

her death abroad, she could say that it was done with joy, and that "the after-glow was beautiful as the dawn to one who had traveled a mile of the road."

Early in her career as a kindergarten teacher, Douglas Wiggin showed her essential qualities: sunny nature, her influence, as the person who, over her small flock in the settlement, had a sense of responsibility for their development. She had a large, humanistic, quasi-religious interest about the work of the teacher. She was, indeed, "teacher by the grace of God"—as her sister describes her; and her writings show the same "happy-hearted, gifted woman, maternally telling her stories to and for the children, living whole-souled, gay and bravely." "I haven't much to say," she is quoted, "not nearly as much as some other speakers, but I do seem able to make people listen." "Radiance" her sister describes as the keynote of her personality, adding that she was a good mixer, believed in "people," and made a chain of good fellowship.

One thing suggests itself in looking at the type presented to us in these two portraits; the difference between then and now. One would scarcely expect, among the younger generation today, to find a strong attraction for just such a type. And what has happened in the meantime to bring about such a complete revaluation? Reticence, the love of children, simplicity, a belief in the more sterling qualities, optimistic faith in the fundamental goodness of things—are they all under sentence as "mid-Victorian," together with the sham virtues,—the hypocrisies, and shrinking from reality,—which are rightly enough discountenanced? Mrs. Wiggin belongs to another period, many leagues distant from the subtle and analytical, often unpleasantly introspective stories of the moment. If these others have done important work in confronting the reader with certain aspects of reality, she will be remembered as a wholesome and sweet personality, reminding one perhaps of an old-fashioned garden, with its mignonette and its tea-roses, holding their place despite the more flaunting blooms.

Perhaps the best contribution furnished by the biography under review is the sense one gets of Kate Douglas Wiggin's delightful influence radiating through her intimate circle, and capturing the devoted admiration of this close companion—an admiration perhaps a trifle devout as well as devoted.

Thunder in Manhattan

(Continued from page 489)

comes so real to him that the citizen sinks to a flash and a contact. The book that depicts it is torn by the attempt into broken pictures, like sections of a movie film pasted at random. There is no story because there is no singleness in anything except the chaos which he calls New York.

The self-realization which "Thunder on the Left" proclaims as the final graspable good is only a hypothesis relieving the tension of distracted emotions. It cannot be proved; but with its aid life does seem to arrange itself and acquire meaning, as in this stirring book. And it is curious to note what a difference is made by the bare possibility of getting somewhere in life, even if far from one's chosen goal. For there is real laughter and beauty and thrill in the Morleyan world. Drink is a stimulant, not a necessity; there are characters worth loving whatever they do. Life is a mystery, ever threatening, but we are part of life and may control a tiny share if we will. It is a waking dream, in which the minds of all the characters open to show dark things and light, while chaos just outside our little bit of order is ever pressing in; but it is not a nightmare, not a vision of a city which is more than men, and means nothing.

So take your choice, or rather read both books, for they complement each other. "Manhattan Transfer" is the more limited for its sensitive author has set himself only this question, what does life look like in New York? Whereas Morley, whose book is more fully and more soundly written, has asked, what is life?, a harder question, which his grown-up children flinch from, and he himself can only try to answer after a loving study of that middle consciousness where thoughts form before they are crystallized by use and wont. He says that when Hunger holds back from Food then it has learned something of living, but whatever one thinks of his answer, there is no question as to the poignancy of his book.

The Bowling Green

Hinds Let Loose

It struck me as curious that the day that Frank Munsey died was also the day that C. E. Montague retired from the editorship of the *Manchester Guardian*. There was evidently some equity in this, for one of these events was probably a great gain to journalism and the other certainly a great loss. The boy from the Western Union and the boy from Balliol entered the world of print about the same time, and how curiously different their influence on the journalism of our era. I never even saw Munsey and I am convinced, from what those who knew him tell me, that he had delightful qualities. His precautionary gift of money to a cathedral assured him of sepulture in full aroma of sanctity. President and Bishop gave him a good send-off across the Styx. Nor was it even quite true, to say—as did *The New Yorker*, which has recently begun the admirable practice of commenting candidly on the daily press—that "he aroused the bitterest animosities of any man who ever engaged in the business of printing news." For I know at least one of his former employees, a man of rich talent, who had genuine affection for Munsey and even thought of dedicating one of his own books to him.

But whatever the man's charms and oddities, there can be no doubt that his dealings with journalism were huckstering, bucket shopping; and his newspaper properties were merely incidentals toward his private passion for social *éclat*. A famous artist once told me of the time he worked doing drawings for Munsey forty years ago, in a tiny office down town. One evening Munsey invited him to dinner at his hotel, and after the meal, conversation flagging, said "Would you like to watch me ride horseback?" The surprised young draughtsman assented; they went together to Durland's where Munsey mounted a gigantic nag and rode solemnly round and round the tanbark ring while his employee stood by and pondered. If the camera may be trusted Munsey had the face of the perfect Stage Englishman, and to be a Master of Hounds may have been his dearest hope. And, in the City Room, he was. Often, driving past his estate between Manhasset and Roslyn, I have seen elderly and pensive horses, with gouty knees and sombre profiles, gazing sadly over the fence; and have wondered if they were old newspaper men, turned by black arts into these tragic quadrupeds. So the Durland hobby went on, I suppose, through life; and only a horseman could have created so many hacks. But he had the epitaph he would have coveted: "He died at the Ritz."

This is not maliciously intended; Munsey was, I doubt not, a lovable person among his convivia; he was a part of the jovial human comedy that we can all relish as long as it does not bear too savagely on ourselves. Never having had any personal doings with him I feel for his memory the perfectly affectionate disrespect that I feel for any other broker in other men's brains. His genius let no one doubt; he did even more than Joshua; he not merely made the *Sun* stand still, he made it go backwards. But it is important to keep certain distinctions clear, and not allow mere magnitude of obit-space to darken the mind of the simple. I have yet to hear of a newspaper man who says he was emboldened by Munsey to do some fine, delicate, or unpopular thing. Munsey was a gold-digger and he wanted his menials to be that too. Whereas in the case of a man like Montague, obscure pressmen all over the English-writing world have been heartened and purified by his rare honor and wit. There is a quaint contrast in these two men departing from journalism on the same day: the man who wanted to be seen on horseback, the man who climbs mountains solitary on foot. But, lest we be misunderstood, I hasten to add that Mr. Montague has retired from daily editorship to devote himself chiefly to his books; he has gone to live not at a Ritz but near a stone-quarry in Oxfordshire.

At a farewell dinner given Mr. Montague by his colleagues of the *Manchester Guardian*, Mr. C. P. Scott, the greatly loved chief of that paper, told the story of how Montague got his newspaper job.

It specially pleases me because the same skit that caught Mr. Scott's eye thirty five years ago was also the thing, reprinted in *Echoes from the Oxford Magazine*, that first introduced me, in 1910, to the magic initials C. E. M. I think some of the things said about Mr. Montague at that dinner are worth reprinting from the *Guardian*. Mr. Scott said:

Before Mr. Montague left them they wanted to thank him for all he was, and all he had done, for his high temper, his political courage, the unswerving stand he had ever made for liberty, his deep and critical understanding of literature, the drama, and the fine arts, for the crystal clearness of his style, and its wonderful vigor and vividness, for the model he had set before them of English pure and undefiled. (Applause.) Those were great gifts, and for thirty-five years he had devoted them to the service of the paper.

He (Mr. Scott) remembered as though it were yesterday the first day Mr. Montague came to the office, though he could little know then what it would mean to him and to the paper. He was engaged without being seen. What decided the matter was a little skit written by him in the *Oxford Undergraduates' Magazine* of the time, a description of an inter-collegiate bumping boat-race, written in the manner of Thucydides. It was the most delightful parody he (Mr. Scott) had ever read, and he judged that the writer of it must have a lively wit. He was right. Mr. Montague had put life and wit into the *Manchester Guardian* ever since. At one period of its existence there were ribald persons who averred that it had no more notion of a joke than an oyster. (Laughter.) From the moment of Mr. Montague's advent that was a pleasantry no man dared be guilty of. The particular commandment laid upon journalists, "Thou shalt not be dull," was henceforth religiously observed.

Their friend and companion of many years was entering on a new life. A newspaper was a greedy thing; it devoured its own children: their life was lost in its larger life. In England, by custom and tradition, writers for the press were anonymous, but Mr. Montague could never succeed in being anonymous. (Hear, hear.) Do what he might, to those who knew him everything he wrote bore his signature all over. But for the larger public the personality of even the most distinctive writer was merged in that of the paper for which he wrote. Only in his books did he become completely himself. Mr. Montague had lived both lives—the life of the journalist and the life of the author, he had lived them hard—and he had lived them together. His was a crowded life. Now, after all those years, he was seeking, as he well might, leisure for his books. Whatever the future might have in store for him the past at least was securely his, a past of great and honorable achievement, and of devotion to the public good. (Applause.) The paper of the day might die with the day, but its work if well done (as Mr. Montague had done his work), did not die; it entered into the life of the nation and helped to direct its mind and shape its destiny. That was a great task and a glorious one. Mr. Montague had had his full share in it, and could look back on it with pride.

So the Hind is Let Loose. Even the memory of so fine a tribute will not be enough to keep him from a loneliness; those who have lived such departures merely in microcosm know it dour to abandon the intense and jocund life of newspapers with its relishable fellowships and keen sense of existence. And Montague has loved newspapers as only those can who are sharply critical of them, and as only those can who have worked in a journalism that is more than a kind of chain grocery system. Montague has been their Best Friend and Severest Critic, and I believe his own personal achievement, both in quantity and quality, is unique in our time. Besides the half dozen extraordinary books, and even deducting from his newspaper acreage the Shakespearean allusions which are the trademark of the authentic C. E. M. editorial, there remains a body of wit, of passionate liberalism, of flashing criticism, of quicksilver humor, that has been surpassed by no ephemeralist in our time. With those editorials vanished, where now can we go—as H. W. Nevins said at the dinner—to select those beautiful quotations we have so often paraded as our own?

When the grocer enters journalism, he does not change his coat; as the old rhyme has it, he grows a grosser grocer. But remembering the Montagues, we can afford to forget, even feel just a little sorry for, the Capulets. We can remember some of the impalpable things; for instance—as the Bowling Green has annually reminded you—that January 20th is St. Agnes' Eve.

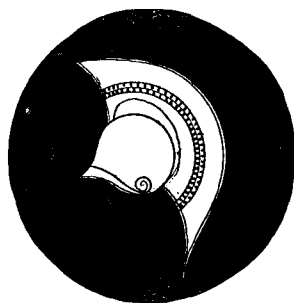
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

The *Dial* award of \$2,000 for distinguished service to American letters has been given this year to Edward Estlin Cummings. Mr. Cummings is the author of a novel, "The Enormous Room," and of three books of verse, "Tulips and Chimneys," "XLI Poems," and "Amperand."

The first *Dial* award was made in 1921, when it went to Sherwood Anderson. There is no competition for the *Dial* award, it is merely conferred by the editors upon a writer who has in their opinion made a notable contribution to American letters.

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Books of Special Interest

Art Values

THE ECONOMIES OF ART PRODUCTION. By SIR HUBERT LLEWELLYN SMITH. New York: Oxford University Press, 1925. \$2.

Reviewed by ADRIAN RICHT

TO say that this book fails to realize the best one had a right to hope for from its title would be to pronounce an incomplete stricture upon it. A valuable and interesting study could have been produced by an investigator who approached the subject with an imagination sufficiently free not to conceive it narrowly and academically. All the shortcomings and irrelevances of which the present work is guilty derive from the failure to base it upon such a conception; and an academic procedure, beside robbing it of any important significance its findings might have had, has filled it with confusion and inconsistency, so that it is doubtful if it have any value at all, even in the lesser field to which it is inadvertently limited by the author's inadequacy.

For Sir Hubert has not evaluated the economic laws affecting the creation of Art; he has attempted to produce, rather, a textbook of the commercial problems existing in the manufacture of certain entirely modern products which he regards as possessing "art values." It required the reading of the first three chapters of the book to come to this decision, for up to that time just what Sir Hubert regarded as Art was impossible of discovery, a puzzle unrelieved by an entire first chapter given to defining and explaining the conception upon which the book is based. Only when the reader comes to the first of the economic problems Sir Hubert is interested in—the function of design in modern industry—does he obtain a true perspective of the author's attitude.

This confusion is inherent in the method of the book, perhaps the fundamental inconsistency arising from it. Sir Hubert's procedure has been to establish an inductive description of Art, vague and indefinite despite the patient science he wastes upon it, and to set against that conception each of the more important economic factors first determined by Adam Smith, and applied by him and later investigators to all material economic phenomena. Sir Hubert first does this with the law of the specialization of labor, and finds himself forced to qualify it in the case of Art. Since unity is one of the most important qualities of a work of Art, certain reservations must be placed upon the extent of specialization allowed. This method is followed with other economic factors in subsequent chapters. Now, Art as such is as unconnected and distant from the law of specialization as an ephemeral conception can be from a rule of thumb, and it is equally remote from every other law and factor in the field of economic science. Trying to investigate Art in these terms is disastrous to the fruition of such a study as this through its sheer irrelevancy. If there is to be a genuine economic law of Art, it will deal with new conceptions and phrases and create its own body of doctrine. The raw data for such a study already exists, the result of such well-conceived works as Lewis Mumford's "Sticks and Stones," to mention only one. But any attempt to introduce Art as "goods" can only result, as it has here, in a shifting definition, and the weakening and invalidating of an economic principle.

Having become committed to this procedure, it is apparent that the author will be attracted more and more, for the purpose of his study, to the types of Art most amenable to this treatment, to "commercial art" that is, to the production of the most concrete "art goods." It is significant that poetry and music are not introduced into the discussion (they would illustrate too obviously the absurdity of large-scale production and specialization in connection with Art), and finally the author is obliged to limit his work definitely to a consideration of Art that, strictly or humanistically speaking, is not Art at all. It is Sir Hubert's concern for large-scale production which, in the third chapter, earliest gives the reader an indication of the concept of Art that his book deals with. He protests that "It is even assumed that there is such an absolute incompatibility between Art and uniformity that it is wrong to call a machine-made product a work of Art at all. The acceptance of such an extreme view would, of course make it of little use to proceed with our economic analysis . . ."

One heartily agrees with the second part of this statement which admits the futility

of what is really an irrelevant discussion devoid of all but the most academic value. Aside from this one passage, however, Sir Hubert seems not to have realized it. Discussions of the relation of the designer and the salesman alternate with chapters that try inconsistently to regain the traditional attitude toward Art, that prove roundabout what was taken *a priori*, that set aside or disregard plain indications of a chapter previous. Questions such as: What are the economic conditions under which Art flourishes? or: What is the economic status of an artist? vital and legitimate subjects for investigation, remain unanswered. Sir Hubert is concerned for the existence of a "common art" among us, and then, ignoring its nature, frustrates its cause by showing insistent partiality for the very forces which have destroyed it.

Catholic Psychology

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY. By E. BOYD BARRETT. New York: J. P. Kenedy, 1925.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW
University of Wisconsin

THE new psychology acquires its distinction and value not from its novelty but from the illuminating quality of its point of view and conclusions. It is most readily characterized by calling it Freudian, for it derives its approach, its perspective and emphasis, and its tendency from that type and temper of psychology. Professor Barrett, like many another temperate follower of Freud, is far from being a partisan or indiscriminating devotee. He rejects as unproven many a Freudian conclusion and goes so far as to describe as nonsense and even as sacrilege such extravagant findings as the Oedipus complex, the parent fixation romance, the sexualized versions of child behavior, and the fantastic dream interpretations of like import. Furthermore, he is catholic, not to say eclectic, in his endorsement of the Coué type of auto-suggestion, of hypnotic therapeutics, of the combinations of suggestion with psychoanalysis and even of the reality of telepathic forces. In brief the book brings together a set of chapters centred about psychotherapeutic procedures and mechanisms, and their interpretation. Prominent in the purpose is to enforce that such a position is consistent with the Catholic (scholastic) position; and that eminent churchmen, past and present, have contributed to the support of what is now the new psychology. This latter insistence will hardly make a strong appeal to the general and professional reader; and while anticipations at long historical range may be interesting, their pertinence is limited. Their modernity is so essentially the result of a marked contrast of knowledge and point of view, that the points of contact seem remote. The Catholic protagonist remains an intrusion, however one welcomes the scholastic in the modern camp.

Apart from this bias, the book is commendable in selection of material as in construction and expression. It is a useful guide to an engaging domain. Particularly well executed is the series of chapters covering the functional neuroses and their illuminating psychology. Hysteria and neurasthenia are discerningly delineated and afford a picture of and a clue to mechanisms of fundamental import to behavior, normal and abnormal, and of the indefinite borderland between them. Phobias and obsessions, resistances and disqualifications, and similar disturbers of the mental peace, are clearly diagnosed; and the inclusion of scruples in the group is a legitimate application of the author's combined interest in psychological and in religious phenomena. Naturally his view of religion leads him to reject and even to resent the similar explanation favored by other psychologists, of religious "symptoms," which are considered in a final chapter in "False Theories of Religion."

Apart from a fantastic notion of "soul speech" to bring telepathy into the new psychology, the author's position is safe and sound and that is vital since the trend invites an application to the art of right living as well as an insight into psychological territory. The new psychology aims to direct as well as to illuminate. Mental health is posited as a "will" discipline—a tonic regulation of a moral strengthened wisdom. Though not attaining a distinguished order of merit, the volume deserves honorable mention in the present-day contest for popular yet critical expositions of matters psychological.

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