

mere optical illusions. Kipling evidently had one of Cook's voyages in his mind when he wrote:

Beyond all outer charting
We sailed where none have sailed,
And saw the land-lights burning
On islands none have hailed;
Our hair stood up for wonder,
But when the night was done,
There danced the deep to windward
Blue-empty 'neath the sun!

But more than anything else Cook had to dispel for good and all the notion that there was an immense southern continent in the South Seas. This he did to the satisfaction of his generation. It evidently never occurred to Cook, who surveyed what is now known as Queensland and New South Wales, that those regions formed part of a very extensive continent. Nor does Andrew Kippie, a contemporary and survivor of Cook, ever allude to this part of the world save in a vague and transitory fashion.

This volume of biography comes to us out of the Eighteenth Century and brings with it a most characteristic impression of orderly and humane curiosity. Cook occupies a singular and enviable position between Esquemeling and Gauguin, between the buccaneer and the artist. Cook was a navigator of extraordinary ability. He had that uncanny habit of being right, and of being right on the spot, which is the despair of the industrious and well-meaning incompetent the world over. But he was more than that. He was a true pioneer. Without being bigoted on the subject, it seemed to him that the civilization which had changed wood-stained British savages into men like himself and his brother officers might be of service to the ocher-smeared savages of Oceanica. He was wrong, as the Eighteenth Century was wrong in many matters. Our western ideals and religions have resulted in the almost complete destruction of the Australasian aborigines. Cook saw the dangers and endeavored to mitigate them as far as lay in his power. The difficulty he encountered is eternal. It is that the men who have the spirit of adventure are rarely of a saint-like nature. It is the difficulty of devising silk purses out of sows' ears. It is to Cook's everlasting honor that he inspired in all men who came in contact with him whether admirals at home or puerile cannibals in Polynesia, a confidence in his integrity, a faith in his character, which is unfortunately all too rare. The trivial misunderstanding which resulted in his death in Hawaii is a tragic illustration of the heavy price we often have to pay for the advancement of science.

Written in the majestic diction of the period this book is a notable addition to Alfred Knopf's Blue-Jade Library. It is, as already mentioned, a work of historical and philosophical interest. It contains neither the orgies and holocausts of the piratical period nor "the magic suggestiveness" to use Conrad's fine phrase, of Mr. O'Brien's "White Shadows in the South Seas." It is a worthy monument to one of the most remarkable men of his time, who carried the glory of his nation to the uttermost parts of the sea.

Capek's England

LETTERS FROM ENGLAND. By KAREL CAPEK. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1925. \$2.

THERE is more of England, as the outlander sees England, in this unpretentious little book than in a dozen guidebooks, more cogent observations upon England than in any recent book except perhaps Santayana's "Soliloquies in England." But this is neither a guidebook nor a philosophic analysis. It is just what its title indicates, a collection of letters, naively illustrated by the author, witty, ironic, penetrating—quite the best book on England to read if you have just come from there. England for Capek is a great lumbering eccentric, whom continentals from little countries must admire and occasionally laugh at. The admiration is an undercurrent in this book, laughter and affection and irony make most of the letters—"Hyde Park", for example, where on the famous corner he listens to priests, communists, fanatics, revivalists, and finally—

Then there was an old fellow standing there who held a long cross and on it a banner with the inscrip-

tion "Thy Lord Calleth thee"; he was saying something in a weak and husky voice, but nobody was listening to him. So I, a lost foreigner, came to a standstill and supplied him with an audience of one. Then I wanted to go my way, for it was already night; but I was stopped by a man in a nervous state, but I do not know what he said to me; I told him that I was a stranger, that London was a terrible affair, but that I was fond of the English; that I had already been about the world a little, but that few things pleased me so much as the orators in Hyde Park. Before I had told him all this twenty people were standing round and quietly listening; I might have endeavored to found a new church, but no sufficiently indubitable article of faith occurred to me, and besides I do not know English well enough, so I cleared off.

Behind the railings in Hyde Park the sheep were grazing; and when I looked at them, one, evidently the oldest, stood up and began to bleat; so I listened to its sheepish preaching, and not until it had had its say did I go home, contented and purified as if after divine service. I might make this a starting point for admirable reflections on democracy, the English character, the need for faith and other things; but I would rather leave the whole occurrence to natural beauty.

This is the kind of book that can be reviewed only by quoting, and much more quoting than there is space for here. It has charm, and charm cannot be analyzed, and wit, which cannot be described. It is difficult to believe that the author of "R.U.R." has so much cream in him. Voltaire wrote such reflections upon the English after his sojourn in the early eighteenth century. If Capek is less critical, he is quite as instructive and more amusing.

A Delightful Lunatic

LORD TIMOTHY DEXTER, of Newburyport, Mass. By J. P. MARQUAND. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1925.

Reviewed by MEADE MINNIGERODE

Author of "Lives and Times"

HE WAS born in 1747, to be "one grat man", this Lord Timothy Dexter—tanner, merchant, financier, gentleman, philanthropist, jackanapes, philosopher, and author of "A Pickle for the Knowing Ones" in which all the punctuation marks were printed at the back so that readers might "pepper and salt it as they please"—this Lord Timothy Dexter of Newburyport, whom Mr. Marquand has brought down to earth for a moment from his place among the stars. One "grat" man; "first in the East, first in the West, and the greatest philosopher in the western world". He said so himself. Of obscure origin, uneducated, apprentice to a tanner in his youth, he came to Newburyport, "a place all Noue to Me", in 1769. In 1770 he married a widow with four children who, according to Mr. Marquand, remained henceforth "probably his startled, and certainly his careworn consort". After the Revolution, having courageously speculated in depreciated Continental script, he found himself suddenly possessed of a fortune. He bought the finest house in Newburyport and established himself overnight as a gentleman—to the great annoyance of Newburyport. He purchased ships and sent them forth on fantastic errands to the West Indies, loaded, in part, with cats, mittens, and warming pans. But he knew what he was doing, as Mr. Morrison has pointed out in the "Maritime History of Massachusetts". The cats were sold to catch mice in the warehouses; the warming pans were just the thing for syrop ladles; the mittens were taken to Russia by a vessel filling up for her return voyage. He was, as he observed, "Very lucky in spekkelation".

Always a hearty and noisy drunkard, he turned author and philosopher. Annoyed by the hostility of Newburyport, he went away to Chester, in New Hampshire, and came back "Lord Timothy Dexter, King of Chester." People there, even the boys in the street, had insisted on calling him that, and there was nothing which Timothy Dexter was not prepared to take seriously. "I me the first Lord in the younited States of Amercay", he announced. "It is the voice of the people and I can't help it and so let it go". And so it does go, more and more fantastically; an extraordinary Palace and Museum; an elegant new Tomb in his garden with one hundred and fifty-eight squares of glass, and a fine green and white coffin with "nobel trimmings", and a mock funeral—until his death in 1806.

It is the story—uproarious, incredible, and al-

ways monumentally pathetic—of a simple creature who tried desperately to have a good time and share it with others, to become a friendly part of a community which would only bedevil him, to fit himself and his fortune into a society for which he was no more suited than the man in the moon. A supremely lonely gentleman as one sees him between the lines of Mr. Marquand's rollicking chronicle in which the cheerful eccentric cavorts so amiably, with his lion, and his coach, and his statues, against a background of old New England ships and mansions. An exceedingly pleasant book concerning a delightful lunatic. There must be others like him in the early American scene—no, never quite like him—to write about. The story, told with gusto and sympathetic merriment, of an ingratiating maniac who always knew exactly what he was doing, and did it in the grandest possible manner.

The Military Airplane

WINGED DEFENSE. By COLONEL WILLIAM MITCHELL. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1925.

Reviewed by EDWARD P. WARNER

Massachusetts Institute of Technology

A REVIEW of a book by William Mitchell needs no preliminary explanation of the author and his subject. Here, if ever, the bromidically familiar formula, "Our speaker to-night is one who needs no introduction," would be justified. Everything that he says and does is news, and he has but one subject. In "Winged Defense," based on the series of magazine articles which were instrumental in their author's removal from the pleasant purlieus of Washington to the plains of Texas and in the accompanying replacement of the golden star on the collar of his uniform by a silver eagle, he goes on from where he left off in his first book, published shortly after the war.

The present-day military airplane, as it has so far demonstrated itself in actual warfare and as it enters into the majority of present war plans, is a weapon stronger in offense than in defense, and it is fitting that the foremost living exponent of the absolute supremacy of air power should adhere to the theory that the best defense is a strong attack. Except for some kind words about the submarine, admitted to be very difficult of attack from the air, Colonel Mitchell makes no concessions. Aircraft, he says, can go anywhere at any time. They can devastate any city, sink any ship. Meteorological and topographical obstacles are swept aside with terse assertions that they are of no importance or ignored entirely. Out of the author's complete and unswerving confidence in himself and enthusiasm for his subject there arises a fierce eagerness of style appropriate to one who fears lest damage beyond repair be done before he, the rescuer, can arrive. He makes his claims so sweeping and delivers them with such force that the reader is fairly caught up and carried in his train. It is as an evangelist, rather than as a debater, that he presents his case.

"Winged Defense," like the statements which its distinguished author from time to time issues to the press, is more marked by enthusiasm than by caution. It is intimated in the foreword that one of the major objects in its preparation was to provide "a book to which our people in the services, in the executive departments, and in Congress can refer for data on aviation which is modern and which is the result of actual experience." That being the case, it is unfortunate that misleading and exaggerated statements abound, that records of fact and unproven opinions are inextricably intermingled, that statistics are all too often replaced by superlatives and by such vague expressions as "an incredibly short time" and "a vast amount," and that some of the data provided are so "modern" as to relate to accomplishments still far in the future. The temptation is strong for the reviewer to collect a long list of such dubious claims as that "the airship, or lighter-than-air dirigible, has the greatest cruising radius of any known means of transportation," but to emphasize those flaws alone would be to allow the trees to hide the forest. The real importance of the book lies not in any com-

pilation of facts and records, but in the accuracy with which it represents the basic creed of a considerable group of officers in the American air services and of similar groups in other countries.—men committed as strongly as Colonel Mitchell himself to the fundamental proposition of the greatness of air power, and following him not only as the leader of their cause but also through devoted admiration for the untiring zeal with which he has pressed that cause and for his personal courage, skilful flying technique, and love of the air.

The place of an air force in preparations for the national defense is still, and is likely long to continue, the subject of argument. The best solution for a given country at a given time is to be evolved from study by experts, and not from the intercession of politicians and lay organizations half instructed by propagandists favoring one extreme or another of policy. What Colonel Mitchell has to say about the desirability of a united air force is his own opinion and that of the faction just mentioned which believes as he does. It is entitled to respectful consideration, but other writers quite as authoritative hold very different views.

When Colonel Mitchell relaxes the argumentative strain and becomes the historian of great events he tells a stirring tale. His description of an air battle over Conflans during the St. Mihiel operation is worth reading several times, but he is at his best when he recounts the story of the bombing of the ex-German ships off the Virginia capes in 1921. That was the greatest triumph of the man who planned the undertaking, directed the execution of the plan, and was "in at the death," circling overhead in his own machine when the ships went down:

Finally the time came for us to attack the Ostfriesland with the two thousand pound bombs, and Captain Lawson's flight went to sea. . . . Lawson circled his target once to take a look at her and make sure of his wind and his altitude. He then broke his airplanes from their "V" formation into single column and attacked it. Seven airplanes followed one another. Four bombs hit in rapid succession, close alongside the Ostfriesland. We could see her rise eight or ten feet between the terrific blows from under water. On the fourth shot Captain Streett, sitting in the back seat of my plane, stood up and waving both arms shouted: "She is gone!"

Democracy

(Continued from page 207)

study of the age of our political degradation. There is more bite to the book than this, and it has an intensity which its not too emotional personal conflicts hardly explain. The new school of heart searchers will give little credit to Henry Adams's cool analyses of passion and human nature conducted in the terse prose of a historian. They will not perhaps understand the fervor of the novel, which has little to do with its rapidly moving story, and is not dependent upon its vivid satire of the abuses of our grandfathers. Adams loved his country, he was eager to serve, he felt able to lead men and shape policies—but he was not wanted. His knowledge and devotion, like the refinement of Mrs. Lee, might be exploited, but never rewarded by democracy. Democracy wants no leadership better than it is, and while this is a sound instinct for preservation, it is a bitter discovery for the man who is better, who has worked to make himself better. This was the heartbroken cry of the Federalists when Jefferson destroyed them, of Adams's own grandfather when Jackson and the democrats broke him. Mrs. Lightfoot Lee sees the future of America symbolized in the dull absurdity of a President's reception where a multitude of nonentities shake hands with two other nonentities, all thinking the same thoughts and all dull with the same boredom. She ends on a note of cynicism: nine-tenths of America will think her a fool for not marrying a corrupt politician who was going to be President. Adams was more pessimistic still when he wrote "The Education" but by that time the world seemed as little likely to provide good environments for future Adamses as did America. He was not then, nor as a youth, devoid of snobbishness, but snobbishness has its values in a democracy; and the half century since the publication of this novel has not emptied it of prophetic warning.

The Bowling Green

The Judgment of Paris

I AM WAITING to hear the chime of the Sorbonne church strike eleven: I wanted to hear it again, to get the right word for it. *Timmy*, which I used last year, is certainly not right. It is a light, cool, insouciant little chime; but I don't catch the just adjective, and can only advise you to listen for it yourself. It is not ponderous nor monitory nor deeply musical: in fact it seems (as I suppose is natural in a Latin Quarter belfry) hardly a religious voice at all. It has in it something of the accent of Ronsard, something of Diderot, and just a faint clatter of glassware from the zinc café-bar round the corner. I will leave it at that, or it will use up all my space.

Paris would hardly be Paris for me if I didn't hear the Sorbonne bells; though it is disconcerting to hear them striking while you are writing an article: another fifteen minutes gone and you have only descended a dozen lines. And this ground-floor room at the corner of the Place (in case there are ladies in the audience) is the perfect chamber for high-spirited young women. For, if the toy *ascenseur* is "immobilized for reparations," as sometimes happens, there are no stairs to climb; and the passage outside our door is one long stretch of mirrors, where Titania can walk up and down adjudging the effect of a new hat just arrived from Mme. Sorbier in the rue Lafayette. But it grows very chilly towards midnight at the end of September. *Chauffage Centrale* has a genial sound on the notepaper; but when, one wonders, does it begin? If it hadn't been for my well-loved *zinc* (as you are to call a small bar of that sort, pronouncing it *zank*) which is warm and bright and full of Chinamen playing cards, I should hardly have enlivened my fingers enough to write this letter. But the café-crème with cognac only costs ten cents, and makes the most intimate of chauffages centrales.

I understand now why the Quarter spends its evenings in the cafés—to keep warm. I should have liked to bring in a small electric heater; but the list of prohibitions placarded on the wall is peremptory.

I haven't really much gift for loitering in cafés. I wish I had: for then I might be able to find out, what has always disquieted me, whether the Boule' Miche' prowlers who look so like poets really are. The fellow with the yellow raincoat, and yellow ringlets as long and curly as Bonny Prince Charley's; and the other fellow with the sleek bobbed hair, the tight-waisted coat, the monocle and cane and open polo-shirt; they are still strolling the pavement just as they were a year ago. What I want to know is, how many poems have they written in the meantime? I always have a horrid fear that they will prove to be merely commissionaires for the Phiteesi shoe-store that appals my eye in that sacred precinct; heaven only knows how profound a disillusion it was to my spirit to find that word Phiteesi in the Latin Quarter: fortunately even the most learned doctors of the Sorbonne probably don't suspect its meaning. But a man who has strength enough left to wrestle against disillusion has not really been damaged; his fancy dives inward and becomes more precious. I cling desperately to the hope that the Chinamen are not the only romantic figures along the Boulevard; that the young men whose signed photographs are thick over the comfortable fireplace in Sylvia Beach's charming bookshop ("To dear Sylvia with just oceans of love") really are geniuses; that these Murgerian profiles are truly libertines and literary critics. You remember O. Henry's little story about the hayseed who looked so obviously a hayseed that no bunco-man dared go after him. But he really was a hayseed. And Walt Whitman teaches me to be cautious. Walt would have been very miserable along the trottoir of the

Boule' Miche', for no one would have noticed him. Yet, though he looked so like a poet that few good Philadelphians would touch him, he really was one.—And I don't even believe that Walt's French, deservedly merrimented by his readers, was any worse than that of the average American in Paris.

But I love to think of the young American of the better sort who comes, like the *naïf* scholar-gypsy he is, to make his pilgrimage to Paris. It is delightful to think of him, scandalized in small things that he may be, if he has understanding, uplifted in great. He has heard that the book-boxes along the Quais are the shrine of priest and philosopher; and the statue of Voltaire grins delightedly at his amazement to find the work most prominently displayed in "Fleshy Attraction, Translated from the French," carefully wrapped in strong twine. For that is the kind of delightful Vanity Fair and cheapjackery the world is: surely the photograph-pimp wouldn't work so hard unless real Beauty weren't near-by; nor would it be worth while for so many people to dress like poets unless the sources of real poetry were just around the corner. And I doubt if my imagined pilgrim even buys "Les Belles Flagellantes de New-York" even if he sees it every day on his way toward the Place Vendôme to ask for mail. If he has the jocund humor I like to credit him with, he has a smile when he goes into an antique-shop in the Boulevard St. Germain where he has seen some fine 18th century leather-bound 12-mos in the window. He finds that they have been gutted to make cigarette-boxes, though still preserving, outwardly, their booklike appearance. He exclaims a little in protest at old books having been served so—"Ah," says the young woman, "they were only religious books."

I read a great deal in the papers about a debt that France owes to America; but I have been thinking in a queer way about quite a different kind of debt that we owe to her. Americans have done a singular good deal, wherever there is real beauty in France, to persuade her to spoil it; and I feel that we have a curious obligation to help her to show us her best and truest parts. So the sapient pilgrim, if he were wise, would serve an apprenticeship in the provinces; he should be forbidden even to approach Paris until he had learned such elementary rules as never to allow a bottle of wine to be plunged into an ice-bucket—as the Paris restaurants have debauched themselves into doing under the notion that Americans like everything iced. He should avoid the eyes of Rue de la Paix jewelers peering fixedly over their velvet window-curtains, and should gaze in fascinated horror at the engravers' shops where Egyptian princes have their visiting cards displayed and among them the imposing pasteboard

MONSEIGNEUR GLASS BISHOP OF SALT LAKE

He should learn first, what the cosmopolitan glamour of Paris is not so likely to teach, something of the unspoiled simplicities of the French countryside. It would do him no harm to hunt out the French equivalent of the old lady from Dubuque. Then he will be capable, I think, of distinguishing the true Paris, who makes herself so scarce for untutored eyes. Then he will see that, faithful to her old motto, this real Paris, loved by all the world's lovers, fluctuates but is never merged. He won't waste his clear sunsets at some rowdy café but will see the little flotilla of toy yachts skimming the Luxembourg basin. Where the woman with a bunch of balloons stands at the head of the steps, the light pours through her red and blue globes; seen down the gold-bronze avenue they are translucent like floating jewels. And that mysterious sound of horses' hoofs that often comes at midnight down the narrow rue de la Sorbonne, will grow to have its mystic meaning. It is the tramp of some pilgrim cavalcade; it is the students of the world, coming as they always came, in faith and hope and gaiety, to the doors of the Sorbonne. Loved as perhaps no other city has ever been loved, our illusions are worthy of her.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.