.  
 Fighting for Peace. Henry Van Dyke.  
 My Home in the Field of Mercy. Frances Wilson Huard.  
 Carry On. Coningsby Dawson.  
 Over the Top. Arthur Guy Empey.
- My Four Years in Germany. James W. Gerard.  
 Under Fire. Henri Barbusse.  
 Adventures and Letters of Richard Harding Davis. Edited by C. B. Davis.  
 Recollections. John Morley.  
 Private Peat. Harold R. Peat.  
 Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. R. W. Service.

## BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 736 and 737) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st on any list	receives	to
" " " 2d	" " " "	" " " "	8
" " " 3d	" " " "	" " " "	7
" " " 4th	" " " "	" " " "	6
" " " 5th	" " " "	" " " "	5
" " " 6th	" " " "	" " " "	4

1. The Major. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.40. 263
2. The Dwelling Place of Light. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.60... 195
3. Extricating Obadiah. Lincoln. (Ap-ton.) \$1.50 ..... 147
4. Long Live the King. Rinehart. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50..... 75
5. Christine. Cholmondeley. (Macmillan.) \$1.25 ..... 74
6. Missing. Ward. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50 ..... 69

## A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

- Abington Abbey. Archibald Marshall.  
 All in It. Major I. H. Beith.  
 Anne's House of Dreams. L. M. Montgomery.  
 Adventures and Letters of Richard Harding Davis.  
 Bab: A Sub-Deb. Mary Roberts Rinehart.  
 Beyond. John Galsworthy.  
 The Broken Gate. Emerson Hough.  
 Calvary Alley. Alice Hegan Rice.  
 Carry On. Coningsby Dawson.  
 Christine. Alice Cholmondeley.  
 Conquest. Olive Wadsley.  
 The Definite Object. Jeffery Farnol.  
 The Dwelling Place of Light. Winston Churchill.  
 Enchanted Hearts. D. Aldrich.  
 Extricating Obadiah. Joseph C. Lincoln.  
 Fanny Herself. Edna Ferber.  
 Fighting for Peace. Henry Van Dyke.  
 The Forfeit. Ridgwell Cullum.  
 Great Possessions. David Grayson.  
 The Green Mirror. Hugh Walpole.  
 His Last Bow. A. Conan Doyle.  
 The High Heart. Basil King.  
 How Could You, Jean? Eleanor H. Brainerd.  
 In Happy Valley. John Fox, Jr.  
 The Heart's Kingdom. Maria T. Davies.  
 A Journal from Our Legation in Belgium. Hugh Gibson.  
 The Light in the Clearing. Irving Bacheller.  
 The Major. Ralph Connor.  
 The Long Lane's Turning. Hallie E. Rives.  
 Ladies Must Live. Alice D. Miller.  
 Long Live the King. Mary R. Rinehart.
- Missing. Mrs. Humphry Ward.  
 Mistress Anne. Temple Bailey.  
 My Home in the Field of Mercy. F. W. Huard.  
 My Four Years in Germany. J. W. Gerard.  
 Mr. Britling Sees It Through. H. G. Wells.  
 The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow. A. K. Greene.  
 Next of Kin. Nellie McClung.  
 A Nest of Spies. Souvestre and Allain.  
 Over the Top. Arthur Guy Empey.  
 Our Square and the People In It. S. H. Adams.  
 Private Peat. Harold R. Peat.  
 Recollections. John Morley.  
 Red Pepper's Patients. Grace Richmond.  
 The Red Planet. William J. Locke.  
 A Reversible Santa Claus. Meredith Nicholson.  
 Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. R. W. Service.  
 Salt of the Earth. Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick.  
 A Son of the Middle Border. Hamlin Garland.  
 The Shadow of the Stone. M. Bryant.  
 The Soul of a Bishop. H. G. Wells.  
 Sunny Slopes. Ethel Houston.  
 The Thoroughbred. Henry K. Webster.  
 Understood Betsey. Dorothy Canfield.  
 Under Fire. Henri Barbusse.  
 The Wishing-Ring Man. M. Widdemer.  
 The Wanderers. Mary Johnston.  
 The White Ladies of Worcester. F. Barclay.  
 The Winds of the World. T. Mundy.  
 Webster-Man's Man. Peter B. Kyne.  
 We Can't Have Everything. Rupert Hughes.  
 Vanguard of the Plains. M. H. McCarter.

## MAN'S SUPREME INHERITANCE

By F. MATTHIAS ALEXANDER. Introduction by Prof. John Dewey. *Net, \$1.50*

The Failure of Civilization and The Crisis of 1914—The universal decision for reconstruction and readjustment calls for causes and a solution. The author puts forward a convincing and original thesis which gives at once the causes and the solution. He demonstrates a practical and tested system of conscious guidance and control of the human organism and of human conduct which meets all the demands of an advancing civilization.

*The Perils and Beauties of Campaigning in Africa*

## MARCHING ON TANGA

Already in its Third Edition in England.

By CAPTAIN FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG.

*Net, \$1.50*

The story of a British Campaign in German East Africa bringing out with equal vividness the wonders of the African tropics and the unique character of the extraordinary military undertaking.

*Westminster Gazette*:—"It is hard to recall any book about this war of a quality at once so imaginative and so real."

*Everyman*:—"A magical book."

*The Globe*:—"It could not have been done better."

*The Scotsman*:—"As engrossing as any romance."

## TO ARMS! (La Veillée des Armes)

Translated from the French of Marcelle Tinayre by Lucy H. Humphrey. Introduction by Dr. John Finley. In France it has reached its 48th edition. *Net, \$1.50*

Dr. Finley says of this inspired book in closing his Introduction: "As one passes from the early chapters of this book with their petty homely incidents and their simple dialogue to the later chapters, sees all France moved by tenderness and brought suddenly into one great family, sees 'selfishness melted in the pure flame of universal sacrifice,' one can hardly regret, despite the bloody cost and the tragic folly of war, that France was called to this Veillée des Armes in a cause that exalts every defender."

## A CRUSADER OF FRANCE

Translated from the French of Captain Ferdinand Belmont. Introduction by Henry Bordeaux *Net, \$1.50*

Miss Katharine Lee Bates, in a letter to the publisher, says: "I have read every word of 'A Crusader of France,' moved to the depths of my soul by its poignant spiritual beauty. It gives, too, the clearest picture of actual war conditions, day after day and week after week and month after month, that I have ever seen."

## THE LOST NAVAL PAPERS

By BENNET COPPLESTONE

*Net, \$1.50*

*London Punch* says:—"Mr. Copplestone has shown unusual boldness in connecting the activities of his super-policeman, Dawson, with the more prominent events of the War. We earnestly desire that he should devote another volume—a whole—one to the inimitable Madame Guillbert; but whatever he writes about will be welcome, provided it be written in the vein of the volume before us."

## WHAT YOUR GOVERNMENT DOES FOR YOU

By ALISSA FRANC

*Net, \$1.50*

Telling every man, woman and child within its protection about the American Government, as it operates to-day. How the government helps each one, how each one can help the government.

## ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE UNSEEN

*Net, \$2.50*

By SIR WILLIAM F. BARRETT. Introduction by James H. Hyslop, Secretary of the American Society of Psychological Research.

James H. Hyslop in his Introduction says:—"It is the best work of the kind that has ever appeared in English. Every aspect and difficulty of the subject is canvassed and evidence produced for the claims made in the book. Readers cannot fail to find in it the light they desire on this complicated subject."

(*New American Edition*)

## CHILDREN OF PASSAGE

By FREDERICK WATSON

*Net, \$1.50*

Mr. Watson's story is like the work of his father, Ian Maclaren, about Scottish life, the theme being the love for a charming girl, daughter of a lair of the old school. The book has much of that quaint humor and pathos which gives charm and character to Scotch life.

## DAYS OF DISCOVERY. By BERTRAM SMITH

*Net, \$1.50*

*N. Y. Evening Post* says:—"Days of Discovery,' like 'The Golden Age,' is one of the books that cannot well be spared. You can have your own opinion after you have read 'Days of Discovery' of whether or not the author in some incarnation or other received spiritual inspiration similar to that which prompted Kenneth Grahame to write 'The Golden Age.'"

POSTAGE EXTRA. AT ALL BOOKSTORES

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, 681 Fifth Avenue, New York

## A BOOKMAN ANNOUNCEMENT

¶ Next month THE BOOKMAN will appear in a slightly different dress, which seems more in keeping with its tone and with those ideals and aims for which it stands. The very slight changes that will be made were all suggested by friends or subscribers of THE BOOKMAN who have been kind enough to take an interest in the development of the magazine.

• • •

¶ Many new features for 1918 have been arranged and can now be announced. Professor Phelps's popular series on *The Advance of English Poetry* will continue each month through the July issue. The coming month, March, Professor Phelps is to take up a group of the Irish poets for discussion, after which his series will deal with American writers of poetry.

• • •

¶ Although the *Masque of Poets* is concluded in this issue of THE BOOKMAN, the standard set by its poems, representative of the best of contemporary work in this country, will always be aimed at in the future poetry that THE BOOKMAN will present to its readers. In this number shorter poems by Lizette Woodworth Reese, Norreys Jephson O'Connor, Henry Bryan Binns, Charles Wharton Stork and others, will be found, we hope, suitable to accompany the excellent work in the last installment of the *Masque*. Miss Jessie B. Rittenhouse, the Secretary of the Poetry Society of America, will continue each month her regular department of poetry news and reviews of the latest books. Miss Rittenhouse, by her long experience and splendid talent, has well established her capacity for critical comments on these new volumes, and her position as secretary of the Poetry Society of America keeps her in constant touch with all the latest items of news

and interest in the poetry world. We take pleasure, too, in telling our readers that Miss Rittenhouse will have published shortly by Houghton Mifflin Company, a volume of her own poetry, entitled *The Door of Dreams*.

• • •

¶ In this issue Mr. Charles Ferguson, whom we presented to our readers in the December number as the author of those critical and inspiring studies of contemporary society, *The University Militant* and *The Religion of Democracy*, begins a series of BOOKMAN papers under the general title, *The Religion Absolute*. Mr. Ferguson's first paper, appearing in this issue, deals with *The Method of Prophecy*, in which he takes up the modern spirit first expounded in the philosophy of Francis Bacon and shows its development and its lack of completion in our present world. Mr. Ferguson's paper to appear next month will be entitled, *The Epiphany of Power*. These three articles will be the opening chapters of his new book, *The Religion Absolute*, to be published in April.

• • •

¶ For March Mr. Charles L. Buchanan will continue his discussion of American Painting with an article entitled *Our American Old Masters*. In this paper Mr. Buchanan will make a summary of the work of Martin, Wyant, Blakelock, Fuller, Ryder and Twachtman, not from the standpoint of the unsympathetic radical, but from the standpoint of one sympathetically inclined toward these men and yet appreciative of their limitations. This is the first of a series of articles in which Mr. Buchanan, attempting to be discriminating rather than comprehensive, reviews the work of the American painter individually, with the end in view of attaining

an equitable scale of comparisons and valuations. The estimates arrived at, however unconventional they may be, are the result of a close intimacy with the work under discussion.

• • •

¶ Dr. Archibald Henderson, the author of a well-known biography of Shaw and a contributor to *THE BOOKMAN*, will discuss Shaw and his work from an intimate, personal knowledge, in a paper in the March issue. Many illustrations from Dr. Henderson's collection will elaborate the article. William McFee, the author of *The Casuals of the Sea*, and *Aliens*, has written a preface to his new edition of *Aliens*, to appear this spring. This preface is in McFee's characteristic vein and throws new light on this hardy, seafaring Scotch writer. Through the courtesy of his publishers, Doubleday, Page and Company, *THE BOOKMAN* will be enabled to give this work to its readers next month. Mr. Clayton Hamilton's dramatic criticisms are acknowledged the best and most timely discussions appearing in the country.

• • •

¶ A series of three articles by Dr. Robert Goldsmith, under the title *America and the New Statesmanship*, will begin in March. Dr. Goldsmith is the author of the book, *The League to Enforce Peace*, now in its sixth edition. It is a book that has been recognised as a scholarly and at the same time popular work on this great question of the establishment of a permanent peace. Dr. Goldsmith has been one of a group of jurists who have frequently met during the past year under the chairmanship of the Rev. Theodore Marburg, formerly minister to Belgium, for the purpose of investigating this project of the League of Nations; and he was one of the committee of experts appointed to write certain important sections and articles of a Draft Convention which has been seriously studied by practically all the governments of the world. Dr. Goldsmith

has devoted his study to the practical achievement of the ideal of permanent peace for which a world at war longs and fights. The political conditions to follow this war have been his constant thought; and his conclusions, based entirely on the practical conditions that the world has to face, will be welcomed by all thoughtful people who are convinced that the only outcome that can justify this war to future generations will be the establishment of a peace, permanent and based on the sanctions of all peoples. His three articles will be entitled, I. *The Foundations of a Lasting Peace*, II. *A Society of Nations*, III. *America and the New Statesmanship*.

• • •

¶ Among contributors whose work will appear in issues later than that of March are Professor Grant Showerman, Michael Monahan, the late Mrs. Havlock Ellis, Clair Kenamore, Amy Wellington, Frank Moore Colby, Warrington Dawson, Lawrence Housman, Margaret Widdemer, Willard Wattles, Clinton Scollard, Richard Butler Glaenger, John Gould Fletcher.

• • •

¶ *THE BOOKMAN* in the past has dealt largely with the technical side of literature, but as you who have been generous enough to read its pages during this last year know, the magazine is now including not only this literary technology, but also many other modern interests that the literary reader can find nowhere so interestingly or accessibly as in a literary magazine, presented from a literary point of view. For, indeed, there are two quite possible conceptions of a literary magazine: the first that of a magazine dealing exclusively with professional aspects and professional news of literature—that is, literary technology; the second conception includes this literary technology and at the same time broadens the scope of the magazine's field to include all those categories of



thought and interests that may be cut by a literary plane, the subjects being presented from a literary point of view. And so, with this second conception of broadening its field in mind, THE BOOKMAN has during the past year presented its readers with many vital and immediate discussions, from a literary angle, of the important questions of government, art, music, sociology, religion, —to mention the most obvious departments. In the field of fiction, too, THE BOOKMAN has presented a few striking and unusual stories and sketches; and it is interesting to note that Mr. Edward J. O'Brien has picked for his fifth best short story of the year, a sketch by John Breck entitled *From Hungary*, that appeared in the December issue. The de-

partment *Echoes*, in which this story appeared, will be continued with further sketches and stories of this kind.

• • •

¶ As our readers know, there is a serious shortage of paper and a still more serious congestion on the railroads. For that reason, very few copies of THE BOOKMAN will be printed beyond the regular monthly requirements, and no more than the usual, required number of copies put on sale on the news-stands. It is earnestly requested, therefore, that BOOKMAN readers send in their subscriptions promptly upon expiration in order that we may be sure to have a sufficient supply printed each month and delivered promptly.

## THE BOOKMAN

443-449 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK  
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY, Publishers  
\$3.00 A YEAR—25 CENTS A COPY

## BOOKS BY J. H. FABRE

*Bound in uniform style, each, 12mo, \$1.50 net*

THE LIFE OF THE SPIDER. Eighth edition

"The most notable book published during the first quarter of the present year."—*The Literary Digest*.

THE LIFE OF THE FLY. Third edition

"In this volume he proves himself not merely a great scientific observer; he proves himself a great writer."—*New York Times*.

THE MASON BEES

"The French savant's theories are propounded, as his observations are reported, with an element of the dramatic, strange and new in science."—*New York Sun*.

BRAMBLE BEES, AND OTHERS

"Of his standing as a naturalist, it is enough to say that Charles Darwin valued him as an observer of the very first order."—*Indianapolis News*.

THE HUNTING WASPS

"One of the most interesting of the Fabre volumes."—*New York Globe*.

"Continues the Fabre tradition of tireless observation, ingenious experiment, eloquent interpretation."—*New York Sun*.

THE LIFE OF THE CATERPILLAR

THE LIFE OF THE GRASSHOPPER

*The publishers have a special biographical pamphlet on the life and work of Henri Fabre. They would be glad to send you a copy. There is no charge.*

Publishers

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

New York



# BOOKMAN BREVITIES



## THE NEXT LIBERTY LOAN

The third Liberty Loan will undoubtedly exceed in amount not only its two predecessors in this country but any single war loan or any other loan ever offered in the history of the world. The probable date of offering will be March 1st. These provisions, of course, are subject to such change as the rapidly changing conditions of war may warrant.

...

As a belligerent this country has already outgrown the "business as usual" stage of thought as well as of practice. There is not enough capital, labour, coal, transportation or raw material to go round if those industries which are not essential to the conduct of war are continued at their normal productiveness. The vast multiplication and expansion of the essential industries is only possible if the others may be bled white of capital, labor and materials to support the increase. Every unessential industry which continues in operation must be considered as bidding against the nation for its life's blood.

...

The complexity of the modern industrial organisation has helped to confuse the popular mind regarding the function of money. There is a widespread assumption (1) That money is a miracle worker and can make good for the nation as a whole the shortages in labour and materials which it seems to correct in individual cases, and (2) That some virtue attaches to the keeping of money in circulation by promiscuous expenditure.

...

In England the above fallacies have been successfully assailed in connection with the War Savings movement there by preachment of the "gospel of goods and services," which may be translated here into that of labour

## *The Baker & Taylor Co.*

*announce their new*

### *Catalogue of Book Bargains*

*1918 Edition—Just Issued*

Showing their greatly reduced prices on hundreds of books from their overstock, including many of recent issue.

SENT FREE ON REQUEST

## THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.

Wholesale dealers in the books of all publishers  
354 Fourth Ave. NEW YORK At 26th Street

## AUTOGRAPH LETTERS FIRST EDITIONS OUT OF PRINT BOOKS

### BOUGHT AND SOLD

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED

CATALOGUES ISSUED

### ERNEST DRESSSEL NORTH

4 East Thirty-Ninth Street, New York

## HIGGINS'



DRAWING INKS  
ETERNAL WRITING INK  
ENGROSSING INK  
TAURINE MUCILAGE  
PHOTO MOUNTER PASTE  
DRAWING BOARD PASTE  
LIQUID PASTE  
OFFICE PASTE  
VEGETABLE GLUE, Etc.

Are the Finest and Best Inks and Adhesives  
Emancipate yourself from the use of corrosive and ill-smelling inks and adhesives and adopt the *Higgins' Inks and Adhesives*. They will be a revelation to you, they are so sweet, clean, well put up, and without so efficient.

At Dealers Generally

CHAS. M. HIGGINS & CO., Mfrs.  
271 NINTH ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.  
BRANCHES: CHICAGO, LONDON

Please mention THE BOOKMAN in writing to advertisers.

**F. M. HOLLY**

Established 1905

Authors' and Publishers' Representative  
156 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK  
Rates and full information sent upon application

**MSS. SUCCESSFULLY PLACED**

Criticised, Revised, Typed. Send for Leaflet B.  
References: Edwin Markham and others. Established 1890  
**UNITED LITERARY PRESS, 123 5th Ave., New York**

**LOUISE E. DEW**

Literary Representative

**DO YOU NEED A CONSULTING EDITOR**

to criticise, revise or place your Mss.? My 18 years' editorial experience at your service. *Circulars.*

**AEOLIAN HALL NEW YORK**

MSS. EDITED, TYPED, AND PLACED WITH THE PUBLISHER. EXPERT CRITICISM.

**E. H. GROVES, M.A.**

Authors' and Publishers' Agent  
15 Haviland Street Boston  
Terms upon application

**B**OOKS.—All out-of-print books supplied, no matter on what subject. Write us. We can get you any book ever published. Please state wants. When in England call and see our 50,000 rare books. **BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, 14-16 JOHN BRIGHT STREET, BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.**

**WANTED** SHORT STORIES, NOVELS, ETC., for placement. Terms, 10 per cent. Revising and typing at reasonable rates. The work of known and unknown writers solicited. **Wm. W. LABBERTON, Lit. Agt., 567-69 West 150th Street, New York City.**

**MRS. GRACE HITCHCOCK, 19 W. 84th St., New York.** A. B. Major English, California, Chicago, Michigan Universities; Short Story, Esenswein, wishes position, editor's reader.

**THE WRITER'S MONTHLY** Edited by **J. Berg Esenwein**

A MAGAZINE OF REAL HELP FOR ALL WHO WRITE

**CAROLYN WELLS** says:—"The best magazine of its kind because it is **PRACTICAL.**"

Single copies 15 cents \$1.50 a year

**THE WRITER'S MONTHLY, Dept. 12 Springfield, Mass.**

**USED BOOKS.** Big Bargains. Catalog Higen 's, M-2441 Post San Francisco. (Books bought.)

**THE BOOKMAN**

reaches every month that cultured class of people who not only read books, but who like to read about books.

and materials. These are the only things that count in support of the fighting machine and they cannot be bought if they do not exist. At any given time in the country as a whole there is just so much of these vital necessities available for all purposes. Every unessential industry which burns coal deprives the essential industries by just so much of the supply available for their purposes. So does every housewife who burns an unnecessary hodful in her kitchen range. Every man who buys a new overcoat is bidding against Uncle Sam, who is buying overcoats for soldiers. And every dollar spent on a luxury is helping to support an unessential industry in the competitive consumption of essentials. Money spent on Liberty Bonds gets as wide and as immediate circulation as that spent on candy or theatre tickets, but it goes to support industries which produce those things which the Government needs.

• • •

But if it is true that, in the last analysis, labour and materials are the only things that can be of any value in the support of our fighting machine, it is also true that the only economy of these things which counts is present economy. We cannot increase the present supply of these things with the thought that we might have used more of them than we did a year ago. The only food or clothing or fuel or munitions of interest to our soldiers and sailors is that which is available to-day. Past savings of these things have all been absorbed. The War must be waged entirely on present savings. Hence the imperative necessity of thrift, not only on the part of those who have never before put aside anything, but also on the part of those who normally would be spending the income from past savings. The latter especially must be made to feel that in living on such incomes they are simply exchanging their own past savings or those of their ancestors for the present savings of others, in other words, competing with Uncle Sam for these present savings. It is their duty in the present situation not only to practise self-denial in the matter of consumption, but, if possible, to support themselves by some occupation of value to their country and turn over their private incomes to the Government in the form of Liberty Bond investments.

• • •

It is every citizen's double duty to produce more and consume less, not only that

Please mention **THE BOOKMAN** in writing to advertisers.

he may have greater individual savings with which to invest in the Government's securities, but also that he may help to increase the aggregate of labour and materials (the war surplus) which the Government may purchase with the proceeds of these securities.

...

BOOKS ON PALESTINE

The recent capture of Jerusalem by the British and the declaration of the British Government in favour of the re-establishment of a Jewish State in Palestine, has created a great revival of interest in books bearing on the Holy Land, and the world-wide movement among the Jewish people to recover their Homeland, which has been lost to them for two thousand years. The Jews of the United States have started a movement to raise a great fund to restore Palestine and accomplish the repatriation of their people. It is predicted that a great revival of Hebrew culture will follow the Jewish re-establishment.

A list of easily obtainable books published in English in recent years dealing with Palestine and its people, describing the modern Jewish colonies already established in Palestine, and telling of the Zionist movement, follows:

*Palestine, the Rebirth of an Ancient People*, by Albert M. Hyamson, New York, 1917. *Zionism and the Jewish Future*, by various writers, edited by H. Sacher, New York, 1916. *Zionism—Problems and Views*, by P. Goodman and Arthur D. Lewis, London, 1916. *Recent Jewish Progress in Palestine*, by Henrietta Szold, Philadelphia, 1915. *Zionist Pamphlets*, London, 1915. *Zionism*, by Richard Gottheil, Philadelphia, 1914. *Palestine and the Jews*, by F. G. Jannaway, Birmingham, 1914. *The Haskalah Movement*, by Jacob S. Raisin, Philadelphia, 1913. *Zionist Work in Palestine*, by various authorities, edited by Israel Cohen, New York, 1912. *The Story of Jerusalem* (historical), by Sir C. M. Watson, London, 1912. *The Land That Is Desolate*, by Sir Frederick Treves, London, 1912. *Palestine and Its Transformation*, by Ellsworth Huntington, London, 1911. *Selected Essays*, by A. Ginsberg (Achad Ha'Am), Philadelphia, 1910. *The Historical Biography of the Holy Land*, sixteenth edition, by George Adam Smith, London, 1910. *A Jewish State*, by Theodor Herzl, father of the modern Zionist movement, London, 1896.



**HOTEL  
PURITAN**  
Boston

*At 390 Commonwealth Avenue, near Massachusetts Avenue subway station, which is but four minutes from shops and theatres, the combination of locality and accessibility is unusual.*

*The house itself in equipment and atmosphere is unique. No other public house so much resembles a private home.*

*Globe trotters call the Puritan one of the most homelike and attractive hotels in the world.*

*Puritan prices are wholly reasonable.*

*I will take both pride and pleasure in telling you about our house. Ask me to do so.*

**B. O. COSTELLO, Manager**

**Important**

When you wish THE BOOKMAN to be sent to a new address, please send us both your old and your new address, and notify us at least ten days before the publication of the number which is to be sent to the new address. THE BOOKMAN is published on the 25th of each month.

**DODD, MEAD & COMPANY**  
443 Fourth Avenue, New York  
Publishers of THE BOOKMAN

Please mention THE BOOKMAN in writing to advertisers.

## Don't Wear a Truss

Brooks' Appliance, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture, will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads.



MR. C. E. BROOKS

### Brooks' Rupture Appliance

Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalog and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address today.  
C. E. BROOKS, 274C State St., Marshall, Mich.

## Short-Story Writing

A Course of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the Short-Story taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, for years Editor of Lippincott's.



Dr. Esenwein

One student writes: "Before completing the lessons, received over \$1,000 for manuscripts sold to *Woman's Home Companion*, *McCall's*, *Pictorial Review* and other leading magazines."

Also courses in Photoplay Writing, Versification and Poetics, Journalism. In all, over One Hundred Courses, under professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell, and other leading colleges. 150-page catalog free. Please address

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL  
Dept. 295 Springfield, Mass.



## Writing for the Magazines

By J. BERG ESENWEIN

Authoritative help on all kinds of magazine writing with reliable new data on what the editors want and how they want it written.

EDWIN MARKHAM SAYS:—"Writing for the Magazines is a fine epitome of common sense in literary procedure. It seems to foresee every difficulty of the novice and to throw light even upon the path of the professional. It is a sufficient coefficient for the scribe in his scramble up the slopes of Parnassus. It will help thousands."

Cloth, uniform with The Writer's Library, xvi+280 pages. Postpaid, \$1.62.

DESCRIPTIVE LEAFLET FREE

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL  
Dept. 12 SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

## THE BOOKMAN

reaches every month that cultured class of people who not only read books, but who like to read about books.

Upon the subject of "The Oldest Joke" in the world, E. V. Lucas is characteristically and inimitably discursive in his new book, *A Boswell of Baghdad*, announced for early publication. What is the oldest joke in the world? Why, clearly, something about the face of the other person involved. It is improbable, the author admits, that Adam and Eve were rude about one another's faces; even now "matrimonial invective does not ordinarily take this form." But by the time cousins had come into the world, "the facial jest" began; and ever since then it has been universally considered a supreme witticism to remark that you consider your friend's face deplorable. Hence follow anecdotes:

"At a dinner party given by a certain hospitable lady who remained something of an enfant terrible to the end of her long life, she drew the attention of one of her guests, by no means too cautiously, to the features of another guest, a bishop of great renown. 'Isn't his face,' she asked, in a deathless sentence, 'like the inside of an elephant's foot?' I have not personally the honour of this divine's acquaintance, but all my friends who have met or seen him assure me that the similitude is exact. Another lady, happily still living, said of the face of an acquaintance, that it was 'not so much a face, as a part of her person which she happened to leave uncovered, by which her friends were able to recognise her.' A third, famous for her swift analyses, said that a certain would-be-beauty might have a title to good looks but for 'a rush of teeth to the head.' I do not quote these admirable remarks merely as a proof of woman's natural kindness, but to show how even among the elect—for all three speakers are of more than common culture—the face joke holds sway."

• • •

Miss Dana Gatlin is well known to a host of magazine readers, but *The Full Measure of Devotion* is her first book. It is only a small volume, but of it, Charles Hanson Towne, Editor of *McClure's*, says: "I recall no piece of literature—and Miss Gatlin's story, unless I am greatly mistaken, is literature—that has so brought home to me in these perilous days what this War shall come to mean to the mothers and fathers of America."

Please mention THE BOOKMAN in writing to advertisers.

udge Ben Lindsey says of

I. Addington Bruce's new book "Handicaps of Childhood"

"I am delighted, not only with the book, but that we have a man like Mr. Bruce to present this important and much neglected subject in such helpful shape. I feel that it is not only the bounden duty, but that it should also be a genuine pleasure, for every parent, teacher and social worker to have Mr. Bruce's 'Handicaps of Childhood.' It will make their work easier by helping to solve difficulties with which they are constantly confronted. It is a great book and a fine addition to the other work of Mr. Bruce."

# HANDICAPS OF CHILDHOOD

By H. Addington Bruce

*Author of "Psychology and Parenthood"*

OF universal interest are the recent discoveries in the realm of child psychology—discoveries that are effecting a revolution in the methods of upbringing the next generation. Mr. Bruce has made a scientific study of the child's psychical and physical reactions, and has achieved an enviable reputation among thinkers on this subject. In this book, "Handicaps of Childhood," the various aspects of the child's consciousness are analysed and carefully detailed in relation to the corrective measures necessary for leading the child to a right conception of himself and of his world about him. Such topics as Mental Backwardness, Sulkiness, Jealousy, Selfishness, Bashfulness, Stammering, Night Terror, and Children's Reading are illuminatingly discussed, making them of practical value to the modern parent. "Handicaps of Childhood," together with "Psychology and Parenthood," are books that no thinking mother or father to-day can afford to miss studying carefully.

12mo, cloth, \$1.50

*This book is published by DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY*

Please mention THE BOOKMAN in writing to advertisers.

## 1918: New Spring Fiction

### CAROLYN OF THE CORNERS.....By RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

Do not confine your vision to the workaday world just in front of you. "Look up!" at the sunshine, the blue sky, the distant mountains. Breathe in the air of larger things and grow, mentally, morally and physically. "To Look Up!" will give you a new lease of life. "Carolyn of the Corners" is a "Look Up" story. Everybody at The Corners came to love Carolyn, a wideawake little city girl, who had appeared in their midst, with a habit of "looking up" and endeavoring to make things "just a wee bit better." She brought joy into the gloomy house of old Joseph Stagg, the village grouch, of whom most little girls might have been much in awe.

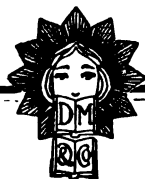
Hers is a clean-cut story of everyday life, with many a smile and also an occasional tear. There is a thrilling rescue when the ice in the Cove breaks up, and an even more thrilling escape when the forest fires threaten to sweep The Corners from the map.

Carolyn May Cameron is a character that will live long in fiction—she is so natural, so wholesome, so thoroughly worth-while. To become acquainted with Carolyn is never to forget her, or her quaint sayings. \$1.35

### POTTERAT AND THE WAR.....By BENJAMIN VALLOTTON

*Author of "Propos du Commissaire Potterat,"  
"Monsieur Potterat se marie," etc.*

The French original of this delightfully human story has been one of the greatest successes of recent years, and all lovers of a good tale will welcome the opportunity of reading it in English. It shows us how, in the character of the lovable, big-hearted, generous retired police inspector, Potterat, enjoying his garden by the Swiss Lake, war harries the human spirit. We love this Potterat. We thoroughly appreciate his peaceful yet intense enjoyment of life. Then comes the war. His simple days of content are over. He burns with indignation over the outrages of a ruthless enemy. Not even the knowledge that his beloved country, little Switzerland, with its "three languages and two religions," will escape invasion brings him much ease of mind. His strong nationalism, his stronger humanity and his sublime kindness and courage make him a powerful tonic in these days of despair and doubt. A wonderful book. \$1.50



*These books are published by  
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY*

Please mention THE BOOKMAN in writing to advertisers.

# THE BOOKMAN *A Magazine of Literature and Life*

## CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1918

### CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Professor Stuart P. Sherman, literary critic—*Dreiser en passant*—Professor Sherman's Humanism—On Totem Poles—And Wise Virgins—Christopher Morley, Troubadour of the Genialities of the Commonplace—His Guest-Room Shelf—Joseph Conrad in Poland—Interned in Vienna—Teuton Efficiency—"Conscript 2989"—Arthur Guy Empey, Himself—A Book on Rodin—His Own Views—The Making of a Cartoonist—Raemakers at Work—Lloyd George in Germany—On Strangling the Fatherland—The Other Germans, "They, too, will come along"—Professor Canby "Condescends" Toward Fiction—A "David Harum" Exhibit—"Phra the Phœnician," a Great Story—Phra's Exploits—Busy Days for Michael Monahan—THE BOOKMAN'S Acknowledgments to Miss Carolyn Wells—The "F.P.A." Mystery solved. . . . . 655

A Change of Mind . . . . . G. G. W. 653

### SPECIAL ARTICLES

The Draft Army of Books . . . . . MONTROSE J. MOSES 625  
 The Women of Germany: An Argument for My Novel "The White Morning" . . . . . GERTRUDE ATHERTON 630  
 The Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century. Part V . . . . . WILLIAM LYON PHELPS 636  
 The Revolution Absolute. Part I. The Method of Prophecy . . . . . CHARLES FERGUSON 647  
 Concerning "The Masque of Poets" . . . . . EDWARD J. O'BRIEN 676  
 New York's Yiddish Writers . . . . . ISAAC GOLDBERG 684  
 The Best Sixty-three American Short Stories of 1917 . . . . . EDWARD J. O'BRIEN 696  
 G. P. R. James in America. Part II . . . . . S. M. ELLIS 713

### DRAMA

Alfred de Musset in the Theatre . . . . . CLAYTON HAMILTON 668

### VERSE

The Peacemaker—August, 1914 . . . . . HENRY BRYAN BINNS 629  
 Jerusalem Retaken . . . . . NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR 652  
 To Myself . . . . . LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE 667  
 The Masque of Poets . . . . . Edited by Edward J. O'Brien.  
     Overseas . . . . . 673  
     A Pilgrimage . . . . . 674  
     The Flock at Evening . . . . . 675  
 Snap-Shots of Foreign Authors: Loti . . . . . RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER 695  
 To a Bibliophile . . . . . CHARLES WHARTON STORK 706

### ECHOES

I. Graven Images . . . . . REBECCA LOWRIE 707  
 II. The Roof Builders . . . . . CHARLES R. MURPHY 709

### REVIEWS

Contemporary Poetry: Braithwaite's Anthology and Volumes by Millay and Scollard . . . . . JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE 678  
 Action and the Story: Some Current Instances . . . . . H. W. BOYNTON 689  
 Three Books of the Month:  
     I. William Archer's "God and Mr. Wells" . . . . . WILLIAM LYON PHELPS 723  
     II. Michael Monahan's "New Adventures" . . . . . HERBERT S. GORMAN 724  
     III. Wolf von Schierbrand's "Austria-Hungary" . . . . . GRACE ISABEL COLBRON 726

### THE BOOKMAN RECOMMENDS

A Selection of the Month's Best Books in All Fields . . . . . 729

### REPORTS ON FICTION SALES

. . . . . 736

### BEST SELLING BOOKS

. . . . . 738

Published monthly by DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY, INC., Fourth Avenue and Thirtieth Street New York City  
 25 CENTS A COPY. \$3.00 A YEAR

Copyright, 1917, by Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc. All rights reserved. Entered at New York Post Office as Second Class Mail Matter, Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN should be addressed to "The Editor of THE BOOKMAN."



**New Fiction and Poetry: 1918**

**GUDRID  
THE FAIR**

By  
**MAURICE HEWLETT**

*Author of "The Forest Lovers,"  
"Love and Lucy," "Thor-  
gils," etc.*

**T**HIS is a tale of the sturdy Norse country and Icelandic heroes and lovers, founded upon an ancient saga which tells of the first exploration of America. But Mr. Hewlett is much less concerned with the explorers of "Wineland" than with the absorbing story of his heroine, Gudrid, the wise and fair. All the facts of the saga are adhered to, but none of its frigidness and laconic boldness. It is humanized by the magic pen of this cleverest of the mediaeval romancers. Hewlett possesses beyond all others the power to clothe the shadows of the past with flesh and blood and romantic fascination. . . . \$1.35

**GREAT  
GHOST  
STORIES**

With a preface by  
**JAMES G. HYSLOP**

*Secretary, American Society for  
Psychical Research.*

**T**HERE have been other collections of ghost stories, but it is believed that this is the first time that only those of first rank have been selected from the entire literature of the subject.

Every story in this collection is a true adventure into the realm of the supernatural. It will satisfy the very widest range of interest, from that of the jaded literary exquisite to the mere seeker for entertainment. Nearly every story is the work of a great master of letters. Their presentation just now, when interest in spiritualism is becoming so general, is especially timely. . . . \$1.50

**NOVEMBER  
Poems in War Time**

By  
**HENRY  
BRYAN·BINNS**

**A** VOLUME of impassioned poems inspired by a fiery enthusiasm for Freedom. It will serve to strengthen the growing opinion that Henry Bryan Binns is one of the greater voices of our time. With splendid imagery and in full resounding tones, he delivers the great message of the age. The book opens with a sonnet to America on entering the war and ends with an inspiring dialogue between Shelley and Mary Shelley on the subject of Emilio Viviani, called "The Price of Freedom." . . . 16mo, \$1.00

*These books are published by*

**HOOD, MEAD AND COMPANY . . . . NEW YORK**

Please mention THE BOOKMAN in writing to advertisers.

# A DIARY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

By James L. Houghteling, Jr.

**T**HIS story of the Russian Revolution of March, 1917, is based partly on the actual experience of the author—an eye-witness—and partly on facts that are of record or common knowledge in Petrograd and Moscow. It is interesting to know what clever and well-informed Russians were saying and thinking during this crucial epoch of their country's history. The leaders of the Revolution believed the situation to be what this story depicts. Mr. Houghteling's diary of that he makes one of the greatest events in modern history a very near and tangible rather than a remote affair. *Illustrated with photographs by the author.* 12mo, \$1.25 net.

## CONSCRIPT 2989

**I**N a humorously human way Conscript 2989 describes life in the big National Army Cantonments in such intimate details that one feels instinctively that these are the experiences of almost every man for whom a service flag now hangs at home. Nothing heretofore printed gives so vivid a picture of the process of making sturdy young American soldiers out of the varied elements taken by the draft. The adventures and misadventures of Conscript 2989 will be equally interesting to those who went, those who are to go and those who must remain at home. *With text illustrations by H. B. Martin.* 12mo, \$1.00 net.

## New War Books by Men Who Saw

**I**N March, 1917, James L. Houghteling, Jr., while on an important official errand in Petrograd, was closely associated with those who seized the helm of the newly launched Russian democracy and steered it. Fortunately he kept a diary of the progress of affairs from day to day and the gossip current at the capitol and in Moscow. Houghteling is now a captain in Uncle Sam's army and has just left for France where he has promised to keep an equally interesting diary.

**A**NOTHER of the best war books we have seen is the amusing story of a young artist who was called by the draft and went to camp pessimistic and homesick only to find that before long he was thrilled with the business of being a soldier. His photograph, as well as Captain Houghteling's, is somewhere in this number of THE BOOKMAN.

*These books are  
published by*  
**DODD, MEAD  
AND COMPANY**

# HARPER'S MAGAZINE LEADS AGAIN!

Mr. Edward J. O'Brien, of the "Boston Evening Transcript," contributes to this number of THE BOOKMAN an article entitled

## "The Best Sixty-Three Stories of 1917"

The stories chosen by Mr. O'Brien have appeared in nineteen different magazines.

Nine magazines are credited with one story each.

Three magazines are credited with two stories each.

Two are credited with three stories each.

One is credited with four, one with seven, one with eight and one with nine, and—

# HARPER'S MAGAZINE

*is credited with having published 14 out of the best 63 Stories during 1917 or nearly one-quarter of the entire number mentioned.*

Mr. O'Brien says that his selection of 63 stories was made from a larger list of 125 stories selected from 65 American periodicals.

In the "Boston Evening Transcript" of January 19th, Harper's Magazine is also credited with the largest number of stories of distinction on this list.

Please mention THE BOOKMAN in writing to advertisers.

**THE  
LANGUAGE  
OF COLOR**

By  
M. LUCKIESH

**A** PRIMER of the language of color, which explores the various fields in which color is used and discusses the possibility of a future art of color. It presents the history of color in mythology; the association of colors with certain events, ideas and emotions; and deals with color in primitive language, in literature, in music, in painting, in ecclesiasticism, and in the theatre. Those scientifically interested will find it a valuable statement of present knowledge on the subject, while for the layman it is a simple presentation of a vastly interesting science which is still in the earliest stages of its development. \$1.25 net

**A  
ROUMANIAN  
DIARY  
1915-1917**

By  
LADY KENNARD

**A** LIVELY, graphic, interesting account of the situation in Roumania during the months preceding her declaration of war, the tragedy born of the German invasion, the stirring incidents attending the evacuation of the capital and contemporary conditions at Jassy. Political and military affairs are but cursorily touched upon, and the diary is confined to descriptions of of Roumania and the Roumanians, their sufferings, their very real spirit of patriotism and their confidence in ultimate victory. With many illustrations. . . . 12mo, \$1.25 net

**BALKAN  
HOME LIFE**

By  
LUCY M. J. GARNETT

*Author of "The Turkish People"*  
etc.

**T**HIS well-known writer on Turkey and modern Greece has extended her sociological and folk-lore studies to the Balkans. Passing over the present chaotic and terrible conditions of that section, she deals with the underlying manners, customs, religion and superstitions of these interesting and diversified peoples—the Balkan Greeks, the Albanians, the Bulgarians and the Osmanlis. With illustrations,  
8vo, \$3.00 net

*These books are published by*

**DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY . . . . NEW YORK**



*Delicious and Strengthening*  
**BAKER'S  
 BREAKFAST  
 COCOA**

has a delicate fragrance and flavor peculiarly its own, owing to the scientific blending of the cocoa beans and the perfect process by which it is made.

"One never tires of Baker's"

*Booklet of Choice Recipes sent free*  
**WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.**  
*Established 1780*      *Dorchester, Mass.*

**Waterman's  
 Ideal  
 Fountain Pen**



**Regular,  
 Safety  
 and  
 Self-  
 Filling  
 Types**

**A  
 never-  
 failing  
 writing service  
 at your  
 command.**

**Sold by Best  
 Dealers Everywhere  
 \$2.50 to \$50.00**

**L. E. Waterman Co.,  
 191 Broadway, New York**

**Globe-Wernicke  
 Sectional Bookcases**



*(Built to Endure)*

combine beauty of design and finish with mechanical perfection—give charm and distinction to any room—and afford complete protection for your books—all at modest cost. The Globe-Wernicke unit construction permits the addition of one or more sections as needed—and makes possible a variety of arrangements to fit varying wall-spaces.

The wide range of Globe-Wernicke designs and woods insure harmony with other furniture and furnishings—and the Globe-Wernicke policy guarantees your being able to get sections to match at any future date—with easy-opening, noiseless-closing, dust-excluding, non-binding, roller-bearing doors and non-warping backs and bottoms—all patented and exclusively Globe-Wernicke.

*Write Today for Free Illustrated Catalogue No. 1242*

**The Globe-Wernicke Co.**  
 Cincinnati, U. S. A.

**GREAT WAR  
 BALLADS**

By  
**BROOKES MORE**

Readers of the future (as well as today) will understand the Great War not only from perusal of histories, but also from Ballads—having a historical basis—and inspired by the War.

A collection of the most interesting, beautiful and pathetic ballads.—

True to life and full of action.

\$1.50 Net

For Sale by leading booksellers throughout the United States

and by  
 Brentano's, N. Y.      A. C. McClurg &  
 The Baker & Taylor      Co., Chicago  
 Co., N. Y.      St. Louis News Co.

**THRASH-LICK PUBLISHING CO.**  
 Fort Smith      Arkansas      U. S. A.









662 111 08  
~~662 111 08~~

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN  
3 9015 03000 8943

