

the title. It is quite possible that his anthology of stanzas will be different from mine, but it is hard for me to believe that he will not find as much to delight in as I do. At least, I shall feel very, very sorry for him if he cannot find it. I doubt, as I was saying, whether I am really unorthodox; but my heart has been rejoiced, all the same, by the wit and the wisdom, the superb workmanship and the admirable feeling, of this verse. Here is a ripe poet who is not afraid to jest and who yet can leave a serious impression upon the reader, who can sum up a human being in a pithy stanza and at the same time write a swift-moving tale. It would be a mistake to condescend to him because he has chosen to write satire rather than "serious" poetry. What he says of Dunbar can be aptly applied to himself:

Satire was in him like his blood and bone,
And pity who is satire's secret friend.

In short, the publication of this volume is an event of importance.

Common Sense and the Bible

THE BIBLE AND COMMON SENSE. By BASIL KING. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1924.

Reviewed by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

Yale University

NOT only is the Bible, year after year, the best-seller, there are more books written about it than about any other work or author. If one glances casually at publishers' advertisements, or at any weekly list of new books, one will observe that treatises, essays, commentaries, and interpretations on and of the Bible appear in such profusion, that even if a man did nothing else, he would not find it possible to read them all. The reason is simple enough: there are more persons interested in the Bible than in any other piece of literature, yes, than in any other theme, subject, or form of human activity.

However objective novels and paintings may be, all essays are confessional; there is no such thing as a science of criticism, though much cant is talked about it. And just as we give more or less attention and credence to the report of an unusual occurrence, according to the higher or lower reputation of the source whence it comes, so we take up with keen interest and anticipation essays by men whose competence and good taste have been sufficiently proved.

Basil King is the author of nearly a score of novels, which, while they naturally vary in ability, contain something worth saying, show a lively interest in men and women, and are written from the religious point of view. To a certain extent, I am guessing; I have not read the author's complete works, but from those that I have read, it is clear that he is as distinctly a moral and religious teacher as he is a literary artist. Nor is there any contradiction or inconsistency in being both.

In the present work, he says explicitly what many writers would not affirm, and what indeed many would deny. This book is avowedly a confession; he does not try to teach, to "convince, or to convert." He states in the simplest language what his own attitude toward the Bible has come to be, and what are some of the obstacles and difficulties he has had to surmount.

It is a book in simple and plain language, and so short that it can be read through in two hours; not only can be, but was by me. It is divided into four chapters, "The Purpose of the Bible," "The Inspiration of the Bible," "The Bible as the Word of God," "The Bible and Dogma."

The purpose of the Bible is to help man to know God, and Mr. King believes that a gradual development of the concept of God may be seen in its pages. The inspiration of the Bible is largely proved by its value—its practical value to humanity.

No factitious sentiment would keep the printing presses of the Bible working overtime. No pietistic, or sectarian, or ecclesiastical incitement could, year in and year out, support a sale which possibly equals that of all the rest of the books in the world put together. Life does not work that way. Nothing is continually and eagerly bought and paid for which is not worth its price to the purchasers. Deception or over-estimation may rule for a time, but it is discovered in the long run. If in the long run the demand for any article is greater than it ever was we may depend upon it that there is value in that article which is not to be found elsewhere.

The law of supply and demand has not been invoked before, I think, to prove the inspiration of the

Bible; but it is a practical and common-sense argument, in harmony with the general tone of Mr. King's book. I saw in *The American Mercury* some time ago an article which said that the Bible ought to be suppressed; whether the writer was correct or not, it would seem to be as difficult to suppress the Bible as to suppress the weather.

In the chapter called "The Bible as the Word of God," Mr. King attempts to give reality and significance to shopworn evangelical phrases. He believes that God reveals Himself in many ways and through many channels, through nature, science, poetry, and art, but chiefly and most plainly in the Bible. The best part of this discussion includes the most interesting pages of the whole book and is devoted to the story of Jonah. Many readers will here obtain an entirely new conception of this famous tale.

It is in his attitude toward the Church and toward dogma that Mr. King shows himself particularly clear-sighted, impartial, and sympathetic. There are no polemics against Catholics, Protestants, Christian Scientists, Modernists, and Fundamentalists; there is a hearty appreciation of the value of Church organizations and dogmas, even from one who is manifestly independent. His point that every man must exercise his own private judgment, but that it is dishonest for a minister to profess a creed he does not believe, is exceedingly well taken; and his attitude toward the story of the Virgin Birth I particularly commend to those who are more worried about this than about their own sins.

It is a pity that when the Bible contains more common sense than can be found in any other book, there should have been so much nonsense written and talked and taught about it. This short essay justifies its title.

Religion and India

THE MAKING OF MODERN INDIA. By NICOL MACNICOL. New York: Oxford University Press. 1924. \$2.50.

Reviewed by HELENA NORMANTON
Former Editor, *India*

THE largeness of the title of this little book recalls what Stopford Brooke said of Keble's "Christian Year"—"so good within its range and so feeble beyond it!" If the reader will make the preliminary concession that religion is all that goes to the making of a country no doubt "The Making of Modern India" will give him illumination. The author takes, broadly speaking, the *locus standi* of a devout yet unbogged Christian student of comparative religion and deals in the main with that. True, the first two articles are entitled the Situation in 1908 and the Situation in 1923, and as very brief sketches they are not unmeritorious. If they lead the reader to a fuller study and amplification, benefit may ensue from their inclusion. Abbreviated as they necessarily are by the pressure of contents concerning religion, these opening sections could easily be very misleading by that familiar and nearly always unintentional blunder, the presentation of some small parts as the whole. If they were omitted and the book retitled by some such name as An Appreciation of Religious India of Today, the buyer would get a far clearer guide as to the nature of his purchase.

That India is religious, and profoundly so, is one truth grasped by every tyro on the subject no matter how ignorant otherwise. That the making of modern India is built almost solely upon this basic fact is open to very considerable limitation, qualification, and even in places, amplification. Of three hundred and fifty millions of Indians, one-fifth are Moslems. Islam is an extraordinarily precise and exact form of religion, whilst Hinduism is as undefined as the clouds floating in the sky. Both faiths have in common the fact that they supply as well as a belief a social and a legal framework to their devotees in a way that Christianity has not attempted since the Reformation and to a far greater extent than it did up to that date. No one who has not studied the elements of Hindu and Mohammedan Law can have any true conception of the Indian systems of life. All this legal aspect of the two dominant religions in India is missed by the mode of conception of Dr. Macnicol of Hinduism as a religion only. Islam appears to be entirely ignored in his picture of India of today! The mental effect of the enormous gaps in this work is as if one climbed a mountain hoping to view the district from its summit and then found that summit to be an empty crater of an extinct volcano.

The virtues and vices of Hinduism as a belief, and India's profound religiosity are a great, perhaps the greatest, factor in Indian polity. To these the learned doctor is most scrupulously fair and no word that is in the least out of taste or ungenerous sullies his scholarly page. Having said that, I am reminded of what an India politician and editor once said to me when I asked him what the effect was upon his mind of the Christian propaganda in India. "I find," said he, quite gravely and politely, "the missionaries most amusing."

The truth seems to be that the outstanding fact of modern India is her acute dissatisfaction. Impact with the West and its high standard of living has revealed to her her relative poverty. She wants to eat wheat and she can barely afford rice. Naturally her mind reverts to a past golden age—pre-British naturally—when her millions were wealthy, and gold and silver were of no account in her streets. The learned studies of Mr. Moreland have exploded this bubble—as a matter of fact—but that is not in the least likely to affect or reach the ear of the vast illiterate masses. Poverty is talking in India. Now religion comes in in his way. Hinduism as a law demands a series of male descendants who will regularly offer in family ceremonial the riceballs and ghee which feed the departed soul and relieve him from the agonies of hell. *Putra*, the son, redeems from *Put*, i.e., Hell. Therefore early parenthood is essential for spiritual safety. Marriage barren of offspring is a hideous tragedy; child widowhood a curse from the gods. The social consequence of all this is that the generations in India crowd upon each other's heels faster than in any other land on the globe. Many causes combine to produce the further effect that the Indian age of mortality is 23.5 years. Assuming a productive part of life from 14, this gives a ratio of 9.5 years when the individual is a producer to 14 when he is merely a consumer. Place 350,000,000 souls upon an old, old land cultivated from the birth of time by primitive and depriving methods of agriculture and ask seriously how or when any golden age of material prosperity had dawned, is dawning, or is likely to dawn upon such a community system. If Christianity be the answer to this riddle, then it can do anything. So far as it might lead to the death of the dread of soullessness, to later marriages, and in the course of centuries a possible decrease in population, it certainly could help. Its veto upon polygamy would, of course, assist.

The Islamic system, although affording a far better and more personally moral basis for future citizenship of Heaven, is again a very patriarchally flavored faith, viewing with much approval the large family and, of course, leading to it where polygamy is actually practised, which is not in fact very largely the case. Overpopulation is India's curse, and it is one that she views as a blessing! The rapid multiplication of the Hindu is the nightmare afflicting overseas Dominion peoples when India claims a right of free migration within the British Empire. A fecund people almost invariably has a low standard of life and is a danger to a higher when in close proximity with it.

The clash of Indian creeds, the neighboring infection of Bolshevism, the poverty problem, the imperial immigration difficulty, the introduction of industrialism and trade unionism, the lack of any political ability of the practical sort, the overabundance of idealistic and nonsensical political phasmata; Caste in all its cruelty, the Philafat question, the transitional form of Government; half independent and half dependent, the Northwestern frontier dangers; opium troubles; all these and a dozen other things combine to make India unhappy. The British *Raj* is cast for the part of the villain of the piece; nor is it surprising. Who else is so likely to have plotted and planned to bring about all these evils?

A sudden withdrawal of British rule would expose India to naval onslaught on her coasts and her probable reduction to an internal state worse than that of China. A document similar to the "Groans of the Britons" sent to Rome when the Romans had departed British shores in 410 A.D. might well be the result. In her heart, India hardy wants this. She certainly has much to think of as well as the mysticism of Dr. Macnicol's, which is the *pièce de résistance* of his view of India, and anyone who desires to have an intelligent comprehension of the whole problem must read works of wider range and profundity. Man may not live by bread alone, but he certainly dies without it—even the Hindu, in spite of his mysticism.

Prehistory

HUMAN ORIGINS, A MANUAL OF PREHISTORY. By GEORGE GRANT MACCURDY. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols. 1924.

Reviewed by ALFRED M. TOZZER
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HOWEVER diverse the estimates may be of Mr. Wells's "Outline of History" there is no doubt that the book opened to many for the first time vistas into a human past little known and hitherto viewed with some suspicion. Within the last few years the origins of man and of his culture have become everyday topics of discussion. Neanderthal man presents himself in discussions only a little less often than the much-abused moron. The Cro-Magnon people figure as the Greeks of Palæolithic times.

The study of the prehistoric archæology of Europe may be said to date from 1859 when a Roman priest, Boucher de Perthes, was successful in convincing a group of scientists that some pieces of chipped flint, which he had found many years before in a deposit contemporaneous with glacial times, were the work of human hands. The publication of Darwin's explanation of the theory of evolution occurred in the same year. Both these events mark the beginning of the modern epoch of the scientific study of the physical and cultural side of man.

In the last half of the last century Quaternary man slowly made a place for himself in the world of science. The question of Tertiary man next passed through a probationary period, first of speculation, then of controversy, and finally of general acceptance. The Eolith has now been generally accepted in respectable society along with Tertiary man. When a visit to France is now considered complete only after a tour of the French Palæolithic caves of the Dordogne, one realizes the "arrival" of early man.

The first complete account in English of his remains and of his undertakings is given in Dr. MacCurdy's "Human Origins." The first volume contains chapters on the dawn of man and of his arts. The complicated question of the glacial history of Europe in relation to man is considered together with chapters on the Eolithic and Palæolithic periods. The student of the history of art will find the chapter on Palæolithic art in its amazing development worthy of special study. Several colored plates, together with a large number of drawings, give a complete picture of this sudden blossoming forth of a remarkable artistic genius with roots in a soil that is barren of anything which seems to warrant its appearance. The chapter on Fossil man brings his history up to the present time with a full discussion of the various types and the part they occupy in the pedigree of man.

The second volume contains an account of the Neolithic, the Bronze, and the Iron ages. As the title of this work is "Human Origins" the author is perhaps justified in giving only the briefest possible outline of the Bronze and Iron periods. The prehistoric archæologist is naturally most concerned with the beginnings of man, but the historian and the classical scholar find their greatest interest centered in the Bronze and Iron ages as they contain the beginnings of those great movements which culminated in the achievements of the Greeks and Romans. Dechelette's great work, "Manuel d'Archéologie Préhistorique, Celtique et Gallo-Romaine," is, however, available for those who desire a comprehensive account of the metal cultures in Europe.

The present volumes contain lists of sites belonging to each period arranged under countries, full bibliographies, and appendices giving a stratigraphic study of Palæolithic sites and a "Repertory of Palæolithic art." The illustrations are many and good and they, no doubt, explain the kind of paper used which makes the books far too heavy. The author has had a very wide experience as an excavator in France and in other parts of Europe; he is well acquainted with the collections of prehistoric material in European museums; and his knowledge of physical anthropology is that gained through many years of study. He is thus one of the few men qualified to give us an authoritative book upon the complicated subject of man's origin.

The BOWLING GREEN

Little Journeys

I HESITATED before raising the blind, for this was going to be a Moment. I wanted to get the full taste of it. The lower berth was comfortable, I had found a diagonal position that eluded the usual hump in the middle. I had slept well, after some midnight twinges of laughter with the Constant Nymph; I had arranged clothes and toothbrush and razor in careful order where they would be easily at hand. I didn't know exactly what time it was: presumably there had been a change in the clock, but was it earlier or later than my watch? At any rate the thought of grapefruit was present. And now, today, I was to look for the first time on the reality behind two great names—names of romance since my boyhood. Ohio . . . Indiana . . . what lovelier words are there?

I raised the blind. It was a mild, pearly morning: a pale haze lay over wide fields softly silvered with dainty frost. A little gray farmhouse stood among trees, with a barn that asked me to chew MAIL POUCH. A tract of corn stubble dipped down toward a pond, and some small roan pigs were snout-ing about. It felt like Winesburg, it was as lovely as a dream, I remembered Sherwood Anderson's "Tandy." I knew that Anderson had told the truth, as poets usually do. Perhaps they are the only people you can depend on for the truth. Even the suburbs of Columbus could not dismay me after that first glimpse. I thought of O. Henry in prison in Columbus, and I thought of Omar Khayyam making his first American appearance in that city. On the fences of Xenia I saw bills for "Abie's Irish Rose."

But it is Indiana, not Ohio, that is the burden of my song. How can one decently impart a first impression of Indianapolis? Its very name, so pleasant an amalgam of two different kinds of suggestion (the red man and the Greek) seems to imply its lovable mixture of old-fashioned gentility with our modern pang. Nowhere have I had the happiness to meet such beautiful old ladies, ladies whom one adored at sight and who almost made one wish one might have been young fifty years ago. Could one forget, then, that it was in Indiana that Owen founded his New Harmony when all the world was young? Could one forget that so many poets have found in Indiana glades and valleys a sort of Theocritus voice of pastoral music? There was a perambulating supper held in the statuary hall of a big art museum. Underneath a huge figure of a horse, as big as the Trojan quadraped, tall candles burned on a long table and people in evening dress moved about with salad and coffee. There was a gentleman there who knew Austin Dobson by heart. I don't quite see how to convey what it is my mind, but one had a feeling that these gracious people had kept more closely in touch with the beauty of the past than many of our seaboard wits. It was at Bloomington that I heard the liveliest praise of Tennyson that I have lately encountered; and in a second-hand store in Indianapolis I found Fitzgerald's "Euphranor" which I had long hunted in vain in New York. This second-hand bookshop, incidentally, is conducted with Cromwellian rigor: the proprietor refuses admission to any mere browser, and ejects the customer who does not know exactly what book he wants.

Of course, it is absurd to try, on a basis of a few days' skirmish, to set down any memoranda of a way of living. We none of us know what civilization means, or where it is headed; even the great express trains (with half a dozen new dictionaries in the club and observation cars, to help the passengers solve their cross-word puzzles) utter a voice of strangely uncertain melancholy and defiance. But there are pictures in my mind that seem typical of that city's just and serene temper. On the front door of the Indianapolis Public Library you read the words "Friendly Books Welcome You." I think the delightful librarian was a little shocked when I ventured that all books are not friendly: for some of them indeed are dangerous and savage. But no books could be as friendly as are the Indianapolis themselves. There was an evening when a dozen or more of us sat round the fire and played Twenty

Questions and charades and Intelligence Tests. I think it would have been hard to find, that particular evening, a more innocently hilarious gathering anywhere. In the Intelligence Test the visitor (he might as well admit it) came far down the list of scores. Indianapolis, as befits her reputation as a midwestern Athens, keeps nibbling away at culture. It pleases me to think that one charming lady I met is to read, this week, a paper on Rhythm at her club; and Frank Wicks's Unitarian Church is having an evening with Francis Thompson. That church, which is one of the most genuinely inspiring places I have ever seen, has almost the atmosphere of a living room in an old English country house. There is a smoking room for men in the basement, and the windows, instead of halved saints, are stained with a design representing the foliage of the Tree Ygdrasil. They sing hymns as though they really meant them, and it is as though the company met for a house-party with God. I remember the phrase "the heavenly host."

In this church I heard the soloist singing "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills," and wondered—a little irreverently—what hills? for I hadn't seen any thereabouts. But then Percy Beach, the indefatigable bookseller, drove me over to Bloomington and we saw a lovely rolling country with bronze valleys and hillsides, a cardinal bird flashing like a song escaped from some anthology, and more of those lively russet-colored pigs. In the big courthouse square at Martinsville a buggy and a white horse were standing in the rain. But, greatest thrill of all, the first thing we saw in Bloomington was a poster announcing a Grand Old Time Fiddlers' Contest. "Sew Your Buttons on Tight and Prepare to Laugh." The Grand Capital Prize was to be "Choice of \$25 Suit or Overcoat to Fit." And all the stores seemed to be offering special prizes. Faris Bros., meat market, "1 strip of Bacon to fiddler playing Saint Patrick's Day in the Morning, best." Fred W. Rumble "1 gallon red pitted cherries to best fiddler playing Money Musk." College Ave. Motor Co. "1 gallon can Veedol Oil to best fiddler keeping time with his feet." Walk-Over Boot Shop "1 pair woolen hose to best jews harp player." Uncle John's Cabin "2 pumpkin pies to fiddler playing Listen to the Mocking Bird." Siscoe Bros. "1 lady hair cut to longest bobbed hair girl contestant." Lem Howard "1 30x3½ tube to fiddler coming the farthest in a car." Fun in Big Bunches; Doors open at 7:00 P. M., says the bill, and "Explosion Takes Place at 8:00 P. M." Meredith Nicholson tells us in "The Hoosiers" that these fiddling contests were an old Indiana institution, but apparently they are rare nowadays. The manager of the theatre told me that he did not expect many of the college students to be interested in it; but I feel sure that it must have been an occasion as full of the real juices of life as the Cotter's Saturday Night.

The students of Indiana University—if their most intellectual review can be trusted—hanker for more cerebral explosions. "We need," cries an editorial, "for either a year's residence or a series of lectures, the kind of gigantic thinker who would be kicked out of most colleges—a James Harvey Robinson, a Meiklejohn, a Bertrand Russell, a Lewisohn, or a Havelock Ellis." Unterrified youths, they demand (in italics) "a supreme artist in the realm of ideas."

It would be interesting to ponder a little about this. The chief embarrassment of college life is not too few ideas, but too many: Joseph Conrad has insisted that the world as we know it rests on some very old and simple notions; myself I think (again I gather my evidence chiefly from the undergraduate magazines I pored over in the train) that some of our friends have been painfully unsettled by biting off a whole meal of ideas at once. The winged Eros, for instance, seems to be riding them with a cruel spur. When they are just a little older they will be more cautious before deliberately encountering an idea, alone in a dark night. Before you invite a Gigantic Thinker into your family circle it may be well to consider whether you have earned him. If only those who have been ejected from other colleges will do, Shelley and Thoreau will give one enough to sharpen the teeth. I cannot quite believe that the undergraduate epoch is a ripe one for settling all the controversies of current argument. Perhaps at college is the time to enjoy a little innocent tranquillity. Is it Mr. Mencken who has so anxiously discomposed the minds of our young acolytes?

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY