

underlying inhumanity of the rampant industrialism of our own time. By all odds "Sticks and Stones" is the most stimulating book on architecture in many a long day.

TALBOT FAULKNER HAMLIN

## Regular Journalism

*Those Europeans.* By Sisley Huddleston. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

MR. HUDDLESTON'S sketches of twenty more or less well-known Europeans are the sort of thing which a foreign correspondent, when the exigencies of news permit or by way of showing his good intentions, sends home to his Sunday paper. In Europe, where readers are more accustomed to international gossip, they might go on week-days as well.

They are not news, although phrases like "now" and "last year" frequently appear and obviously Mr. Huddleston is never very far from his last edition; not good straight reporting; still less history or literature; but that crisp, fluent, entirely superficial and generally useless sort of "tośh" which springs from typewriters on which Reparations, Mustapha Kemal, the Polish Corridor, Ramsay MacDonald, the Twilight of Europe, Mussolini, or whatever else happens to make the front page is always good for a column and a half—until something else makes the front page and these are as if they had never been. Mr. Huddleston polishes off Lloyd George, Clemenceau, Masaryk, Primo de Rivera, Anatole France, D'Annunzio, Sir John Bradbury, Stresemann, General Sikorski, and the Pope among his twenty, and he hops from London to Anatolia, from Morocco to the Rhineland, without saying anything of the slightest importance about any of them. Nothing, that is, unless one were looking for a sort of Who's Who of personalities of the moment, so that before going out to dinner one might be tipped off, so to speak, as to who Dr. Dorten or Sir William Goode, for example, might be. The least perfunctory of the portraits, perhaps, is that of Clemenceau. Mr. Huddleston contributes nothing that is not known already by everybody who has met the Tiger, but he does give a hint of the personality of that extraordinary old man—"perhaps the greatest man our generation has produced," Mr. Huddleston thinks. The chapter labeled Lord Cecil, on the other hand, is merely a few trite paragraphs on the League with practically nothing about its distinguished advocate.

Subtlety of characterization is not one of Mr. Huddleston's strong points. This man is "the right man in the right place," that one "head and shoulders above," and so on. Anatole France, whose characteristic mood is compared to that of Omar Khayyam in the "Remold it nearer to our Heart's Desire" quatrain, "may be described as the highest flower of culture yet produced, the topmost peak of human intelligence." As for more or less controversial questions, "whether you agree that . . . or, on the other hand, that . . . certainly it must be admitted" . . . and, in any case, "much will depend on the course of events." While political Spain "hardly counts for much . . . there can be little doubt that, as Mr. Valery Larbaud remarks, 'Spain is perhaps the foremost intellectual nation of our time.'" By way of supporting his "there can be no doubt that perhaps," Mr. Huddleston presents the following bit of illuminating criticism: "At the head of the writers, philosophers, artists is Miguel de Unamuno, who may be taken to be the antithesis of Primo de Rivera. In literature, Benito Pérez Galdós was followed by Palacio Valdés; Vicente Blasco Ibáñez can not be omitted, nor can Pio Baroja. Among the younger men is the extremely original Ramon Gomez de la Serna. In painting, Picasso has influenced the whole of European art. In music one finds such names as those of Albeniz, Granados, and Manuel de Falla."

The Fascisti wear black shirts, it seems, and "while there is much that appears like play-acting in Fascism, there is also a sincere purpose, a sincere belief . . ." Morocco used to be

a savage sort of place, but now that the French have had a chance at it "there exist side by side with rush huts great tourist hotels of the most modern kind, splendid villas, and all the appurtenances of civilization as it is known in the big cities of the world. . . ."

Either author or compositor is responsible for some very curious words and phrases. Among them is a French quotation with two English "at's" in it, while the English version of *enfant de volupté* is "infant of volupty"!

Mr. Huddleston is a veteran journalist, and undoubtedly, at his daily task, a very capable one. We hope that he is one of the "best" journalists, for he tells us on page 23 that while "politicians are often the narrowest of men, the best journalist is the broadest of men." Breadth in the sense of extension, of getting about to many people and places, he shows in his book. Unhappily he seems to possess no other dimension.

ARTHUR RUHL

## Books in Brief

*The Common Sense of Music.* By Sigmund Spaeth. Boni and Liveright. \$2.

Dr. Spaeth has achieved two impossibilities: he has written a low-brow textbook, and he has covered—thinly—the subject. In 375 pages he disposes of the classification of compositions and styles; thematic material; jazz, its origin, value, and technique; the theory of rhythm; intervals and simple harmony; the cycle of keys; the form of songs, sonatas, etc.; descriptions and drawings of orchestral instruments; instructions for "natural pianists," "close harmony artists," and musical parlor tricks of various kinds; a chapter on interpretation; a chapter on the literature; a glossary that contrives to be a miniature Grove's Dictionary—all in words of one syllable or less, sometimes oversimplified, but seldom condescending. Who can resist even a hard subject like the organ, for instance, when he is introduced to it like this? "If you watch an organist at work, you may think he is playing dominoes, or running a switch-board, for he is constantly pulling or turning over certain 'stops' and oblongs, inscribed like a Mah Jongg set." Or object to reading a press-agent for Bach as long as he fills his copy with anecdotes and puns? The copious illustrations mix "Boolah," "Three O'Clock in the Morning," and "Rock of Ages" casually enough with Verdi, Brahms, and Chopsticks; and identify "How Dry I Am," unmistakably with "Lead Kindly Light." This goes rather far, however, in the chapter of melodies arranged according to their beginning notes. It is too much like classifying all poems, plays, and novels by the first words of their first lines. But it does suggest the starting-point for a colossal job which some university class must undertake some day—an index of musical themes. Dr. Spaeth's book will not lack the enormous sale he planned for it among women's clubs and public schools. If he is very lucky he will succeed in persuading his thousands of readers to listen to the music first and the player second, and to like what they like instead of what they ought to like.

*Moss from a Rolling Stone.* By E. A. Brayley Hodgetts. E. P. Dutton & Company. \$3.50.

This particular stone has rolled through Germany, Russia, England, America, Africa, and the Near East, and is still budging. But it has operated on the principle more of the snowball than of the proverbial boulder, for it has gathered unto itself a sparkling wealth of anecdote and information. The author's own wide experience has been eked out by a seemingly inexhaustible store of family tradition. Thus Mr. Hodgetts is able to command a broad scope in time as well as in space. Russia under Alexander II, Alexander III, and Nicholas II, France under the Empire and under the Republic, Germany under Bismarck and Wilhelm II, Armenia, and Africa are as familiar to his pen as are the quaint celebrities of his London club. And his pen is always the crisp, facile tool of the "born

journalist" Pulitzer proclaimed him to be. The result is a combination of "Barnum" and "The Education of Henry Adams": first-rate entertainment mingled with material of distinct historical value.

## The Nation's Poetry Prize

**THE NATION** offers its fifth annual poetry prize of \$100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest follow:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Monday, December 1, and not later than Wednesday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."
2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.
3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.
4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.
5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.
6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 11, 1925.
7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

## Drama

### The Utopia of Gallants

**N**ONE of the offerings of a busy week so excited the imagination of the present writer as the audacious attempt made by the group at the Cherry Lane Theater to revive upon their tiny stage "The Way of the World," one of the greatest and yet one of the most remote of English comedies. No other drama requires of both actors and audience so delicate a perception of an artificial style as the drama of the Restoration, and no other Restoration play is quite as difficult as this one. The bitter strength of Wycherley would defy any performance to conceal its effectiveness, and the boisterous fun of Farquhar needs only high spirits to set it off, but to undertake Congreve's masterpiece—that is boldness indeed. Even the actors of his own day, disciplined for two generations in the tradition of which it is the final flower, could not quite reach the perfection of impudent grace which it demands, and the play, though perfect enough to sustain for its author a continuous fame through the twenty unproductive years which followed its writing, hardly succeeded upon the stage.

For forty years before it was written the English theater had been, as it never was before or since, the exclusive possession of an idle aristocracy, and the genius of its dramatic writers was devoted to no other task than that of mirroring as best it could the riotous carnival into which the return of the Merry Monarch had plunged his court. John Dryden and Aphra Behn

## For Christmas— The Treasured Gift

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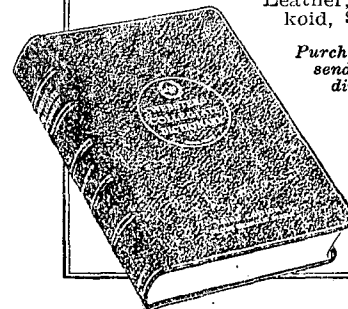
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