

of a country doughboy's homesickness, of the comradeships, intrigues, and hatreds of a single company, and of its queer mixture of human types ranging from backwoods lumbermen to East Side Jews, is for the most part vividly and accurately done. The difficulty is that it is so often overdone. Take the Tennessee soldiers who deny that the ocean was three thousand miles across, even in the time of the flood:

"Boys, y'all heerd yit the pope is the ruler of this yere French country?" It was Hod Brogan, another of my squad, who asked that. "I jest larnt they air a Romish church in every French town, and no other kind ay-tall. I spoke to that Sergeant Shevlin about it, and he declared to his soul it was a-cause the pope runs the country; and he said when the pope come around we'd have to bow down and kiss his big toe! Well, them as is willin' kin. But as fer me, I was brung up in the Cumberland Presbyterian religion, and I'd die first!"

That got the Tennesseans excited, and they lost all their smiles and went to blasting the Romish church up one side and down the other. I was listening with a lot of natural sympathy until I noticed Corporal Sumovski was staring at them, with a hard scowl on his face. And then I remembered how he was a good friend of the first sergeant and how they would both go to the masses in the Houel Romish church, and I didn't feel so much sympathy with the Tennesseans. It was not good soldiering for them to mock the religion that the first sergeant and so many of the other non-coms of my company believed in.

This credulity is a bit exaggerated.

The Hardshell private does not get into the front lines, a fact which he and his mother regard as a sign of the special favor of Providence. Instead, he attains the rank of corporal at a safe billet in the rear, and wins the contempt and resentment of all his mates by acting as a spy for a captain—Capt. Frank L. Dill, later to be known as the author of the great war novel, "God's Crusaders"—who wishes all evidences of disloyalty and radicalism reported to him. Mattock gravely reports such indications of sedition as the remark of one soldier that President Wilson wished "to make the world safe for Democrats." Fortunately for him, soon after he is exposed as a stool-pigeon the armistice comes, and in the general jubilation he is restored to a measure of comradeship. In the end we see him going back to the old home farm, to Ma and her fried chicken, and to Elsie Snodgrass, "the sweetest, most religious girl in the whole town of Clevisburg, and the best to her folks." He settles down meekly under the divine will to forget the wicked days he had witnessed in the army.

Mr. Stevens had an excellent idea, and he possessed a great deal of first-rate material to support the idea. A little more delicacy and restraint would have made an unusual book of "Mattock."

A Fine Art

THE MALLETTs. By E. H. YOUNG. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1927. \$2.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

MISS YOUNG'S is the humorously sensible attitude toward feminine foibles and self-deceptions that inevitably recalls Jane Austen's. Both these novelists look upon the loves and jealousies of the women they portray with the same clear, level gaze—and the same twitching lips. But whereas Miss Austen's lips used to curl pretty sharply on occasion and often came together with a snap, Miss Young is content to reflect her satiric observations of the life about her in the gentlest and most restrained of smiles.

It is in her portraits of the two older Mallett women that her restraint is most apparent, for Caroline and Sophia, spinsters both of them who never married for the best of reasons, were born to be caricatured. And yet even Caroline, the robust virgin who affects audacity and resolutely pictures her decorous past as a series of tremendous indiscretions,—even Caroline is a person rather than a type.

However, it is with the subdued fencing for position of the younger Malletts, of the hard little Henrietta and her mysterious, reserved Aunt Rose, that the author is chiefly concerned. For when Henrietta, offspring of a plebeian but virtuous mother and a well-born but worthless father, comes from the shabby boarding-house where she has been slaving to live with her aunts in the gracious gentility of their country home, she unwittingly thrusts her small, forthright person into the most delicate illusions of her Aunt Rose. None of the Mallett

women has married, but Rose, the lovely half-sister of Caroline and Sophia, has for some time past been appeasing her desire for dangerous emotion by a statue-and-bust sort of affair with a man whose wife is a hopeless invalid. Her relations with this man, Francis Sales, and with his suspicious wife have been growing more and more unsatisfactory of late, and they are in no wise improved by the presence of Henrietta or by the mutual attraction which Francis and Henrietta come to feel for one another.

The shifting reticences of Rose and Henrietta in these circumstances, the older woman's realization of her lover's limitations, her very real affection and concern for her niece, the young girl's wariness, love, and jealousy—all of these Miss Young studies with coolness and with a delightful dash of impishness. She shows, for instance, a quite malicious conversance with the emotions excited by Henrietta's first kiss. The child at once slaps the offender but "she was not really avenging an insult: she was simply expressing her annoyance at her pleasure in it."

Throughout, the author's keen insight nicely balances a subtle recognition of incongruities. If one feels at times a want of rounding in her characters—not a lack of actuality, but an angularity and spareness—this is due, in part at least, to her preoccupation with a strictly delimited portion of their lives. Her frame indeed seems just a little too tight for her picture. Much of Henrietta, more of Rose, and most of Francis fail to enter it at all. To be sure, these people all lack ardency, their blood is too thin and tepid for high adventure, their lives are themselves in the last analysis cramped and unimportant. But they become for the moment very interesting to us, and it is a high tribute to Miss Young's finely precise art, to its wit and charm, that we should want to know even more of the Malletts.

Other Times, Other Customs

EIGHT O'CLOCK CHAPEL. By C. H. PATTON and W. T. FIELD. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1927. \$3.50.

GUIDES, PHILOSOPHERS, AND FRIENDS. By CHARLES F. THWING. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1927. \$3.50.

Reviewed by BEN C. CLOUGH
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ALTHOUGH the Commencement speakers did not say much about it, the American college is, this year, at the turning of the ways. The large utilitarian university has come to stay on the American scene; by the same token the small liberal college is fast disappearing, but most people do not realize what has happened, and is daily happening. It may well be that mass production of university degrees is desirable (though that remains to be demonstrated), but no intelligent middle-aged American who will reflect on the matter can doubt that something unique, precious, and American is going to join the stage-coach and the Sagamore.

What this something was may be read, partly in the lines and partly between them, in two books which are opportunely appearing at the same time. The former, "Eight o'Clock Chapel," is a composite picture of the New England college in the eighties; the latter, "Guides, Philosophers and Friends," is largely, though not entirely, given to character-studies of the men who shaped our colleges, both in New England and elsewhere. Thus, in the one we see Bowdoin, Dartmouth, Harvard, Vermont, Williams; in the other, Hyde, Tucker, Eliot, Angell, Mark Hopkins. The college man of the moment, if he opens the volumes at all, will spend more time than he intended on them; the college man of yesterday will chuckle and sigh over them; but the historian of American thought (when he appears) will thumb them to tatters.

He will have a hard, but an interesting task, that historian, in explaining the account (in "Eight o'Clock Chapel") of how D. L. Moody, in 1885, spell-bound an undergraduate audience in Battell Chapel. Other times, other customs. More intelligible is the tale (from the Amherst of the 'eighties) of the professor who in explaining the camera, had the lecture-room darkened, except for a small aperture, and remarked that the image of the trees outside appeared inverted when thrown on a sheet.

"Now," said he, 'young gentlemen, if one of you should go out and walk across the field of vision,

you would appear to us to be standing upon your head.'"

A student obtained permission to perform the experiment; being, however, a famous athlete, he chose to walk on his hands, and the resulting image was perplexing in the extreme to the professor, though not to the class!

"Eight o'Clock Chapel" is enlivened by a host of like incidents. The book has excellent illustrations.



Here's to Crime!

THE number of books that have appeared in the last two years dealing with famous crimes and famous criminals must by now be large enough to constitute Alarming Proportions if not actually a Rising Tide. I have no taste for blood and I am not a great reader, yet in the past eighteen months, just in the course of natural give and take between myself and the publishers, I must have perused in whole or part at least a dozen such works. I recall a few of the titles—perhaps not accurately.

Dainty Rogues in Newgate.

Every Boy's Book of Blackguards.

Six Fascinating Stranglers.

The Life and Times of Jack the Ripper.

Some Picturesque Poisoners.

Forgers All.

A Little Company of Crooks.

A Miscellany of Murders.

Thugs and Thyroid or The Endocrinology of Crime.

This is a fair sample of the literature. Some of it is frankly gory and melodramatic. Some of it is informative, a retelling of crimes of which no educated person should be ignorant. Some of it masquerades as psychological or sociological documents. But whatever its intention and whatever its quality the time has evidently come for a judicious selection. No one can possibly master all these crimes, yet all of us, it would seem, must become familiar with some of them. We must bale out some of the rising tide or we shall be overwhelmed.

While we are waiting for "The Outline of Crime" to appear or for Mr. O'Brien to take the situation in hand and issue an annual volume of "The Best Murders of 1926, 1925," etc., will not some publisher of broad vision bring out a "Selection of the World's Choicest Crimes"? A friend has suggested that it be called "The Newgate Anthology or An Unsavoury Nosegay for Those Who Like That Sort of Thing." That would never do. What is needed is a title that will appeal to all, a book that can be put into the home. I think it should be called "The 1001 Best Crimes, Chosen and Compiled from the World's Masterpieces, for Home and Family Reading." There would of course be an elaborate system of classification in accordance with which crimes were grouped to suit varieties of age, taste, profession, and so forth. I cannot go into the thing exhaustively now, although I am willing to do so for any publisher who will pay me for my trouble, but I do not mind throwing out a few suggestions.

Section 1 For Tiny Tots (4-8)—Tales of slaughter for the infant mind are of course no novelty. They have been the rule. Do not the hands of Jack the Giant Killer drip red with blood? But these stories have lacked moral pungency. I suggest as an example of something better the notorious crime of little Sophie Brennan, aged seven, who lived on the Rathgar Road, in the suburbs of Dublin, some time during the 'nineties. The Rathgar Road, take it from me, is not an inspiring place to dwell. Moreover, when you have to go to school every day in the week, with a half holiday only on Saturday; when on top of that you have to attend Sunday School for two hours on Sunday mornings, life is black. This was Sophie's fate. She hated Sunday School and she hated her teacher, an unctuous and sanctimonious curate, still more. Instead of wasting her energies in insubordination or outbursts of temper this remarkable child pur-

sued a deliberate policy. She insinuated herself into the good graces of the curate, exhibited a model deportment, and finally persuaded him to take her up to the top of the church tower from which an exhilarating view could be had of Terenure, the Dodder, and the Three Rock Mountain. Then at the proper moment, as the curate leaned over the parapet, she gave him what proved to be a mortal push. Sophie was sentenced to be incarcerated in Glencree Reformatory, from which dismal place I am glad to say she escaped. The rumor at the time was that she was carried safely to America where she later entered domestic service and accumulated a fortune. Stories like this, I believe, are more edifying than the old giant and ogre variety. They show the child that even at a tender age forethought and determination will remove obstacles from one's path.

Section 2—I was about to call this Juvenile, but I had forgotten that we have no juveniles any more. At the age of ten the modern child is sophisticated and *blasé de tout*. He has lost faith in human nature. Only the seamy side is real for him. I read a document the other day in which the writer talked of a "pregnant angle of approach" to something or other. That is such a deliriously unhappy figure of speech that it ought to be preserved. So I will say that the pregnant angle of approach to the treatment of crime in this section is the morbid—psychological. The actual murder in each instance should be presented as a mere item or symptom in the history of complexes or disastrous "environmental influences"—the real villains of the piece. This method will have two advantages. First, it will confirm the youthful reader in his mean estimate of human nature. Everyone, he will now see, is a potential murderer. Those who haven't committed a murder have simply been fortunate in their environment. Secondly, it will prove that nothing really matters. For whether one murders or whether one doesn't it all comes down to an interaction between inner and outer forces over which one has no control.

Section 3 *For Adults*—These will not want to be bothered with the subtleties of psychology nor will they wish to be depressed by a dark or sinister picture of human life. Liveliness should be the keynote of the selection here. As good an example of what is required as I can recall is the famous Tiryns Telephone Murder. Tiryns, as you will at once guess from the ancient Greek flavor of the name, is the city in the classical region of northern New York State. Some fifteen years ago there lived in Tiryns a crusty old gentleman by the name of Thomas Hubbard. Of a naturally irascible disposition, he had suffered an increasing inflammation of temper from the telephone operator's habit of telling him the line was busy when he well knew (as we all know at such times) that the line wasn't busy at all. The breaking point came one day when a more than usually violent outburst of profanity from him led to his telephone service being cut off. Some time after this he disguised himself and by an adroit trick succeeded in gaining admission to the central exchange of Tiryns. Once there he whipped out a gun and managed to kill two operators and wound another before he was torn to pieces by the infuriated mænads of the exchange. This incident, I may add, brought about a great improvement in the service. It also explains why you will see emblazoned above the entrance to the magnificent new telephone building at Tiryns the motto: *Aut Efficacitas aut Mors: Give us Efficiency or Give us Death*.

Perhaps in indicating the keynote of this section I should have used the word colorfulness rather than liveliness, for the Tiryns Telephone Murder is what I should call a colorful story.

I think there ought to be a group of stories suitable for Sunday reading. There should be little difficulty here. The Bible is congested with crime. We need only translate the King James version into modern English and supply some snappy titles to make Biblical themes attractive. For example, "Who Started This Thing Anyway?" (Gen. IV. 8) "Cherchez la Femme" (Judges, IV. 21), "David's Devious Way" (11 Sam. XI. 15), "Say it With Stones" (Acts, VII, 58). I can see the Head of the House reading these aloud to his children on Sunday afternoons. Even the maid might be induced to stay in for them. It would be a great Step Forward if with one injection we could give new life to Sunday Observance and Family Solidarity.

CHARLES A. BENNETT.

The BOWLING GREEN

Chipmunks in the Wall

I HEAR their tiny feet: an airy scamper,
Light intramural frolic to and fro
Behind the solemn bookshelves, in the tunnels
Of lath and joist and beam. Inside the ceiling
They freak my silence with a lace of sound,
Patterns of chase and hurry and alarm,
Dry rustling skirmish among plaster alleys
Quick as the darting mischief of the mind.
Behind George Fox, John Woolman, Hobbes and
Herrick
(More Herrick they than Woolman, Fox or Hobbes)
They carnival and dance their nights away.

And now it's late, the telephone won't ring,
I'm safe. I'm safe in silence. I can take
My little rolls of film, of reminiscence,
And (working in a cautious rosy gloom)
Bathe them in the necessary acids
And watch the pictures tenderly emerge;
Develop, tone and fix and wash and dry
Till they can face the White Light of the world.
Those films are full of static: as they whirl,
Winding and unwinding in the gloom
You'll see them crackle with a running spark.

Which makes me think again about those chipmunks.
Skirmishing at random in the walls,
Suppose they gnaw the wires? In my old shack
The wiring's elderly, the whole shebang
Is veined with ribbons of potential fire.
Suppose, in casual sport, my antic rodents
Nibble through my crumbly insulations
And cause what (I believe?) they call Short Circuit,
A Ground, a homesick spark. All kinds of joy
Are hungry always to get back to earth,
So this blinking fidget of desire
Scintillates in peevish discontent,
Frets and stings his tindery surrounding—
And I, so much at peace upon my couch,
Awake to find the homestead wreathed in flame.
The naughty chipmunks perish, I suppose,
But the more awkward fact is, so do I.

If I were you, I'd hire an electrician.
But don't you love that old domestic question
So often asked, in bed, of drowsy men.
You shake a massive shoulder (you'd not guess
How big men's shoulders are, unless you've slept
Beside them)—
"George! George! Wake up; wake up, George!
It seems to me that I smell something burning?"

You smell the whole world burning; and it's queer
There's so much smoke and smell, so little flame.
In hearts as tough as gouty woodland stumps
Red Reason embers in the touchwood rot
And fills the parish with a fuming haze.
It taints the very ether of the sky.
It's got to be! Even the rudiment
Examples of combustion—such as poets—
Exhale more smudge and smoulder than clear fire.
How many random scribbles on the page,
Curlicues and margins and grotesques,
Before the good black text begins to show—
Oh so much woodpile and so little nigger!
All the pretty damnables men bury
In deepest ink: eyes altered in a night,
Little sweet hollows in the palms of hands,
Trembles in voices, and the Murphy Twins
Let down from Heaven in a folding bed.

Toulemonde, it's rash to talk like that.
I wonder if you ever heard what happened
When the fairies held their big Convention?
They organized a Posse of Pursuit
And lynched the people who write Fairy Tales.
Do you expect some premium for recalling
The things men had remembered to forget?

Bliss Carman told me, when he gave a reading
At Arizona University
That afterward the treasurer came to him
And gave him a good fistful of gold coins.
Poetry, he said, should not be paid
In anything less genuine than gold.
Charming, wasn't it?

It was, by Jove;
And if your verses were like *Vagabondia*
They wouldn't be.

I visited a Broadway dance-hall once
Where carpenters were making alterations
While the dancing was still going on.
There was a workman there, in overalls,
Chewing a quid of pepsin. While the throng
Twirled and maneuvered on the spangled floor
And all the building drummed with syncope
He sawed and measured calmly; but I noted
That still with saw and jaw he kept the time,
Rocking the steel in rhythm with that yammer,
That droning blend of honey and percussion,
Partly nitro, partly glycerine. . . .
Perhaps there is some kind of parallel
Between him and us all. Oh, I don't know—
Analogy's a little silver fish
That slips too easily through the net of words.

And so you'll hear no more of Toulemonde
Who made himself a motley to the view.
He's safe, he's safe in silence; and the film,
The brittle hurrying ribbon of his thought
That carried in its sentient gelatine
All sunlights and all darknesses he knew,
Is safe in acid, in the ruddy gloom—
Such color as the curtained bee would know
Drowns in the bedstead of a crimson rose,
Such color as the vineyard speck might swim
Deepened in the full Burgundian glass,
Such color as the unborn Juliet felt
Nursed in the reddest vein of Shakespeare's heart.
Cold acid and warm color keep him safe,
He need not fear the White Light of the world.

He had no pride, you say. No, merely wished
To do what even God can hardly do,
Put two and two together and make three.
The alternative to love, he once remarked,
Is never hatred; no, but more love still.
It can't be proved, and so—
X marks the spot
Where he heard chipmunks dancing in the wall.
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

The leaflet which is given to all persons wishing to avail themselves of the service of the American Library in Paris, or inquiring as to its origin and purpose, states that its principal object is "to become the recognized center of information about America for Europeans, to promote among students, journalists, and men-of-letters in Europe a closer acquaintance with American literature, institutions, and thought, and to supplement by its collections the meagre supply of American books available to European readers.

"It is this function which its founders had principally in mind when they labored to convert it from a war library organized to serve the men of the American army to a permanent institution organized to serve the students of Europe. It is this function which, more than any other, justifies its existence. To stand as a sort of bridge-head of American culture (to quote Mr. Roland-Marcel), to act as an interpreter of the New World to the Old, to place at the disposal of every teacher, every scholar, every publicist in Europe the best literature upon any American subject in which he may be interested—here, surely, is a service of the most far-reaching importance.

"And one thing should be noted: this is, of course, a service of extreme value to these students and teachers, but it is, in far greater degree, a service to the United States in correcting misconceptions, in preventing misunderstandings, and in promoting a better knowledge of American life and thought. If such a service was ever needed it is now, when American purposes and ideals are being subjected, throughout the world, to a scrutiny at once searching and ironic!"

What is perhaps the most comprehensive study of Bolshevist Russia to be published outside of Russia itself is the large and lavishly illustrated volume entitled "Geist und Gesicht des Bolschewismus" (Vienna: Amalthea Verlag), by Rene Fülöp-Miller. The book presents a panoramic survey of political, social, economic, philosophical, and educational conditions in Russia, based on first-hand observations and a wide acquaintance with the literature of the subject.