

realizes this truth and that he is going to be candidly self-conscious with us. We expect him to work out his intellectual discoveries in their personal and emotional setting. And he plays us a little false.

His setting is classic, the very background to which half of us can respond in every note and shading with a "Yes, that is veritably ourselves!" He grew up in the "remoter suburbs of a large city, the semi-rural community typical of mid-Western villages." He pictures the mild religious saturation of the place, the many churches ranged in their order of social prestige, the semi-puritanism of a transplanted New England. We see his Sunday-school, that ubiquitous arena of the American child's thoughtful life. We get his theological worries, the struggles with crucial problems of miracles, evolution and the divinity of Christ. We see him reading Robert Elsmere on the backstairs. We see him slipping inevitably into socialism. College did little for him except to show how remote were the preoccupations of instructors and officers from the problem of the conduct of life. His critique of the college is forceful and true. Personality was habitually sacrificed to machinery. A young man's thoughtful confrontation of life, his emotional adjustment, gave no concern whatever to a community which ostensibly was designed to nourish the minds and souls of young men. The crass Spencerian attitude of his college of fifteen years ago contained little of the juice of life. Nourishment might be squeezed out of the raw husks of knowledge that lay about. But that was your own enterprise. Our amateur philosopher found college disillusioning, as must all who go as seekers for personal light on a disturbing world.

In these first chapters full of charm, Mr. Grabo details his universal experience. Then suddenly, as if stung with modesty, he slips into an impersonal outline of his matured philosophy. The result is not happy. The wistful amateur philosopher gives place to a rather tepid moralizer. The latter is unimpeachable, but the usualness that held your interest when it was frankly autobiographical stares at you a little dully from the chair of formal discourse. The personality to whom you warmed when he talked about himself now seems a little sententious when he talks about ideas. What every young man would say about morality, social ideals, immortality, religion, literature, is very much less interesting than what a definite young man in a western college could tell you about how they came into his daily maturing life, mixed with it, gave it interpretation and light. The latter half of the book surrenders the amateur philosopher for a mind that is serious, sincere, persuasive, but without irony or vibrancy, and, in its idealism, perhaps not quite modern.

The confronter of life who calls herself Henrie Waste and writes the "autobiographical fragment" Philosophy, has no such qualms of impersonality. Her book is a vivid crescendo of experience, alive with the glamor of personality. You read it again as soon as you can, with the same quickened beating of the heart and far more understanding. For it is so different from anything else and so exciting that you do not criticise, you are kindled. Formally the story is of an American girl who goes out from the gracious if prosaic atmosphere of Columbia to take her doctorate in philosophy at Freiburg. But goes with such youthful ardency of passion to know! Intolerable that she should not hunt abstract truth to its most arctic lairs! And at Freiburg there is a divine and sad and dreamy youth named Taddeo, with the blood of all Europe in him. And Kantian and Hegelian abstractions have to become mingled with the most thrilling of love-friendships. And Taddeo has to

recede to America in order that she may touch undisturbed her intellectual goal, while she flings her soul after him in letters that are joyous with work and thought and at the same time with intense longing to be united with her miraculous youth.

Your first impression of Henrie Waste is that nobody could achieve such a fusion of vivid thought and exhilaration of personal feeling. Her style is of the utmost distinction—with flashes of Pater and James perhaps, but genuine, warm, flexible, almost incredibly alive. You are immersed in the golden setting of Freiburg with its summer meadows and gabled streets. Around the musty seminar-rooms and the thick bland students plays her fire of marvellous youth. High philosophic thought infused with sensuous love—is not this the one incorrigible dream that clutches us? Am I bedazzled to find it here in realized experience? The book seems to write itself, so intense and romantic and yet spacious is this personality. One suspects sentimentality and one never once finds it. One fears priggishness and there is not a hint of it. This girl is utterly charming in her gift of mixing housemaids and horses and shoppings and examination formalisms into the golden brew. She has humor as well as passion. And she has that rarest gift of a lyric intellectuality which simply unhinges one's critical sense.

This book is real and it is noble. And its flair has just that moral quality which could only be American. For the girl makes her drama one between philosophy and love. Not for even this most thrilling of loves will she turn aside from her austere pressing towards knowledge. The divine youth, not quite comprehending, withdraws, and wanders while he waits. No more can any man ever quite comprehend that last favorite virginal austerity, of postponing life until you have secured the bedrock of your work. Is it higher truth or is it only puritan naïveté when the girl, in her last letter, assumes that only through the power that philosophy has given her has she been able to make conscious and wholly significant her love? Yet one forgives even this sublimation for the triumphant passion of the close. Her intellectual task finished, it is the lover that she veritably wants. She leaves you with a touch of fear that destiny might punish her by never bringing him back. But she does not fear, and so philosophy is left justified of her children.

R. B.

## A Self-made Man

*Henry Ford's Own Story, by Rose Wilder Lane. New York: Ellis O. Jones. \$1.00.*

THE illuminating parts of this little book are these quotations from Mr. Ford himself, such as "I would not give a plugged nickel for all the higher education and art in the world," and "The only solution (for the problem of capital and labor) is to *get together*. That's the solution of all the problems in the world, as I see it." It is not difficult for Miss Lane to picture vividly a man whose emotional and intellectual background is so simple and direct. If the rather meagre bits of quotation are pinned together in a eulogistic narrative, which never vibrates except with praise, there is no compulsion upon the reader to accept naïve judgments. In fact Miss Lane's gusto for her subject helps to give her book its real value as a source-book in Americana—a picture, so to speak, of how we admire as well as what we admire. Mr. Ford shared in the early American rights

theory of success which was believed to flow inevitably from industry and perseverance. These qualities Mr. Ford certainly had. But he also had mechanical genius and a bit of luck at strategic moments. Combined, these qualities made his final success certain, even if the barrenness and monotony of years of all-absorbing concentration on narrow engineering problems was the necessary price. To Mr. Ford, of course, and to Miss Lane, who so pins her faith to his manner of meeting life, they were not barren and monotonous years. But now that the urge for accomplishment has been satisfied and there is an assured position which leaves Mr. Ford a certain margin of leisure, we can see in the fulfilment of that leisure the aridity of those formative years. The platitudinousness and naïveté, the well meaning but sophomoric approach to a problem that are revealed in Mr. Ford's utterances on all subjects not relating to engineering are almost incredible. Such intellectual infantilism would be impossible any grown man in any other civilized country—as would Miss Lane's ecstatic admiration of it. But the story of Henry Ford does not end there. Against his contempt for the amenities of life and the finer cultural satisfactions may be set his hatred of poverty and wretchedness. In that balance, who can say that the admiration of Miss Lane is misplaced?

### Annapolis English

*Life At The U. S. Naval Academy, by Ralph Earle, Commander, U. S. Navy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.*

THAT most of the midshipman's time at Annapolis will be absorbed by mathematics, marine and electrical engineering, naval construction, ordnance, seamanship and drills of all sorts is assumed. A high degree of professional specialization is, of course, inevitable. Yet the outsider reserves his chief interest for what might be called the cultural margin of the future naval officer's academic life. Except for a brief excursion into French or Spanish, the courses in English for 1916-17 included all the non-technical courses. They revealed a quaint selection of classics. The midshipmen are reading Shakespeare's King Henry IV, Part I, and Hamlet, Dana's Two Years Before the Mast, Reich's Foundations of Modern Europe, Hale's Man Without a Country and Famous Sea Fights, Poe's Tales of Mystery and Imagination, Fenton's Constitutional Law, Macaulay's Essays and Carlyle's Hero and Hero Worship. This is about the limit of imaginative literature during four years. One visualizes the type of clean and efficient and somewhat dull young man which emerges; and the conviction that all larger questions of policy should be left entirely in civilian hands is strengthened.

### Contributors

to this issue

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## SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY

### The Coverley Library

I recently received a summons from my good friend Sir Roger to confer with him. Accordingly, I waited upon him, finding him in a state of perturbation at the prospect of a visit from no less a personage than the Widow.

Of the condition of the estate he had little anxiety, trusting to the invaluable services of his servants in this regard, but a great doubt had seized him in regard to the fitness of his library for the eyes of a person of such nicety of taste. At his request I therefore told over to him the best of the new books that had come to my attention and we hit upon the following:

First upon our list we set a book by a young scholar<sup>1</sup> whom I hold in the highest esteem. It was perhaps rather with an idea to looking into it himself than with a view to the Widow that he ordered it, though I could not but be pleased for I knew that he would enjoy it.

Recalling the Widow's taste for obscure poets, I was led to suggest the works of Thomas Randolph,<sup>2</sup> which have just been published in the original quaint spelling.

Sir Roger was anxious that our books should not all be too modern, so we considered what we might add to bridge over the interval since he had last purchased. I therefore recommended "A Voice from the Crowd"<sup>3</sup> as a book that I had seen often and well reviewed, enjoying the quotations from it that I had heard. Also, "The Diplomatic Background of the War,"<sup>4</sup> a book I knew to be printed for the fourth time, although it has been issued from the press but a year.

Sir Roger asked whether there were not another volume by Bagdad. By this I knew him to mean Charles S. Brooks, as I had fortunately pleased his fancy by the copy of "Journeys to Bagdad"<sup>5</sup> I procured at Christmas. I unfortunately could not supply him with another as yet, but I was able to tell him in confidence that there was likely to be another before next Christmas.

And so, rejoicing at the old gentleman's evident pleasure in our choice of books, I left in order that I might obtain the books with such dispatch that they should arrive well in advance of the Widow.

THE SPECTATOR.

*Yale University Press, New Haven, Connecticut.*

<sup>1</sup> STUDIES IN THE PROBLEM OF SOVEREIGNTY. By Harold J. Laski. \$2.50 net.

<sup>2</sup> THE POEMS AND AMYNTAS OF THOMAS RANDOLPH. Edited by John J. Parry. \$2.00 net.

<sup>3</sup> A VOICE FROM THE CROWD. By George Wharton Pepper. (Third Printing.) \$1.50 net.

<sup>4</sup> THE DIPLOMATIC BACKGROUND OF THE WAR, 1870-1914. By Charles Seymour. (Fourth Printing.) \$2.00 net.

<sup>5</sup> JOURNEYS TO BAGDAD. By Charles S. Brooks. (Third Printing.) 27 woodcuts. \$1.50 net.