

men and diplomats of Japan and he will enter the Chancelleries and Foreign Offices in many Capitals"—all properly capitalized as their augustness requires. Nevertheless, the reader need not feel too much awe in meeting these gentlemen in connection with Mr. Sherrill. "All of these gentlemen with whom I talked knew that I had not the slightest shadow of official standing. I represented nobody officially or unofficially. They rightly took me for a plain, average American. They believe in the United States and in the average American, and to me as such they talked freely." Thus through the medium of Mr. Sherrill we may "be sure of putting ourselves into direct communication with up-to-date political thought on the other side of the Atlantic." It certainly takes a "plain, average American" to believe that Prime Ministers and Foreign Offices represent the up-to-date political thought of Europe, and the belief throws much light on the fitness of an America composed of plain, average citizens to enter intimately into foreign politics.

The frontispiece of the volume is a reproduction of a bust of Lloyd George and the first chapter fittingly is devoted to the same Prime Minister. "Fortunately Lloyd George dearly loves a chat, and the way Philip Kerr, the brilliant, intellectual nephew of Lord Lothian, and until recently the Premier's political secretary, had spoken of me, had possibly piqued the Welshman's curiosity. Ignoring the Premiers who from time to time appeared at the windows Lloyd George received me as if his time were unreservedly mine." Score one for the plain American citizen against the competition of Prime Ministers.

Statistical inquiry shows that of the eight pages devoted to the interview, thirteen lines cover the reported whole of the Prime Minister's chat, and nine of these lines are questions upon matters where Mr. George sought the advice of the plain American citizen. Lloyd George's own contribution is to the effect that "Giolitti is the best of us all." As to France, we get a sketchy, vivid portraiture of Briand, and are incidentally brought in contact with one of the most up-to-date features of contemporary French political thought. "Many Parisians made profits in war contracts, and not a few of them are beginning for the first time to take part in politics. . . . This new force is tending to invigorate French public life, and Loucheur incarnates it to the full." Here we get an insight into the vigor of present French foreign policy deeper than that given by many more pretentious works. Space forbids our further introduction to the frock-coats and top-hats of European diplomacy. Suffice it to say that the last chapter takes us to Asia, to Japan. "There is no danger of my ever forgetting my last visit to the Gaimusho, which was upon the occasion of a dinner given my wife and myself, December 27, 1919, by Viscount Uchida, then and still head of the Foreign Office." One lays down the volume convinced that Mr. Sherrill might have ventured further; he will never forget any of the Presidents, Prime Ministers and lesser notables who have entertained him with affable chats and dinners.

Mr. Hunt collects the common people as Mr. Sherrill collects notables. His self-consciousness takes a radically different turn from that of our ex-diplomat. "I have tried to tell of common peoples and common hopes rather than of great international movements and world politics. . . . of common peoples living and fighting and dreaming of better things." So in India we learn of Gandhi and what he means to the common folk, in China not of Presidents

and Prime Ministers but of the struggling coolie and the students, in Japan we meet not Uchida but Kagawa, the educated man, the scholar, writer and teacher who has devoted himself to the slums of Kobe, "walking among outcasts, murderers and broken lives of the lower depths, preaching a living, breathing Christianity." There are chapters of personal contacts in Korea, Siberia, White Australia, the Philippines—significantly called *Our Own Little India*—Haiti, and Mexico, all vivid and all dealing with the aspirations and struggles of the common people for a freer life. His account of Haiti will not bring a glow of pride to any American reader, little imperialisms, even when of native origin, being no more attractive to Mr. Hunt than big imperialisms of English and Japanese origin. The title of the last chapter sounds the key-note of the book, *The World's Under-Dogs*.

Mr. Hunt's book is that of a newspaperman. I would say a typical newspaper man, were I sure that Mr. Hunt's sympathy and imagination, his gift of penetrating below the surface to the substance of the common man's common hopes are typical. The United States is a democracy; we have therefore no classes. In lieu of classes, there are, we may say, Mr. Sherrill and his readers, and Mr. Hunt with his audience. I like to cherish the hope or illusion that it is Frazier Hunt and those to whom he appeals who are indeed the plain, average American citizens. "We Americans have had much to say of the British in Egypt and India and Ireland and the French in Indo-China and Madagascar, and the Japanese in Korea and China and Siberia. Any of these accused might quite justly say, 'Let him who is without sin cast the first stone'—and suggest that we study our own little conquest of Haiti and San Domingo and our interferences in the affairs of Mexico and the tiny republics to the south." Let the last word be with Mr. Hunt.

JOHN DEWEY.

Vergil

Vergil, a Biography by Tenney Frank. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$2.00.

SOME things in scholarship, the general reader might suppose, must have been done once for all, by this time. Take the lives of the classical poets. A few meagre paragraphs in the historians, most of whom were professional myth makers, a small sheaf of allusions scattered through the general literature, and some passages in the poet's work, especially in the work that is not certainly his—that is all there is out of which to construct a biography. Naturally the material has been worked over a hundred times by the classical scholars. Yet in reworking the material on Vergil Professor Frank has managed to get out of it a lot that is new and important. Naturally his biography is a structure of hypothesis built upon hypotheses, but these hypotheses are so skillfully supported by so much evidence, probable, if not conclusive, that the reader cannot escape the conviction that the picture is on the whole true. And if it is, you can know almost as much about Vergil as you know about Keats, Byron, or even Walt Whitman. No, not quite; you won't know much about Vergil's loves or his finances. But you will know by what methods he was trained, with whom he associated, how he worked, what

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his attitude was toward the great political movements of the day.

From our prep school days most of us have carried away a picture of Vergil as a vague and colorless personality, rather accurately represented by a frontispiece illustration in half tone of some bust with bulging, sightless eyes, plump cheeks and soft round chin. A pedant, a good liver and a sycophant, such we judged the man who sang like a cicada of Tityrus under the spreading beech, and like a pipe organ of the pious scoundrel Aeneas. We were all wrong, Professor Frank proves. Vergil was a man of high courage, a man with great and significant conceptions of art and politics and life, an empire builder of the spirit. Read Professor Frank and then, if your Latin is not too rusty, dip into the Aeneid. You will find a new force drawing you to Vergil, and discover at what a heavy personal cost to you instruction in Latin has been entrusted to grammarians, instead of Tenney Franks. A. J.

When Greek Meets English

Little Poems from the Greek, by Walter Leaf. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. \$1.75.

Old English Poetry: Translations into Alliterative Verse with Introductions and Notes, by J. Duncan Spaeth. Princeton: Princeton University Press. \$2.00.

HOWEVER many ways there may be to translate adequately from a foreign language into English there are at least a number of ways by which to translate inadequately. Mr. Leaf has chosen one of these, apparently at random, and he has held rigidly to the letter of it throughout his Little Poems from the Greek. There was a time when the simple fact of having made a translation from the Greek was the distinguishing mark of many a well-bred young lady. There was also a time, now happily outlived, during which such translation was the very badge of laborious scholarship. Today it does not seem too much to ask that a translator, even though he be a scholar, in doing Greek poetry into English contrive somehow to produce poetry in English. With the exception of a few of the simpler epitaphs and epigrams Professor Leaf, who undoubtedly knows Greek, has failed to do this. What is still more important, he has failed to make us see clearly that there is a beauty, a spirit of life lived with emotion and intensity behind these selections which he has chosen from the Anthology. It is difficult to understand what value there can be in a translation of which it must be said, as the reader turns from piece to piece, "Of course this gives you no real idea of the original."

Dr. Spaeth's Old English Poetry which includes examples of Anglo-Saxon epic and lyric poetry, is another story. Perhaps it is easier to translate from Old English than from the Greek but to the uninitiated it would not seem so. Occasionally in the Beowulf and more often in the other long poems included we find the translator's adherence to the principles of the four-stressed line and of the medial caesura getting us into rhythmic difficulties but throughout the whole book, which comprises the best and most important Anglo-Saxon poetry we are never in any doubt as to the poetic quality of the original. We are never constrained to feel that Dr. Spaeth amuses him-

self in railroad trains, as Mr. Leaf confesses that he does, with translation as he might with a deck of cards or a picture puzzle. We find the breath of life in Old English Poetry, life and the music of much enthusiasm tempered by a considerable distinction. R. H.

Where Your Treasure Is, by John Hastings Turner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.

THIS is a novel of idea, unwavering and concentrated; of theme competently, although too insistently, handled. There is, in finishing it, that kind of dazed and hammered-on feeling which the book's people felt after sitting too long on the white beach of Whyticombe in the concentrated glare of the single-minded sun. Mr. Turner, in writing a better book than his earlier two, has written also a more faulty one; its very sincerity and zeal for truth have betrayed it into an overstressing of the point and into a fallacious technique by which incongruous fairy-tale methods are dragged into a story of the most actual kind. L. T. N.

Books of the Month

- Soliloquies in England and More Soliloquies
by *George Santayana*. (Scribners; \$3.50)
- The Outline of Science, Vols. I and II
edited by *J. Arthur Thomson*. (Putnam; \$3.75 each)
- Books and Characters, French and English
by *Lytton Strachey*. (Harcourt; \$3.50)
- Late Lyrics and Earlier
by *Thomas Hardy*. (Macmillan; \$2.50)
- The Garden Party, and Other Stories
by *Katharine Mansfield*. (Knopf; \$2.00)
- Ulysses
by *James Joyce*. (Paris: Shakespeare and Co. 200 fr.)
- Since Cézanne
by *Clive Bell*. (Harcourt; \$2.50)

Contributors

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