

great epics, Ramayana and Mahabharata. The Ragas and Raginis, personifications of melodies, may be reckoned among the most profound and beautiful creations of Indian painting.

What the Chinese express by means of the landscape, the Indians represent by means of human love. All its phases and registers are gone through, while this subject is never approached in Chinese painting.

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts possesses far the largest and most important collection of Rajput paintings, owing to the excellent keeper of its Indian and Mohammedan department, Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, the author of the present volume, which presents part V of the general "Catalogue of the Indian collections" in this Museum. We are already indebted to Dr. Coomaraswamy for two important works on this subject, the "Indian Drawings" and the "Rajput Painting." As these beautiful works are out of print and hardly obtainable, the present catalogue is all the more valuable, containing a short historical and systematic text, a descriptive catalogue with an extensive bibliography and nearly 300 reproductions of Rajput paintings, the most complete work on the subject ever illustrated.

It is superfluous to remark that this catalogue is the most learned work ever written on the subject, as Mr. Coomaraswamy is beyond any doubt its greatest living exponent. But every amateur of Eastern art, too, should secure this volume for his private library, as not only does it give rich and varied information about Indian art and culture, but its pictures are a constant source of joy.

The Struggle for Oil

THE OIL WAR. By ANTON MOHR. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1926. \$2.50.

Reviewed by REXFORD GUY TUGWELL
Columbia University

MR. ANTON MOHR being Norwegian—he is a lecturer at the University of Oslo—occupies an advantageous situation from which to survey the machinations of the statesmen and industrialists of the Great Powers in their struggle for oil. He makes it very clear that not only military (automobiles, tanks, aeroplanes) and naval (Diesel and electric powered war craft) strength is involved but industrial strength as well. It is a commonplace now that manufacturers and transport create national rating; and of the means of this kind of supremacy oil, next to coal, occupies, and will for a long time continue to occupy, the most important position. Most perspicaciously he traces the deviously concealed marches and counter-marches in the dramatic campaign of the Standard against the Royal-Dutch Shell, the Anglo-Persian, and others of the British group.

That it is a war, he leaves no doubt, nor is there any doubt as to why the strategy is subterranean. Americans would not willingly accept the personnel of the Standard Oil as their champions in an international contest—if they knew it; nor do the British feel more affection for the Shell group; the statesmen are thus precluded from gathering behind their negotiations any popular support and are forced to resort to means which, when viewed impartially, appear peculiarly offensive. Apparently they depend upon never being exposed, knowing, as they do, that the enemy is in no better position than themselves to gain from publicity.

Some Americans will, perhaps, feel a certain chagrin upon learning that in the post-war shakeup during which a recalcitrant public opinion kept us out of the mandate plum-pudding, a threat of Britain to shake a Republican Treasury's vulnerable fiscal policy removed the Chester concession from the realm of possibility, and a certain scandal involving oil occurred at home which made us touchy about the whole subject—that in this period lucky Britain was able somehow to increase her oil holdings from some 2 per cent to about 56 per cent of the world's available total supply. Our statesmen and industrialists, hampered as they were, have been badly out-manœuvred by the British. Like it or not, as you may, such seems to be the situation.

It is true that the United States still produces more than 70 per cent of the world's oil; but the evidence is only too final that in another five years we shall have so far exhausted our supplies that we shall thenceforth have to negotiate with the British for oil as we now do for rubber. Our

enormous production only brings the dreaded exhaustion closer. This may in part account for the deep respect with which our more serious press has received recently the usually neglected reports of such scientific meetings as that recently held at Pittsburg, when oil substitutes were being discussed. There was a day when oil was more important even than our ubiquitous crimes of violence. We are said to enjoy the feeling that we are first in size; we are said to be jealous of our independence. And certainly it hurt to meet the British price for rubber, at least it did if we may judge from Mr. Hoover's cries of rage. Perhaps some of us feel equally humiliated to know that soon we shall have also to go to Britain for oil. One might, of course, venture the suggestion that the key to the situation is not so much the tenderness of our pride as that of certain of our industrial balance sheets. It is also sometimes suggested that some slight and not too costly humiliation of this kind might in the end prove beneficial by establishing a more conciliatory and coöperative attitude in the world's general affairs, though to some it may seem at least as likely to engender a taste for reprisal of some sort.

Aside from these considerations, however, the whole question of imperialistic policy in the effort to control such resources is inevitably raised. It brings into sharp relief the industrial inconsequence of national boundaries; but it shows, too, how the dead hand of past political arrangements can lie with momentous consequence upon the throttle of progress. In whatever way official Anglo-American relations are affected by the struggle for oil, the most acute phase of which is now impending, some comfort can be had by remembering what common men are like. It does seem unthinkable, for instance, that they would acquiesce in the policy Mr. Mohr is certain our State department has pursued in Central and South America. It is difficult to say just what would be done about it if we were all of us aware of the consequences which have ensued there, but one cannot avoid thinking that something sudden and drastic would happen. Still, with most of us covering the miles we do in automobiles from day to day we need that oil which is being brought up from the lower latitudes. There is no doubt about that. But if Mr. Mohr is right about the secrecy of the various moves in the British-American struggle for oil we shall never be allowed to define the issue for ourselves in these clear economic terms. When the statesmen and financiers fumble we shall hear much of trumped-up affronts to citizens and dangers to property rights. We may even have to fight, some of us, to keep our automobiles running.

The great value of such a book as this of Mr. Mohr is that it coldly, almost sardonically, draws aside the curtain for a moment. In that moment we see great imponderable forces moving in and through our civilization completely outside our knowledge or control any one of which may suddenly precipitate a holocaust of human anguish. One who lays down a book so packed with dynamite and does not shudder at the prescience of disaster implied in its conclusions must be singularly lacking in imagination. He may even find himself wishing for that democratic control of industry and for those open industrial covenants which economists, some few of them, have argued for so passionately and with so little result. If it is true that the common Englishman and the common American could never be got to endure the bloody hideousness of war for the causes which here are seen dragging their heavy serpentine coils across the destiny of the race, it seems pure tragedy that the hideousness should be masked with a sort of ideal beauty when the issues come to them. One may even doubt whether they would be willing, knowingly, to exploit one another as, unknowingly, they are required to do. Seeing the forces moving as one does through such revelations as this one of Mr. Mohr, some comfort might be had from cursing the statesmen and financiers, who are at fault. But how to find them, how to allocate the blame! The more one searches, the more definitely it appears that we are up against a system, an institution, a way of doing, wanted by no one, moved by no one, but growing by cumulation, rooted in tradition and stretching across the whole modern world. No personality is big enough, no genius great enough, to understand and operate the system. Its servants are nearly as passive and understanding as the commonest man of us all. We shall triumph and suffer from its successes and its failures. But unless our forthright efforts are suddenly enlarged beyond all expectation we shall not control it.

Chinese Student Agitation

THE YOUTH MOVEMENT IN CHINA. By TSI C. WANG. New York: New Republic, Inc. 1927. \$1.

Reviewed by FELIX MORLEY

THE "old China hand," denouncing in his Treaty Port club the evil times which Chinese nationalism has brought for him, is apt to pigeon-hole the fomenters of his troubles in three classes: the Bolsheviks, the missionaries, and the students. It isn't an inaccurate division, if one is careful to replace the symbolic bogies of the befuddled foreign business man by the less tangible forces of social, spiritual, and intellectual discontent. There is a threefold unrest breaking the chrysalis of ancient China today, though in the student movement these ferments have a tendency to merge in one undisciplined whole.

One closes Dr. Wang's brief, but timely and dispassionate study, with a better realization both of the power and the chaotic nature of the Chinese "youth movement." We have chuckled at the constitution of a popular student society whose adherents "could not hold governmental offices . . . nor consort with prostitutes." We have admired the courage with which these same virtuous youths forced a corrupt Peking régime to repudiate the Japanese aggression in Shantung. And over and above all detail—rather too much of it—we have come to appreciate that the student agitation in China is symptomatic of a deep and many-sided revolution in national life, its objectives extending from the revival of Chinese literature and the abolition of illiteracy, to reevaluation of traditional social concepts and elimination of one-sided foreign privilege.



Although the author's material has been inadequately sifted, too much space being devoted to long lists of student associations, publications, etc., and not enough to close analysis of the intellectual ebullition, the scheme of the book is logically drawn. It passes from the story of Yung Wing, who just eighty years ago came to America as the first Chinese overseas student, through the gradual increase of those assimilating western ideas, to the part which their influence has played in various phases of the present upheaval. The disproportionate influence of the foreign-educated in all this is indicated by an analysis of the faculty of the National University of Peking, since its founding, a generation ago, a focal point of intellectual radicalism. Of the thirty-three members of the faculty in 1921, no less than twenty-eight had studied abroad.

With a young professor at that university the reviewer had a conversation, while in Peking about a year ago, which is quite apposite to the subject under discussion. An anti-Japanese demonstration was being worked up among the students, in which legitimate and unfounded charges against the Tokio government were mingled in about equal measure. In answer to a comment on certain obvious exaggerations this Harvard-educated teacher replied that China's greatest present need is patriotic fervor, and that the best way to stimulate patriotism is to inflame hostility against other countries.



The same emotional distortion, the same curious combination of penetrating logic and childish indifference to consequences, are visible here and there as Dr. Wang traces the rise of the Chinese student movement to its present potency. But before we criticize the occasional injustice approved by the student organizations let us dwell thoughtfully on the strength of the bonds of stultifying Chinese conventions, and the iron injuries of foreign treaty privileges which these Oriental lads have risen in fine fury to upset.

Perhaps the gravest defect in the book is its inclusion of a chapter on the German post-war student movement, with a forced parallel with that of China intended to be illuminating for western minds. For every superficial resemblance a fundamental difference could be cited. Dr. Wang's useful work would have had great reference value if in this and less important details he had endeavored to keep the treatise from being as inchoate as its subject matter. This, however, is a problem which other volumes in the interesting "New Republic" series have failed to solve.

Our Medieval Inheritance

THE LEGACY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Edited by C. G. CRUMP and E. F. JACOB. New York: Oxford University Press. 1926. \$3.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES H. HASKINS

Harvard University

THE Middle Ages, though often unperceived, lie all about us. America still has its cardinals and bishops and cathedrals, its juries and representative assemblies, its tags of law-Latin and law-French embedded in the tough matrix of the common law. Our universities still confer mediæval degrees in arts and law and medicine, still build Gothic laboratories and libraries and graduate colleges. Even so modern a newspaper as the *Chicago Tribune* is printed in a mediæval alphabet in a building modelled after a mediæval tower of Rouen cathedral, that "Butter Tower" which was made possible by the sale of indulgences to eat butter during Lent! The past is unescapable.

If the twentieth century, as the universal legatee of civilization, cannot escape from its mediæval inheritance, neither can this legacy be defined so simply as in the case of Greece and Rome. The Middle Ages are a long and confused period which cannot be condensed into a compact formula; and their continued but unequal influence today stands in the way of a detached judgment. The mediæval Church is still very much with us, and "an American fundamentalist is the spiritual descendant of St. Bernard." Yet the Middle Ages mean more at Rome than in Seattle, one thing to a chemist and something very different to an artist. In any case they mean much to an Englishman, whether approached from the angle of the House of Lords or from that of gild socialism; and any English attempt to evaluate the epoch inevitably will stress the continuity of law and institutions, even if the signature of Oxford and the Public Record Office be not on the title page.

If "The Legacy of the Middle Ages" is English in its general perspective, its contributors are chosen from a wider field. Nine of the seventeen are English, four French, and one American, while the remaining three are foreigners domiciled at Oxford, Messrs. Foligno and Lowe and that great cosmopolitan scholar, the late Sir Paul Vinogradoff. Whereas the political and constitutional chapters are by Englishmen, those on law—customary, canon, and Roman—are by Continental writers; and if architecture is fittingly assigned to the Surveyor of Westminster Abbey, Mr. Lethaby, sculpture and the decorative arts are treated by representatives of the Louvre. Only Miss Eileen Power could have written the delightful study of the actual position of women in an age when "the knight was the champion of God and the ladies" and the Church could not decide whether woman should be treated as Eve, the wife of Adam, or Mary, the mother of Christ.

Perhaps the most suggestive chapter is that in which Professor Powicke discusses the religious life of the period as a conflict between religion and authority, between organized Christianity and ubiquitous paganism. At once realistic and sympathetic, its quality can be seen from a few sentences:

The legacy of mediæval Christianity to later ages was the problem of authority. . . . The problem of authority did not arise from a conflict between the faith of an organized Christendom and the reason of men outside the Church. It was not due, though this would be nearer the truth, to a conflict between reason within and faith without the Church. It was the problem of controlling the interplay within the Church of faith and reason, of religious experience and theology. . . .

The two American contributions are excellent. In one the master hand of Dr. Lowe makes beautifully plain how the particular forms of minuscule letters now in use are not a direct inheritance from Rome, but rather a creation of the Middle Ages. In the other, that skilled investigator of English economic history, Professor Gras of Minnesota, describes the economic activity of mediæval towns as the parent of the modern economic order, whose beginnings he traces back to about 1300.

It would be easy to point out omissions, like music, over-emphasis here and inadequacy there, but, taken as a whole, the volume is well planned, meaty, and stimulating, and helps distinctly toward a better understanding of the epoch. If the authors have not captured the whole secret, if one can imagine a quite different book on the same theme, this is no disparagement of the editors and their collaborators but a proof of the vastness and the variety of the Middle Ages themselves.



A Geometry Notebook

THE notebook, bound in blue-green speckled boards, begins boldly enough. *Modern Geometry*, it says; *Preliminary Propositions*; and these first pages, written in a vigorous black ink precisely suggest the somewhat vacillating scholar who has determined to make a fresh start and do justice to the subject. The little diagrams are smartly drawn, and we feel that if he goes on like this none of the mysteries of triangles and circles will be hidden from this young geometer. "If from any point or no of points," he confides, "pairs of tangents be drawn to a circle: the chords of contact all pass through the same point." He proceeds to "Pascal's Hexagon" and "Brianchon's Theorem"; plunges into the charms of conic sections. "The parabola is symmetrical with respect to the axis," he remarks; but he was never a talented speller. Some pages have been torn out, but apparently he goes on with unabated zeal as far as Proposition X. There we find signs of wavering. Some trial rhymes are jotted in pencil at the top of the page. *Cram, flam, Abraham, whim-wham, tram, clam*—not a very promising assortment. There, at Proposition X, the muse overtakes him. The two chords intersecting in a parabola, and their ratios to other parallel chords, are rushed through to the hastiest Q. E. D. The student had been intersected by chords of a different sort. The pen and ink are abandoned; enters the pencil, the pencil that makes this notebook precious still:—

I like a pipe discreetly lit,
A bottle wreathed in cobwebries,
A random interchange of wit,
A café window whence one sees—

Then you turn back and look again at the cover of the notebook. You guess now the meaning of that clear circular impression. It is not just a geometrical figure. No, something hot and wet has rested there—a large glass of toddy, perhaps, such as might console an undergraduate in a snell climate, coming out from a lecture-room.

The muse having interrupted Euclid, has it all her own way for several pages. I copy down, exactly as they are pencilled on the pages, some extracts from these jottings. How divinely youthful they are!

With liberal hand, in life's bright morning hour,
God crowned my head with hopes and visions high.
Flower after flower I plucked them, flower by flower
Spoiled their bright leaves and, careless, threw them by.
Gone are these fair old dreams; gone, one by one,
As one by one the hope to attain them died. . . .

Whether these bright nosegays, plucked and then abandoned, were symbolic of the exercises in plane geometry, one knows not. But the young dreamer is assiduous enough at his own concerns:—

Such hopes alas! demand no slight
Or trivial exercise of might
My candle goes not out by night
And many a time
I work into the morning light
To find a rhyme.
I labor harder at my trade,
Line upon line discreetly laid
The *flum* travelling grade by grade
From verse to verse,
Than Adam labored with his spade
After the curse.

This pertinacity was not always rewarded, though. On the next page we find:—

My muse is out of voice tonight;
Her high notes do not sound
And begs

But after these false starts she clears her throat with a fine bravado:—

Here, learned sir's an exercise
To take to pieces and revise,
Come shake your beard and clear your eyes
And clean the table,
By God! my lines shall take the prize
If I am able.

This lively outburst, and some memoranda of projected short stories, evidently operated as a relieving catharsis, for the notebook now resumes the neglected mathematics. There are several pages, handsomely done, dealing with Arithmetical Means and Induction. "To find the sum of the squares of

the natural nos is neatly worked out, but then reappear the numbers that were even more natural to this young wayfarer. The next scribblings, apparently suggested by a before-sunrise ramble with a companion, include these lines:—

First to the Forward-looker sing
A paan—royally a King
And manfully a man;
Crafty and strong was he—he knew
How, buffeted and thwarted, grew
The sickly life of mankind thro'
God's plan.

There follows a cash account of a Class Dinner Club, of which our hero was treasurer. Then, as the middle pages of the book are still blank, we turn to the other end and go backward.

We start there with a page of what one suspects to be notes on philosophy lectures.

Ontological Utilitarianism,
eternal verity—Platonist

is the first entry, phrases of the kind particularly enchanting to youthful taste. I like also the following:—

6th sense (moral sense)
Moral sense-faculty tend to produce happiness
Benevolence criterion
Faculty-reason
Criterion—congruity between agent & actor

A seasoned philosopher could write quite a sizable essay based on those notations. Then we have a page of trigonometry formulae, carried over from the other end of the book, some more geometry problems, and extracts from codes of Roman law. But at this end of the book poetry has the best of it. There are rough drafts of a long poem in honor of Saint Valentine, very characteristic of all high-spirited rhymers at this age:—

With hopeful faces, now we sight
(A month or so in front) the sun
In the next springtime shining bright,
And know the year is rebegun.
So come & snap the castanettes
And gaily lead the dance adown
Away with reasons! . . .

Happy who are not gravely wise
But wear the motley next their skin
And shake their bells in grandam Grundy's eyes
Motley I count the only wear
That suits in this mixed world the truly wise,
The wise who smile upon despair. . . .

We do not now parade our 'oughts'
And 'shoulds' and motives and beliefs in God.
Within we hold the wake for hopes deceased;
But in the public streets, in wind or sun,
Keep open, at the annual feast,
The puppet-booth of fun.

Our puns, perhaps, are small to please
But even negro-songs and castanettes
Old jokes and hackneyed repartees
Are more than the parade of vain regrets.
Let Jaques stand Wertering by the wounded deer
We shall make merry, honest friends of mine,
At this unruly time of year,
The Feast of Valentine.

Priest, I am none of thine and see
In the perspective of still hopeful youth
That truth shall triumph over thee,
Truth to oneself—I know no other truth.
I see strange days for thee and thine, O priest,
And how your doctrines, fallen one by one,
Shall furnish, at the annual feast,
The puppet-booth of fun.

Even if you didn't know whose notebook this was, (in his twentieth year) there are two entries that identify it. There is the page where he draws up the scheme of a book of tales ("A Convenient Story-Book" he entitles it) in which there occur several titles that he actually used later on, and one that became one of his masterpieces. And in the list of members who had paid their five-shilling dues to the Class Dinner Club his own name is set down. There you will find it, at the bottom of the list—R. L. Stevenson.

I doubt if there is any more charming souvenir of that lean, brown-eyed, spindle-shanked undergraduate. How zealously he set about his geometry theorems, in ambitious black ink; how inevitably the tinkering pencil of the muse kept interrupting! The little notebook must have been dear to the Tusitala, or he wouldn't have kept it through so many years and wanderings. Some of the scribblings in it have been reprinted in the *New Poems* issued not long ago. As verse these rhymings are not important; what is much more so is to see that he really worked hard at his geometry. I am grateful to the generous Mr. Gabriel Wells, who now owns the notebook, for letting me study it.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.