

"mouse" and "mice," the Latin "*fronti spice*" (look at the beginning) is evolved into "frontispiece" by analogy with "piece," and asparagus becomes, to the unlearned ear, "sparrow-grass." If the Welsh rabbit had first been styled "Welsh hare," folk-etymology might have turned it, on precisely the same principle, into "Welsh fare."

The curious aspect of this particular example is the motive involved in the fancied correction. What generally accounts for such popular transmutations is pure ignorance—ignorance, usually, of French, or Latin, or Old English, or simply of some earlier usage in English itself. But in this instance the motive is ignorance plus something much more corrosive—a proud affectation of refinement, of linguistic fastidiousness. "Rabbit" is solemnly explained as a crude and ignorant mistake for—what? No analogy existing, one is invented out of whole cloth—the spurious and nearly meaningless "rarebit." First the pleasantness in the original word is overlooked; then a purely imaginary word is fabricated as the form which must have been intended; and finally vulgarity or ignorance is imputed to whoever employs the proper form instead of the affectation! The case is somewhat like that of a popular novelist who was reported as intending to lecture on "The Feminine Nuisance in American Literature." A newspaper editor looked at the report, exclaimed "Oh, that's all wrong: he *must* have meant 'The Feminine Nuance,'" and forthwith changed the word.

Nearly everyone agrees that it is a good thing for the virility of written English that we have no Academy with quasi-legislative powers over our tongue. We hold that the language *ought* to be allowed to develop as a vast unconscious organism not amenable to deliberate regulation; that pedantic control would only cramp its natural raciness and vigor. Nevertheless, it is evidently possible to overdo the insistence on this point, the inspired lawlessness of our evolving speech. We have before us at least one example of a locution actually in need of regulation by an Academy of qualified judges if it is to preserve those very qualities of native humor and vigor to which Academies are supposed to be inimical. As a fact, it has been tampered with by an altogether different species of Academy—one composed of an aristocracy of hotel clerks, cooks, and the sort of folk who say "pass away" when they mean "die"—and the result is that all the salt is gone out of it.

A word, though, about the immortal dish itself. The Age of Volstead has seen its good old name come to etymological decay; but there has taken place at the same time a noteworthy improvement in the actual Welsh rabbit. It was always better eating when mixed with milk, and the judicious have always known that the associated beer or ale, infinitely desirable though it was, belonged *with* the rabbit rather than *in* it. Now, for simple lack of the traditionary liquids, nearly all of us have to make it as it ought always to have been made. The name has become the prey of ignorance masquerading as superior knowledge; but the bunny itself has undergone a process of compulsory education and ennoblement. Any wind blows some good—even the amendment which made the Constitution famous.

WILSON FOLLETT

Dr. Gerhard Menz, editor of the official organ of the German book-trade (*Boersenverein des Deutschen Buchhandels*) has received a special honor by having been called to occupy the chair for the technique and the economics of the book-trade at the Commercial High-School of Leipzig. The chair has been created by a donation of the *Boersenverein* on occasion of its 100th anniversary, which was lately celebrated. The appointment of Dr. Menz as an assistant professor has been approved by the Minister of Commerce of Saxonia.

Dr. Menz, who is well known as the author of several treatises on the history, the technique and the economics of the book-trade, also of an encyclopædia, published by the firm of Felix Meiner of Leipzig, under the title "The German-Trade of Today", has been lecturing on these subjects since the winter-term of 1922-1923 at the Commercial High-School of Leipzig.

The BOWLING GREEN

Au Bord d'une Source

Côte d'Or, September

THE little river Serein (so I learn from Mr. H. Warner Allen's book "The Wines of France") divides the vineyards of Chablis, so that the vintages of that region are classified according to whether they ferment on the right or the left bank. It is the same stream which in its infancy makes a clear ring round this old chateau, on its way toward the Yonne and the Seine. Tonnerre, the home of a reputable Chablis, is rightward of the Serein; but a believer in omens, in the train from Paris to Montbard, noted that he passed it on the left. Tonnerre on the Left, he said to himself.

It is the Serein that idles gently at the foot of this twelfth-century stone tower, where a fire burns behind me, lighting up the open hand cast in the iron chimney-back. Suremain de Flammerans was the name of one of the old seigneurs, and his emblem still shines hospitably behind the flames. This queer old painted room, within walls five feet thick, has been unoccupied for generations. We have sounded all the panellings for secret slides—not successfully, alas; though the house has its mysteries, as you shall see. A room with a stone floor, by the way, is ideal as a study; you can throw your matches and ashes where you please, and brush them into the hearth afterward.

The little Serein, moving softly in its stony moat, is one of this place's most perfect charms. The wind stirs it in parallel scribbles that move round the walls as softly as unwritten lines of verse drift in a poet's mind. Loitering on the bridge, in a forenoon of Meursault-colored sunlight, I heard Luther Conradi playing in the music-room. The rippling notes came trembling out into the sweet September air: a glorious cascade of trebles, gay and hasty with a downward-running cadence. At once the melody made me think of a little stream slipping and bending on its way; I imagined the Serein and its contributors tinkling down from Burgundian hillsides; and when I asked Conradi what it was, he said Liszt's *Au Bord d'une Source*. A few nights before, he had been playing this composition before going to bed. He woke just before dawn and heard someone in the music-room (next his chamber) playing it again. He sat up in bed amazed at the charm and sureness of touch; and then, to his astonishment, the music rippled on to a new and singularly beautiful ending, different from the composer's. In the spell of half-sleep he thought it must be a dream, and lay down again. But the next morning two others, sleeping at opposite ends of the house, said they had heard music during the night. I have heard him play that new ending of the piece as he heard it in the darkness; it is quite different from Liszt's and not less beautiful. It has a curious upward striving, as though the rivulet were trying to flow backward to its unvexed origin.

It is the little Serein, bending round the chateau, that seems the *motif* of whatever secret music lingers here in unmeasurable vibrations of air. The circle of water binds it in, sets it delicately apart, isolates it with such careful artifice. A tiny stream, so easily crossed: it is really but a few feet of water but its reflections are so deep! It is a great artist, the Serein: it knows that the way to savor a great silence is to have just a little sound; so at night, through open windows, you can hear it whispering past its overflow; on its way, past meadows and white cattle, toward larger destinies. Here it is like the daily mind of man—shallow itself, but it can mirror the pictures of great things.

Silence is a great part of the life the Serein here encloses. A peacefulness so profound that one wants to retard every slow moment and see it from both sides. Within and without, an old

domain like this is a work of art, an art so deeply established that it collaborates with the supreme artfulness of Nature. Nature has the vague impulse, the push; man merely provides the rhyme-scheme, the ABBA. In the oddest variety everything here suggests artistic parables. On a sunny morning the shadow of this tower falls definite and dark across the brown moat. The carp, in a thick cluster, shoal to and fro exactly along the line of that shadow, keeping to the darker side. Is that not art? When the church bell rings, or a clock strikes, it seems always to fall upon the ear exactly at the right moment, at the instant when the apprehensions needed it. The wine, stacked in bins in the cellar, to lie there cool and obscure for years to come—the act of placing it has a ritual gravity. And brought upstairs in its little basket, like a baby in a bassinette, carefully horizontal, a bottle of Musigny or Corton-Grancey has the full righteousness of color, bouquet, and *gout* that make it as perfect in its own realm as an ode by Keats. There is no tariff in these matters. Perfection costs whatever you have to pay for it. Indeed the exhalation rising from a wine like Musigny, the ghost of the grape rising in the clear half-empty crater of those vast goblets, is so divine that it would seem the supreme act of connoisseurship simply to relish it in the nostrils and never taste it at all. Nor is it wise to taste rich Burgundies too continuously; the Subscriber in Waterbury who reproached me for an interest in such matters may console himself with the linguistic reflection that *gout* is easily transformed into *gout*.

I think I had forgotten to tell you about Burgundian clocks, which are amusing. The nearest one gets to Switzerland, I have always observed, the more people are interested in clocks. Perhaps that is because the Swiss, placed by Nature so near eternity, find earthly divisions of Time all the more precious. America invented the alarm clock, which rouses man to his work, and the time clock which keeps him at it. The Burgundian, taking it for granted that a solid citizen is for a large part of his time engrossed in the distractions of the table, conceived the idea of a clock that would strike the hour twice, to make sure of your noticing it correctly. The first time, while you are toying or gossiping, the clock strikes at random, anything at all, perhaps exactly, perhaps not. But then, a couple of minutes later, when your attention has been called to the fact that another hour has ticked, the number is correctly changed. Such is a Burgundian clock.

But the thought that the Serein and I were pursuing was that everything here seems (as a printer would say) *justified*; aligned and accurately imposed upon some underlying norm. When Conradi was playing the other evening I sat near to watch his hands: it seemed impossible that they should err. The musician playing a difficult composition, he said, is always singing it in his mind. In the same way, in rare coalitions of circumstance, some subconscious spirit of just and fine living seems to be singing the complicated counterpoint of our existence. With it all, unless I misconceive the spirit of an old house, one is pervaded now and then by a delightful enchanted sadness. But the Serein has its gaieties too; and Conradi and I are meditating a Moating Song—a form of nautical ballad not yet achieved, I think.

Returning to France revives in the poet, who has not written verse for a longish time, an eagerness to put his notions in rhyme. In the train from Granville to Paris, and again from Paris toward Dijon, the measured charm of those countrysides, the reddening orchards, white curly roads, neatly shaven plains and stripy hillsides, silver-grey hamlets and the blue curves of the Yonne and aisles of poplar trees, all seemed to suggest and require the old French forms of verse. In the ballade or rondeau the singer spreads his thoughts with the simple orderliness of a peasant sunning linen on a hedge.

And this evening we are going, quixotically, to tilt some Moulin-à-Vent. As one might write on a picture postcard: We are having an uncorking time.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Books of Special Interest

America and the World

AMERICA AND WORLD PEACE.

By JOHN H. CLARKE. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1925. \$2.

Reviewed by HAMILTON HOLT

WHEN Mr. Taft was appointed chief-justice of the United States by President Harding, he resigned his office as president of the League to Enforce Peace, thus leaving the American peace movement leaderless.

But just causes are never long without champions. One of Mr. Taft's ablest associates on the Supreme Court bench was John H. Clarke of Ohio, an appointee and friend of Woodrow Wilson.

What was the genesis of Judge Clarke's great decision, I do not know, but the country and the world were astonished one morning some three years ago to read in the papers that Judge Clarke had resigned from the Supreme Court to devote the rest of his life, if need be, to bringing the United States into the League of Nations.

It was a brave and striking thing to do. It so heartened the friends of the League in America, that all factions forthwith united under Judge Clarke's leadership, and on the ashes of Mr. Taft's League to Enforce Peace, which had in the meantime died an honorable death, established the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association with Judge Clarke as its first president and George W. Wickersham as president of the Council.

From that day to this Judge Clarke has given his name, his time, and his money to promote world peace and abolish what Thomas Jefferson called "the greatest scourge of mankind." He has done this, moreover, at what is probably the risk of his life, for his heart is affected and his physicians have strongly advised him against too much platform work with its attendant strain and incessant traveling.

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The present little volume is Judge Clarke's first peace book. It is a compilation of three addresses given last winter at Brown University under the auspices of the Colver Foundation.

The first chapter deals with the need of peace for America and the world. The discoveries of modern science, holds Judge Clarke, have so multiplied man's power of destruction that another world war, far more horrible than the last, if permitted to come, may permanently blight civilization.

The war system and the religious teaching of Jesus Christ are so utterly antagonistic at every point, that with the spread of education and the growth of the critical spirit, the two cannot exist much longer together—one or the other must disappear from the world—one or the other must perish. It is no exaggeration to say that Christianity cannot survive another war.

The second chapter gives an analysis of the League of Nations and the arguments why the United States should join it. In this chapter Judge Clarke gives the reason why Woodrow Wilson rejected the Lodge reservations which, I suspect, will be news to most people. Says Judge Clarke:

The real difficulty was that the reservations proposed by the Senate were framed in such form that the President believed that they were designed to cut down the Constitutional powers of the executive in dealing with foreign affairs, rather than to modify the terms of the Covenant, and for this reason, concluding he could not accept them under his oath of office, he rejected them.

The third chapter deals with the Protocol for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes framed at last September's Assembly of the League of Nations. The Protocol, says Judge Clarke, is so new and novel in international relations that it may well be that the requisite number of nations have not yet risen to a level of civilization capable of giving even a trial to this great proposal. But after all it is precisely the system of settling differences with which we are all familiar in daily private life and with which as a nation we are familiar in dealing with the relations between the States of our Union.

As is already evident from the preceding quotations the book is pervaded with a deep religious and moral appeal. "It may be," says Judge Clarke, "pray God it may

be necessary that our country must suffer as the European nations have suffered before we can be induced to join them in the heroic effort they are making to advance towards wiser methods. It seems impossible that this nation of ours which has least to risk in the great experiment, but most to lose if it shall fail, should permit itself to be the greatest obstacle to this most comprehensive and promising attempt of all time to organize the world for peace."

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I have not the space to present Judge Clarke's arguments in detail. Suffice it to say that he has marshaled together a veritable arsenal of facts, which he presents eloquently, and persuasively. Indeed Judge Clarke has written with that power and charm that is only achieved where a public man of political wisdom and high probity writes from the heart.

No one, I think, can read the book through without being impressed with the purity and elevation of the character of the man who wrote it, his fairness and fervor, and the patriotism which inspires him. As long as our country produces such men to champion the great causes that ever must confront her, the fate of the Republic is secure.

Rural Conditions

THE RURAL HOME: Papers and Addresses of the American Country Life Association. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1925. \$2.

Reviewed by the late HERBERT QUICK

THIS is Volume VI of the papers and proceedings of the American Country Life Association. Volume I is on "Rural Objectives," Vol. II on "Rural Health," Vol. III on "Rural Organization," Vol. IV on "Town and Country Relations," and Vol. V on "Country Community Organization." All are published by the University of Chicago Press.

The volume here under consideration has the usual merits and defects of a collection of the deliverances of people who contribute to a program. Some of the articles are very significant. Some are vaguely inspiring. Some are worthless. All are marked by the best of intentions. They deal with a subject the importance of which was not overestimated by Dr. Walter Burr of the Kansas State Agricultural College when he told the gathering "the significance of the farm family in the United States is that the farm family is the basis of national welfare." Such being the case, Congress might well consider converting itself into a Farm Bloc; but if it did there can be no doubt that it would in the present state of political darkness do more harm than good.

Dr. Branson's recent book, "Farm Life Abroad," gives us a glimpse of the lives of farmers (peasants) in Germany, Denmark, and France. It shows us that the Danes are a much more enlightened, well-educated, and intelligent race of farmers than are we, that they live in better houses, that the Danish "Rural Farm Home" is superior to ours in every way, and that they have not only taken control of the Danish government, but of Danish business big and little, and have made their business world like their control. They, even in the depression of two years ago, were the most fundamentally prosperous farmers in the world, and had attained that prosperity without subtracting from the fundamental welfare of any other class. They have lifted the rural home, the subject matter of the book under notice, higher than anywhere else in the world. How have they done it? There was one paper delivered at our Country Life Conference for the book under review entitled "Side-lights on Danish Home Life." It says of the Danish farmers "they do not seem to feel the press of poverty, the tense anxiety as to the future that is felt in many American country homes," but it is content to give only one reason for this—temperament! Only one speaker suggested, and that very casually that the betterment of the American rural home must be based on economic prosperity and security; yet that is undeniably the fact. Give the American farmer economic safety, the ownership of his farm to the extent

that the Danes have them, and we may trust him to improve his home life, especially in view of the fact that we have so well-organized a group of people to aid him in doing it.

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The farmers of America are gradually dividing into two classes; those who own their farms either clear of debt or under mortgages which are economically justifiable; and farm tenants. The tenants are increasing as a proportion wherever the land is valuable. The curse from which the Danes have emancipated themselves, and from which most of the peasantry of Europe have now freed themselves is darkening American farm life more and more all the time. But only one address given in this book tells us anything of its effect on the rural home and that tells mighty little. The American farm tenant works under that system of tenure which we have learned to hate—rack-renting. That is, we have no institution or custom anywhere in America which prevents the landlord from getting every cent of rent which the competition of the landless enables him to exact or to give the tenant continued possession of "his home." This has a damning effect on the rural home; but tenancy is ignored in these proceedings save on one paper, and in that it is not accorded much significance. In other words we had a great gathering to discuss the rural home in America, which ignored the land question.

This, of course, deprives the papers and addresses of any save a surface value. Yet, the book is well worth reading, and it and its companion volumes are so valuable that they belong in any library which seeks to cover the subject of agricultural life. Even a surface consideration of our rural conditions is worth while. Among the best items are the address of the President, Dr. Kenyon L. Butterfield, and the papers of Dr. C. J. Galpin, Marie Turner Harvey, Olive D. Campbell, and especially the study of "A Thousand Nebraska Farm Families and Their Homes," by J. O. Rankin.

East and West

THE OCCIDENT AND THE ORIENT.

By SIR VALENTINE CHIROL. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1925. \$2.

THE CHALLENGE OF ASIA. By STANLEY RICE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1925. \$2.25.

Reviewed by SYDNEY GREENBIE

IN the case of Sir Valentine's book, the student of the Orient meets with disappointment at the very outset. Mr. Chirol, who last summer was one of the lecturers at the Williamstown Institute of Politics, has the charm of the disinterested old gentleman, who has lived in the East as fully as in the West, and who from the proud pinnacles of British paternalism, looks not only through the oriental, but over his head. It is thus that we find him considering "The Peculiar Case of Egypt" and "The British Experiment in India." The thing that seems peculiar about Egypt is that "her rulers were at the same time showing how much easier it is for Orientals to contract the vices than the virtues of the Occident." I can see nothing peculiar about that. After all, our vices are perhaps more interesting than our virtues, and their adoption by Egypt attests to her sagacity. Only rich peoples can indulge in vices; and so quite naturally, Egypt found it necessary to tap European finance for the wherewithal, and fell into the trap. Surely there is nothing peculiar about that. Look at China! But China is not the Orient to Sir Valentine. Sir Valentine's story is so clear, so disinterested in its method that it fairly throbs with a passionate faith in the convictions and the administration of Britain in Egypt. . . . Not a whit different is the discussion of the British "Experiment" in India. To refer to two centuries of iron rule as an experiment is a sublime piece of rationalization. To include in that "experiment" the accidental educational consequences of the contact between East and West is to resolve the "white man's burden" into a blessing. "The magnitude of the responsibilities," says Sir Valentine, "which devolved upon the East India Company

when, in the second half of the eighteenth century, it found itself, through the sheer force of circumstances rather than through any deliberately preconceived design, transformed from a mere trading corporation into a great agency of government and administration, was at first only imperfectly apprehended in England." We read on of that same limpid style (as easy as the frisk of a coyote) and nothing troubles the lecturer, nothing disconcerts him—not even his meeting with Ghandi. It is all very well, the historical facts are reliable, but we miss something, something that cosmopolitan thinking should reveal—just the wee bit of feeling. But then, of course, that is the secret of the success of Britain as ruler of subject peoples. . . . Before we leave Sir Valentine we had better make clear the limitations of the word Orient. He does not include China and Japan in his deliberations, but he adds a chapter on Russia and Bolshevism. Mr. Chirol's Orient is the half-breed East, the hyphen, so to speak, between East and West. The true Orient—China—lies in a world of its own.

We move from the glacial precision of Sir Valentine to the tornado-esque self-confidence of Stanley Rice. Reading through Mr. Rice's book reminds me of the boy who whirls a tinful of water round and round his head without spilling a drop. Mr. Rice jumps from India to Japan, from ancient history to current events, from politics to conjecture with the abandon of Leonore Hughes. He progresses from the Ramayana and the Mahabharata at the beginning of a paragraph to kimono in modern Japan at the end. I have looked here and looked there to find his sympathies and his antipathies, but they are as illusive and all inclusive as the variety of his subjects. There is nothing one can quote, for nothing stands out sharply from the whole panorama, seen as it were from a speeding airplane. And yet, the sense of a living, breathing, pulsating world of peoples with their antagonistic and complimentary aspirations becomes clear in spite of all the generalizations.

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There is too much assumption on the part of the author that his reader will be familiar with the facts to which he only alludes in passing. In consequence, he often gives an impression of inaccuracy to the one familiar with the subject. Take, for instance, the section in which he sketches briefly the early intercourse between Europe and China. There is not a text-book in history to which one might refer for help in some of these details. Mr. Rice is not altogether sure of his ground himself when he says: "The Portuguese traders were banished to Macao; the English traders were confined so far as might be to Canton." The fact is that all foreign traders between 1783 and 1840 were forced to live in Macao except when the arrival of a ship made it necessary for them to open their "factories" or warehouses at Canton. A trifling error, but due to an attempt to cover too much history in a limited volume. Nor does the author help the reader in such incidents as the coming to China and the death of Lord Napier. Nor does he seem to be at all aware of the fact that American merchants were engaged in a trade that was slowly sapping the strength of the East India Company in China for thirty years prior to the opium war. He utterly ignores America's place in China, being English obviously, though seeking an American reading public. This is an important point in view of his reasoning on the opium war. He claims that Chinese, "the very officials who were so loudly condemning the opium traffic, were themselves making fortunes by smuggling." This is not altogether true, for Commissioner Lin was honestly and courageously trying to carry out the orders of his Government, and it was as a result of his drastic and unequivocal attempt to stifle smuggling that England declared war—whatever subordinate officials may or may not have been guilty of. . . . And so one might pick flaws in this little book without weakening the force and value of it entire. It is to be read rather for the stimulus it gives to the imagination and to one's impulses; and as one discovers no bias in it, so, it may be hoped, will it leave the reader without a bias.