

above and beyond the mere facts. They are also willing to read books written for the popular mind, and even by popular writers. With these wants in mind, the five books listed above have been selected from a year's output, because they represent the great struggle neither too technically, too gressomely, nor too philosophically.

"Speaking of Prussians—," both from the name of its author and from its similarity in title to "Speaking of Operations—," might deceive the book-buyer into thinking that Mr. Cobb is joking about the dismemberment of the Central Powers as he joked about his own experience on the operating table. It is, however, a serious exposition of the German mind and the Teutonic idea as seen by that astute journalist and deduced to its conclusions. The book tells why we fight, and explains it succinctly to the honest peace-loving man who would like to see the lion and the lamb lie down together, and who does not sufficiently realize that when the lion and the lamb did lie down together in Europe, the lion rose a raging lion with the mangled carcass of the lamb beneath his bloodied paws.

Our second volume, "The Warfare of Today," by Lieutenant-Colonel Azan, tells how the fighting is actually carried on along the front lines. The author explains the difficulties and the details of the new war of positions, in a series of lectures on the differences between this war and other wars, the training of levies necessitated by a sudden military expansion, the principles underlying the trench systems, their siting and their occupation, the elaborate preparation of an attack, the execution of it in all its confusion, the opportunities for turning a success into a big victory, the principles necessary in defence, and a thoroughly French analysis of the essentials of a soldier. It is an authoritative book, eminently readable, and not at all complicated. It is well illustrated with a large variety of photographs and with many vividly recounted anecdotes of apposite experiences. The author's main thesis is coöperation and coördination between adjacent units, between infantry and artillery and the aeroplanes, between the staff and the line, between the front trench and the zone of supply, between the factory and the soldier, between the different high commands, between all the nations leagued together in a common cause. With this coöperation and coördination the war will be won.

It will be won, says Mr. Marcosson in "The Business of War," because the problems of finance, supply, and transportation are being handled by live business brains and elastic business experience. These are the things that make it possible to keep huge populations in the trenches. It is all an intricate system of manufacturing the munitions, the clothing, and the foodstuffs, and of passing them through the various depots, regulating the movement, and carefully watching the use. This book describes the salvage as well, and the coördination for purchase and distribution; it tells of a multitude of factories, a maze of railways, a series of warehouses, an army of motor trucks—and everywhere the searching eye of the business man keeping track of income and outgo. This is the story of the feeding and clothing and equipping of an army, a side of war of which few people think, but which is the element that turns dollars into front-line ammunition.

If, then, the war is waged by the armies behind the front quite as much as by the infantry facing the enemy, we may carry the investigation still further by reading Mr. Arthur Train's book, "The Earthquake." This conveys the spirit

of the new America created by the war. Man and wife, daughter and son, enlist in the service of the country, each in his own useful way. The son goes into the army, but the others join that larger army working at home for the success of the forces abroad. It is not a record of fashionable movements, but of earnest and willing endeavor.

The fifth and last book, "The Glory of the Trenches," is a definition and a psychological study of the transformation which takes place in the soldier. It shows what the experience of war does for him. No man can remain in training for any appreciable time without having the mark of the service indelibly stamped upon him; and just so no one undergoes the privations and the dangers of life at the front without coming out remade. This is the glory of the trenches which Coningsby Dawson so well depicts.

## Notes

ON September 26 Henry Holt & Company will publish: "Home Fires in France," by Dorothy Canfield.

"The Submarine in War and Peace," by Simon Lake, will be published shortly by J. B. Lippincott Company.

The forthcoming publications of Harper & Brothers are announced as follows: "Sylvia Scarlett," by Compton Mackenzie; "Songs from the Trenches," edited by Herbert Adams Gibbons; "My Lorraine Journal," by Edith O'Shaughnessy; "Land's End," by Wilbur Daniel Steele; "Young Alaskans in the Far North," by Emerson Hough; "Far from the Madding Crowd," an educational edition, by Thomas Hardy.

"The Psychology of Courage," by Herbert G. Lord, is to be published in September by John W. Luce & Company.

THE world of letters and French literature in particular have sustained a grievous loss by the sudden death of Georges Pelissier, the noted French critic and littérateur. M. Pelissier had returned for a brief stay in his native Midi, where he was visiting his parents near Montauban, when he was cut off unexpectedly on June 16, far from his wife and children and a devoted circle of friends. Known in this country chiefly as a critic and writer on French literature, in France Pelissier had for years been a stimulating presence as well to thousands of students at the *lycées* of Tours, Nancy, Lakanal, Janson-de-Sailly, and at the normal school of Fontenay-aux-Roses, where he was esteemed alike for his erudition, his balanced judgment, and his unswerving rectitude. As a writer Pelissier attained a place in the foremost ranks of critics and historians of French literature. His "Précis de l'histoire de la littérature française," first published in 1902, of which 70,000 copies had been sold before the war, has become a classic, and has been translated into English and Russian. "Le Mouvement littéraire au dix-neuvième siècle," of which ten editions have appeared, is perhaps the most widely known of his books among students of our American universities. His "Essais de littérature contemporaine," "Etudes de littérature contemporaine," "Etudes de littérature et de morale," "Le Réalisme du romantisme," and "Voltaire philosophe"—which latter he himself valued most among his works, perhaps because there was in it most of himself—are notable achievements of French scholarship in his chosen field. But his range was wide and his technical studies in language, versification, and style are models of exact sci-

tific research. His death will be even more deeply lamented by the few who knew him well than by the world at large that knew him only through his work.

CHEKHOV in good English is a gratifying fact, not only because it makes us understand a consummate artist, but also because it enables us to understand and appreciate Russia. For there is scarcely a class, a rank, a profession, a race, a doctrine, a vice, which may be taken as a part of Russian life, that Chekhov has not studied and presented to us in his brief, concise, yet complete, sketches and stories. The fifth volume of his tales, entitled "The Wife and Other Stories" (Macmillan; \$1.50), introduces us to urban Russia, to the semi-intelligentsia of officials, teachers, and men of liberal professions in general. "A Dreary Story," both the story and the title, strikes the keynote of the whole volume, in fact, of all Chekhov's art. Russian life, observed through Chekhov's prism, is a dreary vegetation of victims of circumstances. The higher the intellect of the individual, the keener his tragedy, the deeper the gulf between his ideal and his environment, between his potentialities and the gray reality of Czaristic Russia. Intellect, idealism, imagination, have no outlet in the freezing atmosphere. "For God's sake, tell me quickly, this minute, what am I to do!" screams Katya, clutching at the hand of the old savant, the pride of Russia, the man of education and experience. She cannot go on "living like this"; she beseeches: "Help me! help me! . . . Tell me what am I to do?" But the sage helplessly admits: "Upon my word, Katya, I don't know," and with a forced smile says: "Let us have lunch, Katya." Those who lack the courage of confessing their impotence in face of the stifling circumstances seek refuge in illusions and phantoms, like "gooseberries" or "lottery tickets," or, in worse cases, succumb and become screws in the omnipotent bureaucratic machine. Such is the schoolmaster in "The Man in a Case," who both symbolizes the Czaristic régime and typifies the average citizen cowed into submission, afraid to do anything not explicitly permitted by the authorities, even if not directly prohibited.

He was remarkable for always wearing goloshes and a warm wadded coat, and carrying an umbrella even in the very finest

weather. And his umbrella was in a case, and his watch was in a case made of gray chamois leather, and when he took out his pen-knife to sharpen his pencil, his pen-knife, too, was in a case; and his face seemed to be in a case, too, because he always hid it in his turned-up collar. He wore dark spectacles and flannel vests, stuffed up his ears with cotton-wool, and when he got into a cab always told the driver to put up the hood.

All his life was a series of anxieties and fears, and only in his coffin was there a cheerful expression on his face, since he had attained his ideal and was put into a case which he would never leave again. The man who tells the story, who confesses to a sense of pleasure in burying such men as the encased schoolmaster, goes off, in Russian fashion, into sad generalizations, and applies the label "case" to our city life, airless and crowded, spent in useless occupations and diversions, in intercourse with "trivial, fussy men and silly, idle women."

READERS who have had a surfeit of impressionistic accounts of Germany from travellers, "neutral observers," and the like, may find more solid satisfaction in Cyril Brown's "Germany as It is To-day" (Doran; \$1.35 net). It is brought out casually in the course of the book that the author, as staff correspondent at the front, was in Germany at various times between the outbreak of the war and the intervention of the United States. But there is a rigid repression of the personal note. We are given instead carefully compiled statistics on all matters pertaining to food, transportation, labor, finance, crime, etc., with occasionally some modest deductions from the facts. The picture which emerges is that of Germany completely organized for war, to be sure, but also equipping herself for the peace to come, especially through the exploitation of Russia and the Near East. In the complex of state-controlled syndicates little room is left for the middleman, for free commerce, or for individual enterprise. But as a relief from this soulless mechanism some very human faults are being developed in the way of graft, food fraud, and disrespect for authority. There are shortages everywhere, notably in transportation and food, though the latter problem in its acute form is local and due mainly to faults of distribution. The author discerns a growing alignment of proletarians against the Junkers and their plutocratic allies, and in conclusion hints interestingly at some important changes pending in the status of women. The style of this instructive book shows marks of haste, with a tendency to uncouth phrases and awkward rhythms.

THOSE who have read Professor Keller's "Societal Evolution" will welcome his new book, "Through War to Peace" (Macmillan; \$1.25), in which he applies to the present world conflict the principles laid down in his former work. According to the view there expounded, the central thing in the evolution of society is the selection and transmission of certain *mores* and the suppression of others. Various factors have been at work in this process, the most effective of which have been war and economic pressure, and the inherent fitness of some of the *mores* to produce desirable consequences and of others to bring about discomfort. Though individual leaders bulk large in our history books, neither their influence nor any process of reasoning in the mass of the population has had much to do, in Professor Keller's opinion, with directing social evolution; not men but *mores* have been the real actors in the racial drama. Once this view is adopted, the present war takes on a new

<h2 style="margin: 0;">The Nation</h2> <p style="margin: 0;">FOUNDED 1865</p>	
<p style="margin: 0;">Published Saturdays. Owned by THE NATION PRESS, INC. OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, President. B. W. TOMLINSON, Secy. and Treas.</p>	
<p style="margin: 0;">Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.</p>	
<p style="margin: 0;">OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR. HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, MANAGING EDITOR. WILLIAM MACDONALD, } ASSOCIATE EDITORS. ALBERT JAY NOCK,     } WILLIAM G. PRESTON, BUSINESS MANAGER. MIRIAM R. WALTER, CIRCULATION MANAGER.</p>	
<p style="margin: 0;">SUBSCRIPTION RATES—Four dollars per annum, postpaid, in United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$4.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union, \$5.00. Address, THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City.</p>	
<p style="margin: 0;">LONDON OFFICE: 16 Regent St., S. W.; WASHINGTON OFFICE: Home Life Building; CHICAGO OFFICE: People's Gas Building.</p>	



aspect; it can no longer be regarded as a struggle between individuals or even between nations, but only as an irrepressible conflict between opposing groups of *mores*. On the one side stands the international code which has been gradually emerging, and which must ultimately replace the *mores* of violence by the customs and ideals of a world-wide peace-group; on the other stands the German code, the primitive militarism of the savage made doubly terrible by trained intelligence and efficiency. To the war-code which the rest of the civilized world has so largely outgrown the German people are bound by the ties of an almost religious fanaticism. They have made of it a fetich, and the prosperity and prestige which they have enjoyed while worshipping it have made them constantly more zealous in their idolatry. If lasting peace is to come, not only must the idolaters be driven back: they must be converted. The disillusionment of the Germans is the condition of any lasting peace, and this can be brought about only by bringing home to them the consequences of their idol worship. "It is not a question of enslaving Germany, as she would like to do to the rest of us. It is a question of eradicating her fetich-worship by demonstrating that her idols have feet of clay. Nothing but defeat of the invincible army and Government, and the consequent letting-in of light as to the world's opinion of her course, can do that. If this is accomplished, she can make her own selection, by revolution or otherwise." Professor Keller's book makes explicit the conclusion to which many of us have been slowly and unwillingly driven, that it is not the German leaders, but the German people and their whole way of looking at things, with which we have to deal; that this is no time for conciliatory phrases; and that a peace made before Germany is thoroughly sick of her militarist idol would be the shortest road to a new war. It may not be possible to accept quite all the views, "societological" and others, presented in Professor Keller's book; but he has done a service in placing the present struggle in its larger setting as a contest between massive social tendencies in the evolution of human society.

IN the year 1622 (old style) the worldly wise, convivial Master John Pory, for a time Secretary to the Colony of Virginia during Governor Yeardley's administration, visited Plymouth Plantation, and in a letter to the Earl of Southampton wrote an enthusiastic and vivacious account of the puny settlement and its surroundings—a narrative that for clarity, directness, and charm of style has no equal in early Pilgrim literature. A manuscript copy of this letter, another from the same hand descriptive of other parts of the New England coast, and Richard Norwood's "Insularum de la Bermuda Detectio" (circa 1622), was acquired some years ago by the John Carter Brown Library—the whole probably in the handwriting of Norwood, who was official surveyor of the English plantation in the Bermudas. It is now known that Captain John Smith drew upon the "Detectio" in compiling his "Generall Historie" of 1624. After nearly three centuries Mr. Champlin Burrage has edited these valuable narratives for publication under the title of "John Pory's Lost Description of Plymouth Colony in the Earliest Days of the Pilgrim Fathers" (Houghton Mifflin; \$5 net). The notes are sufficient to meet scholarly needs, as is also the introduction; nevertheless, there should have been included some reference to the picturesque life of John Pory, for

no one can read his lively description of the infant colony at Plymouth and not wish to know something about the author. The volume contains, in addition to other facsimiles, reproductions of Smith's issue of Norwood's map of the Bermudas as published in the 1624 edition of the "Generall Historie," and Norwood's map of the Bermudas as first published complete in 1626. The edition of this little book, outwardly and inwardly charming, is limited to 365 copies.

OF his book, "Religion—Its Prophets and False Prophets" (Macmillan; \$1.50), Dr. James Bishop Thomas tells us that it is "a study of the historic conflict between the two types of religion—the prophetic and exploiting," in the course of which he "states and traces the issue between disinterested prophets of religion and those who have sought or been led to professionalize religion as a means to a career." From the mass of material at his disposal Dr. Thomas endeavors to exhibit "the pure and unmixed type of a universal religion which is the core of Christianity," in contrast with the religion which is corrupted by the accidental accretions of centuries of sacerdotalism and hierarchic monopoly. In brief, the author would have us believe that "the world's greatest need, as in the past, so to-day, is to understand and follow the Christianity of Christ," as distinguished from "historic Christianity," in order that the economic and social order may be "reformed according to the Christian principle of the law of service." As a contribution to the study of the philosophy of religion the book is not uninteresting. Typographically it is not free from blunders, among which may be mentioned *μῆδς τοῦ ἀνθρώπου*—a glaring monstrosity.

## The Chinquapin Trail

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

THIMBLEBERRY, salmonberry, mountain ash, and chinquapin,  
Hard-hack, black cap, elderberry blue,  
Blackberry, huckleberry, rhododendron, sword fern,  
Woolly manzanita—to be riding through  
The heavy brush about the trail, at dusk once more!  
When all the gold is spilling on the sky's wide floor!

Indian plum and squaw grass, paint brush, and mountain balm,  
Dwarf maple, buck brush, once so commonplace!  
Spiræa and syringa, chaparral and hazel,  
Maple leaves that tremble, and the great black trace  
Of a fir across the sky; and quick as fear  
Drops the dark upon the trail. . . . And now I'm here—

Far from whisk of chipmunk or rush of furry gray-squirrel.  
Chinquapin and squaw grass are half a world away!  
The sun goes down on No-Man's-Land, and dusk is on the trenches,  
And there's never a cow-pony, at the end of day,  
To go with down the cañon, with the mountain shrubs around me.  
But some day I'll go back and ride, and greet them all,  
Chinquapin and squaw grass and grape and chaparral!