to the World, spent some years on the Philadelphia North American, engaged later in syndicate work, then became a game protector in Florida, and finally an amateur horticulturist in Connecticut.

It is a record more diversified than most but the merit of the book lies outside the chronicle of happenings and the expected fund of good stories. It lies in the spirit of the author. He has always had a good time and doesn't care who knows it, and he tries to help his readers have a good time too—this in an age where the most highly admired books, and the most widely circulated, are those which try to infect the author's customers with his own acute acidosis. Joy books are rare and they have a scarcity value.

A further virtue of Mr. McDougall's is that he doesn't give a damn for anybody. This shines out the more strongly because his story is inevitably, in large part, a story of newspapers and newspapermen. Most books of that sort are written either by executives, or by earnest young men who hope to become executives if they display sufficient adeptness in office politics. Accordingly, journalistic history comes pretty near being a subdivision of hagiology. But McDougall's chronicle will never be included in any volume of the acta sanctorum. He says what he thinks, regardless, a quality all the more laudable since his career is principally identified with the newspaper which above all others has erected the worship of the genius of Rome and Augustus into a state religion, the New York World.

Don Seitz's book about Pultizer was probably as free from pious reserve as any official biography can ever be, but none the less it was official and its character is written on every page. Read it with McDougall as a commentary and it is like putting lemon juice on invisible ink. Seitz states the facts, or as many of them as discretion permits; Mc-Dougall whittles the statement to a point.

* * *

The bulk of Mr. McDougall's book is devoted to New York in the eighties and nineties, and to the gay companions of that epoch when our town was still small enough for a good mixer to know everybody. One reads about the gallant spirits and the merry life —and presently recalls, with a jolt, that this is the age whose shame has been described by Robert Herrick in doleful novels, whose stiff and varnished innocence has been depicted by Edith Wharton, whose low mortal ideals and parochial culture have become a commonplace of American social history. Read McDougall, and it sounds like the Golden Age.

This reviewer did not have the felicity to be alive during much of that period, or to be taking notice during any of it; but he suspects that his own glands are not so well balanced, his liver and kidneys not so copperlined, that he would have found it quite as aureate as did our happy author. One who knows McDougall only from his book may even suspect that any age in which he lived would have been golden enough, for him. Doubtless, like everything else, it looks better in retrospect. None the less he has been or says he has been, a happy man, and recognizes his obligation to set down the secret of success. You will find it in bits, here and there; and if it won't fit everybody the author may at least say in extenuation that it has fitted him, that just as four hours' sleep and abstinence from cigarettes made Edison, so this regimen made McDougall:

The one quite common error of sacrificing health and strength for money or a boss I have not committed, for I have lost no opportunity for play as I went along instead of waiting until I had leisure for it; and because I played diligently I am still virile and joyous and so much ahead of the game. I have observed that the more senile of my old comrades are those who have clung like barnacles to one job, and that the ones who have been fired the oftenest are the most resilient. . . All employers love the humble toiler who imagines his job is the only one on earth, just as they dread and suspect him who sits lightly on the perch, knowing that his wings will carry them anywhere. There is the prescription, ladies and gentlemen; take it or leave it. For the rest, McDougall is as bad a parsmagnafuer as any other autobiographer; whether he rolls his own or signs a tailor-made one by Burton J. Hendrick; but at least he takes the curse off by splashing it on with a thickness that can deceive no one except social historians-as when he credits tornados with waiting till he gets to town, and ascribes the post-war popularity of prize fighting to cartoons in the World in the early nineties. Once Americans could generally do this sort of thing, and appreciate it; but our age will probably take these statements seriously as it takes everything else.



A Brief Case

OHN MACY seems to me to have done the almost undoable. He has written a sketch of the $\mathbf J$ world's literature from the beginning down to our own day-from the chansons de geste to Edgar Guest, one might say, though that would be wrong -which is swift, scholarly, informal, and has the true thrill. This is the kind of job that has to be done over and over again, for each generation: sorting over the baggage of the past to see exactly how much of it we absolutely need to carry in our own brief-case. But I don't suppose it has ever been done with more genuine piety and charm. Mr. Macy's brief-case ("The Story of the World's Literature," Boni & Liveright: 592 pp., \$5.00) costs the reader less than one cent a page and gives him enough to ponder for a year. For three months now I have been dipping into it, reading a few pages in bed at midnight, and delighting in the skill and courage with which Macy has tackled this impossible task. He has been so successful because he never thought of it as a task. It is not like many books of that sort, just a manual. It is a cordial: it has the heart of literature beating in it. Jack Macy was the right man to do this book because he understands the continuity of literature: a kind of chain-letter coming down the ages from the unguessable hearts of long ago who had their torments also and hankered to share them: like that mythical "American armyofficer" who starts all the chain-letters. If you want to know the kind of book this really is, it makes one take a small slip of paper and write down the things you swear you simply must read or reread-such as "The Arabian Nights," "The Golden Ass," Caesar's "Gallic War," Virgil, Malory, Voltaire, Don Quixote, and the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.'

* * *

It is a thoroughly humane book, with no unworthy compromise with the scoffish tendency of the age. Jack climbs the beanstalk of scholarship into fairyland, but he does not set out to kill all the Giants. He finds, as we all do, that for the most part the people we have been told were great, really are great. Cicero is not a dull writer just because we were forced to read him immaturely; Burton and Thomas Fuller are just as entrancing as Lamb said they were. The conversational simplicity of Mr. Macy's method, with his lively humor, his shrewd asides, his deep feeling for the profound and tragic emotions, never slips into lack of dignity. He quotes Pascal's great mot-"When one sees the natural style one is astonished and delighted; for one expected to find an author and one finds a man." That is what one finds in this book. How fine a sagacity in his remarks by the way---

We who lie on this side of the great romantic period are inclined to discover all the gold and jewels of Donne and his successors and to think that Pope's well moulded metal is not so precious. This is a mistake from the point of view of criticism, from the point of view of pure amateurish enjoyment. Every poet, every artist should be appreciated, judged, treasured by the best that *he* did in *his* kind, no matter what other artists before him or near him or after him may have done. And of excellent specimens of two different kinds who shall say, who need say which is the better? about the death of Dr. Levett, does not seem to me a negligible versifier. But I have not found a single judgment in the six hundred pages that is not applaudable or relishable because one can understand why Mr. Macy feels that way.

* * *

There is a fine courage in Mr. Macy's method: he deliberately sets aside what must often have been a strong temptation to linger over his special favorites. He never relaxes the austerity of his intention: to show us the great river of human writing as a constant flowing stream, not as a succession of items. As he said long ago, in his fine little book on American Literature, "novels are suckled at the breasts of elder novels." And in the good talkative brevity of his tale he strikes off many a spark. Of Meredith, for instance: "He requires for full understanding a reader who can match his brains against the author's, and for that matter so do Shakespeare and every other man of genius." "Let us reiterate one principle on which this brief survey of literature is basednamely, that any intelligent person can read anything ever put on paper without the slightest moral damage. And unintelligent, humorless people are safe because they will not read literature or will not understand what they try to read." There are wonders in the human mind, as Marlowe's great lines remind us, "which into words no virtue can digest," and Macy's summary is hearteningly aware of this. He knows, as so few of the boilers-down of literary history seem to have known, how small a proportion of the world's literature has ever actually got itself written. It surrounds, like a sunset glow, the poor actual shreds and tatters of men's hearts that lie for us, so neatly parallel, on the printed page. Something of this aura, this golden trouble, this feeling of hunger and anger and ecstasy, he has touched into life. He knows that all art is "begotten by Despair upon impossibility."

* * *

The other day, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and 45th Street, I overhead one man say to another a familiar phrase that is pleasantly expressive of much contemporary psychology, "I got a terrific kick out of it," I heard him say; that was all; I have no notion of the nature of the impact. It is true that just now especially human nature seems to be eager for whatever can give it this desirable flutter behind the ribs, this warmth on the cheekbones. For those who have learned the great secret that in communion with the vanished hearts of literature lies perhaps the greatest and most delicately durable "kick" of all, Mr. Macy's book will be a happiness. I can imagine that some experienced scholars of world-literature will point to flaws of proportion, to omissions, or sketchiness; but the author himself admits these. The truly important thing is what a too severe scholar might even miss, the subtle dignity of this very colloquial and conversational book. It has the dignity of passion: the dignity of dealing with literature as it deserves, as the living expression of human joy and suffering. It is written in what can only be called a profoundly religious spirit; for these great lives who wrestled for us to say their weirds are the most sacred saints we have. A woman told me that when she saw the words "O rare Ben Johnson" on the stone in Westminster Abbey (it is spelled there with an h, I think) her eyes were wet. That was the true spirit of religion. That is the religion that Mr. Macy understands. His book is full of it; it ends with the word Amen; and,

The book is delightful precisely because it is written from the standpoint of "pure amateurish enjoyment." "I have been bothered all my life," he tells us, "to determine which are major and which are minor poets." "We need not be abashed by great reputations, and Pamela is little better than what we should now call pretty good moving-picture stuff." "Dr. Johnson's verse is negligible." "It seems to me that Stevenson for all his praise of youth, his gay courage, his scrupulous devotion to art, and his immense popularity, was a reactionary, an oldfashioned man, and that while he was polishing his sentences the fine new thing was being done by another artist who also polished his sentences but had stouter metal to polish, George Gissing. I will stake my reputation on that judgment." It is not necessary to agree with all Mr. Macy's comments: to take merely one instance, the Dr. Johnson who wrote the Prologue for the Drury Lane opening, and the poem however absurd it may seem to the cynical, the feeling that it often implants in the reader is the humble prayer that he too, even in his littleness and perplexity, might somehow strive to add something to this noble story of men's hearts. So it is not only a brief-case, but a breviary.

* * *

This haphazard comment on Mr. Macy's book would be even more incomplete if one did not add a word as to the unusual drawings by Onorio Ruotolo, which are uneven in excellence, but at their best are superb. Mr. Ruotolo has remarkable power and imagination; some of the portraits, while perhaps making too direct a bid for one's sentiment, are extraordinarily impressive. I call your attention, for instance, to those of Dante, Tolstoy, and Poe.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Books of Special Interest

La Belle France

FRENCH LIFE AND IDEALS. By At BERT FEUILLERAT. New Haven Yatt University Press. 1925. \$2.50.

Reviewed by Floyd Morris

CONSIEUR FEUILLERAT, professo MONSIEUR FRUIELENARY sity of Rennes, came to Yale as visiting professor during the year 1919-20. There, he delivered a series of lectures upon which the present volume is based. "French Life and Ideals" implies the conditions which produced it. It was, quite obviously, composed as discourse to be heard rather than to be read; it is a book of eight lectures, rather than eight essays. It was composed for the purpose of reaching a cultivated and serious audience, and with the object of removing from their minds certain traditional misconceptions and substituting for these certain positive ideas. Finally, it was composed at a time when the extreme delicacy of international relations gave this attempt an added significance. It performs, so to speak, a legitimate ambassadorial function in the field of international understanding.

These conditions no doubt largely dictated both the scope and method of the book. In comparatively brief space, Monsieur Feuillerat surveys eight aspects of his subject; the formation of French nationality, temperament, intellectual qualities, imagination and sentiment, the social instinct, morals and family life, politics and religion. He has been meticulous in his selection of material; choosing, in every instance, the principal traditional misconceptions, analyzing them lucidly, proceeding to a cogent exposition of the general ideas wherewith he attempts to supplant them. These ideas are, in the main, familiar enough to Americans already substantially acquainted with French culture and civilization. It is not to such Americans that the book is addressed. But to Americans unacquainted with French life or perplexed by it, to those who find the French temperament baffling and the French mind elusive, Professor Feuillerat offers a persuasive introduction. His eight lectures are clear, concise, and admirably thorough; every one is an adequate summary of its subject. Together they constitute an orderly coherent explanation of those phases of national life and culture which, essentially autochthonous, are apt to be most incomprehensible to the uninitiated foreigner. The book, although it offers little to readers whose equipment includes some contact with French life and thought, provides expert assistance in the inauguration of such contact.

Index to Building

ELEMENTS OF FORM AND DESIGN IN CLASSIC ARCHITECTURE. By ARTHUR STRATTON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1925. \$7.50.

Reviewed by AYMAR EMBURY II. THE architect of the eighteenth century

▲ was dependent upon his own observation for his precedent, and if he were a little travelled man, the only motives which he knew were those in his neighborhood; if on the other hand, his travels were extensive, he would know buildings of other periods and other schools, permitting to him a much greater freedom in his selection of a solution of his own problem.

Today, our designers are familiar with most of the buildings of the known world, either by illustration or by personal study, and the ease, rapidity, and cheapness of travel has made it possible for almost every student of architecture to take at least one brief trip to these countries in which architecture is a classic precedent, before he becomes himself a designer. For this reason, our current architecture is far more varied and less of a unit in type than was that of any preceding century: naturally, also, our knowledge of any particular style or design is far less thorough on the whole than was that of the eighteenth century man, who followed only one precedent. Yet, the very mass of illustration, and the enormous number of precedents of which we have some slight knowledge, make the problem of selection almost as difficult as would a complete ignorance of the fact that such precedents existed, and different architectural offices seem to fall into grooves, adapting a small number of precedents to uses to which they are not always fitted and often ignoring a far better solution, which they are either unable to conceive or of whose previous existence they have no knowledge. The purpose of this book is to supply an index to known forms of classic building and to present an analysis of elemental plans, sections and ele-

author has found on classic models. 1 ncourage an extenstylistic building, the furthering of this of any particular nh E matter to show, in the the regular value of structural andfenter how a building, whether اروب المراج and an according to tits ultimate expresthe geometrical principles which are a namenta end constant. . It aims at int enloings into first principles of arrangement intespective of style, period or fashion, and its scalar is deliberately limited to the most elementary of knewn form.

The book is admirably successful in its purpose. It is a genuine index to all the simpler forms of composition and if there is any mistake in the scope of the book, it is that this analysis has been carried too far and into too complex motives. The number of possible plans of considerable size is so infinite that no one analysis can comprise them all and an attempted analysis which includes only a few, thereby tends to deteat its own purpose by limiting or appearing to limit the number of solutions; but up to the point where the possibilities of simple plans are exhausted, the book is as complete as is necessary and in no way redundant. It has therefore the merit of being suggestive only. There is nothing which can be literally copied but much that can usefully be known.

School Work

EXPERIMENTAL PRACTICE IN THE CITY AND COUNTRY SCHOOL. Edited by CAROLINE PRATT, with a Record of Group Seven by LULA E. WRIGHT. Dutton. 1924.

Reviewed by V. M. HILLYER Headmaster, Calvert School

HERE is a Pepys' Diary of a year's work with a group of seven year olds in the City & Country School of New York. This school is of the type known as "Progressive" spelled with a capital "P." Now the name "Progressive" too often covers a multitude of sins against psychology, education, society and common sense. But when I visited the C & C School some time ago I found it so particularly free from such sins that I should characterize it "progressive with a small 'p' but capital significance."

This book is a record of the school doings of children, day by day, and, month by month, and one whose idea of school is iron-bound desks, iron-bound methods, dogeared primers, scratchy slates, and a teacher on a platform hearing a lesson from a book, will not recognize a school in these descriptions: of building a city from boxes and blocks, of visiting docks, markets, and rail, way stations, of cooking candy and cakes, of writing, costuming, and giving plays.

One gets a vivid picture of the daily activities of these young children, but it seems to me a pity that so much data gathered and recorded is not strung together either to deduce a method or formulate a practice. The instances are like beads in a box, interesting or pretty but of little use until strung into a necklace.

Fortunately Miss Pratt, the head of the school, in her introductory "Argument," has stated some of the principles for which she is striving and this may give the studious teacher a thread on which to string the class records that follow. Unfortunately only the exceptional teacher has the mind, ability, or interest to do her own stringing.

Miss Pratt states as the object of her books that "We are publishing our programs for one distinct reason—to get discussion of our procedure." I may, therefore, by way of discussion, offer two "cons" to her "Argument." I do not think any age is too young to begin such training. On the contrary, a great many young ages are too old.

In the Calvert School, a disciplinary training method is started with four-year olds and after twenty-five years, the results bear witness to the value of such practice in the last analysis, results are the test of any method, principle or practice. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

I couldn't refrain a chuckle when Miss Pratt takes a fling at some former methods, once upon a time considered modern and progressive, for instance:—

Sloyd as taught in the Denmark schools where whole classes saw in unison while the teacher counts, and Montessori's system now, I believe moribund—based on a false analysis of mind into senses. Sic Gloria Transit!

German Drama A HISTORICAL AND BIBLIOGRAPHI-CAL SURVEY OF THE GERMAN RELIGIOUS DRAMA. By MAXIMILIAN J. RUDWIN. University of Pittsburgh Studies in Language and Literature, 1924. Reviewed by Carl Schreiber Yale University

I is fortunate that there are endowed presses, otherwise the publication of such useful reference works as this bibliographical survey would be out of the question. The book will appeal to a very limited circle only; but those who hereafter venture into this field of research will be spared many a weary hour of blind groping about for the source material by first familiarizing themselves with this well-arranged, comprehensive outline. Dr. Rudwin is an accredited guide; he has labored long and diligently in this field and has to his credit six books and monographs, besides numerous articles bearing on this subject.

The Survey presents a list of dramatic texts and productions covering almost the last thousand years, with the best reference material under each heading. It is indeed an agreeable surprise to learn that

All the material except the titles marked with an asterisk has been consulted in the libraries of this country. . . . The book may, therefore, be considered as further testimony to the fact that America is no longer dependent upon Europe for its intellectual pabulum. It is apparent that even for so non-popular a phase of European literature and culture, the American libraries are well equipped.

Most of this starred material, however, comes under the heading of newspaper articles, and then the surprise is far from agreeable. There seems to be an almost fatal dearth in this country of complete files of the most important German papers. The *Leipziger* as well as the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten* and the *Vossische Zeitung* are, according to Dr. Rudwin, not to be had.

If space permitted much might be said upon the alarming aspects of this point. As the cost of publication mounts scholars are entrusting more and more of their findings to magazines and to the files of the standard newspapers. The larger libraries are becoming aware of the magnitude of the task confronting them. Where large flourishing collections exist, e.g. Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, it seems quite imperative that those responsible for increasing the usefulness of such treasures should be regular subscribers to clipping agencies in the countries where the most valuable material is being published.

A recent doctor's dissertation from Göttingen was also reported among the missing. Have the University exchanges not been resumed since the war?

It is apparent that Dr. Rudwin prepared the Survey for German consumption. When the opportunity to print it here presented itself, the manuscript was not thoroughly revised. In several places in close juxtaposition one hits upon striking evidence of a change of plan. Alexander von. As a direct descendant of Schiller and an author of high repute this gentleman has a right to his name in full. That delightful monk and scholar in Munich—here referred to as *Expeditus Schmidt*—invariably appears on titles pages and in bibliographies as P. (ater) *Expeditus Schmidt*. But such slight variants detract in no wise from the great usefulness of this "Survey of the German Religious Drama."

Excelsior

THE FIGHT FOR EVEREST: 1924. By E. F. NORTON and others. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1925. \$7.50.

Reviewed by LEROY JEFFERS, F.R.G.S. THIS is the thrilling story of the third expedition to conquer Mount Everest, 29,141 feet, the highest mountain in the world. All the hard earned knowledge of the 1921 and 1922 parties had been studied with minute care and the 1924 attempt brought to bear the best equipped and strongest mountain climbing party that has ever been assembled. Throughout the extraordinary hardships of the trip they displayed a courage and determination that has never been surpassed, and which involved the sacrifice of life itself.

Gen. C. G. Bruce was again to be in general charge, but sickness on the way compelled his return to lower altitude, and Col. E. F. Norton assumed command. Traveling across the high plateau of Tibet, base camp was established at 16,800 feet. A line of camps, with adequate supplies transported by back-packing, was next in order; but instead of reasonably fair weather for the brief interval available for climbing before the arrival of the dreaded monsoon, the party was driven back by continuous storms. The ascent of the North Col to 23,000 feet where the base camp for serious climbing was placed, proved especially dangerous, and exhausted the strongest members of the party. Such severe wind and intense cold with blizzards that raged for days was beyond human endurance, and so reduced the strength of the best climbers that they were not in fair condition for the supreme struggle at greater heights.

Camp five was located at 25,300 feet, but here the native porters gave out and were unable to go higher, which forced the climbers Mallory and Bruce to descend. Meanwhile Norton and Somervell had pushed upward to a camp at 26,800 feet. They continued the next day as before without the use of oxygen apparatus, until Nortom reached 28,126 feet, where from physical necessity he turned back. It is his belief that with weather conditions which allow a climbing party to retain their strength for use on the higher slopes of the peak, oxygen will not be necessary.

Possibly of all the men who had resolved to conquer Everest, George Leigh Mallory had the most indomitable purpose. He alone accompanied all three expeditions, and no one was a more enthusiastic and competent climber. As a final effort, after the exhaustion of the other leading climbers, Mallory decided to attempt it once again with Andrew C. Irvine, a young man who had proven his worth on the present trip. They took oxygen with them for use above the 26,800 foot camp. On June 8th they started for the summit from this highest camp, while Odell, who had come up to the 25,300 foot camp, also advanced toward the one above. At 26,000 feet Odell viewed a sudden lifting of the clouds that veiled the ridge and summit of Everest. Near the base of the final pyramid at about 28,230 feet, he saw two tiny figures moving upward over the snow, and then the cloud curtain veiled them forever from view. Until late that night Odell and Hazard gazed upward for some sign of the returning climbers, but none appeared. By noon of the next day Odell reascended to Camp five, and on the following morning reached camp six with much difficulty on account of severe weather. Alas, he found no sign of the missing men, and though he struggled onward in the gale for two hours more, at last he was forced to abandon the search. Mr. Odell states that when he saw the climbers, they had only about 800 feet of altitude to surmount and perhaps 1600 feet of ground to cover to reach the top. Such personal acquaintance as I was privileged to have with Mr. Mallory strongly inclines me to believe with Mr. Odell in the probability that the summit was reached, and that the climbers were benighted on their return and perished from lack of shelter in the extreme cold.

"How to secure the possibility for creative opportunity for teacher and children," says Miss Pratt, "is the fundamental question with such a school as ours."

Read that again.

To me "creative opportunity" does not seem to be the "fundamental question" for a seven-year old—but my objection is chiefly to the word "creative." Of course,, a seven year old cannot really create anything —he can make, build, think, plan things for himself, instead of *having them made*, built, thought, planned for him—If that's the idea —well and very good.

Again she says "There is little doubt that certain periods of development suffer more intrinsically from what we term a training method than others. Very young children, let us say up to six, seven, and eight, during which years a change in interests takes place, cannot stand up under it." "Rudwin: The Supernatural in Modern English Fiction.

(Anmerkung 4 erwähnt den Teufel im geistl. Drama).

Rudwin: Supernaturalism and Satanism in Chateaubriand.

(Differentiation of character and personality between Lucifer and Satan)." The proof reading was done with great care. Only once was a misprint detectable. On page 127 appears the only humorous touch unwittingly injected into the long survey: Gleichen-Russwurm becomes Nusswurm. That suggests one further matter, which must of necessity e important bearing on a stanraphy. One queries; if Dr. R1 stently writes Hahn, Alban von A delbert von, why not G wurm,

Sooner or later another expedition will doubtless bring back a definite record from the summit of Everest.