

Harriett Fream's parents were sophisticated people even for the sixties. They did not balance *good* and *bad* before their infant daughter but taught her rather to prefer the beautiful to the ugly in matters of conduct. The infant mind apparently cannot hold the good and the beautiful apart. "Suddenly a thought came rushing at her. There was God and there was Jesus. But even God and Jesus were not more beautiful than Mamma." Harriett always inclined to an aesthetic God, forsaking in middle age her old vicar for Canon Wrench who moved in a "high" atmosphere of rich music, incense, and processions. The source of her extraordinary self-starvation was an incurable fastidiousness rather than a puritanical attitude alone. At all costs, her mother's daughter must behave beautifully; her father's daughter, honorably.

Harriett liked to remember herself as a little audacious thing. Once as a child in black silk aprons she had run away. It was her one wild oat; the beautiful behavior of her parents on this occasion successfully destroyed all further crops. If the Gods had but displayed a little temper in the crisis or had even spanked to hurt, perhaps their awful spell might have been broken. As it was, Harriett's new-born independence suffered a painless death; it was just drowned in kindness like a little blind kitten. Not until another fifty years had passed was she able to perceive, and then but faintly with her weakened vision, the clay feet of her father. At sixty she still explained herself to the world in the childish formula: "My father was Hilton Fream." Her mother was to remain forever enshrined. The aging daughter loved to read, or thought she did, the dark green Browning she had seen in her mother's long, white hands. "She clung to the image of her mother; and always beside it, shadowy and pathetic, she discerned the image of her lost self."

With a nice sense of proportion May Sinclair has placed the girlhood of her unheroic heroine far back toward the middle of the nineteenth century. The poignancy of Harriett's tragedy appears all the more convincing because of its Victorian background and her subjection to an ideal of womanhood represented by Evangeline. It also becomes more bearable, for nowadays we may look back on that era of intensive respectability as if from a safe distance. Those who are inclined to shudder at the audacity of the "flapper" may well ask themselves whether they would prefer to bring back the age when nice girls were nourished on the pale defeatism of a heroine like Evangeline. Not only Harriett Fream but her age as well was curiously blind to the possible wickedness of conventionalized goodness.

KATHARINE ANTHONY

Books in Brief

"THE Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri" (World Book Company: \$4) by Melville Best Anderson makes, if one does not look at the awful red and black title-page, a beautiful volume, one of the most beautiful of all those called out by the Dante sexcentenary. The translation itself, standing free of annotation except for competent, informal jottings down the margins, deserves respect among other reasons because it aims to reproduce the whole effect of Dante—his sound equally with his sense. The question how best to translate Dante—as Homer—never can be settled. Honest attempts will never be unwelcome; this one is more than welcome. Mr. Anderson has handled the terza rima as well as it can be handled in a northern tongue by any one less than a finely endowed poet. He has achieved variety within dignity, and melody all the way. If he misses the great quality of Charles Eliot Norton, profound and consistent ease, it is partly because terza rima is nine times more difficult than prose, and partly because he has resorted to occasional archaisms such as "eterne" for "eternal." He proves at any rate the certain superiority of terza rima over pseudo-Miltonic blank verse like Cary's, if not always over the sensible blank verse of Courtney Langdon, the fourth volume of whose "Dante"

now is awaited from the Harvard University Press. If verse is to be the vehicle, rhyme, arduous as it is, seems the way to go. But Norton's prose has yet to be surpassed from any direction whatsoever.

MELVILLE E. STONE'S rather sketchy reminiscences "Fifty Years a Journalist" (Doubleday, Page: \$5), disappointing as they are, will still be indispensable to the future historian of our journalism. In the development of news-gathering in the United States Mr. Stone has indubitably played a large role, especially as he has lived to bring about something that has been dear to his heart for many years—the establishment of a property-right in news, finally definitely affirmed by a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in a case originated by Mr. Stone, which has ended much piratical thieving. What is lacking in the record Mr. Stone has set forth is a critical estimate both as to many phases of news-reporting and news-printing—subjects in which the public is today interested as never before. The charming qualities of Mr. Stone himself are unconsciously revealed throughout the book—qualities that have made him beloved of all newspaper men who know him. Of these the best example is his attitude toward the sinking of the *Lusitania*, by which he lost a gifted son, bearing letters of introduction from Count Bernstorff. Mr. Stone not only bore this loss with admirable fortitude, but he refused to allow it to embitter him or through him the Associated Press against the Germans. He even challenged in vain a historian who should have known better—William Roscoe Thayer—for proofs of a false assertion that Bernstorff planned the sinking and gave notice of the *Lusitania*'s coming by wireless. Bernstorff probably has enough on his conscience without this. Again, Mr. Stone's quiet standing to his guns after the Associated Press had punctured the falsehoods of Secretary Daniels in regard to the imaginary attack of a flotilla of German submarines upon Admiral Gleaves's fleet on July 4, 1917, is further proof of the fiber of the man. A characteristic product of his times, Mr. Stone has ceased active labor just when American journalism has entered upon new and disquieting phases as to which, however, his pen, to our loss, remains silent.

WHITING WILLIAMS, formerly vice-president of a Cleveland steel company, has been discovering "what's on the worker's mind" by toiling with labor gangs in the United States, Great Britain, and on the Continent, at the pit-head and the coal face, around the blast-furnaces and on the smelting stage. This method of research, involving too many acute discomforts to become widely popular, one imagines, with executives, has led Mr. Williams to some interesting speculations on such matters as the relation of rum to revolution and of bedbugs to bolshevism. "Full Up and Fed Up" (Scribners: \$2.50), the diary of his experiences in Great Britain in the summer of 1920, before the unemployment crisis set in, is direct, simple, open-minded, and human; most illuminating when his "buddies" speak for themselves. His conclusions are the commonplaces of the literature of the labor movement, but with the fresh bloom of personal discovery upon them. Insecurity and irregularity of employment, misunderstandings, and evil living conditions on and off the job develop the fear, the "tiredness and temper," that make for dangerous restlessness in the lower ranks of industry. Mr. Williams's reasoning is controlled by his anxiety to make the established order work successfully. Seeking to locate "the particular cause of the difficulty in any one case," he displays admirable resourcefulness: this group of workers is badly housed; that is the victim of seasonal unemployment; these men are over-tired; those have suffered from war demoralization; others have a sore spot or a squint, resulting from tactless action on the part of the management; this intelligent leader is illegitimate, and so unhappy in the social order; these intellectuals who are prominent in labor and socialist groups were educated at the universities for the most important intellectual work, and failed to find it in society as now organized. This

last bit of reasoning somehow seems inadequate to account for a Cole or a Tawney or a Brailsford. In fact Mr. Williams discovers so many "good" reasons for the maladjustments of the existing order that one begins to suspect unconscious avoidance of some "real" reason. Perhaps the industrial system is fundamentally unsound; and perhaps if Mr. Williams continues his open-eyed, first-hand explorations, he will finally blow his horn before that dark tower.

ISAIAH BOWMAN'S "The New World" (World Book Company) is one of those books which ought to sit on every editor's desk beside the "Statesman's Year Book," the "World Almanac," Ploetz's "Epitome," "Statistical Abstract," "Who's Who," a copy of the Treaty of Versailles, and the inevitable dictionaries and atlases. It is a kind of atlas, geography, history, and economic encyclopedia combined. Its 215 maps are fascinating—no mere tracings of political frontiers but graphic representations of trade routes, mineral wealth, wheat and rice crops, railroads, religious and racial lines, density of population, rainfall. Here are maps such as the experts used in tracing frontiers at Paris and Versailles. Dr. Bowman is conventional in his own political views, but is scrupulous about facts and scholarly throughout. His maps of Teschen, Danzig, Rumania, Finland, Mesopotamia are no such hack work as ruins many of the post-war atlases—you can rely on them. He tells you how much coal there is in Yugoslavia and how much mercury in Italy; he summarizes the political history of recent years as if for some statesman who knew nothing of history and needed to talk as if he did—a very useful book indeed for editors! The book bears throughout traces of Dr. Bowman's studies in preparation for the work of the American Commission to Negotiate Peace in Paris. That too explains its excellence in regard to the colonies of the European Powers, and the utter inadequacy of its treatment of Latin-American questions.

"WORKING North from Patagonia" (Century: \$5), by Harry A. Franck, scarcely makes the contribution to "understanding South America" that is claimed for it. Four years in our sister continent have enabled the author to accumulate a vast miscellany of physical facts, glimpses of manners and customs, and other peregrinatory detritus. If a Cook's tourist reads in preparation for travel he will find there much that he may desire to know. But the book fails utterly to plumb the spirit of Hispanic-America or to grasp the deeper significance of its culture. For one thing Mr. Franck labors under the handicap of being a racial snob—somewhat of a disqualification for interpreting the one continent in which the "melting-pot" has been truly operative. Brazil to him is "the mulatto republic." In Guiana he found the French residents "treating the Negroes with deplorable familiarity and equality," and he is outraged that French white criminals in the penal colony at Cayenne are at hard labor "among a black population" and "often under command of Negroes"! Indeed, he is constantly chagrined at discovering "conditions that would not be tolerated in an American community." Yet in all his vagabondings no one was so discourteous as to suggest that he go back where he came from. Mr. Franck's book should be popular. He has committed to writing what many American voyagers feel and express verbally. For this reason his impressions will have also a certain interest for Latin-Americans, for it will help them understand our America by projecting Main Street into a setting with which they are familiar.

LAST year was published "Europe, 1789-1920" (Doubleday, Page: \$3.50) by E. R. Turner of the University of Michigan. Hard upon this work of some 600 pages there now comes a second, by the same author and publisher, "Europe Since 1870" (\$3). Those who, already possessing "Europe, 1789-1920," pay good money for "Europe Since 1870," will be disappointed, perhaps also amused if their sense of humor be irrepressible, to find that the latter volume is scarcely more than

a reprint of the second part of the former. The latter volume contains three chapters which are not in the former, and three chapters which are only a rearrangement of matter contained in three chapters with similar titles in the former. The remainder of the book—Chapters VI-XII, XIV-XIX—is taken bodily from the former work. The chapter headings are the same; the quotations at the heads of the chapters are essentially the same; the text is the same, except for slight verbal revisions and the addition, here and there, of sentences, paragraphs, or pages which really add nothing except so many thousands of words. When the problem is to make 469 pages out of 295 this sort of thing helps wonderfully. The result is no doubt profitable to the author and to the publisher, but it is tough on the public, since many people will be thus induced to buy both books, or, shall we say, to buy the one book twice. The book, or books, is or are not worth buying twice. The book, or books, is or are compiled with a certain degree of skill; but there is not in it, or them, any evidence of thorough research, or illuminating analysis, or of penetrating or suggestive comment. "Whatever evils attended imperialism, and they were not few or small, it is probable that the people affected were benefited and prepared for things better to come"—such is the intellectual quality of the performance. Most difficulties are serenely ignored, or expeditiously avoided by way of the pernicious "Although . . . nevertheless" which provides historians so convenient an exit from tight places. History disinfected for the consumption of freshmen!

LOTHROP STODDARD is a man of enormous industry, a facile pen, and a fluent mind. He is capable of something very close to real scholarship; but he has an irrepressible tendency to let sensationalism run away with his pen. His is the vice of modern journalism—he must write in headlines. His "Rising Tide of Color" was a popular scare-book; Northcliffe recommended it to the scared whites of Australia. "The New World of Islam" (Scribner: \$3) is in a similar vein; and he is reported at work on a third book on the ferment in the Negro race. He has read avidly the French and English literature on Islam; his first hundred and fifty pages are an absorbing Wellsian story of the rise, decline, and renaissance of Islam. But then the story drags; there are two long, dull chapters on India built of scissors and paste, without even a hint that the author had ever met a Hindu; and with a final newspaperish denunciation of the naughty Bolsheviki Mr. Stoddard comes to a disappointing close. His is a fascinating subject; if only some one like Colonel Lawrence would write a real story of the New World of Islam!

TWO new volumes of poetry from England do England only decent credit. John Masefield's "Esther and Berenice" (Macmillan: \$2) contains two blank-verse plays, the first adapted and the second translated from Racine. Whenever Mr. Masefield has changed Racine he has done so in the direction of melodrama; when he has taken him as he is he has reduced him to a boyish simplicity. The rhythm is rousing, of course, and there is a pleasant energy of sound; but the man Racine is not here. The plays, incidentally, were presented in a small English theater on a stage eleven feet by thirteen, and this would seem to be a suitable arrangement for French classical drama, with its few entrances and its analytical dialogue. It is to be hoped that the experiment will be tried in America, and that the play will be "Berenice." John Freeman's "Music" (Harcourt, Brace), following up his "Poems New and Old," confirms the impression that he is a pure writer but thin. All of his pieces are too long. He seems to have resisted no phrase that came to him through his reverie and his rhyme. He is one of those county poets, sweet and mild and unoriginal, of whom England is able these years to produce any conceivable quantity. He has managed to get into "Georgian Poetry." Will he get further?

FROM "The People of Palestine" (Lippincott: \$2.50), by Elihu Grant, one might expect an account, ethnographical

and historical, of the varied inhabitants of Palestine. Yet the book disregards the very existence of some of the people of Palestine, for example, the Jews, and deals almost exclusively with the peasantry of Western Palestine, particularly the Christians. It is put together entirely from the personal observations of the author, but they are on the whole very minute, and his interest in every detail is so keen that the primitive ways of peasant life have to be "better at escaping than the liveliest locust" of the Arab proverb to be missed by this inquiring and sympathetic lover of the Holy Land. Every visitor there will have noted strange and interesting customs, ceremonies, rituals, foods, and what not. It is almost certain that these will have been recorded and sometimes explained by our author. If it be "leben" as food, or burial rags swung between trees, or stone heaps along the road, or distinction between the various kinds of holdings in land, or marriage rituals, household utensils, or the names of months, or the games of children, or the way domestic animals are talked to, or methods of plowing and reaping, weaving, and buying and selling—everything from the most sacred to the most profane has a place here. There is even a recipe for "Turkish Delight."

Drama

Drama and Decoration

MANY of our dramatic reviewers cultivate with great eagerness and pride their superficial aesthetic sensibilities. They are offended by the pattern of a tapestry; they are learnedly unhappy over an inadequate note in the acting; and elegant production soothes them visibly. When Mr. Winthrop Ames produces "The Green Goddess" or "The Truth About Blayds," their objections to the play have a hollow and hurried accent. Their sincere discourse is all of tints and gestures, the realistic nose of one actor, the burnished hair of another. They are like the lady in Pope's poem; false wit does not offend them, but they will die in aromatic pain of the too hectic fragrance of a rose.

They were not, to be sure, pleased with Mr. Arthur Hopkins for his production of "Voltaire" (Plymouth Theater) by Leila Taylor and Gertrude Purcell. They admitted that the play was both feeble and foolish. They made no attempt to go to the root of the matter, which is that precisely Mr. Hopkins's taste and intelligence and service to our theater made his choice of such tiresome claptrap as strange as it is inexcusable. There are those from whom we expect nothing, who never deviate into sense. Mr. Hopkins had no right to deviate into producing a play of paper and straw in which bran-stuffed puppets use secret rooms behind panels; in which the anecdotes and sayings of Voltaire that every schoolboy knows are gathered from the popular reference books and packed into three days of the great old man's life, not to illustrate an idea, whether philosophical or dramatic or both, but in order that the mechanical little intrigue might not collapse too soon. And the only fruitful speculation is the speculation omitted by the critics: What possible motive had Mr. Hopkins for this production? For the thing is, on its own plane, not well enough carpentered for a popular success. No word of friendly but firm admonition reached him. Mr. Robert Edmond Jones designed the set and the costumes. They are excellent. Mr. Arnold Daly achieved subtly interesting moments in the course of a predominantly artificial performance. These facts were duly noted. They are true. They are quite without importance. The only just comment is that designer and actor wasted their time. For their arts are arts of interpretation which are empty and futile dexterities when there is nothing to interpret. But this by now tedious commonplace is constantly denied by implication. If Kreisler plays an air from "Les Cloches de Corneville" he is still Kreisler. But he is Kreisler in the act of pure waste. The thing to call to the attention of Mr. Jones and Mr. Daly is that, as a matter of fact, Kreisler does not play "Les Cloches de Corneville"; it would be, indeed,

rather difficult to imagine such a thing. And in this observation will be found the chief reason why the theater hovers between the status of a great art and that of a mean trade. Main Street, to be sure, calls the pride and self-dedication of the artist selfishness and shiftlessness. It is the business of Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Jones and Mr. Daly to be beyond the reach of that confusion. When they fall into it the highest compliment I can pay them is an unsparing frankness.

The reviewers who were not unkind to "Voltaire" are inclined to be captious in regard to Mr. Maurice Browne's and Miss Ellen Van Volkenburg's production of Shaw's "Candida" (Greenwich Village Theater). It is true enough that the production is an imperfect one, that Miss Van Volkenburg is not at home amid the vivid perceptions and tempered passions of Candida, that Mr. Browne, though he did everything that fine intelligence and exquisite technique can do, still looked a little mature as Marchbanks. What does it matter? The production was good enough to make a group of highly sensitive and reflective people feel a renewal of contact with Shaw at the freshest and most human period of his career, to clarify the play for them and reveal at least one astonishing moment in it that they had missed. Nor is this all. The Maurice Brownes were among the first Americans to conceive of the theater as an art. Struggling often against very real difficulties they have never dreamed of following the theater as a trade. The long list of their productions shows not one play that does not clearly rise to the dignity of dramatic literature; it shows a series of masterpieces from Euripides to Shaw that, but for their energy and devotion, would never have been seen by this generation of Americans. You cannot conceive of them as playing "The Green Goddess" or "Voltaire." Mr. Winthrop Ames and even Mr. Hopkins may betray the theater; the Brownes vindicate and sustain it as they have always done.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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