

Books of Special Interest

Christian Writings

THE LOST BOOKS OF THE BIBLE:

Being all the Gospels, Epistles, and other pieces now extant attributed in the first four centuries to Jesus Christ, His Apostles and their companions not included, by its compilers, in the Authorized New Testament, and the recently discovered Syriac MSS. of Pilate's Letters to Tiberius, etc. Translated from the original tongues. New York: Alpha Publishing Company. 1926.

Reviewed by EDGAR J. GOODSPEED
Chicago University

THE past half-century has witnessed the investigation and organization of early Christian literature, so that now many ancient works that were once mere curiosities of literature have assumed significance and intelligibility. It has also seen the writing of the history of the New Testament canon, of which the history of Christian literature was a necessary preliminary. These two achievements have become part of the furniture and background of the modern mind.

This is why the "Lost Books of the Bible" strikes us as out of tune. It shows no knowledge of the new organization of Christian literature, or of the well-understood history of the formation of the New Testament. And for the best of reasons, for it was written a life-time before these researches were made. It has no idea of the significance or value of the ancient books it presents, and is quite unaware that they have all been fitted accurately into the history of early Christian life and thought. The little introductions with which it prefaces some of the books are really pathetic, in the light of the present state of knowledge about them.

But without intelligent historical introductions to show the place of each in the progress of Christian thought, what is the Protevangelium of James, or the Gospel of Nicodemus to the modern reader? They are about as incomprehensible as an unexplained scarab or fossil. One is a product of the controversies of the second and third centuries, the other of those of the fourth. To have any meaning, each must be read in the light of its times and circumstances. To offer the reader documents of the fourth century and of the first promiscuously huddled together without explanation or understanding, is like stripping a museum of its labels, mixing the contents up, and then inviting the stranger in, to make anything of it that his fancy may suggest.

No study is more emancipating than that of the formation of the New Testament canon, but no study has more need of the utmost candor and the fullest and best information that research can give. Neither of these needs is in any way met by the "Lost Books." It is of no more use than a hundred-year-old book on medicine or banking or photography would be for those subjects.

For this book has been a long time in the making. It was begun by William Wake, Archbishop of Canterbury, when he published his English translation of the Apostolic Fathers in 1693, and continued in his fourth edition of 1757. By that time the diligent archbishop, without knowing it, had finished one-half of the "Lost Books of the Bible." Meanwhile one Jeremiah Jones in 1736 published his "New and Full Method of Settling the Canonical Authority of the New Testament," and thereby unconsciously completed the other half of the "Lost Books."

The two halves had still to be fitted together. This was neatly done by William Hone in 1820 under the engaging title "The Apocryphal New Testament." William wrote some short introductions, and a preface to his first edition, and another to his second, of 1821. All of his first preface and most of his second appear at the beginning of the "Lost Books of the Bible," but nothing is said about where they came from. Yet it is Hone's book, picked up from some second-hand counter and reprinted, that is now masquerading as the "Lost Books of the Bible." This change of name puts a very different face on the book, and reveals the publishers' fundamental delusion,—that every early Christian writing, together with some that were far from early, belongs in the New Testament.

It must not be supposed that the republishers of Hone's book, now just a hundred and seven years old, have added nothing at all of their own. There are in the first place the numerous and entertaining mis-

prints, some of them of a high order. Thus the rare and difficult Latin word "et" is repeatedly represented by a parenthesis—is followed by a capital I. It would be unfair to ask the publishers to translate this combination, but we would like to know how they pronounce it. In a list of "Lost Writings," one's eye is caught by the "Gospel of Titan,"—a promising title, truly, and one turns eagerly to the corresponding page of Hone's "Apocryphal New Testament" for more light. In Hone the work appears as the "Gospel of Titian"; but on looking up his reference in Eusebius, it turns out to be nothing but the Gospel of Tatian, after all. Tatian—Titan—Titan! Out of such stuff Titans are made. And besides, Tatian's Gospel, the Diatesaron, is no longer lost, for it was discovered and published at Rome in 1888.

The New York publishers have also introduced in one edition the so-called Letters of Herod and Pilate, which of course have not the slightest actual connection with Herod or Pilate. They might almost as well have included the American contribution to this field, the letter to Tiberius produced in Missouri in the early 'eighties, and ending with matchless naïveté, "Your Most Obedient Servant, Pontius Pilate." Still later forms of the book contain also the well-known fragment of the Gospel of Peter, a really ancient work, from about the middle of the second century. To describe it as the work of "an eye-witness of the crucifixion," however, is sheer salesmanship, and nothing else. It is based on the gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, as a few minutes' study of it will show.

But if these works are added, why not others? The title promises us all the pieces attributed in the first four centuries to the apostles and their companions. Where, then, is the "Revelation of Peter," which a series of startling discoveries has given back to us? No book here has a better claim to a place in any ancient New Testament than it. We have it now in full. Why is it absent from a collection of all the pieces anciently attributed to the apostles? Where is the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," a work far older and more important than most of these, and happily discovered in 1875? Where is the recently discovered "Epistle of the Apostles"? Where is the "Acts of Paul"? Our New York publishers have not heard of its discovery. All they know of it is the stray chapter about Paul and Tecla.

Yet the preface boldly begins, "You will find between these covers all the ecclesiastical writings of early Christian authorities that are known to exist, and yet were omitted from the authorized New Testament." There are two faults with this statement; first, such writings are not all here; and, second, most of those that are here no one in the world ever thought of putting into the New Testament. The contents of the New Testament did indeed vary importantly with different individuals and in different districts in the third, fourth, and fifth centuries, but the tracing of its variations is not furthered by such rough, blundering statements as this.

Not only do the contents of this book fall far short of the pretensions of its subtitle, (which of course is simply lifted from Hone's book of 1820), but what it does contain has been completely antiquated by the advance of learning. It is obsolete. We might as well go back to cupping and bleeding when we are sick, or travel to Boston by stage-coach or to Europe by sailing-ship. Its publishers and promoters are moving about in worlds not realized,—still groping in the period of Archbishop Wake and Jeremiah Jones, under the vague impression that nothing has been learned about early Christian literature in two hundred years. One might as well profess ignorance of the postal system, and go hunting about for someone to carry a letter for him to Washington.

Elated by their success in rechristening Hone's "Apocryphal New Testament" the "Lost Books of the Bible," its promoters are now announcing it as the "Suppressed Books of the Bible." But in what possible sense have these books been suppressed? Most of them never had a place in any form of the Bible. Half of them are simply the perfectly well-known Apostolic Fathers, after the New Testament itself the most famous and familiar collection of Christian literature in the world. So far from suppressing them, the ancient church canonized the supposed authors of most of them, and modern churchmen and scholars

have done their utmost to make them known. Bishop Lightfoot spent years in perfecting his famous editions and translations of them, and in his will provided for the continued circulation of them after his death, only to have them presently heralded over a continent as the "Suppressed Books of the Bible"! For these publishers to pretend that they are now disclosing something that Christian learning has neglected or overlooked is preposterous, and to claim to do it in the spirit of modern science is the height of absurdity. The "Lost Books of the Bible," with all its publicity, is simply the denial of modern science. Its idea that nothing has been learned about the Bible is analogous in this field with the prohibition of the teaching of evolution, in the field of physical science. Both distrust the human mind.

As a matter of fact, all these books have been repeatedly worked over by scholars in the field of Christian literature. A series of brilliant discoveries has given us more complete texts of some of them, known to this book only as fragments, and revealed others of greater importance, which are entirely absent from it. When this book was written, First Clement was known only in one defective Greek manuscript; there was not even one ancient translation. The complete Greek text was discovered by Bryennius at Constantinople in 1875; a Syriac version at Paris in 1876, a Latin version at Namur in 1894, and a Coptic version in Egypt in 1907. In these circumstances, what shall be said of reprinting a seventeenth-century translation, made before any complete text of the work had been found, and blazoning it forth in the name of modern science? Similar discoveries have long since given us the full Greek text of Second Clement, which the "Lost Books" gravely presents minus its last eight chapters, or nearly half the work.

The editors have embellished Hone's title page with the phrase "Translated from the Original Tongues," probably under the influence of the King James Version, and under the impression that it would give a fine Biblical tone to the work. But unfortunately it is not quite so applicable here. These translations of Barnabas, Polycarp, and Hermas, not to mention others, were made before those works had been discovered in the original tongues. The first complete text of Barnabas in the original Greek was found by Tischendorf on Mount Sinai in 1859, and he sat up all that night to copy it, so as to make certain of it for scholarship. This was long after Wake, Jones, and Hone had finished writing the "Lost Books of the Bible." In 1855 the first Greek text of Hermas was found on Mount Athos, covering all but the last tenth of it. The Ann Arbor papyrus of Hermas, dating from about A.D. 250, covers part of the missing tenth. But with all this, which is of course unknown to the "Lost Books of the Bible," it is not yet possible to translate all of Hermas or of Polycarp "from the original tongues," as the "Lost Books" so lightly claims to do. If its editors really have the full texts of these works in the original tongues, will they be good enough to tell us where they are? Modern scholarship has ransacked the libraries of the Old World to find them.

It is hardly worth while to go further with a book so careless and irresponsible as this. Its patristic information is obsolete. Its picture of the formation of the New Testament is a grotesque caricature. Its effort to connect it with the Council of Nicaea is an old superstition, now happily outgrown. It would deserve no attention were it not that its absurd claims have been taken seriously by more than one leading magazine. The very books it professes to discover are everywhere accessible in intelligent up-to-date translations by such scholars as Professor Lake of Harvard ("The Apostolic Fathers," 1913), and Provost James of Eton ("The Apocryphal New Testament," 1924). It is in every way desirable that these remains of early Christian literature should be read and understood today in the best forms which scholarship has to offer; if only to remind us by contrast of the moral grandeur and religious genius that characterizes the New Testament.

One would have more patience with the book if its printers told us frankly that they were just reprinting a work of 1820. We do not expect them to know where Hone got his book, or even that he was the editor of it. But they cannot be unaware that they are reprinting a work a full century old. Hone's book was not a good one

to begin with, and reprinted after a hundred years of serious progress in the field it relates to, it becomes an absurdity. Works of the first, second, third, and fourth centuries are jumbled indiscriminately; the publishers do not know one from another and suppose no one does. And this is the tragic fact that this book has revealed: some of our leading weeklies, monthlies, and publicists know no better. The great progress made in a hundred years in the study of this early Christian literature is utterly unknown to them. They know nothing of the work of Tischendorf, Lightfoot, Harnack, Rendel Harris, Schmidt, and Montague James. The striking discoveries of lost works of primitive Christian literature that have been made and the modern organization and investigation of all this literature in the past fifty years have missed them entirely. It has all gone completely over their heads.

And if this is in fact the state of the public mind, perhaps this old book, a full century behind the sound learning of today, may at least inform the general reader that there was an early Christian literature, some real knowledge of which is indispensable to an intelligent view of the rise and history of the New Testament itself.

People and a House

IN SUCH A NIGHT. By BABETTE DEUTSCH. New York: The John Day Company. 1927. \$2.

Reviewed by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

"IN SUCH A NIGHT" is worked out so carefully, so skilfully, that it seems a pity the book should reach no higher level than it does. Here is an inviting theme, a clever method, a firmly-directed prose. A young couple gives a house-warming: the husband is a successful young materialist, the wife a charming, not entirely unintelligent woman; the guests are an infatuated painter in love with his hostess, a rake, a young girl craving and fearing contact with "life," a young woman who gives birth to a child during the evening, a sceptic, an actress who once had an affair with the host, and various others who create the impression of numbers at the house-warming. With this cast the possibilities are as many as the arrangement of six people around a dinner-table.

But Miss Deutsch has unfortunately failed to do the two things most important to her story: she hasn't made the house-warming really alive, and she hasn't made it significant. Her method is to see the party through the eyes of each guest in turn, alternating them with the observations, emotions, and thoughts of her chief character, Leonard Hogarth, who is in love with his hostess Pauline. And each character sees all the others, thinks thoughts plausible enough to seem acceptably his own, and gives way to the next. But each character survives, if at all, as something like a dead mentality. All of Leonard Hogarth's emotions toward his hostess, culminating in his attempt to seduce her; all the excitement created by the birth of Evelyn Mayne's child; all the hostility rising toward a climax between Pauline's lover and Pauline's husband does not, it seems to me, quite transform this mental deadness into an atmosphere of life. People live for minutes, the house lives for minutes, then they settle back into an appearance of reality which is a matter of the surface only.

And what significance have these people? They survey one another, they survey themselves, but without freshness, without penetration, without uniqueness; you are willing to admit that what they do is plausible and understandable, but not that it is stimulating to the mind, or responsive to the emotions, or compensating to your sense of humor. If they were pointed out to you, you might recognize them; but you could never recognize them by yourself. They do not hold your interest. Pauline, after a time, grows obvious; her husband has some force but no actual individuality; Leonard is something between the pitiable and the ridiculous.

All these criticisms are made with better books in mind, books that count; for in view of its intelligence, its artistic integrity, its frequent skill, Miss Deutsch's novel at least deserves to be judged by high standards. It certainly stands outside the class of popular, meretricious novels whose realism is a foreplanned compromise and whose reach is well within their author's grasp. This book attempts something which the discriminating reader would find worth his attention. It comes close, perhaps, to succeeding, but in the sense of "a little more, and yet what worlds away!" It is the intention which one applauds in Miss Deutsch's book, not the result.

French Poet: New Style

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

FROM the most representative of the new anthologies of modern French verse the name of Verlaine has been omitted. Was his form too fixed or his Catholicism too simple-hearted? Régner is omitted too. Of the symbolists only Mallarmé, Rimbaud, and Maeterlinck remain. All the others are outside of the tradition of the truly modern spirit. The line of that spirit is Baudelaire, Mallarmé, Lautréamont, Charles Cros, Germain Nouveau. And what is that modern spirit? Deliverance from verbalism, from the slavery of words. "Words, syntax, sense become definitively the slaves of poetry." I move about among these notions and schools very tentatively: "Fantaisistes," "unanimités," "simultanéistes," "Cubistes," "dadaïstes," "surréalistes." I am a rank outsider. I become immensely aware of that when I read, among these founders of all the latest movements, the poems of the Comte de Lautréamont. "Old ocean, you are so powerful that men have learned it at their own expense. In vain do they employ all the resources of their genius . . . incapable of dominating you. They have found their master." No, I have not made that up nor turned poetry into journalese. My version is precisely like the original. "Vieil océan, tu es si puissant, que les hommes l'ont appris à leurs propres dépens. Ils ont beau employer . . ." And so on. Is this then a deliverance from verbalism? Or is it to be found in Laforgue: "Lainages, caoutchoucs, pharmacie, rêve . . ." Perhaps. And whither does it tend? "J'écarte Pélouquene," declares M. Jean Cocteau. But so, in different words did Verlaine. Of course M. Cocteau goes farther. He depends for his formless form on his subconscious mind, and I must try to render a brief specimen from his early and extraordinarily interesting "Ebauche d'un Art Poétique."

*I premeditate no architecture
Simply
deaf
like thee Beethoven*

*blind
like thee
Homer
innumerable old man
born everywhere*

*I work out
in the prairies of interior
silence*

But is this kind of writing without architecture? Has not a very subtle and aware mind been busy even with the typographical arrangement? Above all, was Beethoven deaf in the sense insinuated here? Was the composer of the Ninth Symphony and of the last string quartets not rather the ear with which, to vary Shelley a little, the universe heard and knew itself? Then is not M. Cocteau merely playing with loose metaphors?

No, I am no mere praiser of time past and I know very well both that M. Cocteau is an extremely gifted man and that he has long ceased writing in the manner of the verses I have quoted. What I am con-

cerned with is a tentative diagnosis of himself and his generation. He was born in 1892; he fought in the war; the other day he announced himself a Catholic—if not of the type of Claudel, then of the type of Péguy. He started out with Satie, the music-halls, Picabia, and Picasso; science was a cold frenzy to him. He flew with Garros. I have a vision of him: the cold glow of an electric bulb in his precocious brain. Is it any wonder that he is a Catholic? From intoxication to intoxication has been his course. Will he ever touch sobriety?

He started out with the day, the hour, the minute, wholly at the mercy of the illusions of the tangible.

*voici les rag-times énormes
les courts-circuits.*

Even amid these tangible things he was not selective. "Mains d'ectoplasme et poulpes d'ombre." And then

*Des chromatismes
jamais vus
empêchent
la tuberculose.*

A fact of enormous importance. But the fact is not literature. Only its repercussion upon the soul. Amid the cold crackle of Tentative d'Évasion, the technical pirouettes, the cerebral antics, there are shy moments in which the poet in M. Cocteau struggles for breath. The poet is promptly throttled. The terror of *vieux jeu* is too imminent. The result?

J'ai mal d'être homme comprenez vous.
No wonder. Aeroplanes, hangars, Pullmans, gangrene, chloroform, cinématographes, Underwoods, locomotives, Gulf Stream, Esquimos, rubber, aluminum. More flights of and with Garros. Flights south

*C
O
R
S
E
Marseille Messine 5 jours*

And always from time to time amid these icy and calculated ravings the involuntary note of the poet:

*Soudain la note Melisande
trouant la voûte
et le silence
entre chez Dieu
pur jet d'eau.*

The note is repeated, the violences are soothed, and the stridency softened in the "Discours du Grand Sommeil." These are poems of the war written during the war. "Translated from what? From that dead speech, from that dead land in which my friends are dead." Beautiful things these poems, gentle yet strong, disillusioned from the first concerning that "epidemic of crime," warm-hearted, civilized:

*How do you expect me, Amette,
to hate the Germans?
Tuesday night the fusiliers
of the listening-post at Mamelon-Vert
invited two Germans over
so that they could play at cards.
The admiral condemns them to death.*

Personally I do not see in what respect this differs from prose. But that old quarrel need not be reawakened. For very soon thereafter—and in this respect, too, M. Cocteau is symbol and type—music, first faint, then more definite begins to invade his verse. Very faint and child-like and pseudo-primitive at first:

*Fais moi un peu m'habituer,
à ce que mon pauvre ami Jean soit tué.*

But soon in the Poésies (1920) the music grows fuller, the throw-backs to the old delusion of hard discord and mere breathless speed grow rarer. In Plain-Chant (1923) M. Cocteau has definitively joined the great tradition of poetic form and ends upon an alexandrine of strictly classic contour:

Arrache ce laurier qui me coupe la peau.

What, meantime, has been the development of his substance? Toward conceits, toward sheer Marinism—toward that escape into the little, the curious, the far-fetched which has been, save for a few isolated ecstatic hymns, the refuge of Catholic poets from Crashaw to John Bannister Tabb.

*Dans le bocage de mes os,
Dans l'arbre bleu de mes artères,
Si mal réunis sur la terre.
Melez-vous, fleurs, poissons, oiseaux,*

Nor do we have to wait long for the more specific Catholic note of a treatment of the supernatural through the fancy:

La nuit d'Avril est votre prie-Dieu, Sainte-Vierge

Soon we come upon conceits applied to the roccoco vision of the classical; we seem to

be in the very midst of the "metaphysical" poets at their most far-fetched, when M. Cocteau epigrammatizes Narcissus:

*Celui qui dans cette eau séjourne
Démasque, vécut s'intriguant.
La mort, pour rire, le retourne
à l'envers, comme un doigt de gant.*

Then appear poems directly addressed to the Virgin and we no longer believe M. Cocteau when he says that the jazz-band drum is his violin. It is a mere intrusion of a self long dead. We do believe him when, for a moment, he abandons his conceits to be plaintive and conscious of sin:

*Je n'ai plus, d'être heureux, ni l'espoir,
ni l'envie,*

and when, in true Baudelaire and Catholic fashion, he mingles the perverse with the devotional:

*Mais l'ange gardien qui casse nos poupées,
A des ailes aussi comme une demoiselle.*

In Plain-Chant the music becomes more and more sonorous, the substance in itself more human, but the treatment, the conceits, and contortions of the fancy more violent and outrageous:

*Notre entrelacs d'amour a des lettres
ressemble,
Sur un arbre se mélangeant;
Et, sur ce lit, nos corps s'entortillent
ensemble,*

Comme à ton nom le nom de Jean.

What is Donne's compass to that? Can it be that this seventeenth centuryish Catholic poet was, a few short years ago, the mad Dadaist who flew with Garros?

In his verse M. Cocteau asks us to believe that the change in him was an unconscious one. "If my way of singing is not the same here, alas, I cannot help it. I always suffer when I am writing for a poem, and take what comes to me." But in his recent volume of essays, "Le Rappel à l'Ordre," he has admirably rationalized and explained his abandoning of his first manner: "To say, 'let us be modern' is senseless. . . . It is absurd to try to make poetry modern by confounding the letter and the spirit and to overemphasize the 'décor.'" How true and sound that is! But M. Cocteau has made a strange use of his new wisdom. For one escape he has substituted another; from the machine he has passed to the Virgin, from myth to myth.

He illustrates an experience and a malady of our time. Science was to save us; the machine was to conquer the earth. All traditions were to be broken, all art was to be remade, the everlasting symbols of communication between man and man, growing out of human nature and therefore conformable to it, were to be tossed aside. Painters painted in cubes and in bits of steel stuck on wood, musicians sought for cacophonies, poets celebrated in shredded prose, the machine, the jazz-band, and the cinema. Then came the war and the machine came near wrecking our laboriously built civilization. The gentler spirits, like Cocteau, underwent something like a conversion and experienced a spiritual revulsion against the idols of their earliest years. But they were not strong enough nor gifted with enough insight to turn to the saving tradition of reason which has never overvalued the fashions or inventions of the hour but used them and subordinated them to its eternal purpose. These poets seeing their machine-god smashed turned to ecclesiastical images. They needed some image before which to bow down. They left the hangar of Garros and went to Chartres with Péguy. A pitiful conclusion. But Europe is today under the sign of that pathetic reaction in both literature and politics. Especially in France Catholicism is coloring literature more and more. Even Jewish writers are fleeing to the Church. Erect and enlightened spirits from before the flood, like Paul Valéry, stand unmoved. But a younger generation is seeking convalescence from the madness of the machine in stained glass and incense and a feeble toying with conceits. Perhaps the children of today will re-ally themselves with the tradition of those who never succumbing to the machine never reacted from it and through war, peace, and reaction kept their heads.

Baudelaire has found a new biographer, this time a poet, in the person of François Porché. In his "La Vie Douleureuse de Charles Baudelaire" (Paris: Plon), M. Porché writes with feeling and intensity of "the father of modern poetry," though his criticism contains little that is novel and much to which exception may be taken.

A recent German novel of considerable merit is Gustav Frensen's "Otto Babendiek" (Berlin: Groelsche Verlagsbuchhandlung). This is an autobiographical tale which unfolds its story of the evolution of a village boy into a writer in leisurely and ample fashion.

On the Air

A DIGEST of the following ten articles, chosen by a Council of Librarians, as outstanding contributions to the June periodicals, was recently broadcast under the auspices of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, by Station WOR:

SHALL MR. COOLIDGE HAVE A SECOND ELECTIVE TERM?

Simeon D. Fess in *Review of Reviews*

The author is the principal spokesman for those who want the President to run again; and this is an argument to prove that the year and seven months as President Harding's successor should not count as a first term.

THE WEST GOES TO CHINA.

Grover Clark in *Century*

The impact of modern Western civilization has shaken China to her foundations. But a new structure is slowly rising composed of elements borrowed from the West and from old China, translated into terms of Chinese life.

IN PRAISE OF IZAAK WALTON.

Herbert Hoover in *Atlantic Monthly*

The able American, Herbert Hoover, who knows the United States of America like a book, explores and measures our waterways in order to determine how we may best preserve our fishes—and fishing!

THE SIMPLE ANNALS OF FASCISMO.

Gaetano Salvemini in *Atlantic Monthly*

The author, who is Italy's foremost historian and is now in exile, sends us some annals of Fascismo. His examples of events and incidents are striking and very informative.

CONFESSIONS OF A FORD DEALER.

Jesse Rainsford Sprague in *Harpers Magazine*.

A former Ford agent tells to Mr. Sprague the frank story of how he unloaded upon the public the cars unloaded upon him by the company and gives American business men something to think about.

MISSISSIPPI RIVER FLOODS.

F. H. Newell in *Review of Reviews*

What caused the present floods, the damage they have wrought and, above all, what may be done to prevent great inundations in the future—by the former Chief of the U. S. Reclamation Service.

ARE THE DAYS OF CREATION ENDED?

John C. Merriam in *Scribner's*

Civilization is not a disease which leads to destruction, asserts the author who sees man eventually as the arbiter of natural laws and evolution taking the form of increased human capacity for knowledge and its use.

ANTIOCH AND THE GOING WORLD.

Robert W. Bruere in *Survey Graphic*

The picture of an experiment in giving college students a chance to measure themselves against adult standards of job performance and wage earning, based on undergraduates' accounts of what they are learning under the "Ant" plan.

OUR NEGLECTED STATE DEPARTMENT.

Henry Kittredge Norton in *Century*

The author reveals conditions in our overworked and undermanned department of state, showing how as present organized it is impossible to keep pace with our increased responsibilities; our contacts in every quarter of the globe.

J. P. THE YOUNGER.

W. M. Walker in *American Mercury*

Aloof and reserved, shunning publicity, the present Head of the House of Morgan is nevertheless a very active and forceful personage. In this article Mr. Walker presents an admirable sketch of this little known but powerful figure.

Two recent additions to the Replica Series, which Noel Douglas of London is publishing, include Keats's "Poems" of 1817 and Shelley's "Adonais." On the flyleaf of the British Museum copy of the Keats—which is the one reproduced—there is a note signed F. Locker, otherwise known as F. Locker Lampson, dated February 20, 1869. This states that Robert Browning had dined with him that day and told him that it was a copy of this edition that was found in the bosom of the dead Shelley. The "Adonais," which is reproduced from the Pisa edition of 1821, described by Shelley as "beautifully printed," thought by many to be the highest consummation of the poet's art, is highly prized by collectors.

