

of all Slav states, whatever their conduct, for this will lead to war." He suspected and distrusted Isvolski and noted uneasily the growing bellicosity of the press and the public on Poincaré's return. He was in full sympathy with Grey's refusal to give definite promises of support to France and Russia: "The French, instead of putting pressure on the Russian government to moderate their zeal, expect us to give the Germans to understand that we mean fighting if war break out. If we gave an assurance of armed assistance to France and Russia now, Russia would become more exacting and France would follow in her wake," he finally wrote on July 30, when he had come to realize the true state of affairs.

There remains but little to add. The French government, so far as one can see, did nothing to prevent the coming catastrophe. All one can say for the French policy is that it was extremely clever and tactful, everything being designed to make a good impression at home and above all in England. When possible the English proposals were accepted, though there is no evidence in these documents that the French replied to the English suggestion that Austria be allowed to take Belgrade and hold it as a pawn during the negotiations. At the same time the French statesmen were profuse in their declarations of pacific intentions. Apparently this was mere camouflage, and Mr. Headlam-Morley seems somewhat naïve when, in the introduction he unhesitatingly throws out the statement reported to have been made by Poincaré to a friend of the Spanish Ambassador (No. 320 July 30) to the effect "that he considers war inevitable." In any case these documents leave no doubt whatsoever that the famous order withdrawing the French troops ten kilometers behind the frontier had no other purpose than to show the British government and the British public that France and Russia would not draw the sword first. At the same time the British government was literally bombarded with arguments for intervention and by reports of German preparations and violations of the frontiers. It should be remembered, however, that at the same time the French government was renewing its assurances of support to Russia, and that it was fully informed of the Russian preparations. All this seems to have had little bearing on the development of British action. Grey was himself fully informed in regard to the Russian mobilization and he was quite *au courant* of the French military preparations. The English decision, then, was not due to pressure on the part of the French, nor to misrepresentations, but rather to considerations of another sort, a discussion of which does not belong to this paper. It is hardly necessary, therefore, to enter into the details of the crowded last days.

From the point of view of French policy the importance of these documents lies in the light they throw upon the earlier days of the crisis. France took her stand at the very beginning and held to it consistently throughout. Her policy left Austria and Germany only two alternatives—humiliation or a general war. It appears from these documents that there was really much misapprehension in both Vienna and Berlin as to the probable attitude of Russia, England, and even France. But there could hardly have been in the minds of the French statesmen even the shadow of a doubt as to the probable attitude of the Central Powers if threatened with humiliation.

## A Striking Novel

RED DAMASK. By EMANIE SACHS. New York: Harper & Bros. 1927. \$2.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

MRS. SACHS'S new book runs some risk of not being estimated at its proper value. It gathers power so gradually that, not altogether inexcusably, many readers may fail to realize the wealth of energy that it actually unlooses, and, finding a drab background drab, may ignore the tragedy enacted against it.

That tragedy is Abby Hahl's. Abby is an enthusiastic Jewess crucified by the conventions of a successful Hebrew family in New York. She has something ascetic and creative in her, but hardly enough to overcome the fat red-damasked luxury of her surroundings and the platitudinous ignorance and prejudice of her family and friends. She has a rich sympathy which makes it peculiarly hard for her to assert her own nature. The book is a record of the thwarting of her individuality from the day

she gave up her study of architecture out of deference to the Red Damask, to the hard hour when she renounced Mike Heron, that last for me an easy task. Abby is a very powerfully painted portrait. She combines the commonplace and the tragic in a thoroughly natural manner. She has more than photographic reality. And she moves the reader in her progress from one sadly ironic situation to the next. The other figures in the work are perhaps not so good. Her lymphatic husband Gilbert Ware, troubled by the "American equivalent for a pogrom, exclusion from Gentile clubs," her kindly old uncomprehending grandfather, her loathsome mother, her detestable aunts, are rather photographic than artistic. And her lover Mike Heron is neither.

In fact he seems to me the weak figure in the book, and for a reason. He is rather a woman's idea of an interesting man than an interesting man. Mrs. Sachs has invested him with a strange unconscious glamour that makes me want to punch his eye. He is blood brother to Will Ladislav, and Thaddeus of Warsaw, and even Darcy, and all that long array of heroes created by the feminine mind, who madden men as Eustacia Vye, and Cleopatra, and She who must be obeyed infuriate actual women. I far prefer Abby's husband, the tearful Gilbert Ware.

But having said my say on this head, it is appropriate for me to return to the book's excellence. It deals powerfully with a great social question—the Jew and his struggle. Like others he has defeated his disabilities—at a cost. The physical and spiritual handicaps which he has overcome have given place to another set of difficulties. Certainly few more able tracts have been written on the dangers of safety. Mrs. Sachs has woven that peril into her narrative and rounded all to a striking and tragic conclusion. Though she may not have exhibited, in attacking a theme similar to that of the "Matriarch," such brilliance and gaiety as Miss Stern's, she has thought her own thought and made her own point. This book is no cheap exploitation of a problem. It had to be written. It is full of genuine passion and sadness. And as to the reader who lays it down, his sympathies untouched and his intellect in its natural state of quiescence, Mrs. Sachs will do well not to worry about him.

## Chesterton, Rhapsodist

THE OUTLINE OF SANITY. By G. K. CHESTERTON. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1927. \$2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

MRS. CHESTERTON is a collectivist in religion and an individualist in economics. The case for a corporate creed and distributive property is probably as good as, or better than, the case for corporate or community property and distributive or individualistic creeds. My own sympathies are perhaps for the distributive in both, but so long as I find the problem too complex for either a conviction or a program, the sympathies remain personal and ineffective.

At any rate the elder days when most people were Catholic peasants seem to G. K. C. a blissful retrospect, and the present—which he calls industrial and capitalistic with much the same wholesale question-begging inclusiveness as his socialistic enemies—he finds a distressing affair with a desperate future. The men of those elder days, who lived among manors and monasteries, did not, so far as one can infer, like them as well as Mr. Chesterton does; some people seem to have disliked them quite as much as he dislikes corporations and factories. A fourteenth century serf felt the feudal system on his neck as distinctly as anyone who calls himself a "wage slave" feels the capitalistic system. Guilds can be as oppressive as trade unions or mergers, barons in armor as hard-hearted as barons in coal. Utopias of the past are more insidious than Utopias of the future both because they have been partially true and because they are wholly more interesting.

But "The Outline of Sanity" is not about the Middle Ages and the Catholic Church, or only incidentally so, and, after all, one's discontent with Mr. Chesterton is not because he is eccentric in history or logic, fact or inference. His criticism of modern industrialism is not new. His is one of many eloquent voices raised in protest against the social and economic trend. Carlyle and Ruskin said essentially the same things about it several generations ago. The protest was called for and the elo-

quent voices had their meed of attention. But sooner or later there came a time for each of these three arresting protesters when we began to remark: "It is curious, but this extraordinary man is growing extraordinarily tiresome." Carlyle probably retained the largest residuum of respect from the wreck of the disillusionment. With Mr. Chesterton it has come more quickly than with either of the others, probably because there is less force behind his flash. His mannerisms, if less remarkable than Carlyle's, are not less persistent; and his manner is Ruskinian enough—has enough of the positive pedagogue toward his purblind pupils—to provoke the ejaculation of Cromwell to those who sat in Parliament with the oracles of Sinai under their hats: "In God's name, I beseech you, think you may be mistaken!" To assume by title, the insanity of all those who differ from you is not a persuasive beginning. And if the manner of the advocate is to the general effect of: "This is absolutely plain, and whoever does not see it is idiotic if not depraved;" and if the possibly persuadable listener does not see it at all; a certain embarrassment arises and the possibly persuadable becomes resolved not to be persuaded if he can help it.

A recent reviewer remarks of Lord Bryce as a parliamentary speaker that he was sometimes dull. "His stuff was good but often irrelevant. His mighty store of knowledge was a snare." Mr. Chesterton's amazing fertility of original similitudes is also a snare. His illustrations are too many, too miscellaneous, and too patently clever. They explode all over the page. His nimble fancy dances in front like a will-o-the-wisp and the argument gets lost in the bush.

Some of these are perhaps among the reasons why Mr. Chesterton is not as effective an influence as one might expect of a writer who is so brilliant and provocative and who maintains so many ideals that many of us contemplate with desire although with doubt. The characteristics of the age which excite him to an ecstasy of distaste trouble also many thinkers more sober than he.

England is perhaps the most industrial and incorporated of all countries. Unionized workingmen and their families are said to be a majority of its population, and the man who works upon his own land is exceptional. The "Outline of Sanity" is essentially written for Englishmen about England, and necessarily is more interesting there than in this country. But it preaches "the religion of small property" and there is sense in the doctrine, sense perhaps in the idea of making a religion of it, if it can be done. Religions are not made, though they are sometimes planted. The current is mostly the other way—toward more and more group action and share property—and how can anything "buck against" it except something believed in with fire and fury? One may wish success to a propaganda, while suspecting that it has not the ghost of a chance, and even suspecting that its failure will probably after all not doom the world to such dismal decay as Mr. Chesterton foresees.

## Gyring and Gimbling

(Continued from first page)

"hits upon the happy idea" of illustrating "a technique and artistic conception transcending the kind of writing which consists in a long line of bits of information placed end to end," by a series of examples where she can explain herself in her own terms. Since it may be possible to understand Joyce by comprehending Stein we hasten to be elucidated. Perhaps two of her examples will serve:—

AN ELUCIDATION

Halve Rivers and Harbours

Elucidation.

First as Explanation.

Elucidate the problem of halve.

Halve and have.

Halve Rivers and Harbours,

Have rivers and harbours.

You do see that halve rivers and harbours, halve rivers and harbours, you do see that halve rivers and harbours makes halve rivers and harbours and you do see, you do see that you that you do not have rivers and harbours when you halve rivers and harbours, you do see that you can halve rivers and harbours.

I refuse have rivers and harbours I have refused. I do refuse have rivers and harbours. I receive halve rivers and harbours, I accept halve rivers and harbours.

I have elucidated the pretence of halve rivers and harbours and the acceptance of halve rivers and harbours.

This is a new preparation.

Do not share.

He will not bestow.

They can meditate.

I am going to do so.

I have an explanation of this in this way. If we say, Do not share, he will not bestow they can meditate I am going to do so, we have organised an irregular commonplace and we have made excess return to rambling, I always like the use of these, but not particularly.\*

ANOTHER EXPLANATION

I think I won't  
I think I will  
I think I will  
I think I won't  
I think I won't  
I think I will  
I think I will  
I think I won't  
I think I won't  
I think I will  
I think I will  
I think I won't  
Of course  
I think I will  
I think I won't  
I think I won't  
I think I will  
This is a good example if you do not abuse it.  
Where they like.  
Can follow where they like.  
I think this is a good example.  
I think I will.  
I am afraid I have been too careful.  
I think I will.  
Two examples and then an elucidation and a separation of one example from the other one.  
I think I will.  
Then very certainly we need not repeat.  
Can there at this rate can there have been at this rate more and more.  
Can at this rate can there have been at this rate can there have been more and more at this rate.  
At this rate there can not have been there can not have been at this rate there can not have been more and more at this rate. At this rate there can not have been more and more. There can not have been at this rate, there can not have been more and more at this rate there can not have been more and more at this rate.  
What did I say. Full of charms I said.  
Full of what. Full of charms I said.  
What did I say, full of charms I said.  
If in order to see incidentally incidentally I request to see extraordinarily.  
If in order to see incidentally I request to see,  
I see you I see you too.

The charm of this phrasing is undeniable. It has the suavity of Lewis Carroll's whiting, "Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?" and the mystic suggestion of that "Aoi" in the "Chanson de Roland" which no one has ever been able to translate. But this is not the language of snails and whittings or of Frankish primitives; it is a tongue of the future when our words will clash like cymbals symbols and mean what they sound like, if you know what that means. We shall translate our thoughts into airy syllables that spell nothing at all.

Many take Miss Stein seriously (she is already a cult) and so will we. This is onslaught and ravage upon the English language which hitherto has been able to combine the highest imagination with sense, common or uncommon. Language was made for men, not men for language, but these Parisian expatriates would turn over the age-old structure in order to get new effects. Lyly, quite as intelligent a genius as Joyce and Stein, tried it in the sixteenth century, powerfully influenced his literary contemporaries, as they have, and with his "Euphues" and his imitators became a by-word. The parallel is not inexact, for "Euphues," like "Ulysses" and this new work by Joyce, is a book of scope and plan, intolerable only in its execution.

The giants are often like that, especially in a period of decadence and affectation. Their obfuscations and great motions never carried through touch the imagination of men weary of the shining lucidities of the gods. They have attempted new things and the wise may learn of them, but for the foolish they are illusion, delusion, and confusion. When, blundering up the ramparts of Olympus, they murmur with Miss Stein—

If in beginning, if in beginning, I begin to be connectedly and carefully and collectedly if I agree, if in beginning I agree, then I agree you agree and we agree—may Lewis Carroll be there on the ramparts, to take his vorpal sword in hand and smite the frumious Bandersnatches!

\*See first note.

## The BOWLING GREEN

### The Wounded Oyster

IT was odd that of all those thousands of people streaming by, we were the only ones who stopped in to explore the dingy second-hand bookshop. Never before had so big a crowd gone past it. As we stood trying to see what classification, if any, existed along the grimy shelves we could hear the throng tramping past. There had been a world's championship prizefight near there, and sixty thousand spectators. Rather than fight for places in buses, taxis, and trolleys, about half of them preferred to walk back to the ferries.

There was pathos in the puzzled look of the old bookseller. He had emerged from his dusty little burrow at the back and stood at the open door watching the crowd press by. As Edna took off her smart white gloves and slipped them into my pocket, I saw that shadow of wistfulness that troubles her when we both feel the same thing but don't quite know how to communicate it. The hot summer afternoon, the impure air of the book-stuffed shop, the feeling of finality one has when a long-anticipated event is suddenly over, some dim awareness of all the tender and troubled secrets hidden in these masses of abandoned volumes, and the contrast of the voices and movement outside, life going by so fierce and random. . . . I could see in Edna's face that she wanted me to buy something, even if only to encourage the old bookseller. And it must be just the right thing, too. Edna has a queer way of putting one on his mettle, in niceties of sentiment.

Devotees of old bookstores are not nice about dirt, but I've never seen one sootier than that. There must be some secret symbolism in the affinity between books and dust. Second-hand bookshops that are much frequented keep fairly clean because the patrons carry away so much of the dust on their clothes. But I'm afraid this place had few customers. It was well-stocked: I saw at once several things that tempted me. As I worked my way deeper into the store I heard Edna amiably duetting with the old gentleman. She is always rather at the mercy of talkative people, she is not skilful at amputating conversations.

Perhaps because I had just lost a small wager on the Fight I was feeling thrifty. But while I was glancing at a volume of Emerson's Essays I had a sudden impulse. Unobserved, I slipped a clean five dollar bill into the book, at the first page of the essay on Compensation. I put the volume carefully back in its place on the shelf. Farther along the same row I found a copy of *Ethics of the Dust*, which I thought would be an appropriate souvenir of our visit. It was marked 40 cents. I could see that Edna thought this hardly a large enough purchase, but I gave her our special signal which means "Come along and don't argue; something important is happening."

Every now and then, when Edna and I had a chance to lunch together, we used to slip across the river to revisit the bookshop. While she engaged the old man in conversation I would peep stealthily between the pages of Emerson. But always the bill was still there. In one or two hard-up spells I was almost tempted to replevin it myself. I suppose there's not much demand for Emerson in that region of docks and factories, but I was a little disappointed that my stratagem had had no effect. I even read the essay on Compensation aloud to Edna one evening; we found it a trifle solemn.

The following autumn, after a considerable interim, we visited the shop again. What a change! It had been painted, the books rearranged, and the old bibliophile showed signs of animation.

"Well," he said, "a mighty queer thing happened. Just before school opened there was a young woman in here, a teacher, looking for a copy of Emerson's Essays. She got it off the shelf, and then she says 'Why, there's some money in it!' Sure enough, there was a five dollar bill in the book, what do you think of that? She might just as well kept it, I had no idea it was there, but she wouldn't. Said it didn't belong to her. Well, it didn't belong to me neither, but finally we agreed to split it. After she'd gone, I got to thinking. That was one of a lot I bought from an estate in Plainfield, an

eccentric old gentleman: maybe there might be more money in some of those books. Besides I was sort of scared, thought it might be some kind of a plant to get me in wrong somehow, or to pass off bad bills on me; you never know who might want to do you dirt. I went through all the shelves on that side of the store, just to see. I didn't find any money, but I like to suffocate with the dust. That started me cleaning up. This place was too dirty to get decent folks to come in. That school teacher was so excited about finding that bill she come in again and bought a lot more, and she sent all her pupils in here to buy their textbooks. Then the local paper got hold of it and wrote it up. Business has been grand. But say, that was a queer thing, hey? I'm going to put up this sign in the window."

He pointed to a placard, which read:—

YOU MAY FIND MONEY  
IN THESE BOOKS

As we went back in the ferry Edna looked at me with a special lustre in her eyes. "The wounded oyster," she said, "mends his shell with pearl." That, I ought to explain, is a line from the essay on Compensation.

I really must get around to reading *Ethics of the Dust*. I have a feeling there are messages in it for me.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.



### The Ornithorhyncus

THE Ornithorhyncus  
May possibly link us  
Men with oviparous things  
Who move on their stomachs instead of on legs  
And share the great secret of how to lay eggs  
With creatures who go in for wings.  
The probable link  
Biologists think  
Is the fact (I'm not telling a tale)  
That the ornithorhyncus is also a mammal  
Like the ant-eater, you, me or the camel  
The wallaby, weasel and whale.  
Biologists think of this wonderful creature  
And ask themselves—What sort of soul  
Can the Dame Nature, that blunderful teacher  
Have given the duck and the mole?  
For the duck and the mole in the ornithorhyncus  
Are not too unfairly divided,  
But whether such ancestors raise us or sink us,  
And whether the Lords of Eternity think us  
Fit to be heirs of the ornithorhyncus  
Biologists haven't decided.  
—GEOFFREY DEARMER.

*John O' London's Weekly* reports the appointment of Sir Hugh Clifford as Governor of Malaya, where he started his career. Sir Hugh was an intimate friend of the late Joseph Conrad, who dedicated his novel "Chance" to him. "The Other Side of Silence" will be recalled as one of Sir Hugh's remarkable works of fiction. He has served England as a Colonial Governor, has brilliantly administered Nigeria and Ceylon, and is so thoroughly familiar with all things Malayan that years ago he challenged Conrad's "unfortunate lack of knowledge concerning things Malayan."

Of special literary interest among the John Guggenheim Memorial Fellowships announced for 1927 are those of Dr. John William Draper, Professor of English at the University of Maine—for preparation of a bibliography of eighteenth century works on Aesthetics; of Dr. Odell Shepard of Trinity College for the preparation of a book to be entitled "Romantic Solitude" and for researches in the history of the Romantic Movement; of Mr. Walter White, the novelist and assistant Executive Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, for creative writing in prose, in France; and to Dr. John Andrew Rice, Jr., of the University of Nebraska, for an investigation of the authorship of "A Tale of a Tub"—the last-named apparently questioning the present universal acceptance of the author of this work as Jonathan Swift.