

recalcitrant. There will be hopes and overtones of feeling that tell him a mechanical portion is not his birth-right, and he will respond with a thrill to such insinuations of a spiritual destiny as Santayana carefully utters. He heeds them, but only to find that the spirit cannot realize its proper function because of the distraction of current events, and he is kept reminded that psychological thought runs contrary to his aspirations.

Under those circumstances, he will say: Neither Dr. John B. Watson nor Santayana is totally satisfactory to common sense. Dr. Watson describes the actual and I accept his description as far as it goes. But the psychologist admits his failure thus far to establish a norm for human psychology. Santayana enters the realm of the inactual when he affirms the spiritual life, and since Dr. Watson has not found a norm there is space for such a possibility. But what is not supplied by either modern philosophy or modern psychology is the thing common sense tells me to look for, namely, the technique of the spiritual life. Until that is presented, the poet in me and the psychologist in me will dispute and not cooperate.

Platonism and the Spiritual Life. By George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons.

BOOKS AND WINE

By Stephen Graham

NEW YORK, like other great cities of the world, multiplies books about itself. London and Paris and Rome have whole libraries devoted to each, and if the literature on New York is less than theirs it is only because it has been standing a shorter time.

Books on the grandeurs and antiquities of New York will yet come, though it does not seem to be a city which will reveal anything to the archæologist who digs there in a thousand years — unless perchance he come upon some forgotten speakeasy padlocked and abandoned.

"That's New York!", with a dedicatory letter to the editor of "The New Yorker", is a diverting volume exemplifying the humors and eccentricities of modern life in Manhattan. Its best chapter is the account of the bathing of Joyce Hawley in the tub of champagne and the subsequent trial in court — a fit subject for a cabaret fresco if some Greenwich Village artist will give thought to the requirements of the antiquarian in the year 2500 A. D. and do a strip on a good cellar wall.

Another subject in this book is Gertrude Ederle, her arrival, triumph, and immortalization in New York — a magnificent subject for a relief. Newspapers and books are insufficiently Olympian. The newspapers bark like dogs baying at the moon; the books sneer too much. It seems to me sometimes that there has been nothing adequate written about New York since O. Henry's "The Voice of the City" and "The Four Million". Unfortunately the fashion of writing just now is a bad one and there is no new O. Henry on the horizon.

These are frankly odd books on the shelf which is crowded with the "read 'em and weep" variety. "The Girl from Rector's", written by George Rector, tells of no girl.

Do you forget my fair soubrette
That supper at the café Rector . . .

The soubrettes who supped there are rather sedate now. Fifteen years makes a difference. The war and prohibition

are in between New York of today and New York of Rector's time. The city was not so brilliant in those days; the White Way was more dim. But the rollicking spirit of Broadway has some quality of the eternal.

George Rector's book is full of stories and head waiters' lore. He tells of a Highlander in kilts who was refused admittance to the restaurant one night because he had not got an escort. Is this an old tale? I have always thought the kilt an inadequate disguise. But if you see a Highlander in costume on Broadway he is probably a Jewish comedian. Those who are interested in the origins of such things as cover charges and the check system of registering customers' bills will find many details in Rector's book, which is one of general gustatory gossip.

The next odd book. "Does Prohibition Work?" asks Martha Bruère, and the answer should be that in New York at least it does not. This is a volume of collected testimony written by people whose pens run easily to words. They dream of prohibition and sweat bad prose. Dr. Johnson was once discovered reading the Birmingham street directory. "Do you find it interesting?" Boswell inquired. "Dull, sir, damned dull." But there, America requires sociologists to be dull.

The urbane Frank Hedges Butler in his "Wine and the Wine Lands of the World" makes one surprising omission. He does not include America. He completely overlooks New York and in his comparison of vintages has nothing to say about Hoboken 1927. There is no chapter on sacramental wine nor on the great wine industry which the Italians are developing in Greenwich Village. There is nothing on the Californian grape, nor on synthetic gin, nor ersatz cocktails. He has reviewed the wine industry of every

other country in the world and done it extremely well and interestingly, but he has omitted America. Well, America will forgive him. This is a book to encourage travel. Few things flatter one more than to have a reputation of knowing a good wine, and the volume must prove a great help in knowledge of vintage. But one cannot be a connoisseur of wines without having tasted them. Here is one department of human knowledge where one can take off one's horn rimmed spectacles. What is Château Yquem in print compared with Château Yquem in a glass? What word measures up to a thought — what book to life?

That's New York! By Morris Markey and Johan Bull. Macy-Masius.
The Girl from Rector's. By George Rector. Doubleday, Page and Company.
Does Prohibition Work? By Martha Bensley Bruère. Harper and Brothers.
Wine and the Wine Lands of the World. By Frank Hedges Butler. Brentano's.

GEORGE ELIOT REVIVIFIED

By Henry A. Lappin

MISS HALDANE has written an interesting and serviceable monograph which fills satisfactorily several of the surprising lacunæ in the Life by George Eliot's husband, J. W. Cross. The book is valuable and, in truth, indispensable, because of the detailed account, now for the first time supplied, of the troubled years between 1849, in which Marian Evans's father died, and 1854, in the summer of which, publicly accepting George Lewes as her unlegalized husband, she embarked upon that unofficial honeymoon which was also a series of little journeys to the homes of Goethe, Schiller, and Wieland. A subtler pen than Miss Haldane's, however, is needed to do