

could clearly present his conceptions in the most skillful manner.

His first work was confined principally to ecclesiastical buildings done in collaboration with Ralph Adams Cram and Charles Francis Wentworth. This class of buildings is not always confined to the Gothic styles as many may suppose, but Goodhue chose to employ that style because it permits great latitude and freedom of arrangement and detail in contradistinction of the Classical styles, the details of whose five orders are standardized, moduled, and fixed—standardized art if that is possible. Being a born architect his choice was inevitable. He expressed his belief that Mediæval Gothic is now impossible and must remain such, but that the Gothic of today must be of our own times if it be vital, beautiful, true, good, and therefore, Art. At the same time we must retain all of the old ideals and materials. Another belief was that nothing that apes the past is genuine Art as the whole of modern civilization is based on other ideals.

While Goodhue attained an outstanding success in his designing of Gothic churches, he dreamed of something very much bigger and finer and more modern and more suited to our present-day civilization than any Gothic church could possibly be. His untimely death prevented his realization of that dream, unfortunately for architecture, but it may be a challenge for those who may be inspired by his work and example. He had that rare trait of versatility which enabled him to design buildings of all kinds in a masterly manner, as well as sculpture, and type pages and borders, book designs, book plates, imprints and tail-pieces. To the most massive and boldly designed structure and to the minute and intricate details of a tabernacle, he gave infinite study, the results of a tremendous energy that must find expression. No finer and more diversified concurrent work could be conceived. When studied it arouses a feeling that a truly great master has been among us.

What Do You Want?

(Continued from page 133)

"Travel Diary of a Philosopher," by Keyserling, a study of animal evolution, a history of the thirteenth century in France? If *The Saturday Review* is to help, it must transcend in its contents the present interests of any average man, although to be beyond them would destroy its function. The literary artist is not concerned with taste: his job is art as the scholar's is truth, and for them to have other ends, to say, "let us rush to the aid of a crass civilization and give it what it needs," is merely to be priqs instead of artists and scholars. But the philosopher sees that literature and scholarship must and can be used to raise the spirits and enlarge the souls of his generation. And an editor of philosophic bent (and editors have to be minor philosophers) will select among books not merely what you want, but (more important) what you may want, and, with temerarious judgment, what you ought to want. He will spread, like our colonial ancestors, a table more plenteous than any single guest may need. Take what you want, and what you can. But what do you want?

The pest who invented the terms "highbrow" and "lowbrow" has put a name on this controversy which blurs reality. It is not a question of intellectualism versus its opposite. Reading, no matter how solid, is never good for much unless it increases the sense of life and adds to the riches of experience. On what plane are you living; can reading raise it; if so, what reading? This is a question worth asking. In all the talk of art, reputation, success, technique, sales, popularity, one forgets that a good book is none of these things for a single ego, like yours, but only an experience that intensifies reality and increases its significance. Therefore the search for good books is broader than criticism, although it includes it, deeper than popularity though of popularity it must take heed; it is a search for first aids to civilization, and some of its discoveries will please the artists and some will not, and some will please the moralists, and some will not, and some will seem impossible reading to plain John Jones and some will warm the cockles of his heart. There is no formula for feeding the soul.

The BOWLING GREEN

Three Friends

I. ALPHA AND BETA

ALPHA: What an old darling Gamma is! He's so gorgeously genuine. Everything he does and says is perfectly characteristic of him, no one else would ever behave quite that way.

BETA: Yes, even the queer twirly hat is part of himself; and the way he sits on the edge of a chair, puts his hands on his knees and starts telling you something. His comic old face begins to shine with excitement, he rocks to and fro on his hams and bursts into screams of laughter—

ALPHA: He gets sort of fits when suddenly the grotesque comedy of everything bursts open inside him: gosh, if you could get a portrait of him like that, the wild doglike frenzy in his eyes, the perspiration bubbling on his forehead—

BETA: There wasn't any artist ever lived could quite catch him. But then take him when he's grave, something's gone wrong, maybe you tell him about some mess you've got into, that really lovely concern that comes into his voice. You just know the old rascal would quit whatever he was doing and come to the rescue.

ALPHA: I like to imagine him riding in the subway, grinning a little to himself over some absurd notion that's hit him.

BETA: He's always so quaintly polite among people he doesn't know; and underneath it you can see him sizing them up and either laughing or cursing inside. I love to see his old mind buzzing away.

ALPHA: Did you ever see him with women? Charmingly deferential, they love it.

BETA: Surely no woman could ever get him; that particular essence and virtue of his is too subtle for 'em; besides it needs a special kind of rather profane conversation to bring him out at his best—

ALPHA: I know some women who'd get him. Not many, but—well, two or three.

BETA: Hmm. I'm not so sure. Lord, don't let's talk about him: it makes me sore because I can't see him oftener. I just worship the old fool.—That heavenly simplicity of his, combined with such roaring sense of farce. He's a kind of child. That's why women can't possibly appreciate him. Did you ever know a woman who understood children?

ALPHA: You've put your finger on it. That's it, exactly. He has the mind of a child.

II. BETA AND GAMMA

BETA: I saw Alpha the other day. He was asking after you.

GAMMA: Good old Alf! He's a grand bird.

BETA: He's one of the few men I know you can say what you think to; and he won't hold it against you.

GAMMA: I like his ups and downs; he gets so comically depressed sometimes; you can't get a word out of him; then suddenly he comes through with some really terrific remark.

BETA: I wish I could spy on him when he's alone; I'll bet he's enormously comic, without knowing it.

GAMMA: It wouldn't be safe to spy on anyone when he's alone. We all manage to conceal our absurdities, to some extent. Thank God, even you don't know, old horse, what a fool I am.

BETA: One reason why Alf gets down sometimes is, he's so gruesomely honest. I mean, he really does try, if you give him half a chance, to say what he thinks about things. Poor fish, he's an idealist, that's why he's so bawdy sometimes.

GAMMA: The thing I like about him, you have a feeling that his mind really works: he carries a tremendous lot of stuff in solution up there in the dome, all kinds of queer stuff, carnal and spiritual.

BETA: Carnal, yes. "He thinks too much; such men are dangerous."

GAMMA: I wonder if women fall for him?

BETA: They would, if he gave 'em a chance. He doesn't, if he can help it.

GAMMA: I doubt it. He'd want to tell 'em what he was really thinking; either it would be too rarefied, and frighten 'em, or too lewd, and—

BETA: For heaven's sake don't talk about Women as though there was one rule that applies to 'em all—

GAMMA: Well, isn't there? Be respectful to them and they'll never bother you. Old Alf isn't respectful enough, that's why he has to avoid 'em. He's too damned straightforward.

BETA: Oh, he has his own line of hokum too, to act as a smoke-screen.

GAMMA: Naturally. Bless his old heart, I love to see him buzzing along, trying to do a hundred things at once and cackling at himself now and then. Let's get hold of him for lunch one of these days. I want to hear about some of the comic things he's been hiding in his head. Behind all his racket he's as simple as a kid.

BETA: You know, that's just it. He has the mind of a child.

III. GAMMA AND ALPHA

GAMMA: Hello, old kid.

ALPHA: Why the deuce don't you give a fellow a ring once in a while? I ran into Beta the other day, we were saying let's the three of us have lunch and chew the rag a bit.

GAMMA: He's put over that deal with the movies, did you hear?

ALPHA: Yes, it's fine. I hope he'll hang onto the kale now he's got some; he's an unsuspecting old ass, it'd be just like him to let someone get most of it away from him.

GAMMA: He's an oddity all right; he and I were chinning about something or other, all the time I kept thinking what a really marvelous curiosity he is. You know that shy way he looks at you and then looks away, as though he's afraid you'd tell him you like him?

ALPHA: Yes, and just before he slides away he puts his hand on your shoulder, sort of gets it across by that gesture that he loves you. I don't care for that sort of thing usually, but with him it seems just right.

GAMMA: What he likes best is a good old twosome, to sit down quietly somewhere and unload himself gradually. You can't hurry him, and when there are several people he shuts down like a bivalve. But my word, if he gets well started he has some queer stuff to say; some devilish queer stuff.

ALPHA: After I left him the other day I did something he'd never do: I turned and watched him down the street. I always enjoy that fine straight back of his, his excellent clothes, and his genius for completely effacing himself in a crowd. No one would ever suspect how cunningly he's observing everything—

GAMMA: And how the old rogue blossoms when he's with people who understand, people he trusts! That bashful boyish solemnity that conceals so much fine wit. Don't you relish his grin? But it always seems turned inward, somehow; as though he was saving part of what he's thinking to mull over afterward.

ALPHA: I suppose we all are; that's the worst of it.

GAMMA: Every now and then something he says comes back to me long afterward; I remember vaguely some yarn of his about a girl he fell for very hard—

ALPHA: He doesn't talk much about women; and I'll say one thing, I never heard him pull any smoking-car stories.

GAMMA: That's a pretty good sign that he understands their ways. There's something about the cut of his mouth—

ALPHA: I think he's too thoughtful, really, to appeal to them.

GAMMA: Thoughtful? Why that's just what they love.

ALPHA: Yes, maybe, but that loveliest part of old B., the pure boyishness of him, they could never relish. It doesn't emerge often, he's too cautious, been battered too hard; but when it comes, he's perfect.

GAMMA: The patient old thing: how quietly he goes about his doings, simmering inside! And full of the most violent naive dreams. By gosh, he has the heart of a child.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Harcourt,
Brace
and Company
383 Madison Ave., New York

NEW FICTION

Sycamore Bend:

Population 1300

By Frazier Hunt

"David Harum again," *N. Y. World*

Since "Main Street," the typical friendly small town has been hammered and battered in countless novels. All this time the public has been waiting for someone to novelize the loyalty and kindness of people in the American village.

At last it has been written. \$2.00

Taboo

By Wilbur Daniel Steele

Author of "Isles of the Blest," etc.

A psychological mystery story.

"One of America's truly great and serious novelists."—*Chicago Evening Post*.

"A golden needle in the haystack of contemporary fiction."—*New York World*.

\$2.00

Wanderings

By Robert Herrick

Author of "Waste," "Homely Lilla," etc.

With "Wanderings" Mr. Herrick has illuminated different phases of emotional relationships—the ecstatic, the baffled, the comic, and the tragic. It contains four short novels which are in essence allegories of the human heart. \$2.00

Skin for Skin

By Llewelyn Powys

Author of "Black Laughter."

Mr. Powys' autobiography. His merciless realism, his intuition, and his sense of the color and meaning of words offer to the reader a rare intellectual delight. \$2.00

Keyserling's
THE TRAVEL DIARY
of a Philosopher

"A profound and original book."—*Dean Inge*.
2 Vols. \$10.00

Books of Special Interest

A Noted Socialist

FERDINAND LASSALLE. By GEORG BRANDES. New York: Bernard G. Richards Co. 1925.

Reviewed by JOHN SPARGO

THE occurrence this year of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Ferdinand Lassalle is sufficient reason for the publication of a new edition of the well-known study of his life and work by Georg Brandes, the great German critic. First published fifty years ago in the old *Nineteenth Century*, there have been many editions of the essay, in many languages. If I am not mistaken, the last publication of the book in this country previous to the present edition was by Macmillan, in 1911. A literary masterpiece by one of the greatest of modern critics, the book is an acknowledged classic, belonging to that body of permanent literature which the world will not permit to die.

Other writers have told the story of Lassalle with fuller knowledge and greater wisdom than Brandes. His interpretation of the social theories and ideals of Lassalle the Socialist is misleading; it has not been confirmed by subsequent research and discovery. Instead, it has been shown to be so fundamentally defective as to be obsolete. Had it been otherwise, Brandes would have transcended the farthest limits of genius and attained the miraculous. When Brandes wrote, just fifty years ago, the materials for a definitive interpretation of Lassalle's Socialism were unknown to him, and, as yet, undiscovered. There was no complete edition of his speeches and miscellaneous political writings, to say nothing of those that were unpublished. No collection of his letters had been made. Indeed, as Morris Hillquit in his introduction to this edition reminds us, hundreds of these have been discovered and published during the past twenty-five years. Most important of all, Lassalle's correspondence with Karl Marx was not known then or for many years thereafter. In that correspondence the two men exchanged views, took counsel one with the other, criticised each other. Therein, as nowhere else, they portrayed the evolution of their own thinking. To suggest that any writer, even a great genius, (Brandes may not be that!) without any knowledge of these sources of vitally important information, could correctly interpret and evaluate Lassalle's contribution to the Socialist movement, including of necessity the relation of that contribution to that of Marx, is possible only to one wholly lacking the capacity for critical judgment.

The main outline of Ferdinand Lassalle's life is well-known and need not concern us here. Of the romantic side of his life Brandes is a sufficiently competent interpreter. It is when we come to his contribution to Socialist theory and tactics that the great Danish critic lacks the authority that springs from complete competence. Here his work requires to be checked up at almost every point, and his estimates and judgments corrected in the light of the far ampler scholarship and profounder scholarship of Edouard Bernstein.

The war and the Russian experiment in Bolshevik communism and dictatorship have placed the future of international Socialism in doubt. The old Socialism with its Marxian dogmatism seems to be dead. We are standing at what appears to be the crossroad of important historical developments. The practical value of such a book as this must lie in its competence as an interpreter and record. Already we are being assured that what has failed in Russia is a corpus of theory and practice fashioned and moulded by Marx; that what is surviving is a Socialism originally conceived by Lassalle and pushed aside by Marx and his followers. This alleged triumph of Lassalle over Marxian principles is being freely heralded as the one definite indication of the future. It is obvious enough that the value of any such generalisation depends in the first place upon the accurate understanding of what are presented as opposing forces. If we are to envisage the apparent tendencies of Socialist development as the emergence of Lassalle's ideals and methods after their

long eclipse by the ideals and methods of Marx, there must be no doubt of our competence to define and identify the two forces.

It is precisely at this crucial point that Brandes demonstrably fails us. This can be easily enough indicated by a couple of examples. For detailed demonstration the interested reader must turn to the available sources. Brandes presents Lassalle as an ardent nationalist in contrast to the no less ardent internationalist, Marx; Lassalle as a German patriot, placing fatherland first and subordinating to it the social revolution, Marx as the man without a fatherland, placing first and above all the social revolution and subordinating to it the nation. This facile generalization, given currency by Brandes fifty years ago, has gone around the world and gained wide acceptance. Yet it is wholly untrue and extremely silly. On more than one occasion the rôles of the two men were exactly the reverse. That is to say, Marx was the ardent German, placing high value upon nationality and national unity, while Lassalle was the reckless revolutionist subordinating these things to the social revolution, much in the manner of the Bolsheviks of our time. Whoever will compare the attitude of Lassalle in 1859 and 1860 upon the Italian war with the attitude of Marx will see this. Contrast Lassalle's pamphlet "The Italian War and the Mission of Prussia" with Marx's "Herr Vogt" and the two pamphlets by Engels (who was Marx's alter ego), "The Po and Rhine" and "Savoy, Nice and the Rhine," and the absurdity of Brandes's generalization will at once appear. Marx and Engels placed German unity and security above everything; Lassalle deliberately subordinated them to social revolution. The letters of Lassalle to both Marx and Engels prove this fully. Nor was this a solitary example.

Equally foolish and unfounded is the attempt to establish the contrast of a Marx feverishly urging revolutionary action and a Lassalle patiently depending upon evolution, to whom the "social revolution" was an abstract ideal for which he was prepared to wait generations, and perhaps centuries. The truth is that neither man was such a simple character as Brandes evidently believed. It is easy to show that on more than one occasion Marx and Lassalle clashed upon this issue, only it was Lassalle who favored violent revolutionary action, even armed insurrection, and Marx who opposed it. Certainly this was the case in the summer of 1862, when Lassalle wanted to start an armed insurrection.

I have cited these examples simply to indicate the serious character and importance of the defects in the Brandes interpretation of Lassalle the Socialist. Whoever relies upon that interpretation and upon it bases any estimate of Socialism in the past, or its probable future development, cannot fail to be grievously and even grotesquely wrong. The Brandes study is a valuable book, even a great one, but it must be read with critical cautiousness and supplemented and corrected by later and sounder scholarship.

Mlle. Genevieve Duhamel has been simultaneously awarded two prizes from quite different sources: that of the *Académie de l'Humour Français* (for there is a prize for humorous works in France), and one of the Montyon prizes of the French Academy itself, for her book "Rue du Chien qui Pêche" (Bloud & Gay). This book has an interesting history. Mlle. Duhamel was one of the young women who replaced men teachers during the war. Her pupils were gamins of the sort that develops early in the faubourgs of Paris—those who, with their native innocence and their miserable and corrupting environment arouse tears as well as laughter. The book is gay, however, with the true spirit of humor. The merit of the author is her capacity for presenting these children to her readers just as they are, and not painted over with any other art but truth. A book of genuine value. Mlle. Duhamel has also written a profound study of Eugénie de Guérin, the celebrated author of the Journal. This volume will be the second to appear in the series "Les Cahiers féminins," which includes only books written by women.

Harper Books

The Perennial Bachelor

By Anne Parrish



"I have read 'The Perennial Bachelor' with great interest and delight. It is the most charming novel that I have seen for a long while. And in addition to that pleasure which arises from the contemplation of charm, one has the profound knowledge that a period is being reconstructed under one's eyes." *Frank Swinnerton*. \$2.00

Harper Prize Short Stories

Introduction by Bliss Perry

The twelve distinguished short stories chosen by Meredith Nicholson, Zona Gale and Professor Bliss Perry of Harvard, from among the more than 10,000 manuscripts entered in the recent contests held by Harper's magazine. \$2.00

Wives

By Gamaliel Bradford
Author of 'Damaged Souls'



When reading the lives of great men, do you ever wonder what their wives were like and what, in the bottom of their hearts, they thought about their husbands? In this brilliant volume Mr.

Bradford takes up the wives of seven famous and infamous Americans and paints a vivid soul-portrait of each. \$3.50

East of Eden

By Lynn Montross

The eternal conflict between soil and city rages in this powerful novel, in which is re-enacted all the drama, comedy and tragedy of that fierce struggle between the farmers and financial interests in the great economic tidal wave following 1917. \$2.00

The Wind

Anonymous

Transplant a garden flower to the desert, and it will wither. Transplant a fragile girl from verdant Virginia to pioneer Texas—and you have the story of "The Wind." How Letty Mason struggled on the endless, wind-swept plains is told with vividness and a ruthless realism befitting the pioneer scene. \$2.00

The Vortex

By Noel Coward

The sensational English drama of the smart set—which the *London Times* describes as "shimmering with wit" and the *Evening Standard* as "indubitably the most interesting play of the year." \$1.50

HARPER & BROTHERS

Established 1817

See Harper's Magazine for Announcements of the Better Schools and Colleges.