

were by another hand, to have been breathed upon the page. Add to these and to the portraits of persons, when you are counting his good points, the narrative art which makes many greater men's narrative sound harsh and jerky by comparison; add the consummate skill of his spacing, a skill which ordains that the landscapes shall never be too few or too frequent for the portraits and the dialogue.

A reader who isn't curious about technical questions, about prose as an art, about narrative as an art, will never get out of George Moore the best that is there. But we may easily acquire the curiosity; it doesn't take much mind. All the rest of George Moore may be enjoyed without any mind at all. Reading him gives many readers impious little feelings of freedom. He has labored with zest to restrict the area of the unmentionable. He has added several to the list of mentionable things. He has helped enormously to break down the convention which says to an artist: "You are welcome to do your friends in bronze or marble or pastel or oil. You must let them alone if your medium happens to be words. You mustn't try to put their actions and talk into print."

"Hail and Farewell" is a by-product. Moore was lured back to Ireland by his yearning to be in the movement, to bear his part in the attempt to revive Irish letters and drama. The "movement" never took him to its bosom. It preferred, very wisely, Yeats and Lady Gregory and Synge; leaving George Moore free to write these volumes for his own pleasure and ours. He has done no better writing. Landscape and wistfulness and portraiture and even wit are harmonized here into the easiest narrative. Never has George Moore, Kleinmeister, appeared so easily master of his art.

Bumptious Psychology

The War and America, by Hugo Münsterberg. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00 net.

FROM a psychological point of view this war presents a problem in mass-action and mass-sentiment such as the world has rarely seen. It is only through a psychological interpretation that we shall be able to explain satisfactorily to ourselves the origin and machinery of all this bewildering madness. Yet as the occasion brings out the flood of manifestoes and treatises from those whom we have thought to be the custodians of our intellectual heritage, it becomes increasingly plain that psychological and sociological science is doing little to help us in this endeavor. The whole discussion has been conducted on a distressingly moral plane, in high and poetical terms of justification and responsibility. As if this were a world where things are justified! Or else it has been conducted in terms of uncriticized historical and diplomatic shibboleths, with mythological personification of nations and movements.

With the exception of Professor Loeb's suggestive analogy of animal tropisms in his article for *The New Review*, one recalls with difficulty any serious attempt of a scientific mind to put into intellectual order the personal or social motives, instincts, emotions, interests, imitations, customs, leaderships, mass-suggestions, group-antagonisms and co-operations that have produced this war or are likely to result from it. From the stories of the correspondents, even, we are better able to piece the drama together.

Although he has attempted to apply psychology to business management, to industrial efficiency, to the witness-stand, even to life itself, Professor Münsterberg has certainly put nothing into his book except a feeble reference to the suggestibility of the human mind.

He does not even show himself an expert in the psychology of advertising, for his employment of the artificial baby-language of diplomacy and his palpable and threadbare German-American patriotic sentimentalities are not cleverly chosen to seduce the American mind into a sympathy with the German cause. In his appeal to the supposed American love of "fair play" there is a certain audacious adroitness. Unfortunately the American attention has been too fixedly seized by the plight of Belgium to be very susceptible to this picture of Germany as the menaced and persecuted "under-dog," leaving her meek pietism for forlorn and desperate war against an implacable world of enemies.

With amiable persistence the author brings up, one after the other, all the irrelevances which might by chance touch off some emotional complex in the reader and switch his sentiment to Germany. Reminders of the German influence on American education, the usual recital of the diplomatic "causes" of the war, miscellaneous letters written by the author to the newspapers, sentimental memories of his early life in threatened Alsace and Danzig, a speech delivered at the unveiling of a Baron Steuben monument—all are run promiscuously into a hastily made book which makes so little strain upon the intellectual faculties as to be obviously written with a very average reader in mind. At times the argument is a personal plea. There is a delicious unctuousness in the implication that, having played the great part of interpreting America to Europe, it is now Professor Münsterberg's turn to interpret Europe to us. One feels the quiet confidence that we shall not prove ungrateful for so authoritative a kindness. The tone of patronage is thinly covered. We have been good children in the past, and we mustn't be naughty now and make faces at our big, grown-up Teutonic brother.

There are some of us, however, who would undoubtedly have been more grateful for some show of psychological insight. The only contribution most of us can make towards the present tragic occasion is a clear and resolute understanding of its human and social significance. We want an analysis of the social and psychological influences that have produced the contrasting civilizations that now purport to be fighting each other. We want a keener understanding of the different ways in which they map out the world of experience and the differing values they set upon each part. We want to know the connection between the initiating and directing groups in the different countries, and the rushing and delirious masses. We want an analysis of the role that intellect and passion are playing in the reactions to the crisis in both the warring and the neutral countries. We want, in other words, an orderly plotting-out of the mind, personal and social, behind it all. To such curiosity the academic mind remains feebly unresponsive. One becomes pardonably sceptical of the significance, in spite of the incomparable material at hand, of such scientific psychology as this author represents.

R. S. B.

Wapping Nights

Night Watches, by W. W. Jacobs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

ON a dock at Wapping, smoking an old pipe, there sits a fat night-watchman, good natured, yet full of latent indignations. The flicker of a white dress in a passing waterman's skiff, a vociferous mongrel on shipboard, or perhaps merely an aphoristic habit of mind, recall to him the humors of courtship, the tragi-comedies of comfortably wedded bachelors, the exquisite serenity of vulgar youth.

proprieties. He is a philosopher, fond of a pot of beer, shrewd, rejoicing in the pain which is the past. There he sits, and Mr. Jacobs is his oracle. If you don't laugh too heartily, you can hear the shrill voice of the Missus, and a feeble stream of expostulation from Bill, or the contemptuous remarks of Ginger and Sam. In this volume Mr. Jacobs has inserted a story which, like Poe's, is designed to make the reader shudder, and it does. But laughing with Mr. Jacobs over his familiar domesticities is pleasanter. And this we do again.

Pseudo-Historical

The Witch, by Mary Johnston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.50.

THE past, turned into fiction, may be glamorous or instructive, as readers of Miss Johnston are aware. She has a skill in shaping historical material to romantic uses. But what are we to say about a book that has all the trappings of romance and none of its glamor, all the seriousness of fact with none of the vitality that immortalized fact into truth? The plot and its manner are incredibly romantic, yet they are adapted to the realistic problem of religious convictions sternly maintained.

A man and a woman, pillars of enlightenment in an age of darkness, are beaten upon by all the forces of bigotry and hypocrisy characteristic of the days of King James. This couple did not want to reform the world. They only sought a little corner where they could enjoy their enlightenment in peace. Naturally they could not find it. There was an unknown island which an unusually kind Providence put in their way, after unbelievable hardships on the sea, but even there they were hounded by their remorseless pursuers and haled back to England to the death of witches and warlocks. Such material as this presented in a pseudo-historical novel is as incongruous as would be John the Baptist preaching in ruffed velvet and a sword. One might dismiss it as unimportant if Miss Johnston's other work had not prepared us for something excellent of its kind, something that not only read like "Sir Mortimer" but attained the same attractiveness of subject and unity of style.

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