

Books of Special Interest

America and the World

AMERICA AND WORLD PEACE.

By JOHN H. CLARKE. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1925. \$2.

Reviewed by HAMILTON HOLT

WHEN Mr. Taft was appointed chief-justice of the United States by President Harding, he resigned his office as president of the League to Enforce Peace, thus leaving the American peace movement leaderless.

But just causes are never long without champions. One of Mr. Taft's ablest associates on the Supreme Court bench was John H. Clarke of Ohio, an appointee and friend of Woodrow Wilson.

What was the genesis of Judge Clarke's great decision, I do not know, but the country and the world were astonished one morning some three years ago to read in the papers that Judge Clarke had resigned from the Supreme Court to devote the rest of his life, if need be, to bringing the United States into the League of Nations.

It was a brave and striking thing to do. It so heartened the friends of the League in America, that all factions forthwith united under Judge Clarke's leadership, and on the ashes of Mr. Taft's League to Enforce Peace, which had in the meantime died an honorable death, established the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association with Judge Clarke as its first president and George W. Wickersham as president of the Council.

From that day to this Judge Clarke has given his name, his time, and his money to promote world peace and abolish what Thomas Jefferson called "the greatest scourge of mankind." He has done this, moreover, at what is probably the risk of his life, for his heart is affected and his physicians have strongly advised him against too much platform work with its attendant strain and incessant traveling.

✽ ✽

The present little volume is Judge Clarke's first peace book. It is a compilation of three addresses given last winter at Brown University under the auspices of the Colver Foundation.

The first chapter deals with the need of peace for America and the world. The discoveries of modern science, holds Judge Clarke, have so multiplied man's power of destruction that another world war, far more horrible than the last, if permitted to come, may permanently blight civilization.

The war system and the religious teaching of Jesus Christ are so utterly antagonistic at every point, that with the spread of education and the growth of the critical spirit, the two cannot exist much longer together—one or the other must disappear from the world—one or the other must perish. It is no exaggeration to say that Christianity cannot survive another war.

The second chapter gives an analysis of the League of Nations and the arguments why the United States should join it. In this chapter Judge Clarke gives the reason why Woodrow Wilson rejected the Lodge reservations which, I suspect, will be news to most people. Says Judge Clarke:

The real difficulty was that the reservations proposed by the Senate were framed in such form that the President believed that they were designed to cut down the Constitutional powers of the executive in dealing with foreign affairs, rather than to modify the terms of the Covenant, and for this reason, concluding he could not accept them under his oath of office, he rejected them.

The third chapter deals with the Protocol for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes framed at last September's Assembly of the League of Nations. The Protocol, says Judge Clarke, is so new and novel in international relations that it may well be that the requisite number of nations have not yet risen to a level of civilization capable of giving even a trial to this great proposal. But after all it is precisely the system of settling differences with which we are all familiar in daily private life and with which as a nation we are familiar in dealing with the relations between the States of our Union.

As is already evident from the preceding quotations the book is pervaded with a deep religious and moral appeal. "It may be," says Judge Clarke, "pray God it may

be necessary that our country must suffer as the European nations have suffered before we can be induced to join them in the heroic effort they are making to advance towards wiser methods. It seems impossible that this nation of ours which has least to risk in the great experiment, but most to lose if it shall fail, should permit itself to be the greatest obstacle to this most comprehensive and promising attempt of all time to organize the world for peace."

✽ ✽

I have not the space to present Judge Clarke's arguments in detail. Suffice it to say that he has marshaled together a veritable arsenal of facts, which he presents eloquently, and persuasively. Indeed Judge Clarke has written with that power and charm that is only achieved where a public man of political wisdom and high probity writes from the heart.

No one, I think, can read the book through without being impressed with the purity and elevation of the character of the man who wrote it, his fairness and fervor, and the patriotism which inspires him. As long as our country produces such men to champion the great causes that ever must confront her, the fate of the Republic is secure.

Rural Conditions

THE RURAL HOME: Papers and Addresses of the American Country Life Association. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1925. \$2.

Reviewed by the late HERBERT QUICK

THIS is Volume VI of the papers and proceedings of the American Country Life Association. Volume I is on "Rural Objectives," Vol. II on "Rural Health," Vol. III on "Rural Organization," Vol. IV on "Town and Country Relations," and Vol. V on "Country Community Organization." All are published by the University of Chicago Press.

The volume here under consideration has the usual merits and defects of a collection of the deliverances of people who contribute to a program. Some of the articles are very significant. Some are vaguely inspiring. Some are worthless. All are marked by the best of intentions. They deal with a subject the importance of which was not overestimated by Dr. Walter Burr of the Kansas State Agricultural College when he told the gathering "the significance of the farm family in the United States is that the farm family is the basis of national welfare." Such being the case, Congress might well consider converting itself into a Farm Bloc; but if it did there can be no doubt that it would in the present state of political darkness do more harm than good.

Dr. Branson's recent book, "Farm Life Abroad," gives us a glimpse of the lives of farmers (peasants) in Germany, Denmark, and France. It shows us that the Danes are a much more enlightened, well-educated, and intelligent race of farmers than are we, that they live in better houses, that the Danish "Rural Farm Home" is superior to ours in every way, and that they have not only taken control of the Danish government, but of Danish business big and little, and have made their business world like their control. They, even in the depression of two years ago, were the most fundamentally prosperous farmers in the world, and had attained that prosperity without subtracting from the fundamental welfare of any other class. They have lifted the rural home, the subject matter of the book under notice, higher than anywhere else in the world. How have they done it? There was one paper delivered at our Country Life Conference for the book under review entitled "Side-lights on Danish Home Life." It says of the Danish farmers "they do not seem to feel the press of poverty, the tense anxiety as to the future that is felt in many American country homes," but it is content to give only one reason for this—temperament! Only one speaker suggested, and that very casually that the betterment of the American rural home must be based on economic prosperity and security; yet that is undeniably the fact. Give the American farmer economic safety, the ownership of his farm to the extent

that the Danes have them, and we may trust him to improve his home life, especially in view of the fact that we have so well-organized a group of people to aid him in doing it.

✽ ✽

The farmers of America are gradually dividing into two classes; those who own their farms either clear of debt or under mortgages which are economically justifiable; and farm tenants. The tenants are increasing as a proportion wherever the land is valuable. The curse from which the Danes have emancipated themselves, and from which most of the peasantry of Europe have now freed themselves is darkening American farm life more and more all the time. But only one address given in this book tells us anything of its effect on the rural home and that tells mighty little. The American farm tenant works under that system of tenure which we have learned to hate—rack-renting. That is, we have no institution or custom anywhere in America which prevents the landlord from getting every cent of rent which the competition of the landless enables him to exact or to give the tenant continued possession of "his home." This has a damning effect on the rural home; but tenancy is ignored in these proceedings save on one paper, and in that it is not accorded much significance. In other words we had a great gathering to discuss the rural home in America, which ignored the land question.

This, of course, deprives the papers and addresses of any save a surface value. Yet, the book is well worth reading, and it and its companion volumes are so valuable that they belong in any library which seeks to cover the subject of agricultural life. Even a surface consideration of our rural conditions is worth while. Among the best items are the address of the President, Dr. Kenyon L. Butterfield, and the papers of Dr. C. J. Galpin, Marie Turner Harvey, Olive D. Campbell, and especially the study of "A Thousand Nebraska Farm Families and Their Homes," by J. O. Rankin.

East and West

THE OCCIDENT AND THE ORIENT.

By SIR VALENTINE CHIROL. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1925. \$2.

THE CHALLENGE OF ASIA. By STANLEY RICE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1925. \$2.25.

Reviewed by SYDNEY GREENBIE

IN the case of Sir Valentine's book, the student of the Orient meets with disappointment at the very outset. Mr. Chirol, who last summer was one of the lecturers at the Williamstown Institute of Politics, has the charm of the disinterested old gentleman, who has lived in the East as fully as in the West, and who from the proud pinnacles of British paternalism, looks not only through the oriental, but over his head. It is thus that we find him considering "The Peculiar Case of Egypt" and "The British Experiment in India." The thing that seems peculiar about Egypt is that "her rulers were at the same time showing how much easier it is for Orientals to contract the vices than the virtues of the Occident." I can see nothing peculiar about that. After all, our vices are perhaps more interesting than our virtues, and their adoption by Egypt attests to her sagacity. Only rich peoples can indulge in vices; and so quite naturally, Egypt found it necessary to tap European finance for the wherewithal, and fell into the trap. Surely there is nothing peculiar about that. Look at China! But China is not the Orient to Sir Valentine. Sir Valentine's story is so clear, so disinterested in its method that it fairly throbs with a passionate faith in the convictions and the administration of Britain in Egypt. . . . Not a whit different is the discussion of the British "Experiment" in India. To refer to two centuries of iron rule as an experiment is a sublime piece of rationalization. To include in that "experiment" the accidental educational consequences of the contact between East and West is to resolve the "white man's burden" into a blessing. "The magnitude of the responsibilities" says Sir Valentine, "which devolved upon the East India Company

when, in the second half of the eighteenth century, it found itself, through the sheer force of circumstances rather than through any deliberately preconceived design, transformed from a mere trading corporation into a great agency of government and administration, was at first only imperfectly apprehended in England." We read on of that same limpid style (as easy as the frisk of a coyote) and nothing troubles the lecturer, nothing disconcerts him—not even his meeting with Ghandi. It is all very well, the historical facts are reliable, but we miss something, something that cosmopolitan thinking should reveal—just the wee bit of feeling. But then, of course, that is the secret of the success of Britain as ruler of subject peoples. . . . Before we leave Sir Valentine we had better make clear the limitations of the word Orient. He does not include China and Japan in his deliberations, but he adds a chapter on Russia and Bolshevism. Mr. Chirol's Orient is the half-breed East, the hyphen, so to speak, between East and West. The true Orient—China—lies in a world of its own.

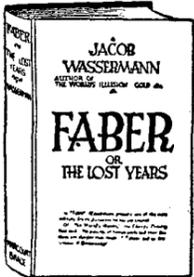
We move from the glacial precision of Sir Valentine to the tornado-esque self-confidence of Stanley Rice. Reading through Mr. Rice's book reminds me of the boy who whirls a tinful of water round and round his head without spilling a drop. Mr. Rice jumps from India to Japan, from ancient history to current events, from politics to conjecture with the abandon of Leonore Hughes. He progresses from the Ramayana and the Mahabharata at the beginning of a paragraph to kimonos in modern Japan at the end. I have looked here and looked there to find his sympathies and his antipathies, but they are as illusive and all inclusive as the variety of his subjects. There is nothing one can quote, for nothing stands out sharply from the whole panorama, seen as it were from a speeding airplane. And yet, the sense of a living, breathing, pulsating world of peoples with their antagonistic and complimentary aspirations becomes clear in spite of all the generalizations.

✽ ✽

There is too much assumption on the part of the author that his reader will be familiar with the facts to which he only alludes in passing. In consequence, he often gives an impression of inaccuracy to the one familiar with the subject. Take, for instance, the section in which he sketches briefly the early intercourse between Europe and China. There is not a text-book in history to which one might refer for help in some of these details. Mr. Rice is not altogether sure of his ground himself when he says: "The Portuguese traders were banished to Macao; the English traders were confined so far as might be to Canton." The fact is that all foreign traders between 1783 and 1840 were forced to live in Macao except when the arrival of a ship made it necessary for them to open their "factories" or warehouses at Canton. A trifling error, but due to an attempt to cover too much history in a limited volume. Nor does the author help the reader in such incidents as the coming to China and the death of Lord Napier. Nor does he seem to be at all aware of the fact that American merchants were engaged in a trade that was slowly sapping the strength of the East India Company in China for thirty years prior to the opium war. He utterly ignores America's place in China, being English obviously, though seeking an American reading public. This is an important point in view of his reasoning on the opium war. He claims that Chinese, "the very officials who were so loudly condemning the opium traffic, were themselves making fortunes by smuggling." This is not altogether true, for Commissioner Lin was honestly and courageously trying to carry out the orders of his Government, and it was as a result of his drastic and unequivocal attempt to stifle smuggling that England declared war—whatever subordinate officials may or may not have been guilty of. . . . And so one might pick flaws in this little book without weakening the force and value of it entire. It is to be read rather for the stimulus it gives to the imagination and to one's impulses; and as one discovers no bias in it, so, it may be hoped, will it leave the reader without a bias.

**Harcourt, Brace
and Company**

383 Madison Avenue New York



**F
A
B
E
R**

or the Lost Years

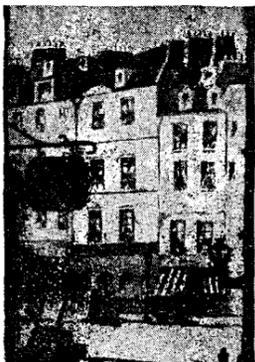
By
Jacob Wassermann
Author of the "World's
Illusion", etc.

Translated by Harry Hansen

In "Faber", his latest novel, the famous continental writer has given us a great love story, as well as a vivid record of post-war hysteria and degeneracy in a once happy community.

Of "The World's Illusion", Wassermann's first novel to be translated into English, the *Chicago Evening Post* said, "Its pictures of human souls and their destinies are as sharp as those of Tolstoy and as deep as those of Dostoevsky."

Just ready
\$2.50



**THE
MADONNA
of the
BARRICADES**

By
J. St. Loe Strachey
Editor of the London
"Spectator"

A romantic novel of England and of Paris during the Revolution of 1848, by one of England's most brilliant journalists. Mr. Strachey has constructed a highly exciting plot, with love, Paris street fighting, an Italian secret society, a young English lord, and a beautiful Italian countess as the principal elements.

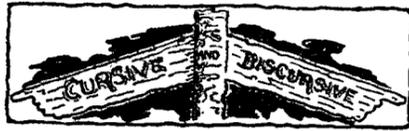
Just ready
\$2.00

TABOO

By
Wilbur Daniel Steele

"A shining golden needle in the haystack of contemporary fiction."
—*N. Y. World*.

\$2.00



IT WAS a dream. But we were a Traffic Cop. Perhaps it was because the new office is now on West Forty-Fifth Street not far from the Avenue. It seemed to us that we stood in the middle of the street at the intersection of Fifth Avenue and Forty-Fifth, that we wore a rather heavy cap and a rather heavy uniform of unaccustomed blue. The West-bound traffic was passing, and we were watching the eye of a traffic-tower up the Avenue. Presently it winked red. Then it winked green, and we raised our hand. We blew our whistle.

To our right and to our left the limousines began to stream by and the taxis to honk and grind. The Avenue was again in spate. There was a weight upon our chest, and we nitched at the belt of our uniform. And suddenly realized that a portable typewriter was slung around our neck, very much like the Ancient Mariner's albatross! It was supported by a little platform that jutted out from our belt buckle. There was a clean sheet of paper in the typewriter, with a backing-sheet. We were evidently intended to write something upon the typewriter, but meanwhile we had to watch the traffic-tower, pay attention to careless chauffeurs, and get ready to toot our whistle.

It occurred to us, incidentally, that this year's models in automobiles were strange in shape. They were either broad and flat or high and thin. And it didn't seem right that in broad daylight they should all be sporting glaring lamps with nary a dimmer. Besides, they all seemed to be the trucks or vans of large firms, bearing large lettering upon them. What, not a sign of a private car? Why even the taxis bore more—and other—announcements than the usual Yellow, Yello, Yalu, Tell-a-Yell, and so on. . . .

Then we realized with a shock that all these cars were really books on wheels, great big books, colossal books—with radiators and balloon tires and running-boards—but books, nevertheless! We blew our whistle immediately and loudly, regardless of gumming the traffic, and we stalked over to the big car that screeched to a stop closest to us. We stuck out our lower jaw at an angle with our upper one, and spat our words out of the side of our mouth. We seemed to have developed a raucous voice with great carrying-power.

"Sa-a-ay!" we vociferated, "Cool off, cool off, woinelldyatinkyar? Howjaver gettalicense? Wotyatryindo? Kidme? Back up! Back up! Turn around and lay down! Roll over! Situpanbark! Where-yathinkyergoin, Reggie!"

For answer, the chauffeur, a pompous looking individual, slipped us a card, and regarded us superciliously down his long nose. On the card it said: "THE GREAT-EST YET! Comedy! Tragedy! Passion! Thrills! Mystery! Romance! Satire! Irony! Young Love! Home and Mother! Ask Dad He Knows! Big Business! George Grabbitt's Latest! Astounding! Surprising! Shocking! Thrilling! Hair-raising! Soul Satisfying! Heart Warming! The Great West! The Luscious South! The Electrifying East! The Frozen North! All Between Covers At Last! The Sensation of the Season! First Edition Twenty-Five Thousand Sold Before Publication!"

"Sa-a-a-a-a-ay!" we came back, but rather blankly. "Sa-a-ay, whadya, whodya, wheredya,—think this is a liberry hub? Stand down! Snap out of it! Climb this! Jump through that! Gitoffdyerth! Watsa big idear,—HEY!"

But that astonishingly pompous chauffeur merely jerked a thumb over his shoulder, and we read in tremendous crimson letters on a violently green background the lettering upon his bus.

THE MOILING MART
By
GEORGE GRABBITT

The World's Best Seller—Get It Hot Off the Griddle!

And even as we looked at it, that chauffeur rasped his gears and bumped us aside. For an instant the great gaudy volume towered over us, and then was off down the Avenue, thunderously lumbering.

That started up the traffic again, and

now we began to notice the Cars or Books or Cars—whichever they were—that passed us on both sides. There went Dolly Diver's "Terrible Turks", second edition ten thousand. Blazing with Gold and Blue! There went Cecil Topknot's "Whoops!" by the World's Premier Humorist. Yonder, "Oh You Beautiful Man!" by Gertie Glob, flashed chineses white and salmon pink, wreathed in paper roses. "A WINNER!" shouted the yellow and vermilion flank of A. A. Belkwire's "Quadruple Tangle"—SEX, SEX, SEX, EX, EX, EXTRA! And here to the right, nearly taking off our toes, a segment of text yawped at us,

The Man with the Purple Beard advanced toward Mehitabel with ravenous red eyes staring from a parchment white face. "A-r-r-r!" he emitted in a frenzied yodel. Just then the door behind her opened to reveal three Slant-Eyed Orientals clad in Terrible Tiger-Skins. From the skylight above her a gigantic Nubian dropped with a horrible cry. From the trap-door at her very feet the head of an African lion emerged with a ferocious snarl. Mehitabel clenched her little hands at her sides and stood erect facing them all proudly. "Curs!" she cried as the heavy artillery from without shook the four walls of the room even as its windows were lit by the glare of the volcanic eruption from old Mount Pelee. . . .

READ IT! READ IT! READ IT!
THE GREATEST OF MYSTERY STORIES!
What Happened Then!

Bewildered, we turned away,—but the bigger cars seemed to have passed. Here and there scuttered a taxi. We leapt at the nearest, wildly blowing our whistle. We hurled ourself to the running-board as it skidded to the curb.

"Sa-a-a-a-a-y!" we began, with our usual approach. The taxi-driver leaned over to his meter and began to turn a crank. From the meter emerged a long strip of paper. This he thrust into our hand, touched his cap, and was off again before we could stop him. We found ourself sitting in the middle of the Avenue reading on the slip of paper,

. . . the vestiges of a fine talent which otherwise might perhaps have come to something if it were not that the author has so grievously misconceived the main objection to work of this kind which is that if the writer had only thought of doing something else in the first place perhaps for instance taken up plain linotyping or fancy house-painting instead of giving us this elaborate concoction of romance when we were looking for a spring juvenile we might have been more satisfied were it not for our intense aversion to authorship in any form. As we say our chief objection to work of this kind is not that it tries to be what it does not attempt but rather that it never attempts what it has not even thought of trying to be. The characters are, no doubt, well-drawn, but the mere fact that a character. . . .

What was this gibberish? But then we noted that the other taxis now scurrying past all bore the large words REVIEWS—REVIEWS—REVIEWS stamped upon them. There were folios upon folios of those taxis!

There the nightmare might well have ended. But suddenly we were aware of a dilapidated craft, looking very much, from the front, like a model 1910 Ford, clanking and bubbling down the Avenue. We arose and rushed up to it. Its weary driver halted it immediately with a shuddering groan.

"Sa-a-a-a-a-ay!" we began. But he held up an emaciated hand and turned toward us a haggard face. Looking at the black-glazed side of his car, that shone like ebony, we perceived no lettering, but only the silver device upon it of a chaste lamp of Greek design from which ascended a tenuous thread of silver smoke.

This driver had a nobly ascetic face. His brow was lofty. His gaze was mild. "My dear sir," he murmured, "Oh, my dear sir!"

"Whodyathinkyare?" we snorted, but somewhat abashed.

"My name is, as it chances, Walter Pater," remarked the driver, turning his tired and perplexed countenance full upon us. "And in there," he pointed backward at his chariot, "I bear in the inmost holy of holies, the pure gemlike flame! I seem to be in the wrong street. Can you not kindly direct me—?"

But we swelled, on the instant, into a full recognition of our responsibilities,—and we are proud to say that we unslung our typewriter and, raising it high above our head in both tremendous hands, brought it down upon the pate of Pater with a terrific concussion. . . .

So terrific that it projected us entirely out of our office-chair, into which we had slumped after racking our brains for an idea for "Cursive and Discursive". . . . Yet it all leaves us with a terrible and a beautiful memory!

W. R. B.

**Harper
Books**

A Romance of the Great LaSalle
**The Power and
the Glory**

By Gilbert Parker



Here are the days of deep intrigue and high adventure, of gallant adventures and plotting courtiers, of swords drawn quickly and power prized highly—the days of Louis XIV. And against this tinselled background, rugged and indomitable, is the noble figure of La Salle—who, for the glory of France, left all that men prize to carve out an empire from the wilderness that is now America.
\$2.00

The 1925 Harper Prize Novel

**The Perennial
Bachelor**

By Anne Parrish



"This new writer very gracefully takes her place in the too brief list of our American stylists and satirists. The present season is not apt to produce a more honest and engaging piece of work than this story, sad, funny, human, witty, shrewd and true, about plain Americans."
—Kathleen Norris. \$2.00

Wives

By Gamaliel Bradford

Seven fascinating close-ups of American women, wives of famous and infamous characters in our history. Here are Mrs. Benedict Arnold; Theodosia Burr; Mrs. Jefferson Davis; Mrs. Benjamin F. Butler; the delightful Dolly Madison; Mrs. James G. Blaine; and finally, that puzzling, tragic figure, Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.
\$3.50

**Harper Prize
Short Stories**

Introduction by Bliss Perry

The twelve distinguished stories chosen by Meredith Nicholson, Zona Gale and Bliss Perry from among the more than 10,000 manuscripts entered in the recent contest held by Harper's Magazine.
\$2.00

The Vortex

By Noel Coward

Broadway's sensational new success, which Percy Hammond has called "the new season's best play," and F. P. A. "the best play and the most absorbing I have seen in a long while, full of brightness and bitterness and truth."
\$1.50

HARPER & BROTHERS

Publishers since 1817

See Harper's Magazine for Announcements of the Better Schools and Colleges.