

friend of the powerful rich and the enemy of the helpless poor; for, not only would such an alliance, or even apparent alliance, have done the Church untold harm, but it would have been the *bouleversement* of our whole history. The one body in the world which had been the protector of the poor and the weak for nearly eighteen hundred years, could not possibly desert these same classes in their hour of need." When the Archbishop sailed for Europe in 1887 to receive the Cardinal's Hat, he accordingly presented the plea of organised labour in the form of a document to the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda; the Knights of Labour were not condemned; and a few years later Pope Leo XIII "enun- ciated the principles which underlie the Church's moral teaching with regard to economics, in his famous encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*."

Perhaps none of the essays is more scholarly and thoughtful than the address delivered at the silver jubilee of the Catholic University of America in Washington held in 1916. For the University, of which he has always been the Chancellor, His Eminence has always had a special affection. Influential in founding it, he was the one whose courage and faith in God kept its doors opened when financial difficulties urged others to wish them closed. And so he not only had reason to rejoice at the successful outcome of his confidence in this institution's future but, as was appropriate, he here saw a vindication of the Catholic theory of education and the value of a Catholic University to our whole civic and social life.

It would be only partially to represent Cardinal Gibbons's interest not to make especial mention of the essays on "The Church and the Republic," "Patriotism and Politics," and "Will the American Republic Endure?" Here he gives free scope to his intense patriotism, for, as he says in his Introduction, "My countrymen and my fellow-Catholics will forgive me if I seem to yearn over this Church and this people, but I do so because I believe both the American

Church and the American people to be precious in the sight of God, and de- signed, each one in its proper sphere, for a glorious future."

Although these volumes make no claim to be an autobiography, many valu- able details are given as to the Cardinal's own history and the progress of the Church in this country. In every essay, however, the character of the man is unconsciously made clear. And one rises from such reading with the con- viction that this man is greater than any of his writings or deeds, and that such a man is one of the greatest assets of a nation or a church.

Francis P. Lyons, C.S.P.

IV-V

FREDERICK PALMER'S "MY SECOND YEAR OF THE WAR;" PHILIP GIBBS'S "THE BATTLES OF THE SOMME"*

A reader who knows the splendid, swinging style of *My Year of the Great War*, who has felt his blood stir in re- sponse to its graphic battle pictures, will eagerly seek a renewal of his pleasure in Frederick Palmer's latest book, *My Second Year of the War*. And, for the most part, that reader will not be dis- appointed. The style is the same, and here and there, vivid vignettes flash up from the pages to fire the imagination as of old. There is the storming of Con- talmaison, clearly seen in the bright sunshine, and as clearly recorded. And there is the picture of the guns during the night attack on the Ridge.

Guns ahead of us and around us and behind us as usual, in a battle of competi- tive crashes among themselves, and nearby we saw the figures of the gunners outlined in instants of weird lightning glow, which might include the horses of a caisson in a

*My Second Year of the War. By Fred- erick Palmer. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Battles of the Somme. By Philip Gibbs. New York: George H. Doran Com- pany.

flicker of distinct silhouette flashed out of the night and then lost in the night. . . . The thing was majestic, diabolical, beautiful, absurd—anything you wished to call it You might think of your little group of observers as occupying a point of view in space where one planet hidden in darkness was throwing aerolites at another hidden in darkness striking it with mighty explosions, and the crashes and screams were the sound of the missiles on their unlighted way.

A different type of sketch is found in Mr. Palmer's description of those unique battle machines, the British tanks. "Unquestionably," says Mr. Palmer, "the tank resembles an armadillo, a caterpillar, a diplodocus, a motor car, and a travelling circus. . . . No pianist was ever more temperamental; no tortoise ever more phlegmatic." Nor can one omit the incident of the tank reported as "walking up the main street of Flers surrounded by cheering British soldiers," with a sign displayed on it bearing the legend, "Extra Special! Great Hun Victory!" Although the army to a man promptly personified the tanks and to a man refused to regard them otherwise than as huge, ungainly jokes, they proved their worth, if in no other way, by stamping out hostile machine guns, those terrors of the attacking infantryman, and saved the British thousands of casualties. Unfortunately, many of Mr. Palmer's descriptions lose effectiveness because they are very much like similar descriptions found in *My Year of the Great War*. It seems hardly necessary for the author to draw again with so much detail scenes varying only slightly from other scenes he has drawn before. To say this, and to suggest that his apotheosis of the British army, pleasant as it will be to the majority of his readers, is a trifle too Kiplingesque, is to sum up the possible defects in Mr. Palmer's work.

On the whole, the strongest appeal of the book is to the thoughtful mind. The clear-cut account of the great British drive on the Somme, to which the

volume confines itself pretty closely in spite of its general title, is very good to read, after the vague lavishness of the daily press. Again, what the author has to say concerning the training of the new British army for this vital test of its power, this trying-out of an emergency-made force against the finished product of years of militarism, brings enlightenment to one who may have wondered why England did not "do something" earlier in the war. Finally, Mr. Palmer's scattered commentary on what he has seen is extremely valuable in that it contains the mature reflections of a man better acquainted with the whole ghastly business than some others who have ventured to write about it. *My Second Year of the War*, in short, is fundamentally not an emotional book. It is rather a record that one turns to for clear and accurate information about what really happened. The seeker for impassioned rhetoric, for outpourings of feeling, must direct his search elsewhere.

It is profitable to compare with Mr. Palmer's volume Philip Gibbs's *The Battles of the Somme*. The two books cover practically the same ground; but Mr. Gibbs confines to a brief introduction what he has to say about the prologue, and plunges with his first chapter into the stupendous drama itself. Mr. Palmer, one might say, has written an excellent book about the war. Mr. Gibbs's book is the war. He takes the reader with him into the battle region, and as he himself saw and sensed, the reader sees and senses the horror and the nastiness and the incredible folly of it all; but, shining through the sombreness, the glory of those golden lads who, knowing war and hating it like the hell it is, went steadfastly forward into the flames with smiling eyes and a jest on their lips. It is the individuality of the author's style, the success of his passionate desire to make others see and feel as he saw and felt, that lifts his group of battle pictures into something more than just another war book.

The interest is in the separate scenes,

rather than in the whole, and this makes any generality concerning the work rather difficult. A reader, however, unless he is rabidly pro- one side or the other, will appreciate the spirit of fairness Mr. Gibbs displays in his often recurring tributes to the Germans, tributes gathered largely from the mouths of men fresh from fighting the Germans. "They are wonderful men," he quotes an officer as saying, "and work their machines until they are bombed to death." "We had white men against us, and they let us get in our wounded without hindrance as soon as the fight was over." And again, "Two German doctors helped to dress our wounded, and worked bravely and steadily under shell-fire for many hours. One of them objected to having a sentry put near his dugout. 'I am not a fighting man,' he said, . . . 'My work is for humanity, and your wounded are the same to me as ours.'" There is something nobler in that than the vulgar invective of the civilian partisan, something finer than the bitter exaggerations of the stay-at-home cartoonist, something one instinctively likes. One likes, too, the incident of the young British officer, a boy of nineteen, who, after his superiors had fallen, called to his company, "Come on, lads! I'm only a kid, but I'll show you the way all right!" And his men laughed at the words and followed him. There is an interesting sidelight on the fundamental humanness of mankind in the sketch of the two bandaged soldiers, a German and an Englishman, trudging side by side to a field dressing-station. Said the Englishman, "This chap tried to gouge out my eye with his fist, and I did the same to his with my elbow, and now we get on famously together."

The faults of the book are the natural outgrowth of its virtues, the outgrowth, too, of the fact that the incidents are given just as they were written down in the field "at great speed, sometimes in utter exhaustion of body and brain." The language, at times vivid and rich

with colour, at times simple and direct, occasionally becomes strained and melodramatic. The logical order of events is often broken into, and the author is often compelled to refer the reader to preceding pages for a clear understanding of what is coming next. This repetition not only grows tiresome, but, together with the interest and lavishness of the details, successfully prevents a clear understanding of the operations as an organic whole. In this matter of clearly presenting the development of the great drive, Mr. Palmer's book is decidedly the better of the two. But probably no one man, even—although the statement is a bold one—the late Mr. George Steevens, could produce a perfectly balanced account of the present war; and that may be offered as one excuse for the constant additions to the tremendous accumulation of war literature.

Allen R. Dodd.

VI-VII

BERTRAND RUSSELL'S "WHY MEN FIGHT"; PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN'S "INTERNATIONAL REALITIES"*

The fundamental differences between General Wood's followers and the pacifists is not after all so great. Both base their conclusions on the immutability of the structure of life. The first believe that war is bad but inevitable in human nature, and human nature cannot be changed: hence prepare to make war as effectively as possible. The second believe that war is bad and the product of the evil machinations of capitalists and national rivalries—in other words, "the system:" hence establish checks and new machinery.

In the rough classification of the British War Office Bertrand Russell is a pacifist. As such he has been both

*Why Men Fight. By Bertrand Russell. New York: The Century Company.

International Realities. By Philip Marshall Brown. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.