

all its faults, is a great step toward the reconstruction of Europe.

Criticism is not lacking, however. The book is by no means free of that inescapable air of omniscience which seems to be the prerogative of the publicist, and which, after each new book on diplomatic affairs, makes us wonder again why some government does not seize an obvious opportunity and call its writers into the diplomatic service and let its diplomats write the books. Then its foreign affairs would be conducted with unprecedented address and the purblind diplomats would at last begin to see.

Be it said, however, that Mr. Glasgow sins less in this regard than the majority of his kind. He has given us a straightforward account of the psychological rectification which Europe has undergone since the Dawes plan was adopted and he has made an extremely readable story of it. The book is not overbalanced with any "discoveries," "exposés," or secret information. No hidden motives are dragged to light: no wells of dark intrigue are plumbed. It is a good, clean story, well told.

The value of the book for the student of international affairs is enhanced by the inclusion of many of the important documents leading up to Locarno, and the text of the agreements signed there.

LETTERS OF PROTEST. By *Kate Crane-Gerts*. Pasadena, Calif.: Mary Craig Sinclair.

Miscellaneous

THE NATURAL INCREASE OF MANKIND. By *J. Shirley Sweeney*. Williams and Wilkins. \$4.
THE BRANCH BANKING QUESTION. By *Charles Wallace Collins*. Macmillan. \$1.75.
OUR FLAG. By *Doria Head Brooks*. Vinal.
FRESH AIR AND VENTILATION. By *C-E. A. Winslow*. Dutton. \$2.

Pamphlets

THE STUDY OF HISTORY. By *H. C. Davis*. Oxford University Press. 70 cents.
ITALIAN PORTRAITS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY. By *G. F. Hill*. Oxford University Press. \$1.
THE CORRELATION OF CAPITAL AND LABOR. By *Gabriel Wells*. Doubleday, Page.
ERASMUS'S SERVICE TO LEARNING. By *P. S. Allen*. Oxford University Press. 50 cents.

Philosophy

MIND AND MATTER, THE PHILOSOPHICAL INTRODUCTION TO MODERN SCIENCE. By *C. E. M. Joad*. Putnam's. 1925.

This brief "Philosophical Introduction to Modern Science" fits into the context of George Bernard Shaw and Samuel Butler, of Jack Tanner and "Back to Methuselah." It flings off, with a slightly sceptical gesture, a philosophy of "the life force" struggling against matter to create higher forms of living creatures and finally to transform the universe into a single great mind or spirit. Mr. Joad makes much of the unconscious: he sees human beings, philosophers included, caught in the grip of impulses which push them blindly into thought and action. Indeed he confesses that his philosophy of the life force springs from instinct and is itself an expression of that very force; the intellect is swamped, after the fashion of the Freudian psychology, by the weight of the unrecognized desires pressing upon it. The life force alone clearly knows what it wants. Man is the deluded and imperfect tool of an inscrutable power that uses him for its ends. If, as individuals, we are stupid and myopic, all is well with the life force; it is rational and strong.

The earlier chapters of the book introduce Mr. Joad's own theory by examining and rejecting mechanistic, materialistic, and idealistic views of mind and matter. Descartes, Berkeley, Hume, Hegel, Bergson, and Schopenhauer are scrutinized with a critical eye; the theory of relativity is passed rapidly—and not altogether convincingly—in review as indicating the break-up of the mechanistic universe; Absolutism of the Hegelian type is discarded because it does not account for imperfection and error. In the end Mr. Joad concludes that there must be at least two principles at work in the world—the life force, and that which opposes the life force. Even if one cannot accept the conclusions, the process of arriving at them is instructive, summarizing as it does, with clarity and vigor, many important philosophical and scientific ideas. The book is admirably suited to the audience for which it is designed, the general public which has a taste for speculation but no acquaintance with the technique of metaphysics and psychology.

HISTORY OF MEDIEVAL PHILOSOPHY. By *Maurice de Wulf*. New Edition. Vol. I. Longmans.

CAROLYN WELLS' BOOK OF AMERICAN LIMERICKS. Putnam's. 1925. \$2.50.

We can never know, asseverates Miss Wells, who first gave the Limerick its name. When Edward Lear's "Book of Nonsense" was published in 1846, it contained limericks, but not under that name. In 1864 imitations of Lear began to be published in America, and all, queerly enough, "in aid of the Sanitary Commission of the Great Central Fair, held for the benefit of the sufferers of our Civil War." These are the first American limericks. Miss Wells thinks that perhaps limerick-writing was not resorted to again until "about the time of Eugene Field, Bill Nye, and Robert Burdett." In the nineties, however, limericks began to flourish, and then a craze for them began. So many were published and have been published since (so many in the newspapers alone) that it is impossible to make an exhaustive collection. This Miss Wells has not even attempted, she has merely tried to be representative.

About every other limerick in the book, as the compiler admits, is by herself. You will find many and many a plum. Naturally all censorable limericks have been omitted; but a great many odd and tricky ones are here, tricky as to spelling and pronunciation. There are a number in series. Altogether, this is a lively collection and will furnish many a chuckle.

WHEN I GREW UP TO MIDDLE-AGE.

By *STRUTHERS BURT*. Scribners. 1925. \$2.

Amid the welter of current verse it would be all too easy to pass over this volume without more than the conventional few words of almost meaningless hail and farewell. Mr. Struthers Burt writes poetry in a manner that is not likely to provoke much interest during the present term of literary reactions. He follows the old poetic tradition so closely that even a careful reader might have difficulty in distinguishing between the merely imitative and the individual tones of his voice. Like most poets who feel and write about and in terms of the things at their own elbows Mr. Burt, at a casual reading, almost invites misunderstanding. This is particularly emphasized in his instance by the fact that he does, very frequently, fall into the commonplace. At any moment, however, he may rise suddenly into such a warm and well-felt passage as this wherein he traces—

*... the dripping, following sense
Of fog along a twisted fence,
Where in soundless intervals
Sudden, muffled farmhouse walls,
Barns and hooded ricks and smells
Of smoke and hay and animals,
Step from the shadows and step back
Into the white encircling wrack.*

Here and elsewhere he captures the essential quality of an experience in his rather loose and rambling verse. But Mr. Burt's best effects cannot be adequately illustrated in quotation because they are definitely cumulative. His tendency to discursion together with a notable uncertainty of pur-

pose go far to obscure the real merits of his work, but seldom quite overcome his quick and responsive fancy.

*Beauty persists in some imperishable little thing;
When you, O friends and lovers, are old and gray,
A ghost of what was you, and young, and gay;
A dancing shadow upon a quiet day.*

He is seldom more intense than this. With a little more concentration—he wastes too many words—Mr. Burt should go far. That he is following the right direction appears in the preface to his volume, a little essay restating some of the oldest and truest facts about poetry in the most admirable manner. If for nothing else than this preface his book would be remarkable and it is not too high praise to say that it deserves to be reprinted in pamphlet form and circulated to every English teacher in the country. As a document in the history of modern American criticism it may yet come to be recorded among the most important. Mr. Burt is a forerunner of that conservatism which has already been foreseen in the arts on this side of the Atlantic by more than one acute prophetic critic. Better men than we have now have been to blame for letting their practice fall short of their theories. Mr. Burt has made a brave attempt to write poetry according to the most tenable of a *fortiori* theories and his book deserves very serious attention.

PIACOCKS IN THE SUN. By *Margaret Root Garvin*. Vinal.

WINGED VICTORY. By *Luella Glosser Gear*. Vinal.

ROSAMOND AND SIMONETTA. By *Gladys Brace*. Vinal.

SAILS OF THE HORIZONS. By *Charles J. Quirk*. Stratford. \$1.

QUEST AND ACCEPTANCE. By *Ethel Arnold Tilden*. Vinal.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE. By *Kendall Banning*. New York: Marchbanks Press, 114 East 13th Street.

Religion

THE COMING FAITH. By *R. F. Foster*. Dodd, Mead, 1925. \$2.

This book is the work of an arrogant, vigorous, and honest mind, disgusted with the cant of the churches, impatient of pessimism, untutored in philosophy, devoted to a faith in progress and practical activity. The author himself has no doubts as to the value of the work. He writes in his preface: "It will probably be at least a thousand years before the beliefs outlined in this book will become the faith of even the majority of the human race; but the day is coming when it will be the one universal faith of the whole world." It would be ungracious, in the face of so generous a promise, to cavil over the errors and incorrect reasoning which spot the book, such as the ascription of "The Age of Reason" to David Hume, the statement that the belief in immortality "originated with the worship of Dionysius (sic!)"

(Continued on next page)

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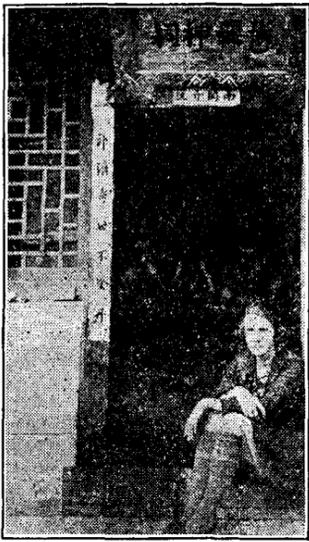
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A MONTH ago the *Phoenix Nest* quoted from an entertaining letter all about thermometers and top-hats in Manchuria. Today, in this issue you will find a paper upon sitting in corners. The author of both is Stella Benson, in whose friendship *The Saturday Review* takes especial delight. The originality of Stella Benson has been displayed sparkingly in half a dozen books. She is an English poet and novelist of peculiar distinction. You can always be certain that whether she is dealing with human psychology or presiding over two worlds at once, the actual and the fantastic, her insight will be swift and sure, her wit and irony commingled with an almost incredible dexterity. Her piercingly a used observation breeds arrowy phrase. Stella Benson is that excessively rare thing—an individual. So, from New York, we salute her in far off Manchuria, Kirin Province, observing the top-hatted Koreans through swirling snow. Like Browning's "Waring" she has given us all the slip, but thank Heaven she continues to write and to favor *The Saturday Review* with a contribution now and then.

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Trade Winds

MR. QUERCUS is still on his holiday, apparently not spending his time in bookshops as he promised. I guess the best thing I can do is print part of a long letter just received from him. He says:—

Dear Jocunda—My friend Nick the Barber, far down town, has put out a sign *Nick the Unfeminine Barber, Ladies Discouraged in This Shop, We Need All Our Time to Serve Our Regular Gentlemen Patrons*. It strikes me this might be a good come-on for us to adopt. Will you please ask Amherst to concoct a somewhat similar sign for us; it would do a great deal to get women coming in; they are, after all, the real book buyers. I haven't much real news for you; instead of frequenting the bookstores I have been loafing about on 44th Street just off Fifth Avenue, looking through the little windows in the planking of that splendid excavation. Also I've been reading Shakespeare's sonnets, in number 130 is a wonderful line for the halitosis advertisers. When I get back I want to arrange a special window display to commemorate the fact that it is 300 years since Bacon died, I don't suppose any other bookstore will think of this. Please be careful not to put any sign like LENTEN READING in our window, because the kind of people who go along our street will surely think it means we run a Lending Library. I can report as news that G. A. Baker & Co., the famous second-hand bookshop, has moved to 247 Park Avenue; one of the few places I know where really interesting rarities are always obtainable at very moderate prices. What do you think, for instance, of a first of Walt Whitman's "Specimen Days" at \$5? While you are so keen about the Today and Tomorrow Series why don't you read, for instance, Kipling's "Independence," an address he made at St. Andrews University a few years ago; it is just as thrilling as your Joads and Bertrand Russells; you'll find a copy on the top shelf near the front of the store. Inquiring in one of the downtown stores, I find that the books being asked about are "The Hounds of Spring," "Microbe Hunters," "Dostoevsky" (by your friend A. Gide), "All the Sad Young Men" (what a pleasant title!), and "The Portrait of Zélide." I met a fellow in an Automat restaurant who thought that Pericles, Prince of Tyre, was a rubber king. I see that the Phoenix Bookshop lists that 1914 edition of Emily Dickinson's "The Single Hound" at \$35; please shove up the price of our copy, which is evidently too low. They also have a Sherwood Anderson "Windy McPherson's Son," 1916, marked at \$15. As against which I see G. A. Baker lists Hergesheimer's "Cytherea" at only \$1.25. When I get back to the store we will go all over the matter of pricing first editions of American contemporaries; most of them are marked far too high, I am convinced. I have discovered for myself a little book of free verse which I think you would like; it is called "January Garden," by Melville Cane, and seems to have some real feeling. Here is one I'm sure you will approve—

GUARDIANS

*God in his infinite wisdom does not teach
The budding clover to respect its elders,
The baby mountain-brook to be unselfish,
The sapling birch to love and honor its
parents,
The April crescent to be polite to the stars,
The young spring rain to be careful where
it spatters.
God never mentions duty to the hillocks,
Or ever says "Don't!" or "Stop!" to infant
rainbows,
Or preaches self-control to little lightnings
Or orderliness to adolescent thunders.*

It's published by Harcourt, Brace; order a copy, I'm sure you can sell it. I went to the sale of the Gutenberg Bible at the Anderson Galleries the other evening; think of one book selling for \$106,000; it aroused some of my dormant instincts. My love to you and Amherst, I'll be back next week.
P. E. G. QUERCUS.

P. S.

I will only add, having been much chaffed by customers for my unsuccessful Trade Winds two weeks ago, that the publicity Mr. Quercus has had in the *Saturday Review* has caused some people to think he is a publisher. A letter from a lady has arrived for him as follows:—

Dear Sir:—I have a true-life story in verse, as a masterpiece to a collection of poems, I desire to be published in book form.

All of my work has the human touch, but this story in particular is pronounced by authors, to be "exceptional and outstanding." Below is a short section of the poem,

that you may somewhat judge the general tone of it.

*"Stop him! Stop him! For God's sake, do."
Cried Ellen, rushing through and through
The car, as like a woman wild.
"Can't you see he's stealing my child?
My God! My God!" Her hair she tore.
The baby she held dropt to the floor.
She had fainted away. 'Twas better so.
A little lapse from such a blow
Would help to straighten out the skein
Of tangled threads and mental strain.*

This story is in the mouth of a wholesome western woman, and has a wonderful moral to it, and gripping all the way through. I think it will interest you.

I respectfully await your advice as to whether or no to send it on for a reading. I have written to her that "wholesome western women" are much below par in the literary world just now.

JOCUNDA.

The New Books Religion

(Continued from preceding page)

by the mystics of ancient Greece," or the argument that "matter is inconceivable without mind, because mind is nothing but matter in motion." The author's central thesis, which is to become the "one universal faith of the whole world," is that the universe is a living organism with a universal mind, from which human beings may draw a cosmic consciousness, perhaps developing in the future even into omniscience and omnipotence. Following this comes the doctrine that all evil is man-made and by man remediable,—the most important remedies being birth-control, the elimination of the unfit, and the abolition of separate nationalities. Throughout the book an aggressive war is carried on against current forms of sentimentalism. Scorn is heaped upon our gentle treatment of criminals, upon public charities, and upon beliefs in Heaven and Hell.

Some elements of the coming faith evidently came and went with the French Revolution, others are here now, and others perhaps will never come. Nevertheless, all deductions made, one still feels a kind of liking for Mr. Foster's candor, courage, and intransigence. His book will set many people thinking who have never thought before. That at least is something of which he may well be proud.

SCIENCE AS REVELATION. By JOHN M. WATSON. Macmillan. 1925. \$2.25.

This is an admirable summary in popular language of the most important conclusions of modern science in all its main branches and an attempt to elucidate the significance of these conclusions for religion. Mr. Watson is a man of sufficient imagination to feel the poetry of science as well as its prose. He recognizes that religion has everything to gain from accepting the facts of science in no niggardly spirit, since it will have to accept them sooner or later in any event. And his demand for a rational religion which shall not merely come to terms with truth but recognize truth as one aspect of God Himself is most welcome. The satisfying character of the religious position which he outlines is, however, open to doubt. Mr. Watson leaps blithely over many a philosophic chasm in his reckless use of the concept of energy, his assertion of the cosmic nature of moral law, and his too easy acceptance of pantheism. Nevertheless his attitude is both rational and religious, and if he far outruns the evidence at times, he is at least nearly always running in the right direction.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD. By LEWIS RICHARD FARNELL. Oxford University Press. 1925. \$4.25.

For his second series of Gifford Lectures in the University of St. Andrews the Rector of Exeter College, Oxford, has chosen a most obvious subject, but one that is fruitful for the popular presentation which spoken or written lectures permit. It carries him into wide fields of human interest, since the attributes that men assign to God both reveal and influence their ideals for mankind. Farnell's method is to analyze the attributes that men have held of God, explaining their origin and implications. Only secondarily does he pass judgment upon them or hold them up to the sanctions of authority or value. His illustrative material is rich and appropriate. Much of the best is derived from the Greek religion in which he is most at home, but he has drawn freely on the other higher religions, Babylonian, Egyptian, and Indian, by the use of the best modern expositions as well as employing the familiar series of Judaism-

Christianity-Islam, and the more primitive religions.

Besides the more familiar attributes of deity, political, moral, aesthetic, and intellectual attention is devoted to the association of God with nature, the clothing of God with human characteristics. Professor Farnell finds anthropomorphism universal and inevitable. It may be more or less refined and certain human characteristics are more worthy of the deity than are others. But complete impersonality in God nullifies religion. In like manner something is lost by the modern mind in its failure to connect God with nature. Furthermore Professor Farnell is no convinced opponent of Polytheism and of dualism. He believes that while the philosophers of religion may find objection to such attitudes, they often fall unconsciously into self-contradiction and must make concessions to the power of religion that has developed through human experience viewpoints which if not logical are none the less of value.

It is difficult to give a full idea of the interest and scope of this book. Like a history of religion, it presents the facts; like a psychology of religion, it explains them. With rapidity and clearness the author touches on many questions of more than academic interest. What place, for example, is there in a theistic morality for a god of both justice and kindness? for a god good and all-powerful as the creator of a world of sin and pain? How shall we relate the secular and religious sanctions of morality? Does ideal modern religion leave room for a consecration of a righteous war? Is religion merely pragmatic? These and many other stimulating problems are, however, only byproducts, the byproducts of a clear and undogmatic analysis of the attributes of God, as men have been wont to picture them.

Travel

THE ROAD TO TOWN. By CHARLES DIVINE. Seltzer. 1925. \$2.

The author of this new volume of poetry says that it is "a sincere attempt to make some poetic picture of an American community, its life, beauty, and romance. I have tried to make you smell hay—along my road to town—then gasoline; to give you the transition of America from a land with a rural breath blowing through it to the land of machines and skyscrapers."

The great fault of Mr. Divine's poetry is that it so plainly stems from a few great modern sources, and brings to the fusing of them so little that is truly new and important. As a creator of character, after the manner of Edgar Lee Masters, there is a great deal to be said for him. The sketch of Leslie Nollet, who opens a French sidewalk café in a middle western town, or that of Doctor Moat, who studies medicine so hard and fails to find a patient, only to become the most successful veterinarian in the neighborhood—these things have a strength of their own. About all his portraits, however, there clings a slightly improbable, romantic air. They are often touching, and finely drawn, but there must remain a slight feeling that they would not smell, as their creator has wished them to, of hay and of gasoline, but of rarer scents.

More serious is the deliberate and acknowledged Whitman pose that Mr. Divine assumes when he speaks impersonally of the city, of life, and humanity. It is all very well for a writer to say: "I am imitating Whitman? Very well, I am imitating Whitman!" but when he fails to produce any significant effect by doing so, one can only wish that he had preferred to be himself. And it is only a passable parody.

Throughout that portion of the book which does not hide behind the mask of another poet's manner, the author has succeeded in demonstrating that he possesses a considerable dramatic power in treating a romantic subject. It is an unusual power, not necessarily primarily poetic in quality. Out of very little Mr. Divine often makes much that is significant.

Nor is it everyone who can do what Mr. Divine at his best has done. On the other hand one can imagine a great many people who could do far better the thing that he believes he has done.

IN PRAISE OF NORTH WALES. By A. G. Bradley. Houghton Mifflin. \$5.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN HANDBOOK, 1926. Edited by J. A. Hunter. Atlantic House, Mongate, London.

LONDON'S WEST END. By P. H. Ditchfield. Houghton Mifflin. \$5.

THE TOURS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO AFRICA AND SOUTH AMERICA. By Ralph Deakin. Lippincott. \$4.

(Continued on page 600)