

to-day. All ladies are not better business men than their husbands, some husbands are almost as virtuous as their wives. Somehow none of these figures quite justifies either our liking or our belief. And that is an unpardonable slip which represents old Dr. Stanchon breaking off from a moral lecture to a pretty and relatively young woman to suggest that if she must divorce, she divorce in order to become Mrs. Stanchon. Imagine Mrs. Deland making Dr. Lavendar philander with, say, Helena Richie!

*The Folk of Furry Farm.* By K. F. Purdon.  
New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In his introduction to Miss Purdon's book, "George A. Birmingham" kindly offers to relieve the reviewer of any responsibility in the matter by telling him exactly what he ought to say, and in point of fact Canon Hannay has accomplished his self-imposed task extremely well. He rightly draws attention to the significance of the present volume as another indication that the literary revival which has become known as the "Irish Movement" has of late shown signs of following the path of destiny and turning for expression to fiction rather than to drama or to poetry. His critical labors he lightens by explaining that he does not "feel in the least inclined to point out the weaknesses" of Miss Purdon's writing, and we are tempted to adopt the same self-indulgent course. For this book has few faults, and of these perhaps the chief is a little lack of art in a tendency to moralize where the moralizing is merely platitudinous. But that is the worst we can say against it. The leisurely story of these Irish folk, whom Canon Hannay places for us "somewhere in the eastern part of Leinster, in Meath or Kildare, on the great plain which fattens cattle for the market," is full of charm, and Miss Purdon invests the English-Irish in which her tale is written with much distinction of style.

We have spoken of the book as though it were a continuous story, and the publishers describe it as a "romance of an Irish village." Romantic it is in its very essence, and shows that mingling of the mystic with the severely practical which is a distinguishing characteristic of the Irish; but it is a series of individual studies in the village of Ardenoo, loosely linked together by the character of one Mickey Heffernan and his adventures in search of a wife. The chapters are as a whole singularly even in merit, with the exception of the final one, Comrade Children at Furry Farm, which is inferior in quality to the rest, and we could wish that Miss Purdon had chosen to end her volume, where art demands that it should end, with that almost flawless little gem, Rosy at Furry Farm. People who describe a man who is so poor that his shoes are badly worn as having "his feet on the world"; who allude to the older sisters of a family who must be married first as "the ones that were next the door," and who say of a lonely place, "There wasn't a neighbor within the bawl of an ass of it"—these people are worth closer acquaintance.

*The Hands of Esau.* By Margaret Deland.  
New York: Harper & Bros.

Though this novel of eighty pages might well have been a short story of thirty, the reader is willing to accept its two very naive characters against the broader background. It is written of the youthful and for the youthful; its fluency, its unambitious treatment of simple minds and a readily comprehensible situation, its open emphasis on ethical values, design it for hearts a long way from the sophisticated dryness of summer's dust. A rich girl falls in love with a young draughtsman who is not so sword-straight as to tell her the entire truth upon two heads: his discharge from a previous position for minor delinquency, and his father's imprisonment; and despite palliating circumstances, after a final test of his frankness, she renounces him. These protagonists, one conscientious and high-spirited, the other a youth estimable in every respect but that of his semi-insincerity, are not unconvincing. Because of its studied refusal to elaborate upon motives and reactions, the book naturally makes few demands upon the writer's deeper resources.

#### ECONOMICS AND ETHICS.

*Poverty and Waste.* By Hartley Withers.  
New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25 net.

Mr. Hartley Withers is our twentieth-century Nathan. He pictures a distressing situation, and when in our pity and indignation we ask who did this evil thing, he replies to each of us, "Thou art the man." We confess that he surprises us. Heretofore we have known him only as one of the soundest and most attractive students of the theory and method of finance; to-day we find him among the prophets, appealing as strongly to our moral as to our economic sense. In the past most persons have viewed the distinction between rich and poor too exclusively from one angle or another. As economists they have been cold and fatalistic; as altruists they have been sympathetic and impracticable. In Mr. Hartley Withers we discover something the world is always looking for and so seldom finding—a perfect conjunction of economics and ethics.

In the work before us he preaches an exceptionally fine lay sermon, from a text by Mr. Bonar Law, "The greatest of all possible social reforms would be to raise the standard of wages throughout the country." This is what we should all like to do, but what the world has been kept from doing, on the scale really desired, by an ethical fact which has been vitally overlooked. From the pulpit and the platform we are continually told that poverty is due to a hard economic law, the "iron law of wages." From Mr. Withers we learn that the fault is not in our economics, but in our ethics. The villain of the piece is not the capitalist, employer, manager, or middleman, but the final consumer. The blame is brought home to every one of us. Mr. Withers might just as well have chosen for his text, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone."

We catch Mr. Withers's spirit easily when we hear him say that it is incredible that at this stage of our alleged civilization any one should doubt that labor ought to, and must, have a bigger share of the good things of the world. The mere fact that the wonderful growth of material prosperity, of which we are all so proud, has left millions of people, who do the hardest, dreariest, and dirtiest of the work that has produced it, to live under conditions in which they have little chance of really living at all, ought to be enough. There should be no need to contend that this state of affairs should be improved off the face of the earth. Everybody ought to be asking how to do it best and quickest. These are the words of a moralist, and as we read farther we find that they are the words of a very stern moralist, though a kindly one.

But Mr. Withers knows that you cannot gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles; he realizes that economic ills can only be cured by economic law. The relation between economics and ethics is, however, very close in this particular matter; though the cure must come from economic restraint, restraint is a moral quality. We can cure economic ills by a moral determination not to thwart the economic sense. In saying this we sum up the whole of the argument of this interesting and inspiring work. The volume before us is concerned with stating the economic facts of the case, and with showing repeatedly the moral interpretation to which they point. For example:

A remedy would be found at once if those who have money would grasp and act on the very simple fact that since the producing power of mankind is limited, every superfluous and useless article that they buy, every extravagance that they commit, prevents the production of the necessities of life for those who are at present in need of them. The man who cannot be comfortable without half a dozen motor cars and pursues his own comfort by buying them, thereby takes bread out of the mouths of the hungry.

Here we have the remorseless logic of the economist in the vestments of the moral reformer.

Every purchase of an article of luxury stiffens the price of articles of necessity, and makes the struggle of the poor still harder—that is Mr. Withers's message. In examining the claims of the various people who share in the produce of industry he does not find any one whom we can condemn to extinction in order to better the lot of the workers. Capitalist, employer, manager, middleman are found to be all essential to industry on its present basis. He shows us, too, that many people, who now live on the proceeds of industry without being themselves producers, nevertheless render services to the community without which it would have no security, and would live in a joyless and unenlightened world. In making all this clear he has produced a work that is most attractive in the reading and most convincing in the argument.

Yet the Golden Rule itself is convincing as an argument. We are almost afraid that the extinction of poverty would be nearer at

hand if the determining factor were less ethical than Mr. Withers makes it out to be. He has led us into a pleasant place, where we see "a stately palace, beautiful to behold." But only persons of "very stout countenance" go in there.

#### A. W. VERRALL.

*Collected Literary Essays, Classical and Modern.* By A. W. Verrall. Cambridge University Press (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3.50 net).

*Collected Essays in Greek and Latin Scholarship.* By A. W. Verrall. Cambridge University Press (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3.50 net).

These two stately tomes would have given great satisfaction to the author if he had lived to see them published. He himself made the selection of the various essays and articles shortly before his death; they have been seen through the press by two devoted friends, M. A. Bayfield and J. D. Duff; the former contributes a lengthy and enthusiastic Memoir of Verrall to the volume of "Literary Essays," and the same volume contains a commemorative address delivered before the academic committee of the Royal Society of Literature by Dr. Mackail. The address, though written by a friend of many years' standing, is an admirable example of Dr. Mackail's clear, critical acumen; it will be accepted as a just appraisal of Verrall's strength and weakness by those who took him seriously, as well as by those who were inclined to mock at him.

Verrall is best known by his book entitled "Euripides the Rationalist" and by his editions of the classics. All his work is marked by a quality which was his strength as well as his weakness; his extremely nimble intelligence and his reconstructive imagination led him to make new combinations which were sometimes brilliant and sometimes only far-fetched. He worked in a time when the emending of classical texts was much more fashionable among scholars than it is now. It was a *jeu d'esprit* of admirable point to apply to him the familiar phrase *splendide mendax*, only slightly emended in the form *Splendid Emendax*. One of the most distinguished of American classical scholars, now gone to his rest, was not satisfied, however, with the *double entente*, and insisted that Verrall belonged among "the wild asses of philology." The expression was too severe; Verrall himself best described himself when he wrote of "wit or subtlety on the part of the artist in the manipulation of meanings," and "the enjoyment of such subtlety for its own sake, and as the source of a distinct intellectual pleasure." As Dr. Mackail expresses it, "sagacity in its literal sense, the keen scent after things hidden, was the habit of his mind." If he paid the penalty for this quality in the estimation of readers of his work, he had compensation in the enthusiastic admiration of those who listened to his lectures, both academic and popular.

This is abundantly attested by many of his former pupils and by Dr. Mackail. Withal he was a very human person and possessed of a merry spirit and a pretty wit, in the ordinary sense of the word. And above all, "letters were to him," as Dr. Mackail writes with his usual felicity, "a world crowdedly and intensely alive. He brought to the study of the classics—of those masterpieces which have been so thumbed and worn by long currency—the fresh mind at whose contact they sprang into fresh vitality. He brought the same fresh interest and enjoyment to English letters and the literary art of his own day. To hear him discourse on modern authors was to realize that they were not separated in his mind from the ancient authors among whom he worked professionally. To both alike he applied the same rapid intelligence, in both alike he felt the same living interest. And that was the interest neither of classicism nor of modernism; it was the interest of literature as a fine art." After such words, one can understand why, when Verrall was named by the Crown to be the first professor of English literature at Cambridge, the choice was recognized by those most competent to judge as not only justifiable, but singularly happy. One of his old pupils bears witness that "there was no one of his generation at Cambridge who meant so much as he did to us younger men." And Prof. Gilbert Murray wrote in the *Oxford Review*: "Verrall has left upon those who knew him well an impression of greatness and of nobility far outweighing the normal admiration due to a famous scholar."

The Literary Essays will appeal to layman and scholar; they well illustrate the wide range of Verrall's interests. "A Roman of Greater Rome," "An Old Love Story," "The Feast of Saturn," "A Tragi-Comedy and a Page of History" are ancient themes made very interesting; several essays bring together Dante and Statius and Virgil; "The Prose of Walter Scott" and "Diana of the Crossways" bring us to our own times. The most brilliant bit in the volume is "Aristophanes on Tennyson"; the author puts into modern form the famous judgment scene in "The Frogs," where Aristophanes entertains his audience by a comparison of the verse of Euripides and Æschylus. Verrall, as champion of Euripides, shows how easy it is to bring to ridicule any poet by the method of adding the same ridiculous tag of verse to cap resounding lines. Tennyson is selected as the unhappy victim. The result is an extremely brilliant bit of farce in true Aristophanic manner, and as good an example of parody as one may easily find.

The volume of studies in "Greek and Latin Scholarship" ranges from Tyrtæus to Statius; it contains emendations and new combination of old material, well illustrating Verrall's familiar methods of subtlety and audacity; some of his conclusions are to be accepted, some must be rejected, but all are characteristic of the brilliant man who wrote them.

#### THE EFFICACY OF THE GOLDEN RULE.

*Christianity and the New Age.* By George Preston Mains. New York: The Methodist Book Concern. \$1.50 net.

This is a remarkable book, all the more remarkable as a deliverance of the intellectual and spiritual convictions of an eminent leader in the Methodist Church, which has not, in these later days, been commonly identified with progress in religious ideals. It is distinguished by mastery of its subject, wide scholarship, broad tolerance, clear vision, an earnest and fearless reverence for truth as the only sure foundation of faith, a disregard of mere dogma and tradition, and by a thoroughly devout, cheerful, and hopeful spirit. Logical in its arrangement of argument and facts, philosophical in its reasoning, and delightfully free from sectarian bias, dealing only with undisputed essentials of Christianity—its mission, its failures, its achievements, and its prospects—it is a fascinating and instructive volume, not only for churchmen, but for all workers for the betterment of mankind. In its recognition of Christ as the divine redeemer and ultimate saviour of the world, it is, of course, entirely orthodox—Dr. Mains is no skeptic—but the special significance of it is to be found in the subordination of creed to principle, the comprehensive survey of instant social problems, and the dispassionate, and therefore all the more severe, arraignment of the modern church.

The articles dealing with the churches in the city and the country are full of pregnant and suggestive matter. For the decline in the rural church the manifold changes and developments of modern life are held to be largely responsible; but the author relentlessly points out the mischief done by the impolitic rivalry of kindred denominations, the lack of common religious purpose, and the incompetency of a starved, disheartened, and imperfectly educated ministry. In the city he deplures the notorious estrangement that has grown up between the Protestant churches and the poor, and boldly enumerates some of the obvious causes of it, declaring that it will be a lasting reproach to them if they fail, under the standards of the gospel, to install themselves as leaders and inspirers of the armies of labor, now so sorely in need of wise guidance and instruction. Especially does he bewail the tendency of some of the clergy to bow the knee before Mammon. On the subject of the necessity for those rational readjustments in matters of dogma and practice, without which there can be no effective coöperation of religious forces, and no general public response to religious ministrations, he is particularly sound and sane; as he is in his insistence upon the need of a highly educated clergy, versed not only in the tenets of their own denomination, but in all the varied departments of modern learning, in order that they may be able to hold their own in controversy and back their professions with knowledge. To Biblical criticism he would impose no limits, arguing that the one aim of scientific inquiry,