

once referred somewhat testily to "these vagrant Sam Slicks." The memory and the popularity of Sam Slick is even yet alive. The success of the character has led to the claim that Haliburton was "the first and only creator of a unique and distinct species of fictional characterization and speech and humor." The tradition is still handed on that Artemus Ward once referred to the Nova Scotian judge as "the father of the American school of humor." Professor Chittick in his volume on Haliburton proves himself an earnest and thorough destroyer of illusions. In a single blunt paragraph he assails a whole group of Haliburton myths.

Neither on the score of priority nor on that of paternity can the claim that Haliburton was "the father of American humor" be substantiated. He was not the pioneer American humorist. He was not the creator of the comic Yankee. He was not the first to write the Yankee dialect. He was not the earliest to attain exceptional popularity by exploiting the eccentricities of the Yankee genius. He set no fashions in American humor. He inspired no other American humorist. He made no impression, except of the most trivial nature, on the work of another. He effected no change in the traditional character of the "genuine" Yankee. What Haliburton did for the reputation of that worthy, however, entitles him to an honorable place among the many who have resorted to New England caricature as a means of either the entertainment or the edification of their readers. For he found the "genuine" Yankee, though widely known and highly valued, both as mountebank and pedagogue, ordinarily little different from a novice's low comedy figure, and though frequently utilized for the purposes of journalistic satire and music-hall burlesque, with little more than national appeal, and he left him elevated to the dignity of a recognized standing in the literature of odd types, listened to and applauded by a public that was truly international, and with fame and favor that give promise of becoming permanent.

This is the conclusion at the end of two chapters of thorough discussion of the origin of the Yankee type in American literature and the closeness with which Sam Slick approximated the true Yankee. The reviewer feels that the author has proved his points. Upon analysis the clockmaker is found to mingle the vernacular of the New England pedlar with the "tall talk" of the frontiersman of the Mississippi valley. Stamped indelibly on his personality are the characteristics of the Yankee and of the melodramatic western hero of the Crockett type. Haliburton, it seems, was a diligent collector of humorous stories drawn from both phases of American life. But perhaps the most surprising of Sam Slick's idiosyncrasies was his distrust of the democracy of his country and his staunch advocacy of the reactionary principles of a Nova Scotia Tory. It must be remembered that for Haliburton Sam Slick was not an end but a means. And Haliburton, rather than his literary creation, is the central theme of the book.

Professor Chittick sets his story of the Judge against the background of the Blue Nose politics of Halifax. At times, like the one when Lord Durham published his famous report, the scene broadens to a general view of the Empire. In all this provincial struggle for local autonomy and responsible government Haliburton appears, after his early experience in the assembly, in the guise of a Tory who seeks to oppose the inexorable advance of liberalism. Perhaps it is impossible for a generation reared in the environment of modern democracy to deal sympathetically with early nineteenth century Toryism. Professor Chittick certainly does not. He gives Haliburton scant credit for a long and vigorous support of a doomed cause. Yet the Judge was not a reed shaken by the gusts of popular emotion; he set his face unflinchingly against what he called popular clamor. There is a certain splendor in the fact that when his cause was irretrievably lost the old man refused to surrender and went "home to England."

Professor Chittick's study of the public life of Haliburton is all that could be desired. He has made a valuable contribution to the political history of the British Empire and to the literary history of Canada and the United States. At the end of the volume he summarizes his impressions of his subject. He finds two Haliburtons, "the forward-looking and respect-compelling Haliburton" and the "backward-looking, contempt-provoking Haliburton." It must be confessed that this analysis is not convincing. The man Haliburton as he was known to his family and to his most intimate friends remains little more than a shadow in his own biography. His inner life and the emotions and purposes which controlled it are not revealed. This volume certainly cannot be accepted as a definitive analysis of what Professor Chittick himself calls "one of the more interesting and more colorful personalities of Canada's pre-Confederation era."

## Taboos and Spontaneity

OUR CHANGING MORALITY: A Symposium.  
Edited by FRED A. KIRCHWEY. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. 1924.

Reviewed by RALPH BARTON PERRY  
Harvard University

EXCEPTION might be taken to the title of this book. In the first place, it is not clear that anything has changed. Miss Florence Seabury, for example, tells us that "as long as women are pictured chiefly as wife, mother, courtesan—or what not—defining merely a relationship to men—nothing new nor strange nor interesting is likely to happen. The old order is safe." Since Floyd Dell, W. L. George, H. L. Mencken, and D. H. Lawrence, all reputed to be exponents or symptoms of change, still conceive Woman after one or another of these "stereotypes," rather than as "human beings," there isn't any real change after all. This writer wants us to believe, not that morality is changing but that it ought to change; and this is sometimes, apparently, the meaning of her collaborators. On the other hand, assuming that there is a change to be reported, it isn't always clear that it is *morality* that is changing. Thus the Editor tells us that "men and women are ignoring old laws" and are appealing to various sanctions, including "their own tastes and desires" and "elusive dreams of a loveliness not provided for by rules," with which to fill "the gap that was left when Right and Wrong finally followed the other absolute monarchs to an empty, nominal existence somewhere in exile." This suggests that while morality remains the same, some people are changing their relations to it. And finally, assuming that there is change, and that it is morality which is changing, there is still a third doubt about the title. For if we are to judge the title by the content of the book, then we must suppose that the relations of the sexes constitute the entire content of morality; for the book deals with nothing else.

There is too much variety and individuality in the book to judge it summarily, and too much talent to judge it lightly. Most of it is worth reading, and much of it was worth writing; there is a good deal of wit, and not a little wisdom. Such writers as Bertrand Russell, Elsie Clews Parsons, Beatrice M. Hinkle, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Alexander Goldenweiser, Floyd Dell, and Ludwig Lewisohn commend themselves to any student of the age, whether he takes them as seers or as symptoms. Edwin Muir and J. W. Krutch eloquently plead the cause of romantic love. Sylvia Kopold and M. Vaerting contribute solid anthropological studies of sex, the one in relation to genius, the other in relation to "dominance." Scattered through the book, and interspersed with patches of shallow nonsense, there is much stirring appeal for justice, freedom, and humanity, and much shrewd comment on the times.

The Editor claims no more agreement among the contributors than is implied by their fearless willingness "to saunter up to the edge and see what moral disorder looks like," and by their alleged avoidance of preaching and dogmatism. But their aggregation isn't quite so casual as it sounds. If the authors "never announce or warn or reprove," and pride themselves on the fact, it is not simply because of their scientific temper or delicate consideration for others; it is because, as a group, and on the whole, they have a fairly definite attitude on moral questions. This might be summed up by saying that they don't believe in rules, either as an authority to obey, or as a standard by which to judge other people. They prefer spontaneity.

When people wish to imply their small esteem for rules they call them "taboos." But accepting the taboos as representing the moral rule in its most unpromising form, there are two things to be noted—in the first place, all human groups have them, and, in the second place, they have a way of turning out to be more or less rational when understood in terms of the group that has them, however absurd they may seem to an outsider. It is not an accident that morality assumes the form of rules, and that these rules are enforced by public opinion or by the state upon individuals that do not either like them or understand them. Morality arises from the primitive and inescapable fact that if appetites and other spontaneities are not controlled they will antagonize and destroy one another. Furthermore, most morality partakes of the nature of a contract, and requires of one individual a sacrifice which is rational only provided there is some guarantee of its being

kept by other individuals. It is only when life is lived under rules generally observed that it can be either fruitful or secure. This holds of most fundamental human relations, in which both parties have made concessions and commitments that would have no point from either party unless they were mutual and constant; and among these relations is the marital relation. A relation of this type is not debased by being legalized and guaranteed. No honest man feels that the legal prohibition of theft prevents his being honest from personal conviction. Similarly there is no reason why the existence of laws and penalties safeguarding marriage should be felt as destructive of the self-imposed restraints of honor and loyalty.

## Arab Life

THE ARAB AT HOME. By PAUL W. HARRISON. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1924. \$3.50.

Reviewed by C. E. ANDREWS  
Author of "Old Morocco and the Forbidden Atlas."

THIS is the finest book on Arab life and character that has appeared since C. M. Doughty's "Arabia Deserta," of forty years ago. It is, in fact, a complementary study to the glorious book of that adventurous old poet-traveler, for Dr. Harrison shows us the Arab as he appears to a trained observer with an orderly scientific mind. There is no more romance and mystery in the east to Dr. Harrison than there is to the oriental himself, for in twelve years of contact, with the intimacy that only a physician may gain, he is able to see the Arab as the Arab sees himself. The book is not concerned with picturesque appearances but with realities; it has a well ordered command of facts and the well grounded generalizations of an impartial mind, that of a philosophic observer with love, charity, and understanding.

The first few chapters deal with keen and orderly presented impressions of five different types of Arabs in the different parts of the country in which the writer has lived and worked. The differences between the character of the Bedouins of the desert and the oasis dwellers are thoughtfully and entertainingly brought out, to the advantage of the former, for whom Dr. Harrison has the highest regard. The chapter on the pearl divers of the east coast gives an intensely interesting picture of a strange community. Then in extreme contrast we see the life of the mountainous district of Oman and the town-dwelling Arabs of Mesopotamia. The chapter on the Arab sheik is one of the most illuminating of the book. The author in his praise for the Arab system of justice and the Arab sense of justice shows himself a philosopher able to appreciate a way of life totally foreign to that of his own country. The explanation of the duties of the sheik, his method of carrying them out, and the check, balance, and recall to which he is subjected, deserves a careful reading by students of political science. It is a very great chapter.

Dr. Harrison's observations of the British mandate in Mesopotamia throw much light on the question of the rule of oriental peoples by western powers. It is impossible to govern Arabs like Europeans; they admit the superior efficiency of the British system but regret the days of the easy going and corrupt Turkish government which was at least that of orientals governing orientals. The western notions of the sacredness of life and property actually may result in weakness and injustice. The chapter on the "Religion of Western Heathenism" should be read by all hundred per cent Americans. Here

### The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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WILLIAM ROSE BENET.....*Associate Editor*  
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Published weekly by Time, Inc., Henry R. Luce, President, Henry S. Canby, Vice-President; Briton Hadden, Secretary-Treasurer, 236 East 39th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription rate, per year, postpaid: In the U. S. and Mexico, \$3; in Canada, \$3.50; in Great Britain, 16 shillings; elsewhere, \$4. For advertising rates, address Noble A. Cathcart, Advertising Manager, 236 East 39th Street, New York. Circulation Manager, Roy E. Larsen, Entered as second-class matter July 29, 1924, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Vol. I. Number 27.

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is an arraignment of the industrial system and its materialistic aims that deserves a wide circulation among complacent money getters who have so much to learn from the peoples whom they call barbarous. "Contract and property are the gods of the West. The omnipotent Allah and human beings are the supreme values of the Arab." In fact, the west needs the Arab as much as the Arab needs the west, for he has a better sense of the value of things that are more excellent.

What the Arab needs is a broader point of view, a willingness to understand other ideas. The appeal of Arabia is not merely the fact that a splendid race is living in ignorance and poverty and failing to realize for itself a title of its possibilities. A superb racial endowment is going to utter waste, an endowment that is not the sole property of the Arab, but in a far deeper and truer sense is the possession of all men.

Dr. Harrison appreciates the finer qualities in Mohammadanism and in the character of Mohammad as very few writers have, and realizes its great appeal to the primitive mind, but he also shows its serious shortcomings in the lack of family life that it results in and in its utter intolerance of all outer contact. But he does not wish to transplant American Christianity to Arabia. He believes in teaching only the simple Christianity of the Gospels with the hope that the Arabs may work out an interpretation for themselves that will better fit the needs of an oriental race.

The style of the book is forceful and direct, and in the later chapters relieved by quiet humor, and full of personality. The reading of it should certainly correct prejudices against either orientals or against missionaries and leave one with a sense of humility in regard to our own boasted civilization.

## Rum in Your Tea

DISTRESSING DIALOGUES. By NANCY BOYD. New York: Harper & Bros. 1924. \$2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENET.

**A**DROITLY does Edna St. Vincent Millay preface Miss Boyd's dialogues, not all of which are dialogues. She is their "author's earliest admirer." These pleasant satirical pieces appeared in the pages of *Vanity Fair*, that austere arbiter of fashion, that elegant vehicle of art and letters which slightly inclines its head in passing to the wistful seeker after Correctness with a big C.

The satire of Miss Mil—Boyd's that slices deepest into the social fabric is "Out of Reach of the Baby." In its honor, probably, this discreetly indiscreet volume is habited in sumptuous black. It is an adequate description of the situation in which the contemporary arts, lively or even otherwise, find themselves in America. This cuts deepest, though "How to Be Happy Though Good" also displays acumen. But possibly quite as instructive are "The Implacable Aphrodite," "The Greek Dance," "For Winter, For Summer," "Knock Wood," "Rolls and Salt," "Two Souls With But a Single Thought," and "Tea for the Muse." "Art and How to Fake It," "Powder, Rouge and Lip-Stick," "The Same Boat," "No Bigger Than a Man's Hand," "Here Comes the Bride," "Cordially Yours," and even "Madame a Tort" are merely artfully managed stereotype. Yet the naturalness of Miss (well, out with it!) Millay's dialogue is a most decided merit of the book.

This poet pseudonymous is an engaging mocker. In poetry she has genius. As a humorous prose writer she possesses merely talent, though delightful talent. Her satiric excursions are easy to read. Her observation of the mild foolishness of men and women is always gay. The feat I have enjoyed most in this book, I think, is the riot of conversation in "Tea for the Muse." Only a dictaphone in perfect working order could, possibly, surpass it. Almost the very tones of the voices are rendered, the fatuity of the whole occasion perfectly conveyed.

"Distressing Dialogues" are, patently, pot-boilers, though "I Like Americans," and "Look Me Up" seem to proceed from a full heart. "Ships and Sealing Wax" might have been dispensed with. It is the nadir of inspiration. For those who demand "a laugh on every page," which usually means a guffaw at the perfectly obvious, the book, as a whole, may prove thistle-down. It parades the kind of pleasant artifice that elicits only an occasional smile. But it is also like rum in your tea. It truly cheers. And the land is in need of cheerful mockery.

## The BOWLING GREEN

### A Package

**T**HERE is a passage at the end of "Alice in Wonderland" that excellently describes how some farm-yard sounds, recurring under the dream, gradually break through the mist of Alice's fancy and bring her two worlds into one.

Living in a dream at Donville in Normandy, there were three special sounds, endlessly repeated, that used to come chiming through the uneasy apprehensions of one who sat in a thatched cottage trying to write. The jingling bells of the baker's high-wheeled cart and other *fournisseurs* who sped merrily outside our stone wall. The sudden appalling outcry of donkeys, like the scream of a rusty pump-handle. And, behind all other voices, the solemn hoot of the narrow-gauge train on the Chemin de Fer de la Manche. Such a little railway, and it took itself with such charming seriousness.

Yes, I am thinking this morning of those serious little trains that go trundling northward from Granville, through Bréhal with its slender spire, and Chanteloup with its chateau, along the green trough of the Sienne; past Gavray and Hambye (where is the ruined abbey) to Percy and Tessy. I can see the little engine, with two jacks on the bumper ready to hoist it back on the track if anything goes wrong. The engine has very tiny drive-wheels and a very tall smokestack; on the front of the boiler is a big handle that makes it look more than ever like a toy to be wound up. Then there come a couple of freight-cars, and two wagons for passengers. There is a first-class compartment upholstered in red leather, but I never saw anyone riding in it. Along the top of each car is a sign-board that recommends *Benedictine* or *Amer Picon* or something else to drink. And you sit on the wooden seats and watch the butterflies scared up in clouds as you go puffing through the slanting Norman meadows at perhaps ten miles an hour. At Bréhal you wait fifteen or twenty minutes while they shunt on a truck of baled seaweed. At Ver (the right name for a fishing village) the anglers get in with their creels of catch.

I like the Chemin de Fer de la Manche for taking itself seriously. Even when it misses the connection at Cérences (where it crosses the full-sized railway) you won't get any humility out of the young conductor. With a horn to squawk, a whistle to blow, a big leather box full of tickets of different colors and ratings, all sorts of miscellaneous baggages to hoist on and off, and a big turnip watch to look at now and then, he is a felicitous youth. I only wish he were a little more powerful, considering the weight of some of the dunnage he hefts. I have a horrid feeling that he is overstraining himself sometimes.

But now you are wondering why I am thinking of the Chemin de Fer de la Manche this morning, and why I can suddenly hear the dignified and continuous whistle of that little train. (It would go faster, I think, if the proud engineer didn't spend so much steam in whistling.) I will tell you why.

One of the pleasant perplexities in going abroad and then coming home again is connected with the matter of parcels. In spite of careful instructions, people will mail packages to your foreign address. They arrive after you have left, and then what happens?

There are several stations of the C. F. M. in Donville: in this way Donville and the railway, though both very small, keep up their self-esteem. There is Donville-Blancs Arbres, for instance, and Donville-Something Else, and Donville-Triage. (Just what *Triage* means I never could quite find out.) These stations are all very minute, but they are carefully listed on the time-table. Donville-Triage was *our* station. And the other day I get a letter from the Station-Master at Donville-Triage. I am sure he remembers me; he will not have forgotten how, the first time I wanted to take a ride on the C. F. M., I went down to call on him the evening before to present my compliments, apprise him of my intentions, and get all the dope. I wanted to know specially how to buy the right kind of ticket for riding in one of those open carriages. I must effectuate my trajet in full air was what I

told him. He was pleased at my enthusiasm and promised me everything. But then when the train came (it leaves Donville-Triage at 10.15, in case you should want to take it) they had left off the open carriages that day.

Well, it appears from the Chef de Gare's letter that someone, whose name he puts down as Fibert Saint Phila, (my guess is that it's someone on Filbert Street, Philadelphia, but I have no notion who) has sent me a package, and the question is what shall be done about it. I believe, for the honor of the Chemin de Fer de la Manche, I will copy the letter in exact translation:—

Station of DONVILLE-TRIAGE  
27 December, 1924.

Dear Sir:

There is arrived in the Station addressed to you, dispatched by Mr. Fibert Saint Phila, merchandises as follows:

1 Postal Packet  
which are at your disposition against the sum of  
O Fr. 86 for carriage  
O Fr. 25 for expense of notification  
Total 1 Fr. 11

I pray you to have these merchandises carried away immediately, warning you that at the expiration of the hereunder-indicated delay they will be submitted to the legalities of storage determined by the tariff.

The person who will take delivery in the Station will have to be bearer of the present letter fortified by your signature at the bottom of the following notice.

If they were not lifted away from the Station in the 48 hours from the putting to post of the present letter of advice, they would be able to be trucked away from the office, and without other warning, into a public magazine, where they would remain at your disposition.

I have the honor to salute you.

THE CHIEF OF THE STATION.

My first thought on receiving this was to write to the friendly Chef de Gare saying that whatever may be in the parcel I will give it him as a present. But, with my usual slackness about letters, I didn't do so; besides, that might involve all sorts of legal correspondence, signing of international waivers and what not. I remember what trouble I got into when a friend of mine, touched by my wails about French pipe-fuel, sent me a package of tobacco from America. I was pursued all summer by mandamuses from Paris urging me to appear and explain why I was importing contraband. I think the best thing to do is allow the Donville-Triage station-master to believe me dead.

Besides, the parcel is probably only a book to autograph. Few people realize how much woe has been caused in this world by the two Eddies, (Eddie Bok and Eddie Newton), who wrote books describing how they began when very young to collect autographs and never took No for an answer. There isn't a mail nowadays arriving in the home of anyone who ever published a book that doesn't contain letters from Young Collectors. They even send you the wretched books, taking it for granted you'll sign them and wrap them up and send them back. And then, by and bye, they write and accuse you of theft.

But I like to think that the little train came puffing up the valley from Granville to Donville-Triage, along the Road of Iron of the Sleeve, carrying a package with my name on it.

The Chief of Station, looking over his records, must occasionally see that name and wonder what became of the strangely eloquent and ungrammatical alien. He will not realize, perhaps, that I wear a part of my heart in La Manche.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"The Iron Man in Industry," by Arthur Pound, published by The Atlantic Monthly Press, Inc., two years ago, is being translated into German by Ilene Witte, and will be brought out soon by Oldenbourg, at Munich. Dr. Matschoss, Secretary of Verein Deutscher Ingenieure, will write an introduction. Dr. Matschoss testifies to a wide interest in the book among German engineers and industrialists. Miss Witte has translated into German four of Frank B. Gilbreth's books on American Scientific Management.

Ever since G. Lowes Dickinson's "The Greek View of Life" was first published in 1896 it has been published in this country in imported sheets. The continuing demand for this book has now caused its reissue in a new edition, printed here (Doubleday, Page), and especially revised by the author. In his preface to the new edition Mr. Dickinson reminds us that "the specific achievement of the Greek spirit was to humanize barbarism and enlighten superstition."