

Nor, even when she draws most heavily on her feelings, is Miss Welles an unconscious victim of her own sensations. She has the faculty, unusual in a lyric poet, of self-appraisal; a whimsical analysis is the outstanding feature of poems like *Five O'Clock*, *Idyll*, *Cobweb*, *Love Song* from *New England* and this more intense

GESTURE

My arms were always quiet,
Close, and never freed.
I was furled like a banner,
Enfolded like a seed.

I thought, when Love shall strike me,
Each arm will start and spring,
Unloosen like a petal,
And open like a wing.

Oh, Love—my arms are lifted,
But not to sway and toss.
They strain out wide and wounded,
Like arms upon a cross.

Still tentative, this appropriately rose-colored volume reflects the poet's models as well as her preoccupations. The ghost of Emily Dickinson flits furtively through these pages; one is often aware, by nothing more than the perfume, of the presence of Sara Teasdale. One *Voice* is an instance, *Language* is another, so is *Trespasser* and that poignant lyric, *The Unfaithful April*, which ends

I hear the robin this year,
His voice is sweet and strong,
But I can not give him welcome
Nor listen to his song.

How can he bear the new leaves
Around his last year's nest?
How can he sing with old wounds
Still red upon his breast?

Miss Welles is wise in not attempting florid passages. Hers is a limited gamut, an obviously restricted range. Yet, within that range, her voice is pure, the art is skilful and the melodies exquisite. None of the younger singers has communicated with more charm her accents of soft delight mingled with a perturbed wistfulness. Even her more intense affirmations have a timid tenderness.

HUMILIATION

How nakedly an animal
Lies down on earth to die,
Unmindful of the shining air,
And unashamed of sky.

But men and women under roofs
Draw shades and hush the floor,
And furtively they lay their dead
Behind a darkened door.

One is fearful of so fine and delicate a touch; its development is hazardous. On one hand lies sophistication which will destroy the frank ingenuity; on the other hand, there is the danger of an insistent naïveté which is even worse. One can not tell, from this first offering, whether Miss Welles will develop her voice without forcing it. But one can hope.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

Mrs. Warren's Daughter

Mrs. Warren's Daughter, by Sir Harry Johnston. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THERE are signs that Sir Harry Johnston is confirmed in the habit of carrying on other people's stories. The only safe procedure for his fellow-novelists may come to be to leave all their characters in whom the "public" conceivably might take an interest, safely and securely dead. Else who knows what ingeniously contrived further fortunes may not be supplied for the hero or heroine left high and dry at the word *Finis*? Already, having continued the history of the *Dombey* blood down to our generation and having conducted Vivie Warren through the militant suffrage campaign and the World War to a marriage with the illustrious scientist Sir Michael Rossiter, Sir Harry is probably looking around for other unfinished fortunes to carry on. Why should he not seek out the aging Austin Feverel and recount the after-history of his daughter-in-law, left a widow when still very young? Or inquire as to whether Angel Clare *did* marry Emmy Lou after the black flag had signaled the close of Tess's tragedy? But let him keep his hands off the Clayhanger family with whom, one suspects, Mr. Bennett is not yet done.

We have Sir Harry's word for it that G. B. S. gave him permission to tell of the adventurous and highly creditable life of *Mrs. Warren's Daughter*. Mr. Shaw perhaps feels poorly repaid for this uncharacteristic act of indulgent good-nature. For the difference in style and method between the once notorious play and its novel-sequel is so great as to give the impression of a huge solution of continuity. The terse bare dialogue, the crisp sharply drawn characterization, the wealth of moral beneath the glittering stage-craft give place to what to some minds at least will seem a rather cheap sort of realism. Details of recent social and political history are amassed, with resort to the flashy device (already seen in *The Gay-Dombey*s) of introducing actual people still living (Professor Ray Lankester, Mr. and Mrs. Gosse, Sir Harry himself) among the creatures of the author's imagination. In contrast to this predominating realistic element is set the romantic theme of the heroine's career in the law-courts masquerading as a man, David Vavasour Williams, the actual David having died in the South African War. This stale "disguise-plot" is quite out of place and the failure of the father of the real David to detect the imposture is utterly unconvincing. The long-drawn-out account of the women's struggle for the vote has some "documentary" interest, but it fails to hold the reader's attention, for the problem has been hustled from the center of the stage by more recent and more debatable issues. The latter portion of the book is more arresting. The story of the German occupation of Brussels is told in vivid but not too glaring detail. With no effort to draw a veil over the horrors of that time, Sir Harry, nevertheless, impartially records "acts and episodes of unlooked-for kindness, forbearance and sympathy" on the part of the hated German people. These chapters, so evidently founded on actual experiences, may have permanent value as a record of this central throbbing point of Europe's tragedy. The thread of connection between this and the earlier part of the novel runs through the devoted work of the noble Minna von Stachelberg, representative of the New Woman in Germany.

Long ago, when his African explorations furnished material for the professors of anthropology, Sir Harry proved that he had a gift for minute observation and patient note-

Every New Republic Reader should read this

OUR announcement in the last two numbers of The New Republic has yielded very encouraging results.

The generous response proves to us conclusively the imperative necessity of films to promote economic, social and political progress, in accord with the highest principles of culture.

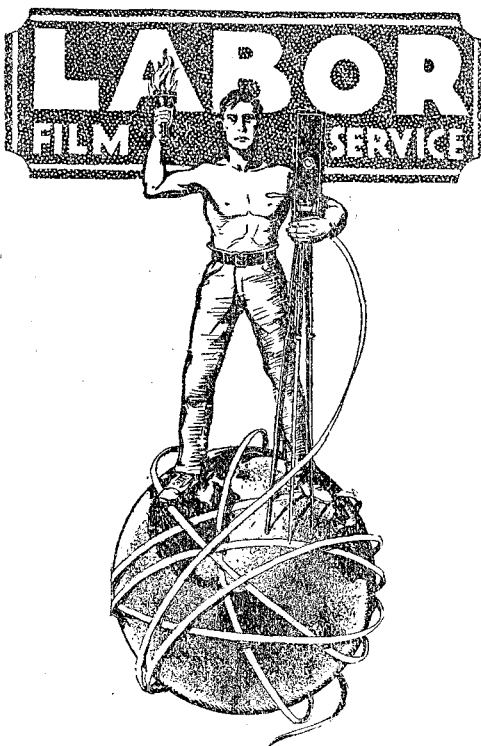
It is high time that the forces working for human betterment availed themselves of the unlimited possibilities of the motion picture.

We are perfecting an organization to produce motion pictures which will equal the best artistic and technical standards, and also convey the message of a better civilization in a vivid, interesting and educational manner.

However, before we can reach the stage of concrete achievement, we must enlist the co-operation and support of the enlightened men and women of America.

We call upon you to be one of the pioneers in this great movement. We ask you to join the Fellowship of Films for Human Betterment.

Help us make the motion picture a factor in the FIGHT FOR TRUTH by SUBSCRIBING TO-DAY.



"TRUTH ENCIRCLING THE EARTH"

Films to be Produced

- (1) INDUSTRIAL FILMS: the work and growth of unions, organizations, leagues and institutions, they paying the cost of production.
- (2) ANIMATED LABOR REVIEW: News reels, pictorials, travelogues, and scenics depicting the worker's life in the mines, in the slums, on farms, railroads, the picket line, etc.
- (3) LECTURE LYCEUM: Films, slides and textual data for labor forum lectures.
- (4) LABOR and RECONSTRUCTION SERIES: Dramas, based on the writings of iconoclasts, to stimulate sociological, literary and artistic interest, thus laying the foundation for a great cultural work.

Distribution

The innumerable labor and liberal forums are a market ready and waiting for these films. Afterward there are the 18,000 movie theatres. Films, unlike printed matter, are not at the mercy of post office officials; regular circulation is assured.

MANAGEMENT

At the last meeting of the board of directors, it was decided to call a conference of labor, liberal and co-operative organizations. The purpose of this conference will be to elect an advisory council which will exercise a supervisory power on the plans and activities of the service.

A FEW ENDORSEMENTS

Dr. NORMAN THOMAS, Editor of "The World To-Morrow," says: "Just as truly as labor needs its own press it needs its own film service. I believe you ought to rally to you strong support from labor circles and from those liberals who realize the seriousness of the present situation. I for one heartily endorse your idea and trust you will be able to make it wholly successful."

Dr. JUDAH L. MAGNES, renowned Liberal Leader: "Replying to your letter of May 21st, permit me to say that your idea of using motion pictures in the advancement of labor's interests appears to me to be a very sound one. Kindly accept my best wishes for the success of your venture."

SCOTT NEARING: "My attention has been called to the fact that the Labor Film Service is planning to supply the American Labor Movement with motion pictures. It is said that fifty million Americans attend movie shows each week. If that is so it is vitally important to have them watching films that speak the message of industrial self-government and economic freedom. I wish you every success."

Organization

The Labor Film Service, designed to make the movies a true forum of the people, is a corporation of New York State with an authorized capital of \$50,000 in shares of \$10 each. No majority stockholders will control, as all individual holdings are limited to \$1,000. The executive staff of expert workers will be governed by an advisory council of Labor and Liberal leaders.

The Labor Film Service is organized primarily to serve the supreme ideal of helping human progress through the effective utilization of the motion picture. But it can not be gainsaid that some profits will accrue, which will take the form of regularly declared dividends or be turned back into the sinking fund according to the decision of the shareholders.

Labor Film Service, Inc.
31 Union Sq., New York

Tear off coupon—Subscribe today

-----TEAR OUT HERE-----

MAIL YOUR
STOCK SUBSCRIPTION TO-DAY
HELP US WAGE
THIS FIGHT FOR
TRUTH

Labor Film Service, Inc., 31 Union Sq., New York
Gentlemen:—Enclosed find \$..... as my
subscription for..... shares at \$10 each.

Name

Address

MAIL YOUR
STOCK SUBSCRIPTION TO-DAY
HELP US WAGE
THIS FIGHT FOR
TRUTH

taking. That talent has not failed him here. There are memorable passages of such detail: the Black Friday clash between the Suffragists and the police, Vivie's trial for arson, the judicial murder of Bertie Adams by order of von Bissing. Equally praise-worthy is the fine sense of justice in the author's warm-hearted advocacy of the women's movement. And there are occasional passages of shrewd and witty comment upon the failure of the pseudo-liberals of Mr. Asquith's cabinet to grasp the real significance of the suffrage war. Strangely enough, there is only the most hesitating grudging attention, quickly turned elsewhere, to the central problem posed twenty-two years ago by Mr. Shaw: the problem of Mrs. Warren's profession.

Judged as a work of art the book fails. The structure is stumbling and plodding; the style second-rate journalism. The characterization, with the admirable exception of the redoubtable Mrs. Warren herself (she shows Sir Harry's loving study of Dickens), is singularly superficial and conventional. The running commentary upon men and affairs is that of the average liberal-minded gentleman. His care for strict chronological accuracy sometimes plays Sir Harry false. For example, the Russo-Japanese War did not end in 1904; "twilight sleep" was not being employed so long ago as 1902. The book will probably succeed well in England, where many a prominent Londoner, considering this minor character and that and watching reality peer through the veil of realism, will whisper, Is it I? Is it I? But such methods of insuring temporary vogue seldom win permanent renown. S. C. C.

On the Makaloa Mat, by Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE dregs of a genius are often remarkable for some positive quality, but the lees of a journalist's manuscripts are more frequently remarkable only for their mediocrity. This gentle platitude is well illustrated by Jack London's posthumous volume of Hawaiian stories, *On the Makaloa Mat*. The seven tales which make up the book represent some of the author's weirdest confusions. There is the commonplace misapprehension that local color will conceal a poor story; there is the blurring of qualities and characteristics inherent in the rule-of-thumb intellect; and there is a conversational straining which achieves a rare mixture of the King James version and Hiawatha.

As for the first confusion—in literature beyond a certain spectrum most of us are local-color blind. The unknown may pique the interest and lend a legitimate charm to the story, but it cannot do more. The story is fundamental; the overpainting merely a technique which may add brilliance. In these stories the glamour of Hawaii, now a bit threadbare, does not serve to conceal the subterfuge. The stories are originally dull. A mass of overhanging scenery, irrelevant detail, and attenuated suspense only obscures and paralyzes an incident that might be striking if told in a naked and unassuming style.

The medium of the tales is conversational narrative, but the sprightliness of conversation degenerates into guide-book fiction. Some of the description has the true Long-fellow ring, "Shorter than Bella was Martha a trifle, but the merest trifle, less queenly of port . . ." On the whole it is difficult to see why the author boycotts the simple, useful conventions of expression.

"This is probably the last volume of short stories by Jack London to appear. At Mr. London's death there were many unpublished manuscripts, but those that were suitable have now for the most part been issued." So state the publishers—conservatively. R. V. A. S.

Brookwood

Education for Service in The New World

A Community School for the training of those who wish to help in Christianizing the social order.

Courses in Religion, Sociology, History of Civilization, Languages, Music, Art, Mathematics, Science.

Preparation for college if desired. Expert faculty. Laboratory plan of study.

Practical experience in cooperative farming, cooking, housekeeping, and community self-government. You learn by doing.

Democratic groups of students of both sexes from varied environments, of high school and college age. No fixed charge for tuition.

Application for membership in Brookwood as teachers or students will be cordially received.

WILLIAM M. FINCKE Write to BROOKWOOD
JOHN NEVIN SAYRE Katonah,
SPENCER MILLER, Jr. New York

International Minds and the Search for the Restful

by Gustav Pollak

Author of "Fifty Years of American Idealism,"
"The Hygiene of the Soul," etc.

A series of essays just issued on the importance of preserving an international point of view in literature. Among the subjects treated are:

Literature and Patriotism; Goethe's Universal Interests; Grillparzer's Originality; Sainte-Beuve's Unique Position; Lowell: Patriot and Cosmopolitan; Permanent Literary Standards; Feuchtersleben the Philosopher, etc.

Price \$1.50, postage 8 cents

At all bookstores and

The Nation Press, Inc.

20 Vesey Street

New York, N. Y.

THE NEW VOLUME OF SOVIET RUSSIA

begins with the first issue in July (July 3).

If you have not begun to collect these issues for the material of lasting value which they present on the present internal and international phases of the activities of the Soviet government, you should begin to do so now.

Subscription price \$5.00 per year; \$2.50 per half year. For new subscribers we have a special rate of \$1.00 for ten issues. Make all checks payable to L. C. A. K. Martens.

Price ten cents at all newsstands.

Room 304, 110 West 40th Street, New York City.

Code of Labor Laws of Soviet Russia, pamphlet reprint, price ten cents.