

to claim for it greater hegemony than it possessed. He does not unduly disparage the art of other countries, nor seek to deny foreign influence in German art when such influence is present. In an age which has degraded the history of art into nationalistic and, worst of all, tourist propaganda, this dispassionate attitude is as valuable as rare, and lends to Dr. Goldschmidt and his work a serene dignity.

After having stressed the insular and Italian foundations, Dr. Goldschmidt's plates lay before us the Renaissance of Charlemagne. Three of the great Carolingian schools of illumination flourished on German or, at least, Alamanic soil. That of Ada, one of the most glorious and prolific of all, with which Dr. Goldschmidt's name is already identified through his work on ivories, has never been localized; one of the contributions to scholarship of the present book is the ascription of these manuscripts to Trier; but with characteristic candor Dr. Goldschmidt admits that there is no sure proof of this attribution, and open-mindedly gives prominent reproductions of the chief arguments against it, the Apocalypse from St. Eucharius and the Gospels from Sta. Maria ad Martyres, presumably written at Trier at precisely this time and showing a very inferior style. The School of the Palace, originally isolated by Janitschek and localized at Aachen, is accepted by Dr. Goldschmidt; this contrary to some recent scholars who have suggested that the Ada group was really the School of the Palace. In St. Gall Dr. Goldschmidt recognizes the influence of France; and American scholars will note with interest that he accepts Professor Friend's localization of the Corbie school at St. Denis.

What really will impress the student of illumination in this volume, however, is the vast complication of the field, and how many and important manuscripts refuse to nestle in the baskets of Palace, Ada, Tours, Franco-Saxon, Corbie, St. Denis, Rheims, Metz, and St. Gall which the handbooks too often present as the be-all and end-all of Carolingian illumination. Indeed the currents were various and infinitely complex. Dr. Goldschmidt gives Fulda its due prominence as one of the great Carolingian scriptoria—we have been over apt to think of it as important only in the Ottonian period. In addition he makes us aware of the significance of numerous scriptoria—at Cologne, at Lorsch, in the Rhineland, on the Weser, in the Tyrol, in Bavaria, in Saxony—some of which have been generally overlooked. But these minor scriptoria are as much a part of Carolingian illumination as the celebrated centres, and a great service has been rendered to the history of art in presenting them to us clearly and accessibly.

Another misapprehension dispelled by the book is the iconographic range of Carolingian illumination. The circumstance that the miniatures of the Ada and Palace books are chiefly confined to the evangelists and canon tables has tended to make us think of Carolingian book painting as rather monotonously limited in subject matter. Such, of course, is not the case. In the illuminations Dr. Goldschmidt reproduces will be found subjects drawn from astronomy and land-surveying, Terence, the Apocalypse, Hrabanus Maurus, Prudentius, the Works of the Months, the Psalter. Of particular interest are the fine plates of the Lorsch Gospels, a book half of which is in Rome and half at Karlsburg, and now in the limelight because of the discussion which has arisen in regard to the ivory covers.

The second volume, on Ottonian illumination, opens with the school of Reichenau, and its long series of unequalled masterpieces. The Gospels of Otto at Aachen, the "Codex Egberti," the "Registrum Gregorii," the "Gospels of the Sainte Chapelle" pass before us. These excellent reproductions are all welcome, none more so than those of the "Codex Egberti," heretofore available only in the rare publication of Kraus. The Cividale Psalter is given very decidedly to Reichenau (written at Reichenau by "Ruodprecht") as are also the Gospels of Poussay, and of course the Gero Codex as well as the great books of Munich and Bamberg. What an incomparable art! One turns from these inspired compositions feeling that representation can go no farther. But Dr. Goldschmidt takes us through a whole series of secondary scriptoria, heaping before us new and illuminating material. Trier, meretricious Echternach, and Prüm, derivatives of Reichenau, have already been fairly well known to students; Hildesheim and Fulda have been somewhat indifferently pub-

lished and the spectacular manuscripts of Regensburg much admired. But such centres as Corvey, Mainz, and Bremen have been little studied. Cologne has been known chiefly through the exasperating book of Ehl; it is a relief to have Dr. Goldschmidt authoritatively date the Abdinghof Evangelistary in 1060.

One lays down these books with an almost disappointed feeling of having reached the end much too soon; but also consoled by the thought that a first reading is only an introduction and that they will be on the shelves for repeated reference and detailed study. When will Dr. Goldschmidt do for twelfth century German illumination what he has done for the earlier period?

Soldier Songs

SOUND OFF. By EDWARD ARTHUR DOLPH. Music by PHILIP EGNER. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1929. \$7.50.

Reviewed by LIEUTENANT JOHN J. NILES
Author of "Singing Soldiers"

UNTIL very recent years, soldiers have been regarded as hard cases. The respectable gentry looked down upon us. During war times, however, they waved the bloody shirt as we marched away to do battle. Their budding daughters even threw their arms about our necks and (for photographic purposes) kissed us. But when the traditional tumult and the shouting died, we were hard cases again. I say this because I have been, was, and still am one of them.

Men will always soldier. There is something about it, just as there is something about the sea, and in more modern times, about the air. The fact that we have been regarded as tough customers really flatters us. But tough and unrefined as we may be, we have made history, and while we were doing that, we were incidentally making up some very fair music,—music that has stood longer than some of the best Broadway sellers—music that has been sung and understood by more human beings than most of the twaddle offered from year to year by the long-haired "sacred cows" of composition—music that is at last recognized as a part of our precious Americana. Because in the last analysis, if we are going to have an Americana, the "army and the navy and the bloody damned marines" must come in for their share of the collaboration.

The most recent evidence that these "he-man" activities in music are being given attention is a very fine collection of army ditties titled "Sound Off." It is an encyclopedia of soldier songs. One Peter B. Kyne, Esq., late Captain of Artillery, has, in his own inimitable manner, turned off a preface for the book, and the musical settings have been arranged by Lieut. Philip Egner.

This recording of army songs is an old story abroad. Every library on the continent has its own collection. The French, Germans, and Russians go in for highly decorated volumes, employing their greatest artists and their best informed composers for the task. But in America we have only recently turned to the soldier man for musical folk-lore. During the Civil War there were a few paper bound volumes, the best perhaps, being Tony Pastor's "Civil War Song Book." The Spanish-American War produced mostly sheet music, of the "home and mother" variety. But the World War, with all its horrors, has compensated a bit by giving us some important books of music, written either for or by soldiers.

"Sound Off" covers the singing American soldier man from the days of the Revolution to the cootie infested dug-outs in the Argonne Forest. Mr. Dolph has wisely included the songs of the West Pointers. This is rather a secret bit of army lore to many who have never "done a hitch" in that institution. There are also endless parodies on the Broadway tunes. The existence of these more or less prove that soldier men can and will, in spite of the professional song-makers, turn off their own songs. At least, they will turn off their own lyrics and these improved verses will be much more to the point. For when the professional song-writer turns to the military as an outlet for his skill, he usually writes in praise of something—home, mother, liberty, victory, Uncle Sam, Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean, etc. But the soldier has a different point of view. Most of his singing is done while he is marching, pack-weary, up to his ears in mud; or hungry, or while going up or coming back from his "hitch in Hell." So he naturally is not praising

anything—not overly much. He is giving everything a gentle raspberry, and sometimes the raspberry is not so gentle.

The parodies in Mr. Dolph's book are very apt. They tell their own story. Taken all together, "Sound Off" is a very valuable contribution. It should find its way to every piano shelf in America where the pianist is interested in what men do at war besides get killed and dig trenches.

Our Own America

GOLDEN TALES OF OUR AMERICA. Selected by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1929. \$2.50.

"STORIES of our background and tradition," is Mrs. Becker's subtitle for this felicitous collection; and it might well be "stories of a vanished America." She begins with New England, and follows the transit of the frontier to the Pacific. The backwoods hunter, the pioneer farmer and planter, the rural politician, the prospector and the lumberman fill these pages, each tale, sketch, or short story being characteristic of a peculiar section and time. In making her choice, Mrs. Becker has looked not only to literary merit but to historical values. Her selections are intended to illustrate the mind, customs, and life of the American folk in various environments and eras; and so well has she succeeded that the volume, if attentively read, will teach as much about our social history as many a formal treatise.

A few of the stories, naturally, are familiar friends. Most reading people are acquainted with William Austin's classic transposition of the Flying Dutchman legend, "Peter Rugg, The Missing Man"; with Hawthorne's "Ambitious Guest," Joel Chandler Harris's story of Br'er Rabbit's deception of Mr. Fox, and Edward Eggleston's "Spelling Down the Master." But Mrs. Becker has added more that are unfamiliar. For New England, there are Rowland Robinson's "Uncle Lisha's Spring-Gun" and Jacob Abbott's "The Steeple Trap," as well as stories by Miss Wilkins, Miss Jewett, and Dorothy Canfield. For New York, there is James K. Paulding's "Revenge of St. Nicholas," one of the two selections which have an urban setting. For the South, there are Longstreet's "The Turn-Out" and Lucy Furman's "Christmas on Bee-Tree" as well as one of Grace King's "Balcony Stories." The Central West and Far West are particularly well represented with James Hall, Caroline Kirkland, Hayden Carruth, Mary Austin, and one of the Paul Bunyan legends, as well as the inevitable choice from Bret Harte. Altogether, it is a catholic, comprehensive, and original collection.

To go into the cobwebbed storeroom of American fiction, to rescue forgotten heirlooms like many of these, and to rub them bright for a new generation of readers, is to perform a double service. Most young Americans know little about coon-dogs or steeple-traps, and never bar out a schoolteacher to win a holiday; we have no frontier where, as Carolina Kirkland wrote of early Michigan, settlers would borrow even the baby if they were allowed, no flatboat emigrants like those described by James Hall in his "Legends of the West," and no spelling-bees like that in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster"; the last coyote, as in Miss Austin's story, is fast following the last antelope into the realm where Hayden Carruth's homesteader has disappeared. A good deal of our literary production of the past which, by strictly belletristic or artistic standards, is defective, is rich in human interest and the color of the past. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Becker follows up this initial collection with other volumes.

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NOBLE A. CATHCART.....Publisher

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The Commoner

BRYAN. By M. R. WERNER. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1929. \$3.50.

Reviewed by A. HOWARD MENEELY

THE Bryan who emerges from the pages of Mr. Werner's book is a "pillar of words," a kindly, well-intentioned man who was everlastingly substituting glibness and oratory for solid reasoning. The author has built up a case against the Nebraskan by quoting freely from Bryan's own writings and speeches, and incidentally he has proved once more that interpretation is largely a matter of selection of material.

Plainly Mr. Werner has not taken the Commoner very seriously, and it is partly because he has not taken him seriously, that is, because he has not approached his subject in an attempt sympathetically to understand him, that his book is a poorer book than it ought to be. This is not to say that he ought to have written a panegyric of Bryan (that would have been equally unsatisfactory), but it is only by a sympathetic approach, plus a considerable knowledge of the Middle West, its people, and its problems, that one can properly understand him.

Mr. Werner is too much inclined to treat Bryan as an individual rather than as a representative of the Middle West. The explanation of the man and his influence is to a great extent bound up in the fact that he reflected the life and sentiment of the common people of his section and of the same class in the South. His mode of life, his fundamental beliefs, and his tastes were the same as theirs. His self-confidence was typically western; so was his attitude toward political spoils. The things he advocated or opposed were the things that his people wanted or opposed. He was seldom original. When he went around the world and wrote home to the newspapers of hundreds of commonplace things that he saw, he was serving up to the folk he knew and represented the sort of things that interested them. He did not pretend to cater to the intelligentsia or the upper classes. They simply were not his kind. He was incurably and consistently a commoner from the beginning to the end.

Place Bryan in his proper setting—as a Middle-Western commoner—and he is not a strange phenomenon: he runs pretty true to form.

Now whether a commoner ought to be President of the United States, or whether the American people want one, is another matter. On several occasions they have shown that they did, and three times six million voters said that they wanted Bryan, but each time a larger number said that they did not. Bryan would have been the last to say that the majority should not rule and he always took his defeats good-naturedly. As Mr. Werner recounts, after his 1908 defeat he likened himself to the drunken man who upon being thrown out of a club for the third time remarked: "I am on to those people. They don't want me in there."

Probably Mr. Wilson really did not want Bryan in the State Department, but he put him there because he knew that Bryan had served him handsomely. Also he was free to admit, as the author quotes, that "there has been an interesting fixed point in the [recent] history of the Democratic Party and the fixed point has been the character and devotion, and the preachings of William Jennings Bryan." Certainly Mr. Werner does not think the Commoner amounted to much as a Secretary of State. He did not measure up to the standards set by many of his illustrious predecessors, but if his record is fairly and closely studied in the light of documentary evidence, it will be found that he served the country better than some who have received much more credit than he has. If Mr. Werner had consulted the volumes of *Foreign Relations*, for instance, he might not have devoted fifteen pages to Bryan's vagaries as Secretary of State and three to his connections with the Japanese and Mexican problems. He might even have reversed the ratio. The Bryan peace treaties were an important step in the right direction and are entitled to more than honorable mention and a smile. It is true that President Wilson dominated in matters of foreign policy, as every strong President does, but until the great war problems came, Bryan was almost invariably in accord with him and he worked diligently, if not systematically, in carrying out the policies formulated.

It is not the reviewer's intention to enter a general defense of Bryan: he must stand or fall on his record, but he ought to be judged on the complete available record and judged with understanding.

Mr. Werner has not failed to bring out many of the Commoner's good points; indeed, on occasion he has rallied to his defense, but his book is so heavily loaded on the side of the indictment that the true picture is distorted. He has been so anxious to tell a good story—and he is a gifted story-teller—that he has done Bryan injustice. It may be too early to write an impartial biography of the Nebraskan, but it is not too early to give him full credit where the records show him deserving of it. Many of the things for which he fought and was condemned are today the law of the land and we might as well admit it. In truth he often plowed the furrow and sowed the seed only to have Roosevelt and Wilson reap the harvest.



LORD HALDANE

From "Twenty-four Portraits," by William Rothenstein (Harcourt, Brace). (See page 1050)

Priest—Physician

VICTOR AND VICTIM. By JOHN RATHBONE OLIVER. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1928.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

JOHN RATHBONE OLIVER has approached literature by an indirect course. In fact, it may be doubted whether he has approached it very nearly—or cares to approach it very nearly—even now. And yet the material of an estimable book, "Victor and Victim," has grown out of his peculiar experience. In his younger years he was an Episcopal clergyman (who resigned in 1903 but was restored to orders in 1927); his later life has been passed as a criminologist and psychiatrist. The two apparently divergent interests of religion and medicine have been completely unified in him by an underlying love for humanity, an intense realization of its suffering, and an almost morbid zeal for service. To the old New England tradition of high-minded devotion to the spiritual good of one's fellow-men, unperturbed by any serious doubts as to what this good may be, he has brought the added tolerance and kindness of one quite familiar with the miserable face of the world. He is a practical idealist of the better sort; un compelling as a thinker; but with a faint aura of quiet saintliness about him.

"Victor and Victim" is the climax of a series of lesser books—"The Good Shepherd," "The Six-Pointed Cross in the Dust," and "Fear." According to Dr. Oliver, its inception grew out of the suggestion of a friend that "it would be interesting to work out a type of priest-physician who might be able to deal more satisfactorily with the difficulties of psychasthenic patients than is possible for either clergyman or psychiatrist in their separate spheres." Dr. Oliver has ostensibly divided his priest-physician into two men working in collaboration, but to almost all intents and purposes they are one man. The physician, who tells the story of his friend Michael Mann, the unfrocked priest, by the aid of the latter's diary and letters, is himself little more than a mirror of his hero. Even the style of the two is identical; and the narrator's character is keyed throughout to meet the needs of his protagonist.

Michael Mann, however, is endowed with an interesting personality and is given an interesting career. Sensitive and emotional, he possesses an uncanny intuition which enables him to read the

thoughts of others and seems to predestine him, unknown to himself, to be the perfect psycho-analyst. Entering, early, the ministry, he is tainted with hereditary alcoholism, which, along with an unfortunate participation in an ecclesiastical broil, leads to his dismissal from the clergy. Owing to some mysterious crime, or mere accusation of crime—one is never sure which—he lands later in the penitentiary, whose horrors the criminologist-author portrays with real power. Emerging from prison in shattered health, with the one hopeless desire to get back into the ministry, Mann is befriended by the physician, who, recognizing his talent, sets him up in a kind of combined chapel and unprofessional consultation-room. Mann's incessant longing for the sheltering arms may seem, to the non-Anglican, a trifle absurd, yet this part of the book is exceedingly well-handled.

Mann's case is simply an instance of the restlessness of any captive beast kept from its native habitat. In or out of prison, his is a soul in chains. But through his misery and failure he has gained an understanding of failure everywhere. Christianity, which first arose from human wretchedness, asserts its redemptive power through him. The Victim becomes the Victor. With his own life torn to shreds, Mann sets himself to save others and in the process finds at least a sad consolation for himself. At the end, dying, he has the supreme satisfaction of being received, through the agency of his friend, back into the church and once more performing mass.

The author's tender humanity redeems what would otherwise be an impossible book. There is much of it that reads like a tract. The thesis of the priest-physician is permitted to oust the living characters. Pages of expanded case reports are intruded. Too many dull patients are saved who might better have died in their sins. Dr. Oliver, of course, does not believe this, but here his religion blinds him to the demands of art. The deity, we have often been told, is satisfied to save the souls he has created, but the novelist must also make them interesting. Perchance, however, the book will appeal more widely through its defects than through its merits. Today when the notion of the priest-physician is being eagerly discussed in the churches, "Victor and Victim" may be welcomed simply because of its embodiment of the contemporary issue. This may be more, and less, than it deserves.

Days of the Reform Bill

THE BOROUGH MONGER. By R. H. MOTTRAM. Little, Brown & Co. 1929. \$2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

AFTER the stress of the "Spanish Farm" trilogy, Mr. Mottram has returned to the quiet of his own East Anglia, to his favorite period of a hundred years ago. For most of its readers "The Borough Monger" is a return to the scene of "Our Mr. Dormer"; for nearly all of them it will be a return to Eatanswill. For the book deals with a parliamentary election in the days of the Reform Bill; and though this is just too early for the Pickwickians, we recognize the Eatanswill manner of electioneering in the libels and bribery, the rioting of electors, and kidnapping of candidates.

For all the violence of the characters, the effect is singularly unemotional. It may be because Mr. Mottram, in his literary home-coming, was most anxious to catch the composure of England, it may be that in Norwich under William the Fourth candidates took kidnapping calmly and the militia thought nothing of quelling a riot, but whatever the reason, in "The Borough Monger" excitement has been rigorously excluded, and emotion kept strictly in its place. There is the same effect that Mr. Chesterton has pointed out in Dickens, of the inadequacy of the villainy to the villains. The poisonously Calvinistic weaver, the sinister Keeper of the Mumford Tower, seem designed for greater ends than the overnight's detention of an innocent young man.

But this is only to say that the parts of the book are greater than the whole. Mr. Mottram can present a person, a plan, or a period with quite unusual vividness. Every one of the many characters in it was born before he enters the book and goes on living after he leaves it. Mr. Mottram is equally successful in painting his scenes, and by the end of his clear unimpassioned book one feels that one has seen something of England herself, settling down after Waterloo for her hundred years of unapproachable composure.