

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

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

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

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

Rum in Your Tea

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

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENET.

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

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

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

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

The BOWLING GREEN

A Package

THERE is a passage at the end of "Alice in Wonderland" that excellently describes how some farm-yard sounds, recurring under the dream, gradually break through the mist of Alice's fancy and bring her two worlds into one.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Station of DONVILLE-TRIAGE
27 December, 1924.

Dear Sir:

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

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

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

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

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

I have the honor to salute you.

THE CHIEF OF THE STATION.

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

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

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

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

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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

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

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Books of Special Interest

Now It Has Been Told

THINGS I SHOULDN'T TELL. By the Author of "Uncensored Recollections." Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott Co. 1924. \$4.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

THE revelations of the author this volume are hardly likely to cast lustre on the supposedly staid Victorian era nor are they, on the other hand, apt to rouse much amazement. For the indiscretions here recorded are in the main follies, stupidities, and extravagances rather than scandals of far-reaching character or unexpected implications. They are the reflection of a gay world in which princes, ladies of fashion, and persons of political and literary importance derived amusement from filling the pockets of a foreign dignitary with live crayfish, exhausted their ingenuity in devising for the inamorata of the moment gifts that rivalled the jewelled elaborations of the Orient in magnificence, indulged in puerile practical jokes, or drank themselves into somnolence. All is grist that comes to the mill of the author, and he passes from the witticisms of some favorite of the day to the double meanings of another, or to some bit of gossip or hearsay with seemingly the same relish for one as for another.

It is, indeed, an unlovely picture of high society which he draws, with an Ismail Pasha bestriding its narrow world in light lilac trousers, short black jacket, and fez, a Bismarck "sprawling about in the can-can before a plump, fair, laughing Alsatian *demi-mondaine*," a George Sands enamoured alike of genius and truckman, and a Sarah Bernhardt "faking" sculpture. There are, to be sure, some amusing glimpses of the great and near great, anecdotes such as that of the celebrated Jowett lured by the ingenuity of an ardent guide quite unwittingly before the public gaze.

"This, ladies and gentlemen," said the wily cicerone to a group of American tourists, standing under the little bow window on "the Broad," "is Balliol College, reckoned to be the second oldest college in Oxford. The head of this College is called 'The Master.' The present Master is the celebrated Professor Jowett. That is Professor Jowett's study." Then stooping down, picking up some gravel and throwing it up, disturbing the great man at his studies, brought him red with fury to the window—"and that, Ladies and gentlemen, is Professor Jowett."

Or of Trelawney rising to his feet whenever the name of Shelley was mentioned, or of Adah Isaacs Menken, quondam wife of the prize fighter Heenan, and the much discussed Mazepa of a scandalized theatrical public, gushing to Swinburne "Well, I've read your poems and just love them; and I've come over from Paris on purpose just to love the poet!"

On Swinburne, whom Jowett first severely criticized, and later when fame had commended him to his attention, made much of, the author of this volume bestows considerable attention and some of the most interesting pages of his book. It was the Swinburne of pre-Watts Dunton days who appealed to him, the Swinburne who drank himself into a maudlin state on Tokay, was full "of sly fun and wild monkey tricks," "running out at night into the street, throwing up his hat in the air and dancing before buses in the maddest and most dangerous way, singing and clapping his hands," the Swinburne who adored Walter Savage Landor and barked out when asked if it were true that his idol was faulty in his aspirates "Well, and what the 'ell's that got to do with you if 'e 'appens to 'ave that awful 'abit'?"

Despite, however, its occasional piquant passages there is nothing noteworthy or illuminating in this book. Nevertheless, in Lincoln's phrase, doubtless "those who like this kind of thing will like it very much."

France in Africa

GREATER FRANCE IN AFRICA. By WILLIAM M. SLOANE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1924. \$3.

Reviewed by T. J. C. MARTYN

FROM Roderic, last king of the Visigoths, until after the union of Castile and Aragon, the Moors had maintained one of the most brilliant, if barbaric, empires known to history. It is one of the anomalies of modern times, and ought, perhaps, to be added to the Seven Wonders of the World that the quondam great Shereefian Empire is now the vassal of republican France; for, in theory, Morocco at least is still governed by an absolute monarch in the person of Sultan Mulai Yusef.

The French would no doubt object to the word vassal as implying bondage. Be that as it may, there is no denying that France is the master of French Africa by force of arms, a fact which cannot be discounted by lively protestations, that the Moors, Arabs, Negroes, etc., are French and are therefore free, equal, and fraternal, however much this excellent theory persists.

It is of these things that Dr. Sloane writes. Upon the broad background of history the author describes his visit, as a member of the Committee France-America to Morocco and Algiers, the two northernmost countries of French Africa. There is also some mention of Tunis, the third north African "province." It would indeed be difficult to find some phase of life in those regions which has not been touched upon. Art, religion, dress, customs, politics, architecture, etc., etc., all find their places and help to form a book of unusual interest. It is a picture of the education of allegedly backward countries in the school of occidental civilization. It is the story of great imperialist adventures, of magnificent events, of progress, all dominated by a striking personality, Marshal Lyautey, France's empire builder.

The rôle which France plays in the monarchy of Morocco is particularly interesting. The French Protectorate over Morocco, result of an act of force, exercises its control over all the secular affairs of the monarchy. But the assent of the Sultan to any measure is necessary before it can become law. In religious matters the Sultan is apparently supreme. The wisdom of this arrangement is self-evident. The Sultan as religious head of the state is an indispensable instrument to the French; for so long as the Protectorate is made dependent upon the Sultan for the fulfilment of its purposes, and so long as the Sultan is dependent upon the Protectorate for defense of his country, so long will the mass of the Faithful remain friendly to the French.

The race and color problem is one that cannot fail to be of interest to the people of this country. Frenchmen profess that there is neither a race nor a color question. Marshal Lyautey asserts: "In our Protectorate we do not regard or treat the natives as an inferior race, merely as another race." Dr. Sloane continues: "There are no known causes now operative which can account for race and color, for bodily odor and spiritual temperament, or sex repulsion." The French theory is therefore put to the test by modified segregation of French and foreigners from Moors, Arabs, Berbers and Negroes; the Moors and Arabs from the Berbers and Negroes; the Berbers from all.

It is impossible to descant upon the many other interesting things which the author writes. He gives the reader a very beautiful vision of Northern Africa, but he leaves him a little concerned for the future. While France has need for workers and recruits for her armies, she will have a permanent interest in the Africans. It is also safe to say that when her economic aspirations near fulfilment she will have a permanent interest in Africa.



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