

are certain well-buttressed authorities in interpretation who throw light upon the very chronology of Old Testament material: for instance, such an investigator as Lewis Wallis, in his "Sociology of the Bible." His amazing contribution, that the major portions of the earlier covenant represent an economic conflict between the adopted city culture of the Canaanites and the primitive sheep-raising ideal and ethic of the nomad Hebrews—a conflict which blesses the products of the shepherd and curses those of the agriculturist; and the most tenable hypothesis so far to explain such an isolated key-story as the Cain-Abel narrative—this earns a directing part in all Biblical criticism and exposition; and the author is apparently unaware of it. Budde, Wellhausen, and the older authorities are cited; but from Budde a hint of the notable exotic origin of Jahweh worship, so felicitously amplified by Wallis, might have been gathered. The latter's theory is hinted at, although he is apparently not listed in the Bibliography. To locate the Garden of Eden myth as an agricultural product, as the author does, perhaps misses its entire point, namely, the impropriety of eating the fruits of the orchard, which is a form of agriculture; which might establish this, too, as a story with a shepherd moral concealed. Minor matters of over-enthusiasm, such as a pox of exclamation points, and loose superlatives of the type of "Jonathan, than whom no braver warrior ever lived," indicate a type of mind which, either innately or purposely, tends toward a factitious popularity at the expense of scientific correctness. The volume is an admirable one; but a better one should at some future time be written.

CLEMENT WOOD

Hungary Misinterpreted

An Outlaw's Diary: Revolution. By Cecile Tormay. With a Foreword by the Duke of Northumberland. Robert M. McBride & Company. \$3.

THE book of Miss Cecile Tormay is a so-called "historical diary," describing the political events which took place in Hungary during the regime of Count Michael Karolyi, from October 31, 1918, to March 21, 1919, when the Hungarian Soviet Republic was proclaimed. Miss Tormay makes use of a kind of pious exorcism when she declares in the preface of her book that "here is no attempt to write the history of the revolution nor is this the diary of a witness of political events." As a matter of fact, nothing upholds this assertion in the main narrative of the book, which is as peremptory and sententious in presenting its information as if the authoress had stood directly behind the governmental machine.

Not for a moment is there any doubt in the mind of Miss Tormay as to the motives of the occurrences reported. She traces them back to a fiendish conspiracy of the Jewish race and of some "bad Hungarians" whose only desire it was to have their native country invaded and dismembered by the enemy. For Miss Tormay the regime of Count Karolyi was the empire of the evil spirit; Karolyi and his associates the reincarnations of the devil. There is no lack of falsifications in Miss Tormay's book. When she thinks that her point would be more emphasized by showing the paramount Jewish influence in the Hungarian revolution she makes two members of Karolyi's cabinet, Professor Jaszi and Alexander Garami, both of undisputed Gentile origin, the "representatives of their Jewish race."

There is something elementally tempestuous in the hatred Miss Tormay feels toward everybody whom she suspects of having any connection with the regime of Count Karolyi or with progressivism in general. She hurls a legion of unjustifiable accusations at some of the most venerable participants in the shaping of contemporary Hungarian history. When characterizing Father Hock, the idol of the Hungarian nation, she describes him as a "guilty priest, a guilty Hungarian who betrayed his God and his country." She forgets to mention that

but for Father Hock the Hungarian revolution of 1918 would not be called the "bloodless revolution." One could go over nearly every page of the book pointing out malicious invention and interpretation of events to which Miss Tormay must plead guilty.

If the second part of the diary containing the account of the Hungarian Commune, which the publishers promise to bring out very shortly, is written in the same partisan spirit and with the same inaccuracy of facts and statement as the present volume, the world will not get much nearer to an understanding of that mysterious phenomenon.

EMIL LENGYEL

A Courteous and Conciliatory Diplomat

Under Four Administrations. From Cleveland to Taft. Recollections of Oscar S. Straus. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.

IT is an exceptionally active life the larger part of whose story, happily not yet finished, Mr. Straus tells in this simply written volume. Rarely has it happened that an American public man, even when his views on national political questions were not very pronounced, has been appointed to political offices under presidents as different as Cleveland, McKinley, Roosevelt, and Mr. Taft. Most of the men who served these executives have been perforce content to receive preferment at the hands of one or other of them and then to be discarded, but Mr. Straus has served them all. Appointed Minister to Turkey by Cleveland in 1887, he was again appointed to the same post by McKinley in 1898. In 1902 Roosevelt made him a member of the permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague, and in 1909 he returned to Turkey as ambassador under Mr. Taft. A fifth administration is in fact to be added to the list, for in 1919 Mr. Straus served as a member of the second industrial conference called by Mr. Wilson.

The secret of Mr. Straus's success under circumstances so diverse lies very largely in his possession of personal qualities all too uncommon in American public life. He is uniformly courteous and conciliatory, sympathetic and considerate. He is never in a hurry to rush in where trouble reigns, and he has refrained from speaking or acting until he has looked the matter up and decided upon what he wanted to say. Clearly a born diplomat, he appears to have looked upon diplomacy rather as an instrument for settling controversies by making the way of international relations plain than as a forum for proclaiming an aggressive Americanism or arguing to the last point of form and technicality every national pretension. This is not to say that the obligations of diplomacy or administrative office sat lightly upon him or that the interests intrusted to him were neglected or compromised. The recollections which he has written down contain abundant evidence of his vigor and persistence when occasion required, and of the success with which he won from the Sultan, the only head of a foreign government with whom he had officially to deal, concessions which the Sultan appeared at first loath to grant. Only, in his hands, quiet insistence was a better tool than bluster or threats.

It did not fall to Mr. Straus, in the diplomatic portion of his career, to deal with any international question of the first importance, and his administration of the Department of Commerce and Labor, while characterized by useful achievements in policy and procedure, was without striking features. What he has to say about the activities of the Paris commission of the League to Enforce Peace, at the peace conference, adds something to our knowledge of what went on in Paris at that time. For most readers of the volume, however, we fancy that the greater interest will be found in the record of personal incidents and the allusions to notable people. There are informing glimpses of court formalities and social life at Constantinople, and suggestive comments on the status of Jews in various parts of Europe and on the activities of Christian missionaries in the Near East. That Mr. Straus should have been uniformly acceptable to the

missionary interests in spite of the divergence of faith is one of his most gratifying claims to remembrance.

Mr. Straus's personal contacts have been wide. His "Origin of the Republican Form of Government," published in 1885, early attracted favorable notice abroad, and he was later one of the principal promoters of the American Society of International Law. He was on terms of special intimacy with Cleveland and Roosevelt, and the little-known history of cabinet meetings is enriched by a number of anecdotes which he records. It was characteristic of his general political independence, and perhaps also of his sense of personal loyalty, that he should have gone with Roosevelt into the Progressive movement, and accepted the nomination for governor which the New York convention of the party thrust upon him, without in either case cherishing any illusions as to the outcome of the revolt.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

The Problem of Style

The Problem of Style. By J. Middleton Murry. Oxford University Press. \$2.20.

THIS is a collection of six lectures delivered in the school of English literature at Oxford, wherein Mr. Murry brings his grain of enlightenment to the consideration of the problem of style with some little clarification and a great deal of entanglement. All those who are somewhat of obscurantists when it comes to the conundrum of theorizing about style will find in these papers adequate support of the belief that the most which can be given us is the individual's conception, and none too lucid at that.

Mr. Murry discards Buffon for Stendhal. "Le style, c'est l'homme même" is altogether too naive for this sophisticated age. "Le style, c'est ajouter à une pensée donnée toutes les circonstances propres à produire tout l'effet que doit produire cette pensée" is much better, though that little word "ought" is a puzzler and leads to no end of speculation. It leads to six lectures.

Yet Mr. Murry takes an extremely common sense attitude toward the whole matter. He forbears to soar in those faery realms of superior criticism, so dear to the hearts of all Frenchmen, dwells rather on the consideration of the hard fact that the writer has something to communicate to his reader and that which best permits communication is the best style. He throws out Arnold's proposition that all great writing is primarily a "criticism of life" as dangerous on the strength of the very passages which Arnold quoted to support his theory. He believes that style is rather a "combination of the maximum of personality with the maximum of impersonality; on the one hand, it is a concentration of peculiar and personal emotion, on the other it is a complete projection of this personal emotion into the created thing." And if this may seem somewhat paradoxical, he repeats later that "to be impersonal is the best way of achieving personality, and it gives him [the writer] far less chance of deceiving himself."

The lecture on Poetry and Prose is masterly and clears up a lot of fol-de-rol about the inviolable wall dividing poetry and prose. Mr. Murry points out that the forms are interchangeable and are more often accepted than chosen, depending upon the taste of the age. Shakespeare, he believes, would have found himself entirely at home in the novel had he lived in the nineteenth century. It follows that a lesser artist who cannot so easily fit himself into the idiom of his period must necessarily be somewhat cramped, but Mr. Murry does not give much thought to the proposition. He is inclined to dismiss the minors with too summary a wave of the hand.

I wonder how many will agree with Mr. Murry's easy assumption that "Shakespeare was, after all, the greatest writer the human race has produced," or that Keats was a "poet of a higher order than Shelley." For this latter statement he builds

upon figments of promise only, what Keats wanted to do as revealed in his letters, the objectivity he should have liked to reach. After all, we actually have the last act of "Prometheus Unbound," the great chorus of "Hellas," which are without doubt two of the grandest contributions to the lyric poetry of all time.

The English Bible and the Grand Style is a pretty keen piece of analysis and Mr. Murry brings a good deal of light to bear upon the advice so often given to aspiring young scribblers to study the Bible if they would learn to write beautifully. He believes that no little part of the effect produced by the Bible is due to the original religious predisposition of the reader which lends more significance to passages than can truly be ascribed to the literary style. Far better to play the sedulous ape to Shakespeare, he thinks. But, it seems to me, there is a simplicity, a directness stripped of elaborate detail and metaphor about the Old Testament language that permits one far more easily to study the tremendous force of words than the complex combinations welded together on the anvil of Shakespeare's genius. Shakespeare brought up rich handfuls of pure gold from the highways and the market-places and knew how to use his lavish treasures splendidly, but the husbandry of the inevitable word is nowhere better shown than in the Old Testament.

EDWIN SEAVER

An Argentinian Knight-Errant

Mi Campaña hispano-americana. By Manuel Ugarte. Barcelona. Editorial Cervantes. 1922.

ASIDE from Mexico, the reviewer has no first-hand knowledge of political and social conditions in Latin America; but as a student of Latin-American literature he has become convinced that it is no random accident, nor yet an evidence of incurable Latin-American jealousy and perversity, that literary men to the south of us are almost invariably bitter critics of North American "imperialism." The Latin is an enthusiast, a hothead, a lover of swelling invective, if you wish; but why do his verbal brickbats so generally fly in our direction rather than at the Spain of the conquistadores, the France of Louis Napoleon and Maximilian, the England of the Falklands, British Guiana, and Belize? The Lord endowed not only Anglo-Saxons, but also Spaniards and Indians, with reasoning powers; and if so many of the best minds of Spanish America dislike and fear us, it must be that in our Latin-American contacts we have at least sometimes been unkind and unfair.

In the bulk of their writing, the dislike and fear show themselves in vague rhetoric and random abuse. No race, perhaps, is quite so generally addicted as the Spanish Americans to the weakness of *petitio principii*; which, it is true, is only a phase of the impulsiveness and improvidence which have made it so easy for enterprising Yankees to dictate their policies and appropriate their customs receipts. But there are heartening exceptions. Manuel Ugarte, poet, essayist, novelist, is forceful, sober, responsible. He always writes well, and although he rises occasionally to flights of Latin eloquence, he is never ecstatic and never abusive. He is always careful, and always the gentleman. He would no doubt have deemed it both poor taste and poor judgment to manifest his disapproval of the Northern tyrant by undertaking, as did his fellow-patriot Blanco-Fombona of Venezuela, to chastise a New York policeman. He maintains that he is not anti-Yankee, but only pro-Hispanic. He is, however, courageous. In Barcelona and Cadiz he assures his audiences that the Spanish-American colonies threw off the yoke, not of Spain, but of a certain king's absolutism. In Paris he almost regrets that Maximilian did not hold Mexico (as a check to Yankee imperialism), and quite regrets the failure of the French canal enterprise, for a similar reason. But at Columbia University he repeats frankly in the second person what he told Spaniards and Frenchmen in the third, with the qualifi-