

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

In deference to some hundreds of requests from subscribers in many parts of the country, we have decided to act as purchasing agents for any books reviewed in THE LITERARY DIGEST. Orders for such books will hereafter be promptly filled on receipt of the purchase price, with the postage added, when required. Orders should be addressed to Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

TREITSCHKE'S FAMOUS "POLITICS"

Treitschke, Heinrich von. Politics. Translated from the German. With an Introduction by the Rt. Hon. Arthur James Balfour, and a Foreword by A. Lawrence Lowell. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. xlii-406, 643. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$7.50 boxed. Postage, 36 cents.

The war, in its beginning and its conduct, shows that in their different ways four men have in recent years expressed the political and worldward mind of the German. Nietzsche's superman is the Teuton as he sees himself in comparison with other nationals. Bernhardt told how this superman was in the immediate future to secure acknowledgment from all others of his superiority and of the "rights" that go with it. Naumann, in his "Mittel-Europa," showed the immediate way to this by the coalescence of Germany and Austria-Hungary, being ruled, of course, from Berlin. Treitschke formulated the idea of the state as a supreme entity which validates what the others stated rather more concretely. He supplied in his "Politik" the philosophical justification for the others.

The last is now accessible to readers of English in these two finely printed volumes. Under five main heads it discusses The Nature of the State, Its Social Foundations, The Varieties of Political Constitutions, Government, and The State in Relation to International Intercourse. The state is a legal person—"the people" (but "not the totality of a people") "legally united as an independent entity"—it is above all Power (capitalized) "which makes its will to prevail," whether with or against the people's "rational inward assent." "International agreements . . . are . . . voluntary self-restrictions. Hence . . . a permanent Arbitration Court is incompatible with the nature of the state." "The appeal to arms" (because a state may not submit to outside dictation except under duress) "will be valid until the end of history." The state as "sovereign power," therefore, "determines independently the limits of its power." And since it is a person among other persons (*i.e.*, other states), it must rule or be ruled. This last is implied, not directly stated—*e.g.*, "Germany has . . . had too small a share of the spoils in the partition of non-European territory." She wants more and must have it. As between states "we discern the undeniably ridiculous element in the (very) existence (italics the reviewer's) of a small state." "The large state is the nobler type," and, of course, the larger the better! Hence, we must conclude, Germany's claim to world power, since she knows that hers is the right to it.

The foregoing summarizes the first part. The rest of the discussion only expands this in its details with relation to more or less distorted views and citations of history. Herein the modesty ("The Germans are always in danger of enervating their nationality through possessing too little rugged pride"!), the fitness, the profundity, the sweet reasonableness, the all-goodness of the Teuton are contrasted

with the opposite qualities (or defects) in all others.

The war and its conduct are a commentary upon this book and on the writings of the other men named above. It is good that out of their own authoritative utterances, the Teutonic apologetic for Armageddon, the judgment of the world may be pronounced. Mr. Balfour's introduction puts the reader on guard by pointing out some of the principal fallacies and logical breaches of this now famous work.

MR. GIBBS ON THE SOMME BATTLES

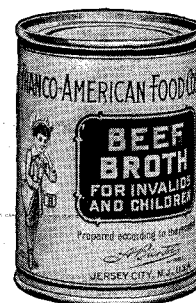
Gibbs, Philip. The Battles of the Somme. With Maps. Pp. 366. London: William Heinemann. Price, 6s net. Postage, 12 cents.

A famous American writer once set forth how a novelist takes life and turns it into literature. More, perhaps, than any other correspondent "at the front" in the great European War, Mr. Gibbs has illustrated how it is possible to take death and make literature of that. For in his book he pictures death, not less than life, and makes literature of it—makes chapters with a real literary flavor. Yet he tells us in his Introduction that these pages were "written on the evenings of battle hastily and sometimes feverishly, after days of intense experience and tiring sensation"—which may account for their quality. "There is in them," he says, "and through them one passionate purpose. It is to reveal to our people and the world the high valor, the self-sacrificing discipline of soul, the supreme endurance of those men of ours who fought, and suffered great agonies, and died, and, if not killed or wounded, came out to rest a little while and fight again, not liking it, you understand—hating it like the hell it is—but doing their duty, with a great and glorious devotion, according to the light that is in them."

There are reasons why, if you are liable to draft in this time of war, you should not read this volume. There are other reasons why you should. It visualizes the horrors that the Somme revealed. It also emphasizes the spirit of patriotism which inspired those brave men who made possible such horrors and became their victims or survived them. Some of these pages would make a coward halt on his way to the battle-field; they might even cause a brave man to hesitate. On many of them may be found bits of description as pure and sweet as if they pertained only to scenes in some valley of peace. As, for instance, this:

"It was a day when the beauty of France is like a song in one's heart, a day of fleecy clouds in the blue sky, of golden sunlight flooding broad fields behind the battle-lines, where the wheat-sheaves are stacked in neat lines by old men and women who do their sons' work, and of deep, cool shadows under the wavy foliage of the woodlands."

That was one of the days which witnessed "The Attacks on Thiepval." Other days followed not so beautiful, when the sun was "blazing hot," and the "fighting men baked brown"—when it was "not good fighting weather either for guns or men," with "a queer haze about the fields, as thick at times as a November mist and yet thrilling with heat." When the day of victory came it was because of "The Coming of the Tanks," which added a touch of comedy to the picture, albeit blood-red with the tragedies of war. But before its end, says this daring observer, "I went



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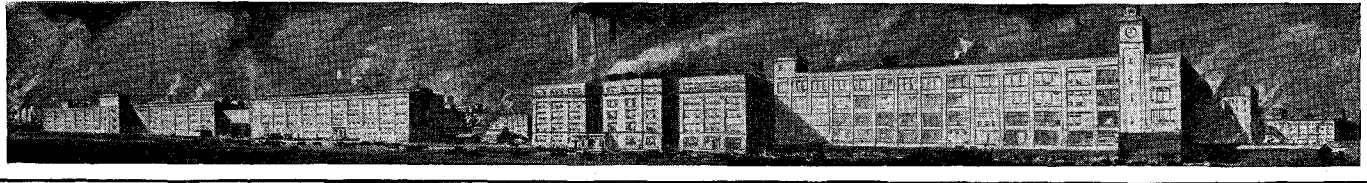
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STAND with us at the window, here in our office in Akron, and look out upon that restless forest of concrete and steel which is our property and our pride.

View with us its magnificent reaches, east and west and south, swarming the valley and climbing the ancient slopes: storey upon storey up-piled against seemingly insatiable demand; plumed with the smoke of belching chimneys; quivering under the audible aura of immense industry.

Feel with us the uplifting thrill of thankfulness, and of solemn reverence in the spectacle and its meaning—the heart leaps at the picture and the thought.

* * *

This is our almighty hour.

From those infant continents of floor space sheltered beneath the roofs in your sight, from the labor of the thousands of craftsmen, engineers, and artisans at work there, from the titanic machines thundering endlessly hour upon hour, came in the last calendar year more pneumatic automobile tires than were produced in any other like institution upon the face of the earth.

More—in numbers and in value—more in the aggregate—more, than were brought forth by any other maker in the world.

* * *

It seems strange now, looking back on our beginnings, to have come so straight and swiftly to this eminence of production and of place.

We had no geniuses, as popularly conceived, among us; no impressive array of material or intellectual resource at the start; no pregnant opportunity that was not shared with all; no sudden plan for the sharp revolution of the tire business and its methods.

We were just a group of earnest men, intent and aspiring, who believed in the power and ultimate triumph of manufactured goodness, and in the unfailing disposition of the American people to reward that which is worthy.

We are such still.

The wish and purpose first impelling us, to build the best within our power, to correct and improve where that were possible, to make our name warrant of its own integrity and of that of the product bearing it, remains with us, and shall, so long as this business endures.

* * *

It seems strange also, now, to have come so far, when arrival here was only incidental beside our chief aim.

From the early, meagre, verily precarious days, enlargement and volume never o’ershadowed or challenged, even, that keener and more intimate project, the endowment with lofty significance of the word Goodyear.

Nor do they now, nor will they ever—and it is from the sanctity of this pledge that we ask you always to consider us as striving in this spirit: to remark us not as an institution huge, impersonal and unresponsive; but as a working company of men sharply conscious of the trust within our keeping, and as of old, eager and hopeful that larger fields of usefulness and achievement shall be ours.

* * *

In the eyes of the world, perhaps, this might pardonably be a time for elation.

To have been so overwhelmingly justified is well, and the parent of inspiring reflections.

But in our brief kinship with world-wide tire supremacy, there has been less of elation than of profound solemnity.

For we do not for an instant mistake the causes of that common good will which has elevated us in this surpassing degree, and which looks to us to hold by the merit that won it, the high place given unto us.

And it is a sobering and a moving experience to face the enlarged responsibility of such a position, to feel that more than ever now we are beholden to those simple and sincere principles with which we started, and to their scrupulous application in all our works.

* * *

The spirit of those early principles stands guard over every operation and every department in these great factories.

It stirs in every workman in the Good-year employ—alike in the jungles of the tropics, the cotton plantations of the South, the mills here at home, the sales depots among you—the pride in good work conscientiously performed.

All magnitude had been unmeaning, all growth had been in vain, were it to be abandoned now.

For we know it is only by this spirit which has so far upraised us, that this business will survive.

In that knowledge, our fixed concern shall be its preservation and its continuance.

In that knowledge, nothing shall ever leave these factories that does not dignify the name of Goodyear.

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