

the fact that the world is a small place after all is merely bromidic; in art it is disastrous.

But "Walls of Glass" is disappointing for more than its *dénoûement*. Any story, not matter how well told, lacks fibre and meaning if its characters are not real. That, essentially, is the all-inclusive weakness of this one, and the reason why its ending proves less a let-down than a confirmation. The plot here simply dominates the characters, making its own necessities become theirs. None of them carries any warmth or emotional conviction; Sophy fails to live; Greer changes his spots; Joel is not even characterized, a shocking omission in view of the fact that to judge his actions when he learns about his mother, one must know beforehand what he is like. And the important scenes between these people never for a moment open up corridors of temperament and emotion.

As narrative "Walls of Glass" is thoroughly professional, and the skill of the story-teller is frequently apparent. But that such praise should be the most one can offer Mr. Barretto seems a pity when one thinks of the promise he seemed to show. He gains nothing as a writer from this latest book of his. Beyond any doubt—it will sell; but it will not survive.



## One Who Was With Me

By SIEGFRIED SASSOON\*

IT was too long ago—that Company which we served with . . .

We call it back in visual fragments, you and I, Who seem, ourselves, like relics casually preserved, with

Our mindfulness of old bombardments when the sky

With blundering din blinked cavernous.

Yet a sense of power  
Invades us when, recapturing an ungodly hour  
Of ante-zero crisis, in one thought we've met  
To stand in some redoubt of Time,— to share again  
All but the actual wetness of the flare-lit rain,  
All but the living presences who haunt us yet  
With gloom-patrolling eyes.

Remembering, we forget  
Much that was monstrous, much that clogged our  
souls with clay

When hours were guides who led us by the longest  
way—

And when the worst had been endured could still  
disclose

Another worst to thwart us. . . .

We forget our fear . . .  
And, while the uncouth Event begins to lour less  
near,

Discern the mad magnificence whose storm-light  
throws

Wild shadows on these after-thoughts that send  
your brain

Back beyond Peace, exploring sunken ruinous roads.  
Your brain, with files of flitting forms hump-backed  
with loads,

On its own helmet hears the tinkling drops of rain,—  
Follows to an end some night-relief, and strangely  
sees

The quiet no-man's-land of day-break, jagg'd with  
trees

That loom like giant Germans . . .

I'll go with you, then,  
Since you must play this game of ghosts. At listen-  
ing posts

We'll peer across dim craters; joke with jaded men  
Whose names we've long forgotten. (Stoop low  
here; it's the place

The sniper enfilades.) Round the next bay you'll  
meet

A drenched platoon-commander; chilled, he drums  
his feet

On squelching duck-boards; winds his wrist-watch;  
turns his head,

And shows you how you looked,—your ten-years-  
vanished face

Hoping the War will end next week . . .

What's that you said?

\*This poem appeared in the issue of the *New Statesman* for May 22, 1926, over the pseudonym of Sigma Sashun.

## The BOWLING GREEN

### Precis of a Journey. II.

IT surprises me that so few Americans take the comfortable and uncrowded route to Northern Ireland for a spring holiday. Ourselves (we were four) were the only passengers getting off at Moville merely to pursue the picturesque. Unlike arrival in England or France there is no special train waiting for you and all manner of calculated exploitation. You get into the tender *Cynthia*, where practically all others are homing Irish who tell you they haven't been back for thirty years; and you steam gently up lovely Lough Foyle for a couple of hours. That sort of approach gives you a happy sense of spaciousness. Green slopes of Ireland, waterside garden privacies, gorse-bright knolls and blue remoteness are already part of your mood when you reach Derry in the warm forenoon just as the children in white stockings are on their way to church. The town is at ease in Sunday morning hush, it had no idea you were coming. Two old women with black shawls over their heads, two idlers smoking on the pier bollards, these (beside the porters and agents who are there of necessity) are all who think it worth while to attend. *Cynthia* slides gently past the wharves and you read the signs on warehouses with that eager attention given to the shabbiest random affiche on strange soil.

The little Metropole Hotel, a cheerful commercial house, is just round the corner from the quay, and we walked there in a strong blaze of sun. A tiny Irish maid in black uniform and bobbed hair was shyly waiting at the door to escort us upstairs. She gave me my first suspicion, confirmed afterward by further observation, that the legend of Irish comeliness is not just legend. Never have I seen so many strangely beautiful girls, beautiful with a touch of queer feyness, like their countryside. Tom and I, though inordinately weary, set off for the preliminary stroll without which one cannot be at ease in new scenes. The very first thing you see in Derry is posters of O. Henry (quite naturally they print it O'Henry) comedies at the cinema. The lure of the West, begun by the movies, is followed up by the Anchor-Donaldson Line suggestion: "To Canada for £3 to Approved Settlers." We loitered on the Foyle bridge watching the children trooping back from Sunday school. It was odd, in that peacefulness, to see them bustling regardlessly by two legends painted large on the rampart—"The spirit of 1688-90 is still as strong as ever" and "No peace this side the grave for the murderers." Such ejaculations are often to be found scrawled on walls and boardings in Irish storm centers; yet I think one must not take them too seriously now, for the outstanding impression I had was that bitterness has very greatly subsided and that the Irish have settled down to work. We were struck by the rather gruesome coat of arms of Londonderry, cast in the iron gunwale of the bridge: a very discouraged looking skeleton sitting wearily outside a fortress; a memory, no doubt, of the famous siege.



A columnist would indeed be derelict who did not pause long enough in Derry to see St. Columba's cathedral; though a late breakfast and a nap were our chief needs. And by mid-afternoon you can be far out in the mountains of Donegal, among primroses, skylarks and cuckoos. I am not mentioning the name of the salmon-fishing inn near Lough Swilly where we spent our first night. If it became too well-known it would lose its perfect flavor of Somerville and Ross. That evening (it was early June) the birds sang until eleven o'clock, and were at it again soon after three. In the whitewashed village street (in some respects more like a French village than an English) we picked up what we thought at first must be a fairy horse-shoe, a tiny curve of iron, rusted and worn thin. We supposed it to be a shoe cast by one of their innumerable miniature donkeys; but it proved to be a thrifty heel-plate from a youngster's boot. Anyhow we kept it as souvenir. So is the commonest unregarded jetsam of one civilization trove and talisman for the stranger. It is not necessarily the stained glass and the rare wine that one is looking for abroad. Do I call for champagne as soon as I get aboard ship? Not so: almost any banker on the North Shore of

Long Island can give you that surcharged and over-rated fluid. I order gin-and-ginger-beer.

In Derry we had been promised (in a voice of extreme concession) "a Buick touring car." But the vehicle, when it quavered to the Metropole, proved to be one of the most ancient of Henry's stepchildren. Our elderly driver asserted that the Buick (evidently a well-known chariot in the town) had been suddenly and unexpectedly commandeered by the Bishop of Derry: an explanation so charming, whether true or false, that we acquiesced instantly. The old Ford taxi, though abrasive to the knees for a party of four, was admirable for our purpose. The very informal Irish Free State customs post, camped in a shack a few miles out of Derry, gave us no difficulty. Not far from Letterkenny a happy puncture stranded us some time by the way, and there was silence to hear larks and watch a tumbling brook. Had we had nothing else but that Sunday afternoon ride to Milford our voyage would have been worth while: the great spread of hill and valley, the white road between spiky hawthorns, the country girls bicycling with fluttered skirts. What miseries of homesickness they must suffer for that exquisite landscape when they go to work in New York or Philadelphia—or are movies and ice cream sodas sufficient anodyne? And so I have a suggestion to any time-scanted kinsprit who wants a vacation in which he will see none of the things that the Miss Spences know all about but plenty that will do the heart good. Let him get aboard an Anchor Line ship, get off at Moville, and take the same ship back again when she stops at Moville on her return voyage. He will have a week to explore Donegal or Antrim, where he will be imbedded in loveliness like a comma living in one of Moira O'Neill's poems. He will hear the cuckoo holding up its tuning fork to the unheard melodies of earth. He will learn what a peat bog looks like; see the green light eddy in those surfy limestone sheers near Dunluce; observe Nature at her uproariously intricate scheming in the Giant's Causeway. If you ever supposed that she works just haphazard, the Causeway will disprove it to you. She has a plan of campaign all thought out, just as carefully as Nicholas Murray Butler. Five-sided polygons evidently have something to do with it; but you can sit on those basalt pedestals (she has concaved some of them just exactly to the sedentary norm) and figure it out. "The meanin' of it is," the battered guide kept beginning, but I'm afraid we gave him a sore shock. We were the only people causewaying, and he was looking forward to a grand old spiel. "How much is it worth to you to let us see this alone?" I said to him. He looked at us bewildered, a stricken brightness in his eyes. We gave him half a crown to leave us, and he went off congested with his automatic rigmarole. It was brutal, yet necessary if we were to have peace in that stunning wilderness of solid geometry. As I suggested to Tom, who is a professional lecturer of huge renown, Suppose you went to Notre Dame University for your annual affair; and they met you at the train and said "Here's your check but we'd rather not have the lecture."

One of the quaintnesses of the Causeway, at any rate after a wet night, is the great number of snails going about their tranquil business. One of these, we reckoned by taking cross-bearings on his progress, would just be under an overhanging boulder about the time it was ready to fall. So we removed him several yards; though this troubled Tom who said we had set the earnest cochlea at least a hundred years back in his schedule.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

The Jesuit Order has started a new quarterly called "Thought," a title which indicates rather clearly the nature of its contents. The magazine will be edited by members of the Society of Jesus in the United States and is intended to be a review of current thought and modern problems, and a clearing house for scholarly work. It will carry articles of sustained and thoughtful character presenting the subject in an analytical and constructive manner. In appealing to the learned, both Catholic and Non-Catholic, the Editors hope to show the intellectual bases of religion and to treat of all other topics in which they might find interest. The board of editors comprises men of known ability in their specialties, many of them internationally known. The Editor-in-chief is Wilfrid Parsons, Editor of *America*; and the Managing Editor is Francis P. LeBuffe, Dean of Fordham School of Social Service.

## Books of Special Interest

### Looking at Mind

MIND AND ITS PLACE IN NATURE.

By DURANT DRAKE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925. \$2.

LIFE, MIND, AND SPIRIT. By C. LLOYD MORGAN. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1926. \$3.75.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW  
University of Wisconsin

THE psychologist, though tenacious of his domain, welcomes the contributions of congenially related disciplines. Only the student deeply and technically interested in the ultimate conceptions underlying the world of mind would venture to follow either philosopher or biologist in his excursions; for such, both essays are helpful, distinctive, independent. The common-sense view—what Professor Morgan calls the "Plain Tale of Behavior"—receives sanction from both sources. Professor Drake is a realist and finds the clue of his realism at once in the realities of the physical world, and the equally valid realities of consciousness. He calls the doctrine critical realism, in that it reaches the conclusions of the man on the street, not by acceptance of appearance for reality—such as made the sun revolve about the earth—but by re-establishing critically as veridical the facts of nature and the facts of mind.

To this end must be cleared away the naive assumptions and false interpretations as to what is due to things and what to our minds is the only way we have of getting at things, and yet there emerges as restored the pragmatic faith that is adequate for practical undertakings, but needs what is called epistemological buttressing to support the roof of ultimates that cover existence and knowledge. In following the argument the lay reader finds more difficulty in understanding what the banners and the symbols they carry mean, than to take sides once the issue is made plain; perhaps also a like difficulty in understanding why one should get so absorbed in the technique of deciphering the message, when its face-value acceptance would dispense with much philosophical labor.



So far as their orbits of inquiry overlap, philosopher and biologist are in fair agreement. To Professor Drake consciousness "is the finest flower of evolution, the only thing in the world that has intrinsic worth." To Professor Morgan equally, consciousness is the inherent, indispensable, and in its issues the "divine purpose" of life itself,—the consummatory product of "emergent evolution." But Professor Morgan's major task is to make plain—and from the observer's and experimentalist's approach—the several stages of ascending advance by which behavior, from amoeba to man, assumed its characteristic psychic complications. It is obvious that both thinkers reject the "behaviorists" (Professor Morgan calls him the radical behaviorist) solution as a brusque ignoring or ingenious evasion of all the essential points of issue. After you have cut Gordianwise the knots of the tangle (by holding them fictitious) there is no difficulty in solution. But Professor Morgan—perhaps with greater reliance on logical distinctions than is common among students of behavior of whatever camp—sets forth how "reference" to the object-world, "guidance" by "foretaste," and imaginative design, first on the sensory, then on the "cognitive," then on the "reflective level, and throughout proceeding upon the affective factor, the "enjoyment" which is nature's lure,—all successively "emerge" and make the world of mind.

It is to him a two-story tale, a life-story and a mind-story; and their coalescence demonstrates emergent evolution as the key to the universe, of thought and things alike. In fact it is a three-story tale,—though Professor Morgan does not consider it, and declines to use the purposive or hormic principle (of MacDougall); yet it is the "spirit" of the trinitarian title that the biologist advocates (not dogmatically, for he realizes that he does not carry the majority of his fellow-biologists with him) and justifies as the theme of the Gifford lectures for 1923. He thus concludes that truth value coincides with aesthetic and spiritual value in so far as the story of life and mind require for their fulfillment the story of spirit. Controversial as are all such attempts to state with large and tentative assumptions the arguments for the faith that is in us as to the kind of a world in which we live bodily and mentally, they will always attract deeply reflective minds;

the modernity of their solution lies in the increasing recognition of the refined data of science as the only authentic guides to speculation.

### The Human R. L. S.

R. L. S. AND HIS SINE QUA NON. By "The Gamekeeper" (ADELAIDE A. BOODLE). New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1926. \$1.50.

IN reading these reminiscences of Stevenson and his wife by one who knew them at Skerryvore, one perceives why John Stuart and more recently George S. Hellman were justified in calling public attention to more human and erring aspects of both R. L. S. and Fanny Stevenson than are generally known. Here is all too palpable a page toward the making of what Mr. Hellman called the Stevenson legend; it is a trivial and indiscriminating piece of hero-worship. For a sensitive reader this book does just the reverse of what it obviously hoped to do. It irritates.

That Miss Boodle is sincere, and that she puts down what is true, no one will doubt. But the very truth, when regarded with a critical rather than an adoring eye, is its own give-away. Some of the truth is faintly ridiculous and for that reason it would be foolish to judge it with too much seriousness. The pictures of Stevenson teaching Miss Boodle how to write, making her play the sedulous ape he himself considered the one apprenticeship to letters, and prescribing a series of literary Don'ts which she swallowed whole, are more amusing than damaging. In a sense, Stevenson survives them. But the pictures of Fanny Stevenson, who for all Miss Boodle's admiration emerges as officious and militant, are more damaging than amusing; and they are fresh if unwilling proof of Mr. Hellman's contentions about her in "The True Stevenson." Could there have been, to say no more, any one so humorless as Fanny—Fanny who, when R. L. S. and a couple of other men were gossiping with mild wit about an absent friend, went into a sudden rage, crying out "Are they men?" "Are they Christians?" "Have they no shame?"

One doubts whether Stevenson succeeded in teaching Miss Boodle how to write and one doubts whether Fanny Stevenson, vigilant nurse and valiant warrior that she was, really was her husband's "sine qua non." Without wishing to be cheaply cynical, one wonders whether she was not his alter ego. Miss Boodle, for one reader at least, has weakened the Stevenson legend rather than helped it, particularly in Mrs. Stevenson's case. Her piece of hero-worship will only get across with other hero-worshippers.

### Father and Son

MY FAITH IN IMMORTALITY. By WILLIAM E. BARTON. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1926. \$2.50.

THE BOOK NOBODY KNOWS. By BRUCE BARTON. The same.

Reviewed by HENRY J. CADBURY  
Harvard University

TWO books arrive almost simultaneously at the reviewer's table. One is by a father, the other by his son. Barton the elder is a minister of a Congregational church. He is also a lover of Lincoln and a writer of a biography of his hero. But he is better known outside his own circle as the author of ingenious weekly parables called the Parables of Safed the Sage. His new book reveals of course the pastor and preacher. It has much of the homely illustration of the sage and it deals with a subject on which science, philosophy, and religion all claim something to say.

Dr. Barton believes in immortality, not just because the Bible or the creeds affirm it or because science or philosophy can prove it. He admits that science does not prove it, that psychic research does not prove it. His belief is an act of imagination, and since so many have shared this belief he finds in the mere existence of the belief the best ground for supposing it to be true. He discusses many phases of the question,—probation, perfection, the fate of the unregenerate, communication from the dead, and prayers for the dead, and answers his queries in accordance with simple analogies, common sense, and a conviction of God's goodness and of the goodness in human life that makes it worthy of perpetuation.

Barton junior is more of a journalist or publicist than his father and knows less about the things of religion. His "The

Man Nobody Knows" has just secured for him the fame that a well-chosen title and a congenial though unhistorical portrait of Jesus might be expected to secure in contemporary America. Under a similar title Bruce Barton now gives a sketch of some of the high spots in the Bible. His aim is evidently to arouse a superficial curiosity with the chance of stimulating a deeper interest. His attitude is reasonably reverent, uncontroversial, and appreciative. He calls attention to a variety of notable events and persons in the Bible and concludes with a brief sketch of the collection or selection of its books and of its transmission. Such a book will doubtless occasionally accomplish its ultimate purpose, but it will leave most readers on its own plane of familiar quotations and Bible conundrums. It can hardly be preferred to the equally simple books on the Bible published by men of more thorough knowledge, who at least avoid some of the most obvious errors of the serial writer and columnist.

### A Theory of Teaching

THE PRACTICE OF TEACHING IN THE SECONDARY SCHOOL. By HENRY C. MORRISON. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1926. \$4.

Reviewed by A. R. MEAD  
Teachers College

THIS large volume is a theory of learning and teaching interpreted in terms of the general education of learners of the secondary school period, plus certain considerations about the administrative aspects of the secondary school. The author states his own conception of secondary education, the objectives of systematic teaching, indicates that lesson performance may not contribute to the objectives, outlines techniques appropriate to his conception, and makes applications of these to the various subjects of the secondary school.

The elementary school period is one in "which the pupil is incapable of study because he has not the essential tools" (reading, writing, arithmetic). The secondary school period is the region of learning "in which the pupil is capable of study but is incapable of systematic intellectual growth, except under the constant tutorial presence of the teacher." When he "has become capable of pursuing self-dependent study," the pupil is ready for the university. These three conditions are made the criteria for the delimiting of elementary, secondary, and higher education. They are at best as imperfect as other criteria, in the following respects: (1) by the omission of consideration of physical changes which enter in the period of adolescence; (2) by the lack of recognition of empirical and some scientific data on learning which indicate that children do not educate themselves in such an orderly arrangement of periods. It would, indeed, be a real problem to locate the point at which a particular learner had attained the tools of learning but "is incapable of study." Both sets of acquisitions come gradually and the ability to study overlaps the period of acquisition of the tools. Likewise, in any particular case, the ability to pursue "self-dependent study" in any field may exist in the same period in which the learner is "capable of study but is incapable of systematic intellectual growth," in some other phases of his self-education. To the reviewer, it seems possible to utilize all the good things provided by the author without making assumptions so clearly in opposition to the fact of gradualness of learning.



The procedures of directing the learner outlined by the author, and the accompanying explanations are phrased in a terminology which reminds one of the Herbartian formal steps, and the much earlier system of instruction employed by the Jesuits. They are, however, very different than the earlier analogues. The attack is made by the formula: "Pre-test, teach, test the result, adapt procedure, teach, and test again to the point of actual learning." This, it should be noted, is followed already by many who have a quite different general theory of education. "Types of teaching" appear to the author in terms of the unique nature of the various types of subject-matter, e. g. the science type, the appreciation type, the practical arts type, the language arts type, and the pure practice type. The classification has some advantages over other types currently discussed. The section on "control technique" contains many richly suggestive ideas for the practical school man, although it is a little difficult

to see how one is to secure the "sustained application" of the learner. His basic principles of teaching procedure are stated in Chapter X on "operative technique." No one would be likely to quarrel with these except that school of psychologists which has entirely dropped the word apperception and the principles of learning basic to it. It is encouraging to find that again recognition is really given to the fact that certain parts of our learning are very largely conditioned by what the author calls the apperceptive mass. His emphasis on the need for providing for "the reaction member" of the learning cycle is excellent and on it are based many things in the treatise. The determination of objectives receives a well-merited place. Here he attempts to unite modern psychological conceptions with a Herbartian conception.



The organization of the materials of teaching is based on the author's conception of "unit organization." What the unit is is told as follows: "The unit is a significant and important aspect of the world of well-nigh every individual who lives in a civilized society." Concerning science units he says: "Each must meet the test, Is this a significant contribution to the pupil's intellectual tools of attack upon that aspect of the world to which this science furnishes the key? . . . it must be a comprehensive and significant aspect of the environment, or of an organized science, capable of being understood rather than capable merely of being remembered." Mr. Morrison also rather sharply differentiates the *assimilative material* from the unit itself. In his procedure, he outlines certain steps in the teaching cycle to which he gives the following names: *exploration, presentation, assimilation, organization, and recitation*. Each is given an appropriate meaning based on the principles stated under "Operative Technique." Each step is copiously explained and illustrated.

Under the "appreciation" type of learning he includes learning in "moral conduct, literature, music, the pictorial and plastic arts." The objective and the learning product is a "favorable attitude," or tastes and ideals as expressed by others. The techniques employed in literature are those advocated by many other writers. In "moral conduct," ten types of behavior are taken as important. These conform to the "principles underlying the appreciation type." Some interesting suggestions for testing the results of this teaching are given.

In a somewhat similar fashion, the author treats the practical arts, the language arts, English composition, and "pure-practice" teaching. The objectives, materials, and techniques vary with the subject treated. In passing, it may be noted that the author's conceptions of foreign language teaching, desirable as they are, are quite foreign to prevailing practices in those fields.



The author's treatment of administrative many interesting suggestions. Considerable technique concerns those matters needed to make possible the working of learning and attention is given to "pupil administration," "control of pupil progress," and "problem cases." The reviewer sympathizes with his denunciation of the evil effects of certain marking (rating) systems, but does not believe that he has eliminated the problem by the substitute proposed. The problem is still with us as soon as we begin to pass judgment on whether a pupil has attained mastery. Mastery is just as much of a variable as the letter grade A, because it is someone's subjective judgment on a learner's attainment. The chapter on the organization of the school is filled with useful material.

No one can get an adequate picture of the author's views except by reading and reflecting for many hours. Yet he will be repaid for the time. In terms of much of the best philosophy of education, the book will stand criticism. The author draws largely from psychology, empirical experience, and such experimental studies as are relevant to the secondary school field. Yet even here, some of the valuable experimental data on learning (say, for example, foreign language) are overlooked. Again the rich suggestiveness of the developing field of educational sociology contributes but little to the material of the book. The author's assumption concerning the supposed Prussian origin of the American common school is not accepted by any reputable historian of education, and is not needed to make his case for a better secondary education.