

only genuine book of literary criticism in the whole second half of the nineteenth century;" that Andreyev's symbolic plays are "merely dialogized litanies in bad prose," that "about 1914, Jack London was the most popular Russian writer," or that "all" the volumes of Balmont's poetry after 1905 are "worthless." In such cases, and these are rather numerous, one inclines to relegate the author to the category of Hippus and Bryusov, whom he regards as "recorders of critical judgments: they are judges, not interpreters." What is more, these judgments are intended for the expert; the average English, let alone American reader, is ill prepared for their suddenness and bewildering variety. Only the expert can take issue with the author, when he, for example, disapproves with categorical severity the style of Chekhov, Gorky, Mereshkovsky, Bulgakov, and of other individualistic writers whose stylistic nuances are lost in translation. And even the expert fails to appreciate such a dictum as that Russian Symbolism, aside from its Western element, "had also a 'Slavophil' soul." Slavophilism is not discussed in this book, the second volume of a work whose first volume has not yet appeared.

Another difficulty which this book presents is its lack of unity and proportion. It often produces the impression of a collection of essays whose connection and sequence are not inevitable, and it suffers occasionally both from excessive length and excessive brevity. In his preface the author modestly asserts that his book aims to be nothing more than "a Baedeker to recent Russian literature." He discusses not only writers of fiction and verse but also dramatists, journalists, publicists, theologians, philosophers, critics, these to be sure not in a thorough and exhaustive manner, but selectively. The author's choice of subjects, and his conception of their relative importance, are highly arbitrary. Surely the non-Russian reader will find no justification for the relative space given to Leontyev, Rosanov, Berdyayev, or to Boldyrev, the author of a few journalistic articles. Nor will he appreciate the author's sense of measure in devoting twelve pages to Bely and only one annihilating sentence to Alexey Tolstoy's "Road to Calvary." In his endeavor to cover too wide a field within less than four hundred pages, Prince Mirsky, indeed, becomes at times Baedekarian, or to be less caustic, certain of his chapters sound encyclopaedic. Perhaps this great accumulation of material is responsible for such errors as regarding Artzybashev's "Sanin" as a reflection of the general disillusionment after the revolution of 1905 (the novel was actually written in 1903), or as the wrong name and patronymic of Muratov, or as the statement that Vyacheslav Ivanov is at present in Moscow, "where he is said to be on excellent terms with the Bolshevik leaders" (he is actually in Rome, producing remarkable literary work, and half starving).

I have dwelled on the negative sides of the book precisely because on the whole it is an eventful contribution to the study of modern Russian literature, and it is a pity to have this general impression marred by defects that could have been avoided. It is the first book in any language to take up Russian literature from about 1880 to 1925, in a bold and original manner, transvaluing many accepted values. We may be vexed with the axiomatic tone which Count Mirsky employs in making debatable statements, we may resent his lukewarm attitude toward the majority of the writers under discussion, and we may be hurt by his slighting remarks about Chekhov and Andreyev. But we are constrained to doff our hats with respect for the independent and brilliant personality of the young critic. His chapters on Tolstoy after 1880, on Sologub, and on Blok are critical gems, and his discussion of present day Soviet literature is invaluable both as information and analysis.

"One of the most famous printers of the latter part of last century," says *John O'London's Weekly*, "was Thomas James Cobden-Sanderson, who founded the Doves Press in 1884. One evening in conversation with Mrs. William Morris, he remarked how anxious he was to make use of his hands. Mrs. Morris replied, 'Then why don't you learn bookbinding? That would add an art to our community, and we would work together.' In this way was founded the famous Doves Press, Hammer-smith. Cobden-Sanderson kept an extensive diary which should make interesting reading. It is to be published by his son, Mr. Richard Cobden-Sanderson, in the autumn."

The BOWLING GREEN Precis of a Journey. V.

PERHAPS the habit of writing on window-panes with diamonds has gone out. But if one had a diamond, what would one write with it? It was François Premier (wasn't it?) who scratched the glass at Chambord with his laborious

SOUVENT FEMME VARIE
BIEN FOL EST QUI S'Y FIE

whereas Philippe Pot, that old Burgundian warrior of the fifteenth century, if left alone with any glaziers, incised a prettier and briefer epigram of his lady—TANT L VAUT. Oliver Goldsmith, on the glass of his window at Trinity College, Dublin, merely put his name and the date. *O. Goldsmith, March 1746*, you can see the broken fragment in the beautiful library at T. C. D. But you won't have much tranquillity to ponder it, for the garrulous attendant will be excessive on the manuscript of the Book of Kells. However, by attending him singly while the other prowled thoughtfully about, Madrigal and I managed to see some of the charms undistracted.

With pride the verger's bosom swells
And endlessly he tells and tells
The story of the Book of Kells.
I want to weave my own small spells,
Evoke my private heavens and hells
And sniff the fragrant calfskin smells
And dip my bezer in these wells
Of Irish Undefined—

He tells

The story of the Book of Kells.
What I was wondering was how Oliver, the poor young student, got hold of a diamond.

It was delightful to loiter a while about the courts of T. C. D., to watch the boys in gowns and sand-colored bags, the humorous-faced coeds, the frequent bicycles. A notice posted at the lodge took me quite into the Oxford feeling of thirteen years ago—*Senior Sophisters are reminded that before they can sit for the B. A. Exam. the fee must be paid to the Junior Bursar*. But there is more an air of alertness, less an air of picturesque luxury, than at Oxford. In some queer way you get the feeling that a larger proportion of these students are making sacrifices for their schooling, and that they have a living to earn. The undergraduate magazine, called *T. C. D.*, is as agreeably young as journals of that sort always are. Reading it I learned that the College Historical Society had lately debated the thesis "That the English Empire has seen its best days." The motion was lost. A literary society of the women students had read a paper on T. S. Eliot. "In respect of Mr. Eliot's poetry Miss FitzHenry said that, like most of the younger generation of American writers, he has been strongly influenced by his French contemporaries. She considered that his work marks an epoch in the development of American poetry. The meeting adjourned for tea."

To one who wearies of the waste and idle display in New York, who grins a little ruefully at the Peaches Browning and Rudolph Valentino phases of our era, there is a heartening sense of frugality in Dublin life. The most luxurious car that I saw was a Dodge sedan. The Abbey Players were not in action so we went one evening to the Gaiety to see an American mystery play—"In the Next Room," by Eleanor Robson and Harriet Ford. It was a quite worthy piece but the most interesting thing to observe was the faces in the audience. You see it again in the portraits in the Irish National Gallery. What is it in the Irish face that so oddly strikes the observer from New York? Is it the absence of certain Mediterranean and Levantine types that are part of our daily panorama here? My mind keeps coming back to the word *frugal*, I don't just know why. There seemed something sensitive, quaint, obstinate, and simple in those profiles as one watched them watching the stage. Comments of this sort are futile and vain, but there was a very real feeling that this middle-class audience (none in evening dress) had not been spoiled by any pseudo-sophistications. I couldn't help thinking that it would have loved "Abie's Irish Rose;" and indeed it has its Mutt and Jeff in a Dublin

newspaper every evening, buys its odds and ends at Woolworth's. One of the selections played by the orchestra was "Waters of the Perkiomen," and Madrigal and I wondered if anyone else in the house knew where that creek is. An almost equal surprise was to find Sargent's portrait of Woodrow Wilson in the gallery on Merrion Square.

I don't know just what Terenure is—the name of some suburb, I suppose. But most of the trams we saw carried that name, and one afternoon Madrigal and I rode out in that direction, then descended for a walk in a blow of rain. We admired a provocatively handsome young woman striding along with an Airedale terrier, quite regardless of the wet; but you soon give up noticing admirable women in Dublin, there are too many of them. We sheltered a while in a pub, and then found ourselves by the Milltown golf course where a solitary player was finishing his round in the wet. Madrigal, an enthusiastic golfer, was anxious to prove the quality of Irish turf, so we climbed up on the links and Madrigal begged permission to drive a couple of balls. The member, a young medical student, was delightfully hospitable. Fortunately Madrigal's drive was a beauty, in spite of a bumpy gale. "It's easy to see he knows the game," said the medico. We adjourned to the clubhouse, and presently our host, due at his hospital, insisted on driving us back to town in his Dodge. In the course of the chat he told us quite seriously that he had heard that in Chicago hotel doors were always made with a little loophole, so that you could look out before opening to make sure it wasn't a gunman. We denied this, but I think he still believes it so.

I do not think that Dublin gives up her secrets easily to the casual visitor, and I shall always be suspicious of those who summarize her in quick, sparkling vein. Trying to feel one's way toward the truth is often a dull and patient business. I confess that she gave me no easy clue to her temperament—as one notices in Paris, for instance, in the constant scream of bus-brakes. (Is it not thoroughly Parisian to be travelling too fast and then have to halt hastily?) It was surprising to one from New York, where buildings crash down and leap up again in a few months, to find the wreckage of her Troublesome Times only just now beginning to be repaired. Americans also will be amazed to find marked on thermometers that 55 to 65 degrees is Healthy Indoor Temperature. But there can be no question as to her charm. Wandering round Merrion Square or in St. Stephen's Green at dusk you may sometimes think you have come within guessing distance of her troubled magic. But if so you'll not spoil it by trying to put it prematurely into speech.

When you get aboard the steamer at Kingston (or Dun Laoghaire, pronounced Dunleary, as they write it now) on a bright breezy morning you'll find the swift little vessel lined with gulls. They sit along the lifeboats as though they were members of the crew. Thirteen of them flew with us all the way to Holyhead, more than sixty miles. I watched them carefully, they soared apparently without effort, keeping to windward and a little aft of us. The mail packet, speeding more than 20 knots with the characteristic ringing chime of turbine engines, never outsped their easy glide. (If a big transatlantic liner had a baby, it would be just like one of those trim cross-channel racers). The gulls followed us; as far as I could see they never flapped their wings at all except when occasionally one would fall behind to investigate some jetsam. They appear to be merely lovely, but what a sharp eye they have for scraps.

And so I thought what a pretty and poetical bit one could write about those mysterious Irish gulls, their easy irresponsible grace, their bright fanatical eyes. One might pretend to see in them some symbol of the Irish soul. But it would only be a purple passage, and anyone without conscience can pull a purple passage. What I really thought about those gulls, as the hill of Howth went dark behind us, was that they were too beautiful for words. And so they were.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Wyndham Lewis's "The Art of Being Ruled," which was reviewed in the issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature* for July 31 from the English edition, is to be issued next week in this country by Harper & Brothers.

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Books of Special Interest

Music and Our Schools

MUSIC EDUCATION IN AMERICA. By ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1926. \$5.
Reviewed by BRUCE SIMONDS
Yale University

FEW aspects of music have changed more remarkably in the last decade than the attitude of schools, colleges, and certain public institutions toward the art. In elementary schools the old system of drilling on a single "do-mi-sol" exercise for a half-hour has been largely supplanted. In high schools, where until recently the glee and banjo clubs were the only form of music allowed, with perhaps a weekly chorus-period for the enthusiasts, we now have full orchestras,—strings, brass, and in the excess of our ardor, four people at two pianos. Though music in boys' private schools has lagged behind athletics and dramatics, there are now opportunities for boys in their teens to continue studying instruments and to hear masterpieces in recitals. Colleges with non-musical traditions like Bryn Mawr have opened departments of music, art museums make the gesture of admitting music to the status of painting and sculpture by offering concerts. Yale University, which ten years ago had one course in musical history and appreciation, now presents ten; while the Harvard Glee Club has astonished the whole university world by proving that undergraduates can be induced to sing Palestrina to their own enjoyment and that of the audience.

Dr. Archibald Davison, the author of the book, "Music Education in America," was more responsible than any other man, in his rôle of leader of the Harvard Glee Club, for the change which came over that organization and in writing this book he knows whereof he speaks. While his observations are not flattering, they are worth careful consideration. He points out our tendency still to surrender to the fallacies that music and the understanding of music can be bought and sold in the marketplace: that the more mechanically perfect the music is the greater artistic stimulus we receive from it: that one can be an intelligent patron of the art by letting music be pumped into one's ears, remaining quiescent under the process as if it were the latest inoculation, or guzzling it down in quantity as we are said to guzzle champagne. That we are as a nation scientific rather than artistic is suggested by our preoccupation with technical methods, our anxiety to chart the path up Parnassus in as straight a line as is compatible with the grades. We seem to ignore the fact that any path up that celebrated mountain is of inspiring beauty.

In elementary schools, Dr. Davison contends, there is still too much veneration of sight-singing as an end in itself, too little consideration of it as a means to the production of beautiful sounds in orderly sequence. The formation of taste in the individual pupil is slighted, since it is a difficult task. Worst of all, the whole subject of music may be taught in so stereotyped a fashion that the joy of listening is never conceived. To such a mechanical view of the art, Dr. Davison ascribes the distaste of many high school students for music,—distaste so strong that even when the subject is offered for credit it is not elected. Memory contests of the superficial type which reduces recognition of a composition to recognition of its first eight measures are condemned as ultimate tests of intelligence, and the reduction of harmony to a kind of vertical mathematics kills all sense of progression and adventure in music. Of course the value of Dr. Davison's book lies not so much in its destruction of existing methods as in its suggestions for improvements in the pathetically difficult art of inducing people to attend to one of the rarest delights in the world.

The general spirit displayed is so fearless in its dismissal of antiquated attitudes that one is doubly surprised to find one such attitude persisting throughout—the attitude toward the playing of instruments and especially of the pianoforte. On page 129 we find: "In learning to play the pianoforte, industry, not intelligence, is the chief requirement," and "to learn to play the pianoforte may be compared basically with learning to use a typewriter." These are no more than half-truths if even that; and precisely this attitude of grouping the pianoforte with the typewriter because both in-

struments have keys and depend to an extent on mechanism, is responsible for the deplorable, inexpressive, efficient piano-playing which Americans applaud in their concert-halls. We must suppose that it takes no intelligence to determine what quality and quantity of tone are needed for a certain note, and which of forty different varieties of touch gives the proper tone. One might as well accuse a painter of using no intelligence in painting a picture because colors exist in themselves on his palette. The type of automatic tactile memory alluded to as the means whereby pianists memorize was discredited years ago; and as for the idea quoted from Professor Langfield, who does not "see how generalization could come into such a course" (in piano-playing), generalization forms a most important part of teaching the instrument. Only through giving the pupil general rules concerning rhythm, touch-forms, tone-inflection, pedalling, treatment of dissonance and the like, not to speak of the particular rules which must apply in the work of a single composer and constitute in great measure what is termed his style,—only through these generalizations can one ever hope to teach a pupil how to work out compositions without aid, fully expressing his individuality; and that is the aim of every good teacher, for art without individuality is impossibly dull. One cannot divorce honest study of pianoforte-playing from the study of music; that the two are ever separated merely argues the teaching of the instrument to be inadequate. But if we eliminate from the course of study for the Bachelor of Arts degree all subjects which are badly taught we shall not end with the elimination of pianoforte-teaching.

Journeys in China

PEKING TO LHASA. The narrative of Journeys in the Chinese Empire, made by the late Brigadier-General George Pereira. Compiled by SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND. With maps and illustrations. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1926. \$5.
Reviewed by GERTRUDE LINNELL

SIR Francis Younghusband was confronted in the making of this book by the no means easy task of converting the field diary of an Empire-building British soldier, with a passion for accurate detail, into a colloquial book for the lay reader. The apparent purpose of the trip was the making of the very excellent map which is appended to the volume. Who can say what really prompts a man, fifty-six years old, lame and with a weak back, to spend a year and a half on an arduous journey from Peking to the fabled, forbidden city of Lhasa, and then, immediately, to start out again on two new journeys, not so long, but quite as arduous? The amazing part of the story is General Pereira's repeatedly expressed distaste for China and Tibet.

The book is unique in that he was neither running away from anything, teaching anything, or pursuing anything. Most other books on this part of the world have been written from the standpoint of the hunter, the hunted, or the missionary—sometimes all three together. The public has therefore acquired a fantastic, romantic idea of the hidden places of China and Tibet, on which General Pereira's clear unbiased observation throws a light at once revealing and disillusioning. Disillusioning, because the hidden places are to him neither hidden nor mysterious. He does not dwell on the romance of the Lamas, on their philosophies, or their filth. He has dinner with them as casually as though they were Church of England prelates. He discusses concisely the political situation of 1923 in that part of the world, and tells exactly where model prisons and modern courts can be found, and where malefactors are forced to kneel on chains before their mediæval-minded judges. He speaks again and again of the habit of the soldier escort furnished him by local magistrates of leaving their arms behind them when passing through brigand-infested territory, through fear that the brigands would be tempted to attack the party to obtain guns! Of the probably ten thousand miles or more, covered in the three trips, not more than a few hundred were over actually unknown territory.

Three articles on the political situation in China, written by General Pereira in 1921 and 1923 are appended to the book. His prophecies have been well borne out by subsequent events, which is, no doubt, the reason why they were included.



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