

our great towns have been pumped back and forth in man-sewers, which have all the engineering virtues of the ancient Cloaca Maxima in Rome, except its relative spaciousness. All this was "progress," so much so that provincial centres like Pittsburg, with its irregular topography and naturally decentralized industrial towns on the mudflats of the rivers, itch to imitate the transit horrors of the metropolis, in order to qualify as a "great city."

As a result of numerous reports on traffic difficulties and congestion, New York City led the way in drafting a series of laws which limited the height of buildings, and established the character of various districts by "zones." This also has been hailed as a great triumph and as the way of salvation; but unfortunately for our optimism most of our numerous zoning and districting laws have come into being after the mischief has been done; and their chief effect has been to solidify established practices, which favor congestion and high site values, in the central district, and work effectively to prevent the decentralization of industry into areas which are now marked out and set aside eternally as suburbs. Moreover, although our skyscrapers must now be set back at intervals, and although the tower-form that they now take has improved the skyline—to the great enjoyment of aviators and people in ferryboats—we have done nothing to widen our streets in relation to the increasing load of people the land is now made to bear.

Our American cities in the nineteenth century were planned for about fifty houses to the acre, say 250 people. In order to accommodate the office-dwellers in the Chicago loop for example, if a minimum of twenty stories were the restriction, the streets would have to be 241 feet wide, according to the calculations of Mr. Raymond Unwin in a recent number of the *Journal of the American Institute of Architects*. I may seem to be dwelling on technicalities; but in truth I am only explaining why, with our present methods of city-development, the inhabitants of our great cities must travel in crowded trains, work in offices under artificial light, and ultimately bear the burden for the vast increase of rents in the Central District. The sort of zoning our realty interests will stand for is a nostrum. The minimum becomes a maximum; and towns now tend to fill up the air, as before they spread out all over the country and filled up the ground. With his particular array of precedents and defects in mind, Professor Adshead's book is a valuable antidote. As Professor of Town Planning in London University, he sees "cities as histories in stone." For him, the character and quality of the human hive is as much a fact in natural history as the homes of the mud-wasps or the ants are for the student of entomology: the chapter on the Sociological Basis of Town Planning, and that on the relation between towns touches aspects of the subject which are scarcely recognized in American books of the same order, like that edited by Mr. John Nolen on *City Planning*. Professor Adshead discusses zoning from the English point of view, with due caution, and with that difference of temper which corresponds to a belief in organic constitutions, based upon cumulative changes, as against paper constitutions cast and amended in block; and this very difference is a useful corrective to our own bias.

In his final chapters on the British Town Planning and Housing Acts, Professor Adshead puts a great deal of

material in a small compass; and he shows quite plainly how British town planning, through its achievements in Letchworth, in the war villages, and in the municipally developed suburbs of London and Liverpool, has passed beyond our American movement, which is still too much immersed in problems of transportation and zoning to deal more comprehensively and humanely with city development.

If none of Professor Adshead's material is uniquely new, it at any rate represents fresh observation and experience; and I trust it will not get into the hands of the experts alone, for a city, like a language, is the product of a whole people. Yesterday our American city expressed the haste and dead-sureness of the pioneer; today it expresses the morbid, relentless inertia of the machine-process; but tomorrow it may express something different.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Harry

Harry, by Neith Boyce. New York: Thomas Seltzer. \$2.00.

A CHILD study: the direct, unaffected account of a boy's adolescence by his mother. His mother, the author, is a modern woman who possesses a powerful maternal instinct. Despite this biological fact she is equally conscious of the freedom and tolerance which other lives demand.

The boy's story is the particular case of an American boy whose receptive nature is afflicted by all the mass-idealisms which are current upon our great continent. Although the child ostensibly of gifted and intellectual parents of the leisure class, he is stirred by all the buncombe and hokus-pokus which have been afloat here since Jesse James and Barnum and Buffalo Bill, so that Harry does not want to become poet or a philologist, but a cowboy! Time and again, he breaks down his schooling to "go West," to open plains and skies, and the roving hordes of cattle.

There his end comes in such a sharp and unlovely anticlimax as life constantly offers the importunate. It is all told very simply, the mother sentiments are straightforward and delivered without artifice. For the large public to which the book appeals it is a singular and yet an immediate document, this of the liberal mother and father who could not prevail against the larger American environment.

In recent years the potency of Barnum and Buffalo Bill fables have waned somewhat, probably in ratio to the increasing pressure of a hardening capitalist society. Yet there are signs and legends on all the walls and in all the subways which induce our children to become "national salesmen," movie directors, "aggressive," "clean-cut." There is, in short, a mass religion or mythology, continually at work upon the youth of the nation, which is one of the most indigenous and colorful, as well as the most baffling, aspects of American life.

J. V.

A Tramp's Opera

True Travelers—a Tramp's Opera, by W. D. Davies.
New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.00.

HERE is the answer to those who demand amusement first, last and only, from the theatre. To drive dull care away is *True Travelers'* triumphant excuse for being. Situation, dialogue and winsome lyrics are "peart an' sassy" and pungently frivolous as an eighteenth century print. The Hogarthian tone in plot and characters creates a phantasmagoria of airy rascalities—but perish the fleeting suggestion that any imagery but Mr. Nicholson's should illustrate the Tramp's libretto! His decorations are the very ebullience of insect spirits—of which the ecstatic cicada fluting to the sun is the high chorister,—his penetrating trill, cheery, effortless and utterly irresponsible, the persistent mood of the entire divertissement. Let not the grudging ants of criticism dismiss his lay as jazz, however! It has within it phrases, stanzas, lyrics, as delicate as the tracery of the cicada's wings, with the iridescence of true poesy upon them,—satire too, as whimsically impertinent as Whistler's butterfly.

Our suggestion for the orchestration is flutes and clarinets, horns and bassoons, bells, triangles, cymbals and drums, with fiddles—not violins!—for the lyrics, and the music should jingle and boom like a little, old-fashioned carousel, upon which Mr. Davies whirls us away from the clamor of present-day Conflicts, Crises and Crusades for a melodious merry-go-round.

D. B. W.

Contributors

WILLIAM E. DODD has been a professor of American history at the University of Chicago since 1908. He is the author of a number of volumes on historical subjects, among them Jefferson's *Rückkehr zur Politik*.

FRANK ERNEST HILL, a Californian, is a graduate of Stanford University, and one of the editors of *The Measure*.

CHESTER ROWELL is a former editor and publisher of the *Fresno Republican*. He was a delegate to the Republican National Convention and the Progressive National Convention of 1912 and is at present a member of the California Railroad Commission.

HAZEL HALL, whose recent death the *New Republic* regretfully announces, was a frequent and gifted contributor of poetry to current periodicals.

JOHN W. OWENS, a writer on political topics, is on the staff of the *Baltimore Sun*.

G. VON SCHULZE-GAEVERNITZ is a professor of law and political economy at the University of Freiburg in Baden, Germany.

CHESTER T. CROWELL, a newspaper man for a number of years and formerly an editorial writer for the *New York Evening Post*, is a contributor of stories and articles to current publications.

LOLA RIDGE is the author of several books of poetry, which include "The Ghetto, and Other Poems," and "Sun Up."

JOHN DEWEY, philosopher, educator and writer, is the author of *Studies in Logical Theory*, *School and Society*, and *Democracy and Politics*. His most recent book is *Human Nature and Conduct*, An Introduction to Social Psychology.

LEWIS MUMFORD is the author of *The Story of Utopias*. His most recent book, *Sticks and Stones: An Interpretation of American Architecture and Civilization*, will be brought out this fall by Boni and Liveright.



\$1 Books!

NO advertisement ever published by THE NEW REPUBLIC evoked such an extraordinary response as the announcement made two weeks ago of our experiment in publishing books to sell for one dollar. While the fact of Mr. Croly's introduction to the first volume so to be brought out, printed in the same issue, and Mr. Lindeman's authorship deserve to account for much of the interest shown, there is easily discernible a pronounced enthusiasm for the idea. Most people have wondered why some American publisher did not attempt editing new and worth while books in the continental fashion. There are, we assure you, substantial difficulties. But with the cooperation of the book reading and the book buying public, the beginnings of which have already been manifested, we have hopes of being successful in publishing well made and interesting books at a price that will make the owning of them not quite the luxury it is now.

SOCIAL DISCOVERY

Edward C. Lindeman
with an introduction
by Herbert Croly

is a book of more than 350 pages equal in manufacturing excellence to the best standards of American book making, but bound in paper covers. It is a highly important and original contribution to the social sciences. Mr. Lindeman's attempt to clear away the débris of astrology and mythology that encumbers the mind of educated human beings in thinking about their own behaviour is an exciting and instructive performance.

REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.
421 West 21st Street, New York City.

For the enclosed \$1.00 send me postpaid one copy of Lindeman's *Social Discovery*.

Name

Address

in full