counts commits an intellectual solecism that will not pass muster outside of the Ku Klux circles.

Mr. Bertrand Russell has well pointed out that by a process of identification, one hundred and ten million people can say things about their moral beauty and spiritual valor which no single individual would risk uttering about his humble self without being set down as a paranoiac or a prig. In short, our idealism, taken by itself and elevated into a mythology, is not a pleasant subject for either the historian or the honest citizen: this matter belongs to the psychologist who wishes to investigate a group-psychosis. The mere fact that Mr. Myers's book has its counterparts in other countries does not lessen his fault.

Idealism from a Sabine Farm

TRADITION AND JAZZ. By FRED LEWIS PATTEE. New York: The Century Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

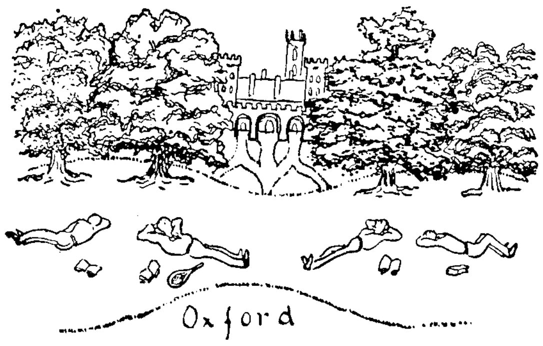
Urbana Junior College

DR. PATTEE'S latest volume of essays is a plea for literary idealism. He is convinced that the age is cursed with an artificial hecticness, that American writers are running after false gods, and that much that is being written today and winning serious high praise must inevitably perish. These ideas are old enough, of course, but Dr. Pattee redeems them from dulness by wit and learning. He has more urbanity than is usual with those writers with whom he finds himself in agreement. Idealism is nowhere explicitly defined, but I take it that the sort of literature Dr. Pattee would admire would be in the spirit of the authors he singles out chiefly for praise: Horace, Izaac Walton, and Eugene Field. Not all of the book is taken up by literary condemnation and exhortation. There are excellent essays on education, "The Log Unseats Mark Hopkins" and "The Old Professor of English: An Autopsy." There are two especially valuable reprints: "A Call for a History of American Literature," and "The Aftermath of Veritism: A Letter from the Sabine Farm to Hamlin Garland."

Anyone who is acquainted with Dr. Pattee's "American Literature Since 1870" will agree with me in suspecting that he has read more bad books than any other man living in America. In so doing he has vitiated the very thing for which he is making a plea: literary discrimination. Dr. Pattee has confused idealism with kindliness, and in pursuing kindliness he has become accustomed to excuse and forget faults if he can discover in a book some appeal to his own kindly nature. Kindliness has led him into a blind alley from which he has never emerged. He can no longer take any pleasure in exploration, and so he sits with his back to the wall—or to jump suddenly to another and his own figure, he sits in the study of his Sabine Farm. So long has he lived on his farm that when he now ventures into the city of literature, he feels out of place—a countryman come to the city, and with a countryman's conviction that leads to the measurement of things foreign by the home yardstick, he straightway condemns the city as false to the desirable, the Sabine Farm, ideals of life and literature. Unfortunately the modern age is not an age of Sabine Farms, and if the scientists have read the signs aright the future is to be still less so.

Idealism, however, allied to Sabine Farm manners is to cure us of our ills. Well and good—as a reformer's plea. But why let the wished for exclude comprehension of the what is? Why let Sabine Farm-ness lead one into a hopeless confusion and total miscomprehension of the modern age? Because, I believe, Dr. Pattee has confused æsthetic value with an extremely limited sort of "pleasure," and because in consequence he has also failed to perceive that literature must not be judged by the "pleasure" it gives at all, but by the quality and force of the experience communicated. These questions and observations are justified after reading, "The Cabells and the Andersons and the Dreisers and the Menckens rule the moment by their clatter and cocksureness, but their day is brief." I recall that he has said, "Crane is a classic now," and has spoken of "glorious old Frank Norris." Professor Pattee is here simply victimized by the old professorial error. After the fight is over and the victory won the rebels are taken into the academies and "classicized." Before that they are worshippers of Hyrtacus or Eurytion or some other horrible god, but not of Acestes (c.f. the essay "The Shot of Acestes"). Who are the worshippers of Acestes, the idealists, the shooters of arrows into the blue, in our literature? Poe, Hawthorne, Cooper partially, Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, and Melville! Unless my literary history is at fault Poe, Thoreau, Whitman, and Melville were rejected by the contemporary academicians and their journalistic followers. These may be of the tribe of Acestes, but let that pass for it is irrelevant anyway, and their value today is to be measured by the value of the intellectual and emotional experience they bring to us, and it is high. Cooper only gets into the list on sufferance anyway, and needs no comment. And today, I believe, Emerson is valued chiefly as an incomparable iconoclast and Hawthorne as a superb analyst of New England's decayed puritanism—not as devotees of Acestes.

How, then, does Dr. Pattee so vehemently predict the eclipse of Cabell, Anderson, and Dreiser? Does he not know that these are the artists of a nation modified since 1870 by industrialism and immigration? We are not in the agrarian society that gave birth to these earlier Acestesians. Yet what writers have been more iconoclastic than Emerson and Thoreau and Melville? What writer has explored more dark caverns of the mind than Hawthorne? Why then rule out Cabell and Anderson and Mencken? The world moves. We no longer live on Sabine Farms. We have new techniques to apply to new environments. Why need we try to satisfy ourselves with experiences of yesteryear? Why not do some adventuring of our own?



From "Letters from England," by Karel Capek (Doubleday, Page)

My rhetoric crumbles though in the face of this: "It is useless to refute them (the younger writers); it is a waste of time to argue with them." Somehow when you say that, Dr. Pattee, I suspect that you do not have roosters on your Sabine Farm, and that the eggs you gather are not fertile, are not instinct with life, do not give one cause for speculation as to the future. They are for "table use," and that is all.

A Study of Mankind

GENETIC STUDIES OF GENIUS. By LEWIS M. TERMAN *et al.* Stanford: Stanford University Press. 1925.

Reviewed by ARNOLD GESELL

Yale University

HERE is a volume of superior interest and value which makes a daring scientific attack on the psychological problems underlying genius. It is a study based upon a wealth of material and it reflects an impressive amount of coöperation between numerous individuals. The proper study of mankind is man. In this instance, it means the collection of about 100 pages of raw data for each of some 1,000 gifted children in the elementary and high schools of California. The data include anthropometric measurements, medical examinations, individual intelligence tests, group tests, tests of information, of school achievement, and of reading knowledge, tests of character and of personality traits, surveys of play interests and play abilities, ratings of numerous moral and social traits by teachers and parents, and a follow-up survey two years after.

These data are analyzed and interpreted in a score of chapters written by various authors. The treatment throughout is objective and statistical. Almost every conclusion is supported by a table or a graph (there are over two hundred tables), which gives percentile distributions, coëfficients of correlation, of variation and reliability, scores in terms of standard deviation, quotients, etc. The statistical analysis is carried to its highest refinement in the chapter on specialization of abilities, and yields the significant conclusion that each gifted child must be regarded as a unique individual with specific mental mechanisms.

From the standpoint of methodology this volume sets a mark and in some measure a model. It makes a courageous and consistent effort to take the problem of the Great Man out of the mists which rise from mere opinion, from democratic misconceptions or reluctances, and even from sheer superstition. The investigation places its main reliance on defined psychometric procedures, and on large numbers of cases to fortify generalization. At almost every turn the findings for the gifted group are brought into camparison with those for a normal (unselected) control group. Some readers will find that this mass treatment does not add to their insight into the essential nature of genius; but they will grant the importance of formulating the results in such a way that these results may be confirmed, refuted, or extended. The scientific study of genius, its nature, origin, and cultivation, has not ended; it has only begun. The California investigation is particularly significant because it rests on such a wide numerical basis. It almost becomes a study of population and many of its conclusions have broad import for problems of race, control of immigration, differential birth rates. In this direction the study will interest the student of social problems and the general reader as well as the psychologist.

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As a scientific contribution the study rests upon an acceptance of the validity of the concepts of mental retardation and acceleration. Intellectually superior individuals are developmentally accelerated; they have in consequence a high intelligence quotient. After a thorough-going canvass, 643 children, mostly from school grades 3 to 8, with I Q (intelligence quotient) of from 140 to 190, were included in the main experimental group. One man in a thousand gets into "Who's Who in America." To qualify for the gifted group, a child had to rate as one in 200.

Professor Terman's volume, therefore, deals more with intellectual superiority than it does with genius in a distinctive sense. Indeed the fundamental quality of true genius, namely, its unique capacity to originate and to spontaneously create, is only slightly considered.

What are the traits of children of markedly superior intellectuality? Are these children sickly, nervous, eccentric, one-sided and socially unadaptable, as is so commonly supposed? Compared with an ordinary unselected group, they are unquestionably above par in physical growth and general health. They are not deficient in play interests; they are in advance in play knowledge. They excel clearly in intellectual and social interests when these are measured carefully by association tests. The intellectual children as a group are rated higher on a schedule of twenty-five mental, moral, social, and physical traits; they are decidedly superior in range and wealth of information. They are superior also in school accomplishment and yet are pedagogically retarded when their actual educational capacity is considered. The figures indicate no hothouse forcing; rather the reverse.

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The data as a whole strongly suggest the fundamental importance of hereditary endowment; and will be seized upon by the eugenically minded.

> There is a marked excess of Jewish and of Northern and Western European stock represented. The number of highly successful, even eminent, relatives is impressively great. The fact that in a State which justly prides itself on the equality of educational opportunity provided for its children of every class and station an impartially selected group should draw so heavily from the higher occupational levels and so lightly from the lower, throws a heavy burden upon the environment hypothesis.

But if "genius" cannot be created, it can be cultivated, and society has much to learn in this highest of all fields of culture. Evidently the schools must begin at the bottom and learn to recognize the symptoms of superiority. One of the most astonishing facts brought out by the Stanford investigation is that "one's best chance of identifying the brightest child in a school room is to examine the birth records and select the youngest, rather than to take the one rated as brightest by the teacher."

Professor Terman has undertaken to dissolve the democratic complexes which dull the appreciation of mental superiority. He has scored a success in volume one. We shall look to the West for further light in this important field of investigation.

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A Digger in the Near East

THE WANDERING SCHOLAR. By DAVID G. HOGARTH. New York: Oxford University Press. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by H. G. DWIGHT

Author of "Stamboul Nights"

A BOOK like this makes one break whichever Commandment it is that bids one covet not one's neighbor's wife, his ox, his ass, his style, his adventures, or anything else of his. It belongs on that very small shelf of books by those to whom it has been given to write of Western Asia, Northern Africa, and the Eastern Mediterranean isles as they deserve—not with sentimentality, not with passion, not with an eye to persuasion, not merely with learning, but with color, with humor, with verisimilitude, and with words that haunt the memory. Doughty is one. Eastlake is one, though to my way of thinking he has been a little overrated. Morier is one. Sir Thomas Herbert is one. Gibbon, in spots, is one. Bryan, in spots, is one. William McFee is one. And Hakluyt is full of old salts who had true and racy things to say about that part of the world. For the sugared and self-conscious tenderness of Loti I have little stomach; and I speak now of those alone who use the English tongue, Curzon is not one, having been too great a lord and politician. But he had a great-uncle, or something like that—likewise a lord in his latter days—whose "Visits to Monasteries in the Levant" is one of the most delightful books in existence.

There can be no need to point out that the wandering scholar who goes by the name of D. G. Hogarth is one of the best known archæologists who have grubbed in that treasure-house of antiquity which catches the spray of the Ægean. It may be pointed out, however, that his latest book is a reissue of two earlier ones, the original "Wandering Scholar" of 1896 and the "Accidents of an Antiquary's Life" of 1910, minus certain chapters which he considered unsuitable or out of date. Personally I would put them both upon that small and aristocratic shelf. But their successor of 1925 contains the quintessence of each, most artfully combined. And the result is a volume about which it would be only too easy to reel off the usual banalities about the long felt wants of the traveler, the archæologist, the statesman, and the lover of letters alike—which, nevertheless, happen in this case to be perfectly true.

The archæologist, perhaps, will be least satisfied—unless he be a very human archæologist, with a keener ear than common for the sound and the cadence of words. For he usually demands the long circumstantial and scientific details which this book lacks. It is archæology at its most impressionistic and most romantic. There are no reports for learned societies. There are, rather, picturesque accounts of the search, among dull and suspicious peasants, for the "written stone," and of its discovery under the petticoats of a Greek virago or at midnight, in a scented garden, beside the well of the mysterious Turk from which it had just been fished out. There are stories of Hittite seals in silver, supported by lions' claws; of rare coins of Hieropolis bought out of the hand of a lumpish Phrygian boy who possessed surprising gifts of legerdemain; of Konia "where the Kilij Arslans and Khaikhosrus are buried, each with his turban at his coffin head, beneath swinging silver lamps and tiles of priceless blue"; of the discovery of a lost city in the peaks of Taurus, "with battlements and towers outlined against the light." Other and more momentous discoveries are those of a city greater than Carchemish, on the banks of the Euphrates; of treasures hidden in the silt or behind the stalactites of the cave of Dicte, in Crete, where Rhea brought forth Zeus; of treasures not less precious buried in the foundations of the empty pedestal of the goddess whom many of us know as Diana of the Ephesians. And you may learn to your surprise that the ruined church of St. Nicholas at Myra, or Dembreh, near the Lycian coast, "is the most interesting memorial of the early days of Christianity"; that at Aspendus, or Balkis Kaleh, on the Satalian Gulf, remains "perhaps the most splendid of the great Roman buildings that time has spared," a magnificent theatre whose "stones are still square and sharp, and the courses are true as if laid yesterday"; that at Deliklitash, not too far from Adalia, are slag heaps from ancient copper mines and the historic blow-holes of subterranean gases; and that somewhere behind Castellorizo opens all but invisibly a cleft in the rocky coast where you sheer "to left, to right, and to left again, and lo! a great water and the long unruffled track of the moon on the land-locked bosom of Kekova."

Here is where the international politician will prick up his ears, and haply the international concessionaire as well. At any rate, after listening to Count Cippico at Williamstown, after learning from Mr. Hogarth that no less a personage than Vittorio Emmanuele di Savoia, long before he came to the throne, was familiar with the fires of Chimæra (Deliklitash)—to which might be added the fact that while King Humbert still reigned and no Libyan War had as yet been waged, the royal numismatist used annually to visit Rhodes in his yacht—they will begin to understand how it was that the famous Tripartite Agreement of 1920 gave Italy rights on the Lycian coast, and that Rhodes and Cestellorizo have since slipped into Italy's pocket.

Mr. Hogarth has more useful things to tell, however. The wandering scholar holds no brief for one race or another. But about several he has lore which many an international politician lacks. He speaks of Greeks "clothed in assurance as in a garment," of whom "individualism and intolerance of discipline are in the blood" . . . "Discipline—what is that to a free-born Greek, whose birthright is to think for himself, and for you?" And

> The peasont Greek is neither brute nor butterfly; but this he is—a man who is essentially inert, a man born physically outworn. The whole race, as it seems to me, is suffering from over-weariness. It lived fast in the forefront of mankind very long ago, and now is far gone in years; and in its home you feel that you have passed into the shadow of what has been, into an air in which men would rather be than do.

Mr. Hogarth speaks no less to the point of those whom we know as Turks, many of whom are the aborigines of their land, masquerading in Turkish rags and misusing a language of inner Asia which has now superseded their own. I commend to international politicians what is said of the Yuruk, "the Walker," the nomad, whom the wandering scholar regards as the true father and brother of the Turk. Fortunately there is at the end of the book an index which contains all necessary references. I also recommend to politically minded readers the chapter called "The Anatolian," written many years ago but as true today as then. Whether you be politically minded, however, or archæologically minded, or minded merely to seek novelty, color, humor, words simply yet subtly put together, proofs of a spirit above the ordinary, and such small matters, you cannot too strongly be counselled to acquire this compact, wise, and beguiling little book, and to keep it apart from the more pretentious and too often more impassioned tones which profess to interpret the East to the West.

Murder and Mystery

THE BRAVO MYSTERY AND OTHER CASES. By SIR JOHN HALL. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1925. $3.50.

Reviewed by EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Author of "Studies in Murder."

SIR JOHN HALL, a former officer of the Coldstream Guards, is a writer of historical essays, with a taste for criminology. In a former book, "Four Famous Mysteries," he described certain historical puzzles of perpetual interest. In "The Bravo Mystery,' he tells about three English murder cases, about a Parisian duel of the first half of the nineteenth century, and about a racing scandal of the days of the Regency.

This volume puts its author in a limited class. There are numerous English writers on popular criminology, sending forth a succession of books, usually with alliterative titles, about murder and other high crime. Sometimes moderately interesting, they are journalistic, careless, and superficial. Any way is, for their authors, a good enough way to tell about a murder. They are too busy to spend much time in research; the hasty raking over of the files of some newspaper is all the preparation they need. To approach the subject with the care of the historian is far too great a task.

Since the death of H. B. Irving, the conscientious and highly readable author of books on English, French, and American criminology, there has heretofore been only one writer worthy of comparison with him: William Roughead, the Scottish author of volumes of essays,—literary, historical, legal, and criminological. They are full of an enjoyable flavor of antiquity, and of humor to lighten the dark ways through which they wind. Sir John Hall's method of approach to his subject is careful, dignified, and thoroughly readable, even if he lacks something of Mr. Roughead's light touch and ironic comment.

The first essay, "The Bravo Mystery," is an unsolved poisoning of the 1870's. Nobody could say then, and nobody can say now, who poisoned Mr. Bravo, nor exactly why. Mrs. Bravo, Mrs. Cox, Dr. Gully—these were a gallery of strange characters, and they all appear to be as puzzled about the death as the reader will be after enjoying Sir John Hall's narrative. "The Duke of Cumberland's Valet" is the story of the suicide of the body-servant to that royal personage, after an attempt to murder his master. The story got abroad that the Duke had murdered his valet, and one of the revelations of this essay is that Mr. Lytton Strachey, in his biography of Queen Victoria, seems to have been willing to repeat this rumor, neither affirming nor denying its truth, though he might easily have refuted it.

The two final chapters in the book are of lesser interest, but the second number, "The Northumberland Street Tragedy," makes one of the best stories of its kind I have read. It is not an unsolved mystery; almost all the external details, at least, were cleared up. (The reason why men risk the danger of committing a murder, or trying to commit one, is always a mystery.) But I have found great joy in "The Northumberland Street Tragedy," for its grim and unusual setting, and for a certain whimsicality which surrounded this ferocious attack upon the innocent but very capable retired officer, Major Murray.

I do not propose to spoil the narrative for its readers, but would like to suggest that there is something which recalls Mr. Chesterton's stories in the first appearance of Major Murray, about to leap out the back window of a private house, his face covered with blood, a pair of tongs in one hand, and an umbrella in the other. There is a curious note in the cry of young Mr. Roberts: "Oh, Mr. Lumb, some one has been and murdered father!" It recalls the humor of Mr. Gelett Burgess to read what was said when Major Roberts had jumped out of the window, had been deprived of his umbrella, and had tried to get it again, in order to return to his office. On being told that he was frightfully wounded (he had been shot twice in the head) he said: "Am I?" "Indeed, you are!" was the reply. "It's that d—— fellow Grey, upstairs," said the injured man. He was then informed that the man upstairs was named Roberts, whereupon the Major replied, as if this aggravated the offence: *"He told me that his name was Grey."* There is something reminiscent of Dickens in the strange, dusty, and over-furnished apartment in which the Major had been so unaccountably attacked and where such a furious struggle had taken place. And there is a delicious element of sportsmanship in the feelings of the victim, when, carried to the hospital for treatment of his grievous wound he heard something more about the mysterious assailant. All that annoyed the sporting Major was that he had not received the consideration due to any kind of game:

"Why, damn him," said he, "he ought to be hanged for shooting a man on the ground."

And it was, when you come to think of it awfully bad taste of Roberts not to flush the Major before firing at him.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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