

ence is out of life, not the product of a fiction writer's imagination. You know Mr. Deane after that. In the same way Mr. Shands has managed to authenticate practically every character, the landscape and herbage, the sun and wind, so that the reader closes the book with the feeling that he has actually lived in the community described and has been faced directly by its problems.

Of these problems the central one is that of the sexual exploitation of the black women by the white men. It is a sore point in the conscience of the community, much discussed where men get together. There is a hierarchy in the forms of the offence. Most to be reprobated is Henry Thompson who lives openly in concubinage, confesses himself attached to his mistress and his mulatto children and utterly unwilling to cast them off. Less offensive to the community sense is Randy Shallow who carries on his shady amours brazenly enough but cynically, without any disposition to acknowledge attendant responsibilities. Least reprehensible is the relation that approaches nearest to mere prostitution. Of course, the better sort of white men regard it all as the shame of the county, and do their best to keep their sons uncontaminated. But it is the general conviction that the problem can not be solved. Given two races living side by side, superior and inferior, the women of the inferior race will not generally resist the advances of men of the superior race. And men are men. That is the general conclusion of the male community depicted by Mr. Shands. Is its logic escapable?

The indirect consequences of this state of affairs stand out quite clearly. One is the overridealization of the white women. Men of the more sensitive kind, after their adventures in mixed relations, do not dare to lift their eyes to the pure angel a white woman appears in their imagination. The result is somewhat different with coarser natures, but the overridealization prevails, creating a type of woman who may be most charming and lovable, but about as serious a handicap to the man who strives toward justice and tolerance and humanity as could possibly be imagined. The hairtrigger attitude of the Southern white man toward anything savoring of impertinence on the part of the black man is directly related to the conception of woman as a dazzling white ideal.

And there you have the vicious circle of race relations. Keep the Negro down, and the Negro women become the prey of the baser white men, or of the better white men in their baser moments. The white woman rises upon a pedestal, and the Negro must be kept so low that he might not by any chance raise his eyes to her. How such a condition affects the emotions of the pathologically irresponsible Negro, and how it ripens into fierce race hatred in the breast of the poor white, who is conscious that even the Negro looks with contempt on him and his kind, are points you can not help speculating on when you get so near to reality as you do in this book. Nor can you escape a feeling of the futility of the aspiration for race purity so long as the Negroes are denied a zone of self-respect and the right to protect their wives and daughters. In a view extending into future centuries, what is accomplished by banning formal interracial relations so long as conditions obtain which make illicit relations inevitable? Our caste system cannot be more rigid than that of the northern conquerors of India, nor retain its rigidity more consistently through the ages. But the complexion of the purest caste Brahmin of today bears witness to the upward movement of the blood of the dark substratum.

It is said by Southerners that the intermixture of the races is not going on so freely now as formerly. Open

concubinage is frowned upon almost everywhere in the South, and one of the professed objects of such organizations as the Ku Klux Klan is to stamp it out. Mr. Shands gives a vivid, almost melodramatic account of an invasion of the Klan—that association for mutual support of sinners who want to throw the first stone, in the dark. The Klan could tar and feather and even emasculate occasional offenders, but as for actually preventing the offence, nothing could be clearer than that in the long run such outrages as the Klan commits can have no other effect than to intensify the emotional forces making for race mixture.

There isn't any way out through repression or moral suasion or religious revival; a militant, superior race and a humiliated, subject race on the same ground will inevitably produce its quota of mixed blood. An abatement of the emphasis upon superiority and inferiority, a removal of economic disabilities of the Negro as Negro, affords the only possible hope of race purity. That would, I think, have been Mr. Shand's solution, if he had been writing a scientific treatise with a program, instead of a novel aiming to present the facts of life in a mixed race community just as they are.

A. J.

The Secret Way, by Zona Gale. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

LONG before one comes to the group of poems, In J. P. P.'s *Metre*, it is evident that Miss Gale's early verse, contained in the first third of her book, was influenced by, and written during the period of, Josephine Preston Peabody's *The Singing Leaves*. And through the first two-thirds of the book, though the second third is made of later poems, the same kinship not only of metre but of spirit, too marked and inwoven to be merely derivative, is plain—the vague but certain conviction of unseen presences, sounds in silence, wings in air, hovering protection, consciousness of inanimate things, “a sense of someone here, or of something not ourselves,” a something which can be addressed substantively as Wise and Beautiful and Dear. They are all, essentially, the poems of youth—poems of a vagueness, a buzzing unclarity, which would not make for sanity or realization in middle life, and which is not art.

The last third of the book, containing *News Notes of Portage*, *Wisconsin* and *Prose Notes*, is the best, being the most mature and specific. The few *News Notes*, free verse character sketches, are really worth while. It would have been wiser to have left the early poems unpublished at this late date and waited until there was enough work of the *Portage* calibre to make a book.

Contributors

WERNER SOMBART is one of the most distinguished and widely known of German economists. He is the author of numerous volumes of economics and economic history, a number of which have appeared in English translations, among them *Socialism and the Socialist Movement*; *Modern Capitalism*; and the *Jews and Modern Capitalism*.

H. N. BRAILSFORD, the English publicist, is the author of *Across the Border*; and *Russian Impressions*.

ARTHUR RUHL is the author of *Antwerp to Gallipoli*; and *White Nights*. He was correspondent for *Colliers* in France in 1918 and in Finland and the Baltic Provinces in 1919.

H. M. KALLEN is on the staff of the New School for Social Research, New York City. He is the author of *Zionism and World Politics*.