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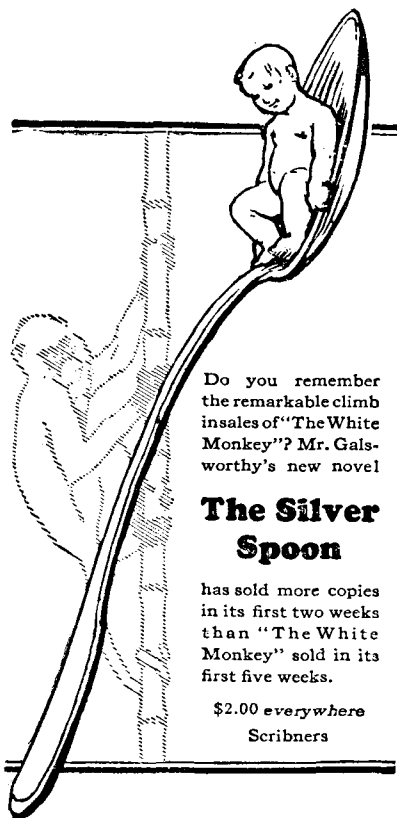
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## Books of Special Interest

### The Educational Gap

SPIRITUAL VALUES IN ADULT EDUCATION. By BASIL A. YEAXLEE. New York: Oxford University Press. 1926. \$8.75.

Reviewed by MARY AGNES HAMILTON

IF I were asked to put, in a sentence, what I feel to be the biggest advantage enjoyed by the United States over my own country, I should cite the fact that free public education, which with us stops when the child, at fourteen, leaves the primary school, there extends to secondary schooling. Free primary education is, with us, not more than half a century old; for free secondary education we are still fighting, and, at the moment, with but poor hope. That being so, the movement described by Dr. Yeaxlee, in his two ample volumes, is, inevitably, more important in Great Britain than in the United States. For though he talks of adult education as applicable to all adults, and urges, with incontrovertible force, that there is none whose education is finished, in a sense, and that a tragic one, adult education, as commonly understood and practiced in England, is an admission of social failure.

It is thought of and organized, whether inside the churches or outside of them, as education for the working classes—a form of instruction designed to fill up, belatedly, the gap left in their equipment for life by the fact that 90 per cent of them leave school at the age of fourteen, and get no subsequent organized teaching. Free education terminates: the pressure of economic necessity drives boy or girl into the labor market. That is normal. That, further, is why a proportion of the teaching supplied, by voluntary agencies, to these same half-baked products, is deeply colored by a propagandist bias which Dr. Yeaxlee very justly condemns as aside from any true purpose of education. There is a harsh realism in this, which his enthusiasm is too honest to refute. The propagandism of some groups corresponds to the philanthropy of others; both arise out of the same root fact—the fact that there is this huge educational gap, covering the great majority of the workers.

Essentially, and in its origins, the adult educational movement is, and always has been, an effort to fill this gap. It was thus that Lovett, the Chartist, saw it; his sense of it compelled him to devote his later years exclusively to the cause of education. The gap was still yawning, in 1903, when the Workers Educational Association was formed. It remains, today; the multifarious, and mainly uncoordinated activities Dr. Yeaxlee describes only register its reach and extent. He gives a most excellent survey, of a completeness that, in itself, lends value to his volumes, of all that is being done and attempted in the way of adult education; anyone who wants to know the data will find them all assembled and organized here, clearly and definitely. But the fulness of his description only forces home more sharply the sense of inadequacy, and of deprivation. As Sir George Newman puts it:

In the first place, the education provided has probably been too miscellaneous and casual, insufficiently thorough and organized. Some schools have been overdone with emotional religiousness (though never with religion) and underdone on their intellectual side. With others, the opposite has been the case. . . . The education afforded by an Adult School tends to be discontinuous. . . . The whole movement is lamentably short of teachers and tutors, of books and equipment. We have hoped great things of it, but we have starved it.

Dr. Yeaxlee's purpose is not merely descriptive. He is concerned with the spirit as well as the substance of education, and on that spirit he can be, and often is, eloquent. It is, however, a pity that, possessing, as he does, ideas and ideals that are transparently clear, although difficult of attainment, he should rely so little on his own power to state them. The scrap book habit is a temptation to nearly everyone who has a case which he feels strongly; the illusion that a "cloud of witnesses" will enforce conviction is hard to resist. Dr. Yeaxlee has compiled a useful book, but it might have been half as long and twice as readable had he cast overboard most of the supporting quotations he has laboriously assembled, in order to drive home the view that education is an affair of the spirit. He knows what he thinks. He is a Christian, who sees no necessary antithesis between Christianity and science, but believes that "Courage and catholicity" can, and should, go hand in hand. Most of his authorities however, are platitudinous

generalizations and he would have been much better without them.

### Irving's Journal

WASHINGTON IRVING DIARY. Spain, 1828-1829. Edited by CLARA LOUISA PENNEY. New York: The Hispanic Society of America. 1926.

Reviewed by STANLEY WILLIAMS  
Yale University

THIS small volume is an admirable reminder of the need for accurate and scholarly work upon source material in American literature. Miss Penney's finished product is so readable and complete that one is likely to forget the difficulty of the problems which she has solved with discretion. Irving's diaries in manuscript are severe tests for the reader of manuscripts; they are filled with the names of many persons now unidentifiable, they are often slovenly in arrangement. Miss Penney has frankly admitted the impossibility of certain illegible words, has kept the text clear, and has also in her concise, pertinent notes illuminated the significant passages.

Some of Miss Penney's editorial decisions may oppose established customs about the editing of source material of this nature. For instance, the relegation of these notes to the back of the book does, I think, Irving's story a disservice, and makes the task of the scholar (who will use this volume more than the casual reader) more difficult. Possibly, too, Miss Penney might have numbered the pages of the manuscript, and indicated unobtrusively in the margin of the book the actual position in the original of each passage. These are, however, matters of preference. She is not, of course, responsible for the ugly page form of the volume, with its lower running caption in large letters, "*Hispanic notes and monographs*." This may be introduced for uniformity in a series of which the "Diary" is a part, but the effect in reading is oppressive. Such externals, however, cannot subtract from the total result, a scholarly and reliable book. The index deserves a word of praise in passing.

The content of the "Diary" contributes no sensational fact to the knowledge of Irving in those years when he was idling in the Alhambra and writing "The Conquest of Granada," but indicates with a certain finality the life of the writer day by day. Thus we have already a considerable body of information on the relations of Washington Irving and David Wilkie, the painter. But here is the proof of their constant intimacy, and the authoritative record of how they spent their time together. Irving's real interest in painting began in the meeting in Paris with Washington Allston in March, 1805. This remained a definite influence in his life, and though he is always satirical, hinting that he will always remain an amateur, there is evidence in this "Diary," and in correspondence with Wilkie, to show that he learned much of this art through his association with Wilkie and with Stuart and Newton.

The "Diary" drops valuable hints, also, concerning Irving's interest in music, drama, and architecture, but most suggestive, aside from the concern with painting, is the revelation, or rather the confirmation of his habits as a writer. Irving seems sometimes capable within a short time of infinite hardship and infinite luxury. He can sleep on the deck of a steamer wrapped merely in his own cloak and make a journey across robber-infested Spain, quite good-humoredly, but we find him quite as ill-humored about his sitting down to write, when not in the mood. Indisposed in the least, he will not attack his "Granada," but a later entry shows him at it half the night. It was this, it will be recalled, that Longfellow noticed when he found him in Spain, and it was this freedom, perhaps, which accounts for some of the repose of his style, so strongly sustained through so many volumes of prose.

The second volume of the interesting correspondence between his grandfather, Count Giuseppe Pasolini, and Marco Minghetti, which Count Guido Pasolini is publishing has made its appearance. It covers the period from 1855 to 1859, years of large importance in Italian history. Both the correspondents were agriculturists and the earlier letters in the volume deal in large part with matters of the land, but as the correspondence proceeds, politics enter into



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## Literature Abroad

By ERNEST BOYD

IT was in the year 1911, or thereabouts, that the circulating library dovescots were fluttered by the appearance of a translation of "Den Farlige Alder" of Karin Michaëlis, under the title of "The Dangerous Age," made from the French version, apparently, because the English edition was adorned by a preface from the still redoubtable author of "Les Demi-Vierges." Six years earlier "The Child: Andrea" had been published without effect in England, but this frank analysis of the sexual life of a woman of forty was regarded at the time as daring and the author's existence for English-speaking readers dated from the publication of "The Dangerous Age." It also ended with that work, so far as the majority of readers was concerned, for nothing that was subsequently offered by her met with similar horrified enthusiasm.

Nowadays, I suppose, Elsie Lindter would merely cause a shrug of Freudian shoulders, and every schoolgirl would know exactly what to do in such cases. Wherefore the author was wise to offer for further consideration abroad "The Seven Sisters," which has been translated from the Danish-Norwegian into French under the title of "Femmes," in a series of Scandinavian authors edited by Lucien Maury, who shares with Maurice Muret the distinction of being one of the few international literary critics in France. In this work there is nothing reminiscent of what was described as "morbid" and "neurotic" in the earlier novel. In the form of letters, "Femmes" relates the marriage problems of the six out of seven sisters who attempt to reconcile that state with their illusions and their demands as modern women. Of the seven only two achieve happiness. Guitte, the archaeologist, because she is absorbed in her profession, although not untroubled by sex, and Guille, who is a midwife married to a male nurse, both being occupied with similar work and happily interested in it. The unhappy women, diverse as their matrimonial experiments are, all come to grief because they obviously ask of that institution more than the traffic of domestic life will bear. It is a sane and not uninteresting analysis of the various elements, great and small, which complicate the varied relationships conveniently but deceptively known as marriage. However much a new generation may smile at the hysteria of "The Dangerous Age," the questions raised by "Femmes" will not be evaded either with the help of divorce or of psychoanalysis.

Last winter headlines in the French press definitely greeted Sigrid Undset as the winner of the Nobel Prize for literature. As it turned out, no award was made for 1925, but the way had been prepared, at least, for a translation of the author into French, which has now appeared in the shape of a volume containing "L'Age Heureux" and "Simonsen." "The Happy Age" is her second novel and dates from 1908, while "Simonsen" is a story from a volume called "Poor People" which was published in 1912, after Sigrid Undset had established her name with "Jenny." It was this last work which introduced her in this country a few years ago, without much success until her great trilogy, "Kristin Lavransdatter," followed, under the titles of "The Bridal Wreath" and "The Mistress of Husaby," with "The Cross," due for publication next October.

After that trilogy was completed, Sigrid Undset wrote nothing of importance until last December, when she launched a second trilogy, "Olav Audunson," another picture of mediæval life, whose success may be measured by the fact that 25,000 copies were sold in two months in Norway alone. Critical opinion was not, however, so enthusiastic, for it was felt that her Olav was a figure lacking the vital reality of Kristin, her masterpiece. Sigrid Undset is essentially a portrayer of feminine types, and if her defects of prolixity and lack of continuity in narrative did not harm the great fresco of "Kristin Lavransdatter," where she gives rein to her learning in archæological lore, the repetition of similar defects and effects loses charm.

It is curious that a mediæval trilogy should prove more popular in English than her contemporary fiction, of which "Jenny," "The Happy Age," and "Simonsen" are typical. In "The Happy Age" Sigrid Undset and Karin Michaëlis meet in a common disillusionment concerning life in general and domestic life in particular. The title is used ironically, because the story shows how happiness rapidly comes to us at

the age reputed happy. Youth is not a time of happiness, and life must be lived with philosophic resignation, for love and marriage are not the mainstay of a woman's existence, and the disillusionment they occasion need not be a subject of tragic despair. In "Simonsen" she presents the life of a nobody, a futile minor employé, who loses his job and extricates himself from a love affair. In both these early works Sigrid Undset's faults are apparent: the realism is purely photographic, and the main course of the narrative terminates abruptly in mid-air, or attention is deviated by the author's inability to resist side issues.

For reasons which philologists will dispute, Finnish literature is classed with Scandinavian, although Finnish, despite borrowings from Swedish, is a language of the same family as Magyar, and no more Scandinavian than it is Slavonic. Thus, in M. Maury's series I find Aleksis Kivi's "Les Sept Frères" listed as a Scandinavian classic. Kivi lived between 1834 and 1872 and shares with his contemporary, Pietari Päivrinta, the distinction of having founded modern Finnish literature. Both gentlemen, I may add, were Swedes, but wrote Finnish. "The Seven Brothers" is not a novel in the present sense of the word, but rather a species of peasant epic, interspersed with dramatic dialogue, episodic and rambling, rather more akin to "Don Quixote," which inspired it in parts, than to the novel of today.

Modern taste is more likely to be satisfied by "Fugitives," by Johannes Linnankoski, which has just appeared in French. Linnankoski is the only contemporary Finnish novelist to be translated into English since 1893, when Nisbet Bain introduced Finnish fiction into England with an excellent little volume of Juhani Aho's stories entitled "Squire Hellman." It is only a few years ago since Linnankoski dawned gloriously upon the Scandinavian horizon. I remember when the bookshop windows of Copenhagen were gaily bedecked with the bright covers of a work of which everyone was soon talking, "Den blodrode Blomst," on which was depicted a young lady in a pink undergarment, that seemed curiously incongruous in the Northerly clime where the scene was laid. This was "Laulu Tulipunaista Kukasta," indubitably a Finnish novel, although described as Swedish by the Danish publisher. In due course the book reached England and America, under the title of "The Song of the Blood-red Flower." Despite a reproduction of the young lady aforesaid, there was, as I recall it, no particular enthusiasm displayed for the talents of Johannes Linnankoski.

"Fugitives" was first published in 1909, four years after "The Song of the Blood-red Flower," after the author had been living away from his own country in Paris and elsewhere. Like so much of this Northern literature, it is a work in which peasant life and peasant minds are interpreted as no other literature has interpreted them. Utela, an old farmer, rich and prosperous at seventy, decides to take to himself a young wife, in satisfaction for the humiliation of his youth when a young girl refused him because he was an illegitimate child. What happens to aged husbands with young wives happened, and the wife's parents induce the old man to sell the farm and move away to a distant province, where the child that is not his is born. One day Utela learns the truth, a second time he is humiliated, all his ambition comes to naught, but gradually he comes round to the decision that he must pardon his wife and recognize the child. The psychology of this simple soul is powerfully drawn and in a brief compass Linnankoski tells a story comparable to Reymont's "Peasants" in its profound sense of rural life.

A Swedish novelist whom we may yet encounter in English is Ivan Jjarne, author of nine volumes since his first work, "En Watsked i Timmen" ("A Teaspoonful at Meals") appeared in 1911, whose "Glaedjens Hus" has just been translated into French as "Maison de Joie." An attempt was made to enlist curiosity and sympathy for this novel by the statement that it had been boycotted by the Swedish press when first published ten years ago. The title announced the subject, which is supposed to have shocked Sweden. The story of each inmate of a brothel is related, with all the stereotyped sentimentalities which are deemed appropriate for such ladies and their woes. Kuprin did the thing no better in "Yama," and within its limits, "Maison de Joie" is read. But it cannot be classed with the

classic variation upon this theme, "La Maison Tellier," Jean Lorrain's "Maison Philibert," or Pérez de Ayala's colorful picture of *ces dames* in "Troteras y Danzaderas." Despite the lofty silence of the Swedish reviewers, due we are told to their preoccupation with higher things, the book is fairly certain of success in translation.

## Foreign Notes

THE third volume of the German official account of the war, "Der Weltkrieg, 1914 bis 1918," (Berlin: Mittler), has recently made its appearance. Stout volume though it is (it contains 427 pages), it covers only the few days from August 27 to September 4, 1914—that is the period between the end of the battles along the frontier to the eve of the Battle of the Marne. It contains little documentary material and no statistics as to casualties, and it is written from the point of view of the Supreme Command and the armies.

At the request of the late Sir Rider Haggard, his friend and publisher, C. J. Longman, has edited and prepared for the press the autobiography which the author had before his death completed for a period covering over fifty-five years of his life.

In his "Rien Que la Terre" (Paris: Grasset) Paul Morand has furnished a vivid and glancing narrative presenting impressions of travel in all corners of the world. M. Morand writes with freshness and charm, his observations are acute, and his comment is lively and pointed.

A volume essential to the reference library of those concerned with foreign affairs is the "Annuaire General de la France et l'Etranger," (Paris: Larousse). The issue of the handbook for 1926 has recently appeared, and is like its predecessors, an admirable reference work. The compilation covers all phases of France and contains a large amount of information on the French dependencies.

In his "Pittura Italiana dell'Ottocento" (Rome: Arte Illustrata) Emilio Cecchi has produced a much-needed work on this period of Italian art. His narrative is comprehensive, well arranged, and balanced in its criticism.

What is said to be a really notable first novel, "Sous le Soleil de Satan," by George Bernanos (Paris: Plon) has met with a welcome quite remarkable for its warmth in France. The book, powerful, gloomy, and yet subtle records in its first part the history of a young girl, who betrayed by the man she loves, kills him, escapes the detection of her crime, bears her child in secret, and returns home with her fair name untouched. The second part depicts the life and adventures of a young priest, who is saint and ascetic, but who has his tussle with Satan. Escaped safe from him, he meets the girl of the first part, who straightway goes home and commits suicide. In the third and last part of the book the abbé, become a saint, attempts a miracle, fails, and dies in the confessional of heart failure. It is a sombre and impressive work.

M. André Maurois has been in London making some investigations at the British Museum. His first novel, "Bernard Quesnay," will be published in England in the spring by Jonathan Cape. It has had a great success in Paris. It is the story of how a young man, after being demobilized from the French army, gradually loses his desire to take up literature and the arts and is absorbed instead by his grandfather's factory. This is the opposite of M. Maurois's own story. His real name is Herzog, and his family are important manufacturing drapers at Elbeuf, near Rouen. Instead of being absorbed by the life of this factory, M. Maurois has been striving since the War to get entirely clear of it in order to devote himself exclusively to literature.

A group of London publishers have been over to Leipzig to examine German methods of book distribution.

Under the title "Bemühungen" (Berlin: Fischer), Thomas Mann has brought together a number of essays, the greater part of which have already been published elsewhere. The papers thus collected are discussions of literary values and analyses of the work of some of the outstanding makers of literature, studies of culture in general, and comment on current political and social theory.