

more amazing. Letters, written while his father was minister at London during the war, are regrettably omitted as having been previously published. Thus we are deprived of further light on perhaps the most dramatic period of the author's life, so vividly described in the *Education*.

The writer mellows with the years, becomes less self-conscious and more humorous. Certainly his observations are always remarkably keen, but they improve with time, probably because he was more content simply to observe. There is little evidence of the overweening conceit which has been charged against him; on the contrary there is much evidence of a notable power to gain and sustain the friendship of distinguished men and women. Most entertaining for the general reader are the letters from Japan and the South Seas, to which Adams took John La Farge in the eighties. Travelling like a prince, dispensing double eagles right and left, Adams renewed his youth watching Polynesian maidens dance, seemed not to have ruined his digestion sampling the native foods, and all the while observed as keenly as an anthropologist but more humorously.

ALAN REYNOLDS THOMPSON

AN AMERICAN EPOCH: SOUTHERN PORTRAITURE IN THE NATIONAL PICTURE by *Howard W. Odum* (HOLT, \$3.50)

MR. ODUM's work is in many respects so excellent that one hesitates to find fault with it. Yet *An American Epoch* does not entirely live up to its admirable intention to present an unprejudiced portrait of all the elements that make up the South. For Mr. Odum the trained observer of society frequently joins forces with Mr. Odum the author of *Rainbow Round My Shoulder*; and the latter has an incurable interest in the picturesque. The total impression left by *An American Epoch* is that of a South inhabited principally by down-at-the-heel colonels, singing Negroes

and political or religious bigots. Mr. Odum says that this is not the whole story; but, once he has made a bow to the plain man, he passes rapidly to the more alluring folk-songs or Catholic-baiting. Mr. Odum tends to see things lyrically: he turns from sentimental evocation of colonial columns and magnolias to ecstatic citation of statistics dealing with industrial expansion and good roads. Consequently, strong contrasts abound in his picture and the more substantial middle ground is frequently neglected, though not denied.

Despite such neglect, no one will combat the accuracy of Mr. Odum's details, or claim that he has actually omitted important elements. The bias which leads Mr. Odum to devote a whole chapter to religious folk-music and another, called "Creative Effort", almost entirely to the work of sociologists, is all the more regrettable because the author had the opportunity, and ability, to insist on more fundamental things. It cannot, however, spoil the book's value. Mr. Odum has gone a long way, if not all the way; he presents at least some of the materials on which intelligent and effective criticism will have to be based. He offers much that should commend itself to Southerners, those who are still regional-minded as well as those who are not, and to anyone who is interested in the South and its grave problems.

EUGENE ARMFIELD

THE PATH TO PEACE by *Nicholas Murray Butler* (SCRIBNER'S, \$2.50)

WHEN Nicholas Murray Butler speaks, America listens, not always with agreement, always with respect. With the weight of Columbia University and the Carnegie Foundation behind his utterances, which are informed with a vigorous and transparent idealism, winged with learning and with practical experience, his voice has been among the most persuasive of those raised in behalf of active coöperation with other nations in the interests of peace. Here are collected his speeches and public

writings over a period of four years, from the inception of the Kellogg Pact to his recent addresses to the German Reichstag and in London. They include his famous letter to the *New York Times* on April 25, 1927, inviting us to respond to M. Briand's overture for the outlawry of war between France and the United States. Dr. Butler is a vigorous and a convinced internationalist. He has little patience with the mood of self-respecting detachment from European commitments which has moulded Washington's policy since the days when the Senate rejected the Treaty of Versailles. He asserts that

... it is a paradox but a truth that, despite the overwhelming sentiment of the people of the United States, the Government of the United States has for some years past been a chief obstacle to every movement to make war unlikely and to advance the cause of international peace.

It is on this "truth" that many sincerely pacific Americans part company with the President of Columbia University. Peace is built in two ways, by institutions—as in the League of Nations and M. Briand's diplomacy—and by general consent—as in the Treaties of Washington and London and in the Kellogg Pact. In other words, peace is built in the hearts of men as well as in the sheriff's handcuffs. With this one exception, however, there is nothing in Dr. Butler's philosophy to which exception can be taken. Few men of sense will quarrel over the means which are advocated for the maintenance of world peace, so long as the end is kept before us. That end is still the prevention of another world war; the means is to create a system of political justice which will render the appeal to force unnecessary. Dr. Butler is a prophet of peace, but a prophet who feels that peace itself is political justice and that the means of securing peace are more adequately embodied in the political institutions at Geneva than in the possibly transitory good will of the common man which motivates contemporary American policy.

PROPHETS OF THE NEW INDIA *by Romain Rolland* (BONI. \$5.00)

RECONSTRUCTING INDIA *by Edward Thompson* (DIAL PRESS. \$4.00)

INDIA AND THE SIMON REPORT *by Sir John Simon* (COWARD-MCCANN. \$.75)

EVERY few centuries Asia has an idea. When it does, the West is troubled. The idea may be that of a Christ, a Buddha, a Mahomet, or that of an Attila, a Genghis Khan, or a Lenin. Whatever it is and however it comes, it stirs the world. Asia is today troubled with a half-formulated thought, a philosophy for which Bolshevism is too strong and Nationalism too weak a word. The idea, whatever it is, flickers from Korea to the High Atlas and from the High Pamirs to Cape Cormorin. Nowhere is its expression more significant than in India.

And on no subject is American public opinion less informed and less responsible than on Indian Nationalism. So far as we think about India at all, we have a hazy sort of notion that the Indians ought to be free and ask what the British are doing there anyhow. For the past few years, both Indians and British have made increasing efforts to lay their cases before the American public, for American sympathies, if misdirected, are capable of working a tremendous injustice upon Asia. Are we to condemn the Indians with Miss Mayo, because they are given to practices not regarded with favor on Main Street? Or are we to condemn the British because Ghandi has made the rotogravure sections? Or shall we really attempt to understand the staggering human problems involved in the political status of the 300,000,000 people crowded into the wedge of land between the Himilayas and the sea?

Here are three books really calculated to broaden our sympathies without enlisting our prejudices. M. Rolland has written an account of the two great religious leaders of the Hindu awakening—Ramakrishna, who was regarded in his lifetime as the reincarnation of the Divinity, and Vivekananda, who was the