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By SAMUEL ROTH with
a Preface by
ISRAEL ZANGWILL

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Books of Special Interest

Ancient Rome

WANDERINGS THROUGH ANCIENT ROMAN CHURCHES. By RODOLFO LANCIANI. Boston: The Houghton, Mifflin Co. 1924. \$7.50.

Reviewed by GRANT SHOWERMAN
University of Wisconsin

A NEW book by Professor Lanciani is like another visit by an old and valued friend from a far country. Thirty-eight years ago, when Charles Eliot Norton's foundation of the Archaeological Institute of America was only seven years old and the organization was embarking upon the circuit lecture enterprise which has done so much to promote American interest in antiquity and to broaden and deepen American culture, the first lecturers were Rodolfo Lanciani and Charles Waldstein. Lanciani even at that time had been for upwards of twenty years the foremost figure in Roman archaeology. Familiar with our institutions, our needs, and our language, he addressed us again in 1888, 1893, 1901, 1906, and 1909, in the now well-known books, "Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries," "Pagan and Christian Rome," "New Tales of Old Rome," "The Ruins and Excavations of Ancient Rome," and "Wanderings in the Roman Campagna." Other books from his pen are "The Destruction of Ancient Rome" and "The Golden Days of the Renaissance." His research works in Italian form a vast body by themselves.

With the exception of "The Ruins and Excavations of Ancient Rome," which has been much used as a manual, Professor Lanciani's books in English have been of the sort that mediate between research and general culture. Learned as they are, they are not beyond the reach of the average reader of serious purpose. I still remember the great delight with which as a student in 1897 I discovered in the university library the beautiful "Pagan and Christian Rome" and "Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries," and with them the whole new wonderful and fascinating world of modern and ancient Rome. These most recent "Wanderings," bound in crimson, lettered in gold, and bearing the golden cross, with their 200 pages of text and 67 illustrations, nearly all full-page, and most of them little known in print this side of the water, make another superb volume; and their six chapters are of the same engaging nature as the former volumes. Their content is learned without being pedantic, solid without being heavy, suave without being slight, entertaining without being trivial, dignified without being stilted or conventional. If it is not distinguished by an arresting stylistic quality, the fact is due to its familiar nature and the great variety of information it presents.

Those who have heard Professor Lanciani lecture will recognize in these pages the genial and informal character of his spoken discourse. They will recognize, too, the same wealth of knowledge at command.



This volume is even richer than the others, not only in its pursuit of the main themes, but in the excursions to one side or the other which are never really digressions. The reader will hardly expect it from the chapter titles, but he will find introduced quite naturally into the discussion accounts of the most recent discoveries in Roman archaeology, with Professor Lanciani's own interpretations as to their identity and significance. He makes a place for the Tunis museum bronzes from the bottom of the sea, for the sanctuary on the Janiculum, for the memoria of the Apostles Peter and Paul under Saint Sebastian's, for the Underground Basilica, and for the tombs of the Viale Manzoni with their so-called portraits of Peter and Paul, of which he gives beautiful reproductions.

Rich as these features make the book, however, its great interest is in the fine old churches of the Apostles and the Saints, with their incomparable wealth of historical, æsthetic, religious, and human relations. Rome is the most wonderful and inexhaustible of cities, its four hundred churches are one of its most inexhaustible features, and Professor Lanciani is its most wonderfully inexhaustible student. In sheer abundance of knowledge of Eternal Rome he probably has never been surpassed or equalled. His contributions to learning as excavator, investigator, and publisher have been so great that the critic is shamed into silence. For his contributions as lecturer and author to America's appreciation of ancient Rome, he deserves a greater

measure of gratitude than any man living or dead, unless we are to except the founder of the Archaeological Institute, who through it has been the great means of our contact with antiquity. In another way, too, which should not go without mention, he has placed America in his debt. After for the first time hearing him lecture in 1898 in the American School of Classical Studies in Rome, now a part of the American Academy in Rome, I called at his home to solicit his interest in my dissertation. He was not only courteous to the total stranger, but friendly and generous. Twenty-five years afterward I found him still responding in the same helpful way to students of the Academy in need of counsel. These are offices whose effect can hardly be estimated.

A Great Critic

SAINTE-BEUVE. By LEWIS FREEMAN MOTT. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1925. \$5.

Reviewed by GORDON KING

THE highest order of criticism enriches French literature more frequently than our own. Habitually precise thinkers, the French strive to attain final definitions and true valuations, and their language is a finer vehicle than ours for clarity of expression in prose. And nature seems to have endowed the French with logic; their classifications, their categories, their adherence to theory all possess convincing strength. Perhaps this is because, in the case of their critics rather than their imaginative writers, logic is toned down with common sense.

Such was certainly true of Sainte-Beuve, the outstanding French critic of the nineteenth century. When you read him, his exactness, his ability to see clearly and reason acutely, and his exquisite veracity become indistinguishable elements in his style. Indeed, you are not even conscious of the extraordinary depth and extent of his learning. What does impress you is that what he says means something to you in a personal way. It is not common sense, but common sense exalted. And he is not easy to classify. We know that Boileau is a classicist and that Chateaubriand, Renan, and Taine belong to one or another faction of the modern movement. Sainte-Beuve is broadly humanistic and at the same time definitely allied to the romantic school. His tolerance, which Mr. Irving Babbitt oddly considers less ennobling because it may derive from religious skepticism, apparently proceeds from a love of literature that is as profound as it is cosmopolitan. He adores Franklin; he understands Chesterfield; Rousseau's madness touches him with sympathy but does not blind him. Mr. Saintsbury observes in Sainte-Beuve the weakness of most romantic criticism; namely, that of attaching excessive significance to the life and environment of an author and failing to judge the work as objective fact, a tendency that may perhaps have reached its final development in Taine.

Mr. Mott's work fills a pressing need. No previous biography of Sainte-Beuve meets our requirements quite so fully. Like "Ernest Renan" it is a work of scrupulous and extensive scholarship. The author lays careful emphasis upon the conditions under which Sainte-Beuve labored and the literary, political, and social leanings that he manifested from time to time. Mr. Mott is pleasantly sensitive to religious experience and keenly aware of the economic forces that make or break a career. Happily he is not in the contemporary fashion that demands that the biography of a literary figure grip the reader in a penny-dreadful manner, and two achievements provoke instant admiration. First, the ease with which Mr. Mott shows that Sainte-Beuve had no ulterior motives in certain of his writings that have since attracted controversy on that score; and secondly, the skill with which the various formative influences resulting from Sainte-Beuve's experiences with women are depicted without placing undue stress upon his relations with them.

Beyond its cultural and educational value, this book has a quality that ought to give it popularity. It reveals a period of history and an environment in which literature was of more importance than mere amusement, in which a man could be a journalist without sacrificing his honor, and in which a serious author could hardly avoid the responsibility of being a significant political figure.

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A Letter from France

By FIRMAN ROZ

FICTION is in too direct contact with life for it not to have reflected more than any other branch of literature the convulsion that has rent the world. Neither the nations themselves, nor the society which in each country makes up those nations, has as yet recovered its equilibrium. The people of Europe are not the only ones to be striving to restore it. As to France, how could it yet have shaken free of a calamity that touched it to the depths, France which lay in the very path of the cyclone, exposed to its full fury, and that was so devastated by its destruction? The war itself inspired a large number of novels; their hour has apparently passed, but may very well return. Time lends value to portrayals that facilitate the work of the historian. Today the post-war period, charged as it is with difficulties, disorder, and problems, offers to the novelist only too rich a field of material. For a long time to come we shall see the production of romances based on the abnormal conditions which the war has created and motivated by the sad and frequently tragic situations which it has caused for the individual, the family, and society as a whole.

After having proved himself, in "Les Croix de Bois," the most vigorous and the most faithful of the war novelists, Roland Dorgelès turned in "La Réveil des Morts" to portrayal of the peace and the disillusionments of peace. One of the most poignant and effective of themes, the return of the man who is no longer expected, a theme which Tennyson immortalized in "Enoch Arden," furnishes the plot for this romance as it does for André Lamand's "Les Lions en Croix." These two tales raise the theme from an individual tragedy to a dramatic and moving fate, differing in the more general handling of their tales from the treatment accorded the same situation by Thierry Sandre in "Le Chevreuille" and Raymond Clauzel in "La Maison au Soleil." Henri Davignon, one of the most brilliant writers contemporary French literature owes to Belgium, has rejuvenated and actualized it in the happiest manner. The terrible surprise changes the returned traveller morally as well as physically; the weak husband, having been deceived, becomes a sort of ferocious avenger, with a pitiless heart, and mysterious intentions, while, on her part, the forgetful wife, married to her former seducer, comfortably established in her new life, is gradually drawn to the man whom she has misunderstood, sets herself to winning him anew, and in the end decides to give up all else to follow him into exile.

It was inevitable that the intermingling of races and nationalities should have given rise to new shades of feeling. In "L'Américaine" Pierre Gourdon recounts the story of a young American and of his marriage with an Angevin. In "L'Entente Cordiale" Leon Lemonnier makes a study of the love of a French woman for an English soldier and of this man, already married, for the friend whom the chances of war have thrown in his path. A far more delicate situation, that of the sentimental relations between French and Germans, is developed in Marcel Dupont's "Fragilité," and "Rosa Berghen," by José Germain and Emile Guérinon.

The Great War, like the Crusades in the past, threw nations into contact and intermingled peoples. It nurtured a broad interest in diverse countries and populations and a sense of cosmopolitanism which had already begun to manifest itself before 1914. We have seen a great multiplication of the novels dealing with strange countries and with peoples driven from their homelands.

As a result of a long stay in revolutionary Russia Claude Anet produced two romances of lively interest, "Ariane, Jeune Fille Russe," and "Quand la Terre Trembla." In "Niky," Jean Vignaud gives us the story of Russian emigration. "Isvor, le Pays des Saules," by Princess Bibesco, transports us to Rumania immediately after the great social revolution had handed the country over to the peasantry. Yvonne Schultz's "Les Nuits de Fer" is an admirable Lapland romance, concealing under a picturesque setting a powerful psychology.

There is no doubt that the great increase of the literature of sport is to be ascribed to the energy released during the war. The Olympic games of 1924 furnished the occasion for much writing, being followed by a great multiplication of books on sport. First among them rank the tales of Henry

de Montherlant, "Le Paradis à l'Ombre des Epées" and "Les Onze devant la Porte Dorée," novels which pretend to nothing more than presenting a sporting philosophy. In "L'Histoire des Quinze Hommes," Marcel Berger chronicles the gradual advance of a team from the South to the championship of France. Dominique Braga, in "5000," presents an extremely circumstantial description of a single moment of sporting activity, the crisis in which is exerted the decisive effort of a runner who is to win the 5,000-metre race. Mme. Louise Faure-Favier has given us a remarkable specimen of the romance of aviation in "Les Chevaliers de l'Air."

This energy which finds disciplined release in sports, breaks out in the form of action in such novels as André Obey's "Savreux Vainqueur," Paul Morand's "Lewis et Irène," and Pierre Grasset's "Le Torrent dans la Ville." Georges Imann's "Le Fils Chèvre" is, as it were, the antithesis of this theme; it depicts the insignificance of a person without virtues and without vices, who is thrown, in a world in which energy reigns supreme, into opposition with a number of heroes good or bad, odious or magnificent, all animated by a fierce will. To see the whole road that fiction has travelled it would suffice to compare this satire of a weak character with the complacency of the old naturalism.

The same liking for action plays its part no doubt in the popularity of the romances of the "wide, open spaces." Combined with the interest in the countries and peoples that have developed since the war, and with the taste for the tale of adventure, is a revival of exoticism. For the past twenty years chronicles of Africa, of the ocean islands, and of Asia have been multiplying. Following up Pierre Loti and Claude Farrère, Louis Bertrand and Pierre Mille, Jean Ajalbert and Segalen, Jérôme and Jeon Tharaud, and many others have entered this field.—Marius—Ary—Leblond, Albert de Pouvoirville, Robert Randau, Elissa Rhais, J. Marquet, Jean d'Esme, to name a few. It would be wrong to see nothing but adventure in the tales of Louis Rouquette. "Les Oiseau de Tempête," "Le Grand Silence Blanc," and "La Bête Errante" are strongly influenced by two American novelists, Jack London and Stewart Edward White. English influence, notably that of Stevenson and Kipling, entered to a degree into the renaissance of our romance of adventure with Pierre Benoit, Pierre MacOrlan, and Louis Gould has sung:

Our colonial empire is an immense reservoir which constantly replenishes our exotic fiction, thus creating a constantly richer colonial literature. It has its own jury which last year awarded its prize to André Demaison for "Diat," and this year bestowed it on "Mambu et Son Amour," by Louis Charbonneau. If no writer among us has manifested the genius of Rudyard Kipling, yet each of our overseas dominions has contributed something of significance.

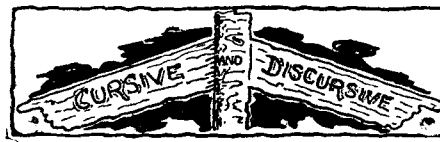
Foreign Notes

EMILE MAGNE, who some years ago published a book on Ninon de Lenclos, has now entirely rewritten it, and issued it under the title "Ninon de Lenclos, Portraits et Documents Inédits" (Paris: Emil-Paul). The volume contains much new biographical material, the result of M. Magne's exhaustive research. It is diffuse, presenting as it does circumstantial detail and anecdote not only in regard to its central figure but of almost every personality that came in contact with her, but it is well-ordered and critical.

Arthur Eloesser, one of the most noted of the literary critics of Germany, has issued what is probably the best biography of Thomas Mann that has appeared.

The tenth volume of General Palat's History of the War has recently been issued. "La Ruée sur Verdun" (Paris: Berger-Bevrault) covers the period from the beginning of August, 1915, to the end of June, 1916.

The last number of *Nouvelle Europe* contained a number of hitherto unpublished letters from French exiles in Belgium. Among the correspondence were communications from Victor Hugo, Edgar Quinet, Proudhon, Louis Blanc, and Victor Comsidérant.



MODERN poetry seems to have lost the magic of the "catch," of, as Stevenson called it, "the fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!" (Of which he, incidentally, had the secret in those verses of his in "Romance," and in a few others.) Much of the poetry of the past could rouse the blood with marching measures or lift the heart with a genuine lilt. Today we make intellectual puzzles of our poems.

It would be well to revive catches, madrigals, staves to troll. Even all Man's days can be set like a bell swinging as Eden Phillpotts proved in his

*Then auld man's talk o' the days behind 'e;
Your darter's youngest darter to mind 'e;
A l'il dreamin', a l'il dyin',
A l'il lew corner o' airth to lie in.*

All the common dignities of life are best celebrated in the catch. Hark to May Byron's "The Song of the Tinker,"

*I am the man o' pot and pan,
I am a lad o' mettle;
My tent I pitch by the wayside ditch
To mend your can and kettle;
While town-bred folk bear a year-long yoke
Among their feeble fellows,
I clink and clank on the hedgerow bank,
And blow my snoring bellows.*

This is certainly not great poetry, but there is tang and flavor and gusto to it. And it is not unnatural that poetry should be regarded as song, that singable poetry should easily enter and be retained by the mind, since the earliest verses were set rippling, undoubtedly, to employ the voice while the feet trod out a tune. Thus human beings, as in their own way birds and animals, celebrate their joy. It may be a subtler feat for one in love to analyze the attributes of his lady in cryptic intervolutions of free verse, but it is surely more wholeheartedly natural, and hence more befitting the true lover, to sing, as Gerald Gould has sung:

*My love is fair, she is better than fair to me:
She puts me in mind of a wild white sea-
gull flying over the sea;
She puts me in mind of a dim wind going
softly in the grass—
Of things remembered, and young things,
and things that shall come to pass.*

There is the lift of a genuine ecstasy in such spontaneously musical lines; and the same singing, almost the same stave, can achieve an even more powerful effect with a change of theme:

*I am in love with the sea, but I do not
trust her yet;
The tall ships she has slain are ill to forget:
Their sails were white in the morning, their
masts were split by noon;
The sun has seen them perish, and the stars,
and the moon.*

The lilt varies here to abruptness as though a deeper voice were trolling the undersong of foreboding common to all

The Washington Irving House, a memorial to the American author, was opened in Seville, Spain, May 30, as a club for Americans who reside in Seville. The opening ceremonies were an elaborate affair, and a memorial tablet to Irving was unveiled at the time.

The Salad Bowl

If Addison lives at all, it is not in the public libraries. It is in libraries that are markedly private, secluded, shaded by lilac trees and brown with folios, that he still draws his faint, regular breath. . . . The temptation to read Pope on Addison, Macaulay on Addison, Thackeray on Addison, Johnson on Addison rather than Addison himself is to be resisted.

—Virginia Woolf, *The Common Reader*.

Atlanta is a treasure house for the sight-seer. . . . The greatest battle picture in the world, "The Battle of Atlanta," weighing nine tons and occupying an entire building. . . . One of Uncle Sam's largest and most costly Federal prisons. . . . —*Circular of the Atlanta-Biltmore Hotel*.

Whoever has remarked the fate of books must have found it governed by other causes than general consent arising from general conviction. If a new performance happens not to fall into the hands of some who have courage to tell and authority to propagate their opinion, it often remains long in obscurity, and perishes unknown and

mortality. But, as Tennyson put it, beyond these voices there is peace, and peace also may be set to its perfect measure. Herbert Trench has done so in,

*Tree by tree filleth,
What do they sight at?
Field by field thrilleth,
Low comes the fiat:
"Let him that willetth,
Cease from his riot."
Starlight distilleth;
Do thou be quiet!*

All such verses, and I have purposely avoided using as exemplars very familiar poets, are susceptible of a musical setting. Indeed I am constantly impressed by the fact that musicians and singers of today have so far hardly made any use of the resources of last-generation English verse, with so many hints for settings available in catch, madrigal, and singing stave. Here and there a good singable poem is heard, as I heard John Masefield's "Captain Stratton's Fancy" sung the other night with great effect at an informal gathering, but mostly distinctly inferior verses disfigure even an excellent setting.

In American poetry there is many a poem that should have the natural musical accompaniment to its lilt and its swing. There are many (to barely touch upon the subject) of Richard Hovey's, a number of them having been doubtless adapted, as has his "Dartmouth Winter-Song." Joel Chandler Harris's, "My Honey, My Love," a beautifully natural negro melody—and in his plantation melodies there is treasure-trove for a modern composer—is another case in point:

*Hit's a mighty fur ways up de Far'well
Lane,
My honey, my love!
You may ax Mister Crow, you may ax
Mister Crane,
My honey, my love!
Dey'll make you a bow, en dey'll tell you
de same,
My honey, my love!
Hit's a mighty fur ways fer ter go in de
night,
My honey, my love!
My honey, my love, my heart's delight—
My honey, my love!*

The Irish, of course, can furnish the best singing material. Alice Milligan's almost unknown "Mayo Love Song," for instance, sings itself thus in the first two verses:

*It is far and it is far
To Connemara where you are,
To where the purple glens enfold you
Like glowing heavens that hold a star.*

*But they shall shine—they yet shall shine,
Colleen, those eyes of yours on mine
Like stars that after eve assemble
And tremble over the mountain line.*

That, we maintain, is not only a marvelous lilt but excellent poetry; and why we should be entirely condemned to hobble like lame men in the verse of today, neglecting wilfully all cadence, measure, and quantity, when true poetry naturally moves so often to exquisite cadences or to mighty trollable rhythms, I for one, am at a loss to understand.

W. R. B.

unexamined. A few, a very few, commonly constitute the taste of the time; the judgment which they have once pronounced, some are too lazy to discuss, and some too timorous to contradict: it may however be, I think, observed, that their power is greater to depress than exalt, as mankind are more credulous of censure than of praise.

—Samuel Johnson.

A celebrated modern author said that he thought that the most permanent and enduring achievement of the Victorian age would be neither that of Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne, nor of Gladstone, Disraeli, and Parnell, nor of Darwin, Huxley, and Ball, but the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan. I am inclined to agree with him; and I should not be in the least surprised if, in ages to come, people will talk of the age of Gilbert and Sullivan as they talk of the age of Pericles.

—Maurice Baring, *Punch and Judy and Other Essays*.

The giving a bookseller his price for his books, has this advantage; he that will do it, shall be sure to have the refusal of whatsoever comes to his hands, and so by that means get many things which otherwise he should never have seen. So 'tis in giving a bawd her price.

In quoting of books, quote such authors as are usually read; others you may read for your own satisfaction, but not name them.

—John Selden, *Table Talk* (1669).