



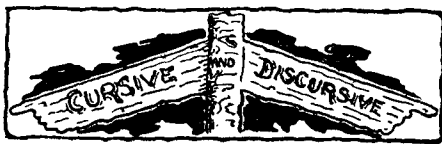
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By J. A. WILLIAMSON

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On A Controversy

WE have followed humbly two recent literary controversies in the *Bookman* and the daily press. One has been between H. L. Mencken and Hugh Walpole in regard to whether or no the contemporary English novel was a wash-out and the contemporary American novel vastly superior. The other is the now historic Heywood Broun-John Farrar controversy about Zane Grey and other best sellers.

The Mencken-Walpole debate seems to us prejudiced on both sides, but both burly gentlemen have exhibited gusto in taking the opponent's point of view. Personally we side with Mencken, our English attitude toward American literature annoys us in somewhat the same way that it annoys him. We like to see him indulging himself in obliterating over-statement just because it makes him so sore. But both Mencken and Walpole, over a couple of schooners and a pretzel, could spend an affable if vociferous evening together. They will never convince each other on the subject, say, of Katherine Mansfield. Walpole thinks her work is great and Mencken thinks it is rotten. And there you are. But that is a difference in personal predilection for this or that type of literature.

The Broun-Farrar controversy, on the other hand, has not been so good natured, and involves a deeper issue. We know both boys, though they are not both members of the same club. We like them both. But we see why they were bound to irritate each other. There has been more acrimony in this controversy because both Heywood and John really take life more seriously than do either Mencken or Walpole. Both have a perfectly well articulated system of ethics, and each is full of conscience. Their points of view are, in the matter under discussion, diametrically opposed. They couldn't meet and spend a vociferous but affable evening together over a couple of schooners and a pretzel. They simply couldn't. After John said his say in the *Independent*, answering Heywood, Heywood retorted more affably than before in the *World*, although he pitched into John's second position just as hard as he pitched into his first. He even got to the point of saying, "Don't let them kid you, John!" But in this controversy more than a difference in taste has been involved. Heywood thinks John has been upholding a point of view that seems to him (Heywood) just downright wrong, morally wrong. John thinks Heywood is just as morally wrong. Both are sincere. That is the great divide.

John has been defending the popular book on the ground that it is something approaching an educational influence for those who cannot be introduced immediately to the splendors of, say, Meredith or Hardy. Many publishers and many librarians have the same point of view. "But if people aren't allowed to read this kind of thing they wouldn't read at all, and surely it is better that they read—." On which statement Heywood comes down flat-footed, saying, "I think that is a very silly belief. . . . Nobody acquires merit by the mere act of reading."

Foreign Literature

A Spanish Grandee

MEMORIAS DEL CONDE DE BENALÚA.
DUQUE DE SAN PEDRO DE GALATINO.
Madrid: Blass. 1925.

Reviewed by HENRY LEACH

SOME day when the Spanish theatre breaks out from its old mould there will surely be written and acted a series of historical plays dealing with the highly colorful events of the times of the fathers and grandfathers of the young Spaniards who now watch the present strange political developments in their country. The modern history of no other land, not even the imaginary Ruritania, is so well endowed with dramatic figure and incident, with the human impulses so plainly visible. These should be tremendous plays. I think this always when wandering through the calles and plazas of towns in Spain, being reminded by their names of great men and affairs, and now on reading this book I cannot proceed with it in the tranquil manner of a student of history, because the splendid characters are all performing great gyrations on my mental stage. The Duke of San Pedro or the Conde de Benalúa, as he is equally styled, is displaying the secret history of a remarkable epoch in Spain, that of the transition from Queen Isabel to King Amadeo, the imported prince from Italy, and thence to Alfonso, father of the existing King. With this history the Duke's family has been immediately concerned, and the Duke himself when very young. Indeed he was so much of a piece with the young Alfonso, who was a cadet at Sandhurst in England when called to Spain to restore the old dynasty, that he as substitute was measured for a suit of Spanish clothes in which an expectant king might properly journey to Madrid on his arrival from Marseilles in the uniform of an English military college.

The outside idea of a Spanish grandee is, perhaps like most outside ideas of Spain, vague and wrong. The notion of a grandee is gathered from comic opera; he is supposed to be very pompous and utterly useless. Now the Conde de Benalúa, or the Duke de San Pedro, the author of this book, is one of the very greatest grandees in all Spain, and at the same time one of the most practical, active, and efficient men in his country, concentrating in advanced years with the energy and initiative of thirty upon the development of the province of Granada, with which he is most intimately connected.

Nobody Acquires Merit by the Mere Act of Reading. If that sentence were inwardly conned and properly digested, yes and printed on large placards and stuck up in the most conspicuous places in all our public libraries and publishing houses and editorial offices and authors' sanctums it might do a lot of good. And it might not. But it has a great many implications. It is a valuable thing to have said publicly. It strikes at the root of a modern superstition that is vitally affecting literature today.

What John said in the *Independent* about the value of Zane Grey and kindred popular authors is not a new expression. It is the regulation defense of books that are trash and at the same time distinctly popular. This is a defense believed in.

We ourselves were brought up by a stern parent who knew trash for trash and couldn't tolerate it. He had no illusions that the reading of trash would ever beget in the reader a gradual liking for "better things." His educational influence was that he told us flatly we were reading trash (and we read a lot of it in our early days) and had better try to begin to exhibit ordinary intelligence just as soon as we could get around to it.

We often disagreed with him at the time. But he stung our pride. He prodded our sloth. After finally approaching a few of the books he recommended, we began gradually to see why trash so aroused his impatience.

Trash should arouse the impatience of anyone who sets up to be author, editor, or publisher. If it aroused more impatience there would be less trash. The general reading public is not nearly so unintelligent as the books they make popular successes would seem to indicate. But it is almost incurably slothful. It would be bunk to say that by publishing a certain poor grade of fiction the editors and publishers are gently trying to lead it up by the hand to higher levels. Editors and publishers bring out, (along with really good books) that particular brand of writing because they know that the slothful public finds such stories the easiest to read.

One velvet night in spring, two or three years ago, I sat with him beneath the stars on a terrace in Granada, while he talked of his reasons for his faith in Spain, and that Andalusian part of it in which we sojourned, how he had established the sugar production there, and was now setting about the promotion of the overhanging snow-clad Sierra Nevada as a tourist resort on the Alpine plan, with light railways up the slopes and hotels in places, intentions which have since been realized. The difficulty with dukes when they turn to business is not to be either silly or vulgar; this grandee, with his marvellous capacity, retains dignity enough to mount any throne himself. And these Memoirs, simply written, make the most fascinating history I have read for a long time.

Early an orphan, this grandee when a child fell into the care of his uncle, the Duke de Sexto, who had fourteen titles, was seven times a grandee, and very rich, living in a palace in the Prado where now stands the Bank of Spain. There as a boy the author of the Memoirs listened to the tales of then current history as told in the family, and from the windows of the palace he saw it in the making, as when Amadeo, bidden by the revolutionaries, came to be king in a Spain which gave him the chilliest of receptions. It was winter and Madrid was snow-covered. The houses of nobles who were mainly Alfonsists remained closed and shuttered, and our future grandee, then, in 1871, thirteen years of age, peered through the curtains and witnessed a scene he will never forget, in which a black-bearded figure rode isolated on a sorrel horse cut out against the snow of the Alcalá. But a little while, and before the dawn of a winter's morning, his poor little reign finished, Amadeo stole back again to Italy. Alfonso was then seventeen, and even then remarkable, as he was all his life, for his passive manner and his tranquillizing influence. Being informed by a message he received just before going to the opera in Paris one night, that he had been proclaimed king in Madrid, and asked if there were any answer, he replied, "No, it's all right," and off he went.

Before these times, when the foolish Isabel was queen, the author heard his uncle the Duke de Sexto say many times that if she had returned to Madrid from San Sebastian on one occasion when he went there to plead with her to do so, the revolution would

It buys them and pays for them. These stories are right along the reading public's line-of-least-resistance. We know, in our own case, that they are along our own line-of-least-resistance. We frequently read them because, at the time, our fibre has gone flabby. We know how easy it is, and we don't wonder at the popularity of such fiction. The fibre of the reading public is, in general, extremely flabby. It isn't that, if its members cared to exert themselves, they couldn't understand, or even enjoy, better work.

The editors and publishers view the situation as a purely business proposition. Well, try to run a magazine or a publishing house as a great educational influence, publishing only the very best, and see how your ledgers stand at the end of a year! Magazine owners and publishers naturally want their businesses to be profitable. Hence they are simply obliged to do a certain amount of pandering to the public vice for reading trash. They do. But the sophistry has been evolved that there is a moral justification for this, in that thus people who might never read at all are gradually weaned to the enjoyment of true literature. In our opinion,—some sophistry!

Many editors and publishers believe this sophistry, however. It has become a tenet of their creed. We have heard it a thousand times, on all sides. It probably comes from their consciences hurting them because they publish many really good books.

As to the particular case of Zane Grey, we have never been able to read Zane. We had a whirl or two some time since with Curwood and Harold Bell Wright. They furnished us a lot of amusement. We read Eddie Guest every month in the front of *The Red Book*, adjacent to the pictures of the Ziegfeld Follies beauties. His contribution is listed in the contents as one of those conveying "The Spirit of Today." Eddie thus conveys it:
*Even opinion is altered by time,
In wisdom's dominion men's thoughts
higher climb.
Youth in its glory fills swiftly its page,
Running its story through prime and old
age.*

never have taken place. "You are right," she said to him, "I will go back with you but on one condition, and that is that you come with me." But just then a door opened and Marfori appeared. Isabel did not return to Madrid. Marfori, a favorite minister, was said to have been the son of an Italian cook, and had been an actor.

BILDERATLAS ZUR KUNST UND KULTURGESCHICHTE MITTELASIENS. By A. VON LE COQ. Berlin: Dietrich Reimer (Ernst Vohsen). 1925.

Reviewed by P. V. C. BAUR

THE aim of this book is to reproduce in smaller format the most important material published in von Le Coq's monumental works entitled "Chotscho" and "Die Buddhistische Spätantike in Mittelasien, Band I, Die Plastik." The reasonable price of thirty Marks will greatly help to spread the knowledge of art and culture of Central Asia among classes of readers whom the earlier and very expensive volumes did not reach. There are 255 illustrations in the text.

After a short introduction which sums up the author's views on the spread of Buddhism and Hellenized Buddhist art from India to China and even to Java he discusses the topics of dress and armor as exemplified in the monuments discovered by him in Chinese Turkestan. Then in a section on painting and sculpture he attempts to show how in the Hellenized parts of India, especially in Gandhara, certain Greek prototypes were misunderstood and misinterpreted by the time they reached Central Asia. That the Greek cornucopia, for example, in the recourse of time is misunderstood and is represented as a flower is convincingly shown in five illustrations. But when our author tries to trace the Chinese dragon back to the Greek hippocamp and other Hellenistic monsters of the sea we cannot follow him. In an interesting series of reliefs the mask of Gorgon is followed in all its ramifications even as far afield as Java.

Finally in a section on architecture Dr. von Le Coq calls attention to foreign elements in Chinese architecture, especially in the construction of the so-called lantern-roof which in China is entirely misunderstood. In Armenia, however, it persists in its pure form down to the present day.

The importance of the book before us is not so much the author's theories as the vast amount of important material collected and made accessible to the historian, the archaeologist, and the art student.

But if Karl Harriman tried to tell us that he thought the imbibation of such dish-water would eventually lead to a thirst for Pieria, well, we'd laugh merrily and say, "Yes, that's a good one, Karl, but have you heard this one—?"

Of course Mr. Harriman doesn't think anything of the kind. He publishes a poem a month by Eddie Guest because he knows that Eddie's poetry is vastly popular. It is right along the members of the great reading public's line-of-least-resistance. They buy it. They pay for it. If they stopped to think, they would know it as mere crass platitude expressed with amazing clumsiness. But they don't stop to think, and so far as the shekels are concerned the editors and the publishers are perfectly contented.

So trash will continue being published. We feel some confidence in making this perhaps astonishing announcement. And the only educational influence operative will be the influence of those who continue to brand trash as trash wherever they find it. Gradually, thus perhaps, a certain low grade of writing may be laughed out of existence and a slightly higher grade become popular. That is the best we can hope for. Meanwhile both editors and publishers, and authors, give the reading public a great deal of excellent work, all they can afford to give. They are business men, not philanthropists—the editors and publishers. The authors, of course, frequently write exactly as they darn please, and sometimes blush to find it fame. And they are sometimes, unwillingly, philanthropists, but not from intention. They do what they want to.

So we have said, we believe in the potentiality of the good old general reading public. Only we know how doggone slothful they are. Why shouldn't we? We're one of them, except in the moments when we labor and use our intelligence. In those moments we have a little more iron in our system. We just get ashamed of being so flabby. We think we know chalk from cheese.

—W. R. B.

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

THE ENO COLLECTION OF NEW YORK CITY VIEWS. By FRANK WEITENKAMPF. N. Y. Public Library Bulletin, Sept. 1925.

Frank Weitenkampff has done a worthy service to N. Y. City print collectors, and others interested in the growth of the city, by the splendid compilation of the Eno collection presented to the N. Y. Public Library, and now on exhibition there. While he has followed closely the chronological plan of arrangement (that of Stokes) or as he says in the short fore-word after the preface "arranged by date of depiction" this method is sometimes a drawback to students of localities or neighborhoods, but this deficiency (if such it may be called) is excellently overcome by an index of exactly twenty-one pages, truly a veritable mine of information regarding the city, its associations, habits, amusements, celebrated personages, etc., etc. The foot-notes appended to the descriptive notices of the prints, are done in a thorough manner, recourse having been had in a number of instances to contemporary directories and other sources of information, in many cases adding new material to that hitherto known. It is to be regretted that no prints are reproduced in color; only three views are in half-tone.

The Eno collection of N. Y. City prints is one of the most important of its kind ever acquired by a public institution, containing the eighteenth century plans of Montresor, Ratzer, Popple, and Faden, as well as many of the lithographs of the 1840's and 1850's. It is interesting to note that the Currier & Ives prints are represented, which, judging from recent auction records are a vindication of Mr. Eno's earlier judgment in acquiring these interesting examples. It is only a few years ago that these lithographs were within the means of the average of "middle-class" collector.

The pamphlet is a notable contribution to N. Y. print literature, and we venture the hope that Mr. Weitenkampff will some day compile a volume containing a list of prints in all notable collections, so that a fairly complete guide may be available to those interested in this most fascinating and alluring game of collecting.

Belles Lettres

THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT BIOGRAPHY.

By JOSEPH COLLINS. Doran. 1925. \$3. Just what has medical science contributed to the art of literary criticism? The answer ought to be found, if anywhere, in the copious writings of Dr. Joseph Collins, who is certainly a far abler critic than most of those who have placed their medical knowledge at the service of literature. And one answer does indeed fairly leap from the pages, namely, that it has contributed a number of technical terms of somewhat doubtful beauty, such as "gonadal sweep," "amatory dysesthesia," or "confluent chromosomic streams." Further than this, it is hard to go. Dr. Collins is far too intelligent to fall into the Nordau error of supposing that if a work of art can be traced to a pathological cause it is therefore valueless as a work of art. Nevertheless, considered merely as casual explanations, his diagnoses are frequently unconvincing. "Adult infantilism" somehow does not seem a promising key with which to unlock Henry James. Keats may or may not have had a "mother-complex," but what has that to do with the creation of "Hyperion" or the Odes? If we are prepared to accept Dr. Collins's description of Thoreau as a paranoiac, what are we to make of the further statement, "Men doubted his sincerity and his sanity, but their doubt was founded on their own fatuity?" To do Dr. Collins justice, he himself does not lean at all heavily upon these medical explanations. The title of the book is a fraud. The volume owes its genuine value, not to the fact that its author happens to be a physician, but to the fact that he is a man of astoundingly wide reading, delicate literary appreciation, and deep psychological insight.

No less than fifty-five biographies or autobiographies are taken up in detail by Dr. Collins, covering the lives of men of letters, artists, actresses, clergymen, statesmen, soldiers, and prize-fighters, and he seems equally at home in every field. His criticism of the biography involves in each case a criticism of the subject of the biography, indeed in many instances a brief biography of his own as if to show how the

thing ought to be done. Naturally, in such a mass of work there is much inequality. Occasionally he is superficial, as in dealing with Anatole France, more rarely he seems preoccupied, as in treating Steuart's book on Stevenson, but usually he is discriminating and just. The essays on Sherwin Cody's Poe, Edward Bok, Frank Crane, and James J. Corbett may be mentioned among many as particularly illuminating in regard to all the characters considered.

Biography

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT. 1833-1847.

Transcribed and edited by ROGER WOLCOTT. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. \$7.50.

That the most delightful of American historians, a master of vivid and picturesque style, should also have been one of the dullest correspondents on record is an interesting fact now amply demonstrated by over six hundred pages of evidence. Owing to his ill-health and partial blindness, it was only by heroic determination that Prescott was able to carry each of his histories to its triumphant conclusion. Thus, although he was quite modest, his interest came to be concentrated upon his own work to an extent unusual even in the egotistic race of authors. Dependent upon others for necessary documents, his assiduity in collecting these was worthy of the highest praise but was not exactly calculated to produce fascinating letters. Similarly, his personal reserve, in contrast, for instance, with Jane Welsh Carlyle's voluble complaints, indicates a finer character but a poorer correspondent.

The fact that the letters of George Bancroft and others represented in the volume are equally uninteresting, would seem to indicate, however, that the causes must have been largely impersonal. Was it that the lack of expansiveness in the American culture of the day, its primness and preciseness, its excessive gentility so froze the genial currents of the blood as to make the writing of really human letters impossible? Yielding to literary tradition, an American of the period might let himself go in print, on the platform, or in the pulpit but in private life his ideal apparently was to remain irreproachably dull.

THE LIVES OF THE RAKES. By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR. Brentano. 3 vols. 1925. \$4 each.

This is a limited *de luxe* edition, three volumes of which are already issued and three more to be published in January.

Volume one, of those before us, is entitled "Old Rowley," dealing, of course, with King Charles the Second. Volume two treats of the Restoration rakes, Buckingham, Rochester, Dorset, Sedley, Etheredge and Wycherley. Volume three is devoted to the unspeakable Francis Charteris and the more amiable Wharton. The succeeding three volumes will discuss the famous (or infamous) Hell-Fire Club, "Old Q" and Barrymore, and the rakes of the Regency.

There is certainly variety in rakes! Mr. Beresford Chancellor, M.A., F.S.A., has explored their times and manners with great zest. In his first volume he reveals to us Whitehall and St. James's as Burnet and Clarendon, Madame Dunois, Evelyn and Pepys have formerly revealed it. The quarter century of the Merry Monarch, and the shifting harem of that quarter-century are presented without gloss. Mr. Chancellor waxes moralistic in his asides at the conclusion.

When we come to the playwrights and wits, there is many a lively anecdote. Buckingham's sense of the ridiculous is given full attention. Sedley's lyrics are parcelled their due. Those notorious in the *vie galante* of the period are all marshalled forth, large and small. And this volume ends rather with a rational *apologia* than with too much "tut-tut!"

Francis Charteris, treated so fully in the third volume, is indubitably one of the most grisly fascinating, though one of the most monstrous, of the whole collection.

Mr. Beresford Chancellor is one of those popular and highly-coloured biographers of which there is now quite a group in England. For the reader of rather exciting memoirs he performs an adequate task.

I MEET MY CONTEMPORARIES. By Maximilian Harden. Holt. \$4.

ROBERT SCHUMANN. By Frederick Wicks. Edited by Christina Wicks. Dutton. \$5.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By Daniel E. Wheeler. Macmillan. \$1.

THOMAS A. EDISON. By Francis Robt. Wheeler. Macmillan. \$1.

Drama

THE DUENNA. By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. \$7.50.

George Sheringham's illustrations in color and monochrome collotype for this most attractive edition of Sheridan's famous play are most attractive. They constitute the designs for costumes and scenery used in the production at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, together with other drawings. The publication of this edition was, indeed, suggested by the recent Playfair-Sheringham production of "The Duenna" at the Lyric Theatre in the West End of London. Nigel Playfair writes an introduction discussing the merits and demerits of this, the least-known of Sheridan's plays. He tells us that the production of "The Duenna" was originally decided upon "owing to the advocacy of Lovat Fraser, who designed the scenery and dresses for the production of 'The Beggar's Opera' at Hammersmith." Fraser once made some designs for "The Duenna," though they have not been made use of. "The Duenna" was first produced in 1775.

Fiction

DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY. By FRED JACOB. Macmillan. 1925. \$2.50.

The reader who prefers fiction composed of theatrical improbabilities may not respond to the quiet charm of this novel picturing life just as it used to be. Mr. Jacob has taken for his scene an Ontario village near Toronto, and for his characters the local gentry of four decades past, well-born English in ancestry, reactionary in politics, narrow and clannish in their attitude toward the world beyond their own small circle. The book opens with a prologue wherein Timothy, the middle-aged narrator, revisits this village of his childhood, the story proper, of an eventful summer and autumn there in his twelfth year, then beginning. Timothy's father, his mother, his uncle, and his step-brother are the chief figures, but numerous others, indispensable to the movement of the main theme, are effectively added. The salient peculiarities of these vanished people, their archaic environment, and crumbling heritage of aristocratic illusions, are revived with an economy and vividness of selection devoid of a single flaw. As a first novel, it is noteworthy, too, for mature simplicity, for restraint, and for the faithful depiction of a bygone Canadian life which novelists have hitherto ignored.

THE SNOW PATROL. By Harry Sinclair Drago. Macaulay. \$2 net.

THE STROLLING SAINT. By Rafael Sabatini. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.

History

SCENES AND CHARACTERS FROM INDIAN HISTORY. Compiled and edited by C. H. PAYNE. Oxford University Press. 1925. \$2.

For full nineteen hundred years, from the time of Alexander the Great's invasion of India, the Orient remained to western thought preëminently the land of mystery. For that reason, the accounts of those few travelers who penetrated thither and returned, full of amazement at the splendors they encountered, possessed a fascination which one may easily recall even today. Of the ten authors represented in the present volume, beginning with Plutarch's account of Alexander's expedition and ending with Tavernier's visit to the court of Aurangzeb in 1665, five were travelers to India and the other five based their work on the immediate records of travelers. Aside from the actual information given, some of the accounts are particularly delightful in their misconceptions and unconscious humor. Hindu temples are supposed to be Christian cathedrals, images of Mariamma, goddess of small-pox, to be statues of the Virgin, and pictures of the many-armed Kali and other demons to be representations, somewhat unflattering, one would think, of Catholic saints. Best of all is the story of Vasco da Gama at Calicut, particularly his hasty retreat, when his pursuers "having overtaken Da Gama, who has gotten a great way before his men, unable to walk fast for the heat, asked him by signs why he made such haste, and if he was running away. Da Gama answered that he was running away from the heat." One sympathizes with Da Gama's position but still finds the answer as implausible as did the Hindus.

THE CURSE OF CAHAWEA. By Charles B. Reed. Chicago: Pascal Covici. \$4.

MOVEMENTS IN EUROPEAN HISTORY. By D. H. Lawrence. Oxford University Press. \$3.50 net.



THE JUNIOR

Life Situations of Children Nine to Eleven Years of Age.

By Ernest J. Chave

Mr. Chave has made a detailed study of a specific group of children of the middle childhood or Junior age—nine, ten, and eleven years. In this manner the observations and reactions of over six hundred and fifty children were obtained and used, subsequently, in this book. The technique is simple and could be used easily with any group. However, the data secured from this one unit may justifiably be generalized upon for the guidance of other groups. The book will be of particular service to workers in religious education.

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International

THE RED TERROR IN RUSSIA. Translated from the Russian of S. P. Melgunov. London: Dent. 1925.

This is a reliable book on the doings of the Che-Ka. It should be read by all those who excuse the Bolsheviks. For one needs to know what it is one is excusing—how great is the bill of other people's suffering that we tolerate in the name of political change. We commend to all those who think Bolshevism an instalment of the Christian Utopia, this documented record of torture and murder.

M. Sergey Melgunov, the author, cannot be accused of partisanship. He was not an upholder of Czaristic policy, but a champion of Russian sectarians, having much sympathy with the Society of Friends and similar religious bodies. His interest in sectarianism brought him into touch with Tolstoy, of whose works he was at one time preparing a new edition. It is curious that an English conscientious objector can go to Soviet Russia and remain seemingly unaware of the blood on the hands of his hosts. The Russian pacifist Melgunov tells another story. It would be interesting to take together this book on the Russian Terror and Mr. Fox's "People of the Steppes." No one can doubt the authenticity of Melgunov's record. Yet it shows Soviet Russia so bloody and guilty that no one who understands it could touch any Bolshevik's hand. How is it then that our politicians and writers can go to Russia and discover that Lenin was a sort of a Christian, and Trotsky and the rest well-meaning men? It must come from some sort of national freakishness in mind and sentimental incapacity of judgment.

Melgunov's book, published originally in Berlin, is a very well known one in Europe now, obtainable in every capital except Moscow. It is only too terrible reading. The ghastly photographs reproduced give some guidance as to the written matter. Mr. C. J. Hogarth is responsible for the editing of the English edition. It is a book to buy and place in the library of valuable and substantial books on Russia.

THE PUNJAB PRASANT. By Malcolm L. Darling. Oxford University Press. \$4.50.

INTERNATIONAL ECONOMIC POLICIES. By William Smith Culbertson. Appleton. \$3.50.