at the Washington Conference, the fiascos of Cannes and Genoa, Poincaré and the invasion of the Ruhr, culminating in the complete bankruptcy of nationalism. Europe was saved, first because she realized that she must save herself without looking to America for political support, and secondly because the public mind had changed. "The people were weary of strife, they were sick of leaders who preached peace but sought it always by violent means." It was this change which made possible the Dawes Plan and provided Ramsay MacDonald with his great opportunity. To MacDonald the author gives (and, the reviewer belives, with complete justification) the credit for the political developments that crystallized the new spirit of Europe in the Locarno Pacts. Through his gift of sympathetic understanding he was able to win the French to a tentative acceptance of a policy of conciliation which made possible the work of Chamberlain, Briand, and Stresemann.

Mr. Simonds in a survey of Europe after Locarno recognizes very real dangers and points out the obvious political limitations of the League of Nations. He concludes, however, and the conclusion is important as coming from so unsentimental an observer, that from 1904 onward

> peoples have given not one but many impressive evidences of their support for policies which envisage conciliation and of their rejection of the men and the methods which lead to conflict. Viewed from a distance it is easy to see Europe unchanged; to believe that the people like the Bourbons before them, have learned nothing and forgotten nothing. Seen at a close range, however, it is impossible not to feel that, while physical circumstances have changed astonishingly little, the psychological mutations have been almost incalculable. The transformation may be temporary, the new atmosphere may be transient, but today it is the real fact in the European situation. It is the imponderable, and it is expressed in the *drang nach Genf*.

It is all the more pity, he feels, that American ignorance of Europe should hinder the coöperation between the United States and Europe which, based upon the practical interests of each, must ultimately develop. The exigencies of American politics as well as popular indifference to international problems, are to be held responsible, since "American foreign policy is based upon popular estimates of European conditions rather than upon any actual appraisal of existing conditions. All our proposals abroad are addressed to our electorate at home. . . . Thus in recent years it has never been quite possible to escape the disquieting suspicion that, while the American Government continues to cherish the eagle as a domestic symbol, it is to the ostrich that it turns instinctively for an example in all questions of foreign policy."

The Golden Days

THE HOUND-TUNER OF CALLAWAY AND OTHER STORIES. By RAYMOND WEEKS. New York: Columbia University Press. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by C. F. ANSLEY

AMONG metropolitans Raymond Weeks has won honors as a scholar and for public services, but the stories he writes are of rural neighborhoods in America's golden day. That day had begun expressing itself before its passing, and some interpretations that do not caricature or condescend remain, as in "Snow-Bound" and the lyrics of Stephen Foster. In memory and imagination Raymond Weeks still sometimes lives in the golden day, and his stories might be more welcome in it than any other literature made in our time. Robert Browning once had no hope of response from contemporaries or posterity and said that he wrote for men of the past; and William Morris wrote "The Earthly Paradise" in faith that Geoffrey Chaucer would receive it graciously. The varied stories that Raymond Weeks has assembled in his new volume would have enriched many an evening in the homes of America's frontier in the times when the frontier was sought by the courageous and enterprising—not abandoned by them as now. Readers in our time who insist on the convention that those who won our valleys and hills were a peasantry should be warned away from these stories, which seem unaware of the convention; but the stories will rejoice any reader of them who has enough of the American tradition to respond to "Susanna" and "My Old Kentucky Home." Occasionally it seems that the tradition may yet be revived and continued; and if any public should tire of books that are praised as sophisticated, this book will admit them to households in the Old South and along the Overland Trail.

The BOWLING GREEN

The Scheming Kitten

THERE was once a kitten called Pushkin, who was always full of schemes. He was so busy trying to plan things beforehand that you would have said he was not a kitten at all, only a very small cat. He tried to arrange everything so it would happen comfortably and nicely for himself. If a game of croquet was to be played, he managed always to be first at the box where the mallets were kept, so he could get the one with the pink stripe.

If the family were going down to the post office to get the mail, he took care to sit nearest the door of the car, so he could be the one to hop out and open the letter-box. The box was opened by twirling little knobs, like a tiny safe. It was fun to turn them to the right positions and hear them click, then swing back the glass door and take out the letters. Sometimes in the box was a yellow card that said CALL FOR PACKAGE TOO LARGE FOR BOX. Then he purred, because this often meant a surprise, a present of some sort from a grandmother or an aunt. He stood on tiptoe below the window and mewed gaily until Mrs. Breen, the friendly postmistress, heard him and came to see who it was. She could only see his ears and the pink tip of his nose, so she lifted the railing and looked out.

"Oh, hullo Pushkin," she said. "I thought I recognized your mew. Is everybody well at your house? Yes, there's a package. Please jump up here on the shelf and sign for it."

The other kittens would have enjoyed doing all this too, but somehow it was always Pushkin who had planned it beforehand and was the first one out of the car. It was like that with almost everything that happened. Pushkin had thought out what was coming and had made his own plans. I am not saying this is a bad thing. Perhaps it is wise. But I think he carried it too far. Sometimes he almost believed he was the only kitten in the world. He never thought that there had been millions of kittens before, and would still be millions of kittens hereafter.

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In his usual habit of studying what was going on and deciding how it could be arranged to his own advantage, Pushkin had noticed a can of herrings on top of the icebox. That meant there would be herrings for breakfast tomorrow, and all afternoon he had that on his mind. One can of herrings is not very much among several hungry cats, and those who got down to table first would probably get the fattest share. So the question was, how to plan things so that he would be there a little ahead of the others.

There was one thing they were very strict about in that family, and that was the cleaning of teeth. In the bathroom each kitten had its own mug and toothbrush, and so that they could not forget their father had drawn a picture of a very healthy-looking cat brushing its teeth. This picture was on the wall, and below it was written

DO NOT FORGET TO BRUSH YOUR TEETH, BEFORE, BEHIND, AND UNDERNEATH.

Sometimes, when their father and mother went to the bathroom to clean their own teeth, they would even feel the kittens' brushes to make sure they had been used. If the brushes did not feel damp, the kittens were sent upstairs again right away, to do the job properly.

Pushkin's idea, which he did not mention to anyone, was that if he cleaned his teeth specially well that night he could go without brushing them in the morning. Then he would get down to breakfast a little before the others and have first go at the herring.

So when he went to bed he gave his mouth an extra good scrub. On the bathroom shelf there was a tube different from the usual toothpaste. Always full of ideas about things, Pushkin decided that this must be some specially good toothpaste reserved for his parents. So he used it liberally. It did not taste quite like the paste he was accustomed to, but it made his teeth very white and he went to bed quite contented. He snuggled down under the covers, purred to himself a little while, and then he was asleep. He rested soundly and dreamed about fish.

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Now it was morning, one of those bright mornings when everything feels perfect and your legs are full of running. Rhododendrons were in flower under the dining room windows, the trees were chirruping with bird-song, and all round the house was the beautiful smell of cooked herrings and a noise of purrs. The father and the mother cat sat at the ends of the table, and already the other kittens were guzzling their share, but there was no sign of Pushkin. Then a queer moaning sound was heard on the stairs, and he rushed into the room. He was a sight. His eyes were wild and green, his fur stood on end, his tail was puffed up with fright. He could not seem to speak, only utter a dreadful yowling. He rushed madly round and round the table until they thought he must have a fit. For that does happen to kittens sometimes, when they first discover how very exciting it is to be alive.

But there was something so desperate in Pushkin's behavior that they knew it was serious. His mother sprang from her chair and rushed after him. Three times she chased him round the table, until the other kittens were tempted to join the wild pursuit. But the herring was too good, and they stayed where they were. His mother seized him at last and looked at him.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "His teeth are clenched tight together! He can't open his mouth, he must have lockjaw. Telephone for Dr. Jessup!"

But his father, examining closely, saw a kind of hard white glue that was sticking Pushkin's teeth together. The scheming kitten had cleaned his teeth with a tube of very strong cement that had been left in the bathroom when his father mended a broken soap-dish. They got his mouth open presently, with hot water and a screwdriver, but by that time the other kittens had finished the herrings. They tried not to purr while they ate, but they could not help it. Pushkin, his sharp teeth stuck fast, sat watching them, and his eyes were full of angry tears.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

A Modern Idyll

MIDSUMMER MUSIC. By STEPHEN GRAHAM. New York: George H. Doran. 1927. $2.

"MIDSUMMER MUSIC" is a moral holiday. Its color, its melody, and its gay irresponsibility are not to be denied. Stephen Graham has allowed himself time off from the graver aspects of life and has given us an idyll of Dalmatian midsummer madness. It is a very modern idyll wherein, if they laugh and love night-long, the nymphs hurry of a morning back to their type-writers, and where a subtle never-relaxing blood-antagonism flows darkly through all encounters and caresses. There is practically no story to be told. An Englishman, a middle-aged Shakespearian scholar, goes to Kastella for quiet in which to work. He is drawn into a circle of young, pleasure-loving Dalmatians, and he nibbles at the forbidden fruit and finds it very sweet indeed. At last, as naturally and inevitably as it had opened to him the circle closes against him. He wisely does not continue to besiege it, but leaves, a secret sweetness in his veins, for England, home, and duty. The book throughout is so true to its *genre*, so consistently carnival, that it is something of a surprise on closing it to realize its technical perfection. "Midsummer Music," in a very much lighter key, gives us to know an alien people almost as completely as does "A Passage to India." Here are individuals functioning after an integrity of their own under motivation utterly foreign to Anglo-Saxonry: with virtues which are not our virtues, and vices which are not our vices, and yet in the vitality of their being shaming our lethargic acceptance of the Nordic superiority complex. Spandin, Ante Resich, and Slavitska will not leave you when you leave their story. They are all of them, too, individuals enjoying an existence seemingly independent of author and reader alike. "Midsummer Music" is another novel come to swell the growing ranks of romantic realism or realistic romance. Christopher Robin's friend, Eey-ore, would sum it up in a sentence. "Gayety and dance," he would say, "if it is," he would say, "which I doubt."

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Books of Special Interest

Popular Biology

ESSAYS IN POPULAR SCIENCE. By JULIAN HUXLEY. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $4.

Reviewed by BEVERLEY J. KUNKEL
Lafayette College

THE author of these essays comes by his literary style and intellectual ability naturally from both his parents. His mother is the daughter of Matthew Arnold and his father is the son of Thomas Huxley. Julian Huxley's name must be added to the list of literary members of these two families. Besides literary skill, however, the author inherits from his paternal grandfather an energy which is tireless and drives him into a great number of enterprises of all kinds. Besides, his enthusiasm is contagious so that the reader of these essays cannot fail to be impressed with the importance and fascination of the biologist's field.

Most of the essays included in this volume have appeared elsewhere—one of them in this review—but four, including the two longest, are here published for the first time. It might be more appropriate to call these essays popular biology instead of popular science for practically all have a decidedly biological slant. The essay on Thomas Huxley and Religion and that on Evolution and Purpose are indicative of the philosophical turn of mind which again would seem to be an inheritance from his grandfather.

The great bulk of the essays have to do with the phase of biology which has been making especially great advances in the last quarter of a century, namely experimental embryology, the application of the experimental method to the developing individual.

Biology is rapidly emerging from the purely descriptive phase which characterized it so completely in the earlier days. The earliest application of the experimental method to biology was that of William Harvey, by which he demonstrated the circulation of the blood, and from that time the physiologist has resorted to experiment very generally not only for the purpose of determining how the bodily processes go on normally, but also under conditions which are modified by the experimenter. The field of embryology, however, was left to the descriptive embryologists for nearly three-quarters of a century before the experimenters began to determine the course of development of the egg under controlled conditions. Since the time that this branch of biology had its beginning many of the processes of development have been altered by changing the circumstances under which they go on so that a definite control of this important process has been effected.

The effort, of course, is to determine the part which each factor of the environment and each previous developmental change plays in determining the succeeding ones. For example, the experimenter endeavors to find out what part the pull of gravity has on the early development of the frog's egg which normally always floats with its yolk side downward. The eggs are placed in a piece of apparatus which keeps them turning constantly over and over so that the direction of the gravitational pull is equalized in all directions with respect to the egg. It may be added parenthetically that the eggs develop apparently perfectly normally in spite of this unusual treatment. Experiments which have yielded rather more positive results are such as Professor Stockard has performed so successfully on developing fish eggs in which fish are produced according to plan with a single eye in the middle of the head like the mythical Cyclops of Homeric times, or those exceedingly significant experiments on tadpoles in which a single meal of thyroid substance has stopped growth but hastened development so that tiny frogs no larger than flies have developed in weeks from eggs that normally would have been months in reaching the same stage and would have attained many times the size. Indeed, the vistas opened up by the experimenter in embryology are as alluring to the imagination as some of the most fantastic fairy tales and the achievements in the laboratory rival those of Iolanthe who taught the plump fairy queen to curl up in a buttercup and dive into a dew drop. The romance of these problems of the control of development is most fascinatingly related in the essays on The Tadpole and The Frog and Biology.

The science of experimental embryology is still young and there are enormous gaps in our knowledge of the mechanics of development which seem almost insoluble, but so great have been the advances thus far made that it may not be beyond the power of the imagination to picture the time when animals may be forced by appropriate stimuli or treatment to develop into the kind of creature desired. Certainly the experimental method has furnished the tools which may enable the biologist to control development as the experimental method has enabled the chemist to manipulate chemical compounds to yield the compounds which he desires.

Quiet Poems

GRENSTONE POEMS. By WITTER BYNNER. (A Revised Edition). With an Introduction by Edgar Lee Masters. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $2.50.

MR. BYNNER'S sequence has been revised and, partly rewritten, not without some additions, for this new edition to which Mr. Edgar Lee Masters writes a largely irrelevant preface. The collection is characterized by a persistent mildness of feeling, conception, and execution. Very often the reader is left with a feeling that butter would not melt in the poet's mouth. This is not merely that Mr. Bynner turns a somewhat stooping back upon the current verse conventions of noise and violence. Although he writes in a quiet and self-contained manner, with his eyes trained on a larger field of poetry than is spanned by the glances of many a better known compeer, his softness is not to be laid to the charge of an influential nineteenth century tradition. Rather let it be traced to a lack of virile fibre in his emotional and intellectual make-up. Little else—certainly not his command of the poetic instrument—can account for the lack of intensity in his verse.

Look me in the face, Tom,
Give me your hand to shake!
I saw you run your race, Tom,
And I saw the sudden break
Bring hot upon your forehead
The anger asking why:
And there were more who saw it,
Others as well as I.

This is the feeblest kind of imitation of Mr. A. E. Housman, whose diminished tone is often to be heard through Mr. Bynner's pages. There is no muscle in the stanza. Mr. Bynner has chosen to write that kind of verse wherein originality can only be achieved by a poet's ability to superimpose a distinctive *tone* (e. g., the tone of "A Shropshire Lad," or of Mr. Robert Frost) upon more or less familiar patterns of thought and meaning. He has been required to solve the Tennysonian rather than the Browningesque problem. Such distinctiveness as he has achieved falls short of the plane where unmistakable individuality begins. His work is patently well-felt and not ill-wrought. To doubt his essential sincerity, his determination to make and not to fake poetry, would be the worst kind of critical error. Mr. Bynner's weakness is to be accounted for (if such a distinction may be allowed a momentary validity) by what he brings, not by what he gives to his work, by his equipment, not his achievement. For practical purposes, of course, the results are to be considered as one and the same thing. Here a distinction has been made only to emphasize the culminating objection to Mr. Bynner's work. He throws his stone in the right direction, but it never falls on the farther side of the stream. His arm lacks strength: witness a typical poem, "Mercy"—

He took your coat away?
Then go and fold
Your cloak around him too—
Lest he be cold.

And if he took from you
Your daily bread,
Offer your heart to him—
That he be fed.

And if you gave him all
Your life could give,
Give him your death as well—
That he may live.

Is there not in his way of expressing these charitable sentiments some quality (defying description though not recognition) that sentimentalizes the whole conception of Mercy and leaves the reader, as it were after a performance of the Trial Scene from the "Merchant of Venice" gaping in the lobby of the local Y. W. C. A.? Shakespeare and the New Testament are at the bottom of the Dead Sea. The spirit is weak though the flesh be willing. Something is wrong somewhere. And that something recurs constantly in "Grenstone Poems."

A New Republic

CZECHOSLOVAKIA: The Land of an Unconquerable Ideal. By JESSIE MOTHERSOLE. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by LUCY E. TEXTOR
Vassar College

THE author of this volume tells us in her preface that she wishes to awaken a sympathetic interest in the ideals of this people, to show that in the past they were "pioneers on the upward path of humanity and that in the present the same spirit is at work among them." The first part of her book is devoted to an epitome of their history. In the very nature of the case, so condensed an account must leave something to be desired. That Miss Mothersole is herself aware that many of her transitions are abrupt is evident from the fact that she makes frequent use of asterisks to indicate omissions. It is greatly to her credit that she has packed so much excellent subject matter in such brief compass and that her emphasis is for the most part well placed.

With the birth of the Czechoslovak Republic in the autumn of 1918 came new responsibilities and problems and to these Miss Mothersole devotes several chapters. It is evident that she knows a great deal about present-time conditions, but now and then her knowledge does not strike bottom. For instance, she makes a statement which though literally true carries with it an implication unjust to the Germans living there. She says that they were invited to coöperate in forming the government of the new state but that they were by no means ready to do so. It should be remembered that they could not have taken part in this work without damaging themselves in the eyes of Germany in whose boundaries they hoped to be included. At this time it was not yet settled to what country they were to belong. Similarly, in speaking of the new constitution, Miss Mothesole tells us that it is the most progressive that exists and that it provides greater safeguards for the rights of minorities than are demanded by the Minorities Treaty under the League of Nations, but she does not seem to understand that the minorities are placed under a great disadvantage by the system of government. A coalition of the five principal parties in which every member must vote as his party dictates leaves the groups not in the coalition quite powerless.

In the second half of the book, the author describes her travels. She covered thousands of miles in Bohemia, Moravia, Slovakia, and sub-Carpathia. Some of the places she visited, particularly in the eastern portion of the country, are little known to the outside world; others sound new and strange to us simply because we do not recognize them by their Czech names. Thus Bratislava means nothing to many an average reader for whom Pressburg would have a certain content. Miss Mothersole's consistent use of Czech names is wholly logical and the time is not far distant when they will be generally known. Meanwhile, we are grateful to her for her occasional reference to the German name in the text and for always indicating it in the index. It should be said that for one who carefully studies the note immediately preceding the text the pronounciation of Czech words need have no terrors.

Czechoslovakia is unusually rich in places of historic interest. Miss Mothersole couples with her description of a castle or a church an account of what happened there in the past. And in all of her narratives, she emphasizes the human element. Her illustrations add a delightful touch to the book which is an honest and sympathetic study of the history and the manners and customs of a people whose government already plays an important part in the counsels of the world.

The Bookman's Journal is producing on behalf of Mrs. Conrad a selection of some thirty-six unpublished letters of the great novelist written to his wife. They comprise nearly the whole of the correspondence that ever passed between them. These intimate letters, not included in "Life and Letters," cover the period when Conrad was in the North Sea with the British Navy, and also when he made his visit to America in 1923, and it is said that they form a very interesting group of letters. These letters will be published in a limited edition of 220 copies, signed by Mrs. Conrad, of which 200 will be for sale at two guineas each. To add to the personal nature of the publication the names of all subscribers will be added at the end of the book.

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