

Edward Carpenter is a sealed book to us, save for hearsay. Not so James Benard Cabell. We have read about everything he ever wrote. And that goes for Lewis Carroll and G. K. Chesterton, though not for Chekhov. It goes for Stephen Crane too. But Contemporary Science rebukes us with a perfect blank. Say 60%!

Not d'Annunzio nor Daudet, but John Davidson,—yes! He was one of the admirations of our youth. Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment" we regard as one of the greatest books in the world, but do not know his "Poor People," which is listed here. Norman Douglas's "South Wind" we have yet to read, though we have sampled his admirable writing in "They Went." Dowson, Dreiser, Dunsany we may claim to know pretty well. Not Dumas, *filis*! Havelock Ellis we know only by hearsay, Fabre we have dipped into, Marjorie Fleming we early conned, but Flaubert and Anatole France we know not well. 40%!

We have read a little of Gautier's poetry (in translation), of Frenssen nothing, of W. L. George nothing, of W. S. Gilbert a deal, we have read Gissing's "Papers of Henry Ryecroft." The De Goncourts? Yes, we read "Renée Mauperin," and it has left little impression. Gorky we are not familiar with, but we are with the novels of Thomas Hardy. We have never read Ben Hecht's "Eric Dorn." 40%!

Hudson's "Green Mansions" is a strange and familiar wonder to us. Ibsen we know pretty well, Henry James hardly at all. Kipling,—no need to ask us that. We have read everything of Kipling's. But Andreas Latzko we know only through what others have said. D. H. Lawrence's "Sons and Lovers" we think one of the greatest novels of our time. Pierre Loti and John Macy may go by. Maeterlinck we read a lot of in the dim past, and Maupassant, and Meredith; but with Molière we have no familiarity. 55%!

Arthur Morrison means something to us. George Moore does not, though all around us voices have been raised shouting for him. But, by Golly, we mean to tackle his "Héloïse and Abelard" in two volumes, of which we have just got a set. Nietzsche has never affected our prosaic life. We have read part of Ouida's "A Winter City," because the good Carl Van Vechten sent it to us. On Psychoanalysis we are not sufficiently informed to speak, but the plays of Eugene O'Neill have always roused our enthusiasm. About 33½%!

Here are Thomas Paine and Walter Pater. Walter's "Renaissance" we know in part. We have never read Paine. We *have* read some of Pepys, of Poe almost everything, Prévost's "Manon Lescaut" (a superb book!), of Schnitzler and Schopenhauer nothing, of Shaw, naturally, a whole lot. 45%!

We have not perused May Sinclair's "The Belfry," which, we heard, had bats in it,—though her other work we have greatly enjoyed, in the main. Strindberg's plays we scarcely know. But we read Sudermann's "Song of Songs" and were impressed by its power. Swinburne and Francis Thompson are, of course, two of our prime enthusiasms. Tolstoy means nothing to us, though his "War and Peace" still stares us rebukingly in the face, and we must read it. Of Turgeniev we have read "Smoke." Van Loon we know as a remarkable modern entertainer. Villon we appreciate, Voltaire less. H. G. Wells and Walt Whitman and Oscar Wilde we can claim to know pretty well. And during the war we read many of President Wilson's addresses and public papers, though we have not gone into the Woman Question with Ellen Key, et. al. The best thing we ever read on that subject was Rebecca West's article on Ellen Key in *The New Republic*. Yeats is, of course, one of our idols. 70%!

Thus we make an end. We are certainly not very proud of our average. It comes to about 48%! So here are the books we have resolved to read in the New Year, to better that average a little: Some Balzac, some more Dostoevsky, "The Way of All Flesh," "Sapho," "Camille," "Madame Bovary," "The Crime of Silvestre Bonnard," "Thais," "Mlle. De Maupin," "A Bed of Roses," "Daisy Miller," "Beyond Good and Evil," "Marius the Epicurean," "The Ego and His Own," "Studies in Pessimism," "Dame Care," "Candide," "Dorian Gray."

That looks to us, as we glance back at it, like a pretty wicked program. But our education seems to have been neglected. We have evidently never become sophisticated. *Now*—just watch our smoke! No, we can't help it if Daisy Miller does look uncomfortable in that gathering. It isn't *our* fault. She's in the Modern Library.

—W. R. B.

The New Books

Books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND OTHER FAMOUS AMERICANS. By MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS. Knopf. 1925. \$3.

Carl Van Vechten explains in his introduction to this book of brilliant modern caricatures how Sherrill Schell first introduced him to the little Mexican wonder. The astonishing grotesques of this artist, which are often, nevertheless, such astonishing likenesses, are well-known by now to the artistic world of Manhattan. Mr. Covarrubias, as Mr. Van Vechten says, is possessed of a certain clairvoyance, and his pen sometimes seems dipped in acid. His sense of significant contours is amazing, unerringly he knows just what to overemphasize. His economy of means is likewise remarkable. These are in no sense kindly portraits, but they are filled with gargantuan humor. He has hit off our alien nobs of the arts with many howling successes. The presentments of Alec Woollcott and of Fred Stone are alone worth the price of admission. The few portraits in full color, of "Wales," of Coolidge, of Van Vechten, and Broun are simply gorgeous.

Belles Lettres

PETER PANTHEISM. By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER. Macmillan. 1925. \$2.

One is tempted to say that in "Peter Pantheism" the author is schaufler than ever; for this collection contains that intriguing essay, "Unborn Words," and converts one anew to the creation of polysyllables to fill in the gaps between thought and vocabulary. It is needless to add that, as a verb, "schaufler" means to write easily, charmingly, and amusingly on any and every subject under the sun. The propaganda for the adoption of foreign and portmanteau words is as convincing as when the essay first appeared, calling forth any number of acclaiming letters, in the *Century Magazine*. No plea could be too strong for the incorporation into English of the Arabic phrase, "aiouna belskoot" (aid me by your silence). "Chutzpah," too, is endeared to one after the story. "If," says a Jew to a Gentile friend, "you should go home, shoot your mother, murder your father, and then come into the court and plead for clemency on the ground that you were an orphan,—that would be Chutzpah." And even the most bitter Chauvinist must admit some virtue in a people who can say, "nous fiffo" clockerons a quatre heurs et demi.

Judging from the loving mention made in several late biographies to school readers of twenty or thirty years ago, those particular texts have had a decided influence on the citizens of this republic. Mr. Schaufler in "The Most Important Book in the World" makes his bow to "Appleton's reinforced by Sheldon's Fifth." Here we meet The Boy who would not be a Silent Liar and his fit companion Faithful Fido the goody-goody dog; here too is Little Charley with the dew-drop in his hair and on his breast a rose-bud gathered early, and other equally commendable characters. What shudders they must endure at being placed cheek by jowl with the eight word verse which somehow finds itself in the same essay:

How odd
Of God
To choose
The Jews.

The other essays in the volume will be no disappointment to admirers of "Skum o' the Earth," "Fiddler's Luck," and "The Musical Amateur." Under the surface joviality runs a criticism of life and letters which he who runs may—or may not—read.

BROADWAY TRANSLATIONS. THE HISTORY OF THE DAMNABLE LIFE AND DESERVED DEATH OF DOCTOR JOHN FAUSTUS, TOGETHER WITH THE SECOND REPORT OF FAUSTUS. Both modernized and edited by William Rose Dutton. 1925. \$3. H. NOVELLINO. THE HUNDRED OLD TALES. Translated from the Italian by Edward Storer. The same.

In revisiting the old English Faust Book of 1592 (itself a slightly amended reprint of an earlier lost edition) and the supplementary pamphlet of 1594, Dr. Rose has wisely refrained from modernizing more than the spelling and punctuation, allowing the quaintly awkward Elizabethan style to remain unchanged. Hence we have the work before us practically as Marlowe read it, when, responding to its vogue as a best seller, he utilized it as the basis for his

greatest play. In his valuable introduction, Dr. Rose traces the amazing growth of the Faust myth within fifty years from the first contemporary references to an actual mountebank and charlatan, named George, not John, Faustus, to the full-fledged story of the great magician leagued with the powers of Hell. Dr. Rose judiciously supports the traditional view which traces many features of the tale to Lutheran influence as against the recent ingenious but unconvincing arguments of Eugen Wolff that its author was a Catholic.

"The Hundred Old Tales," anonymously collected at about the end of the thirteenth century and in circulation by word of mouth for no one knows how long before, may still be read with profit in the twentieth century. Their simplicity rebukes our verbiage. Thus the Lady of Shalott is here no rhyme-drenched wax figure from the Tennyson *musée*, but one who writes in words almost worthy of Dante: "To all the Knights of the Round Table this lady of Shalott sends greetings as to the gentlest folk in the world. And if you would know why I have come to this end, it is for the finest knight in the world and the most villainous, that is my Lord Sir Lancelot of the Lake, whom I did not know how to beg that he should have pity on me. So I died for loving well as you can see." The gruesome story by Petronius of the wife who gives her dead husband to be hanged by her living lover loses nothing of its power in the mediæval re-telling, while, in lighter vein, the famous tale of the pear-tree, with its charming dialogue between God and St. Peter, remains quite unsurpassed by any *conte drolatique* of later date. The translation has well preserved the directness, sincerity, and naiveté of the unknown thirteenth century writer or writers.

A CHRISTMAS MIRACLE AND GOD BLESS THIS HOUSE. By ANNA HEMPTSTEAD BRANCH. (Poet's Guild Series) Adelphi Company. 1925.

These are two ceremonies for Christmas eve, prepared by one of the most distinguished American poets, and dedicated to C. I. MacColl, Head Worker of Christodora House, in which settlement Miss Branch is vitally interested. The ceremonies are taken from the Feast Day Series presented in Magic Casements, the little Poets' Playhouse at Christodora House.

The little ceremonies are preceded by a poem by Robert Herrick, with Thomas Hardy's beautiful, simple poem "The Oxen" as a colophon. Before "God Bless Our House: A Ceremony of the Christian Candle" three old Christian hymns are prefixed, "God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen," "The First Nowell," and "We Three Kings From Orient Are."

The Candle Ceremony is written with much simple, devotional beauty and the little Christmas Miracle Play is altogether charming. The small book has a beautiful gold jacket, and makes a quaint and distinctive Christmas remembrance.

THE BRIGHT ISLANDS. By PADRAIC COLUM. Yale University Press. 1925. \$2.50.

This is the second volume of Hawaiian folk-lore gathered and retold by Padraic Colum for the Yale University Press. The first was called "At the Gateway of the Day" and dealt exclusively with mythological subjects of the Hawaiian people. In the present volume, Mr. Colum has extended his researches to include New Zealand and the Islands of the South Pacific, and has drawn from historical sources as well as mythological. Mr. Colum has rewritten the tales in his simple, flowing, fairy-story style that will make it a delight to children who have finished Grimm and Andersen and are looking for new worlds to conquer. From the ethnological standpoint "The Bright Islands" is of less value than "At the Gateway of the Day," as Mr. Colum has here reworked much material that had already reached print.

Biography

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF JOHN MYTTON, ESQ. OF HALSTON, SHROPSHIRE. By "NIMROD," with colored plates after the original illustrations by H. ALKEN and T. J. RAWLINS. Longmans, Green. 1925. \$7.50.

The "Life of John Mytton" might have aptly been entitled "An Apology for the Life of John Mytton." "Nimrod" (Charles J. Apperley) who wrote this remarkable book may be freely conceded the very first place among sporting writers and in the

(Continued on next page)

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The New Books Biography

(Continued from preceding page)

"Life of Mytton" he did his best, as a gentleman and a sportsman, to excuse the eccentricities, to call them by the mildest possible term, of his friend and fellow sportsman, John Mytton. For Mytton, in spite of his pedigree of five centuries and the fact that, as "Nimrod" states in his opening paragraph, he was undoubtedly "thorough-bred," was also, undoubtedly a blackguard. A marvel of physical endurance, he was also a cruel practical joker, brutal alike to his cattle and to the two unfortunate women who were, in succession, his wives. The deeds recorded in this book were deeds involving great courage and endurance, but they were not deeds of useful heroism. On the contrary John Mytton was a waster, for he not only dissipated his material possessions and died in a debtors' prison, but he sinned the more deeply by abusing the mind and body which should have placed him high among the councils of men.

Yet the "Life of John Mytton" is a great book, appealing especially to the sportsman but not without interest for the general reader. The early editions of this book are greatly prized by collectors for the beautiful colored plates which they contain by that greatest of sporting artists, Henry Alken and T. J. Rawlins. The reproductions of these plates in the present edition are more than satisfactory and the volume as a whole is well adapted to the perpetuation of the fame of "Neck or Nothing" John Mytton.

A LIFETIME WITH MARK TWAIN. The Memories of Katy Leary, for thirty years his faithful and devoted servant. Written by MARY LAWTON. Harcourt, Brace. 1925. \$3.50.

In this volume Mary Lawton after a luscious foreword retires from the scene save to act as scribe for Katy Leary, whose reminiscences are given in her own illiterate style. Katy seems to have been a kind of Johannes Factotum in the Clemens household, combining the functions of upper servant, seamstress, nurse, and *vale de chambre*. We get from her what we might expect—much information about Mark Twain's habits and clothes, and not a great deal else. That he was inordinately fond of cigars, billiards, and cats; that he tried the patience of his wife by incessant swearing; that he ordered matchboxes by the hundred instead of the dozen; that if he disliked a shirt he would throw it out of the window, thus obliging Katy to descend surreptitiously and rescue it; of these and similar trifles—many of them already sufficiently well-known, the book is made up. Nevertheless what may be called the Katy Leary side of Mark Twain does stand out clearly. He apparently always regarded the Gorki episode—the one black stain on his reputation—in the same way that Katy does, as merely an unfortunate incident for Gorki. His pride in personal relations with royalty, while utterly devoid of respect for the theory of royalty, which is the only thing about it that deserves respect, is an attitude that Katy would probably have shared in the same circumstances. More pleasantly, the qualities of native kindness and unselfishness characterized both master and servant. Malice simply did not exist in either. The

contrast is striking between this volume and similar recent accounts, particularly that of Brousson, of the private life of Anatole France. The American servant is as much superior ethically as she is inferior mentally to the French secretary; the American satirist lived on a much higher plane and thought on a much lower plane than did the great Frenchman.

A GYPSY OF THE HORN. By REX CLEMENTS. Houghton Mifflin. 1925.

The lover of sailing ships, the dreamer of long voyages about an unspoiled world, may cruise with Rex Clements on the good bark *Arethusa* with a sense of complete enjoyment. Captain Clements, we judge he is now a master mariner, in steam, has set down the things a sailor once made note of on his voyages. The record is of historic importance because all that now remains to us of a great period of voyaging is such narratives as this. He goes into great and valuable detail, and his are pages filled with sea lore, all but forgotten by most men who now steam over the world.

It may be valuable to the readers of the *Saturday Review* to here set down a list of the books of sailing ship voyages, fact and fiction, which seem destined to be the sole records remaining with us of a time when the beauty of the sea was matched by the grace and beauty of the creations men fashioned for their voyages.

Moby Dick, Melville.
The Nigger of The Narcissus, Conrad.
Two Years Before the Mast, Dana.
The Cruise of the Cachet, Bullen.
The Brassbounder, Bone.
The Passage of The Bark Sappho, Patterson.
Around Cape Horne, Lubbock.
Under Sail, Riesenberger.

And to this list we must add, A Gypsy of The Horn.

Another sea narrative for which we have been waiting is David Bone's "The Queer Fellow," a book destined to take its place in the Valhalla of sail.

THOMAS CARTWRIGHT. By A. F. Scott Pearson. Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).
SIR CHARLES NAPIER. By T. Rice Holmes. Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).
THEM WAS THE DAYS. By Owen P. White. Minton, Balch. \$3.
TOM MOORE'S DIARY. Edited by J. B. Priestley. Macmillan. \$2.50.
WASHINGTON. By Lucy Foster Madison. Penn. \$3.50.
THE NEW PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By Sydney T. Skidmore. Dorrance. \$2.
CARDINAL NEWMAN. By Bertram Newman. Century. \$2.
THE DAYS I KNEW. By Lillie Langtry. Doran. \$5 net.
FAMOUS FILM FOLK. By Charles Donald Fox. Doran. \$2 net.
THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WILLIAM REED HUNTINGTON. Century. \$5.
THE MASTER LIFE. By Livingstone. Doran. \$2.50 net.
BEAU BRUMMEL. By Lewis Melville. Doran. \$7.50 net.

Drama

THE SCHOOL THEATRE. By ROY MITCHELL. Brentano's. 1925. \$1.75.

This small volume should prove a practical assistant to directors of school and amateur dramatic groups throughout the country. With simple clarity the theory and practice of play production is outlined, accompanied by excellent diagrams and sketches of stage sets, completed, and in the process of construction. There are also detailed notes on costume, make-up, lighting and the choice of plays. A list of the more familiar,actable plays for Little Theatre Groups is also included, as well as the names and addresses of many play publishers and firms where theatrical supplies may be purchased.

THE ROMANCE OF THE AMERICAN THEATRE. By MARY CAROLINE CRAWFORD. Little, Brown. 1925. \$4.

For all those readers who have had no previous acquaintance with the history of the stage in America, from the early Colonial days to the present time, this will prove an entertaining and more or less instructive book. But all the facts in it, and a good many more, have been published repeatedly in the innumerable volumes which have been published from time to time, on the plays and personalities of the theatre. Of most, if not all of them, Mary Caroline Crawford appears to have been an ardent, if not always a discerning student, and here we have the result of her gleanings, which, by the way have not been confined exclusively to the American field. She writes vivaciously, and, on the whole, with accuracy, though not always with the finest sense of proportion, and as she has been careful to make the most of all available anecdote her pages offer plenty of light and fairly amazing reading for all to whom the matter is not too familiar. But it is only right to add that she covers her ground pretty

fully, and gives due credit to her authorities. There is not much, of present interest or value, connected with the origins and development of the American theatre, its dramatists, plays, and performers from the earliest beginnings down to the present time, which is left unnoticed in her excerpts. Of the really first rate actors of a bygone generation of whom she speaks she is not old enough to have had any personal experience. To the theatrical luminaries of the contemporary theatre she is at least sufficiently complimentary. She has availed herself industriously of the work of previous explorers, but to the sum of printed knowledge she has practically nothing to add of any consequence.

H. M. S. PINAFORE AND OTHER PLAYS. By W. S. GILBERT. New York: The Modern Library. 1925. 95 cents.

Gilbert has never had any successful imitators. There is only one Gilbert. Mr. Gilbert Gabriel presents the reasons for this in his introduction to this new title in the Modern Library. He knows his Gilbert. The plays reprinted here, with the original illustrations, are as delightful as ever. Here is a pocket-size Gilbert worth having.

THE VORTEX. By Noel Coward. Harpers. \$1.50.
ELIZABETHAN PLAYWRIGHTS. By Felix E. Schelling. Harpers. \$2.75.
MAIN CURRENTS OF MODERN FRENCH DRAMA. By Hugh A. Smith. Holt. \$3.

Economics

LABOR POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION. By CHARLES A. GULICK, JR. Longmans, Green. 1925.

Mr. Gulick covers his field with readable thoroughness and intelligence. The questions of hours, wages, non-union and welfare policies are comprehensively treated in separate chapters, and his introduction details the early history of the trust in the combining period. If the sociological implications of his subject are somewhat slighted, it is with the author's full recognition of the limitations he has set upon himself, and sources that apply to this important aspect of the subject are given to supplement his own passing references. Mr. Gulick's book can be recommended as an intelligent mean between the too often unscientific use of data in the Interchurch Report on the Steel Strike, and Judge Gary's official utterances. The fact that his findings more often lie nearer the former than the latter extreme is the measure of his condemnation of the Corporation's "paternalistic and autocratic" policy, judging it, as he does, from the standpoint of a believer in industrial democracy.

THE OIL INDUSTRY AND THE COMPETITIVE SYSTEM. By GEORGE WARD STOCKING. Houghton Mifflin Company. 1925.

A famous American sociologist, Franklin H. Giddings, once said that with respect to natural resources the American people had acted like a lot of wild asses in the wilderness. What they could not eat they trampled down. A confirmation of this indictment, in so far as it applies to our petroleum resources is found in this book by Mr. Stocking. Apparently, had we exercised our ingenuity to devise a scheme for the most wasteful possible method of tapping our rich subterranean stores of oil and gas we could hardly improve on the method of feverish competitive drilling which from the beginning has characterized American practice. Whatever advantages may be generally claimed for a competitive system of production, Mr. Stocking shows that in the crude-oil industry that system fails lamentably. This new book is a valuable addition to an already notable list of prize essays known as the Hart, Schaffner & Marx series.

WAGES AND THE FAMILY. By PAUL H. DOUGLAS. University of Chicago. 1925. \$3.

In this book Mr. Douglas elaborates and systematizes his argument for the family wage system of which he has made himself champion in this country.

The argument summarized is that if we are to pay a wage based upon needs, the existing "family of five" basis, generally depended upon, is practically useless. The family consisting of two adults and three dependent children is far from typical. In both England and America more than a quarter of the adult male workers are unmarried; and from a half to two-thirds of the married workers have less than three children. In paying a wage, then, based upon a family of five, we meet the needs exactly of about one-tenth of our family groups; also we provide for about

forty-seven million fictitious dependents; and we fail to provide for all those children who happen into families of more than three—about forty percent of all our children. The upshot of a wage, then, based upon a statistical family of five would be that forty percent of our children must live below a defensible standard while sixty percent of our families receive much more than a living wage.

It seems clear enough that we should exhibit something less than wisdom in social policy if we were to go on assuming that five is an accurate standard family for wage determination. It is in relatively few cases, however, that wages are fixed on a cost of living basis at all. Certainly organized workers have been reluctant to accept it as a standard, so that it is perhaps not likely that statistical facts concerning the actual make up of American families will have much relevance in wage disputes very soon. But as a matter of theory it is well worth arguing whether any family allowance system would be good social policy. It would certainly involve a high degree of governmental control—which could only be state control unless our constitution were changed; and would, therefore bring about unprecedented relations between the individual and his state government. Theorists of another opinion than Mr. Douglas would also object that for the advancement of the working class it would seem better to leave its groups free for bargaining than to set up so firm a principle of limitation as the family wage system might in the end turn out to be.

Mr. Douglas meets objections in a comprehensive chapter, however, and feels ultimately after much study of the system in Australia, France, and other countries where it is in at least partial use that it offers more advantages than disadvantages. The great thing, he says, would be the elimination of poverty. If it promises that no economist will object. And it is certain at least that Mr. Douglas has begun a discussion that will last for many years and run through many pages of print. No one who cares to be informed at the beginning can afford to miss this early setting out of the problem.

Fiction

SASHKA JIGOLEFF. By LEONID ANDREYEV. Translated from the Russian by LUBA HICKS. McBride. 1925. \$2.50.

Leonid Andreiev had in his lifetime the unique distinction of being the most widely read, the most highly paid, and the most unpopular author in Russia. Each new work was greeted by a chorus of critical disapproval but lived on to flout the critics. An unquestionable genius, writing "The Black Maskers" in a single week, dictating "Anathema" eight hours at a stretch, Andreiev's bitter, impassioned spirit lived in the perpetual throes of a spiritual rebellion which, unlike that of most of his compatriots, was directed for the most part not only against social conditions but against the inherent limitations and miseries of man in a hostile universe. He possessed a kind of turbulent cosmic vision without attaining or even desiring anything approaching cosmic calm. Deeply under the influence of Edgar Allan Poe, his idealism, like that of the American, was fascinated by the spectacle of its own defeat, and, when real horror was wanting, developed meretricious and theatrical substitutes.

"Sashka Jigouloff" is the story of a young aristocrat, brought up in comfort and refinement, whose sympathy for the disinherited peasantry leads him to perceive the injustice of his own advantages. With Russian logic, he feels that he has no more right to his superior education and higher moral standards than to his property—all equally the possessions of a privileged class. Hence he throws them all over and becomes the ruthless leader of a band of robbers, waging relentless war upon the members of his own caste—but for an ideal which his followers cannot understand and which leads them eventually to betray him to justice. But what is this "justice" and where is it? Not among the upholders of the existing order, not among the revolting peasantry, not even in the confused soul of Sashka Jigouloff. It is a cry in the air, a ghostly phantom, which Andreiev, like his hero, pursued but never found.

DAYS OF '49. By GORDON YOUNG. Doran. 1925. \$2.

Mr. Young's pictorial chronicle of the California gold rush dwarfs to insignificance preceding novels which have attempted, even with moderate success, to reconstruct the life of that fabulous and