The New Books

Helping Germany Pay

HE End of Reparations," by Hjalmar Schacht. Translated by Lewis Gannett. (Cape & Smith, \$3. Published July 13.) The appearance of this book by the stormy petrel of German reparations at this juncture in the world's diplomatic and financial history is one of

and financial history is one of those lucky breaks for which all good publishers pray. Dr. Schacht, former head of the Reichsbank, chief of the German delegation whch helped draw up the Young Plan, leader of a significant body of political opinion in Germany, here presents the case for ending the present régime of reparation payments. His book is both an economic and political event, for all that it will be overshadowed by the high diplomacy of the Hoover war debt proposals and by the bread-and-circuses of transatlantic flights.

Dr. Schacht is an economic nationalist in German politics. That is to say, he thinks of the German nation as the base for a certain volume of economic output. He reverts to the theory which he broached at the Young Plan negotiations: if the world expects

Germany to pay reparations, the world must make it possible for Germany to pay the sums which are demanded. To make it possible, the world must either reduce the sums to the possibilities of the present German economy, or must make financial and political arrangements for



HJALMAR SCHACHT

Most Discussed Books

Fiction

The Good Earth, by Pearl S. Buck: John Day. A simple and dignified story of a Chinese family and their devotion to the land. Reviewed March 18. Father, by Elizabeth: Doubleday, Doran. The daughter of a novelist escapes for adventures of her own. Gay and charming. Reviewed June 10. The Sixth Journey, by Alice Grant Rosman: Minton, Balch. Grown-up love and a waif who finds a home at last in a charming romance with an English setting. Reviewed July 1.

Years of Grace, by Margaret Ayer Barnes: Houghton Mifflin. A detached and clear picture of fifty years with their changing influences. Pulitzer prize novel. Reviewed July 2, 1930.

Ships of Youth, by Maud Diver: Houghton Mifflin. A story of Anglo-Indian life in which characters whom Miss Diver has previously introduced attempt to "live happily ever after." Reviewed June 24.

Non-Fiction

Death and Taxes, by Dorothy Parker: Viking. Reviewed June 24.

The American Black Chamber, by Herbert O. Yardley: Bobbs Merrill. Memoirs colored with sensational disclosures of the Cryptographic Bureau established by the author during the War. Reviewed in this issue.

More Boners, by Dr. Seuss and A. Abingdon: Viking. A weaker sequel to Boners, with more of the same.

My Experiences in the World War, by John J. Pershing: Stokes. At the front and behind the lines from the point of view of the American commander. Reviewed May 6.

Red Bread, by Maurice Hindus: Cape & Smith. Another excellent book on contemporary Russia by the author of Humanity Uprooted. Reviewed May 13.

expanding that economy. Either America and the Allies must finance German exports, in competition with their own trade, or must give back to Germany her economic losses in the war: Her colonies, her Polish Corridor, her foreign investments, the private German property which was unblushingly seized in so many belligerent countries. As Dr. Schacht sees it, the Allied dilemma is to restore either German credit or the German Empire.

In the first case, he sees reparations as the obstacle to German credit:

Why should a foreign banker or capitalist have confidence in a country which is burdened with a reparations obligation of two billion marks annually, and has not for twelve years been able to pay a single *pfennig* of this out of its own economic earnings? So long as the reparations obligation persists, and so long as the world is not convinced that ways and means have been assured by which Germany can pay off these reparations out of her own normal economic activity, Germany will have no more credit.

He suggests an international capitalistic program for developing the backward regions of the earth, in which Germany shall be enabled to play a part large enough to finance the Young Plan payments. The other alternative the restoration of the German colonial

empire, and the return of Silesia and the Polish Corridor to the Reich, in order to supply the Germans with a broader economic base for reparations, he does not seriously examine. As becomes a good politician, he does not dismiss it, but it is obvious that such a solution is not likely to prove acceptable to the European powers nor to the British Empire.

A third course, therefore, remains: To end reparations. If the world will not enable Germany to pay, either by financial or political facilities, the "end of reparations" emerges as practical politics. An interesting thesis and one which falls upon the world with all the devastating momentum of a bucket of whitewash dropped from the Empire State Building.

There is not space for an analysis of Dr. Schacht's polemic with the German government, which he claims sabotaged the Young Plan and torpedoed the German experts, nor for his interesting analysis of the Young Plan

negotiations and of German economics and currency during the entire reparations period. For it should be emphasized that this is a political manifesto as well as an economic argument. Its effect should be, not only to influence world thought on the reparations problem, but to add to its author's "availability" in German domestic politics, This is unfortunate, for the attribution of political ambition to Dr. Schacht has before this shaken foreign confidence in the objectivity of some of his closely reasoned economic arguments. In this instance, however, it should not be permitted to prevent a dispassionate study of his major thesis: If Germany is to pay, the world must make her payments financially and politically possible.

JOHN CARTER.

What They Believe

I IVING PHILOSOPHIES": a symposium (Simon and Schuster, \$2.50). There are people, and many of them, who are able to accept a creed or philosophy of life which some one else has formulated, to take their beliefs, word for word, from the lips or pens of other men. But there are others who can believe only what they have figured out for themselves, from experience, study, observation and reflection. They are usually stimulated to fresh reflection by the intelligent opinions of others, and they will find much to interest and stimulate them in Living Philosophies. The first group, the acceptors of formal creeds, will not find the book so interesting, for of the men and women who discuss their beliefs in the pages of Living Philosophies only two seem to offer a fixed creed to possible disciples. The symposium is described by its publishers as "a series of intimate credos on first and last things by twenty-two of the world's greatest thinkers." The twentytwo are: Einstein, Bertrand Russell, John Dewey, Robert Millikan, H. G. Wells, Fridtjof Nansen, Sir James Jeans, Irving Babbitt, Sir Arthur Keith, J. B. S. Haldane, Irwin Edman, Beatrice Webb, Hu Shih, the Chinese philosopher, Dreiser and Julia Peterkin, novelists, James T. Adams, the historian, Hilaire Belloc and Dean Inge, and the critics, Lewis Mumford, H. L. Mencken, George Jean Nathan and Joseph Wood Krutch. Judging from their contributions to the symposium, not all these contributors can qualify as great thinkers. A number of them are more prolix than profound; and the murky and undisciplined literary style of some others gives pause to one's faith in the clarity and order of their thoughts. I found their fundamental sameness the most striking thing about the credos. With the exception of Belloc, who expresses what I take to be the enlightened Roman Catholic viewpoint, and Dean Inge, who may be taken to represent liberal Protestant thought, the beliefs of all these men and women seem to boil down to a few fundamentals. After telling us at length what he does not believe (that being always definite and easy to do), and giving a good many more or less extraneous opinions on social, economic and educational problems, each man seems to express a faith that life is built upon a plan, an order of which we can understand little or nothing, that men die but Man lives, that men are under obligation to make the best of themselves and their world for the sake of Man, and that those men are best and happiest who live in love and charity with their neighbors-not a very complicated creed, surely. I think that all these men and women contributors agree that the unforgivable sin is ignorance, with the intolerance and cruelty which it implies, that the re-

deeming graces are love and truth. You will find every article interesting, although not all are of equal value. On the whole, the scientists come off better than the critics and creative writers. H. G. Wells, who says that his credo is "stoicism seen in the light of modern biological science" is exceptionally clear. Irving Babbitt, discussing the fallacies of Rousseauism, explains the Humanist creed. Sir Arthur Keith and Irwin Edman discuss the effect of our new knowledge of the universe upon our beliefs in a way which will find responses from the many people who have been unable to find any sustaining substitute for their lost not-a-sparrowfalleth faith. The symposium, however, is made more than merely stimulating and provocative of thought by the truly remarkable contribution to it made by Albert Einstein. In this short, meaty and unaffected document, the great scientist shows himself to be a great man. It is not striking because of the originality of Professor Einstein's beliefs. They are not original. I venture to say that ninety-nine out of every hundred really thoughtful men in the world share them, today. Einstein's contribution is striking because of its sublime honesty and clarity. "From the standpoint of daily life," he writes, "there is one thing we know: That man is here for the sake of other men I do not believe we have any freedom in the philosophic sense, for we act not only under external compulsion but also by inner necessity To know that what is impenetrable to us really exists, manifesting itself as the highest wisdom and the most radiant beauty which our dull faculties can comprehend only in their most primitive forms—this knowledge, this feeling, is at the center of true religiousness. In this sense I belong to the ranks of devoutly religious men It is enough for me to contemplate the mystery of conscious life perpetuating itself through all eternity, to reflect upon the marvellous structure of the universe which we can dimly perceive, and to try humbly to comprehend even an infinitesimal part of the intelligence manifested in nature."

Living Philosophies is the July choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

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The Week's Reading

"CINCE Calvary," by Lewis Browne Macmillan, \$3.50). Lewis Browne, well known as the author of This Believing World, gave himself a stiff assignment when he undertook this new volume. Since Calvary is nothing less than a history of the Christian religion from the death of Jesus right up to the clash of Mussolini and the Vatican. Considering the well-nigh endless material available, he has done amazingly well in selecting the important facts. He has thrown in enough others that are merely interesting to hold the attention of the average reader. Admittedly this book is but one way of looking at Christian his-

It is, as the sub-title clearly states, an interpretation. It is not an interpretation that will be acceptable to the Roman Catholic, for he goes into much detail concerning the lives of some of the Popes and other high ecclesiastics. Nor is it an interpretation that will be acceptable to most Protestants, for it assumes from beginning to end that there is no supernatural element in Christianity. But it is an interpretation which will be quite acceptable to the rationalist, who sees in the extraordinary rise of the Christian faith simply a fortunate combination of circumstances which permitted this faith in Jesus to rise and spread. Such is the viewpoint of the book, but the author seems at times to feel that this theory is not quite enough to account for the facts, for he says: "How from such beginnings a movement could grow till it dominated half the world is perhaps inexplicable on rational grounds. No matter how painstakingly one may search the sources, and how ingeniously one may interpret the findings, in the end one must confess that the circumstances surrounding the triumph of Christianity were so complex and involved and subtly concatenated as to defy complete analysis."

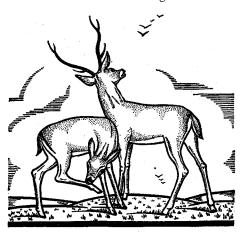
But within the limits and confines of this basic assumption Browne tells about all that can be told. He tells it exceedingly well. He has a positive genius for expressive phrases and brilliant summations. Speaking, for instance, of the contribution of the apostle Paul to the rising faith, he says: "The seed of paganism entered into the womb of Israel, giving rise to a new faith; and Paul's contribution was that of severing the umbilical cord. Had he not been present at that hour the child might possibly have perished But Paul was there and as a consequence Christianity lived." Browne does not do justice to the place of the resurrection in the faith of those first Christian disciples. It was this belief that Jesus

was still alive and would come again which roused them from their despair and gave them the courage to battle against the might of Rome and the jeers of the people. Without this belief in the resurrection the memory of Jesus would not have survived the century of his death. Moreover, there is a bit more to be said for it as an objective fact than the author would suggest. And the same may be said for his treatment of Pentecost.

But Browne is entirely right in emphasizing the appeal which Christianity made to the poor and the downtrodden, to the slaves and the oppressed. He is right, too, in suggesting in his final chapter that Protestantism cannot be a great force in this day unless it is willing to be true to the good news proclaimed by Jesus when he said that he brought that news to the poor. This means in this generation that the Church, both Catholic and Protestant-yes, and the Jewish synagogue-must condemn the iniquity inherent in our entire acquisitive economic system if organized religion is to survive. Since Calvary is a highly creditable piece of writing. It is in effect an outline of the history of Christianity. The scholarship displayed is of a high order. It is not the whole truth about the subject, but it is an excellent presentation of one viewpoint, a viewpoint which this reviewer does not share but which he quite admits is becoming increasingly common. Incidentally the book itself is a first-rate sample of the bookmaker's art. The printing is easy to read and the illustrations drawn by the author and his wife are of a high order.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

LITERARY Criticism in America," by George E. DeMille (Dial Press, \$3.50). The audience for a history of American literary criticism is naturally limited, but more general readers would enjoy this book than are likely to get hold of it. The author begins with an



From "The Merry Ballads of Robin Hood" by Laurabelle Dietrick (Macmillan)

account of the North American Review, the first literary journal published in America, modeled as closely as possible after the Edinburgh Review, and devoted to the worthy cause of a national literature. The quotations from the reviews printed in its pages-a hundred years ago-are highly entertaining. Further chapters are given to Lowell, Poe, Emerson and Margaret Fuller, Stedman, Henry James, Howells, Huneker and Sherman. Each chapter is followed by a useful bibliography. This reviewer was especially interested in what Mr. DeMille has to say, in his chapter on Huneker, about the effect upon the critic of a Catholic as opposed to a Protestant religious heritage. The whole chapter on Huneker, a critic who has always seemed to this reviewer almost too witty to be profound, is illuminating. Any one seriously interested in American literature will find this book well worth reading.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

(Harper and Brothers, \$2.50). Mr. Mottram belongs, spiritually at least, to those people for whom the vanished day is the rosiest. In Castle Island he tells the story of a boy who grew up in an English town in the waning years of Victorian prosperity. Stephen Dormer, son of the manager of the town's bank, was about thirteen when he went up in a balloon with his father to celebrate the Queen's Diamond Jubilee.

Until then, life had consisted of listening to Father read the newspapers, obeying Mother's serene injunctions, judiciously avoiding too much study at school, eating as often as possible, and prowling across the family's roof to survey his beloved landmarks. Stephen, until the Queen's Jubilee, was wedded to security. Then, surprisingly, hatefully, everything changed. Victoria died; Father was permanently injured in a fire; money and servants disappeared. Taken from his school orbit, he was sped to Europe for a year's befuddled learning, then thrust into clerkship at the bank which was no longer his father's, but, ignominiously, part of a

The rest of Stephen's life, somehow become resentfully unimportant even to the author, is spent in a confused effort to adapt to a new England. The book, juicy and harmonious at its start, changes tenor mid-way. It loses the vitality accumulated in its earlier stages and grows, almost with the turning of the century, plaintive, querulous, and, as it were, disappointed.

VIRGILIA PETERSON Ross.