

# The Saturday Review

## of LITERATURE

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Avoid Arabian courtesy, requite  
Not genius with the headsman's accolade,  
Nor on the thousand and the second night  
Present the bowstring to Scheherazade!

### Gyring and Gimbling

(Or Lewis Carroll in Paris)

THE giants in the old fables were often lacking in a sense of proportion, sometimes in a sense of humor, and so are those Titans of English-speaking Paris, the half mythical James Joyce and that lesser mistress of experimental prose, the prophetic Gertrude Stein. Joyce we have been able to estimate as a figure of more than common size by his vigorous "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" and the powerful technique of "Ulysses," a Gothic cathedral of a book rich in portraits, gargoyles, and grotesques. The conception of "Ulysses" was clearly giant-like, the execution subject to controversy. Its details were praised by some of the discriminating, but by more who delight in art in proportion to its obscurity, and detest the very name of common sense. Gertrude Stein we knew in feats of word legerdemain which had strange powers since some minds were fascinated by her scrambled sentences and others driven to wails and cursings.

Now, thanks to the midwifery of Mr. Elliot Paul, an American resident in Paris, where presumably one can take the English language without too much seriousness, and to the magazine "Transition," we can see Mr. Joyce in his latest work and find Miss Stein "elucidated."

"Ulysses," we are told, was a night book, the new work is a day book and the rivers of Ireland are its heroes. Apparently it, too, is to have scope and plan, not to be judged from the brief extracts so far published. Therefore without prejudice to the scheme of the whole, which may be as impressive as that of "Ulysses," we can study the expression by which this giant of our days proposes to erect his second cathedral. It is not English, although there is vigor in the sound of it; it is not indeed language by any known tests; nor is it sound merely, since some of it is unsoundable except by Gargantuan lungs. In this fashion does the book begin:—

riverrun brings us back to Howth  
Castle & Environs, Sir Tristram, violer d'amores, fr' over

the short sea, had passencore rearrived from North America on this side the scraggy isthmus of Europe Minor to wielderfight his penisolate war: nor had topsawyer's rocks by the stream Oconee exaggerated themselves to Laurens County's gorgios, while they went doublin their mumper all the time; nor a voice from afire bellowed mishe mishe to tauftauf thuartpeatrick: not yet, though venisssoon after, had a kidscad buttended a bland old isaac; not yet, though all's fair in vanessy, were sosie sesters wroth with twone nathandjoe. Rot a peck of pa's malt had Jhem or Shen brewed by arclight and rory end to the regginbrow was to be seen rigsome on the waterface.

The fall (badalgharaghtakamminarronnkonbronnnonnerronnunthunntrovarrhounownskawntooohooordenenthurnuck!) of a once wallstrait oldparr is retaled early in bed and later on life down through all christian minstrelsy. The great fall of the offwall entailed at such short notice the schute of Finnigan, erse solid man, that the humpty-hillhead of himself promptly sends an unquering one well to the west in quest of his tumpytumtoes: and their upturn-pikepointandplace is at the knock out in the park where oranges have been laid to rust upon the green since Devlins first loved livy.

What clashes here of wills gen wonts, oystrygods gaggin fishygods! Brékkék Kékkék Kékkék Kékkék! Kóax Kóax Kóax! Úalu Úalu Úalu! Quáouaah! What chance cuddles, what cashels aired and ventilated! What bidimetoloves induced by what tegotetabsolvers! What true feeling for their's hayair with what strawng voice of false jiccup! O here here how hoth sprowled met the dusk the father of fornicationists but, O my shining stars and body! how hath fanespanned most high heaven the skysign of soft advertisement! But waz iz? Is ent? Ere were sewers? The oaks of ald now they lie in peat yet elms leap where ashes lay. Phall if you but will. rise you must: and none so soon either shall the pharce for the nance come to a setdown secular phoenix.

This is like those Phi Beta Kappa orations in Latin when one was supposed to laugh, but where? More succeeds—

(Stoop,) if you are abecedminded, to this claybook, what curios of signs (please stoop), in this allaphbed! A terricolous vivelyonview this; queer and it continues to be quaky. A hatch, a celt, an earshare the pourquose of which was to cassay the eartherust at all of hours, furrowards, bagawards, like yoxen at the turnpath. Here say figurines billycoose arming and mounting. Mounting and arming bellicose figurines see here. Futhore, this liffle effingee is for a firefing called a flintforfall. Face at the eased! O I fay! Face at the waist! Ho, you fie! Upwap and dump em, Face to Face! When a part so ptee does duty for the holos we soon grow to use of an allforabit.

In between is of a like intelligibility. The man has a design, that is certain, for Joyce is a giant, even though myopic, he can write, one feels that, but what has he written? What (students of "Ask me Another?") does it mean? Here at last is the consummation of Browning's "Fancies that broke through language and escaped!"

Gertrude Stein comes to the rescue. She is no coward like Joyce's disciples, who explain in perfectly simple English what Joyce means in the whole, while carefully ignoring his incomprehensible parts. Miss Stein is all parts—at least to our limited intelligence. She believes that the sound of words conveys a meaning far more significant than sense, therefore away with sense! Is nonsense sense? Is cents not sense? Is sense non-cents? Joyce agrees, but adds that the appearance of words has a more esoteric significance than their denotation. Adds, that is, by inference, as the above quotations prove. For a statement of theory one must go to the mother founder of the school, Miss Stein.

"Since unfortunately," says the editor, Mr. Paul, "the version of Miss Gertrude Stein's 'An Elucidation,' printed in the April number of 'Transition,' while containing the correct words, presented them in the wrong order\* (through an inadvertence in the printing establishment) the text has been rearranged."\*\* In "An Elucidation" Miss Stein

(Continued on Page 782)

\* "My God," said my Uncle Toby."

\*\* Is it permissible to guess that one of the French printers knew English and followed Nature instead of copy?

### George Eliot

By GARNET SMITH

THE news of George Eliot's death in 1880 was the signal for a general outburst of eulogy. In due course, the official Life and Letters appeared; and then came the usual pause, the less and less frequent mention. Twenty-five years ago Leslie Stephen could maintain that her work was marked by powers of mind and a richness of emotionality rarely equalled. There might be some decline from the estimation in which she was held by her enthusiastic contemporaries, but this was due, probably, to a partial misdirection of her genius in her later period. An American critic, writing in the same year as Leslie Stephen, allowed her safe position as a classic, but asked where was any trace of her influence, or even so much as literary allusion. What has become of a vogue once so great? And the question may be put nowadays with still less expectation of an answer. She may indeed have an enviable audience, a steadily recruited body of admirers; but these are undemonstrative. At last Miss Haldane's book\* gives opportunity for new discussion.

Now George Eliot was original and arresting in the manner and method of her art. Above all other novelists she—loved her neighbor. One's neighbors, she showed, are the homespun, every-day folk around us. The humble experience of ordinary mortals yields, to the quickened insight, an all-sufficient material of romance and pathos. Deep human sympathy can discover beauty in the commonplace. Lives seemingly crude and frustrate take upon themselves the just tones of humor and poetry when faithfully beheld and recorded. And George

\* George Eliot and Her Times: a Victorian Study. Elizabeth S. Haldane. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1927. \$3.50

### This Week



"Nox MII." By *W. A. Dwiggin*.  
Quatrain. By *William Rose Benét*.  
"The World Crisis, 1916-1918."  
Reviewed by *T. H. Thomas*.  
"Early Life and Letters of John Morley." Reviewed by *Wilbur C. Abbott*.  
"China and the Powers." Reviewed by *Neville Whymant*.  
Origins of the War—French Policy in 1914. By *William L. Langner*. (Concluding the series of articles on "British Documents on the Origins of the War.")  
"Red Damask." Reviewed by *Leonard Bacon*.  
Chesterton's "The Outline of Sanity." Reviewed by *Arthur Colton*.

### Next Week, or Later

"Association Items." By *Wilmarth S. Lewis*.



Eliot so recorded them. Sympathy is the keynote of her art, of her poetic realism. Eminent critics, Brunetiere and Montégut, Scherer and Vogüé found occasion to propose her as an exemplar for their own French novelists. The national literature was to be renovated by the use of her method. Here was realism without cruel irony, cold indifference, amused cynicism, haughty contempt. British literature had ever been fertilized by the moral spirit. Lacking this, all realism failed, and must fail. And George Eliot, surpassing her predecessors, had established an intimate agreement between moral idealism and realistic art. It is remarkable that George Eliot's method should have been put forward as the one method of right avail. And it cannot escape notice that the novelists of today have largely reverted to those very attitudes which the French were so reasonably and eloquently urged to discard.

But, in considering George Eliot, one has to remember that her work divides into two manners or periods; and that preference is usually given to the earlier achievement. "The Scenes of a Clerical Life," "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss" and "Silas Marner" appeared in the space of six years. Did she fear to have exhausted her store of Warwickshire memories? She would change, not her method, but the field of its exercise. Leaving her Warwickshire, she fared further, and worse. "Romola" cost her the loss of youth. Effort, strain, is apparent. From spontaneous she had become artificial. Then she sought still other horizons and applications of her doctrine and art. Experimenting with works that should make "a higher life" for her, she ran the risk of noble failure. She was exchanging vision for the abstract. To guard against this, she elected a half-way station between pastoral realism and vague symbolism. She would keep duty and aspiration within the bounds of tragic loyalty to race, or nationality, or class. But the tragedy in the "Spanish Gypsy" was not of the inevitable order; and, in "Felix Holt," it degenerated into melodrama. Furthermore, her characters had become not only exceptional but pattern characters. Felix Holt, though rooted in the Warwickshire soil, is the loyal, and also the perfect, democrat. Mordecai is the perfect Jew; and Daniel Deronda—well, in literature, the perfect hero is unpardonable. Nevertheless, in the later period, George Eliot wrote "Middlemarch" three or four Warwickshire novels in one, a masterpiece of veracious observation and cogent ethics. Had the intellectual element in George Eliot's art encroached unduly upon the emotional? At all events, humor was about dead, and seriousness had grown apace. But, throughout, her work is psychology of the rarest excellence. Her figures are not the mere opportunity for ethical disquisition. The picture is not hidden by the framework. When her "Wit and Wisdom" was separately collected, it proved undetachable from the context. The psychological and ethical comment is but the due intervention of the chorus, varying the rhythm, lifting the theme from the particular to the universal.

The charge of didacticism commonly brought against the art of George Eliot fails upon the barest examination. In all her books, the art is tragic art, and therefore essentially moral and religious. Her expressed aim was indeed to educate her contemporaries through their affections; was so to instruct their imaginations that they might be just and merciful in their thoughts of one another. But she did not write moral tales, nor yet novels of reform. Her wide aim was to produce somewhat that should "lastingly touch the generations of men." We are all engaged, she was sure, in tragic struggle. Life is tragedy to those who feel; and tragic art is religious, universal art. George Eliot straightway made for the central doctrine of religion and tragedy and abided by it. From first to last she was urging us to practise renunciation. A man must die to self that his true self may live. It is ill having our mean or base selves for sole companions. Sympathy, love, is due to our fellow-sufferers. With duty and love become a single and consuming force, we are delivered from egoism and evil. Needs must we seek after and obtain the new life. This new life is the original and veritable. To the simple, duty is acceptance of tradition; and, to those few or many who struggle through tragic crises towards peace, duty is attainment of tradition.

While she was alive—and shall we not say, now?—the simple readers of George Eliot could find delight and edification in the doctrine set forth by way of pictures. But others were puzzled, and even perturbed. They altogether allowed that these Warwickshire people lived and breathed; and that

George Eliot's sympathy with the religious tradition that availed them was complete. But it was known, intellectually, she rejected the grounds of this tradition. For her, religion was the one thing needful, and its present form unreasonable. All love of God was to be diverted into another and proper channel: the love of humanity. Those were the days, it is to be remembered, of the "higher" and destructive criticism, of "Christianity without a creed," of scientific ethics, of the war raging between the representatives of theology and natural philosophy. Nowadays criticism, grown modest, corrects itself, and the strife between science and religion is in abeyance. Anathemas are no longer hurled from opposite entrenchments. Each side allows, and welcomes, the just claim of the other. All tyranny is overpassed. Account is made with spiritual experience. It is acknowledged that Nature is at once manifestation and mystery.



As for George Eliot, the mental and moral crisis of her youth left an indelible mark upon her. She had sought to escape beyond the bounds of individual desire. Running out to the very extremity of renunciation, she surrendered the comfortable belief in God and the hope of personal immortality. These negations of hers were fixed barriers; but round them her loving-kindness swept in full tide. A very woman, she was in love with that charity, *Caritas*, "which I am happy to believe no philosophy can expel from the world." No creed, scientific or other, dominated her. She was grateful to Comte, but also to the *De Imitatione* and Pascal. She was no builder of systems, no Kant to demolish theoretical Theism and replace it on a basis of the Practical Reason: to break the street lamps and demonstrate that, without them, we are in total darkness. She saw that life, if it be not spiritual, is without meaning; desired that, with our speculative differences, we should all be of one mind and fellowship. "I gather," she declared, "a sort of strength from the certainty that there must be limits or negations in my own mental powers and life-experience which may screen from me many possibilities of blessedness for our suffering humanity." That is to say, her mind had taken its ply once for all. She was numbed; inhibited from doubting her conclusions, from reconsidering her negations. She was a Stoic in endurance, acceptance of life, disinterestedness; but an emotional Stoic. And emotional Stoics are mystics. Their "dear city of Zeus" is within them, and yet would they fain depart and reach it. It is well to die if there be gods, and sad to live if there be none. For George Eliot, it was sad to live. Her greatest admirers found that her books were sad. Life, she could write, though on the whole a good to man, is a doubtful good to many, and to some no good at all. It was no use "pretending that things are better than they are." After her crisis, she walked the earth sadly. She knew leanness of soul. And nevertheless she was comforted, being a mystic. She trusted feeling, intuition; had her loving belief and believing love, however timid and dim. She could comfort a mourner with the hope of blessed reunion, "if it might come"; go forth in spirit to "the Unseen Pity"; derive help from "the divine region of trust and resignation"; confirm our "sense of the divine mystery."

George Eliot and her work have their close connection. Allowance being made for the requirements of imaginative art, the autobiographical element can be disengaged from the literary achievement and used for the study of her personality. Thus *Romola*, and again *Armstrong*, is George Eliot favored by fortune and none the less coming to be perfected in renunciation and altruism; *Dorothea Brooke* is a Saint Theresa thwarted by modern conditions and a George Eliot in her craving to love and revere and devote herself; while *Maggie Tulliver*, in the earlier and altogether admirable portion of "The Mill on the Floss," is the actual George Eliot, heightened but a little in remembrance. It is indeed to *Maggie Tulliver*, rather than to the letters of George Eliot, that one should refer for a rounded understanding of her mental and moral crisis. In the letters of the period, her mingled ambition and diffidence, the long and various debate between her reason and her sensibility, her final passage from rebellious stress to self-sacrifice, found but crude and immature expression. She had indeed been visited by many a mood and impulse. And though, cherishing her "dual solitude," she failed somewhat to renew and enlarge her social observation, she had but to look within her heart and write out human nature.

With her fame came the burden of responsibility. At the outset, indeed, there was surprise and timid joy. But she was ever a prey to foreboding and anxiety. Her letters become a long record of struggle against despondency. She would only write that which was worth reading, and despaired of her ability. Has she any good reasons for continuing her labors? How possibly can her work take lasting hold in the minds of men? She is prostrate at each new beginning. Upon accomplishment, she dreads the verdict of a public which has "no discernment of good and evil" in works of art. Throughout, she is lost in wonder at any instance of sympathetic comprehension that comes to her notice. The repeated and stressful calls upon her sense of duty leave her an invalid sorely needing changes of scene and intervals of refreshment. Even in the matter of personal friendship she grew more and more distrustful. Hungering for sympathy and devotion she found no cause why these should be given her. Examining herself to discover faultiness, as she examined her art to disparage it, she was lost in self-abasement. Her nature was essentially noble in its humility. At those famous receptions which taxed her frail constitution, we read how, shy herself and awe-inspiring, she betrayed an almost morbid fear lest she should fail the expectant, or have misapprehended them. Should somewhat chance to touch her deeply, her spare and spiritualized face would glow, or her gaze withdraw to far-away regions. Of those who knew and have portrayed her, Mrs. W. K. Clifford is especially vivid:—

Something indefinable looked out of her grave eyes and lurked in the fleeting smile; some knowledge often seemed to be waiting behind them that she would fain use to help you, to give you pleasure, but that she held back for some wise reason she could not yet make known to you; meanwhile, she gave you understanding and sympathy, and, if you needed it sorely, tenderness.

While, if general discussion arose, she gave of her best "with an air of soft, appealing finality."

But there is no finality. Since her day, the world of literature and ideas has suffered change. Of her two immediate successors in mastery of the psychological novel, George Meredith was more of the resolute optimist: the exponent of intellectual comedy, since life is comedy to those that think. And Mr. Thomas Hardy acts as it were a malevolent Providence accumulating direful pressure from within and without. Ibsen bade us strictly consult the rights of individualism, and left them a question to himself and us. Nietzsche looked to the advent of a new aristocracy; and Hauptmann, hailed by the Socialists, exhibited dramas of that human misery which forms of government neither cause nor cure. The Russians, one and all psychologists, depict for us a monotonous folk who ask for a while the meaning of life and then sink back into apathetic use and wont. French psychologists, in scientific form, are for resolving religion into the irrational ideas and attitudes of the crowd. Others hand us over a prey to the subconscious, or make us out to be automata, fabrics responsive to stimulus. Many of us care for none of these things. Many of us attend to the pressing business and have scant leisure for meditation. But there is a time for everything. It is not wise to neglect this tired but ardent spirit, this noble Sibyl who proclaims that, amid all change, there is that which is stable and knows no decay. The creative artist, she sets before us folk that are not only of a given locality and date, but of universal relevancy; human beings through whom are shown us the abiding truths. "Needs must thou renounce, renounce!" That was the supreme counsel of Goethe. And George Eliot, re-echoing it, bids us seek that happiness which we can only tell from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else. Let us but add that we live encompassed by mystery; and that the mystery is best ascertained by those reasons of the heart that reach out beyond reason.

It seems likely to *John O' London's Weekly* that John Buchan will soon be sitting in the House of Commons, representing in the Conservative interest the Scottish Universities. If so he will be one of the busiest writers in the world. At present he combines the functions of (a) publisher, (b) novelist, (c) Deputy-Chairman of Reuter's, (d) Curator of the Oxford University Chest, (e) lecturer, and (f) essayist. Yet this unusually versatile Scot should distinguish himself as an M. P. Mr. Buchan, it is not strange to discover, suffers much from insomnia and writes much fiction in the hours when others are asleep. He began fiction writing at the age of twenty and has kept it up ever since.



## The Churchill Crisis

THE WORLD CRISIS 1916-1918. By the Rt. Hon. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL. New York: Scribner's. 2 vols. 1927. \$10.

Reviewed by T. H. THOMAS

NO Allied leader went into the war more whole-heartedly than Winston Churchill and none was more in earnest to fight it through to a winning finish. Yet from first to last his main effort was to thwart the thing that was being done and to override the men who were charged with doing it. Others yielded to this impulse from time to time—almost everyone, perhaps, at one time or another. But no one else developed it into a *politique personnelle*—into a fixed and permanent line of action;—and still less has it occurred to any other war-time leader to elaborate this tendency into an historical doctrine. Nothing less than this is the argument of these two volumes: from the time Mr. Churchill was forced out of the conduct of the war was in the hands of fools, and every step they took was stupid: all their efforts together accomplished nothing; their plans were folly and all their undertakings were bound to fail beforehand. Whereas, by following the ingenious combinations the author suggested at the time, or now ten years afterward, the war could have been won without fighting. Without, at least, the British army doing the fighting. Although the *modus operandi* varied, the aim of all these expedients was the same, namely, to pass the buck to one or another of Mr. Churchill's "gallant Allies"—to Russia first, then to "the army of 500,000 fresh, brave and well-trained Roumanians," then to the French, and for the last act to "the young manhood of America." This whole series of strategical cart-wheels rest upon rhetorical figures, upon the author's curious gift of dissolving fact into rhetoric. They all start out from the "impassable barrier" of the western front. In actual fact it was made impassable by the French and British infantry pounding away at the enemy or stubbornly resisting his pounding; but realities have no place in our author's philosophy. Planting the western front down once for all as a Chinese wall of fixed and indestructible powers, he turns his back upon the war where it was, and launches forth in imagination upon triumphs of verbal eloquence against Turks and Bulgarians.

It is only consistent with his argument that he has to prove the enemy equally wrong-headed, and he actually undertakes to. If the Allied generals were bad, the Germans were no better. Mr. Churchill shows in a single page that Falkenhayn was a brainless commander: by advancing clear to the Caucasus in 1915 he could easily have kept the war going forever. Actually, Falkenhayn was trying to bring the war to an end, but we now learn that this merely proves his folly. Ludendorff, it appears, was even more of an ass in 1918 for trying to win the war, when he could easily have retreated to the Meuse or the Rhine and kept the thing going indefinitely. Whether dealing with the Germans or the Allies, the author follows the same methods of historical dialectic; and in both cases, to tell the truth, they are the only methods open to him. Falkenhayn and Ludendorff, five years ago set down the grim facts they had to deal with, and explained clearly enough the aims they set out for. Mr. Churchill, in 1927, assumes jauntily that all this is an unwritten story,—he assumes even that no one has read the French writers whose best bits form so conspicuous a part of his narrative. Brushing aside all realities and facts, he thrusts before us a series of imaginary premises; slaps together a spirited narrative of things as they did not happen, and tops it off with lurid effects of flashy rhetoric for the purpose of making himself, from first to last, the central figure. By way of gilding the lily, he offers to prove his notions by comparing the Reichsarchiv figures of total casualties with the "official totals" of the French and British. No German military writer would indulge in such a joke on his readers, and it has long been explained, officially and unofficially, that the methods of recording casualties in the three armies varied widely. This author eagerly snatches at rich evidence, for the satisfaction of discrediting the British army and its leaders.

Mr. Churchill's book, like his public career, is an outstanding bout in the age-long struggle between talent and character: and in this case at least his talents have got the better of him. No one else has written so stirring and vivid a narrative as his, but

no one else would yield to the temptation that he plunges into with such exultation. Lloyd-George, for instance, who is a much more experienced politician, has the wit to see that certain aspects of his conduct of affairs will be all the better for a spell of quiet and gradual oblivion. Mr. Churchill is obsessed by the confidence that he can put over anything and get away with it. With a sort of comic effrontery we find an author of his name and record, taunting President Wilson for his "dominating party loyalty."

"I have tried," so we learn in the Preface, "to find and follow the stepping stones of fate. I set myself at each stage to answer the questions 'What happened and why?' I seek to guide the reader to those points where the course of events is being decided, whether it be on a battlefield, in a conning-tower, in Council, in Parliament, in a lobby, a laboratory, or a work-shop." For all of these trips, in the end, the reader has a right to ask his money back;—but at least one can follow out the same plan and turn to Colonel Repington for a glimpse at the genesis of the "World Crisis."

In April, 1916, the period when Mr. Churchill was on duty at the front, Colonel Repington dined with him in London.

We had a good yap at dinner, and up to midnight. Winston in good form, but getting rather bald. His battalion is going to be disbanded and broken up owing to shortage of men; this will enable him to say that he has not left his battalion, because his battalion has left him.



SILHOUETTE OF GEORGE ELIOT AS A GIRL.  
From "George Eliot and Her Times," by Elizabeth S. Haldane (Appleton).  
(See opposite page)

... Winston's mess of the last Navy debate has made his women folk very anxious for him to be prudent, but I was against this. ... We gave each other points for a big debate next Tuesday, and Winston gave me bits of the sort of remarks he would make on the points—very good and penetrating and clever, with some fine language. He spoke bitterly of Balfour, but I told him he must keep off that lay, and that it was much better to leave Balfour alone. ... I told him nobody could afford himself the luxury of personal jealousies in this war; that the cause was much more important than the individual; and that he must go for the big cause, and forget all rivals and animosities.

Three months later, when the battalion was safely broken up, there was another dinner. Mr. Churchill had turned from the trenches to painting and journalism.

He showed me his latest works of art; ... he has made an extraordinary advance, and several of his pictures are quite worth buying, notably an interior at Blenheim. ... He was very pleased with his journalistic success. He had got £1000 for writing four long articles in a Sunday paper, and felt sure that he could make £5000 a year, and place himself on the right side in matters of finance. He said how sad it was that while he was slaving in Plug Street in front of the battle, his reputation kept going down and every one scoffed at him, whereas when he was talking on the front Opposition bench, and getting a lot of money for fiction, he was increasing his fame daily.

Fine language, jealousies and animosities, fiction, fame and big money:—Colonel Repington leaves nothing to be added.

The happy mingling of fame and finance was an hereditary talent; and it was no doubt this same inherited strain of military genius that provided the inspiration of these war-time articles, which the author sets again before us. The *genius loci* clearly guided him in one written just after painting the interior at Blenheim: even at that distance, this

ancestral flair allowed him to divine at once the bungling tactics of the battle then ending at Verdun. "The French," I wrote at the time, "suffered more than the defense need suffer by their valiant and obstinate retention of particular positions. Meeting an artillery attack is like catching a cricket ball. Shock is dissipated by drawing back the hands. A little 'give,' a little suppleness, and the violence of impact is vastly reduced." It is all quite simple. The stereotyped military mind has hitherto assumed that Petain's defense was a creditable professional accomplishment. The voice of John, first Duke of Marlborough, now reveals that it was senseless folly.

It is certainly arguable that the French would have been wise to have played with the Germans around Verdun, economizing their forces as much as possible, selling ground at a high price in German blood wherever necessary, and endeavoring to lead their enemies into a pocket or other unfavorable position. In this way they might have inflicted very heavy losses without risking much themselves. ... By the end of June the Germans might thus have exhausted the greater part of their offensive effort, advancing perhaps a dozen miles over ground of no decisive strategic significance, while all the time the French would have been accumulating gigantic forces for an overwhelming blow upon the Somme.

We commend this passage, word for word, to the survivors of those who played with the Germans for four months over that ground so tragically insignificant. Even the first Duke could have not conceived this masterly stroke of the pocket in the point of a salient. Other exploits of rhetorical strategy now offered us achieve an even higher level. For one, the project conceived in 1926 for a surprise attack upon the Dardenelles in 1916:—"a thoroughly feasible scheme" for suddenly concentrating in various sea-ports twenty Allied divisions scattered throughout the Orient. "A single mental conception would have transformed the twenty divisions into a vast army crouching, under the cover of perfectly satisfactory explanations, for one swift convergent spring." The mental conception of twenty divisions "under cover of perfectly satisfactory explanations" gives at least the exact proportion of reality to rhetoric in the strategy of the modern Marlborough—and in all the criticisms he offers us. We may take one last example. "Suppose that the British army sacrificed upon the Somme had been preserved, trained, and developed to its full strength till the summer of 1917, till perhaps 3,000 tanks were ready, till an overwhelming artillery was prepared, till a scientific method of continuous advance had been devised, till the apparatus was complete, might not a decisive result have been achieved at one stroke?" It seems impossible to improve on this, but the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, C.H., M.P., provides a climax.

By 1917, he records somewhat ruefully, the time had gone by when "Megalomania was a positive virtue." Despite this handicap, he was brought back into the fold at this late stage as Minister of Munitions. "I found a staff of 12,000 officials organized in no less than fifty different departments each claiming direct access to the Chief." Mr. Churchill admitted but ten into the Presence. Each one was denoted by a different letter: "Thus D was design, G guns, F finance, P projectiles, X explosives, and so on. By ringing the changes upon these letters committees could be formed exactly adapted to handle any particular topic, while the general movement of business was held firmly together by means of a coördinating or 'Clamping' committee." [Tried out, it seems puzzling: DF, for instance? or XF?] "The relief was instantaneous. I was no longer oppressed by heaps of bulky files. ... Once the whole organization was in motion it never required change. Instead of struggling through the jungle on foot I rode comfortably on an elephant whose trunk could pick up a pin or uproot a tree with equal ease, and from whose back a wide scene lay open."

The first pin picked up was the conclusion (October, 1917). "The German armies in the west appear to have completely lost their offensive power." With this fitting apotheosis we may leave the Chryselephantine historian.

The posthumous collection of "Three Plays" by the late William Archer, says the *London Times* Literary Supplement, is being published in England by Constable and bears an introduction by Bernard Shaw which is a tribute to one who was a close friend of Shaw's for forty years. The three plays by Archer, never before published, are entitled "Martha Washington," "Beatriz Juana," and "Lidia."