

of light. The romance of their delicate love is the stay of the book. Rima does not know the meaning of the trouble in her soul. So she prevails upon Nuflo and her lover to accompany her to the resting-place of her mother, where she prays for guidance. Then she returns to her beloved "green mansions," bidding her lover follow her. He does so, but too late to save her from the wrath and fear of the Indians, who gather up courage to invade the forest in force and trap "the little bird," as they call Rima. She is caught in a tree top and burned to death, she falls "through leaves and smoke and flame like a great white bird killed with an arrow." Her lover wreaks a bloody vengeance on the tribe of Runi, and returns to civilization to mourn bitterly over her tender ashes in the sacred urn.

Galsworthy finds in "Green Mansions," as he phrases it, "a story actual yet fantastic, which immortalizes, I think, as passionate a love of all beautiful things as ever was in the heart of man," and he discovers symbols in the simple tale. I cannot. Certainly the book is rich in a strange beauty, but the narrative seems rather a slender, strong thread on which are strung gorgeous panoramas and prose poems of matchless, vibrant color. The Rima of vision and fact seem to blend and emerge from each other as naturally as the eerie fairyland of night shadows and flickering tropic lights is succeeded by the stark, sunlit stubble of the broad savannah in day; romance is heightened by reality with consummate tact. There is considerable fine analysis of the low cunning of savage tribes. Nuflo is a believable old rascal and bigot. But the protagonists themselves are gossamer-like, mere occasions for the luxuriant life of the forest, in its natural beauty and its cruelty, to awaken emotional and aesthetic reactions. These atavistic stirrings and moods are the readers' also. "Green Mansions" is distinctive in descriptions which seem to bring us home, to wrench us from our tamer, greyer stimuli to an environment where we experience a more multitudinous and richer life. These pictures touch subconscious springs of satisfaction. Perhaps their power lies simply in Hudson's love and knowledge of mere primitive life. Conventional bits of "fine writing" are at their best mere inventories of loveliness. When Hudson describes a tree, the sap in it runs. His landscapes are not static glories; they have the brightness and beauty of birds, yet like them too, they are quick with life.

HAROLD STEARNS.

## The World's Second Worst Failure

*The American College, with an introduction by William H. Crawford, President of Alleghany College. New York: Henry Holt and Co. \$1.25 net.*

IN spite of Rebecca West, woman is not the only creature whose business is to please. She shares this weakness with college presidents and college deans. And nowhere does one get a fuller splendor of harmless amiability than in a book of addresses made at an anniversary celebration or some ceremonial inauguration. From the God-fearing eloquence of President Faunce to the gay and flowery imagery of Commissioner Finley, one finds nothing in this book that would touch off the quickest electric battery of hostile emotion in the mind of the most neurotic of educators. Gathered together to celebrate the one-hundredth anniversary of the founding of Alleghany College, these men gave each other soothing and recuperation. For one

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day at least Alleghany College was the "great good place" of American education.

President Thwing says somewhere in his address that "to think is the most precious intellectual result of the college." That the occasion must have been a moral holiday is shown by the rarity of thought in the volume, that is, if by thought we mean the problem-seeking attitude. President Faunce discusses "The Aim and Scope of the New England College," and finds not only that "the opening of the eyes of the soul, the intellectual and spiritual rebirth, is the essential thing in the educational process," but that the New England college in particular is the shrine of just this "expression of Christian faith in practical human helpfulness." Professor Conklin of Princeton discusses "The Place of the Physical and Natural Sciences in the College Curriculum," and finds not only that "science has broken the chains of superstition and proclaimed intellectual emancipation," but that the American college, in its recognition that "the greatest needs of scientific work and the highest ideals of culture are at one," is to stand "in the future as it has done in the past for the highest, broadest and most generous views of learning and of life." President Meiklejohn believes that the college is still loyal to the desire to "bring it about that the young people of our generation shall know themselves, shall know their fellows, shall think their way into the common life of the people."

The difficulty with making such "thought" seem very real is that it is quite divorced from any consideration of the actual processes, attitudes, machinery, personnel, folkways prevailing in the American college to-day. Such ideals have a kind of Platonic eternity about them. Many

of the addresses would have been equally significant if they had been uttered in 1875. Some of them would not have seemed strange in 1845. One must look for the significance of such utterances, therefore, not in their interpretation of current problems and current intellectuality, but in their physiological effects. The purpose of these idealisms is really soporific. Such a conference is usually preceded or followed by an excellent dinner. These speeches had the unconscious purpose of doing for the mind what the dinner did for the body. They were not to awaken to action, to vivid contest, to new vistas. They were to give just that sense of repletion, that satisfied lethargy, which the body periodically craves. All professional addresses like this have, in fact, this physiological rather than intellectual function. Understood in these terms, the book becomes a really admirable manual of literary models for the function of providing an intellectual complement to the cuisine.

An illustration may save me from the charge of harshness. Surely the one central dominating and vitiating evil in the present American college is the "time-unit" measurement of intellectual progress. Mr. Finley says it has been so universally adopted that it might well be included among the tables of weights and measures which appear in the arithmetic. It runs as follows:

45 minutes make an "hour."  
 5 "hours" make a "week."  
 36 "weeks" make a "unit."  
 15 "units" make a "matriculant."  
 5 "matriculant" hours for one year make a "point" or "count."  
 60 "points" or "counts" make a "degree."

A conference of professors and presidents which was really functioning in thought might have been expected to ask itself how this emphasis on the mere accumulation of "credit" affected the intellectual ideals of the students. Yet only once is this fundamental problem touched upon, and that is in Dean Haskin's address where he says, "If, as many of us believe, the universal American practice of awarding degrees upon the basis of a mere accumulation of isolated credits is wrong, both in principle and in its results—." And further on he blows almost the only breath of reality into the conference by suggesting—and he seems to be the only one of the "scholarly men" who thinks it important—"The great defect in American college education is that it does not set the mass of students intellectually on fire." "We are wrestling against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, and we need help from every quarter. Some of us would prefer to see students aroused by literature, others by science, others by economics, but the main thing is that they be aroused. The first business of the American college is to make the students intellectually keen about something. What that is, is a matter of less moment." This sound and manly doctrine is more than physiological repletion. It has the texture of criticism, of intellect in action.

This book presents what is inadvertently the final argument for the abolition of classical and literary studies in the college. Professor Paul Shorey's paper is a human document, a revelation of the effect of a purely classical and literary education on the mental tone of a distinguished contemporary scholar. We were all brought up to believe that a single-hearted devotion to the noblest utterances of mankind throughout the ages, to what Professor Shorey calls "man, society, humanity, and humanity's ideals of beauty, truth and goodness," would of itself produce in our

souls a tone of rare refinement and high distinction. Those of us who have sold our classical birthright for a mess of sociological pottage cannot justly be scrutinized, but we have a right to exact from the defenders of the faith the last proof of their beatific state. I for one cannot control my malicious glee when I discover the loyalists saturated, as this one is, with infelicity. I quote one rare sentence from his paper on the languages and literatures in the college curriculum: "For just as water boils too easily in a thin and rarified atmosphere, even so does the little pot soon hot of the sentimentalist who is the destined prey of the system-monger boil and slop over at temperatures which only diffuse a genial warmth through a mind restrained by the circumambient atmospheric pressure of the world's best tradition and thought." Do you get the full flavor of this elegance? Professor Shorey shows us that one can continue to "steep one's mind year after year in the common sense of the world's best books," and still scatter one's discourse with phrases like "breadwinning specialty," "pure bluff," "small fry," "perpetual surfeit of chocolate sundae and cream cakes," and then, in a burst of epigram tell us that "the hearth of scholarship and culture is not the place for the gas log." All this you can do while you stand before an American public as the uncompromising defender of making "culture" the heart of the school and college curriculum.

If these scholarly men have not pleased the reader, they at least seem to have pleased each other and particularly their host. He tells us in the preface that the book presents the "freshest and most comprehensive thought on the American college." If this is fresh, may some benignant deity prevent our scholarly men from ever uttering anything that is stale!

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

## Ingenious Faith

*Theism and Humanism, by The Rt. Hon. Arthur James Balfour. New York: George H. Doran. \$1.75.*

ALTHOUGH the lectures which are the source of "Theism and Humanism" were delivered just before the war, Mr. Balfour revised and moulded them into a book during wartime. It is a highly creditable performance, and one cannot help wondering if the post of the First Lord of the British Admiralty is conducive to that leisure and mood of calm contemplation so necessary for philosophic thought. Mr. Balfour was once a figure in the English governmental scheme of ruling Ireland, yet he then found time to write a book in which he proved that there wasn't and never had been an Irish race. Mr. Chesterton himself couldn't have done better. It is difficult for us to grasp the literary traditions of the English Cabinet and the English Parliament. I cannot easily imagine Mr. Daniels entering into an epistemological controversy with the new realist school of Professors Perry and Holt. It requires heavy conceptual resources to visualize Mr. Newton D. Baker quoting Greek history in refutation of Mr. Norman Angell. It is a positive strain on the mind to picture the Governor of the Philippines writing a second "Obiter Dicta." In England they must order things differently: the human intellect seems to be less cabin'd and specialized. Politics and serious literature are happy bedfellows. Lord Morley studied Voltaire, and M. P.'s contribute brilliantly to the Home University Library. "Theism and Humanism," for instance, is an extremely able book, lucid and vigorous, with a powerful dialectic—real dialectic as contrasted with