

never lose value, for the national area is the fixed datum in national economic life. As population grows, as invention proceeds, as capital increases, as obstruction to production (resistance, to quote Mr. Atkins's favorite term) is lessened, output per acre-man-hour becomes larger. Therefore the command over value, that is, freedom, represented by a given area will increase rather than diminish. A dollar under this plan is to be "the expression of a definite fraction of the effort of total population, as modified by the cost of order, on total acreage for all time," though Mr. Atkins does not make it clear why the fraction will remain constant. The sharpest critics of his dollar, however, will doubtless concede it more stability than is possessed by that jumping-jack, our present "gold" dollar.

Effort, according to Mr. Atkins, is a means to freedom (an undefined central term broadly used—sometimes, it seems, almost synonymously with life itself). Freedom, or life, not goods, then, is the end—good liberal economic doctrine. Under autocracy, effort could be compelled by force; under democracy (a term used in the idealistic sense of self-imposed order), it can only be induced either by spur of material necessity or by the illimitable desire for more freedom. The total of value, that is, freedom, created by effort, is limited by the resistance of the area in which it is exerted. The first condition of lessened resistance is order; the second, common facilities, like roads and education. The furnishing of these conditions is the sole proper function of government. The taxation essential thereto is the responsibility of the landholder, whose control of the only basic wealth rests wholly on order, and who should pay on the basis of area and population density, and nothing else. Given this impersonal taxation and an unimpaired measure of value, Mr. Atkins believes that "reckoning upon our unquenchable desire for freedom, we are assured, with the one provision of order, a flow of effort more constant and spontaneous as a whole than anything we know in physics." Every honestly working individual could command a handsome minimum wage, while the progressive elimination of resistance would accelerate the flow of value, which everyone might share by individual effort.

The fundamental questions raised cannot be critically discussed in a brief review. Perhaps Mr. Atkins will allow even an economist to agree with him in his reprobation of the gold standard and his criticism of the economists for forgetting man's dependence on land, in their too great preoccupation with capital and interest. (Problems of the latter class Mr. Atkins skims lightly, by the way.) He will probably admit to a highly idealized conception of democracy and to practical difficulties of the first order both in the transition to his scheme and in its practical operation. If denied his easy assumption of a continued currency inflation during the coming quarter century, he will probably agree that his plan of transition means confiscation of present values on an enormous scale. But he will doubtless maintain against all comers the soundness and stability of a currency based on a fractional part of the national value as measured by land area and population and the correctness of a system of taxation on the same basis. His conception of value in terms of freedom, or life, and as depending on resistance to be overcome, does not seem so new as he appears to think, but is rather reminiscent of Professor Patten, and no less stimulating on that account. His book is far too long and repetitious; it is distinctly unsuccessful in getting the central things clearly and constantly before the reader; its psychology, I humbly submit, is defective, as perhaps befits the work of an engineer; and its manners are unnecessarily bad. To put forward real ideas under such a handicap is unfortunate; for it makes an undue demand on both the intelligence and the temper of the reader. Let him read patiently, nevertheless; for until men learn their true relation to the land, and learn to make money their servant instead of their capricious master, their economic life will continue to be in chaos.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Proust in English

Within a Budding Grove. By Marcel Proust. Translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff. Thomas Seltzer. 2 vols. \$5.

THESE two new volumes of Marcel Proust's "A la Recherche du temps perdu" are the English version of "A l'Ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs," the second part of that immense work, which has reached eleven volumes in French so far, with several further volumes in preparation. The mere dimensions of such a work as this are sufficient to inspire respect, and to arouse curiosity in that section of the public which likes to talk about books rather than read them. To the French mind particularly "Remembrance of Things Past," as the rather free English title of the whole runs, has seemed little short of portentous, rivaling the six thousand pages of Honoré d'Urfé's "L'Astrée," hitherto regarded as establishing the record in French literature. The result is that there has been much more enthusiasm displayed over Marcel Proust than knowledge of his work. In England, particularly, a veritable Proust cult has grown up, which found its characteristic expression in the tribute to his memory organized by his translator, where a strange collection of the notable and the illustrious unknown declare an unbounded confidence in the genius of Marcel Proust, while showing obvious signs of knowing little about him and of having read next to nothing of his work.

To that cult we undoubtedly owe the existence of the two first parts of "Remembrance of Things Past," and to the translation there has been extended the same welcome by proxy as to the original. Mr. Scott Moncrieff certainly undertook an ambitious, lengthy, and difficult task, which deserves credit, if only as a test of patience, skill, and endurance. But "Swann's Way" and "Within a Budding Grove" have been greeted as much more than that. Largely, as I suspect, by hearsay, they have been extolled as masterpieces, and it is confidently asserted that no such translator from the French has been seen in England in recent times. Naturally very few of Mr. Scott Moncrieff's admirers have actually gone through some 1,500 closely printed pages, with the French text before them, to verify the character of his translation. Having dipped here and there into the two last volumes for purposes of comparison, I am not so sure that this version of Proust is anything more than an ordinarily competent piece of translation.

In the first place, the translator has apparently decided to make the English Proust an exercise in the manner of Henry James. For this reason, almost every paragraph is studded with words between inverted commas, which do not require this Jacobean emphasis and do not so appear in French. James does suggest English analogies for Proust's method, but so does Meredith, and in neither case is there the remotest resemblance in style, even when allowance is made for the fundamental difference between French and English. In the second place, Mr. Scott Moncrieff is guilty of actual blunders, which are rather elementary in many cases, and indicate, at best, an unfamiliarity with the fine shades of French, which is a serious defect in the translator of a work which rests upon a perfect feeling for the nuances of French speech and manners. There is so much haphazard praise and blame of translations, by critics who carefully refrain from producing evidence for what they say, that a few specific examples are desirable at this point.

On page 1 "vulgaire esbrouffeur" is incorrectly rendered as "impossible vulgarian," while the force of calling a person "puant" is lost in the too literary form of "pestilent fellow." On page 2 "la plus grossière goujaterie" is mistranslated as "the crudest and coarsest form of snobbishness." The choice of "Mistress" as a rendering of Mme Verdurin's title "la Patronne" is open to the strongest objections. On page 34 "agitators," "mischief-makers," and "men who make trouble" are utterly fantastic misreadings of "agités," "brouillons," and "faiseurs d'embarras." When the cook is described as "économe,"

she appears in English as "an economist." The word "poncif" has consistently baffled Mr. Moncrieff, who thinks it means "typical." "Décavés crapuleux" does not mean "alcoholic wasters," nor is a person who is said to be "d'un vaseux" "too sticky for words." "Detrimental" is a strange rendering of our old friend "fin de siècle." If Mr. Moncrieff ever tells a very chic Parisienne, whose latest creation makes "un effet bœuf," that it is a "bovine effect," unless she realizes that he does not know French she will be insulted. If she further decides to "faire la punaise," she will be amazed to hear that she has "put her foot in it." When Bloch said that Legrandin was "très bien," he meant something quite different from "he's a bit of all right." Mr. Scott Moncrieff's misfortunes with "barbante," "barbifiant," and "raseurs" are worthy of a place in a collection of schoolboys' "howlers." The slang meaning of "ostrogoth," the force of "youpin," and the simple meaning of "belles madames" also escape him.

The English version of Proust, then, is not the world's greatest translation, nor is Proust himself, for that matter, the greatest French prose writer of the age. He is, however, a fascinating and interesting chronicler and psychologist, with no sense of form, repetitious and careless, yet, the author of a work which promises to be for its epoch what Saint Simon's Memoirs were for the age of Louis XIV. There is no more delightful section than "Within a Budding Grove," with its memorable portrait of Bergotte, the marvelous satiric sketch of the diplomatist M. de Norpois, its picture of the Swann ménage as seen by a child, and the remarkable analysis of the boy's love and jealousy of the little girl, Gilberte. To those with the absolutely essential knowledge of France and French manners, Marcel Proust will always be irresistible.

ERNEST BOYD

A Rolling Stone

Since Leaving Home. By Albert Wehde. The Tremonia Publishing Company. \$3.

ALBERT WEHDE came to this country from Germany in 1885 when he was sixteen years of age, and was routed straight through to St. Louis. Since then he has wandered far and wide, and this volume is the story of his adventuring.

After about a year of St. Louis he and another boy did a Huckleberry Finn trip down the Mississippi as far as some place in Arkansas, where the other lad made off with the boat, leaving Wehde high and dry with no other assets than a large turtle, which he sold for \$1.15 net. From there he wandered some years around Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Oklahoma, and Texas, working at odd jobs and enjoying the most extraordinary adventures, including the shooting of a bad man, for which act of public spirit the local grand jury declined to indict him. Eventually his wanderings brought him to Galveston, where he stowed away on a freighter bound for Bluefields, Nicaragua.

The next ten years Wehde spent in Nicaragua, Honduras, and Guatemala, for the most part painting signs and prospecting for gold in unknown and remote places. He found little gold, but found much beauty and adventure, and succeeded in getting himself condemned to death in connection with a little matter of a revolution. However, he escaped, tried to enlist in Mr. Roosevelt's Rough Riders in the Spanish War, and eventually joined his relatives in Chicago in 1900.

From that time until 1914 he lived uneventfully in Chicago creating hand-wrought jewelry until the outbreak of the World War set his love of adventure on the move again. He had become a naturalized American, but the cause of Germany stirred both his imagination and his affections, and he became an agent for the German Government in the Far East. While so engaged, he tried to maintain a scrupulous regard for the laws of the lands in which he operated and apparently was

fairly successful in doing so. When America entered the war he severed his German connections and came home, where, to his naive surprise, he was indicted and convicted under the neutrality statutes. Although I do not believe he intended to violate a federal statute, there seems little doubt that he did so, and, in any case, his activities must certainly have created resentment and have led to prosecution, as he might have expected. He spent nearly a year in the penitentiary at Leavenworth and found it a vile place, his experience confirming what is familiar to those acquainted with prison conditions generally. In one respect he made an important discovery while in jail—that fingerprints can be forged. He worked in the fingerprint office of the penitentiary and did considerable experimentation. He asserts that any good photo-engraver can forge fingerprints in a manner which defies detection and his statements on this score are so lucid and plausible that they call, I think, for investigation by our leading penologists, and, if true, for revision of the law in regard to fingerprint evidence.

His book, while not important, is an interesting story and will repay the reader with several hours of good entertainment.

ALBERT DESILVER

The Negro

The Negro from Africa to America. By W. D. Weatherford. George H. Doran Company. \$5.

THIS is a scrap-book of 487 closely printed pages in rather small type. It gives evidence of extended research and hard work, but from the very nature of the author's method the general reader will find it an almost impossible book. It has no style or literary plan, but is made up of quotations long and short or of transcriptions of authors' meanings. Yet Mr. Weatherford's book is not merely a doctor's thesis. With all its cumbersome content and slavish use of authorities it has a central thesis.

To those who can discern the meaning of things it is clear that a new light is dawning. Men are coming to desire a larger knowledge of all other men. Wise men realize that each group has a contribution to make to the world's civilization, and the sooner all groups can be brought to efficiency the sooner will the whole world be blessed with such contributions. Neither individuals nor races work out their destinies alone, but in cooperation.

The book is poorly balanced; slavery overweights it, political development is almost absent, and while there is much economic information, economic interpretation is often lacking. Mr. Weatherford's main authorities are unfortunately Weale's "The Conflict of Color" and Stoddard's "Rising Tide of Color," which latter he regards as "one of the most thoughtful books." A good book like Ellis's "Negro Culture in West Africa" he disparages. His comment on Woodson's "Negro in Education" is done in two words, while Stoddard gets a whole page. The Atlanta University studies which have to be mentioned are quoted without comment, while the silly studies of the Negro done by the Phelps Stokes Fund are spread out in large type. Even Mr. Weatherford, however, can find nothing to say for them.

The net impression of Mr. Weatherford's scheme of treatment is that of a well-meaning man who in spite of himself is oleaginous and patronizing. He starts, for instance: "I am interested in the Negro, not because he is a Negro but because he is a man. He has a personality just as I have and is capable of becoming a growing and progressing person." What could be better? And then he ends with this: "I have known some Negroes whose character was above reproach. Every Southern white man has known at least one such Negro!"

There is no doubt that Mr. Weatherford really represents an advance over the conventional Southern attitude. He is distinctly liberal toward the Negro and he believes in liberal Southern movements. But beneath the whole argument, old