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PRESTER IOHN
CONTEMPLATES THE SETTING SUN

Behold that Orient pope of fabulous youth
One golden evening from a westward height
Facing an immemorial tragic truth:
The sinking splendor and the waning light!

The Tragic Mantle

A STIMULATING modern analysts of contemporary American criticism, who has impressed upon us the clarifying statement that change in the social structure must precede change in ideas, which, in turn must precede change in aesthetics, has had interesting things to say concerning the old aristocratic idea of Tragedy and its metamorphosis into our modern view. We refer, of course, to Mr. V. F. Calverton, editor of *The Modern Quarterly*, and to his book, "The Newer Spirit."

Until the death of feudalism, he tells us, the classicists believed firmly that "tragedy could be concerned only with noble characters." To this theory even Voltaire subscribed, before the bourgeois revolution in France. Italy and Germany were in concord with the French view of the matter. England carried the idea into the Restoration. Mr. Calverton also cites Shakespeare in his dramas "as fitting example of application of the feudal concept." It was inevitable, even with Shakespeare (according to Mr. Calverton's thesis, which we think sound: that growth and change of the social structure must always precede changed concept and form in the arts), that the dignity of tragedy should be allowed to invest only those of noble birth. The true art of any period cannot be anachronistic, and in that period the nobles ruled.

With the bourgeois ascendancy, the accolade of tragedy descended upon the middle class. Mr. Calverton notes Lillo's "The London Merchant," 1731, as the first example of this in England, Lessing's "Miss Sarah Simpson" later in Germany, Nivelle de la Chaussée and Diderot in France. The proletariat now inherited the satiric shafts and the belaboring bladder of buffoonery formerly aimed at the bourgeois. The bourgeois was elevated to a new dignity, invested with a moral grandeur.

Note, however, at this juncture the exact words of Mr. Calverton:

In the first stages of capitalism the distinction between the bourgeois and the proletarian is not as wide and definite and not so difficult to bridge as in its later stages, when, through the increase and concentration of its mass, it steadily

dispossesses and enlarges its lower element and fortifies and narrows its upper.

As capital concentrated, labor organization followed; the proletariat assumed the proportions of a definite class. The writer upon whom we are drawing then sees Walt Whitman as the artist who first raised the proletariat into a position of tragic importance in America. And, finally, "the proletarian protagonist" had come to stay. Instead of an "Oedipus" or an "Athalia," Mr. Calverton indicates, the world surveyed, following on the time of Whitman, certain dramas by, say, Hauptmann, Galsworthy, and O'Neill, in the early years of our own century. The tragedy of the "dispossessed" had become vital. Mr. Calverton is dealing, of course, with a general transition and tendency, to which, as to any tendency and change, there are individual exceptions. The force is apparent, however, of his general contention.

Today he finds tragic literature largely concerned with the proletarian. He cites Pierre Hamp in France, Joyce, and, in America, three works published within the last twenty years that seem to him indicative. They are Edith Wharton's "Ethan Frome," Sherwood Anderson's "Winesburg, Ohio," and Theodore Dreiser's "Sister Carrie." An even more immediate example, published since the publication of Mr. Calverton's volume, is undoubtedly Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," both the novel and its counterpart upon the stage. And anyone familiar even with recent translations of foreign literature could compile a list of striking examples of tragic treatment of the proletarian in the work of contemporary German, Russian, and Scandinavian novelists.

Which all goes to prove Mr. Calverton's main argument, that "literature is the product of sociology." He feels also that we have accepted the proletariat so quickly as material for tragic treatment that we fail to realize just how quickly we have done so, in how short a space we have conferred upon him the accolade originally reserved only for the aristocrat and later accorded the bourgeois. In many cases the artists themselves are ignorant of their response to what Mr. Calverton regards as an inevitable "social-reflex."

Later on in his book this writer takes up the case of Sherwood Anderson specifically. Incidentally, "Until the middle of the last century," he says, "the 'common man' was not believed to possess the 'soul' that such authors as Whitman, Norris, Anderson, Hamp, Dreiser, Pinski, Hardy and others have seen in him," and, of course, he stresses again the fact that social conditions, operating upon the minds of these writers, produced this change. Once more, in his section on "Proletarian Art," Mr. Calverton cites the poetry of Sandburg and Masters, to a lesser extent the novels of Willa Cather and Sinclair Lewis and the earlier Stephen Crane and David Graham Phillips. He finds that in the modern proletarian literature the source of main emotional appeal has shifted, and from his citations one may infer that he finds the finest flower of such literature most lush in America. Which is not to say that he forgets Zola, Hamsun or any of the great modern writers of the Continent, or such figures in England as Galsworthy, Lawrence, or Masfield. He concludes:

In Whitman there remained but few of the vestiges of the earlier concept, and these too are passing with the intensification of the proletariat and the gradual refinement of proletarian art. In Germany and Russia the plunge into the new art has been preternaturally violent and rapid. At times this art has possessed a ferocity verging on madness. Toller, Hasenclever, Libedinsky—these are its stars.

(Continued on page 912)

The Modern Novel Pattern*

By MARY AUSTIN

NO one who reads much and authentically about the American Indian, as American rather than Indian, can escape realizing that much that has happened to him in the way of modulations of temperament and capacity flowing from the environment, is due to happen to us. If, indeed, it has not already happened. During the last quarter century we have seen our art take color and pattern from the American scene; the landscape line, the rhythm of labor and life-habit enforced by natural conditions. And now comes Paul Radin with an unselfconscious autobiography of Crashing Thunder, the Winnebago, to convince us that—whether by environmental influence or, in part, by the world recoil of social shock—we are reduced in our inmost selves to something more than aboriginal nakedness of soul; that we are in fact, reduced to aboriginality. For when the Winnebago has completed his revelation we discover in him the leading character of a score or so of current novels of the most praised authors.

The Winnebagos are the remnant of a forest people discovered in 1634 living about Green Bay in Wisconsin, and by successive removals now established in Reservation in southeastern Nebraska. They belong among the more primitive cultural groups of American tribes, which leaves them a matter of fifteen or twenty thousand years behind the levels from which modern fiction springs. This must be borne in mind to account for the sensation of shock with which a reader moderately acquainted with both levels experiences the conviction of fundamental identity between Crashing Thunder and a Dreiser or Sherwood Anderson hero. There is an likeness here more profound and revealing than

*CRASHING THUNDER. The Autobiography of an American Indian. Edited by PAUL RADIN. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1926. \$2.50.

This Week



Prester John. By William A. Dwiggins.

Quatrain. By William Rose Benét. "My Life and Times." Reviewed by Alfred Stoddard.

"The Philippines." Reviewed by Norbert Lyons.

"From Myth to Reason." Reviewed by John H. Randall, Jr.

"Guy de Maupassant." Reviewed by Christian Gauss.

"Miniatures of French History." Reviewed by Bartlet Brebner.

Qwertuio: A Shirtsleeves History.

"Ninth Avenue." Reviewed by Herbert Gorman.

"Pharisees and Publicans." Reviewed by Grace Frank.

A Thrush's Nest. By Christopher Morley.

Next Week, or Later

"Main Currents in American Thought." Reviewed by Henry Seidel Canby.

can be accounted for in platitudes about our common human nature. It is an likeness of approach, of outlook, and limitation; the sort of limitation that has so offended the audiences not only of Dreiser and Anderson but of James Joyce and Eugene O'Neill.

To forestall a possible doubt as to the authenticity of Mr. Radin's presentation of *Crashing Thunder*, let me state that Paul Radin, though he has made distinguished research into the literary values of Amerindian story, has never given the slightest evidence of possessing the kind of invention which would have made it possible for him to fake so convincing a life story. Even had he wished to do so, his reputation as an ethnologist would have made it impossible. The original *Crashing Thunder* papers—which are now offered in less extensively annotated form—were published by the University of California in their *Ethnological Series* (Vol. vii No. 7). What we have here is an authentic revelation of a Stone Age mind in contact with the outer fringe of modern conditions.



To be stricken as the reviewer is, with the conviction that what we also have here is an equal revelation of much in our own expression that is profoundly puzzling to present day moralists, one should first read the straightaway story, omitting all the included myths and descriptions of ceremonial life, which are fortunately set forth in smaller type as if for that purpose. At a second reading these may be included by way of illumination, but for the purpose of revelation are unnecessary. *Crashing Thunder* is a bad Indian. Beginning with the desire to become a "holy man," a medicine maker, he passes through successive phases of being a drunkard, a pimp, a thief, and a murderer, and finally a convert to one of the quaint versions of Christianity which the Indians have made for themselves with the aid of the releasing power of peyote. At all times as bare as a new-born babe of our present day moralities, he nevertheless shows as a man of unusual capacity who, unacquainted with whiskey, under the exacting regimentation of a life and subject to tribal discipline, would undoubtedly have become what he wished to be, a man of note among the Winnebagoes. As it is, *Crashing Thunder* does what he likes at the moment, because he likes it, precisely as though his path of life lay through a Dreiser novel or under the Moon of the Caribbees, and his later perception that some of the things he did were inadvisable, is unaccompanied by the least touch of anything that could be called remorse. At no time does he judge or evaluate his own life any more than if Sherwood Anderson had written him. He is as unabashed in his sexual adventures as one of the creations of George Moore, and, toward middle age, as fumblingly anxious to disengage himself from their compulsions as the hero of any of Mr. Wells's novels. He has no more compunction in committing murder for the sake of "counting coup," than in betraying his accomplices later for the safety of his own skin, nor do his companions seem to hold it against him. In other words, *Crashing Thunder* lives at the level toward which much of our modern life seems to be tending; the level at which man as an entity and God as an environment are the only realities, and conduct comparatively unimportant.



Neither the form of fiction nor the manner in which the individual life story is presented can ever vary much from the way in which life is lived and character developed in the selected period. If anything, the popular life-story patterns of a given period tend rather to be retrospective than contemporaneous, since the garment of social use which the race assumes from time to time, must be viewed somewhat in perspective, while the novelist with head a little to one side, with a mouthful of pins, gets the hang of it. One speaks here of stories which have organically grown out of life processes and been trimmed into form by social pressure; not of those which are meant to be slipped on temporarily in gratification of the dressing-up play impulse. Such novels as are substitutes for day-dreaming, must forever and firmly be kept apart from the patterns of reality in which the social perceptions and individual reactions to them, are as explicitly presented as they are, in that age, explicitly defined. That we have in the work of John Galsworthy come to the end of a literary cycle in which each correspondence of perception and realization

is successfully achieved, seems not to be denied. Such a novel succession as the "Forsyte Saga" could not have been assembled except in a period in which social behavior and individual life concept remain practically in contact, throughout. The comparative weakness of the later volumes of Mr. Galsworthy's Georgian work, is evidence of the widening split in the material rather than of progressive failure in the handling of it. As a whole the "Forsyte Saga" is the inevitable pattern of a stratified society in which all the points at which formal progression may be arrested are described as places to sit down: The Parliamentary Seat, the Supreme Court Bench, the Gubernatorial Chair, the Royal Throne, the Right Hand of God. Toward the end Mr. Galsworthy's skill has been defeated by finding his characters neither particularly desirous of sitting, nor comfortable in the seats at which they have arrived.

In the United States, having escaped arbitrary social stratification and rejected the sitting goal—for the satisfaction of the characteristic American hunger for material success, once put upon paper clearly shows itself as incapable of constituting pattern arrest for more than a moiety of the people—the serious novelist finds himself with two alternatives. He must choose the indeterminate life record, or submit to the necessity of reconstructing the old pattern with the interior struggle of instincts, inheritances, repressions, and a complex for villain within the hero's own soul, as these are mapped by the accepted psychology of his time. But somehow, accepted modern psychology has not yet been plotted so convincingly that it will bear up as the framework for an affective novel. And by affective in this connection, I mean affording the reactions most coveted by the modern reader. The Freudian plot such as Waldo Frank and Ben Hecht have tried to provide us, does not, any more than the day-dreaming substitute, furnish the sincere literary artist with the organic structural lines indispensable to the novel pattern. Thus in the last resort the modern novelist reverts to the more complex and subtle symmetries of organic evolution which seem to the average to be wholly unpatterned.

The refusal of the traditional story form by the superior novelists is conditioned by the refusal of the majority of Americans to live according to pattern. Careers have gone out. Nobody anywhere sits down until he is definitely relegated to the side lines, or to the electric chair. Accordingly, nobody knows when he sets out with a fictional character, where he is going, nor quite where he is when he arrives.



What startles, on reading the autobiography of *Crashing Thunder* is the realization that the modern lack of explicit goals at which the hero might arrive, leaves him very much where it finds the aboriginal, completely shorn of moral compulsions. At least of compulsions that are clearly recognized as moral. Morals, it appears, in relation to life patterns, are simply concurrently established restraints upon the pattern making impulse, and they are effective only to the extent that they are contemporaneous projections of behavior. When any particular projection of behavior alters, the moral which was formerly attached to it becomes of no more effect in fiction than a wire bustle or a bell topped hat in portraiture. Wherever then, in any accepted story pattern a moral and its traditional behavior part company, the pattern loses cogency; it fogs at the edges. *Crashing Thunder* having no morals, his life story is wholly unpatterned until its final phase, when the chief character becomes both a moralist and a philosopher.

But the arresting discovery that the Winnebago makes for himself, is the same that a novelist like Sherwood Anderson seems to have made on behalf of all his characters: that the man remains apart from, and to a great extent untouched by, his experience. In this case the aboriginal has the advantage of the modern, for *Crashing Thunder* maintains a separateness from his own habits of drink and lechery that makes it comparatively easy for him to reform his own reactions. None of Mr. Wells's hero-rakes ever attain quite so satisfying and salutary a resolution of their sexual difficulties. Not one of Mr. Anderson's amiable fumbler arrives at such settled clarity. Never do Mr. Dreiser's morons achieve such freedom, but tend to enclose themselves with Mr. Wells's amorous intellectuals in cocoons of pseudo-sociological dogma. It is,

therefore, the capacity of the aboriginal to remain the semi-detached captain of his own identity throughout an abominable life-story that is the hopeful and engaging item of his story. If it is our American destiny to go all the way back to aboriginality in search of a point of departure from which a new life-pattern may be plotted, we get up from reading the story of the Winnebago rid of the fear that in such a regression the integrity of the human spirit may be threatened.



In the suggested second reading of Mr. Radin's book, which will include all that the Winnebago was taught, one gets new light on the relation between a man's moral perceptions and the formal learning of his time. There seems, in fact, very little difference in actual values between the "Medicine" of a Winnebago and the slogans, causes, social panaceas, and other dope of the modern. Only at one point does the social environment differ in stress. *Crashing Thunder* neither feels nor intellectually perceives the economic situation to the degree that the modern realizes it. This would hardly be the case, however, if the Winnebago lived in normal tribal relations. His economic life is utterly confused by an item of Government annuity and the business of "chasing payments," but if ignoble, hardly more so than that of millions of other Americans. His failures of social imagination are probably less than they appear, since so much that passes for social consideration is, with us, a kind of compulsory mimicry. *Crashing Thunder* shows only a trifle less considerateness for the female companions of his amorous adventures than do the characters created by George Moore and James Joyce, and that possibly because the female herself is less demanding. And if Mr. Wells is occasionally more concerned with the extra-sexual interests of his created women, such concern is, one feels sure, rather in the nature of a sop that the author has thrown to his characters, lest, in his own character of social prophet they turn and rend him. For though Mr. Wells gives us detailed and informed delineations of the women an Englishman runs away with, or runs away from; he shows himself very little interested in women as a class outside their love adventures. No more does the Indian.

To the psychologist the means by which the Stone Age soul is brought to a realization of Earthmaker-God as the one immaterial reality, and a man's thought as the medium of his own identity are of arresting interest. That a Stone Age rake's progress should inevitably bring him to "conversion" and the consolations of mystical communion with God is intellectually diverting, but most interesting of all is the revelation of the capacity for such conversion, appearing as the result of never having completely rationalized his own previous soul-states. *Crashing Thunder* never having been committed to the objective reality of the ghosts that play so large a part in primitive mythology, nor intellectually convinced of the supernatural power of the Medicine Bundle, nor of sin, nor socialism, nor psycho-analysis, remains fluent for repatterning to a genuine mystical experience, once he has put himself in posture to receive it. What the present writer suspects is that this capacity for conversion is an ascending trait of man, almost as frequently encountered among aboriginals as among moderns, probably fluctuating from age to age, so that the curve of tribal rise and fall may be plotted upon it. *Crashing Thunder's* account of the connection between his conversion and peyote eating is provocative, particularly to a people face to face with the whole problem of intoxicants as a part of the mechanism of subjective perception. Presumably peyote is no more relevant to the reality of such perception than the quality of gas is to the reality of transportation. But *Crashing Thunder's* experience remains the least dispensable of modern instances of the manner in which truth subconsciously realized is presented to an intelligence not yet adequately equipped for rationalization.



Altogether the Winnebago's autobiography is one which no novelist, no psychologist, no student of the mystical life can afford not to read. That the book is also a distinguished contribution to ethnological knowledge is of minor importance. Its value, its immense and pertinent value, to the general reader is as a key to a trend of modern literature which is at present in need of just such exposition.

Reynard's Nemesis

MY LIFE AND TIMES. By NIMROD (CHARLES J. APPERLEY). Edited with additions by E. D. Cuming. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1927. \$6.

Reviewed by ALFRED STODDART

IN order fully to appreciate the position of "Nimrod" (Charles J. Apperley) in English literature it is necessary to recall that in his time colleges and preparatory schools were not turning out embryo writers on every conceivable subject with the same prodigal abandon that they are today. Nimrod began to write for the *Sporting Magazine* in the early eighteen twenties. He died in 1843. The period was not a prolific one for literature of any kind. Sports of the field were in high favor in England and here was a man willing and able to write about sport in a manner acceptable to the most cultivated. Pierce Egan and his imitators had struck the popular fancy with their "Tom and Jerry" style of writing, but that was cockney stuff. It amused but did not satisfy the country gentleman. In Nimrod, however, they recognized one of their own order, that rare thing: a gentleman who could actually write. Even Grub Street was thrilled, and before long it supplied Nimrod with a stud of horses and paid the expense of its maintenance so that he could hold his own in that condition in life to which it had pleased God to call him.

The country squires and noblemen of England who had worried through Eton and Harrow, or Oxford and Cambridge, somehow could not fail to recognize good writing even though they were incapable of it themselves, perhaps a little contemptuous of the achievement. Besides, there was the element of publicity—not so well understood, perhaps, in Nimrod's day but just as sweet to human vanity. A Master of the Hounds would maintain a pack and a stud of hunters which had cost him years and infinite pains, to say nothing of money, to breed and develop. They might be famous for sport in their own country but unknown to England generally. Along comes Nimrod on one of his "sporting tours" to pay that particular pack a visit. He writes an article or a series of articles about it for the *Sporting Magazine* and behold! all England is reading about it at the breakfast table. Not only that. Although it was probably not realized at the moment that pack and stud had been immortalized by Nimrod's description, it is embalmed in sporting literature for all time. For as long as the sport of fox hunting exists, so long will the writings of Nimrod be read by sportsmen.

Mr. E. D. Cuming, to whose industry and research we owe the preservation of several important volumes of sporting biography, is responsible for the publication of Nimrod's "Life and Times" in its present form. As Mr. Cuming expresses it, the partly written autobiography of Robert Smith Surtees, the great sporting novelist, was "discovered" by him, the autobiography of Squire Osbaldeston was "rescued," and now Nimrod's "Life and Times" has been "recovered." It is curious that a writer who was responsible for the "Life of John Mytton," in many respects one of the most interesting biographies ever written, should have made such a poor attempt at his autobiography. But the fact is that when Nimrod approached this task he was written out. Mr. Pitman, proprietor of the *Old Sporting Magazine* and Nimrod's first editor, who maintained for him a stud of hunters and paid him a handsome honorarium besides, was dead, and Nimrod had become involved in legal difficulties with his executors. Although his pen must have earned for him a considerable sum, for those days, Nimrod was always in financial hot water, and it became necessary for him to reside in France to avoid imprisonment for debt.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that the editors of *Fraser's Magazine*, long since defunct, lost patience with the "extreme volubility" of Nimrod's pen and discontinued publication of the autobiography before the author had gotten fairly into his stride.

Still, there is much that is of general interest in Nimrod's "Life and Times." For the general reader it contains many illuminating sidelights on English country life in the earlier years of the nineteenth century, while to the sportsman, who already possesses the "Life of Mytton," the "Life of a Sportsman," "Nimrod on the Condition of Hunters," and the rest of Nimrod's books—those volumes which may safely be regarded as the foundation of

any well selected sporting library, the "Life and Times" will be a logical and necessary acquisition.

Too much praise cannot be accorded Mr. Cuming for his skilful editorship of the autobiography and for the supplementary chapters which he has supplied in order to round out Nimrod's abruptly terminated story. The book is splendidly illustrated and contains several excellent color prints.

Misguided Altruism

THE PHILIPPINES: A TREASURE AND A PROBLEM. By NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT. New York: J. H. Sears & Co. 1926. \$3.50.

Reviewed by NORBERT LYONS

AS the author, a near relative of his late distinguished presidential namesake and an editorial writer on the staff of the *New York Times*, states in his preface, the purpose of this book is "to give a sketch of the important problems of the Philippines." Much of the material is based on first-hand observation and investigation during a trip to the Far East in the winter of 1925-26. The volume, however, is more than a mere narrative exposition of the multifarious difficulties that beset our Government and its representatives in the effort to maintain our political relationship with the Filipinos on a stable basis. The author constantly presents his personal opinions on the successive problems discussed and occasionally suggests solutions.

Considering the brevity of his direct Far Eastern contact, Mr. Roosevelt has proved himself to be a keen and shrewd observer, in the reportorial sense. Here and there his observations will probably be challenged by old residents, but on the whole they are very creditable to a man who has had no lengthy personal experience with the peoples and regions discussed and whose observations must of necessity have been more or less casual and superficial.



A portrait of Nimrod, published in a volume of steel engravings issued by the father of the reviewer of "My Life and Times," and unknown to E. D. Cuming, editor of that work.

Pointing out the lack of Filipino appreciation for benefits conferred upon them and the actual hatred manifested by some of the native politicians toward America and Americans, Mr. Roosevelt goes on to trace the causes of this psychological anomaly. He attributes it largely to our past policy of "misguided altruism," a policy of which an outstanding feature has been a desire to transform the Filipinos overnight, as it were, into good Americans by thrusting upon them American ideals and institutions without due regard for racial characteristics and physical environment.

The author goes quite extensively into the racial and sociological background of the Filipino peoples, and also makes a rather trenchant analysis of their mental and moral characteristics and capabilities. At times he appears somewhat hypercritical and over-deprecatory of the people as a whole, evincing an occasional propensity to judge the masses by the comparatively few professional politicians, whose shortcomings far outweigh their virtues. Also he has a tendency to indulge in epigrammatic, snap-judgment generalities without due regard for their implications. For example, I cannot conscientiously subscribe to his categorical dictum that "in the Philippines it may be said that justice is on the side of the powerful—the inherent principle of despotism." The Filipino higher courts at least, I venture to state, are quite up to our own standards of honesty, fairness, and legal ability. All humanity has an inherent instinct for abstract justice, and the Filipinos are no exception. If justice in the Philippines has come to the sorry pass implied by Mr. Roosevelt's pronouncement, we certainly have

failed most miserably in our mission in the Islands. Fortunately Mr. Roosevelt's indictment is overdrawn. It may be true that in some instances humble Filipinos fail to take advantage of the established machinery of justice, through intimidation by *caciques* or Filipino bosses, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that the constitutional rights of even the humblest Filipino are by law as adequately safeguarded and as effectively protected from arbitrary violation as are those of any citizen of any other country.

Throughout his book Mr. Roosevelt draws comparisons between the Dutch administration in Java and the American régime in the Philippines, mostly to the advantage of the former. In fact he seems to think, like Mr. William Howard Gardiner, the well-known Navy League publicist, that the Javan method of administering colonies might very well serve as a model for us in the Philippines. This attitude on the author's part would appear to disregard the fundamental difference between the American and European colonial outlooks.

Doubtless, as Mr. Roosevelt convincingly shows, we have permitted our altruism to run away with our better judgment at times, and this has led us into muddy waters, blind alleys, and political *culs de sac*, but we have played fair spiritually with our Malay wards, and our reward has been an abiding love and devotion in their hearts toward our people, in spite of whatever ingratitude and lack of affection or good will individual Filipino politicians may display toward us. The foundations of our relationship with the Filipino masses are sound. Any American who has lived and worked among these people can testify to that.

"Misguided altruism" is a happy characterization of America's colonial effort in the Philippines, and early in his book, on page 30 to be exact, Mr. Roosevelt unerringly lays his finger on the true source of this misdirection, namely a Washington bureau having much to do with the administration of Philippine affairs. Here was an opportunity to get at the real nub of our contemporaneous Philippine difficulties, but the author does not rise to it. At the start of the very next paragraph he declares that "nothing is to be gained . . . at this time in trying to apportion blame." Why not? Would it not seem as though the correct apportionment of blame for past mistakes would be very useful in avoiding future errors, particularly if the influences that caused these mistakes were still operative? To be sure, as Mr. Roosevelt points out, we need more consistency, more definiteness, more backbone in the carrying out of our Philippine obligations, but surely the question of where and how to apply these remedies is an important consideration.

Mr. Roosevelt takes up at length the economic phases of the Philippine problem, but his reference to the important tariff question seems rather unduly perfunctory and brief. He lays what appears to the present writer undue stress upon Mr. Gardiner's thesis of the all-importance of the Philippines as a source of tropical products for the United States. I think it can be readily shown that Latin-America is for us a far more important source of such raw materials and that Mr. Gardiner's notions in this connection are considerably out of focus and perspective. Aside from this controversial point, Mr. Roosevelt, gives a very good analysis of the economic resources and potentialities of the Archipelago. His suggestion for more extended agricultural experimental work is a good one.

The delicate question of Japanese interest in the Philippines is handled with commendable diplomacy and inoffensiveness. Mr. Roosevelt's presentation of the international problems involved in the Philippine independence question is a piece of excellent expository writing in which his talents as an editorial writer shine forth conspicuously.

Mr. Roosevelt's book comes out at a time when national interest in the Philippine question promises to become greater than at any time in the past twenty years, due largely to the Thompson report and General Wood's impending return to this country. However one may differ with the opinions expressed in it, it presents a very readable and honest outline of the many problems involved in the Philippine question and at the same time gives a vivid picture of the country, its people, and its resources. Written in a popular, vigorous style free from pedantry and abstruse discursiveness, it should prove of interest and value to the intelligent reading public. Certainly no clearer and more succinctly informative volume on a complex national and international question has appeared for a long time.