

inspiration of his book came in a very different way; but there is little evidence that *Barber* actually influenced the thinking of *Sims* more than that of Carver in any definite way. What is different is an indebtedness to Professor M. J. C. Tenney of Columbia to whom *Sims* gave credit for "a germinal idea" found in an essay on "The Analysis of Individual and Social Surplus" published in *The Popular Science Monthly* in 1912. The thought of Tenney runs subtly in the background of *Sims*.

Professor *Sims* has undertaken a larger and more difficult task than Professor Carver's. Carver writes simply and clearly on relatively simple themes, sometimes with a touch of homely humor, and nearly always with a trustworthy discrimination. Vital energy he sees as solar energy transformed by effort, which is an expenditure of energy. Human life alone shows an energetic profit or surplus. There is, however, a universal tendency to dissipate energy in rest, play, or reproduction, in excess of necessity or of what we can afford. The depressing factor in the refutations of Malthus is the circumstance that they are commonly regarded as refutations! Americans are called wasters, but, Carver asks, are they as wasteful as they seem? Spendthrifts in almost everything else perhaps, they are economical of labor and penurious of time. Rational morality is that conduct which economizes human energy, and immorality the conduct which dissipates it. Civilization calls for curbing of self expression by self discipline. How much civilization, then, can we stand? This question Carver does not answer. *Sims* attempts to answer it. Readers will differ as to whether he succeeds.

Starting from a provisional definition of sociology as a science of group energy manifest in social forms, Professor *Sims* gives us a detailed and comprehensive treatise on social evolution. He calls it "a new way of approach, or rather an old way newly emphasized" to sociological theory. The basic notion is that society is essentially a physical phenomenon. Carver's basic notion is seemingly identical. "The ultimate social fact," he says, "is probably not psychical but physical." There is, however, a difference if Carver means (perhaps he does not) that the psychical is not physical. One might contend that society and all social facts are psychical and at the same time as a behaviorist in psychology and a monist in philosophy might add that all psychical phenomena that are scientifically knowable are manifestations of physical energy.

Professor *Sims* acknowledges that Herbert Spencer made "the first real attempt at a systematic sociology," and that Spencer's basic notion in sociology as in psychology was the hypothesis that "every physical and psychical change is generated by certain antecedent forces, and that from given amounts of such forces neither more nor less of such physical and psychical changes can result." This is just, and Professor *Sims* has done well to remind us of our debt, but exception may be taken to his further assertion that those who since Spencer have striven to make sociology a science have shifted it to other grounds, and have delivered it into the hands of those who hold that social energy is independent of mechanical law. Too many sociologists have done this, but not all. William Graham Sumner, to name one, was not guilty.

To speak of the expositions of Social Power, Social Process, and Social Progress in which Professor *Sims* develops his basic notion and searches out its implications would be to expand a brief review into an article. He advances boldly but cautiously, as the scientific mind must. Also, it must be said, he is scholarly and an admirable writer. His reading has been wide-ranging and his citations are discriminating. His appraisals of the views of other writers are intelligent and fair. Dissent from some of his positions and conclusions there will be. The classification of tradition and organization as energies will be challenged. They are mechanisms, and condition the expenditure of energies, but are they energies themselves? They do not function by emitting energies put into them when they were made and so consuming themselves, as coal does in combustion. Their functioning is a direction, a coordination, or a transformation of energies turned into them now, from outside of them, generated outside of them, and never at any time a part of themselves. But these errors, if such they are, do not invalidate the soberly presented conclusion that the equilibration of social energies selects human personalities and develops them, enlarging and individualizing them.

The BOWLING GREEN

Little Deaths

THE last few days before going away are, indeed, as the French say, a Little Death. Particularly when one is going abroad (an odd phrase, unless taken quickly)—going from a life one understands, or at least is part of, to one entirely strange. Then, as one muddles about straightening his affairs, things familiar suddenly show their savage importance. A small tousled head on a pillow, a sleeping child sprawled almost over the edge of her bed, or Mr. Edward Bear fallen stiff and forgotten over the bedside cliff, can unsettle the mind for an hour. In those final moonlit evenings small customs become as significant as everything would always be to a rightly comprehensive sense. The midnight rape of shredded wheat with cream and brown sugar (a correspondent complains that we do not write about Food nowadays; I mention this for him; but it must be real cream, and brown sugar) and the tick of dropping acorns, Donny's flap-flap tail on the porch, and the howlet's quavering cry—these things you try to fold and stow away, along with the other packing. Tonight I woke at one o'clock and found our woodland brushed with silver. The Hunter's Moon, I think they call it; I wondered how I could fit it into my mind, with so many other ends and odds, so it would keep. One does not worry about packing sunlight, for that you share with everyone; but moonlight is your own.

It is excellent medicine to remember the things that will be going on not at all embarrassed by one's absence. That gate-man at the Long Island Station will still be shouting at five o'clock every afternoon, "First Stop Jamaica, Jamaica Rexpress." There is a delightful spaced rhythm in his cry; he is a prosodist by nature. Friendly little stenographers will be saying "All-Righty" over the phone, perspiring yachtsmen cranking marine motors that don't start, and newspaper reviewers writing that Mr. So-and-So's new book is "equally as" interesting as his previous. The *Saturday Review*, moved away from its original quarters near the eight tall chimneys of Gashouse District into the intellectual élite of 45th Street, will hear the tramping feet of the Pack—the hungry throng of free-lance critics who pursue the beaten round of all magazines that give out books for comment. In the little circulating library in the Long Island Station people will be dropping in to choose a detective story in the few minutes before train-time. The thing that interests me in those books is always the card that tells who has borrowed the volume before. It fills me with vague speculation to observe that Miss E. M. Wheeler read "Definitions," and that that excellent book has earned 69 cents for the Library. Who, I say to myself, is Miss E. M. Wheeler and did she like it? I turn over the pages to see if she marked any passages. How depressing is the prohibition against writing in the margins of borrowed books. It should be compulsory; sometimes, in those anonymous comments, you find out what people really believe they think.

Ruddy September will go its course; the mules from the Pennsylvania coal-pits will smell air and grass and feel as strangely uncanny as a newspaperman when he first quits his job and takes to private pondering; every Sunday a definite predictable number of people will kill themselves and others in motor cars on the highways; the papers will write solemn editorials to the effect that publishing Income Tax figures is a deplorable invasion of individual privacy, and will simultaneously attempt to break into as many other privacies as possible; there will be the statistical quota of Important Autumn Weddings and hayfever pollens will cause the annual peak in the Sealpackerchief traffic. On transatlantic steamships a certain number of late prowlers will be sampling the smokeroom steward's cognac, or listening to the hiss along her side. And, as Roy Helton's graceful poem says,

Above those gay young hearts atune
The unimportant beauty of the moon.
The Queen of Sheba will return to her own house-
keeping after her astonished visit to King Solomon

remarking—the origin of the *mot*—"The half was not told me." "Of course she hasn't got accommodations like the more modern ships," said a wealthy lady. "There aren't any private baths." But isn't the walk down the swaying corridor, in your dressing gown, with that before-breakfast puff of moist wind that catches you at the cross-alley, isn't that part of the fun? All these things will be happening; and there will be reason, I suppose, for agreeing with Newman (Frances, not Cardinal) that "The cynical spirit is the foundation of good prose." But if so, then a pox on "good prose." For, thinking of a tousled head on a pillow, I cannot assent. I prefer a saying of Harry Leon Wilson's. He was interviewed (for *The Bookman*) by Myla Jo Closser. She said to him that he gave the impression of finding life entertaining. "Anyone is lucky to have got in at all on such a preposterous adventure," he said.

While motor cars are dusting along the roads on Sunday afternoon, out on Long Island Sound there is a Chinese junk. Among the little white-triangled yachts she comes drifting out of Stamford, a queer outlandish silhouette with her gravy-dish hull, her painted eyes, her amber parallelogram sails. A wavering ripple of topaz reflection follows those tall latticed sails as they move softly down wind. All the little sloops and ketches bend on everything they have to follow her, to have a good look at her queer shape, to take photographs. But she slips away as unreachable as a dream. With the breeze aft, nothing under canvas can overhaul her. My friend the Old Mandarin, who used to write Translations from the Chinese, would have had something to say about this. But then he was a sententious fellow who could moralize anything. There are some little visions that just have no moral at all.

"I had an energetic but delightful five days in France," writes C. W. S. (an Englishman—not one of the American hasteners we hear about.) "Day 1, St. Malo, Dinard, Dinan. 2, St. Michel. 3, Le Mans. 4, Chartres. 5, Rouen. I and the friend who was on holiday with me had a high dispute in St. Malo as to what Chateaubriand, who was born there, had written. The guide books shuffled out of it with *écrivain, grand auteur*. I was for meditations, political and philosophical: my friend said 'Fenimore Cooper tales about Red Indians.' We scoured the town for a statue that would reveal the secret. The statue was in the Casino grounds, and as these were closed we could only peer from a distance over the hedge. I was delighted to find the great Chateaubriand in a pensive attitude, finger to brow: but my friend said he could see a frieze of diminutive Indians running round the pedestal—like the Peter Pan statue, I suppose. Which of us was right?"

I have a vague notion that both were right; but most of us would be stumped if asked on a dark night what Chateaubriand wrote. The only thing of his I ever read, however, was a very mild sort of chronicle of a young man who went to live among the Peau-Rouges 'dans le Far-Ouest' and found it arcadian and back-to-Natureish. Most travelers in France know Chateaubriand best as a kind of steak.

No one has yet seen large dove-colored limousines whickering past a patrolman's uplifted palm, and a P. L. tag on the radiator informing the admiring pedestrian that these are officials of the Public Library going to work.

Perhaps the Public Library is almost as important, in a big mongrel city, as the Fire Department. In my private Utopia, when a dangerously smouldering illiteracy was observed, or a sudden blaze of prejudice, the anxious citizen would turn in an alarm. Hark the siren and the jangling gong! Here comes the emergency truck from the Library, with a shell-specked interne and a shelf of aesthetics, Marcus Aurelius, Butler's Notebooks, and a sedative gazetteer or encyclopædia. In her hand the charming interne has one of those magic pencils with a rubber stamp on the end—civilization's wand against barbarism.

Half the trained workers in the New York Public Library get from \$20 to \$25 a week.

If some member of the Board of Estimate would visit the library for the blind in the big building on Fifth Avenue, or any of the children's reading rooms there or in the branches, I think he would agree that the Public Library is one of the city utilities that shouldn't be starved.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.



SUSPENSE

A NAPOLEONIC NOVEL

By

Joseph Conrad

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Cosmo Latham, a young Englishman of wealth on a tour of Europe, in his roamings about Genoa yields to impulse and follows a seafaring man to a tower overlooking the harbor of Genoa where an Elban ship rides at anchor. Before he leaves his uncouth and mysterious companion he has become aware that the man is engaged in secret intercourse with Elba, where Napoleon is in exile. It is to visit a family which as political refugees from France had found shelter in his father's home in England, and which is now resident in Italy, that he has come to Genoa. His visits to the Countess of Montevesso give him an insight into the political background of her circle, and make him acquainted with the facts of her unhappy marriage as well as with her ill-favored husband and his half-savage niece. Upon this niece the young Englishman makes so deep an impression that she declares to her uncle her desire to have him for herself. Count Helion, while trying to soothe her, remarks to an English physician that he doesn't want "that poppingay" around. Cosmo that night vanishes from the inn at which he has been staying. When he reenters the story he is at the tower in which his original adventure with the mysterious stranger has occurred. A shot has been fired; the sailor appears suddenly, and on Cosmo's telling him that he has observed two men, presumably his friends, he demands whether they have seen him. In the midst of his interview with him, a diversion is created. Cosmo is carried off by the gendarmes to the guardhouse, whence he is put aboard a boat. A second diversion occurs, Cosmo is kidnapped again, and again finds himself with the mysterious Attilio. By a narrow margin they manage to elude their captors and draw their boat toward the tower.

"IT'S very likely that when we part we will never see each other again," Cosmo said, resting his elbows on his knees and taking his head between his hands. He did not look like a man preparing to go ashore.

There were no material difficulties absolutely to prevent him from landing. The foot of the tower with the narrow strip of ground which a boat could approach was not sixty yards off, and all this was in the shadow of its own reflection, the high side of the breakwater, the bulk of the tower, making the glassy water dark in that corner of the shore. And besides, the water in which the boat floated was so shallow that Cosmo could have got to land by wading from where the boat lay without wetting himself much above the knees, should Attilio refuse to come out from under the shelter of the rock. But probably Attilio would not have objected. The difficulty was not there.

Attilio must have been thinking on the same subject, as became evident when he asked Cosmo whether those *sbirri* knew where he lived. After some reflection Cosmo said that he was quite certain they knew nothing about it. The *sbirri* had put no questions to him. They had not, he said, displayed any particular curiosity about what he was. "But why do you ask?"

"Don't you know?" said Attilio, with only half-affected surprise. "There might have been a dozen of them waiting for you in the neighbourhood on the chance of your returning, and you have no other place to go to."

"No, I haven't," said Cosmo in a tone as though he regretted that circumstance. He thought, however, that there might have been some of them out between the port and the town, and he knew only one way and that not very well, he added.

As a matter of fact that danger was altogether imaginary, because Barbone, who certainly was in the pay of the police for work of that sort, was not imaginative enough to do things without orders, and after sending his prisoner off left the rest of the gendarmes and went home to bed, while his young acolyte went about his own affairs. The other two *sbirri* were being medically attended to, one of them especially being very nearly half-killed by an unlucky blow on the temple. All the other *sbirro* could say in a feeble voice was that there four in the boat, that they were attacked by an inexplicable murderous gang, and that he imagined that the other two, the prisoner and the boatman, were now dead and very likely at the bottom of the harbour. The brigadier of the gendarmerie could not get any more out of him, and knowing absolutely nothing of the affair, thought it would be time to make his report to the superior authorities in the morning. All he did was to go round to the places where the boats were

chained, which were under his particular charge, and count the boats. Not one was wanting. His responsibility was not engaged.

Thus there was nothing between Cosmo and Cantelucci's inn except his own distaste. There was a strange tameness in that proceeding, a lack of finality, something almost degrading. He imagined himself slinking like a criminal at the back of the beastly guardhouse, starting at shadows, creeping under the colonnade, getting lost in those dreadful deep lanes between palaces, with the constant dread of having suddenly the paws of those vile fellows laid on him and being dragged to some police post with an absurd tale on his lips and without a hat on his head and what for? Simply to get back to that abominable bedroom. However, he would have to go through it.

"Pity you don't know the town," Attilio's cautious voice was heard again, "or else I could tell you of a place where you could spend the remainder of the night and send word to your servant tomorrow. But you could not find it yourself. And that's a pity. I assure Your Excellency that she is a real good woman. To have a secret place is not such a bad thing. One never knows what one may need, and she is a creature to be trusted. She has an Italian heart and she is a *giardiniera* too. What more could I tell you?"

Cosmo thought to himself vaguely that the girl he had seen in Cantelucci's kitchen did not look like a woman gardener, though of course if Attilio had a love affair it would be naturally amongst people of that sort. But it occurred to him that perhaps it was some other woman Attilio was talking about. He made no movement. Attilio's murmurs took on a tone of resignation. "Your luck, signore, will depart with you, and perhaps ours will follow after." Cosmo protested against that unreasonable assumption, which was of course an absurdity but nevertheless touched him in one of those sensitive spots which are like a *défaut d'armure* in the battle-harness of various conceits which one wears against one's kind. He considered luck less in a sudden overwhelming conviction of it, in the manner of a man who had crossed the path of a radiating influence, or who had awakened a sleeping and destructive power which would now pursue him to the end of his life. He was young, *farouche*, mistrustful and austere, not like a stoic, but in the more human way like a man who has been born fastidious. In a sense altogether unworldly. Attilio emitted an audible sigh.

"You won't call it your luck," he pursued. "Well, let us leave it without a name. It is something in you. Your carelessness in following your fantasy, signore, as when you forced your presence on me only two days ago," he insisted, as if carelessness and fantasy were the compelling instruments of success. His voice was at its lowest as he added: "Your genius makes you true to your will."

NO human being could have been insensible to such words uttered unexpectedly in a tone of secret earnestness. But Cosmo's inward response was a feeling of profound despondency. He was crushed by their appalling unfit. For the last twenty-four hours he had been asking himself whether he had a will of his own, and it had seemed to him that he had lost the notion of the real nature of courage. At that very moment while listening to the mysteriously low pitch of Attilio's voice the thought flashed through his mind that there was something within him that made of him a predestined victim of remorse.

"You can't possibly know anything about me, Attilio," he said, "and whatever you like to imagine about me, you will have to put me on shore presently. I can't stay here till the morning, and neither can you," he added. "What are you thinking of doing? What can you do?"

"Is it possible that it is of any interest to the signore? Only the other evening I could not induce you to leave me to myself, and now you are impatient to leave me to my fate. What can I

do? I can always take a desperate chance," he paused, and added through his clenched teeth, "and when I think what little I need to make it almost safe . . ." The piously uttered exclamation, "*Ah, Dio!*" was accompanied by a shake of a clenched fist apparently addressed to the universe, but made as it were discreetly, in keeping with the low and forcible tones.

"And what is that?" asked Cosmo, raising his head.

"Two pairs of stout arms, nothing more. With four oars and this boat and using a little judgment in getting away I would defy that fellow there." He jerked his head towards the galley which in this tideless sea had not shifted her position a yard. "Yes," he went on, "I could even hope to remain unseen on account of a quick dash."

AND he explained to Cosmo further that in an hour or so a little nearer the break of day, when men get heavy and sleepy, the watchfulness of those custom-house people would be relaxed and give him a better chance. But if he was seen then he could still hope to out-row them, though he would have preferred it the other way because with a boat making for the open sea they would very soon guess that there must be some vessel waiting for her, and by telling the tale on shore, that government xebec lying in the harbour would soon be out in chase. She was fast, and in twenty-four hours she would soon manage to overhaul all the craft she would sight between this and the place he was going to.

"And where is that?" asked Cosmo, letting his head rest on his hands again.

"In the direction of Livorno," said the other, and checked himself. "But perhaps I had better not tell you, for should you happen to be interrogated by all those magistrates, or perhaps by the Austrians, you would of course want to speak the truth as becomes a gentleman—a *nobilissimo signore*—unless you manage to forget what I have already told you or perchance elect to come with us."

"Come with you," repeated Cosmo, before something peculiar in the tone made him sit up and face Attilio. "I believe you are capable of carrying me off."

"*Dio ne voglia*," was Attilio's answer, "God forbid. The noise you would make would bring no end of trouble. But for that perhaps it would have been better for me," he added reflectively. "Whereas I have made up my mind that there should be nothing but good from our association. Yet, signore, you very nearly went away with us without any question at all, for our head pointed to seaward and you could have had no idea that I was coming in here. Confess, signore, you didn't think of return then. I had only to hold the tiller straight another five minutes and I would have had you in my power."

"You were afraid of the *dogana* galley, my friend," said Cosmo as if arguing a point.

"Signore, this minute," said Attilio with the utmost seriousness. "Wake up there," he said in a raised undertone to his two men. "Take an oar, Pietro, and pull the boat to the foot of the tower."

"Hold," said Attilio. "Him I will not land. They will be at his place in the morning, and then he tells his tale . . . unless he is dead. See forward there."

A very subdued murmur arose in the bows and Attilio muttered, "Pietro would not talk to a dead man."

"He is extremely feeble," said Cosmo.

It appeared on Attilio's enquiry that this encumbrance as he called him was just strong enough to be helped over the thwarts. Probably, sustained under the elbows, he joined Cosmo in the stern sheets, where they made him sit between them. He let his big hands lie in his lap. From time to time he shivered patiently.

"That wretch Barbone knows no pity," observed Cosmo.

"I suppose he was the nearest he could get. What tyranny! The helpless are at the mercy of those fellows. He saved himself the trouble of going three doors farther."

They both looked at the ancient frame that age had not shrivelled.

"A fine man once," said Attilio in a low voice. "Can you hear me, *vecchio*?"

"Si, and see you too, but I don't know your voice," was the answer in a voice stronger than either of them expected, but betraying no sort of interest.