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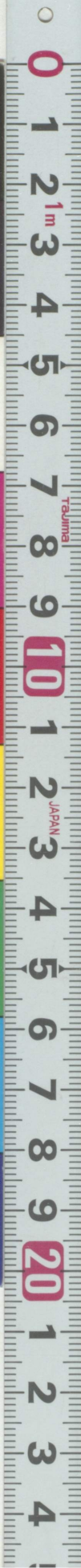
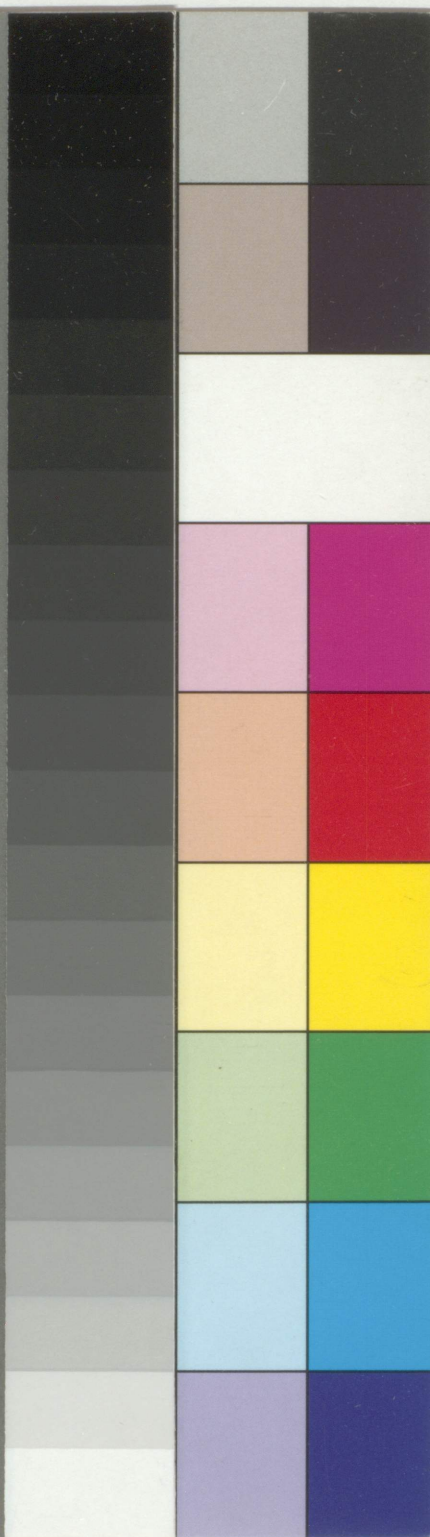
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Contents

A JESTER WITH GENIUS	Arthur Symons	129
BOOKS ON LONESOME TRAIL	Hildegard Hawthorne	134
HAS NEW ENGLAND AN ART SENSE?	Helen W. Henderson	138
THE CONTRIBUTOR WHO CALLS	Charles Hanson Towne	144
AMERICA'S GREATEST JUDGE	Robert Livingston Schuyler	147
THE LONDONER	Simon Pure	150
MR. HERFORD'S AWFUL ERROR	Berton Braley	156
THE CHINESE COAT. A Poem	Richard Butler Glaenzer	159
GIOVANNI PAPINI AND THE FUTURISTIC LITERARY MOVEMENT IN ITALY	Joseph Collins	160
HUMOROUS AND SERIOUS BOOKS ON MUSIC	Henry T. Finck	169
WALT WHITMAN: FICTION-WRITER AND POETS' FRIEND	John Black	172
COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT		
ARE OUR NOVELISTS FAIR TO THE RED-HEADS?	Catherine Beach Ely	175
ON LIVING WITH LUCINDA	Louise Whitefield Bray	176
THE EVOLUTION OF THE BOOK COLLECTOR	Gabriel Wells	180
CONVERSION. A Poem	Elizabeth Hanly	186
RECENT FRENCH BOOKS	A. G. H. Spiers	187
ABOUT ESSAYS, AND THREE	Mary Terrill	192
A NEW POET OF NATURE	Ellis Parker Butler	195
THE ARMENIAN CLASSICS	W. D. P. Bliss	197
STORIES OF LIVES AND OF LIFE	Margaret Emerson Bailey	202
JOHN HENRY NEWMAN AS MAN OF LETTERS	James J. Daly	209
POETRY, VERSE, AND WORSE	Henry A. Lappin	211
A SHORT STORY ORGY	Walter A. Dyer	217
WISHES. A Poem	Bosworth Crocker	225
THE MOST INFLUENTIAL PUBLICATION SINCE THE ARMISTICE	Frank A. Vanderlip	226
COMPENSATION. A Poem	Sara Teasdale	230
A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS		231
THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE		245
THE GOSSIP SHOP		247

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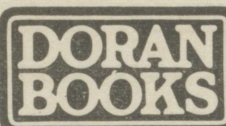
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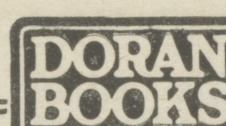
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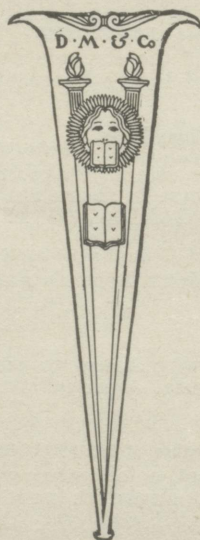
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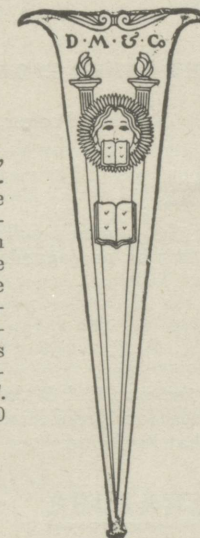
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ated, and it is only now beginning to settle down into any sort of known order. In Germany he is the writer of "Salome", in France a poet and critic, in England the writer of "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" or perhaps of "De Profundis". Nowhere is there any agreement as to the question of relative merit; in fact, nowhere is there any due acknowledgment of what that merit really is. There is, indeed, so much variety in Wilde's work, he has made so many experiments in so many directions, that it is only now that we can trace the curious movement, forward and backward, of a mind never fully certain of its direction. It was a long time before Wilde discovered that he was above all a wit, and that it was through the medium of the comic stage that he could best express his essential talent. His desire was to write tragedies, above all romantic tragedies in verse. His failure in the attempt was hopeless, because he had got hold of the wrong material and the wrong manner.

Wilde's last attempt at romantic

drama is, if not successful, filled with a strange fascination, not easy to define. "Salome", which in Germany is regarded as great work, is difficult for us to dissociate from Beardsley's illustrations, in which what is icily perverse in the dialogue (it cannot be designated drama) becomes in the ironical designs pictorial, a series of poses. On the stage these poses are less decorative than on the page, though they have an effect of their own, not fine, but languid, and horrible, and frozen. To Wilde passion was a thing to talk about with elaborate and colored words. Salome is a doll, as many have imagined her, soulless, set in motion by some pitiless destiny, personified momentarily by her mother; Herod is a nodding mandarin in a Chinese grotesque. So "The Sphinx" offers no subtlety, no heat of an Egyptian desert, no thrill in anything but the words and cadences; the poem, like "Salome", is a sort of celebration of dark rites.

Wilde was not in the highest sense a poet, though his verse has occasionally a technical singularity, as in "The Sphinx", which can delude the mind through the ears to listen, when the lines are read out, to a flow of loud and bright words which are as meaningless as the monotonous eastern music of drum and gong is to the western ear.

"The Ballad of Reading Gaol" is written in that ballad stanza of six lines which Hood used for "The Dream of Eugene Aram"; and the accident of two poems about a murderer having been written in the same metre has suggested comparisons which are only interesting by way of contrast. "Eugene Aram" is a purely romantic poem: "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" aims at a realistic poem. It may more properly be compared with Henley's

"In Hospital", where a personal experience, and personally observed surroundings, are put into verse as directly, and with as much precise detail, as possible. Taken merely as sensation recorded, this poem is as convincing, holds you as tightly, as Henley's; and it has, in places, touches at least as finely imaginative; this, for instance:

We have little care of prison fare,
For what chills and kills outright
Is that every stone one lifts by day
Becomes one's heart by night.

But, unlike Henley's, it has not found a new form for the record of these sensations, so new to poetry; it has not entirely escaped "poetic diction" in its language, and it has accepted what has now become the artificial structure of the ballad, without making any particular effort to use the special advantages of that structure. But then this is just because a romantic artist is working on realistic material; and the curious interest of the poem comes from the struggle between form and utterance, between personal and dramatic feeling, between a genuine human emotion and a style formed on other lines, and startled at finding itself used for such new purposes.

We see a great spectacular intellect, to which, at last, pity and terror have come in their own person, and no longer as puppets in a play. In its sight, human life has always been something acted on the stage; a comedy in which it is the wise man's part to sit aside and laugh, but in which he may also disdainfully take part, as in a carnival, under any mask. The unbiased, scornful intellect, to which humanity has never been a burden, comes now to be unable to sit aside and laugh, and it has worn and looked behind so many masks that

there is nothing left desirable in illusion. Having seen, as the artist sees, further than morality, but with so partial an eyesight as to have overlooked it on the way, it has come at length to discover morality, in the only way left possible for itself. And, like most of those who, having "thought themselves weary", have made the adventure of putting thought into action, it has had to discover it sorrowfully, at its own incalculable expense. And now, having so newly become acquainted with what is pitiful, and what seems most unjust, in the arrangement of mortal affairs, it has gone, not unnaturally, to an extreme, and taken, on the one hand, humanitarianism, on the other realism, at more than their just valuation in matters of art. It is that old instinct of the intellect; the necessity to carry things to their furthest point of development, to be more logical than either life or art—two very wayward and illogical things, in which conclusions do not always follow from premises.

This poem, then, is partly a plea on behalf of prison reform; and, so far as it is written with that aim, it is not art. It is also to some extent an endeavor to do in poetry what can only be done in prose; and thus such intensely impressive touches as the quicklime which the prisoners see on the boots of the warders who have been digging the hanged man's grave, the "gardener's gloves" of the hangman, and his "little bag", are, strictly speaking, fine prose, not poetry. But, it must not be forgotten, all these things go to the making of a piece of work, in which, beyond its purely literary quality, there is a real value of a personal kind—the value of almost raw fact, the value of the document. And here too begins to come in, in an

odd, twisted way, the literary quality. For the poem is not really a ballad at all, but a sombre, angry, interrupted reverie; and it is the sub-current of meditation, it is the asides which count—not the story, as a story, of the drunken soldier who was hanged for killing a woman. The real drama is the drama of that one of "the souls in pain" who tramps round the prison-yard, to whom the hanging of a man meant most:

For he who lives more lives than one,
More deaths than one must die.

It is because they are seen through his at once grieved and self-pitying consciousness that all those sorry details become significant:

We tore the tarry rope to shreds
With blunt and bleeding nails;
We rubbed the doors, and scrubbed the floors,
And cleaned the shining rails;
And, rank by rank, we soaped the plank,
And clattered with the pails.

And the glimmerings of romance which come into these pages, like the flowers which may not grow out of the dead man's body as he lies under the asphalt of the prison-yard, are significant because they show us the persistence with which temperament will assert itself:

It is sweet to dance to violins
When Love and Life are fair;
To dance to flutes, to dance to lutes,
Is delicate and rare;
But it is not sweet with nimble feet
To dance upon the air!

Beauty, one sees, claiming its own in a story meant to be so sordid, so veracious, so prosaically close to fact; and having, indeed, so many of the qualities at which it aims.

And there is also something else in the poem: a central idea, half, but not more than half, a paradox:

And all men kill the thing they love,
By all let this be heard,
Some do it with a bitter look,
Some with a flattering word,

The coward does it with a kiss,
The brave man with a sword!

This symbol of the obscure deaths of the heart, the unseen violence upon souls, the martyrdom of hope, trust and all the more helpless among the virtues, is what gives its unity, in a certain philosophic purpose, to a poem not otherwise quite homogeneous. Ideas were never what the writer of the poem was lacking in; but an idea so simple and so human, developed out of circumstances so actual, so close to the earth, is singularly novel. And whatever we may think of the positive value of this very powerful piece of writing, there can be no doubt as to its relative value in a career which might be at a turning-point.

Literature, to be of the finest quality, must come from the heart as well as the head, must be emotionally human as well as a brilliant thinking about human problems. And for this writer such a return or so startling a first acquaintance with real things, was precisely what was required to bring into relation, both with life and art, an extraordinary talent, so little in relation with matters of common experience, so fantastically alone in a region of intellectual abstractions.

In an enumeration of his gifts ("the gods have given me almost everything"), Wilde said with confidence: "Whatever I touched I made beautiful in a new mode of beauty." His expression of what he conceived by beauty is developed from many models, and has no new ideas in it; one can trace it, almost verbally, to Pater, Flaubert, Gautier, Baudelaire, and other writers from whom he drew sustenance. Throughout a large part of his work he is seen deliberately imitating the effects that these and other writers have achieved before him. All through the "Intentions" there is a

far-off echo of Pater; in "Salome" melodrama is mixed with recollections of "Pelléas et Mélisande" and of "La Tentation de Saint Antoine". "The Picture of Dorian Gray" owes much, I think, to the work of Huysmans. Of the writers named, all but the last had their own sense of beauty, their own imaginative world where they were at home, and could speak its language naturally. Wilde's style is constantly changing, as made things do when one alters them, and it is only at intervals that it ceases to be artificial, imitative, or pretentious.

From the first, one of Wilde's limitations had been his egoism, his self-absorption, his self-admiration. This is one of the qualities which have marred the delightful genius of the Irish nation, and it can be traced in the three other Irishmen who may be said to have formed, with Wilde, a group apart in the literature of our time. It is not needful to name them: one is a dramatist, one a novelist, one a poet. All have remarkable qualities, each a completely different individuality, and the desire of each is, as Wilde admits, to "make people wonder". In each there is something not human, which is either the cause or the outcome of an ambition too continually conscious of itself. The great man is indifferent to his greatness; it is an accident if he is so much as conscious of it.

Wilde wrote much that was true, new, and valuable about art and the artist. But in everything that he wrote, he wrote from the outside. He said nothing which had not been said before him, or which was not the mere wilful contrary of what had been said before him. In his devotion to beauty he seemed to have given up the whole world, and yet what was most tragic in the tragedy was that he had never

recognized the true face of beauty. He followed beauty, and beauty fled from him, for his devotion was that of the lover proud of many conquests. He was eager to proclaim the conquest, and too hasty to distinguish between beauty and beauty's handmaid. His praise of beauty is always a boast, never an homage. When he attempted to create beauty in words he described beautiful things.

"Intentions" is the most amusing book of criticism in England; it has nothing to say that has not been proved or disproved already, but never was such boyish disrespect for ideas, such gaiety of paradox. Its flaw is that it tries to be Paterish and pagan and Renaissance and Greek, and to be clothed in Tyrian robes, and to tread "with tired feet the purple white-starred fields of asphodel". But it is possible to forget the serious, exasperating pages in a lazy delight in so much pleasant wit. "Utterance" is the Irishman's need of talk and invariable talent for it; that is there, scattering itself casually like fireworks, but on its way to become a steady illumination.

Wilde's last and greatest discovery was when, about the year 1891, the idea came to him that the abounding wit which he had kept till then chiefly for the entertainment of his friends, could be turned quite naturally into a new kind of play. Sheridan was the best model at hand to learn from, and there were qualities of stage speech and action in which he could surpass him. Then might not Alfred de Musset show him some of the secrets of fine comedy? He had, to start with, a wit that was typically Irish in its promptness and spontaneity. His only rival in talk was Whistler, whose wit was unpleasantly bitter. The word sprang from Wilde's lips, some un-

sought nonsense, a flying paradox; Whistler's was a sharper shaft, but it flew less readily. And now this inventiveness of speech found itself at home in the creation of a form of play which, in "Lady Windermere's Fan", begins by being seriously and tragically comic, and ends in "The Importance of Being Earnest", which is a sort of sublime farce meaningless and delightful.

"De Profundis" (1897), the only document that really gives any explanation of Wilde's extraordinary behavior, has never been published in full. It was written in the form of a letter and was, of course, addressed to Lord Alfred Douglas. There is a passage referring to the death of his mother, which in the published English text reads thus: "No one knew how deeply I loved and honoured her. Her death was terrible to me; but I, once a lord of language, have no words in which to express my anguish and my shame." Here the "lord of language" may already seem a trifle self-conscious, but in the original manuscript the sentence continues: "Never even in the most perfect days of my development as an artist, could I have had words fit to bear so august a burden, or to move with sufficient stateliness of music through the purple pageant of my incommunicable woe."

Perhaps the most revealing passage in the whole book is a passage omitted in the English version:

I have said that to speak the truth is a painful thing. To be forced to tell lies is much worse. I remember as I was sitting in the dock on the occasion of my last trial, listening to Lockwood's appalling denunciations of me—like a thing out of Tacitus, like a passage in Dante, like one of Savonarola's indictments of the Popes at Rome—and being sickened with horror at what I heard: suddenly it occurred to me, "How splendid it would be, if I was saying all this about myself!" I saw then at once that what is said of a man is nothing, the point is, who says it. A man's very highest

moment is, I have no doubt at all, when he kneels in the dust and beats his breast, and tells all the sins of his life.

In that passage, which speaks straight, and has a fine eloquence in its simplicity, I seem to see the whole man summed up, and the secret of his life revealed. One sees that to him everything was drama, all the rest of the world and himself as well; himself indeed always at once the protagonist and the lonely king watching the play in the theatre emptied for his

pleasure. After reading this passage one can understand that to him sin was a crisis in a play, and punishment another crisis, and that he was thinking all the time of the fifth act and the bow at the fall of the curtain. For he was to be the writer of the play as well as the actor and the spectator. "I treated art", he says, "as the supreme reality, and life as a mere mode of fiction." A mode of drama, he should have said.

BOOKS ON LONESOME TRAIL

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

TODAY, as in the days of Dumas or Balzac, you see them lingering along the little book-stalls on the *quais* of Paris, turning over pages of books old or new, reading undisturbed under the shade of the plane trees—reading books they are too poor to buy. Soldiers in faded uniforms, students in miraculous hats, little midinettes who cling to the arm of soldier or student and read too—read books they cannot afford to buy.

Of course a book is sold from these stalls now and then, else how would the sellers live? But on the whole the *quais* along the left bank are an open-air library, free to all who choose to stop and take up a volume. Plenty of books, but many readers without much money. It is like those anecdotes we read of in Pepys or Johnson, when impecunious young men, wishing to read and not being able to buy, would haunt the little bookshops assiduously, and

perched on a ladder or a stool go through one work after another, while the owner of the shop looked on indulgently enough, or struck up an uncommercial friendship with the youngster.

Most of us Americans know so little about America that we would feel surprise if told that here too the problem of getting the reader and the book together is a difficult one. Books are not expensive, and most people who want to read can easily afford to get what they want. Then there are the libraries, established throughout the country and eager to serve the book-lacking and book-wanting public. Certainly there is no one who wants to read and knows how to read who is deprived of reading here in these United States.

So we think, in our towns and cities, in our thriving rural communities with their pretty library buildings,

our villages where the librarian is the most popular young woman of the place. But we think wrong. There are thousands of people in our country who cannot get anything to read—probably there are hundreds of thousands—and yet who want to read.

Ponder this appeal, which comes from a camp in the state of Washington:

Will you please inform me where I can find out how to get library and reading-room facilities for small towns, rural communities, and mining and logging camps? It is certain that there is a wonderful opportunity to promote good citizenship in hundreds of communities remote from cities where there is no entertainment and nothing to read. Glacier is a mining and logging community. After work the men congregate in a desolate pool-room or just sit on the sidewalk...

For those men, it is a world without books. Hard to realize. No books, no magazines, for there is no one to start subscribing. You have to be trained to read, and the training is the having of books, the seeing books about, the comments of others who are reading. There is nothing of all this in Glacier.

Here is another letter written by an ex-soldier who had come into contact with books while in France, and who wants the American Library Association to help him and his pals:

A number of us are marooned in a small mining town (Dines, Wyoming) with the nearest library three hundred miles away. Have you any system of sending books through the mail? A kind of correspondence library card? If so will you kindly advise me of the terms under which books will be sent?

We would be interested in good fiction by such writers as Harold Bell Wright, Gene Stratton-Porter, Jack London, O. Henry, and Mark Twain. Also classics such as Dickens, Poe, Shakespeare, Victor Hugo, Balzac, etc.

Also we would like to take up some educational work in history, sociology, economics, botany, geology and kindred sciences, and technical works covering a myriad of subjects...

Think of having all those desires and being three hundred miles from any book—even one by Mr. Wright!

Many of the letters that come to the A. L. A. asking for reading matter are badly misspelled. None the less, each represents a prospective reader—a man who, like the readers along the *quais* and in the old bookshops, pursues his desire under difficulties. Here is a brief cry for help:

"Gentlemen:—Will you please send me one of them learning books if you still have them."

This came from a small place in Pennsylvania. From Texas we have a more definite demand:

I wish to borrow three or more books from your Library if you have them on hand namely Auto repair text book in arithmetic Bookkeeping typewriting as I am one of the number that served overseas and I would like to have your best surport if possible I want to fit my self for higher Ideal in life, will you help me to?

The war world suddenly revealed the library, the book as a possible possession and source of interest and education to thousands upon thousands of men who had never conceived of it from a personal point of view before that time. And also it revealed these would-be readers in lost places to the library. And with that vision was born a new library ideal.

This new ideal is very human. It is the latest development of the library which began many years ago as a repository of books to which certain privileged persons should have access. It was intensely formal, the association between library and reader in that day. The reader was supposed to know what he wanted, and he signed registers and went through various formulas before he was allowed to get it. That was his only personal contact, the only man-to-man touch in the transaction.

Then came the circulating libraries, reaching out into the homes, and the reading-rooms open to all, with assistants to advise and help. Next the chil-

dren's rooms, and the story hours. But still, it was the people who came to the library, which waited to be called upon.

And now comes the final step in the progress of getting books and readers together.

The library goes forth to find the reader. It hunts him out at the end of many a lonesome trail, finds him in remote and desolate spots, appeals to him through his wish to improve his chances in life, to learn more about his job, and goes on with the work until it has made a true reader of him.

Far into the southern mountains, where the feudists still arrange disputes without recourse to the law, goes the Book Wagon. At first it found the men absent from home—they had no use for strangers—and the women timid and suspicious. But it continued its trips, going twice a year. The children were friendly, and the traveling librarian was what is called a good mixer. She gradually won over the women, and her visits became events. The books were taken eagerly, those who could not read learning from those who could. On one of these routes a single young woman showed some response. Now every door is ready to open, and the husband of the young woman, once an illiterate, has learned to read and delights in the outdoor books of such writers as Zane Grey, Ralph Connor, Dr. Grenfell, Jack London and others. He has found a new world, and so have his neighbors. None of these mountain folk would have had books, none would ever have found his way to a library. But the library found its way to him.

From Wolfpit, Pike County, Kentucky, a woman writes:

"I am working in the interest of child welfare here in this mining

camp. Many of these homes 'ain't got nary a book'. A library would be a wonderful advantage in this community."

It is through devoted workers in many of these tiny places, far from railroads and towns, that the first appeal comes. A young woman missionary "high up on the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina", writes to ask if a few hundred books from the camp libraries now passing out of commission might be diverted to her community:

We have a small library of about three hundred books which are in great demand—many coming for miles over the mountains to get books and magazines. There is no fee charged and I do not require a very strict time limit, as it is not always easy to get them back and I do not want to put the slightest obstacle in the way of their having the greatest possible circulation. We are greatly isolated here, especially during the long and very cold winters, so that reading matter and social gatherings are helpful.

Here is a picture of how the library functions in Multnomah County, Oregon:

The work of bringing the library's resources to the rural population of the county has been done not by printed advertisements in the newspapers, nor by the making of formal addresses, but by going out into the highways and greeting the people along the roads, learning their names, listening to their reports of crops and stock, and telling in friendly fashion of the books the library is so glad to supply. This getting acquainted leads the people to write to the librarian or come fearlessly to her office anytime to consult the books.

The use which the public makes of a library once it has been taught that the library wants to serve it, is shown by the quantities of letters that come from all sorts of people and all sorts of places to the librarian who has charge of the rural work in Wisconsin. One man writes asking for books on raising and marketing ducks, and wants a list of agricultural books. From a woman comes this request:

"Will you please send any material that might be of use in preparing a paper on the subject 'Woman in the Financial World'?"

Another woman wants a play "with a good story or theme". She adds that there are about thirty people in the "social centre" and that the play would "have to include all". One wonders what the librarian chose. Simpler is the plea to send "two herb books of the different kinds of herbs and their medicinal value", and there are countless requests for garden, fruit, and stock books.

To us, trying to make time to read the latest book by Wells or Maugham or Ibáñez or Booth Tarkington or Willa Sibert Cather, the mere thought of no books at all is untenable. We can't hold it. We, who rarely have a long evening free to read in, find it difficult to realize an unending series of long evenings where there is nothing to read. Books for the Bookless. That is the new job ahead of our public libraries, and to fulfil it they must ride the long trails and make camp in many a lonely valley or small prairie town or mountain fastness. They followed our soldiers overseas, into hospitals, aboard ships. But the former soldier is now the citizen. He is us. He is no longer a soldier, and he needs books as much or more than ever. He is asking for them from all the inaccessible places on our great

continent, he and his womenfolk and his children. And the books are finding their way to him.

The A. L. A. is no longer a collection of books on shelves. It has been finding out for some time it is a human thing, and that its relation with the public is that of friend to friend. Like the old bookseller in the London shops of generations back, it has begun to hobnob with those who cannot buy books and who have no way to get them save through it. Soldier and student, they look to it for the volumes that will amuse or assist them, as the students and the soldiers haunt the stalls on the crowded *quais* of Paris. Books are friendly things, and those who live with them and handle them are friendly too. Where a man cannot buy, they let him turn the pages and read as he wishes. Where he cannot get to the source and lay his hand on the book he wants, they go forth and take it to him.

The habit of reading is catching. One child getting a book through the children's service often makes readers of the whole family. One family reading books awakens the desire in the rest of the community. The men sitting on the curb and waiting for night and bed "with nary a book" are a long way from us. But the book will find them, for the book is off on the lonesome trail, where of all places in the world it is most needed.

HAS NEW ENGLAND AN ART SENSE?

BY HELEN W. HENDERSON

NEW ENGLAND'S reaction to art. At first, offhand, one might be tempted to dismiss hastily and not without irritation the whole idea as unsubstantial and visionary—on the old grounds that art and the Puritan temperament are incompatible; that art in the New England island was strangled at its birth; that upon the hard, granite soil and within the flinty, Puritan heart art found no foothold, derived no nourishment, and so languished upon an inhospitable threshold.

There is a certain amount of truth, of course, in this exaggerated statement—as much truth, I suppose, as might be found in the history of the founding of any new country. Founders can deal only with elementary things; their work is in clearing ground, fixing boundaries, mapping out settlements, laying foundations, establishing government. We have hardly yet had time for any spontaneous, native art to germinate in this new soil.

It is not, then, surprising that the obvious facts and achievements of New England's art reaction date well within the memory of men still in their prime. Before the reclamation of the Back Bay, for instance,—when Boston town hung suspended, like a pear, from the slender stem of land which connected it with the town of

Roxbury,—that vigorous artist, Robert Vonnoh, remembers vividly learning to swim in the "Baby Pond" in the Fenway, where now stands Mrs. Jack Gardner's imported Italian villa, within sight and sound of the big, forbidding structure on Huntington Avenue, now known as the Museum of Fine Arts.

The bleak mausoleum itself, even considered in its first form as the Venetian palace, which in the centennial year burst forth upon Copley Square, was not definitely projected until the year 1870; while Trinity Church, the Library, the Art Club, the Paint and Clay Club, and the Saint Botolph Club are still more recent developments of the city's artistic consciousness.

The museum, in this like most or all American art museums as to its locality, never in the least reflected anything of Boston or New England—nothing, at least, beyond the few local portraits and the superb collection of Copleys. The museum was merely a storage warehouse "for the preservation and exhibition of works of art", so reads the official booklet. And, after all, I have never much blamed the Bostonians for their lack of real, live interest in their museum—it seems, with all its gorgeousness, especially in the matter of Oriental supremacy, too singularly unrelated to

HAS NEW ENGLAND AN ART SENSE?

139

their lives to stir real, live interest.

I recall with wicked pleasure, as more typical than any true native would admit, the attitude of a woman of whom a friend and I once asked the way in Boston. Passing through the city upon sketching trips to the coast, our first thought always as conscientious art students was to make for the museum. It had been easy enough to find in the old days when it formed the logical feature of Copley Square; but car lines in Boston are puzzling to the stranger, and finding ourselves there soon after the removal of the museum to its new location on Huntington Avenue, we were obliged to ask our way.

One of those pleasant Boston women of the provincial class detailed the directions with characteristic exactness, and then, warming to her theme, threw in the mention of a few of the salient points of the great repository of art, with particular reference to the avoidance of pay days—urging upon us the prudence of deferring our visit until the Saturday or Sunday when admission would be free. "I guess it's the finest museum in the country," said she, and she knew her subject. "They have lots of pictures and statues by the great artists; they have Stuart's best portrait of Washington, they have the best Copleys in the country, they have fine foreign collections from China and Japan, and all over the world—but", confidentially, "it ain't wuth a quarter."

And, from her point of view—the point of view of the big, preponderant mass of intellectual bourgeoisie of New England, I think she was entirely right. It "ain't wuth a quarter" to a person like her, simply because with all its magnificence, and it is magnificent, there is almost nothing in these vast halls that belongs there, nothing

that relates to the New England island, nothing to stir the sense of kinship, except, as I have said, the handful of historic portraits and the collection of the native painter, Copley.

One cannot look at Stuart's portrait of Mayor Josiah Quincy—and it's a glorious Stuart—without getting a thrill. It must strike a sympathetic chord in the breast of every Bostonian, for it simply ties together in one delicious document the personality of the genial mayor, his service to Boston (in reclaiming the land upon which that fat, substantial, granite temple—the Quincy Market—stands as a monument to his energy), and a very graceful and beautiful example of the art of a contemporary, resident painter. Mayor Quincy holds the plans of the reclaimed quarter under his hand, upon the table before him, while behind him is a suggestion of the Quincy Market; and Stuart saw him as one of the builders of Boston. The canvas is exquisitely painted; its color is equal to any of Stuart's earlier portraits.

To me an infinitely more interesting museum, because intimately associated with the founders and woven into the lives and history of the people, is the Peabody Museum, at Salem. This museum founded by the sea captains of Salem who had been to the Cape of Good Hope or made the voyage to the Indies, was the first conscious effort on the part of the New Englanders to bring foreign works of art before the home-folks. Its collections have personality and interest because they represent the personal choice of Salem's merchants and bring us in touch with the bizarre contrasts of their lives; just as in the latter part of the eighteenth century they brought home to the stationary population of

Salem some flavor of what the captains and merchants, piling up wealth in their transactions in the Orient, saw, admired and coveted during the long absences in foreign ports.

What more thrilling room in any museum may be found than the Marine Room of the Peabody Museum, where contemporary portraits of the captains look across to contemporary portraits of the ships which they commanded, while between are ranged the picturesque spoils of their adventurous voyages?

As for any true development or original outcropping of art in New England, we find it first and in its richest state in Salem. It was here that shipwrights turned the perfection of their skill upon the designing and ornamentation of beautiful homes, developing an architecture comparable, within its limited scope, to the great movement of the day in England, under the brothers Adam. It was here that was developed that sporadic genius, Samuel McIntire, who rivals Rush as the first American-born sculptor—a man whose genius the world has hardly as yet recognized.

The history of art in New England is like the history of art in any country—it was stifled during the years of struggle and poverty, it blossomed in the train of affluence and leisure. As soon as the sea captains had made their piles, their thoughts inevitably turned upon the embellishment of their homes. They brought back what they could carry from the old world—sometimes even entire houses to be set up, as the Winslow house in Plymouth; sometimes rolls of hand-made wall-paper from Alsace—lots of it is still to be seen in Salem and in Newburyport; sometimes furniture, mirrors made to order in France to fit

over mantels designed here by the wood-carvers that the decline of ship building had left to work upon the captains' homes; and always they brought clocks, bronzes, chandeliers, curios of all sorts, to stand upon the "what-nots" in the corners of the drawing-rooms.

The desire for an expression of the beautiful in the home, spread from Salem up and down the New England coast; Newburyport, Portsmouth, Newport, and many minor towns still show how true to something homogeneous and honest ran the artistic taste of the men whose fortunes were made in trade with foreign countries.

The flower of the whole movement was Bulfinch—as has been said, our first and last native architect. His few original, unspoiled rooms in the original part of the State House in Boston, designed by himself, show more of New England's reaction to art than the whole of the artificial museum or the exotics which fringe the border of Copley Square. Bulfinch made a little Boston of his own; and though only a few fragments of his work have escaped demolition, the beauty of those fragments is enough to prove his genius. The fact that the architect himself was a native of Boston, born at the northern base of Beacon Hill, upon his grandfather's estate,—now Bowdoin Square, the site opposite the Revere House,—gives the related touch that makes the whole fabric of his work.

The pleasure I had in the architectural mass of the Massachusetts General Hospital,—somewhat altered from the Bulfinch design but still a glorious building,—the joy I felt in wandering about the Bulfinch rooms in the State House, it seemed to me I had almost to myself. During a year spent on Beacon Hill I took many Bostonians to

see these works of genius—to all of them it was a first visit. It seemed to me perfectly monstrous that no splendid photographs of these rooms had been made, that I was refused on all sides the privilege of making records of the details. Should the building be destroyed by fire, nothing so far as I could discover, except a book of tiny snap-shots made by an official in the State House employ, would remain to show what Bulfinch did for this building.

All the riches that have poured into the making of the library the splendid monument it is, that have swept the Museum of Fine Arts in a half century to its present prodigious importance in various extraneous fields, do not compensate for the neglect of this adorable relic of the fruition of Bulfinch's mature period. I visited them—the old Senate Chamber with its perfect ceiling in caissons, the opulent lotus bloom spread abundantly as the unit of design; the old Representatives' Hall, where the Sacred Cod used to hang, its elaborate circular ceiling unsurpassed by anything of its style—many times. I found them always wrapt in solitary silence, immaculate, impeccable, but totally disregarded.

Through Newport, Rhode Island, came many art influences into New England. Not far from this city, in the Narraganset country, was born Gilbert Stuart, with Copley (born in Boston) our most famous portrait painter. The Redwood Library contains several priceless gems of his most youthful period. Into Newport came also from an English port, Dean Berkeley bringing Smibert, the Scottish portrait painter, and Peter Harrison, the English architect. What McIntire did for Salem and Bulfinch did for Boston, Peter Harrison accom-

plished for Newport. His architectural style was less individual than either of the Americans. His Redwood Library at Newport is strictly classic, and his King's Chapel in Boston follows the same general style, though being built of rough, unhewn boulders and never having received the terminating grace of its intended steeple; it has an oddity which passes for character, and its handsome interior atones for much.

Smibert, too, built the first Faneuil Hall, remodeled by Bulfinch after the painter's design. Newport's library contains many of the finest of his paintings. The wealth of the town and its strategic importance at the time of the Revolution, made Newport a centre of luxury and fashion in the old days, and its artistic reaction was in proportion to its importance. In the mere matter of grave-stones—in the cemetery surrounding Trinity, that most beautiful of New England churches—New England's sensitiveness to beauty and grace of design may be judged. And when it comes to grave-stones, not counting what have been lost through carelessness,—for many choice ones were taken from the Burial Hill at Plymouth, especially, and used to cover drains and cess-pools,—a most delightful gallery of them might be imagined, might indeed some day be made a feature of some archaeological museum. There are stones at Plymouth and Salem, in the old Charter Street burying-ground, that would make an exhibition of "modern" sculpture look extremely weak and foolish.

After Copley outgrew Boston and went to seek his fortune in England, where he became a famous portrait painter of the eighteenth century school; after Stuart's vogue declined and he died in poverty and was buried

in the Potter's Field, on the Common; after Bulfinch and his ideals in architecture had passed away, there was a long blank period in the art life of New England. This blank period lasted so long that when Dr. William Rimmer, William Morris Hunt, and George Fuller appeared upon the scene about the middle of the nineteenth century as the three dominant features in the founding of anything approaching a modern movement in art in New England, they sprang from no old roots, revived no spirit of what had gone before; but they were to struggle against prejudice and in an atmosphere totally indifferent to their aims and achievements.

It is curious that both Rimmer and Hunt found their most fruitful field of influence among women students, of which both artists had a great many. Dr. Rimmer was both physician and sculptor; his classes in artistic anatomy, at the Lowell Institute, were well attended—became, in fact, the rage. That he leaned strongly to the classic may be seen in everything he did—in his statue of Alexander Hamilton, at the head of the Garden on Commonwealth Avenue; in his head of St. Stephen, cut in granite; and in the "Gladiator", "concealed" in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

If Dr. Rimmer opened the minds of those with whom he came in contact, to art, it was for William Morris Hunt to bring that gayer side of their profession into the lives of the people. Hunt, traveling and studying abroad, found Millet at Barbizon, and discovered the great French painter to Boston and to America. Hunt was Millet's pupil and friend, and it was through his interest and enthusiasm that Quincy Shaw became possessed of the fine collection of Millet's works lately presented to the Museum.

Trueman H. Bartlett, who is the only old, intimate friend of Hunt's now living, writes of him as "now about forgotten". It seemed so to me, indeed, when attending the thronged opening of the Quincy Shaw Collection in the winter of 1918, I ventured to inquire of the museum guards the directions for finding the Hunt Room, which I had once seen in the building. It was wartime and winter, but upon application an attendant was furnished to run me up in the disused lift to the little sanctuary where the Hunt Collection is installed. Evidently nobody ever goes there. The place was dusty and in disorder, pictures had been removed leaving blank spaces, and my pleasure was harried by the heavy breathing of the bored attendant who waited for me in the anteroom. There is no stairway by which this room can be reached, so that one is entirely dependent upon the lift.

I could see also that the polite management looked upon me as a sort of old-fashioned crank when I asked to be shown Rimmer's "Gladiator"; and while I was not refused my odd request, it was made plain that so much lumber would have to be moved before I could gain access to it in its basement retirement, that I had pity and gave it up.

It is rather a nice question where to draw the line between civic pride and reaction to art. I feel pretty sure that a genuine reaction to art would give more prominence to Hunt, Rimmer, and Fuller as the three dominant factors in the beginnings of modern art in New England; and I realize that a just appreciation of what is indigenous will go further in the long run than the present madness for Japanese and Chinese exploitation.

Yet civic pride has led Boston miles ahead of Philadelphia, for instance,

whose Academy of Fine Arts antedates the Boston Museum by more than half a century. That intensely Bostonese wish to have the best, to be the best, especially upon the intellectual plane, has given Bostonians a magnificent public library with its important decorations; and accounts for the phenomenal growth and development of the museum through the action of its patrons. Trustees, directors, citizens in general have all come forward handsomely; and their attitude with respect to foundations, gifts, bequests, and annual support has been wholly admirable. No support from the city or state has ever been received, the only gift from a public source being the plot of ground on Copley Square, occupied by the first building.

Boston had been slow to awaken to the need for a museum. In 1859 the Jarves Collection of Italian primitives, now in New Haven, had been offered as a nucleus for a public museum of art in Boston, but the city failed to grasp the opportunity and the project was abandoned. It was not until ten years later—when the Boston Athenæum had received a bequest of armor with funds for its installation, when the Social Science Association had conceived the idea of a public collection of plaster reproductions of

sculpture, when Harvard College sought an opportunity to make its collections of engravings accessible to the public, and the collection of architectural casts belonging to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology had outgrown its quarters—that the need for a museum became acute. These organizations, backed by other interested parties, applied for a charter.

The building grew in sections. In 1871 sufficient funds were subscribed to build the first wing; and the collections of the museum, both gifts and loans, which for four years had been shown in two rooms at the Athenæum, were installed. Popular subscriptions furnished the funds with which by 1888 the building on Copley Square was finished. The enlarged building, which one remembers as an unmistakable art museum, with all its florid accessories, was opened in 1890; but within nine years it had already become evident that much more space would soon be needed, and the property on the Fenway, where the new museum now stands, had been purchased.

If the Boston Museum of Fine Arts may be taken to express New England's reaction to art, then that reaction has been sufficient to justify the best ambitions of civic pride.

THE CONTRIBUTOR WHO CALLS

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

I HAVE long noted it as a curious fact that the contributor who makes it his business to call upon editors—with his manuscripts surrounding him so that often he is himself almost hidden—seldom has anything worth while to offer. I suppose the psychology is that the man who bothers you with repeated visits is lacking in that refinement of taste so necessary in the real creative artist. People of imagination let you alone—whether you happen to be an editor or just a friend. (Sometimes, miraculously, you may be both!)

Looking back over fifteen years or so of editorial work, I marvel at the small percentage of material found through the process of its being brought by hand to one's sanctum. Of course I do not refer to the call made by appointment. Practically every magazine article nowadays is talked over and gone over, from every point of view, many times before it gets into shape for the printer. Necessarily, therefore, certain contributors are frequently at one's door. I am writing of that casual guest whose main occupation in life, when he is not working assiduously at uninspired stories or poems, is to waste other people's time. A genius is generally a modest soul. I picture Chatterton as unspeakably afraid of editors and publishers—and even of their under-

lings; and we all know how Francis Thompson ran away from any contact with those of his craft, and slept under London Bridge. The poet starving in a garret may not be so imaginary a figure as we suppose, even in our own age. It is because we editors fear to lose the one flower out of so many weeds that call, that we try to see everyone who knocks upon the door.

I confess that visitors interest me. There is a certain magic, a mystery, in the card the office-boy brings in, on which is printed, written or engraved a name I have never heard before. Somebody has taken the pains to look me up; and there is always an element of fun in trying to hitch a name up with a face—before you have seen the face. Will "Margaret Sheraton Brown" be short or tall, dark or fair? And will "Montague Melville" live up to his romantic name?

I remember a caller once who wrote on a slip of paper, "Miss Barbara Bodley, Philadelphia", and I expected to see a funny little wisp of a person trip in. Instead, there was ushered to my desk a very stately dark woman of about forty-five, dressed in sombre black, with soulful eyes and a heavy bang—not at all the type my mind had conjured up. The first bit of information she gave me, very solemnly, was that she lived in a cellar. Why, I have

never discovered. She wrote, it seems, under terrific pressure in this dark place, and seemed to think I would be greatly interested in the fact that she always indited her poems standing. (Of course she was a poetess. She would descend to cellars, but never to prose.) A Philadelphia cellar! Often have I pondered on the strange case of Miss Barbara Bodley in her subterranean den, and wondered if she is still living or has been transported to a higher plane through the painful inroads of rheumatism.

Then there was Miss Angelica Watts Murphy, of Virginia—of one of the oldest families, she was quick to tell me. She blew in on a golden day, her purple plumes waving from a white straw hat—a lady of some sixty summers, I should say, powdered too much, wrinkled too much—yes, and rouged too much. Her bodice—how can I ever forget it? It was of Scotch plaid, and down the centre rolled, as on a bellboy's uniform, a row of brass buttons, the central design of which was an anchor when it was not a passion-flower. Her skirt was of black and white stripes, and from beneath it peeped two dainty feet encased in what had once been white kid shoes. On one arm she carried an enormous green bag, such as they still take about with them in Boston, I believe; and from it protruded innumerable manuscripts—oh, there must have been dozens of them—so many that my tired editorial heart sank at the prospect.

Miss Murphy was a chatty individual—the kind that snuggled toward you on the publisher's lounge in the anteroom, and told you, in the first five minutes of your meeting, the most personal things about her family: how her brother Geoffrey was a gentleman if ever there was one, but he drank,

and his young wife had to leave him; and how an aunt on her father's side had once taken some kind of drug but had providentially been cured through Christian Science. There were other family skeletons which I have mercifully forgotten; and then, suddenly, came the business talk. Were we needing poetry? She hoped Theodosia Garrison hadn't a monopoly on the magazine market—it was all beautiful stuff, she was kind enough to say; but then there were many other rising young poets who deserved a hearing. She began rummaging in her green bag, as she talked, remembering that there was one particular set of verses which I simply *must* see—a poem from the writer's heart. If ever a poem came out of a poet's heart, this was it. All the time I was trying to get in a cautionary word to the effect that I made it an invariable rule never to read manuscripts in the presence of the author—particularly poetry. "But it's so short!" Miss Murphy cried. "It won't take you but a few minutes, and.... Dear me!" poking her mittened hand still further into the voluminous bag, "it isn't here!"

I was beginning to praise God for this special deliverance, when she turned abruptly on me and shouted, as though I were deaf, "But don't worry! I know it by heart!" And before I could stop her, and with people passing and repassing in that little anteroom, she proceeded to recite a poem of at least seventeen stanzas, each one ending with the sad refrain, "Mah love lies buried in the dust!"

Cold type cannot give that rich Southern accent, or the melancholy tone of that line, as the middle-aged poetess rushed breathlessly on. I began to feel terribly sorry for her. Evidently it had been a most tragic

affair. I was so embarrassed that I could not look Miss Murphy in the eye. This self-revelation of a passion long since dead yet so fresh in her memory, laid away in lavender and rosemary, touched me beyond words—I literally mean this. Suddenly I found myself counting the brass buttons on her plaid bodice—one, two, three, four, I murmured to myself, as one might count sheep going over a fence when one is wakeful at night: anything to forget the stern reality of that face before me. And the plaid in that waist—how shall I ever forget it? It is as vivid to me now as Miss Murphy's love affair was to her then. I can see it as plainly as an invalid remembers the design on the frieze of his sick-room wall months after he has recovered. The squares were not even—and I recall how that annoyed, yet interested me; and there was a tiny ink stain on one of the lighter squares, as though in the haste of composition Miss Murphy had forgotten her pen-wiper and made sudden use of her bodice.

"Don't you think that's wonderful?" I heard a voice saying, in quite another key, after the last "Mah love lies buried in the dust" had faded into nothingness.

"Beautiful," I replied, weakly; "but the fact is—"

"Oh, don't you tell me *you're* goin' to reject mah little flower too!" she exclaimed; and there were real tears in her voice.

So someone else had heard that poem, and someone else had had the courage and cold-bloodedness to decline it! I never have found out who my fellow sufferer was. If he reads this and remembers Miss Murphy—who could ever forget her?—won't he let me know, and relieve my anxious mind? Besides, I would like to shake

hands with him on the experience.

There was also a quaint little man who owned a farm somewhere up along the Hudson. He used to stay on this farm about eleven months of the year, digging potatoes, milking cows, and writing verses in the evenings. He had been told once that he resembled Tennyson; and I think he purposely allowed his hair to grow as the bard of England liked to wear his; and he always wore a black cape and carried a thick cane. His hat was large and soft, his eyes the gentlest I have ever known; and one month each year, regularly, he would run down to New York and make a pilgrimage to various editorial doors, leaving the product of the previous months on your desk. He was sure to ask for a decision soon, as he would be going back to the farm almost immediately. Could he call again for your reply? He didn't know which modest hotel he could afford to stop at, and it would be far more convenient, and save him much postage, if he could drop around again. It was difficult to resist this little man; moreover, I am happy to say that many of his poems possessed genuine merit, and from time to time I bought dozens of them; and he would go away beaming. Once he told me that on a certain trip he had raked in as much as one hundred and eighty dollars on his verses—no untidy sum; and I shall never forget his smile as he broke the news to me. How little it takes to make some folks happy!

A caller I have always disliked is the type of woman who brings you a yarn with the statement that it is based on fact—a cousin's ghost story, or a great uncle's experience in Alaska, it is sure to be; and when you explain that it may be true to fact, but not true to fiction, she glares uncom-

prehendingly at you, leaves the office in high dudgeon, and declares behind your back that all editors are born fools and she can write better than Edna Ferber and Booth Tarkington rolled into one, and she doesn't understand how half the stories one sees in the magazines get published anyhow—the authors must have a pull or something, and full many a flower is born to blush unseen.

Another is the creature who asks you, out of the kindness of your heart, to offer a frank criticism on her manuscript; her feelings won't be hurt in the least, if you tell the brutal truth. And when, in a mad moment, you do, she flares up and her eyes pierce you like daggers, and you feel like the worm you are beneath her feet. She informs you that you never did know anything about lit-

erature, and that if *her* story isn't a good one, then nobody can write; and she wishes she had money enough to buy out a periodical and edit it as it should be edited. *She'd* show the world!

So they come and go, these tragic and comic figures, like forms on a lantern-slide; only, they are terribly real, and some of them break one's heart. When you are an editor, you think that every other person in the world is trying to become an author; but if you walk along the Rialto some morning, you decide that most people want to go on the stage. The crowded professions! Yet there is always that niche at the top waiting for someone with real talent. But your casual caller will never believe that. That's why he will always be—just a casual caller.

AMERICA'S GREATEST JUDGE

BY ROBERT LIVINGSTON SCHUYLER

AMERICAN politicians as a class are not addicted to scholarship. Even in those branches of learning in which we must assume that they are interested—political science, jurisprudence, history, economics—few of them have made noteworthy contributions. Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Lodge, and Mr. Wilson are exceptions, but the list at longest is short. A comparison of it with one that could be drawn up of England's scholarly politicians would not prove gratifying to our national pride. It is, therefore, all the more

pleasant to an American to greet the publication of an historical work of merit by an American politician—"The Life of John Marshall" by former Senator Albert J. Beveridge.

The last two volumes of this biography, which have recently been published, are in form of publication a continuation of the first two volumes which appeared in 1916. They may, however, properly be read and discussed as a whole and not as a fragment. They possess unity, for they cover the entire period of Marshall's

tenure of the office of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and their central theme is the contribution which his judicial opinions made to the development of American nationality. Seldom if ever will a reader of these concluding volumes find himself embarrassed because he is not acquainted with the first instalment of the work.

It should be said at once that Mr. Beveridge gives us what is by all odds the best historical account to be had of Marshall's great judicial opinions. His point of view throughout is that of the historian rather than that of the legal commentator. In consequence he pays little attention to legal analysis and citation of precedents, and much to the political and social setting of the opinions and the purposes which the judge desired to accomplish.

A lengthy and illuminating account of the debate in Congress on the repeal of the Judiciary Act of 1801, which took place in 1802, fills in the background for Marshall's opinion in *Marbury vs. Madison*, delivered in 1803. A chapter on the Burr conspiracy serves as the setting for his opinion in the most famous of all American state trials. Another on "Financial and Moral Chaos" paves the way for an understanding of his opinions in *Sturges vs. Crowninshield*, the Dartmouth College case, and *M'Culloch vs. Maryland*. Beveridge deserves the thanks of all his readers for putting them *en rapport* with the political and social conditions under which Marshall's opinions were written, for the Chief Justice was not setting down abstract scholastic propositions but striving purposefully to weld the United States into a nation. "American Nationalism", says Mr. Beveridge, "was Marshall's one and only great conception, and the foster-

ing of it the purpose of his life." Those who insist that the "judicial mind" operates in the empyrean, unaffected by the winds of political controversy, will find much food for reflection in these volumes.

The chapter entitled "Marbury versus Madison" shows Marshall, thoroughly alarmed by the spread of the doctrine of nullification, as propounded in the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions of 1798-99, seizing upon an unimportant piece of litigation to write into American constitutional law a repudiation of that doctrine, and an assertion of the Federalist theory that the national judiciary alone possesses the power to declare acts of congress invalid on the ground that they are unconstitutional. The chapter, "Vitalizing the Constitution", shows him, in *M'Culloch vs. Maryland*, rebuking localism arrayed on the side of social disorder, and buttressing nationalism with the doctrine of implied powers. In the Dartmouth College case he makes America safe for business enterprise in an opinion which, as Mr. Beveridge says, "reassured investors in corporate securities and gave confidence and steadiness to the business world". In *Gibbons vs. Ogden* he frees commerce from the fetters of local monopoly and welds the American people into a unit "by the force of their mutual interests". Taken as a whole Marshall's constitutional opinions deserve to rank with the formation of the Constitution itself as a factor in the upbuilding of American nationality.

What was the source of Marshall's power and his influence over his colleagues on the bench? It was not intellect, Mr. Beveridge thinks, nor will power nor learning; for Marshall "had no 'learning' at all in the academic sense". He finds the answer in

"personality", and in his exposition of the content of this vague term he tells us something of Marshall the man. The judge who was the soul of dignity on the bench was in private life, we learn, a most unassuming person of shabby attire and hail-fellow-well-met manner, addicted to pitching quoits, gifted with a lively sense of humor, fond of children and fiction and poetry, reverent toward women in general and tender to his wife in particular. Whatever the explanation of it, Marshall's influence over his fellow judges was notorious. "It will be difficult", wrote Marshall's bitter enemy, Thomas Jefferson, "to find a character of firmness enough to preserve his independence on the same bench with Marshall."

Almost half of the third volume is devoted to the conspiracy and trial of Aaron Burr. Burr is pictured as a man of winning personality, impelled to falsehood and intrigue by Hamilton's malignant enmity and Jefferson's vindictive persecution. Following in the main McCaleb's "Aaron Burr Conspiracy", Mr. Beveridge thinks that

Burr's western enterprises did not aim at the separation of the West from the Union and were not of a treasonable nature. The reader will detect several similarities between the inflamed public opinion which Mr. Beveridge describes at the time of the Burr trial, and that worked up by the "anti-red" propaganda of the present. Nervous patriots should not fail to read in these pages how that unconscionable rascal, General Wilkinson, saved the Republic at New Orleans by violating every principle of liberty for which it was supposed to stand.

Justice cannot be done in a brief review to the extensive research and painstaking scholarship that have gone to produce these volumes. Not all of his readers will agree with the author in all matters of interpretation. The interpretation of Jefferson's character and career, for example, will no doubt evoke dissent. But Mr. Beveridge's work takes its place as the standard biography of America's greatest judge.

The Life of John Marshall. By Albert J. Beveridge. Volumes iii and iv. Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE LONDONER

Exodus of authors—winner in the first-novel competition to be brought out in America—Keynes's portraits of the Big Four: our public men scapegoats, not supermen—wanted: a novelist of high politics—Ervine in America—Vachel Lindsay awaited—Daisy Ashford no longer Daisy Ashford—"The Young Visitors" on the boards—"Solomon Eagle" extinct in "The New Statesman".

LONDON, March 1, 1920.

AT the moment of writing, literary London seems as though it was going to be completely deserted for a long time to come, so enormous has been the recent exodus. Mackenzie, I hear, is to go to the South Seas on a voyage which is to take him at least six months. Presumably he will employ his time, apart from the necessary occupation of traveling, in writing a novel about Capri, where he has now been living for some time; and that ought to be very amusing, both for him and for his readers, but perhaps not so amusing for those who dwell upon the island. When he starts I do not know, but I expect he will gravitate to the United States, so that Americans will know all about it for themselves. Several of our young writers are in America already. Walpole and Cannan have been there for some time, and I suppose that Walpole, at any rate, will be thinking about returning to England by the date on which these lines appear. St. John Ervine and his wife left England for the States some weeks ago, amid the last—not the present—stormy weather. Sassoon is there also. D. H. Lawrence and Brett Young are

both wintering in Capri. Bennett and Swinnerton have just started together for Portugal. Galsworthy is in Malaga. Shaw is living in the country. Beresford, who has been staying in a London suburb, for some months, is going back to his beautiful house in Buckinghamshire. Hosts of other writers are already disporting themselves in the South. Altogether the Peace is enabling everybody to go abroad once more, and they are all taking advantage of the two continents—I hope to the benefit of their health and happiness.

At the moment, the island of Capri must be rather amusingly congested with literary people. I cannot imagine anything more curious than the existence within so narrow a space of no fewer than three of our chief young novelists. Mackenzie, no doubt, as a regular resident, must be having most of the social variety, and therefore of the fun; but the gathering has its amusing side for everybody. One anecdote I must relate, as it seems to make the island so small. Mackenzie orders books on rather a lavish scale, for he is a great reader and cannot get material except through the post. A short time ago he ordered sets of

three or four of the classic novelists—I mean, Scott, Dickens, and Co.—and sat down to await the arrival of the books. For a long time nothing happened; and then one day his servant came in a tremendous state of excitement to announce that a large number of parcels had arrived by the post, and the postman insisted that a couple of faquini should be hired to help bring them up! There were fifty-three parcels; and they were too much for the postal resources of the island!

* * *

I am told that Alfred Harcourt, late of Messrs. Henry Holt and Company, has recently been in England in his own interests, and that he has started in business under the style of Harcourt, Brace, and Howe. Good luck to him! Also, I hear that he has arranged for his firm to publish in America the winning novel in Andrew Melrose's recent first-novel competition. If this is so, and if I am rightly informed as to the title of the winning book, he has secured a very distinguished work with which to interest American readers in a new talent. The book, which I have read through the kindness of a friend, is entitled "Open the Door", by Catherine Carswell, and is an altogether exceptional picture of the life of a girl. It is a very original work, and could not have been written, or published, in a more squeamishly sentimental age; for while it is perfectly clean, and not even daring in its outlines, it gives this picture with unusual candor. Young women have always been shown in our fiction as saints or sinners, and justice has been meted out to them accordingly by authors unaware of (or incapable of rendering) the reality of young women. Young women, that is to say, have

been drawn as though they were not human beings at all, and as though marriage was either the end of all things or the beginning of a simple process of getting another, more suitable, husband. The author of "Open the Door" has managed to draw a real young woman, who gets married, loses her husband through his violent death, has an affair with a married man, and in the end, remaining human and essentially pure, marries a second time, her new husband being the man who will safely pilot her through the rest of her days. It is really good work, and I hope it will have its proper recognition both in England and America.

Another publishing item of interest in both hemispheres is that E. V. Lucas is going to publish a book dealing with the life and work of Edwin A. Abbey. Personally, I always thought Abbey's work rather thin; but I know that many good judges admire it, and there must be many in England and America to whom the news that Lucas is doing this book will be a source of great pleasure. There could be no happier choice, for Lucas has a style exactly suited to this kind of thing. He will be urbane and delicate, and I should say that the book will be another triumph for him in a field which has been made the subject of many, many efforts, but in which few successes have been scored.

* * *

A book which is having a most extraordinary reception here is Keynes's "Economic Consequences of the Peace". The bookselling trade was caught badly napping over this book, only a few of the booksellers having realized before publication that they were being offered something very special indeed. The consequence of this has been a funny contrast be-

tween the subscription orders given by some of them, and the orders which they were compelled to fire off on the day of publication. They must be kicking themselves for the loss of precious extra discounts allowed on all subscription orders. It is a short book, priced high, and the demand has been something out of the ordinary. Keynes is quite a young man still, and before the war was a lecturer at the London School of Economics. He is one of the young Cambridge men, and those who are capable of estimating the value of such work (which I am not) have always told me of his brilliance and ability in the subject which he has made his own. Non-financial and non-economic readers are finding their chief pleasure in the amazingly outspoken portraits of the so-called "Big Four", and these, if vitriolic, have a brilliance that not many men could out-do.

Few writers could have bettered the portraits of President Wilson, Lloyd George, and Clemenceau. They have all the sharpness of the brilliant sketch, and, what is more, a suggestive quality which enables even those who have not been at all behind the scenes, to visualize the men who took part in the conference. I speak here entirely as a professional writer, and not at all as a politician. Nevertheless, the account given by Mr. Keynes tallies remarkably with accounts given to me in confidence by others who were in Paris and who had exceptional opportunities of judging the progress of events and the personalities of the participants. All this business of assessing the characteristics of prominent men fascinates me. I have in my time talked to a good many people whose names are household words, and I am never tired of wondering in what it is that they differ from more ordinary

people. Some of our English politicians, for example, appear to me to be almost entirely without brains when it comes to subjects outside the routine of their lives. I know one very eminent man indeed who always gravitates in his talk to the nature of God and the Christian mysteries. His ignorance of these subjects is abysmal. He is more easily discountenanced and made ridiculous than any boy of sixteen could be. Yet he insists, in spite of many defeats, verbal and factual, on coming back, time after time, to the one subject, probably, upon which he makes a fool of himself. I have asked others what they think of his brains, and nobody has ever been enthusiastic about them. But the man is perfectly well-known and respected for unusual integrity and exceptional gifts, both in England and America. It is extraordinary.

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Take the case, again, of a very able editor whom I often see. That man is a child. He asks the most infantile questions about the most obvious things. He is capable of asking, "Who is Marie Corelli?" or of saying, "I have never heard of it" about some astoundingly obvious thing which has been engaging everybody's attention for days. He is, however, far from a fool. In his own way he is one of the best editors I have encountered. His paper is a model of knowledge. He knows a good writer when he sees him, but has absolutely no critical faculty where literature is concerned. He cares more for politics than for anything else, but he can crumple up the man who talks about God and the Christian mysteries, and he can learnedly discourse upon such difficult matters as the theory of relativity. I have heard him do this; I have heard him take on a man about this man's

speciality, and come out with all his colors flying. And he still remains incorrigibly an ignoramus upon matters which one would have thought it essential that the editor of a highly critical journal should understand.

Why is it? I know that I am ignorant; but then I don't claim either to have a world-wide reputation for intellect or a tremendous reputation as an editor. These men are the men who sway our destinies. They are those myterious beings, "public men". And they are human, and ignorant, and prejudiced, and stupid. And we expect them to be all-knowing. How ridiculous! It is one of the points of Keynes's book that it shows our leaders to be human, frail, erring; and that he really gives us reason to think that the burdens we lay upon them must be too heavy. What wonder they make mistakes! Should not we do the same, in their circumstances? There ought to be an end to the legend that our leaders are supermen. It is only a fostered legend. It continues because we must abandon the sense of responsibility to any one who will take upon himself the burden of bearing it, and only because of our inveterate need of scapegoats. I have heard many of our best politicians as it were "in undress", and they are most of them unmagnetic, ordinary people. Some of them, of course, are mad; some of them are charlatans; but the best of them are just moderately honest, hard-worked, puzzled men like ourselves, and when we shout at them and hate them or extol them we are making gods in the image of our own passions.

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It ought to be the business of the novelist to show us these true things. Who writes of high politics? Mrs. Humphry Ward. She has written al-

most all the political novels of the last quarter of a century, and her books have been read by all sorts of people under the impression that they depict the real life and recall the real atmosphere amid which these people live. Nothing could be more false. One has only to come in contact with the real thing to see that Mrs. Humphry Ward has never understood politics from the inside, but has all the time been trying to bolster up the conventional idea that the newspapers foster. Cabinet ministers are poor puzzled men, beset by personal antipathies and sympathies, cross when they are tired, seeking diversion, human and faulty. And there is room for a good political novel. Not the mush that is served out to us, but a real novel about politicians who are also men. I make a present of the notion to any novelist who may read these words. But he must be a novelist who knows something about politics—not in the sense of understanding programmes or intrigues or caucuses, but in the sense that he can show us the human elements underlying all these efforts to express the body of personality and aspiration. I am sure it can be done, but the man who does it will be something of a universal genius, for he will have to show a social picture that convinces, without ever losing hold of the original personal importance of his *dramatis personæ*. It is a great opportunity; but it will also be a great test, and I cannot think of anybody at the moment who has the power to avail himself of it, coupled with the necessary interest in the subject-matter. It is another illustration of what I have just been talking about—the colossal ignorance of the specialist.

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Mention just now of Brett Young reminds me that this young author

has passed the proofs of a new novel, which is to be published here in the spring. It is a short book—a *conte*—entitled “The Tragic Bride”. I am told that it is a departure for Brett Young, who has been experimenting with the chronicle novel and has now turned to the brief, passionate story. Mackenzie’s next book is to be called “The Vanity Girl”, and is in the vein of “Carnival”. I suppose that this will appear during the late spring. Before leaving England, St. John Ervine finished a new novel, and his play, “John Ferguson”, which has been running with so much success in New York, is to be brought out at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, within a few days. It follows at that theatre the famous “Lincoln” of John Drinkwater, which has just been withdrawn. I hope it will repeat in England the success it has enjoyed in America. I need not tell American readers anything about Ervine, as they can see for themselves what he is like. He is one of the young novelists—there are not many of them—who went on very active service in one of the Guards regiments in France. There he lost a leg; but the loss has not impaired his cheerfulness. What the new book is like I have no idea, but as his first novel was so good, and his third so successful in the States, I expect you will all by now be looking impatiently for it.

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As far as I can see, most of the other American tours planned by young English writers are unlikely to mature. Osbert Sitwell, for instance, has postponed his trip to the States, and is probably going instead with his brother to Sicily. Robert Graves, another poet, is staying on in England. Well, America’s loss is England’s gain, and as the only poetic visitor from

your side to this is said to be Vachel Lindsay, it is perhaps hardly fair that the exchange should in this case as well as the other be so unequal. We are all looking forward very much to Lindsay’s visit, because we have been told to expect something wonderful in the manner of his reading. I do not gather that English readers in general care very much for what they have seen of his work, but the enthusiasts are not few, and these are all saying, “Wait till you’ve heard him chant!”

The whole point of Vachel Lindsay’s work seems to lie in the fact that it partakes of the nature of a religious, or at any rate collective, rite. This gets right away from the ordinary notion of poetry as something essentially for the study, and that may make it harder for Lindsay to get the ear of the English public. Certain sections of our folk will go in shoals to hear hymns and revivalist exhortation; but that is not the section that will hear about Lindsay before he arrives. The section upon which he will burst is the literary section, and I foresee a great vogue for him at literary evening parties. But I rather gathered from something I read that he was in the habit of reciting out of doors, and this I cannot imagine in England. Perhaps he will clear away all our prejudices. We are quite ready for something new, because it is high time something happened to give us the feeling that time is not standing still.

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And yet to say that is to give a wrong impression. We are all very busy, and properly discontented with ourselves over here, and those are both good signs. All that worries me is that I do not see much talent coming along of the development of which I can feel truly confident. I am inclined to think that of all the young men who

are fluttering about here Aldous Huxley shows most signs of growing into something notable. He is very unequal, and has still a great hankering after the bizarre at all costs; but he is young, and there is at times such brilliance in his work that I pin my faith to it. At present, like so many others, he is doing too much journalism, which can never be a good thing for a young writer, but which has to be done until success in another field is assured. I wish there were some way out of this difficulty, because until one is, so to speak, “set”, and so can deal with pitch without being smeared all over and losing one’s native color, the dangers are incalculable. The men here under thirty are all doing journalism; and thirty is the lowest age at which it can be made a regular means of livelihood without impairing gifts much more precious.

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So Daisy Ashford is no longer Daisy Ashford! She was married on the eighth of January to a James Devlin. Although “The Young Visitors” took the world by storm only last year, the marriage was regarded by our papers as almost a national event. I chuckled on the morning of the ninth when I saw on a big contents bill the words “Famous Authoress Married”. I knew what that meant. I knew that in spite of every attempt to keep the thing secret some keen fellow had got hold of the news. As a matter of fact I had rather a success on the eighth, when the whole thing was over. In a convenient pause, I said to a tableful of people with whom I was working: “Well, Daisy Ashford was married at eleven o’clock this morning!” The effect was electric. Meanwhile, preparations for the dramatic version of “The Young Visitors” are so far advanced that the play will certainly be on the

boards in a fortnight. Miss Edyth Goodall, who is producing it, is one of our best young actresses, and as this is her first experiment in management everybody will have a double reason for wishing the play success. Miss Goodall herself will play Ethel Monticue. May I be there to see! It will be a jolly first night, whatever the fortune of the play may be.

The other Ashford stories are to be published in a single volume. Although this is to be called “Daisy Ashford: Her Book”, room will be found in it for the novel by Angie Ashford, called “The Jellous Governess”. The contributions by Daisy herself include “The Hangman’s Daughter”, “A Short Story of Love and Marriage”, “Leslie Woodcock”, and “Where Love Lies Deepest”. “A Short Story of Love and Marriage”, I understand, was dictated by the juvenile author to her father, so if there are any misspellings in that, they will show that bad spelling ran in the family, and not that the spelling of “The Young Visitors” was adapted. As a matter of fact, I believe that the later stories are very much better spelt, because Daisy Ashford was rather older when she wrote them. This is a pity for those who got so much delight out of the capricious versions of some words in the classic; but it cannot be helped.

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My evening paper the other day told me that J. C. Squire was going to visit America. I do not know. The last I heard was that he could not do so; but Squire’s plans have been changed lately by events which could not be foreseen. A weekly paper recently said that the identity of “E. T. Raymond”, the author of “Uncensored Celebrities”, was “an open secret”. At the same time this paper published a portrait of “E. T. Raymond”. It was

the portrait of J. C. Squire. Now as I knew that there was no truth in this guess, I took no notice of the suggestion. All the same, it has been necessary for Squire to deny the charge, which is amusing enough. In view of this interesting attribution, one reads with reserve the journalistic statement that he is to visit America. One thing is quite true. He is no longer to be literary editor of "The New Statesman", a position which he has held since the foundation of the paper in 1912 or 1913. This means that the familiar signature "Solomon Eagle" will become extinct, so far as "The New Statesman" is concerned. Squire's successor in the post of literary editor is Desmond MacCarthy, a very popular journalist whose principal work has hitherto been that of

dramatic criticism. But MacCarthy has for a number of years contributed what are called "middle" articles to "The Statesman", so he will be able to adapt himself to his new post without difficulty.

No contrast could be greater than that between the two men. Squire gives the impression, which may be a false one, of being as hard as nails. MacCarthy is a great good-humored fellow with a tremendous personal charm, incorrigibly procrastinating, always late for appointments, but a welcome guest in any company, and I should say one of the best-liked men in the literary world. It will be interesting to see whether he makes many changes in the conduct of "The Statesman".

SIMON PURE

MR. HERFORD'S AWFUL ERROR

BY BERTON BRALEY

A COBBLER should stick to his last. A humorist should stick to humor. There is no better evidence of this than Oliver Herford's recent excursion into the realm of geography and science which he calls "This Giddy Globe". We have read a good deal of Mr. Herford's work in the past, and while we have somewhat deplored his frivolous treatment of many serious subjects, we have occasionally indulged in cachinnatory ejaculations over certain of his phrases, though we have deprecated our mirth. But after all, we have thought, we suppose a humorist

cannot be blamed for his foolish whimsies and his illogical reactions to life. We have felt that he was wasting his time on trivial things, but we are sufficiently catholic in our views to allow him that latitude and to hope that he might turn his talents in time to something of a sterner and more important sort.

However, upon perusing "This Giddy Globe", which is evidently Mr. Herford's attempt at atonement for past nonsensicalities, we are compelled to realize that whatever talent for humor Mr. Herford possesses, he is not

an accurate or capable or authoritative writer of text-books. He seems to have rushed into print with the present work quite unaware that books dealing with science, with facts, with history and geology, require years of careful research and correlated and collected data. Thus he has produced a volume which is the most amazing hodge podge of misinformation and misstatement it has ever been our fate to encounter.

The title itself "This Giddy Globe" is undignified and utterly unfit for a work that pretends to authority. "This Revolving Oblate Spheroid" would be much more in keeping with the cosmic subject which the author attempts to consider. But the title is the least of the book's faults. For from the very beginning the author shows haste and carelessness. He puts the "Preface" heading in the proper place and then adds a footnote that he has located the preface itself between chapters One and Two. And there he captions it "Strictly Private—for the Reader Only". Could anything be more ridiculous? For how can anything be strictly private which everybody who reads the book must see?

As for the statements of fact adduced by Mr. Herford—they are the most astounding examples of ignorance we have ever read. The merest school child would laugh at them. For example, Mr. Herford says of our planet: "She"—he insists on calling the Globe *she*—"is really quite large, not to say obese. Her waist measurement is no less than twenty-five thousand miles. In the hope of reducing it the earth takes unceasing and violent exercise; but though she spins around on one toe at the rate of a thousand miles an hour every day, and round the sun once a year, she does not succeed in taking off a single mile

or keeping even comfortably warm all over."

"Spinning round on one toe", indeed! Where, pray, Mr. Herford, is this toe on which she spins? And why should the earth, even if she were a sentient being and not an agglomeration of elements, want to reduce? We are as giddy as Mr. Herford would make us think the earth is when we try to understand these statements.

Then when the author begins to particularize he is guilty of such baseless declarations as this: "From the cotton plant comes the woolen undergarment and the soldier's blanket."... "From the lowly cabbage springs the Havana Perfecto with its gold and crimson band, and from the simple turnip is distilled the golden champagne without which so many lives will now be empty." Speaking of the United States Mr. Herford says: "In large cities the sky is kept clean by means of sky-scrapers—year in and year out scraping away the germ-laden dust and refuse, and imparting a bright and cheerful gloss to the surface of the sky." Later he says: "London, the capital of England, is famous for its fogs. This is due to the absence of sky-scrapers." And Mr. Herford would put a text-book containing such ideas into the hands of those children of today who will be the adults of tomorrow. Perish the thought!

The author ends his chapter of misstatements about the United States with the wholly sane and proper conclusion that "the Inhabitants of America are the most moral and patriotic people in the world, and their army is second to none in bravery and won the world war". And from this one has hopes that his further chapters will have more relation to facts and realities. But we find that this phrase

seems to be an obsession from which Mr. Herford suffers, for it is the concluding sentence of his chapters on Canada, England, France, Spain, Persia, Holland, Liberia and every other nation he takes up save Germany. Evidently even the persistency of this idea of his was not great enough to overcome the historic fact that Germany lost the world war.

Everybody knows that Holland and Norway and Sweden did not participate in the war, nor did Patagonia; yet Mr. Herford, who dares to set himself up as authority sufficient to write a geographical text-book, is unaware of this patent fact and gives credit to these countries for winning the contest. This is but another exemplification of the appalling ignorance of a man who attempts to write about science and history without proper basic knowledge.

It is a wearisome and ungrateful task to point out the errors which crowd almost every page of this book. But we cannot in justice to the possible reader omit to quote such things as "Monaco is the center of the spinning industry of the world". The author evidently confused it with Manchester. "The principal products of Paris are Plaster of Paris, Paris Green, and Pâté de Foie Gras"—a remark whose inaccuracies it is needless to comment upon. Then there are such inane comments upon the world as,—“Its plumbing system is bad... the absence of heat in winter when there is greater need of it and the paucity of moisture in the desert places where it never rains”...—as though one could start a popular movement to change geological and meteorological conditions which are due to strict scientific causes. Or take this: "The terrestrial globe is pleasingly tinted in blue, pink, yellow,

and green. The blue portion is called water—the pink, yellow, and green portions are called land". Here is an author who puts forth a text-book on geography, yet whose conception of the world is based upon the distinguishing colors used by map-makers to differentiate countries and oceans. His untraveled mind fails utterly to understand that the lands and waters are not actually the hues printed in atlases and on charts.

But enough of this—it is plain that Mr. Herford cannot be taken seriously as a commentator or a chronicler of science. His mind is too naive and his credulousness too vast. His text is what one might expect from one who has learned his data from Marco Polo and confused it with Grimm's fairy tales.

The maps and illustrations accompanying the text of "This Giddy Globe" are of a piece with it. They have no connection whatever with fact and very little even with legend. Persisting, for example, in his illusion that the Globe is a *she*, Mr. Herford appears to feel that a depiction of her in the nude, as it were, would be immodest. So with a thoughtfulness that does credit to his delicacy, though not to his erudition, he portrays the earth as a corpulent lady in a sort of corset and combination. That the result is not wholly modest does not detract from the author's excellent intentions. But of course the whole attempt is so far removed from reason or common knowledge that it only adds to the utter failure of the volume as a scientific handbook. This particular illustration is, of course, one of many that show his absolute ineptitude as a geographer. It is certainly to be hoped that Mr. Herford will hereafter confine himself to his baili-

wick of humor, and leave science to scientists. Indeed, if this present volume were not so likely to lead the young idea who might perchance read it, astray, if it were not so filled with silly and baseless statements put forth with solemn authority,—and therefore likely to give the unscientific reader a distorted conception of the

universe,—if it were not for these dangers in its use, the volume might appeal to the educated mind, able to estimate its naïveté of ignorance and credulousness at their true worth—it might, we repeat, appeal to such a mind as extremely funny.

This Giddy Globe. By Oliver Herford.
George H. Doran Company.

THE CHINESE COAT

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

THE finest poem I ever wrote
Was woven from a Chinese coat,
A magic coat of murrey brown,
Prize of a Cantonese godown;
An old and odd and rich brocade
Whose dragons boasted eyes of jade,
Whose dragons bubbled Indian pearls
White as the teeth of dancing-girls;
Whose bands of many-colored waves
Were gay as I-yin's happy slaves;
Whose clouds were bright as coral suns:
A coat of red-browns, cinnamons,
Blues like the birds of Si Wang Mu
And all the greens that glow in *yu*.

The finest poem I ever wrote
Was woven from this Chinese coat;
For from its colors rose a room
Which made the rainbow dull as gloom,
A room whose very colors sang
The songs of Ming and Sung and T'ang.

GIOVANNI PAPINI AND THE FUTURISTIC LITERARY MOVEMENT IN ITALY

BY JOSEPH COLLINS

IN one of his "Appreciations"—*depreciations* would be the more fitting word—Signor Papini says he seems to have read or to have said that in every man there are at least four men: the real man, the man he would like to be, the man he thinks he is, and the man others think he is. He is sure to have read it for he has read widely. Undoubtedly he has also said it, for he has made a specialty of saying things that have been said before, even that he has said before.

As for the man he thinks he is, he has written a long autobiography with plentiful data, from which it may be deduced that he is a man with great possibilities and a great mission, to wit: to precipitate in Italy a spiritual revolution, to bring to his countrymen the gospel that it is time to be up and doing, and that intoxication with past successes will not condone present inertness. He has been chosen to teach men that the best of life is to be found in purposeful action regardless of inconsistencies, contradictions, and imperfections; that the ego should be guided peripherally not centrally; that introspection is the stepping-stone to mental involution. In reality he is but one of many who are proclaiming those tidings in Italy.

The distinction between what he would like to be and what he thinks he is, is not so marked as in more timid and less articulate souls. Sub-

stantially, it is this same calling of prophecy which is his aim. As for the man he is, time and his own accomplishments alone will show. Now, at the zenith of his creative power, he is still a man of promise, a carrier pigeon freighted with an important message who, instead of delivering it, exhausts himself beating his wings in a luminous void.

In Giovanni Papini these four aspects stand out very distinctly. Let us take them up in inverse order, since what others think of a man is soon stated and what he really is, is a vague goal to be approached only distantly, even at the end of this paper. Reginald Turner says:

Papini is by far the most interesting and most important living writer of Italy. "L'Uomo Finito" has become a classic in Italy; it is written in the most distinguished Italian; it can be read again and again with increasing profit and interest...its Italian is impeccable and clear.

J. S. Barnes calls him the most notable personality on the stage of Italian letters today, and G. Prezzolini writes: "His mind is so vast, so human, that it will win its way into the intellectual patrimony of Europe." I cannot go all the way with these adherents of Papini. I have talked with scores of cultured Italians about his writings and I have heard it said "he has acquired an enviable mastery of the Italian language", but I have never once heard praise of his "impeccable

160

and clear Italian"; nor do I hold with Mr. Barnes that he is unquestionably the most notable personality save D'Annunzio on the stage of Italian letters today. We would scarcely call Mr. Shaw the most notable personality on the stage of English letters today. Surely it would be an injustice to Mr. Kipling, Mr. Wells, and Mr. Conrad. It might be unjust to Mr. Swinnerton.

Papini is an interesting literary figure particularly as a sign of the times. During the past generation there has been in Italy a profound revolt against what may be called satisfaction with and reverence for past performances and against slavish subscription to French, German, and Russian realism. It is to a group of writers who call themselves Futurists and who see in the designation praise rather than opprobrium that this salutary, beneficial, and praiseworthy movement is due. Papini has publicly read himself out of the party, but apostasy of one kind or another is almost as necessary to him as food and most people still regard him as a Futurist; though he refuses to subscribe to the clause in the constitution of the literary Futurists of Italy bearing on love, published by their monarch Marinetti in that classic of Futuristic literature "Zang Tumb Tumb" and in "Democrazia Futurista".

It is now twenty years since there appeared unheralded in Florence a literary journal called the "Leonardo", whose purpose in the main seemed to be to overthrow certain philosophic and socialistic doctrines, Positivism, and Tolstoian ethics. The particularly noteworthy articles were signed Gian Falco. It soon became known that the writer was one Giovanni Papini, a contentious, self-confident youth of peculiarly inquisitive turn of mind, and of sensitiveness bordering

on the pathological, an omnivorous reader, an aggressive debater. He was hailed by a group of youthful literary enthusiasts as a man of promise.

In the twenty years that have elapsed since then he has written more than a score of books, short stories, essays, criticisms, poetry, polemics, some of which, such as the "L'Uomo Finito" (The Played-out Man), "Venti Quattro Cervelli" (Twenty-four Minds), and "Cento Pagine di Poesia" (One hundred Pages of Poetry) have been widely read in Italy and have known several editions. Save for a few short stories he has not appeared in English, though there seems to be propaganda, directed by himself and by friends in his publishing house in Florence, to make him known to foreigners. Like other Italian propaganda it has not been very successful and this is to be regretted.

Papini is like Arnold Bennett in that they both know the reading public are personally interested in authors. From the beginning he and his friends have capitalized his poverty of pulchritude and his pulchritudinous poverty. Giuseppe Prezzolini, in a book entitled "Discorso su Giovanni Papini", has devoted several pages to his person which he writes "is like those pears, coarse to the touch but sweet to the palate"; yet I am moved to say that the eye long habituated to resting lovingly upon somatic beauty does not blink nor is it pained when it rests upon Giovanni Papini.

In one of his latest books—it is never safe to say which is really his latest unless you stand outside the door of the bindery of "La Voce"—in one of his latest books entitled "Testimonials", the third series of "Twenty-four Minds", he reverts to

this and says that his person is "so repugnant that Mirabeau, world-famed for his ugliness, was compared with him an Apollo."

He does not get the same exquisite pleasure from deriding his qualities of soul, but as the face is the mirror of the soul no one is astonished to learn that "this same Papini is the gangster of literature, the tough of journalism, the Barabbas of art, the dwarf of philosophy, the straddler of politics, and the Apache of culture and learning." Nevertheless no prudent, sensitive man should permit himself to say this or anything approximating it in Papini's hearing; for not only has he a card index of substantives that convey derogation, but he has perhaps the fullest arsenal of adjectives in Italy and has habituated himself to the use of them, both with and without provocation.

I have been told by his schoolmates and by those whom he later essayed to teach, that as a youth he was inquisitive about the nature of things and objects susceptible to physical and chemical explanation. His writings indicate that his real seduction was conditioned by philosophic questions. Early in life he displayed a symptom which is common to many psychopaths: an uncontrollable desire to read philosophical writers beyond their comprehension. In the twenty years that he has been publishing books he has constantly returned to this practice as shown by his "Twilight of the Philosophers", "The Other Half", and "Pragmatism".

His first articles in the "Leonardo", which now make up the volume known as "Il Tragico Quotidiano e il Pilota Cieco" (The Tragedy of Every Day and the Blind Pilot), are sketches and fantasies of a personal kind—some of them fanciful and charming, some

with a touch of inspired extravagance that recalls Baudelaire and Poe, and faintly echoes Oscar Wilde's "Bells and Pomegranates", Dostoyevsky's "Poor People", and Leonid Andreyev's "Little Angel". Some of the stories have a weird touch. Others are founded in obsession that form the ancillæ of psychopathy. Take, for instance, the man with a feeling of unreality who did not really exist in flesh and blood but was only a figure in the dream of someone else, and who felt that he would be vivified if only he could find the sleeper and arouse him. This idea is not of infrequent occurrence in that strange disorder, dementia præcox. Take again the man who found his life dull and who covenanted with a novelist to do his bidding in exchange for being made an interesting character; and the two men who changed souls; and the talks with the devil reinterpreting scripture. All these awaken an echo in the reader's mind of having been heard before or else they bring the hope that they never will be heard again.

Although his early writings had an arresting quality, it was not until he undertook to edit some Italian classics published under the title of "Scrittori Nostri" (Our Writers) that they began to take on the features that have since become characteristic, and that have been described by his admirers as "rugged, vigorous, virile, rich, neologistic" and everything else the antithesis of pussy-foot. This feature, if feature it can be called, showed itself first in "L'Uomo Finito", a book which is admitted to be an autobiography. It introduces us to an ugly, sensitive, introspective, mentally prehensile child of shut-in personality who is not only egocentric at seven, but who loves and exalts himself and despises and disparages others.

This unlovable child with an insatiate appetite for information, found his way to a public library and determined to write an encyclopædia of all knowledge. His juvenile frenzy came its first cropper when he reached the letter "B" and he was submerged with the Bible and with God. The task was too big, he had to admit, but his ambition to complete some great and thorough piece of work was undaunted. He began a compendium of religion, then of literature, and at last of the romance languages.

These successive attempts at completeness are typical of Papini's far-reaching ambitions. "The Played-out Man" is a record of his plunge into one absorption after another. He discovered evil and planned not only individual suicide, but suicide of the people *en masse*. Next came the desire for love. His instincts were of a sort not to be satisfied by the conventional sweetness of "I Promessi Sposi", but from Poe, Walt Whitman, Baudelaire, Flaubert, Dostoyevsky, and Anatole France, he got a vicarious appeasement of the sentiment he craved. Then he encountered "dear Julian". "We never kissed each other and we never cried together," but he could not forgive Julian for allowing his friend to learn of his matrimony only through the "Corriere Della Sera".

The brief emotional episode past, Papini's life interest swung back to philosophy. He discovered Monism, and believed it like a religion. Then Kant became his ideal, then Berkeley, Mill, Plato, Locke, culminating in the glorified egotism of Max Stirner. After Stirner, philosophy has no more to say. Down with it all. It is necessary to liberate the world from the yoke of these mumblers, just as Papini has liberated himself. But how

to do it! Ah, yes. Found a journal that will purge the world of its sins, as the Great Revolution purged France of royalty.

Thus Papini's literary work had its beginning. It takes several tempestuous chapters of the autobiography to describe the launching of the "Leonardo" by himself and a few congenial souls. Nine numbers marked the limit of its really vigorous life, but it ran, with Papini as its chief source of material, for five years. Ultimately, with the dissipation of the author's youthful energy, this child of his bosom had to be interred. But Papini still goes to its grave.

The tumultuous introspective life of the author continued. He went through a period of self-pity and neurasthenia, then one of intense hero worship directed toward all radicals, including William James whom he had once seen washing his neck. Then came an immense desire for action, hindered, however, by the fact that the author could not decide whether to found a school of philosophy, become the prophet of a religion, or go into politics. His only inherent conviction concerns the stupidity of the world and his own calling to rise above it. This long, internal history ends with a period of sweeping depression, out of which the author at last emerges with the intense conviction that he is not, after all, played out, that there is still matter in him to give the world. He feels welling up within him a stream of arrogance and self-confidence that he is not to be damned. He has not yet delivered his message, people have not yet understood him:

They cannot grasp it, cannot bear to listen.
The thing I have to tell, unthought before,
Demands another language.

So he goes back to the market-place

of Florence, shouting: "I have not finished. I am not played out. You shall see." And it is at this stage that Papini's work now stands. We wait to see.

The "L'Uomo Finito" is Papini's G. P. No. 2. It is not fiction in the ordinary use of the term but in the sense that Mr. Wells's "The Undying Fire" is fiction. In a measure it is fiction like "The Way of All Flesh" of Samuel Butler. But in point of interest and workmanship it is far inferior to the former; and in purposefulness, character delineation, orientation, resurrection, and reform it is not to be compared with the latter.

Although it is the book by which Papini is best known, it is not his love-child. "The Twilight of the Philosophers" is. He is proud to call it his intellectual biography, but it would be much truer to call it an index of his emotional equation. "This is not a book of good faith. It is a book of passion, therefore of injustice; an unequal book, partisan, without scruples, violent, contradictory, unsolid, like all books of those who love and hate and are not ashamed of their love or their hatred." This is the introductory paragraph of the original preface.

In reality it is a cross between a philosophic treatise and a popular polemic, with the technical abstruseness of the one and the passion of the other, and its purpose is to show that all philosophy is vain and should make way for action. Although it indicates wide and attentive reading and a certain erudition, the only indication of constructive thought that it reveals is a rudimentary attempt to adjust the philosophic system of each man to the temperamental bias of the author. Others, Santayana for instance, have done this so much better that there is

scarcely justification for his pride. He could have carried his point quite as successfully by stating it as by laboring it through a whole volume devoted largely to railing both at the philosophers and at their philosophy.

From the point of view of the philosopher this book is "popular". From the standpoint of the people it is "philosophical". It is really a testimonial to the author's breathless state of emotional unrest. He is like a bird in a cage and he feels that he must beat down the barriers in order to accomplish freedom, but when they are fractured and he is apparently free there is no sense of liberation. He is in a far more secure prison than he was before, and to make matters worse he cannot now distinguish the barriers that obstacle his freedom. The wonder is not that a man of the temperament and intellectual endowment of Papini has this feeling, but that he can convince himself that anyone else should be interested in his discovery.

He that hath knowledge spareth his words, and the mistake is to consider words linked up as subject, predicate, and object, especially if the substantives are qualified by lurid adjectives, the equivalent of knowledge. He knows the "ars scrivendi" as Aspasia knew the "ars amandi"; Papini knows the value of symbolic, eye-arresting, suggestive titles. He realizes the importance of overstatement, and of exaggerated emphasis; he is cognizant of the insatiateness of the average human being for gossip and particularly gossip about the great; he recognizes that there is no more successful way of flattering the mediocre than by pointing out to him the shortcomings of the gods, for he thus identifies their possessions with his own and convinces himself that he

also is a god. Papini's sensitive soul whispers to him that the majority of people are thinking him brave, courageous, valorous, resolute, virtuous, and firm if he but adopt a certain pose, a certain manner, a certain swagger that will convey his grim determination to carry his mission to the world though it takes his last breath, the last glow of his mortal soul.

"They wished me to be a poet, here therefore is a little poetry", is the opening line of his book called "Cento Pagine di Poesia". And this though not in verse is characterized by such imaginative beauty, more in language however than in thought, that it is worthy to be called a poem. More than any other of his books it reveals the real Papini. Here he is less truculent, less Nietzschean, less self-conscious of understudying and attempting to act the part of Jove. He is more like the Papini that he is by nature and therefore more human, more kind and gentle,—would I could add modest,—more potent and convincing than in any of his other books. It is especially in the third part under the general title of "Precipitations" that the author gives the freest rein to his fantasy and is not always endeavoring to explain or tell the reason why, but abandons himself to the production of words which will present rhythmically the emotions that are springing up within him. It is difficult to believe that the same hand penned these poems and the open letter to Anatole France: "In these days Anatole France is in Rome, and perhaps returning he will stop in Florence, but I beg him fervently not to seek me out. I could not receive him". That quality of delusion of grandeur I have seen heretofore only in victims of a terrible disease.

Papini is never so transparent as he is in his "Stroncatura" and in his excursions into the realm of philosophy. His attack on Nietzsche is most illuminating. In fact Giovanni Papini is Friedrich Nietzsche viewed through an inverted telescope.

Nietzsche's volubility (indication of easy fatigue) makes him prefer the fragmentary and aphoristic style of expression; his incapacity to select from all that which he has thought and written leads him to publish a quantity of useless and repeated thought; his reluctance to synthesize, to construct, to organize, which gives to his books an air of oriental stuff, a mixture of old rags and of precious drapery, jumbled up without order, are the best arguments for imputing to him a deficiency of imperial mentality, a reflex of the general weakness of philosophy. But the most unexpected proof of this weakness consists in his incapacity to be truly and authentically original. The highest and most difficult forms of originality are certainly these two: to find new interpretation and solution of old problems, to pose new problems and to open streets absolutely unknown.

No one can examine closely the writings of Papini without recognizing that he has shown himself incapable of selecting from that which he has written and thought, and setting it forth as a statement of his philosophy or as an *apologia pro sua vita*. Constant republication of the same statements and the same ideas dressed up with different synonyms, is a charge that can be brought with justice. It can be substantiated not only by his books, but by "La Vraie Italie", an organ of intellectual liaison between Italy and other countries directed by Papini, which has been in existence now for a year, a considerable portion of which has been taken up with republication of the old writings of the director.

Even the most intemperate of his admirers would scarcely contend that he merits being called original judged by his own standards. At one time in his life Nietzsche was undoubtedly his idol, and I can think of the juve-

nile Papini No. 3 suggesting that he model himself after the Teutonic descendant of Pasiphae and the bull of Poseidon. Thus did he appease his morbid sensitiveness and soothe his pathological erethism by enveloping himself in an armor made up of rude and uncouth words, of sentiment and of disparagement; of raillery against piety, reverence, and faith; of contempt for tradition. In fact he seemed equipped with a special apparatus for pulling up roots founded in the tender emotions. He would pretend that he is superior to the ordinary mortal to whom love in its various display, sentiment in its manifold presentations, dependence upon others in its countless aspects are as essential for happiness as the breath of the nostrils is essential to life. In secret, however, he is not only dependent upon it, he is beholden to it.

When he assumes his most callous and indifferent air, when he is least cognizant of the sensitiveness of others, when in brief he is speaking of his fellow countrymen, D'Annunzio, Mazzoni, Bertacchi, Croce, and up until recently when he speaks of God or religion, he reminds me of that extraordinary and inexplicable type of individual whom we have had "in our midst" since time immemorial, but who had greater vogue in the time of Petronius than he has today.

Although the majority of these people are *au fond* proud of their endowment, the world at large looks upon it as a perversion and scoffs at them, and in primitive countries such as our own it kicks at them. Therefore they are quick to see the advantage of assuming an air of crass indifference, and with the swagger of the social corsair they are quick to express a brutal insensitiveness to the æsthetic and the hedonistic to which in reality they vi-

brate. They never deceive themselves. Papini knows his limitations and the greatest of them are that he is timid, lacking in imagination, in sense of humor and in originality, and is as dependent upon love as a baby is upon its bottle.

When writing about himself he hopes that the reader will identify him only with the characters whose thoughts and actions are flattering, but the real man is to be identified with some of the characters whom he desires his public to think fictitious. In one of his short stories he narrates a visit to the world-famed literary man. He describes his trip to the remote city that he may lay the modest wreath plaited from the pride of his mind and his heart at the feet of his idol. He finds the idol a commonplace, almost undifferentiated lump of clay with a more commonplace, slatternly wife, and even more hopelessly commonplace hostages to fortune. His reputation is dependent wholly upon the skill with which he manipulates card index and pigeonholes. Papini flees to escape contemplation of himself and the fragments of the sacred vessel.

Papini has been an omnivorous reader along certain lines; he has been a tireless writer and he is notorious for his neologistic logorrhœa but the possession which stands in closest relation to his literary reputation is his indexed collection of words, phrases, and sentences. This, plus knowing by heart the poetry of Carducci, and his envy of Benedetto Croce for having obtained the reputation of being one of the most fertile philosophic minds of his age, and his advocacy of the gospel of strenuousness, is the framework upon which he has ensheathed his house of letters.

No study of the man or of his work can neglect one aspect of his career—

his constant change of position. He knocks with breathless anxiety at the door of some new world and no sooner does he secure entrance and see the pleasant valley of Hinnom, than he feels the lure of black Gehenna and is seized with an uncontrollable desire to explore it. When he returns he hastens to the public forum and announces his discoveries, preferring to tell of the gewgaws which he discovered rather than to expatiate on the few jewels which he has gathered.

His last production augurs well for him because it indicates that finally he will bathe in the pool of the five porches at Jerusalem, the world war having troubled its water instead of an angel. November 30, 1919, he published in the most widely circulated and influential newspaper of Central Italy, the "Resto del Carlino", an article entitled "Amore e Morte" (Love and Death), which sets forth that he has had that experience which the Christian calls "seeing a great light, knowing a spiritual reincarnation", and which those whom Papini has been supposed to represent call a pitiable defalcation, a spiritual bankruptcy.

On February 21, 1913, he proclaimed in the Costanza Theatre of Rome, that "in order to reach his power man must throw off religious faith, not only Christianity or Catholicism but all mystic, spiritualistic, theosophic faiths and beliefs". Now he has discovered Jesus. In his literary ruminations he has come upon the gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, which set forth the purpose and teachings of our Lord and which have convinced countless living and dead of His divinity. We must forswear egocentrism; we must stop making obeisance to materialism; we must cease striving for success, comfort, or

power. Such efforts led to the massacre of yesterday, to the agony of today, and are conditioning our eternal perdition. Salvation is within ourselves; the Kingdom of Heaven is within our hearts; he who seeks it without is a blind man led by a blind guide. The road over which we must travel is bordered on either side by seductive pastures from which gush life-giving springs and which are covered with luxurious trees of soul-satisfying color that protect from the blazing sun or the congealing wind. And on either side are pathways so softly cushioned that even the most tender feet may tread them without fear of wound or blister. The sign-posts to this road are the four little volumes written two thousand years ago.

No one unfamiliar with that strange disorder of the mind called the manic depressive psychosis can fully understand Papini. There is no one more sane and businesslike than the leader of the Futurist movement, yet the reactions of his supersensitive nature have some similarity with this mental condition present, in embryo, in many people. In that mysterious malady there is a period of emotional, physical, and intellectual activity that surmounts every obstacle, that brushes aside every barrier, that leaps over every hurdle. During its dominancy the victim respects neither law nor convention, the goal is his only object. He doesn't always know where he is going and he isn't concerned with it: he is concerned only with going. When the spectator sees the road over which he has traveled on his winged horse, he finds it littered with the debris that Pegasus has trampled upon and crushed.

This period of hyperactivity is invariably followed by a time of depres-

sion, of inadequacy, of emotional barrenness, of intellectual sterility, of physical impotency, of spiritual frigidity. The sun from which the body and soul has had its warmth and its glow falls below the horizon of the unfortunate's existence, and he senses the terrors of the dark and the beginning rigidity of congelation. Then when hope and warmth have all but gone and only life, mere life without color or emotion, remains,—and the necessity of living forever in a world perpetually enshrouded in darkness with no differentiation in the debris remaining after the tornado,—then the sun gradually peeps up, illuminates, warms, revives, fructifies the earth, and the sufferer becomes normal: normal save in the moments or hours of fear when he contemplates having again to brave the hurricane or to drown in the deluge. But once the wind begins to blow with a velocity that bespeaks the readvent of the tornado, he throws off inhibition and goes out in the open, holds up the torch that shall light the whole world, and with his megaphone from the top of Helicon shouts, "This way to the revolution."

In a very relative sense, this is the mode of Papini. He is fascinated by the beauty and perfections of an individual or of a school, and he will enroll himself a member. But before he gets thoroughly initiated he gets word of another individual or another school which must be investigated. In the intoxication he defames and often slays his previous mistress. Thus his whole life has been given to the task of discovering a new philosophy, a new poetry, a new romance, a new prophecy, and their makers. In the ecstasy of discovery he cannot resist smashing the idol of yesterday that his pedestal may be free for the

more worthy one of today, and he cannot inhibit the impulse to rush off to the composing rooms of "La Voce" to register his emotions in print.

In his desire to be famous he reminds one of those individuals who would be liked by everyone, and who will do anything save cease making the effort. Pretending that he loves to have people hate him, he does not, but he would rather have hate and disparagement than indifference or neglect. He desires power—that unattainable he will be satisfied with notoriety. He does not agree with a fellow-poet that,—

On stepping-stones we reach to higher dreams
And ever high and higher must we climb
Casting aside our burdens as we go
Till we have reached the mountain-tops sublime
Where purged from care and dross the free
winds blow.

Were he a genius and at the same time had the industry that he has displayed, he would be the equal of H. G. Wells, possibly the peer of Bernard Shaw, but he is neither. He is simply a clever, industrious, versatile, sensitive, emotional man of forty, whose mental juvenility tends to cling to him. He has so long habituated himself to overestimation, and his admiring friends have been so injudicious in praising his productions for qualities which they do not possess and neglecting praiseworthy qualities which they do possess, that he is like an object under a magnifying glass out of focus.

But as Papini himself says, he has not finished. He is still comparatively a young man and the world awaits his accomplishment. If the function he has chosen is that of agitation rather than construction, of preparation rather than of building, he cannot be totally condemned for that. His environment is in a condition where

much destruction is necessary before anything real can be evolved. And as the apostle of this destruction Papini must be accepted. He stands as a

prophet, "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, 'Prepare ye the way'", and the generations will show whether it is indeed a highway he has opened.

HUMOROUS AND SERIOUS BOOKS ON MUSIC

BY HENRY T. FINCK

HUMOROUS books on musical topics are scarce. While a considerable number of musical critics have a sense of fun and the gift of wit, these qualities usually appear only in their newspaper comments. William James Henderson, for instance, has been for years a *bon mot* incarnate in his daily remarks on musical doings, but his books are as serious as sermons.

Among England's critics none is better informed or a greater literary artist than Ernest Newman, but no one would have guessed from his books on Gluck, Wagner, Hugo Wolf, Elgar, and Strauss that there was also in him a rich vein of humor. The readers of his short articles in newspapers and magazines got the benefit of this; and now the best of them have been collected and published in a volume called "A Musical Motley". It was surely unnecessary for the author to apologize for including these "gay" articles in a volume made up largely of papers that are "excessively grave". But Mr. Newman is never dull, even when he is grave. It was the dull concerts and operas he had to hear that made him turn to humor for relief. In these hours of suffering, he declares, a critic "must either go mad and deal

death all round him or see himself and his sad profession humorously".

Among the humorous articles in this book there are several that Artemus Ward or Mark Twain would have been glad to have written. Perhaps the most amusing of them is entitled "Composers and Obituary Notices", in which the author berates musicians for putting journalists to a good deal of inconvenience by their inconsiderate way of dying just before the paper goes to press. In most of the forty-four articles in this book the serious is mingled with the jocose. The sketch (pages 22-33) of the possibilities of the future, when one violin can be made to do the work of fifty, is grotesque; and yet it is brimful of suggestions for musicians and also, in particular, for the makers of good machine music, before which the handmade music will have to go down as the arrow had to go down before the gun, and the wooden ship before the ironclad.

The popular violinist, Jascha Heifetz, cordially agrees with Mr. Newman that enough is better than a feast. "I really cannot imagine anything more terrible than always to hear, think and make music," he remarked to Frederick H. Martens, who

interviewed him for a chapter in his book on "Violin Mastery". Fritz Kreisler told Mr. Martens he found practising of secondary importance to the necessity of keeping himself mentally and physically fresh and in the right mood for his work. Ysaye, the Belgian, in his talk with Mr. Martens, emphasized the patriotic note, complaining that writers on violin schools too often confuse the Belgian and French. "Many of the great violin names, in fact,—Vieuxtemps, Leonard, Marsick, Remi, Parent, de Broux, Musin, Thomson,—are all Belgian."

Interesting and important are Ysaye's remarks on the need of a new instruction book for violinists—a book including technical formulas for the new harmonies discovered by Debussy and others. "There is as yet no violin method which gives a fingering for the whole-tone scales. Perhaps we will have to wait until Kreisler or I will have written one which makes plain the new flowering of technical beauty and æsthetic development which it brings the violin." Maybe some publisher could persuade Ysaye and Kreisler to give the world such a book. It certainly would go like Salvation Army doughnuts in the trenches.

Italy used to be a great land for violinists, beginning with Corelli and Tartini and culminating in Paganini. Today we know of only one distinguished solo violinist active in that country: Arrigo Serato, who has also toured America. But for most persons music in Italy means opera and opera singers. For centuries students from all parts of the world have been going to "God's own conservatory" to study *bel canto*—the art of singing beautifully—and Milan has been for generations a factory for the wholesale production of opera companies—for export as well as domestic use. We are

forcibly reminded of this on reading the chapters on Italy in Clara Kathleen Rogers's "Memories of a Musical Career". Time was when Mrs. Rogers, under her stage name (Clara Doria), was among the most popular opera singers in this country as well as abroad. She was a daughter of John Barnett, called "the father of English opera", and before going to Italy to improve her voice she went to Leipzig for a general musical education. At the famous conservatory in that city she associated with several young Englishmen who subsequently became celebrated; among them Arthur Sullivan, who seems to have been a great lady-killer at that time. Concerning him and others who were or became famous, Mrs. Rogers has so many amusing anecdotes that her memoirs may be included among the humorous books on music. Pedantry was rampant in the Conservatory; the letter of music was held infinitely more important than the spirit; Liszt and Wagner were abhorred, Chopin belittled. To Clara herself (she was only thirteen at that time) and her father, "Tannhäuser" suggested the epithet "caterwauling". When she left the Conservatory to study with Hans von Bülow, son-in-law of Liszt and friend of Wagner, he tartly informed her that the first thing for her to do was to unlearn most of the academic things its professors had taught.

When Miss Barnett went to Italy, with her mother and sister, they tried at first to keep their German fresh in mind by speaking it; but very soon they learned that that, as well as unknowingly wearing Austrian colors, was a dangerous thing; they were taken for spies, and only by a miracle escaped a lynching. Adventures like these, and gossip about life in the cities of Italy in which Miss Barnett

sang, make her book of general interest. Music students will be attracted by her detailed accounts of what opera singers in Italy must expect. Her colleagues resented the presence of her mother; one basso frankly told her, "How I pity you people who do not indulge in lovers!"

Henry Edward Krehbiel's "Chapters of Opera", though it has some pages on Max Maretzek, in whose company "Clara Doria" sang here in 1872-3, does not go into sufficient detail to mention her doings in America. That volume (a much better title for which would have been "History of Opera in New York") is concerned chiefly with operatic events in the metropolis in the years 1880 to 1908. "More Chapters of Opera", recently published, continues the record up to 1918. Far from being a mere dry chronology and technical criticism, it is a mirror of musical life in New York, with plenty of gossip and even scandal. Much has been said about New York being, like the European cities, music-mad since the end of the war; but this is really not a new turn of affairs; the chapter discussing the rivalry between the Manhattan and Metropolitan opera houses has these among its headings: "An Opera-mad City" and "Over two Millions of Dollars spent on the Entertainment in ten Months". Mr. Krehbiel's is the only book in which one can find a complete account of the epoch-making way in which Oscar Hammerstein—to whom it is now proposed to erect a monument—put fresh life into the operatic repertory; particularly by featuring French masterworks that had been neglected at the Metropolitan, particularly those of Massenet.

"Massenet is one of the most brilliant diamonds in our musical crown. No musician has enjoyed so much

favor with the public save Auber... They were alike in their facility, their amazing fertility, genius, gracefulness, and success." This is the verdict of France's most scholarly composer, Camille Saint-Saëns. The autobiography of France's most scholarly composer, now appearing in an English version, must surely interest American opera-goers. American critics whose opinions were largely "made in Germany" have been in the habit of belittling Massenet; but there is more depth to his music than they think. Whipped cream is no less nourishing because it is whipped. Massenet was one of the most original of Frenchmen; he imitated no one, but many imitated him. The list of men who studied under him at the Conservatoire includes Bruneau, Rabaud, Charpentier, Savard, Hahn, Vidal, Florent Schmitt, Enesco, Bemberg, Laparra, Ropertz, Leroux—all of them now famous. Many others he taught how to compose. One of the details in his own way of composing an opera was, he tells us, to learn the words by heart so that he could work at the score mentally, "away from home, in the streets, in society, at dinner, at the theatre, anywhere that I might find time."

Saint-Saëns's reference to Massenet as one of France's most brilliant musical diamonds occurs in his volume entitled "Ecole Buissonnière". Of this splendidly stimulating volume, also, an English translation is now offered under the title of "Musical Memories".

A Musical Motley. By Ernest Newman. John Lane Co.
Violin Mastery. By Frederick H. Martens. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
Memories of a Musical Career. By Clara Kathleen Rogers (Clara Doria). Little, Brown and Co.
More Chapters of Opera (1908-1918). By Henry Edward Krehbiel. Henry Holt and Co.
My Recollections. By Jules Massenet. Small, Maynard and Co.
Musical Memories. By Camille Saint-Saëns. Small, Maynard and Co.

It should be in every library. It is virtually an autobiography, but the story of the author's life—he is France's "grand old man in music" (now in his eighty-sixth year)—is told briefly, so as to leave room for chapters on Rossini, Meyerbeer, Offenbach, Viardot, Louis Gallet, Delsarte, Victor Hugo, which, however, are also more or less autobiographic, for these were among his friends. The English volume omits some of the chapters in the original French edition and changes the order of others, for no obvious

reason; but the translation is none the less to be cordially welcomed. It provides the first opportunity to those who do not read French to become acquainted with the literary side of France's most scholarly composer who at the same time is never for a moment dull, at least in his books. Nothing could be more thought-stimulating than the pages in this volume on Popular Science and Art, Anarchy in Music, The Organ, Musical Painters, and The Liszt Centenary at Heidelberg.

WALT WHITMAN: FICTION-WRITER AND POETS' FRIEND

BY JOHN BLACK

WALT WHITMAN as a friend of poets is a new light in which to treat of this great figure in American literature. We are so accustomed to the picture of Whitman as a genius, variously ridiculed, denounced, and deprecated by his contemporaries, that the suggestion of his holding any other position in American letters of the mid-nineteenth century will upset many long-established conceptions of his status during his own life.

Yet this is the new light in which he is revealed to one who has been fortunate enough to have access to the files of "The Brooklyn Eagle" of 1846 and 1847, during which period Whitman was editor of that paper. A perusal of the newspaper's files of the days of his editorship brands as fallacious many of the theories as to his relations with his fellow writers. In

those days, when Whitman was the employee of Isaac Van Anden, owner of "The Eagle", we find that the poet's duties consisted of writing an editorial or so a day on civic and political topics, and of filling two columns with such verse or prose as might come to his hand.

An announcement of the paper's partisanship to poetry was published at the head of the first of these two columns when Whitman first became editor of "The Eagle". Immediately following this announcement, the files show, the poet began to receive contributions from writers everywhere. Fiction, poetry, and essays came to him in the daily mail, from authors destined to become immortal. That the poet published much of what he received is evident; that he read it all, is probable; that he was often

enthusiastic over the merits of contributions by authors, then little known, is made clear by the ecstatic paragraphs of laudation which would often preface a poem or a story. Longfellow, we find, was a great favorite with Whitman, lyrics from the pen of the New Englander being frequently printed in the poet's paper. Lowell, Bryant, and Whittier were other contributors. Whitman was especially partial to Whittier, probably because of the social message in the latter's writings. In some instances, the poetry published by Whitman was taken by him from contemporary magazines. Much of it, however, was original. A comparison of the file dates with Nathaniel Hawthorne's bibliography discloses that his story, "The Shaker Bridal", saw print for the first time in "The Eagle". The date of its publication by Whitman was October 8, 1846, while a Hawthorne bibliographer states that the original appearance of the story was in the London "Metropolitan", in 1850. Other stories which appear to have been original contributions to "The Eagle" are Hawthorne's "Old Esther Dudley", ultimately published by Hawthorne in his "Twice Told Tales", and printed by Whitman in his columns, July 28, 1846; and Poe's "Tale of the Ragged Mountains", printed by Whitman October 9, 1846, which according to one bibliographer never saw magazine publication.

It is not difficult to discern Whitman's touch in many unsigned articles and editorials which appeared in the paper during the period of his editorship; and, assuming that these, which included numerous book reviews, were from his pen, a view of the poet's literary taste is presented which contradicts flatly the impression that he

was as antagonistic to the current school of poetry as the current school of poetry was to him. Longfellow, in one of the anonymous book reviews of 1846, the occasion being the publication of a volume of his poems, was hailed as "the greatest poet in the English language". Other favorable, though more temperate estimates of the New Englander are scattered through the issues of the paper for the year. Some are in the form of introductions to poems which Whitman printed in his columns; others are in the form of supplementary paragraphs to the editorial columns. As it is known that Whitman personally directed the two columns used for miscellaneous material, and as Longfellow was frequently represented in these columns, the anonymous compliment to his poetry mentioned above can safely be taken as the sentiment, if not the actual expression, of Whitman himself.

Some attention to the poet's newspaper career is paid by Leon Bazalgette, in his interpretative biography, "Walt Whitman, The Man and His Work", which has just been translated into English by Ellen Fitzgerald. M. Bazalgette's field, however, was too essentially general to permit of any searching analysis of Whitman's career. The Frenchman's biography, sympathetic and glowingly eloquent as it is, can scarcely rank as an authoritative chronicle of the poet's life. It possesses, however, such multiple values of its own that the absence of detail with respect to Whitman's early manhood can be excused. The book tells little of the poet's activities during the all-important impressionable years twenty to thirty. It is irritatingly uninformative as to what he read and what he wrote in this period. Other stages of his career are equally slighted. But M. Bazalgette gives us

something that we have long wished for: an estimate of Whitman's influence and rating in France. It is as sincere as it is brilliant.

The translator has taken the liberty of abridging M. Bazalgette's book. This is regrettable and not easily justified. The day has passed when any revelation of Whitman's personal life could affect our estimate of the poet. The book's outstanding value is that it is the first notable Whitman biography offered to the land which has felt the poet's influence to a degree perhaps greater than any country except America.

Whitman's days as Brooklyn editor were full of interest and incident. Apart from the relationship established between the poet and his fellow authors, the most important revelation of his term as editor of "The Eagle" lies in his own contributions to its columns. These are, generally speaking, divided into two classes: editorials and prose sketches. The editorials, while of purely current and local value, are significant as showing his style of prose writing while yet a

young man. They are crisp, forceful, and vivid with that imaginative quality that was later to immortalize him in his glorious chants. The stories are still more interesting. Most of them were signed "Walter Whitman", dissipating at once all doubt as to the identity of their author. The poet evidently used these stories as "fillers" for his columns: they appeared on an average of once every eight weeks. The stories are amazing as the revelation of a side of Whitman wholly unknown to his general readers. They may not be found to contribute greatly to his reputation: he took for his theme the conventional topics of the period, and treated of them in a conventional way. Through them all, however, like a thread of gold, is traced the current of his social protest. Into even the most commonplace of these, Whitman weaves a moral. They contribute much toward a fuller understanding of Whitman's literary development at a stage when the genius of the "Leaves of Grass" was yet in process of conception.

Walt Whitman, *The Man and His Work*. By Leon Bazalgette. Doubleday, Page and Co.

COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

Are Our Novelists Fair to the Redheads?

NOT being one myself I feel that I am qualified as an impartial advocate for those who are. Years of fiction reading convinces me that novelists have been guilty of a great injustice to a very worthy class of citizens—the redheaded.

It is not that they have denied them beauty—when a novelist wishes to produce a heroine of devastating charm, in nine cases out of ten he endows her with red hair and in eight cases out of ten he adds to this green eyes,—but what a character he imposes upon this Galatea of his brain who is helpless to protest against the injustice of her creator! For instance, there is that arch-type of redheaded perversity,—Thackeray's sandyhaired, greeneyed Becky Sharp,—a malicious little sprite, unprincipled and incapable of affection. She has not even the merit of succeeding in her schemes, for she always overreaches herself.

Many other English novelists have this prejudice against combining red hair with a desirable character. Far be it from us to occupy space with a chronological record of redheads in English fiction, but we can all think of conspicuous examples. Dickens controverted one tradition by typifying treachery as a man, but conformed

to another by making him redheaded. It is impossible to think of Uriah Heep without making the red in his hair, eyes, and skin a symbol of the diabolical flames confined beneath the thin crust of his hypocrisy.

Novelists like to christen their redheads Glory—Glory in Hall Caine's "The Christian", is a robust, rollicking vampire. Exuberant in hair and personality, she so dominates the strong man who loves her that he is almost crazed by his passion for her as over against what he conceives to be his duty.

One of the most exasperating women we have met in fiction is the tawny-haired heroine of May Sinclair's "The Helpmate". She torments her child and husband, the former into an untimely grave, the latter to the verge of it.

The French are as bad as the English in their attitude on this subject—it was a Frenchman who said, "Redheaded women are either violent or false and usually they are both". Medusas in novels of the French Revolution are portrayed with flaming locks. Even so sensible a writer as Victor Cherbuliez (as a psychologist and a diplomat he ought to have known better), devotes a three-hundred-page novel to a redheaded renegade. The heroine in this book ("La Ferme du Choquart") is deceitful, vindictive, and scheming. Her towering pride borders on insanity and the author says

of her, "She lacked that grain of good sense which is the most valuable ingredient in the feminine temperament".

American novelists have also cherished the tradition of redheaded impiety. Howells approaches this type as nearly as his kindly style permits. In "The Rise of Silas Lapham" Irene is very beautiful with her azure eyes, trailing-arbutus skin and lovely red hair, but she is a menace to the happiness of her family.

From the field of American fiction, which fairly bristles with redheaded heroines of unlovely character, we cull a few more examples. Among the sublimated heroines of Henry James almost the only one whom critics have accused of innate vulgarity is redheaded Verena Tarrant in "The Bostonians". Edith Wharton is unable to resist associating red locks with a deplorable personality. One of the most disagreeable young American women in modern fiction is pictured in "The Custom of the Country". The novelist actually rubs it in with her persistent thrusting of Undine's redgold chevelure upon the reader's attention. The éclat of this heroine's youthful beauty is not worth the effort of any honest human being, so arid and cheap is her personality. Marion Crawford devotes his most powerful novel, "Casa Braccio", to the psychology of a redheaded woman,—and what a repellent character he gives her! She possesses a restive and destructive brain beneath a mane of redgold hair. She ruins the men who love her and dies herself of spleen and ennui.

But enough of these disagreeable figments of author's brains—Is it not time to cry halt to this tradition of redheaded vampires? Granted that red in the skin and hair indicates iron

in the blood, does not this iron beaten to a glow by life's vicissitudes generate energy and ambition, instead of baleful passion?

Haven't you known many a redhead of excellent moral fibre, and did you ever know one who was dull or worthless?

CATHERINE BEACH ELY

On Living With Lucinda

LUCINDA writes. At least so she replies to inquirers as to what she "does" in these pragmatic days when every unmarried woman in the thirties, such as Lucinda and I, "does" something. I do not wholly understand Lucinda's answer. "Writing" covers such a variety of—sins, I was about to say—of forms, that I should think that Lucinda would say that she does essays or plays or stories or poetry, just as I say that I am in insurance instead of in business. But writing is not business, as Lucinda implies reproachfully with her shadowy gray eyes when I fail to respond delicately and appreciatively to a new idea. I suppose that she can hardly say she is doing essays or poems or plays or stories when she is creating an entirely new form. The new form is not prose and not verse. Neither is it free verse—Lucinda shudders at this suggestion and says that free verse was born with death already at its throat. I hesitate to tell you about Lucinda's new form for fear you will smile, and I love Lucinda. When she has lived a little harder, she will write better. Just now she sits down at her desk and lets the Creative Wish tell her what to write. I don't think

he—or it—tells her very clearly, because her papers are crazily criss-crossed and I am always bringing her home new erasers from the office.

Lucinda belongs to a "group". The boys in my office speak of the gang or bunch to which they are attached, and I myself have been decoyed into clubs, but Lucinda has a share in nothing so commonplace. The "group" is a serious circle to which I may never refer frivolously without having her hiss "Philistine" at me—whatever that may mean. Obviously I am not a member of the group; I simply own the apartment in which Lucinda and I live together and in which the group gathers for talk, as they say, and for refreshments, as I know, from the number of sandwiches I make and they consume. Talking does make one hungry, and ye gods! how they do talk! They are all writers and talk about nothing but writing. They can spend a whole evening and halfway to dawn arguing about the faults of a single play or novel. It is inconceivable to me that one piece of literature can be so bad as they find it. I could not find a similar number of defects in a whole library. They get positively happy disagreeing over the deficiencies in a play. They are not content to damn a thing and let it die; they disagree as thoroughly as doctors at a consultation as to the reason for its extinction. The more successful a thing is, the more dreadful they find it. If I enjoy a book, I have learned never to tell them so. They used to smile cornerwise and avoid politely any discussion of the book while I was still in the room. Later I would catch murmurs of damnation.

They have a strange attitude toward success. Apparently to be successful is to be commonplace. Now in my business, the more people we insure,

the more successful we are, but the converse seems to be true of literature. The group has the notion that if an article is accepted, it cannot be good, and yet they are always trying to get things accepted. When the one man among them whom I considered to have normal intelligence, sold a series of stories to a popular weekly, he soon stopped coming to the apartment. Though the others called him the "money-changer" and sighed it was "such a pity" whenever his name was mentioned, it is my idea that he deserted, and not that they cast him out, as they claim. But then, I don't, as Lucinda says, "understand".

They read a great deal, their own work, of course. I do not attend these readings, since I know nothing about literature as it is made today and would, therefore, disturb the circle of sympathy. The apartment is so small, however, that I am forced to hear more or less of what is read. I must confess that I respect the judgment of the editors who reject what the group write. I think the readers themselves do too, for it is my private, never-to-be-murmured opinion that they read to be encouraged and not to be criticized. Of course, the theory of the group is that they shall constitute a perfect forum of honest criticism by which the author shall abide. From my observation the reader laps up the encouragement and discards all unfavorable comment as unintelligent.

Perhaps I am too severe on Lucinda's group; I may be a Philistine—whatever-that-may-mean; they may all be the neglected geniuses each secretly assures himself he is. I am influenced, I admit, by a thoroughly reasonable grudge I hold against the lot,—they use me for copy! I am to them the Average Human Being. I do not write or know anything about

writing. The Creative Wish never wished anything on me, as my office boy would put the point. Since I am entirely untalented, the group therefore regard me as a perfect specimen of the General Public. They pursue my reactions on any and all points with the zeal of a hunter for a fox. They lay mental traps, springing questions at me even as I come into the room bringing them long drinks—they talk so much they are always desperately thirsty. When I answer, they cross glances triumphantly. A week later, they read and I have to overhear articles in which my opinions, usually distorted beyond the recognition of anyone not familiar with the "creative process", have become the attitude of a large section of the human race. It is hard for the world in general to be blamed for my opinions, but fortunately the world rarely has to know it is blameworthy, since the articles do not often appear in print.

For example, the group asked me recently what I thought of Bodge in his new play. I replied that I liked him; he amused me when I had brain-fag. Laughter, all doctors agree, is a better tonic than unnecessary tears and besides, the insurance business uncovers its own tragedies. Anyway, I *liked* him. The silence after my comment was so very quiet that I am sure I know the quality of the stillness while anarchists wait for the bomb they have planted to explode. Nobody spoke, but the atmosphere hissed with the unuttered "There!" Then Lucinda, who cannot help being a lady, remarked: "Lydia, this is delicious iced tea."

Only last night, as a corollary to this incident, Beekman, who is fat, read a tirade on "The Extinction of the Theatre", in which he deplored the attitude of the public which goes to

the theatre to be amused. I once saw—and was not amused by—a play of Beekman's which the group put on at a little theatre for a choice circle of sympathizers. (Beekman, by the way, has not written a play since. He always has something in mind, but not on paper.) In Beekman's play, a man, discovering that he has leprosy, kills himself, wife, and child, lest they should all be infected. When they are in the last throes, a doctor, hastily summoned, says the man hadn't leprosy, after all. The group acclaimed the play as a masterpiece of realism. Needless to say, I did not enjoy the performance. "What chance", said Beekman, hitting back at me in his "Extinction", "has realism with a mob which turns down its thumbs on anything which does not tickle its risibles? When shall the true drama get a hearing? Lives there no longer a public not too soft to endure the torments of a fellow man upon the stage?" No, Mr. Beekman, the public of which I am your sample, does not any longer choose to pay its cash for the privilege of being merely tormented. If I must be harrowed, I want to get a sense of righteousness in the harrowing, some fundamental principle which I can store away as a bulwark for moral defense at later crises. When I said something of this sort, Mr. Beekman promptly rapped in his next paper the Puritan public which insists that a moral be served with every drama.

I have even appeared as the heroine of a very modern novel in which the leading woman is made to choose between domesticity with a husband and business. In earlier days, I have wept over marvelous voices sacrificed in the matrimonial mausoleum of the Home—not my phrasing but that of the popular serial—and have suffered with

actresses obliged to sacrifice careers to husbands who could not endure the thought of their earning a copper cent; but I have yet to learn the lure of business, though I have earned my living by it for eleven years. In this novel I was aflame with ambition. I believe I was made to sell stocks and bonds instead of insurance, but I was absorbed in buying and selling. I ate, drank, and slept with stocks and bonds in my mind. I dreamed always of—not gain, but financial glory. I had the lust for power over other people's bank accounts. And then a man came and asked me to wash his dishes and cook his dinners and be his wife. Of course I refused him—in the novel. My would-be husband's love turned to jealousy of his rival, my business; he became my enemy in a desperate war on the stock exchange. Twenty years later, we broke each other. I have always longed to steal the manuscript of the novel to read to my associates. Ada Millbank wrote it, Ada who has so little business acumen that she has been known to take her July rent on June 30 to buy a muff for the next winter. I have never been able to account for the overwhelming ambition with which Ada endowed me, since my chief interest in my occupation lies in the fact that it provides me with tea and toast and occasionally steak. Just before Ada evolved the story, I did refuse Dick Halliday, as I fear Lucinda may have hinted, but I did so for no other reason than that I did not care for him. He did not want me, either, as much as he did a wife and a home—it is the men who want the homes, regardless of the writers who write otherwise.

Even Lucinda uses me for literary purposes. She thinks I do not know because she disguises my thoughts and words in generalizations. For ex-

ample, she has made capital of my preference for vanilla ice-cream in chocolate ice-cream soda. In summer I am as devoted to ice-cream soda as a school girl or a man working off the tobacco habit. I remarked casually to Lucinda upon the fortunes squandered for ice-cream in a modern lifetime. Not long after Lucinda produced an article on "Modern Puritanism", in which she discussed relics of the Puritanical attitude in contemporary thought. My preference for vanilla ice-cream became an inheritance from Puritan ancestry. How? Lucinda argued that since human nature is a constant, fundamental characteristics simply reappear in new aspects. Puritanical principles exist today, she declared, reacting to new conditions. To the Puritan, modern extravagances for purely physical comforts would be appalling. "Take so simple a matter as ice-cream soda," said she; "I have a friend who salves her conscience for spending money on anything so fleshly as ice-cream soda by eating vanilla instead of chocolate ice-cream in a chocolate drink,—a less Epicurean mixture."

If Lucinda went always so far astray, I should not care, but the Creative Wish has a habit of telling her my inmost secrets, particularly after we have had a brisk walk in the winter air. Lucinda sees too clearly, understands too much at such times. I doubt if she realizes that it is my soul she is dissecting in the verses she produces. She thinks she is generalizing from her own experience, whereas she is making my self a symbol for the race. To her, even as to the group, I am at these moments the Average Human Being and not her oldest friend.

I like to be helpful, but the highest altruism could find no joy in serving as a Type.

LOUISE WHITEFIELD BRAY

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BOOK COLLECTOR

BY GABRIEL WELLS

COLLECTING has come to hold an exalted position in the round of leisure activities. The distinct recognition of its merits is a most commendable feature in the movement of modern culture. There is no activity which approaches the occupation of collecting in the liberalizing influence which it exercises upon the mind of one engaged in it. Collecting stands midway between sport and trade. It is too serious for sport, and too playful for trade.

What is a collector? If a person acquires things without reference to their use, merely to satisfy his fancy, he is a collector. The objects thus acquired may be paintings, postage stamps, violins, pistols, snuff-boxes,—anything of human interest, with the appeal to one's fancy conformably diversified. But whatever the specific character of the appeal may be, it never proceeds—and therein lies the crux of the matter—from the thing as such; that is, from its primary attributes. Which naturally at once raises the question: "What then is it that stirs the fancy, what is it that stimulates the interest for collecting?" It is the "fringes" of things. Things have an entity which constitute their identity; and they have fringes which constitute their differentia. It is these fringes which fasten themselves upon the fancy. Let it be watches.

One does not collect watches to be the better posted on the time. A single watch would fulfil the need. It is the peculiarities which the different makes of watches display which clinch the appeal.

A man becomes charmed with the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam". He afterward comes across another edition of it, and he acquires that as well. Later he discovers that there is still another edition, and this he also procures, and then another, and many more yet; until he has gathered together maybe a hundred different editions. Does he read them all? Plainly, no. What he does is to note their variations to the delight of his fancy. There are some sixty odd examples of Corot in Ex-Senator Clark's collection of paintings. Were they acquired for the purpose of adorning the walls of his living quarters? A famous American book collector at a recent auction in London, paid a tremendous price for a copy of "Venus and Adonis"—a sum of money large enough to buy a handsome residence on Riverside Drive. Was his anxiety to capture at any cost this tiny treasure of a book prompted by a desire to familiarize himself more thoroughly with Shakespeare's immortal poem?

No; it is, as I submit,—to collect is to bow to fancy.

The highest form of collecting is

180

book collecting, for the reason of its greatest degree of complexity. In other lines the appeal is largely emotional, while in the case of books—and by this I mean all literary products—the interest is chiefly intellectual. Not that this interest even in books takes its rise in the intellect. Nor indeed should it. In order that the collector should pass through the proper evolutionary stages, the interest is to start on the emotional plane. To qualify as a book collector one need not be of a studious turn of mind, or even possess an overfondness for reading. If anything, this is apt to spoil one. Great readers are no respecters of books. Darwin used to tear a few pages from a book to read on the train. Edward Fitzgerald had the habit of separating the part of a book he liked, while discarding the rest; so that he is said to have had few perfect books in his library.

The other day I was shown a letter written by a young New England business man, in which he writes: "Gee, but I'd like to get a fine set of Bret Harte's. How much would it cost, and is it obtainable? I was always stuck on that fellow, but I like Kipling the best of any fellow I ever read. He appeals to me. I'd love to read this afternoon again how Fuzzy Wuzzy broke the British Square. Can you send it to me elegantly bound?" This young man has the making of a collector. He has a genuine affection for books. He likes to fondle them and would not hurt their being on any consideration.

The start in collecting in most cases is simple. The impulse for it arises through an appreciative, intimate contact with the work of an author—a sort of spontaneous generation. The incipient steps might be as ingenuous as this: a man reads a book, and en-

joys it. Perhaps he reads it again. By and by he feels a desire to have this book in a more pretentious form. He goes to a bookshop and asks the salesman, as the case may be, "Have you Stevenson's 'Treasure Island'?" He is shown an ordinary copy with linen covers. "I have that," he says. "What I want is a more attractive edition, better paper, larger type, and in a more durable binding." He says it in a tone as if he felt a sort of gratitude for pleasures received. The salesman then shows him a copy of what he describes as a de luxe edition. When told the price he is at first rather startled at the disparity in value, but after it is explained to him that only a limited number of this edition have been printed, and the type distributed, and so on, he feels satisfied and buys the book.

In buying this book he has made a start toward collecting. He bought a book he has already read, but bought it for its appeal to his fancy. Next time the salesman sees him in the store, knowing the man's foible for Stevenson, he calls his attention to still another edition of "Treasure Island", or maybe to some other of Stevenson's books. After a while he makes him get interested in some first edition of this author, not necessarily in the original cloth it was issued; but just an ordinary copy with edges cut, newly bound. That does not matter. It is just as well that he should know nothing as yet about the finer points. Let him grope his way at first, and find out gradually for himself the intricacies of collecting. One who starts out with a full-blown consciousness of what he wants, and begins to be finicky right at the outset,—insisting that everything be in the original boards, uncut, with paper label, and even so many pages of ad-

vertisements at the end,—never will have a full share of the thrills of collecting; and what is more, his development will be mechanical, and his growth arrested. He will pay the penalty of the wide-awakeness of the precocious child. How, forsooth, is one to develop, if starting at the top?

To love perfection is laudable, assuredly. To strive for the best, is the very meaning of evolution; so who is there to find fault with such aspiration? To strive, yes; but not to outreach. Seldom any good comes of a premature desire. If one attains the object, the chances are one will not adequately appreciate it. But the more likely outcome is that one may never attain it, and this for the reason that, with one's as yet chaotic sense of values, one is apt to fail to grasp the opportunity even when it does present itself; or, worse still, by way of a backward evolution, one often ends by losing interest in the thing altogether. To wish for a thing and have its fulfilment unduly protracted is fatal. The interest simply exhausts itself for lack of sustenance—a case of devolution. "I shall wait until I get a copy such as I have set my mind on," he would protest, the novice who has had something put into his head. Wait, indeed. That was not the way Robert Hoe went about it, and none knew the right way better. Stickler for "points" as he was, he secured what was available for the time being, and then waited. Simultaneously with his diligent search for ever-fresh items, he was constantly on the lookout for finer copies of items already in his collection. In this manner, not only the collection as a whole was enlarging and developing continually, but each individual item went through a progressive development of its own. This mode of procedure multiplies the

pleasures, moreover; while diminishing the nervous strain of uncertainty. It is the natural, spontaneous method, and the safest.

It is interesting to note that the biggest collectors commenced in a naive, undefined, crude manner. That prince of collectors, the late J. Pierpont Morgan, as is known bought at first indiscriminately. He bought all sorts of subscription sets, ornate bindings, and what not. He went on acquiring in this way until, by degrees, he reached the stage of differentiation. With his inborn connoisseur's instinct he reached that stage in comparatively short order; and from it soon rose to the ultimate stage.

There are three stages in the evolution of a book collector. They are assimilation, differentiation, and integration. Some never get beyond the first, most get entangled in the ramifications of the second stage, and only the superior few ever ascend to the point of integration.

To be sure, nearly all great collectors had a primitive, nebulous start, acquiring things promiscuously without a directive central thought. Take the towering figure of Henry E. Huntington himself; or the Clarks, the two highly evolved collectors of California; or Herschell V. Jones, or John L. Clawson, or W. T. Wallace, all of whom commenced their collecting in a more or less wabbling fashion. They used to buy all kinds of "junk"—in the pet phrase of a class-inspired confrere—and buy with their usual gusto. And I have also in mind one of our most intelligent and fastidious collectors today. He would send to the binder hundreds of books and spend thousands of dollars to have them rebound, thereby incidentally lessening their value from the higher standpoint. Not that he is in the least re-

gretful—not he. Very likely, with his fine sense of humor, part of the expenditure he placed to the diversion account, anyway. Mentioning diversion, and having made some other remark a little above, it may not be amiss at this juncture to put in a charitable word for the much-reviled book agent. He has no doubt shown himself in unenviable lights more than once, and has killed many a tender plant by his forward methods; but, on the other hand, he has to his credit the sowing in unexpected spots of seeds which developed into robust growths. The matter with the book agent is that he has an insecure tenure.

Some of the full-fledged collectors may not possibly relish the idea of being reminded of their humble start, any more than many of us like to look squarely in the face the evolutionary theory of the origin of our being. But all of this is false pride. The lower down in the scale one starts, the more creditable is the ascent. Give me by all means a naive, unsophisticated man, but one inspired with enthusiasm. Let him have only a vague idea in his mind of something or other; and he will soon begin to develop, if placed in the right atmosphere.

A man loves books. Well, let him browse around among the shelves of a bookstore, and pick up this and that. Let his sole guide be his own untutored imagination. It is much better for him if he has no mentor to direct his steps at first. If he is under rigid care in the initial stages, he will miss much of the zest of the thing; nor will he progress very far. But, unguided, he will make blunders and spend money foolishly? Let him; so long as he has it to spend, and is not overcharged. He is entitled to his fancy—is he not? Besides, he needs

the experience, and the shopkeeper needs the business. This may seem cynical, but it is not. It is the expression of life's own logic. Since when are we expected to ridicule the vagaries of our childhood and criticize them in the light of our advanced knowledge? The crucial test of the wisdom of a given action is: "Is it food for development, or is it poison?"

A gentleman once asked my advice as to how he should start collecting. I told him to buy the things which appealed to him personally, those he felt would give him pleasure in possessing, not the things which other people have, and which he himself perhaps would not appreciate. In starting this way one will derive satisfaction right at the beginning, and secure a wide basis of assimilation from which one may gradually rise to a higher and higher stage of differentiation. Imitation and emulation have their functions, but they must not be allowed to stifle the assertion of one's own initiative. There is a highly instructive instance which bears out this point almost to perfection. At the instigation of a friend who is a seasoned collector, an industrial magnate, who never before bought a rare book, walked into a well-known bookstore in New York one day; and, in a single purchase, procured a stately lot of top-notch items, spending about \$50,000 in the process. That occurred nearly three years ago, and the man has not bought another book to add to his initial acquisition since, although he realizes, as he admitted to me himself, that he obtained good value for his money. Those acquainted with the facts of the case still keep wondering whether this spirited gentleman ever will recover from the effects of the over-dose he took on that occasion. He has ample means, and could easily

afford to humor even an exacting fancy, but money in itself can never take the place of a whole-hearted enthusiasm. It is obvious that a desire, to be enduring, must spring from the person himself.

When one has already made a beginning in one's own individual manner,—with the line of development as yet inarticulate, that is, before one commences to specialize,—and is looking around for guidance and invites suggestions, I like to recommend, on general principles, the original edition of Burns's Poems—a handy, compact volume. Even the average reader is more or less conversant with this outstanding English classic; and consequently, the interest is readily enlisted. It is a case of linking a new experience to the old, which is an important educational principle. I show him, as a rule, the Edinburgh Edition, published in 1787, pointing out the misprints which are the distinguishing marks of the first issue, such as the word *Roxburgh* spelled *Boxburgh* in the list of subscribers, and the word *skinking* spelled *stinking* in the "Ode to a Haggis". The reason why I single out this edition is on account of these amusing points, and the extreme lowness of price in comparison with the Kilmarnock Edition, which was issued only a year earlier. Another book I like to recommend is "Gulliver's Travels", the issue with separate pagination of each part. This also is not a high-priced book, the same book with portrait without inscription in the oval being worth ten times as much. Still another of the great books which I have found to have a fascination for the intelligent beginner is Milton's "Paradise Lost". There are no less than eight different issues of the first edition, all of which agree in every particular as to the body of the book

itself, differing chiefly in the variations of the title-page. These different issues are spoken of as the first edition with the first title, second title, etc., while the price between the issue with the first title, and that with the eighth, is in the ratio of about twenty to one. The disclosure of these points immediately arrests the attention and produces a receptive, inquiring mood.

The main thing always is that the curiosity should be aroused. I remember a young collector to whom I had shown a copy of the First Edition of "Robinson Crusoe", but one which is not generally considered the first issue, having the word *apply* in the preface spelled correctly, instead of as the first issue has it, *apylly*. When I pointed out to him how much less the price of that copy was than the one with the word incorrectly spelled, he laughed and said: "Is that all? I think I will take this rather than pay so much more for the incorrect copy." Since then, however, he exchanged his copy for the first issue, and has gladly paid the difference, for now he has reached the stage of differentiation.

I spoke of enthusiasm as being the one essential in the collector. There are those who are filled with ecstasy in the presence of great items. I had a copy not long ago of the first complete edition of John Skelton's Poems in the original binding. I showed it to A. Edward Newton, whose book "The Amenities of Book Collecting" has done so much to stir up enthusiasm in this field. As soon as he saw it, he wanted it. Unfortunately, I was not in a position to let him have it, owing to a prior claim upon it by another collector. He submitted to the inevitable for the moment, but when he returned to Philadelphia, he at once wired me, "Shall not be happy without the Skelton." Is not that delicious?

Mr. Newton's friends, and their name is legion, will be pleased to know that he got the Skelton. Indeed, Mr. Newton is too intuitive a collector to wait upon the full maturing of his fancy, and thereby take the contingent risk of ever again meeting the prized item. The late Winston H. Hagen had a chance to buy the Van Antwerp copy of the first folio Shakespeare, and he let the opportunity slip by him, with the result that his important collection remained without a first folio he so greatly coveted. But, then, the fond hope was ever his.

And this brings us to the consideration of the most vital aspect of the question. Ordinarily to have a thing is more gratifying than to look for it. Not so when one enters the field of collecting. There the greater delight lies in the pursuit. The reason is that the collector while searching for an object is already in ideal contact with it. He knows the thing is there, and he feels quite certain he will find it; so he harbors an anticipatory sense of its ownership, with the edge of curiosity undulled by actual possession. Invariably, the sense of pursuit is what provides the keenest pleasure in the process of collecting. Here is a collector who undertakes to extra-illustrate the work of a favorite author. He will spare no time and labor to assemble the necessary material. He roams all over book-creation to find such a woodcut or a steelplate, or a colored view which he deems would best illumine a certain passage. While he is at work he goes through a succession of delights, which are heightened by the very difficulties he encounters. When the task is finished and the tension is relaxed, his interest in it presently begins to wane. Of course, this abatement of interest is only temporary, a reaction from the

zeal and energy he put in the work. Still, this goes to show that the element of pursuit is the predominating factor. I wonder, in passing, if the impulse for collecting is not but a modification of the hunting instinct imbedded in our nature. It has all the earmarks of it. Hunting is essentially pursuit with possession as the climax. That is precisely what collecting is. Often this element of pursuit becomes over-accentuated. Who has not met with the species of collector who would view an item again and again, play with it like a cat with a mouse, hesitant to arrive at a decision, and yet all the while wanting it; for fear, largely not self-realized, of losing, by gaining possession of the thing, the excitement and fun which he experiences in dallying with the present object of his fancy. In some isolated cases the sense of pursuit gets entirely detached, a mental attitude strikingly exemplified in the story told of an Englishman who sat by a lake in Belgium intently watching the behavior of his line. A native observing his actions ventured the remark that there were no fish in that lake. "No matter, my lad, I am not fishing for fish, I am fishing for pleasure."

This case, it goes without saying, represents an abnormal state of mind which must be combated. The objective element ought always to be held in balance with the subjective; else the desire dominates the person, and leads to all sorts of eccentricities. To proceed gradually on the wave of alternation between pursuit and possession, without undue pressure and yet with unslackening tension, is what insures a sane, well-balanced progress.

There are various types of collectors, resulting from the intermixture of three ingredients: temperament, intellectual bent, and pocket-book.

They may be divided into two large groups—the intensive, and the diffuse. An illustrious example of the intensive type is afforded by Henry C. Folger, the noted Shakespearian collector, while the majority of the collectors may be classed under the diffuse type. But there is still another type, the voluminous, which is a combination of the intensive and the diffuse, and of this type we have in Mr. Huntington a monumental embodiment.

The present widespread tendency to devote the margins of time to the pleasurable and informative task of collecting is a wholesome development.

It would be a good thing if people would grow to still better realize that collecting is a most effective instrument of intellectual enrichment and mental harmony; and by progressively enlarging the sphere of our activities, is conducive to a broad and serene outlook upon life. To collect the variegated products of human achievement and ingenuity is to get in touch with the forces of civilization, is to drink at the headsprings of history, geography, art, science, and literature. It enables a person to focalize the scattered rays of his cultural interests, to gather himself together, "to see life steadily and see it whole".

CONVERSION

BY ELIZABETH HANLY

O H I have felt a ship's deck
Heave under me and so
I know what gods and poets
And sailormen must know:
Why shiftless folk go seeking
What thrifty folk despise;
How broken men and cruel
Have beauty in their eyes.

Since I have seen new planets
Pricked in a deeper blue,
I know what Drake and Frobisher
And old Magellan knew.
And no smug folk in harbor
Need ever question me
Why men who hate her thralldom
Go back again to sea.

RECENT FRENCH BOOKS

BY A. G. H. SPIERS

An Oriental dancer's autobiography—a social novel by the French war humorist Maurois—Duhamel's war "Conversations", emotional reactions of a humanitarian idealism—an interviewer's symposium of German professional men's ideas on their country's defeat, the treaty and its application.

SHEMAKHA, Baku, Teheran, Constantinople, in the momentous years just before the war—we should welcome a well-written book upon these cities of Caucasia, Persia and the near East, were it nothing but the impressions of a European traveler. But Armèn Ohanian's "La Danseuse de Shamakha" is something far more human. It is no account of things seen from the outside which any foreigner, wide-awake and industrious, might record. It is the story of the author's own childhood and young womanhood written by an Armenian Christian and from an Armenian point of view. Armèn Ohanian is an artist known abroad for her interpretation of Caucasian and Persian dances.

There was much affection and joy, mingled with austerity, in the life of her family, dwelling in one of the villages sheltered like eagle's nests in the mountains, with their rose-colored citadels, their churches and their svelt minarets "d'où le chant nostalgique des meuzzins saluait le Dieu dans le soleil et se mêlait au son grave des cloches pour glorifier le même Dieu à la même heure." But evil days came to them when, an earthquake having shattered the town of Shemakha where they spent their winters, they were forced to remove to

Baku on the Caspian Sea. Here the children going to school were punished if a single Armenian word fell from their lips and the girls, the boys, their mother and their father each suffered in different ways, according to their characters, from the indignities put upon them by an oppressive Russian government. Finally, the father having died as the result of a massacre connived in by the Cossacks, the family was broken up and Armèn, our author, went to live in Persia. She adapted herself as best she could to the customs of Resht and finally spent some time sharing, although she was a Christian, the home life, occupations, and amusements of a prominent Moslem family in Teheran. It was from this town that she at length set out upon her career as a dancer—a career which took her first to Constantinople and then to Cairo, bringing her into touch with western Europe.

Armèn Ohanian styles herself "une simple vagabonde d'Asie qui aime et qui hait selon son coeur". She is also a woman of evident culture with a gift of simple, frank, and agreeable expression, a power to feel distinctions and a strongly marked eastern temperament. She was ready to admire western civilization; but on coming

to know it, she is by no means impressed; and her book echoes more than once not only a profound disappointment, but also the feeling that we might learn much from the East. "Je ne comprends vraiment pas d'où vient l'erreur commune à tous les Européens de croire l'Asiatique une esclave.... Je conseillerais à des suffragettes et à des féministes d'emprunter quelques préceptes de Mahomet concernant les droits des femmes. Perfectionnée par ces préceptes, la situation de l'Européenne, esclave de ses lois et de son époux, s'améliorerait pour beaucoup." She feels keenly under what handicap the dreamy Asiatic lives in the haunts of the European. "Moi aussi je n'ai pas échappé au sort cruel des lunatiques d'Asie en Occident et si je sais m'en débarrasser pour quelques rares instants, c'est à mes cymbales et à mon tambour que je le dois." The remark that there is but one law in the world, "manger son voisin ou être mangé par lui", calls forth from her the exclamation: "Que Dieu nous aide, nous autres, et qu'Il nous transforme de somnambules asiatiques en anthropophages civilisés!"

One of the most interesting features of this book is Armèn Ohanian's picture of the Armenian Christians, the primitive inflexibility of their religion, and the contrast between their austere lives and the lives of grace and ease of the Mohammedan Persians. It is only recently that their priests have understood that "nous seuls parmi tous les chrétiens du monde, ayant pris à la lettre les sublimes paroles du Christ, en restâmes les dupes, les dupes malheureuses des impossibles rêves. Et, ayant mis de côté leurs soutanes et leur crucifix" (through which, until now, these priests have exhorted the Armenians to nonresistance during the massa-

crés), "ils se mêlèrent aux insurgés." She makes a few rapid but telling remarks upon the concessions and compositions of the church of the West, for she has evidently suffered not a little from its insincerity. But she recognizes nevertheless the disasters resulting, in her opinion, from the attitude of her own people: had they been less literal in their Christianity, they would not now be so terribly decimated. Moreover Armèn Ohanian's own nature, encouraged no doubt by her stay in Persia, is somewhat in opposition to the attitude of her race; it was apparently the pressure of her life-loving temperament, with its desire for beauty, new sights and new sensations, and its delight in the mystic, the "irréel" (as she calls it) atmosphere which surrounds the dancer in the East, that made her set out upon her voyages, when forced to give up the easy life of Teheran.

The present book stops with Armèn Ohanian's departure from Egypt—not on her way to India and China where she longs to go, but to London whither she is forced by a contract signed in ignorance. I am told that she is at present in Madrid preparing a second volume describing her progress in western countries.

André Maurois is a public benefactor. To see his name on the cover of a new book reminds us that we owe to him, as we do to a few others such as Poulbot and Bairnsfather, one of the few moments of amusement that relieved the grimness of the war. It will be many months before we forget the delightful humor of his "Les Silences du Colonel Bramble", its well-told anecdotes, its feeling for character, and its understanding, so rare in the work of a Frenchman, of the vigor, courage and almost apologetic devo-

tion to high, traditional ideals that lie beneath the burly exterior of the Britisher.

Maurois's "Ni Ange ni Bête" is unlike its predecessor. Whereas the first is an unpretentious collection of detached episodes or sketches, this book is more ambitious. It consists of a connected narrative with at least a suggestion that the author has a moral to point. It describes the experiences and feelings of a political progressive during the agitated years of French history 1846-1852, the period of the republican revolution of 1848, the *coup d'état* and the return to absolutism under the emperorship of Napoléon le Petit. This democrat with socialist leanings is abandoned by his friends and driven from France by his enemies, the rewards for his too ingenious enthusiasm for reform being, in addition to his exile to England and a call on Lamartine, the possession of a trustworthy yet pretty wife and the opportunity to meditate upon the ideas of an easy-going philosopher who believes in the evident truth that "pour qu'une révolution soit utile, il faut qu'elle se borne à sanctionner une évolution déjà accomplie; et dans ce cas, elle n'a pas besoin de la violence."

This novel has many qualities. It is permeated with a graceful irony, and it treats with affectionate pity those who erroneously believe that human society may be made anew over night. I recognize and enjoy also the ease of Maurois's style. These qualities should and will, no doubt, appeal to many readers. But, speaking for myself, the book does not impress me. In spite of the grave thoughts upon the nature of man, prefixed to each of its three divisions, it is little more than a pleasantly written story in which the disappointments of humanitarian dreams are mitigated by the

comforts of requited affection. Only in the most superficial way, can it be considered an exposition of Pascal's great thought which has supplied Maurois with his title: "L'homme n'est ni ange ni bête, et le malheur veut que qui veut faire l'ange fait la bête."

In a former volume, as readers of THE BOOKMAN know, Duhamel plead for what was little short of re-education of the heart of modern society. He desired to substitute for our preoccupation with material and inanimate things an interest in, and a sympathy with, the feelings of our fellow men: in no other way, so he maintains, can the world recapture the happiness it has lost. That Duhamel has taken his own lesson seriously, that he practises what he preaches, there is no doubt; and it is this fact which lends charm and distinction to his most recent book, "Entretiens dans le Tumulte".

In certain ways this is the best work yet produced by Duhamel. At the outset of his literary career, he was earnestly seeking to give form and substance to an impulse which stirred within him. He had caught sight, with some indistinctness, of a new conception of what was most worth while in life, and he was trying to express this conception in a style equally novel. His writing at that time was strained, uncouth and even, at times, unintelligible to the average reader. This was particularly noticeable in the verse of "Les Compagnons", and was still discernible in certain parts of his prose "La Possession du Monde". "Les Entretiens" shows a decided advance. Duhamel is now more at home in the attitude of his choosing, and the question of form has settled itself, so true is it that "Ce

que l'on conçoit bien s'énonce clairement". His style was never so simple as in these "entretiens"; yet nowhere has he made us feel so strongly those subtleties of social intuition and human communings which are the distinctive feature of his inspiration.

With much skill, for instance, he brings out the mutual mistrust of two soldiers, both profoundly devoted to France yet so different in temperament that the tender, solicitous patriotism of the first is incomprehensible to the robust, unalarmed love of country of the second. Here he notes the peculiar contentment emanating from the presence of certain personalities: "Les choses vont ainsi avec Houtelette: quand il est là, on ne le remarque point, mais son absence est en général remarquée." There he describes the mournfulness, the sense of general oppression that sometimes comes upon a group of men and that seems inexplicable until finally traced to the sadness, quiet and unobtrusive though it may be, of one of their number. And still elsewhere he makes us share the loneliness of Cauchois: during the night and when dreaming in the daytime, Cauchois is conscious of his wife and child supporting him with their affection; but he misses, as the years of war drag on, "la grande pensée" of his countrymen living away from the trenches, "la grande pensée de là-bas qui nous enveloppait, dans les premiers temps, et qu'on nous retire, maintenant, comme un vêtement prêté." At times indeed, Duhamel's sense of emotional atmosphere transcends the individual, and then we have a striking description of what might be called the soul of an anonymous gathering.

Such passages as these represent what is perhaps the most lasting and what is certainly the most individual

merit of "Les Entretiens": they suggest that we are reading an author who is calling our attention to human truths of real value, which have hitherto escaped our consideration. But it is not these passages which will attract most attention at the present moment. They will be overshadowed by others expressing the likes and dislikes, the hopes and the fears of one who, having lived close to the realities of the war, speaks the mind of hundreds or thousands of the younger men whose opinions will soon count in the direction of the world's affairs. Duhamel detests the war, and he is alternately either put out of patience or saddened by everyone and everything which may tend to make its recurrence possible by obscuring its lessons. Written immediately before the armistice and in the months that followed its declaration, these "conversations" are mainly concerned with the reactions of a broadly humanitarian idealism, exasperated by the egoism and quibbling of politicians, delighted by the plain speaking and brotherly affection of Wilson (whose utterances Duhamel comes near comparing to those of Christ), and hoping against hope that there will be no return to the "morale usée", the "vieilles religions compromises" and the "institutions sociales et politiques condamnées" of 1914.

Certain of the "entretiens" are marred by impetuous irresponsibility of tone and expression; and others repeat arguments and ideas that have been more effectively and more thoroughly put forward by other writers. A few, however, have a real and pathetic appeal. Such for instance is that entitled "La Légende", in which the writer and a friend mark with dismay the futility of any attempt to pass on to men of future generations a

knowledge of the hideous experiences undergone by the men of the present: scarcely was the armistice declared when, on the very eleventh of November, "l'humanité tout entière contemplait le passé monstrueux et s'appêtait à en faire des souvenirs", with all the mendacious adornment which memory inevitably bestows. Such, too, is another "entretien" which recalls the words with which Duhamel brought to a close "La Possession du Monde". It is a plea for an attempt on the part of the nations, and especially of France, to try a policy of magnanimous and cordial disinterestedness—a plea in which, as a reply to the disillusioned arguments of an objector, he exclaims: "Ne discutez point; ouvrez vos livres et dites-moi si jamais, au long de soixante siècles d'histoire, les hommes voués à la direction des peuples ont eu l'originale grandeur de leur faire accomplir une seule de ces actions majestueuses et désintéressées qui ont fait, parfois, la gloire d'individus isolés".

Maurice Berger's "La Nouvelle Allemagne" is a timely book, consisting of a set of interviews obtained since the signing of the armistice from prominent Germans of every profession—diplomats, politicians, journalists, manufacturers, scientists, financiers, artists, and writers. It shows the ideas of these men upon realizing that Germany had been defeated in the war, their hopes concerning the peace terms, and the suggestions they wished to spread abroad in their efforts to make these terms and their application as favorable as possible. The interviewer has taken care to get,

as far as conditions would permit, reliable data upon the state of public opinion in Germany. That this state is not ideal from the Allied point of view, may be seen from the following extracts of Berger's conclusions: "For this nation of seventy million people the truth is simple enough: Germany was carrying on a defensive war. She had become too powerful and too rich: the envy of England and the rancor of France had schemed to ruin her". The Germans, generally, still believe in all the fanciful stories by which they were originally duped: French aviators dropping bombs on Nuremberg on the first of August, 1914, French doctors poisoning the wells of Metz, French officers preparing the passage of French troops through Luxemburg. "Today, it is true, some Germans are beginning to doubt the most patent falsehoods of earlier days and to uphold the theory of preventive war: the Allies had, according to this theory, forged around Germany a deadly ring which it was time, if ever, to break through.... The government of the German Republic is continuing to circulate the falsehoods of the former government of the Empire. The great mass of the population continues to be deceived by these falsehoods". And the result of all this is a tragic misunderstanding: "L'Entente agit comme un justicier vis-à-vis d'un criminel et ce criminel se croit un innocent puni par un coupable."

La Danseuse de Shamakha. By Armén Ohanian. Paris: Bernard Grasset.
Ni Ange ni Bête. By André Maurois. Paris: Bernard Grasset.
Entretiens dans le Tumulte. By Georges Duhamel. Paris: Mercure de France.
La Nouvelle Allemagne. By Maurice Berger. Paris: Bernard Grasset.