

tion in war is imbecility!" How different from dear Sir Edward Grey's discourse on recreation and the angler's art!

Of course if you would rather discuss the return of the railroads to private ownership and the Plumb plan. . . .

There was "Linda Condon." Hergesheimer had been writing for five years at that time, and his reputation was well established. There was Zoë Akins' play "Déclassée," featuring the last of his mad Varvicks. There was Dean Inge, in London, whom Shaw had just clasped warmly to his breast, even though averring that the Dean's mind was full of ill-digested lumps. There was Amy Lowell on newspaper reviewing and F. P. A.'s answer to Amy Lowell on newspaper reviewing. But, above all, there was "Noa Noa" and the South Seas. This was not the Gauguin we had laughed at in the days of the Armory exhibition, nor was it the Gauguin of Mr. Somerset Maugham's "The Moon and Sixpence," so redolent of Mr. Harry Franck. This started a landslide. We later heard of Vincent Van Gogh, but the South Seas were the whole idea! Frederic O'Brien, Hall and Nordhoff, Hector MacQuarrie, Safroni-Middleton, and others limned them too delectably. George Biddle painted Tahiti. Everyone was for wearing a "tiare" flower in the right ear, wrapping *himself* in a pareu, or donning *herself* a hula gown, and subsisting solely upon papayos and kava.

Parenthetically, the best joke of 1920, to which we shall belatedly award the prize, was to a drawing by Art Young in a periodical called *Good Morning*. The tired laborer slumping down upon a chair in the kitchen remarked, "I Gorry, I'm tired!"

Wife: There you go! You're tired! Here I be standin' over a hot stove all day, an' you're workin' in a nice cool sewer!

Eugene O'Neill's "Beyond the Horizon" was considered the most important play of the year. Professor Babbitt, of Harvard, came out with "Rousseau and Romanticism," attacking the "ecstatic animality that sets up as divine illumination," and bang went literary idols right and left, Whitman among them. The unseating of the New York Socialist assemblymen stirred up many, and Hughes came out strongly against the principle. Percy Stickney Grant, Rector of the Church of the Ascension, stood out against Bishop Burch, protesting the deportation of radicals on the *Buford*. Giovanni Papini, almost immediately to give us "The Life of Christ," was rumored to us then as the *enfant terrible* of Italy, the modern Aretino. And Mr. H. G. Wells almost solved everything by starting "The Outline of History: Being a Plain History of Life and Mankind" in serial parts in England. He hoped it might result in the Federated Government of the World. His associates were Gilbert Murray, Sir Ray Lankester, Sir Harry Johnston, and Ernest Barker. He acknowledged indebtedness not only to Winwood Reade of "The Martyrdom of Man" but to Ratzell's "History of Mankind" and to Professor James Harvey Robinson and Professor Breasted. The suggestions of these and others had changed the history on more than three hundred points. There were over a hundred maps and diagrams by F. H. Harrabin and Wells.

In July, 1920, came the Republican nomination of Warren Gamaliel Harding and Calvin Coolidge. Governor Cox, of Dayton, Ohio, was the Democratic nominee. William Marion Reedy, a great and remarkable figure in editorial America died that July, but there seems to be no connection. George H. "Babe Ruth," one time waif in Baltimore, was sold by the Boston Americans to the Yankees for \$130,000. Santayana's essay into poetical pragmatism, "Character and Opinion in the United States," was published and Robert Bridges praised it highly in England. Steinach in Vienna reinvigorated old rats and guinea-pigs. Baron Schrenck-Notzing informed us as to teleplasm and ectoplasm, new phenomena of materialization which greatly resembled crumpled tissue and news-paper. But I must leave Clare Sheridan and Margot Asquith until my next instalment.

(To be continued in a fortnight.)

"A Historical Sketch of Bookbinding as an Art," by M. K. Dutton, published by the Holliston Mills of Norwood, Mass., gives information that the young collector who is getting interested in bibliography, or the general reader who wants to know something about the bindings of books, will find helpful.



H. G. WELLS CARICATURED
Edmund Dulac's conception of the famous novelist measuring the world for his Outline of History. From the London *Outlook*.

Making the Peace

WHERE FREEDOM FALTERS. By the Author of the "Pomp of Power." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1927. \$4.
TEN YEARS OF WAR AND PEACE. By ARCHIBALD CARY COOLIDGE. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1927. \$3.
HOW EUROPE MADE PEACE WITHOUT AMERICA. By FRANK H. SIMONDS. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1927. \$5.

Reviewed by CHARLES SEYMOUR
Yale University

THE major factor in European politics during the five years that followed the Paris Peace Conference was of a negative character; namely, the withdrawal of the United States. Whether or not the future historian will rate American intervention in the war as a decisive influence in the overwhelming victory of the Allies, he will inevitably recognize the fact that the peace was made upon the assumption that the United States would continue to participate actively in European affairs. The failure of President Wilson to secure approval of his policies from the Senate, the separate peace with Germany, and the subsequent lack of any official coöperation with European powers in the enforcement of the treaties, had very direct effects. The Treaties of Guarantee disappeared and with them the compromise solution of the problems of French security as arranged at Paris. The Reparations Commission became a mere adjunct of the French Foreign Office. Anglo-French differences, which might have been composed under American mediation, rapidly threatened to develop into an open quarrel. American policy may have been justified by national interest; it is likely, however, that the average American does not appreciate the extent to which that policy affected Europe during this period, and any books that will add to his information are welcome.

The three books under review are of widely differing nature. "Where Freedom Falts" is by Laurence Lyon, who in the "Pomp of Power" five years ago wrote rather sensationally but not altogether unreliably on certain phases of the war and the Peace Conference. This new book is even more discursive and is less informative. Two-thirds of it deals with aspects of United States policy under such titles as, "The Constitution and Its Makers," "Foreign Policy," "The United States and Canada," "Presidents and Politics," "The United States as Creditor," "Prosperity and Civilization," "The Scales of Justice," "The Flight of Freedom." The character of his criticism is by no means novel and may be summed up in his conclusion that "the United States, with all its riches, with all the qualities both of head and of heart possessed in no scanty measure by its inhabitants will produce no civilization equal to that of Europe for many a long day to come; unless, indeed, we speak a different language, and mean a different thing, when we use the word 'civilization.'" The criticism could be endured more philosophically if it were not expressed in such

careless English: he uses the conjunction "while" habitually to introduce an independent clause when it properly should form part of a compound sentence; he misspells Grey of Fallodon (159, 163, 180, 265), James Truslow Adams (135), Philip Snowden (183, 184), Agnes Repplier (298); he confuses Crete with Corfu (274). Historical students of the diplomatic documents now available relative to the crisis of 1914 will by no means agree with Mr. Lyon's thesis that "Germany had prepared so that when no longer able to enforce her ends by threats she might do so by force," which is quite inconsistent with the conclusion of so eminent an authority as Mr. Gooch; nor is the author's assumption of the futility of the House-Grey negotiations of 1916 in accord with the interpretation of the historian, Mr. Mowat, as expressed in his recent "History of European Diplomacy, 1914-1915." But whatever the weakness of Mr. Lyon's historical conclusions, his book is of real value for American readers, since the author's honest distrust of democracy, and especially its illiberal manifestations in the United States, may provide food for useful reflection; and Americans will profit by considering why in certain European circles our idealistic professions, taken in conjunction with our post-war policy, should suggest "an impudence that seems truly startling."

Professor Coolidge's "Ten Years of War and Peace" is a collection of essays, most of which have been published in *Foreign Affairs*. The reprinting is amply justified, for the essays are the product of the finest scholarship and are instinct with sound political philosophy. If Mr. Lyon shows us what Europeans think about us, Professor Coolidge shows us how we ought to think about Europe. The first seven chapters form a chronological sequence, beginning with a study of Russia after the Geneva conference in 1922 and tracing American policy through 1924, and, after a consideration of Germany at the time of Locarno, culminating in an analysis of the existing grouping of nations. "Such combinations mean chances of future conflicts on a gigantic scale. They also suggest possibilities of bringing us one step nearer to a world-wide fusion of international interests." The three final chapters stand apart from the chronological sequence: Europe in North Africa, nationality in the new Europe (written during the war and forecasting the main lines of the ultimate territorial settlement), and the break-up of the Hapsburg Empire.

Mr. Simonds's "How Europe made Peace without America," as the title suggests, is a narrative based upon the failure of Versailles and the success of Locarno. It is the best history thus far published upon the seven troubled years that followed the Peace Conference, and the best book thus far written by Mr. Simonds. The history of day before yesterday is the most difficult to write, for it demands a knowledge of recent facts, which are hard to ascertain, and an absence of political emotion, which is still harder to control. The author in this case has complete command of the facts and his interpretation, while critical, at times to the point of denunciation, is always reasoned. In addition, he has the art to pull together the strings of a confused web of apparently unrelated events so as to make a coherent and frequently dramatic story.

The failure of the Versailles Treaty Mr. Simonds attributes not so much to the actual stipulations laid down in the innumerable clauses, bad as many of these were, as to the spirit in which the Treaty was drafted. This spirit was reflected in a myriad of instances, individually of no consequence but collectively significant, and especially in the "guilt clause."

The Treaty of Versailles did not fail because of the material clauses, although some are severe and some impossible. It failed because the victors attempted to translate a military victory into terms of moral superiority and to make this alleged superiority a basis for their later treatment of a great people. . . . Locarno did not amend the material clauses, it abolished the moral assumptions. It did not revise the pact of Versailles, but it exercised the spirit.

The Treaty was bound to fail also, Mr. Simonds believes, because of the mutual ignorance of Europe and America. It was framed upon the assumption of American coöperation and assistance, but America, following the same conviction of national interest that led the Europeans to protest the concessions made to Wilson at Paris, refused to pay the price.

Thereafter came the chaos that resulted upon Europe's waiting for American coöperation: German resistance, the Anglo-French quarrel intensified by the honest but rather blundering American diplomacy

at the Washington Conference, the fiascos of Cannes and Genoa, Poincaré and the invasion of the Ruhr, culminating in the complete bankruptcy of nationalism. Europe was saved, first because she realized that she must save herself without looking to America for political support, and secondly because the public mind had changed. "The people were weary of strife, they were sick of leaders who preached peace but sought it always by violent means." It was this change which made possible the Dawes Plan and provided Ramsay MacDonald with his great opportunity. To MacDonald the author gives (and, the reviewer believes, with complete justification) the credit for the political developments that crystallized the new spirit of Europe in the Locarno Pacts. Through his gift of sympathetic understanding he was able to win the French to a tentative acceptance of a policy of conciliation which made possible the work of Chamberlain, Briand, and Stresemann.

Mr. Simonds in a survey of Europe after Locarno recognizes very real dangers and points out the obvious political limitations of the League of Nations. He concludes, however, and the conclusion is important as coming from so un sentimental an observer, that from 1904 onward peoples have given not one but many impressive evidences of their support for policies which envisage conciliation and of their rejection of the men and the methods which lead to conflict. Viewed from a distance it is easy to see Europe unchanged; to believe that the people like the Bourbons before them, have learned nothing and forgotten nothing. Seen at a close range, however, it is impossible not to feel that, while physical circumstances have changed astonishingly little, the psychological mutations have been almost incalculable. The transformation may be temporary, the new atmosphere may be transient, but today it is the real fact in the European situation. It is the imponderable, and it is expressed in the *drang nach Genf*.

It is all the more pity, he feels, that American ignorance of Europe should hinder the cooperation between the United States and Europe which, based upon the practical interests of each, must ultimately develop. The exigencies of American politics as well as popular indifference to international problems, are to be held responsible, since "American foreign policy is based upon popular estimates of European conditions rather than upon any actual appraisal of existing conditions. All our proposals abroad are addressed to our electorate at home. . . . Thus in recent years it has never been quite possible to escape the disquieting suspicion that, while the American Government continues to cherish the eagle as a domestic symbol, it is to the ostrich that it turns instinctively for an example in all questions of foreign policy."

The Golden Days

THE HOUND-TUNER OF CALLAWAY AND OTHER STORIES. By RAYMOND WEEKS. New York: Columbia University Press. 1927. \$2.50.

Reviewed by C. F. ANSLEY

AMONG metropolitans Raymond Weeks has won honors as a scholar and for public services, but the stories he writes are of rural neighborhoods in America's golden day. That day had begun expressing itself before its passing, and some interpretations that do not caricature or condescend remain, as in "Snow-Bound" and the lyrics of Stephen Foster. In memory and imagination Raymond Weeks still sometimes lives in the golden day, and his stories might be more welcome in it than any other literature made in our time. Robert Browning once had no hope of response from contemporaries or posterity and said that he wrote for the men of the past; and William Morris wrote "The Earthly Paradise" in faith that Geoffrey Chaucer would receive it graciously. The varied stories that Raymond Weeks has assembled in his new volume would have enriched many an evening in the homes of America's frontier in the times when the frontier was sought by the courageous and enterprising—not abandoned by them as now. Readers in our time who insist on the convention that those who won our valleys and hills were a peasantry should be warned away from these stories, which seem unaware of the convention; but the stories will rejoice any reader of them who has enough of the American tradition to respond to "Susanna" and "My Old Kentucky Home." Occasionally it seems that the tradition may yet be revived and continued; and if any public should tire of books that are praised as sophisticated, this book will admit them to households in the Old South and along the Overland Trail.

The BOWLING GREEN

The Scheming Kitten

THERE was once a kitten called Pushkin, who was always full of schemes. He was so busy trying to plan things beforehand that you would have said he was not a kitten at all, only a very small cat. He tried to arrange everything so it would happen comfortably and nicely for himself. If a game of croquet was to be played, he managed always to be first at the box where the mallets were kept, so he could get the one with the pink stripe.

If the family were going down to the post office to get the mail, he took care to sit nearest the door of the car, so he could be the one to hop out and open the letter-box. The box was opened by twirling little knobs, like a tiny safe. It was fun to turn them to the right positions and hear them click, then swing back the glass door and take out the letters. Sometimes in the box was a yellow card that said CALL FOR PACKAGE TOO LARGE FOR BOX. Then he purred, because this often meant a surprise, a present of some sort from a grandmother or an aunt. He stood on tiptoe below the window and mewed gaily until Mrs. Breen, the friendly postmistress, heard him and came to see who it was. She could only see his ears and the pink tip of his nose, so she lifted the railing and looked out. "Oh, hullo Pushkin," she said. "I thought I recognized your mew. Is everybody well at your house? Yes, there's a package. Please jump up here on the shelf and sign for it."

The other kittens would have enjoyed doing all this too, but somehow it was always Pushkin who had planned it beforehand and was the first one out of the car. It was like that with almost everything that happened. Pushkin had thought out what was coming and had made his own plans. I am not saying this is a bad thing. Perhaps it is wise. But I think he carried it too far. Sometimes he almost believed he was the only kitten in the world. He never thought that there had been millions of kittens before, and would still be millions of kittens hereafter.

In his usual habit of studying what was going on and deciding how it could be arranged to his own advantage, Pushkin had noticed a can of herrings on top of the icebox. That meant there would be herrings for breakfast tomorrow, and all afternoon he had that on his mind. One can of herrings is not very much among several hungry cats, and those who got down to table first would probably get the fattest share. So the question was, how to plan things so that he would be there a little ahead of the others.

There was one thing they were very strict about in that family, and that was the cleaning of teeth. In the bathroom each kitten had its own mug and toothbrush, and so that they could not forget their father had drawn a picture of a very healthy-looking cat brushing its teeth. This picture was on the wall, and below it was written

DO NOT FORGET TO BRUSH YOUR TEETH, BEFORE, BEHIND, AND UNDERNEATH.

Sometimes, when their father and mother went to the bathroom to clean their own teeth, they would even feel the kittens' brushes to make sure they had been used. If the brushes did not feel damp, the kittens were sent upstairs again right away, to do the job properly.

Pushkin's idea, which he did not mention to anyone, was that if he cleaned his teeth specially well that night he could go without brushing them in the morning. Then he would get down to breakfast a little before the others and have first go at the herring.

So when he went to bed he gave his mouth an extra good scrub. On the bathroom shelf there was a tube different from the usual toothpaste. Always full of ideas about things, Pushkin decided that this must be some specially good toothpaste reserved for his parents. So he used it liberally. It did not taste quite like the paste he was accustomed to, but it made his teeth very white and he went to

bed quite contented. He snuggled down under the covers, purred to himself a little while, and then he was asleep. He rested soundly and dreamed about fish.

Now it was morning, one of those bright mornings when everything feels perfect and your legs are full of running. Rhododendrons were in flower under the dining room windows, the trees were chirruping with bird-song, and all round the house was the beautiful smell of cooked herrings and a noise of purrs. The father and the mother cat sat at the ends of the table, and already the other kittens were guzzling their share, but there was no sign of Pushkin. Then a queer moaning sound was heard on the stairs, and he rushed into the room. He was a sight. His eyes were wild and green, his fur stood on end, his tail was puffed up with fright. He could not seem to speak, only utter a dreadful yowling. He rushed madly round and round the table until they thought he must have a fit. For that does happen to kittens sometimes, when they first discover how very exciting it is to be alive.

But there was something so desperate in Pushkin's behavior that they knew it was serious. His mother sprang from her chair and rushed after him. Three times she chased him round the table, until the other kittens were tempted to join the wild pursuit. But the herring was too good, and they stayed where they were. His mother seized him at last and looked at him.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "His teeth are clenched tight together! He can't open his mouth, he must have lockjaw. Telephone for Dr. Jessup!"

But his father, examining closely, saw a kind of hard white glue that was sticking Pushkin's teeth together. The scheming kitten had cleaned his teeth with a tube of very strong cement that had been left in the bathroom when his father mended a broken soap-dish. They got his mouth open presently, with hot water and a screwdriver, but by that time the other kittens had finished the herrings. They tried not to purr while they ate, but they could not help it. Pushkin, his sharp teeth stuck fast, sat watching them, and his eyes were full of angry tears.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

A Modern Idyll

MIDSUMMER MUSIC. By STEPHEN GRAHAM.

New York: George H. Doran. 1927. \$2.

"MIDSUMMER MUSIC" is a moral holiday. Its color, its melody, and its gay irresponsibility are not to be denied. Stephen Graham has allowed himself time off from the graver aspects of life and has given us an idyll of Dalmatian midsummer madness. It is a very modern idyll wherein, if they laugh and love night-long, the nymphs hurry of a morning back to their type-writers, and where a subtle never-relaxing blood-antagonism flows darkly through all encounters and caresses. There is practically no story to be told. An Englishman, a middle-aged Shakespearean scholar, goes to Kastella for quiet in which to work. He is drawn into a circle of young, pleasure-loving Dalmatians, and he nibbles at the forbidden fruit and finds it very sweet indeed. At last, as naturally and inevitably as it had opened to him the circle closes against him. He wisely does not continue to besiege it, but leaves, a secret sweetness in his veins, for England, home, and duty. The book throughout is so true to its *genre*, so consistently carnival, that it is something of a surprise on closing it to realize its technical perfection. "Midsummer Music," in a very much lighter key, gives us to know an alien people almost as completely as does "A Passage to India." Here are individuals functioning after an integrity of their own under motivation utterly foreign to Anglo-Saxonry: with virtues which are not our virtues, and vices which are not our vices, and yet in the vitality of their being shaming our lethargic acceptance of the Nordic superiority complex. Spandin, Ante Resich, and Slavitska will not leave you when you leave their story. They are all of them, too, individuals enjoying an existence seemingly independent of author and reader alike. "Midsummer Music" is another novel come to swell the growing ranks of romantic realism or realistic romance. Christopher Robin's friend, Eey-ore, would sum it up in a sentence. "Gayety and dance," he would say, "if it is," he would say, "which I doubt."