

Books of Special Interest

H. Q.—S. O. S.

THE SERVICES OF SUPPLY. A Memoir of the Great War. By GENERAL JOHN-SON HAGOOD. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1927.

Reviewed by T. H. THOMAS

ARRIVING in France in the autumn of 1917 as Colonel of a regiment of railway artillery, the author was shortly afterwards informed by his Commanding Officer that he had been appointed to command the Advance Section of the Lines of Communications.

"I asked him what that was. He said he did not know." The thing, in fact, did not exist. A French Staff Captain, "in simple language," obligingly explained what it ought to be; and in the effort to bring it about, Colonel Hagood presently found himself Chief of Staff of the whole Lines of Communications organization. This too was hardly in existence, so that it was a case of out of the frying pan into the fire; but the author was set to work busily keeping the fire going, and forging into shape what later became known as the S. O. S.

General Kernan set me to work to get a General Staff started and to build up an organization to meet the needs of the future, while he himself took charge of the immediate situation and tried to get some satisfactory solution to the many big problems bearing down upon us. This arrangement continued to the date of the Armistice. Both under General Kernan and later under General Harbord, I gave little of my time to the actual operation of the S.O.S. My whole effort was given to building up the machine, keeping it in running order, and making preparations for its future development.

This line of demarcation between the duties of Commander-in-Chief and Chief of Staff is not usual and not altogether easy to grasp. As a result of it, the present book does not deal with the work of the S. O. S. but rather with controversies over plans of organization, and with the many conflicts between Tours and Chaumont over questions

of policy, methods, and spheres of authority. Even these are touched on in a curiously guarded fashion: after many pages the heart of the matter remains hidden,—and to fulfil the purpose of a "constructive study for future guidance," a good deal would have to be added. Possibly by another hand.

The troubles of the S. O. S. (like those of Ludendorff) came to a head in July, 1918,—largely, apparently, in connection with the efforts of General Hagood and others to "militarize" the Transportation Department. This was under the charge of General Atterbury and other distinguished railroad men from civil life, men of wide experience in the management of American railways but mere tyros in the fine points of Army procedure. "General Pershing . . . said it was natural that the big railroad men in the Transportation Department should be unwilling to give up their own methods and take those of the Army which they did not understand, but that sooner or later they would have to do so." The author's solution was much simpler: in his opinion, ". . . if we could ever get the people of the Transportation Department to consider that they were Army officers instead of transportation men dressed up in costume, nine-tenths of our trouble would be over."

As a first step in militarization, the Department was put under a "Service of Utilities" created for the purpose and directed by Regular Army officers. The author explains that this filled "a useful purpose as a buffer between the Transportation Department and the military." The buffer proved so effective that after some months of it General Atterbury offered to resign. General Pershing then scrapped the buffer; but put in place of it a Regular Cavalry officer as "military adviser" to Atterbury. The author recorded with satisfaction in his diary: "General Atterbury is away from Tours about half the time, and when he is away General Walsh will run the Transportation Department." The war would now be won;—but a hiatus of twenty pages in the text disguises from the reader what

actually happened. The author's interpretation of it is even more striking.

At 7.30 a. m. some ten days later, an aide strode into his room with the news that General Pershing would arrive in half an hour.

He also told me that orders had been received from Washington relieving General Kernan from duty with the S.O.S. and sending him to Switzerland. . . . This was certainly a great shock, as General Kernan had rendered most distinguished service in organizing the S.O.S. and it was impossible to understand why he had been replaced. We were told that it was by special selection of the War Department on account of his legal knowledge. We assumed that it must be some very important mission—perhaps preliminary negotiations for peace.

The textual hiatus that masks this dénouement is even better reading. The author here sets apart a chapter to his efforts to do away with the pernicious system of promotion by selection, on the basis of proven capacity. In place of it he urged promotion *en bloc*: under existing conditions "there is no need of holding back in recommending officers until they have done something which warrants a promotion. . . . We might as well stare the question in the face and push forward every man who does not show absolute incompetence. . . ." Word came to Tours that in the U. S. an army of 5,000,000 men was under discussion. General Hagood sat down and drew up "a little table" of the vision that opened. There would be necessary 2,000 Generals, 8,000 Colonels, 10,000 Majors. The brain reels,—but the author pursues his triumphant calculations:

"(c) For an army of 5,000,000 men, all the Colonels, Lieutenant-Colonels, Majors, and 500 senior Captains of May 20th would be Generals, and no officer in the Regular Army of that date would have a grade less than that of Colonel."

*Bliss were it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!*

Science of Geology

THE EARTH AND ITS RHYTHMS. By CHARLES SCHUCHERT and CLARE M. LEVENE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1927. \$4.

Reviewed by CHARLES P. BERKEY
Columbia University

THIS is a book which the layman in the science of geology will welcome. It is avowedly written for him, as witness the opening sentence in the preface which reads: "In the present age, when scientific knowledge is no longer the privilege of the few but spreading in ever widening circles into the ken of the man in the street, geology, the one science that weaves all the others together into a comprehensive whole, seems not to have received the attention it abundantly deserves."

There are 385 pages of exceedingly readable text, and an excellent index. Geologic terms are explained as they are introduced into the text. There are thirty-one chapters, arranged in a logical order which begins with "Air, Water, and Sunshine," and then takes up the earth's crust, rain, rivers, valleys, swamps, glaciers, deserts, plains, seas, the changing face of the earth and resultant effects such as volcanoes and hot springs, and concludes with the history of the earth through the Ice Age to the Coming of Man.

The book is profusely illustrated, the majority of the photographs showing scenes in North America. Some are of very recent geologic events, such as the view, on page 193, showing the lava creeping down the slope of Mauna Loa, Hawaii, taken by the U. S. Army Air Service, April 18, 1926. The diagrams preserve a simplicity which adds immensely to their effectiveness. Each chapter head has a sketch or a photograph which serves as a key picture, and many of them are accompanied by appropriate quotations.

Professor Schuchert's recognized standing in the world of geological science is guarantee of the soundness of the views expressed and the reliability of the geology expounded. Although the book is professedly for the "man of the street," the authors do not belittle his intelligence by "talking down to him." Rather do they explain the intricacies of the science so that an intelligent man may understand and be stimulated by contact with the science of geology, introduced by the hand of a master.

The book is printed on strong, unglazed paper, in very black, simple, and easily readable type which will delight the reader and rest the eye.

Chinese Painting

By JOHN C. FERGUSON

Beginning with the earliest records of China, Mr. Ferguson has written the his-

tory of painting in that country to the eighteenth century. With a full appreciation of the Chinese point of view, he

interprets for a modern, occidental world the paintings of an ancient, oriental civilization.

Beautifully illustrated with fifty-nine plates in colotype the book faithfully represents an art that is sometimes strange to western eyes, but always exotic and alluring.

\$12.50

THE UNIVERSITY
OF CHICAGO PRESS

GALLANT LADIES

By
Cameron Rogers

Author of "The Magnificent Idler," etc.



What Women
They Were!

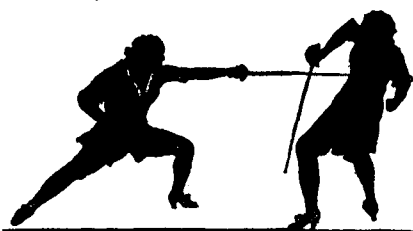
MATA HARI
MARY READ and
ANNE BONNEY
THE IRRESISTIBLE
MONTEZ
BELLE STAR
HER FROLIC GRACE
OF KINGSTON
LA MAUPIN
THE LAST VALOIS
ADRIENNE
LECOUVREUR
THE QUEEN OF
CABALS
CALAMITY JANE

HARCOURT, BRACE
AND COMPANY
NEW YORK

CAMERON ROGERS has given flesh and blood to the vivacious shadows of ten gallant and adventurous women, whose stirring days he recounts with fidelity and a modern sophistication. These women ventured on the seas, the battlefield and on the American plains; they plotted in salons; upset the sobriety of kingdoms; and loaned their beauty and wit to the designs of international intrigue.

Just ready.

Illustrated, \$3.50



Prunes and Prism

By CHARLES HALL GRANDGENT

Genial observation of life, an inexhaustible fund of good stories, and a mellowed style long ago put Mr. Grandgent in the tradition of the great English essayists. That he talks, in this volume, of cruising in 1924, of myths, of windows, of infinity, or batrachio-erptomachia, is quite immaterial; for the reader quickly surrenders to his merry twinkle and is eager to hear him on any topic. Everyone who takes delight in the comparatively neglected art of the essayist will find this book a sunny road to the countries of the mind.

\$2.50

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
2 RANDALL HALL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

H. N. Brailsford

The outstanding journalist of the Labor movement in England whose book, "The League of Nations," was the first to set out a plan for world unity in detailed literary form, brings his study of post war Europe down to present day in

Olives of Endless Age

Being a Study of This Distracted World and Its Need of Unity Brailsford shows the results of Versailles, Geneva and Locarno in effecting world peace, and the parts played by finance and industry, the labor movements, Bolshevism and Fascism, modern imperialism and American banking, in the search for an economic solution to world problems.

\$3.50

Harper & Brothers New York

A Letter from France

By ABEL CHEVALLEY

OF the four prizes awarded every year to novels and novelists, three (Goncourt, Femina, Renaudot) are bestowed in December. Two went, this year, to provincial studies, one to an exotic romance. Nothing is less strictly Parisian nowadays than Parisian literature. We have become decentralized, cosmopolitan, and enjoy it.

Maurice Bedel, laureate of the Prix Goncourt, has written a very amusing and misleading book about Norwegian or rather Nordic minds, morals, and manners. (*Jérôme*, 60° latitude Nord. N. R. F.) "*Jérôme*" might have been left unwritten and uncrowned without serious damage. But it combines in a subtle manner the peculiar mannerisms of the post-war generation (Giraudoux, Morand, Mac-Orlan); it may become a landmark for future historians of literary fashions and, as such is not unworthy of the transitory fame conferred by Prix Goncourt. "*Maïtena*," by Robert Nabonne (Crès & Co.), unfolds its tale in the Basque country, Western Pyrenees, already illustrated by Loti, Rostand, Francis Jammes. It obtained the Renaudot prize, a purely honorific distinction granted by a committee of literary reporters. "*Grand Louis l'Innocent*," by Marie Le Franc (Rieder), takes us to the weather-bitten shores of Morbihan, in Brittany. It was awarded the Femina prize. Lucienne Fabre or Suzanne Normand might have won if Marie Le Franc, an epic poet of the truest type, disguised as a novelist, had not, through sheer vitality, conquered the majority. She is the daughter of a coast guard, became a schoolmistress in Morbihan, emigrated to Canada, and is still teaching. Jean-Richard Bloch has "discovered" her. Let them both be congratulated. But, if you have read Victor Hugo's prose novels, do not expect the unexpected from Marie Le Franc's style and story.

If I had the doubtful privilege of being a literary "juryman" I would have voted, this year, for Julien Green. He is an American, brought up in France, and writes in French. He may have the "Grand Prix du Roman" from the French Academy. But he needs no prize to be recognized by connoisseurs as perhaps the most promising novelist of our time. His first two books, "*Mont-Cinère*" and "*Adrienne Mesurat*," should be read by whoever studies novel writing for its own sake.

The above notes on prize-winners are rather sketchy. But the object of my letters is not to advertise books already well advertised. I prefer exploration to pilgrimages. If you are of the same mind, read the volumes published by the small Librairie Sans Pareil, especially Courtois Suffit's "*La Tête, Ma Prison*." And, if you are oppressed by some of the most pressing problems of our time, let me call your attention to "*Les Soirées de Saverne*," by Jean de Pange (V. Attinger, Paris and Neufchâtel). Lord Nevil (Lord Robert Cecil), his sister Corinne, a Canadian: Le Clerc, professor at Oxford, a young Alsatian; Selbst, and the author himself, are spending a week end *chez les de Pange*, at Saverne, in Elsass, and discuss their aspirations. The first evening is devoted to the Alsatian problem, which combines the questions of double culture, ethical minorities, and Franco-German relations. The second "*Soirée*" contains a candid and searching discussion of Nationalism, and the third is concerned with the formation of those trans-national leaders of men who are wanted, all the world over, to save us from further catastrophes. Nothing can exceed the intellectual wealth and thoughtful simplicity of that comparatively unadvertised little book. But let us return to "pure" literature.

There, again, trans-nationalism awaits us. Panaït Istrati, a Rumanian writing in French, who has recently won a high place among novelists, publishes "*Mikhail*" (Rieder) and I have received from the same firm the translation of a modern Japanese novel, "*La Porte*," by Natsume Sukki. But, in France as elsewhere, history displaces fiction.

In his recent "*Aspects of the Novel*," E. M. Forster claims for the novel a right to sub-reality. "If a character in a novel is exactly like Queen Victoria—not rather like, but exactly like—then it actually is Queen Victoria, and the novel, or all of it that the character touches, becomes a memoir." Call it Memoir or Novel, such a book would be a great success. For all their boasts of introspection most of our novelists (and readers) are inveterate realists, that is, translators into facts, or fibs, of whatever they are pleased to call: hidden

life. "The hidden life is by definition hidden," says Mr. Forster.

The hidden life that appears in external signs is hidden no longer, has entered the realm of action. And it is the function of the novelist to reveal the hidden life at its sources: to tell us more about Queen Victoria than could be known, and thus produce a character who is not the Queen Victoria of history.

And he quotes in support of his opinion an "interesting and sensitive French critic" who signs "Alain" and has written "*Système des Beaux Arts*" (N. R. F.).

Great is "Alain" and Forster his prophet. But, if the novelist's business is to produce characters unlike reality, then his function is becoming progressively usurped by biographers.

Three great "Shops" have been, for the last three or four years, turning out "Lives" at the rate of a score a year. Flammarion's "*Vies Amoureuses*" are, I am afraid, read for the sake of the "story" rather than the "moral." Even Harriet Martineau, when advised by the Lady-in-Waiting that Princess (not yet Queen) Victoria was enjoying her stiff-starched "*Tales*" in support of laissez-faire economy—even Harriet hastened to express, in her own sweet way, the hope that the doctrine, not the romance, was being enjoyed. Princess Lucien Murat, who has written for Flammarion the "*Life of the Great Catherine*" might, with more reason, give expression to the same pious hope, if only there were any doctrine at the back of that liveliest of all Empresses' lives. But, as Shaw showed, if you will excuse a miserable foreigner's alliteration, the Great Catherine was the exalted champion of quite another sort of laissez-faire from Harriet Martineau's and I can recommend her "*Life*" by Princess Lucien Murat only to those who are able to read it neither for "moral" nor "story" but with a purely artistic detachment. To such as those it will be a source of delight.

Plon's collection of buff-colored biographies is published under the title "*Le Roman des Grandes Existences*." Among the best are "*Robespierre*," by Henri Béraud, "*Baudelaire*," by François Porché, and "*Prince de Ligne*," by L. Dumont Wilden. Since it is often deplored that Europe remains disunited, the *Life of Charles Joseph de Ligne*, who was the last of the great pre-Revolution Europeans, should be read with interest. Not once, but two or three times since the Romans, was Europe "united" under a common civilization such as Charles-Joseph de Ligne, at the same time Austrian and French, Prussian, and Russian, personified and represented at the end of the eighteenth century. Every time the unification of intellectual Europe, achieved at the top, was broken from under, through the "will of the people." Prince de Ligne died in 1815, just before the Era of Nationalities. Alfred de Vigny was then a lieutenant in Louis XVIII's army. His biography by Paul Brach is faithful and quietly arresting.

Gallinard's light green "*Vies des Hommes Illustres*" are lighter, greener, that is perhaps more readable but less substantial, than Plon's "*Grandes Existences*." The window-dressers seem more skilful in the first-named "shop." In Maurois's "*Disraeli*," otherwise clever and excellent, I sometimes see too much of the window and miss the inside. "*Montaigne*," by Jean Prévost, and "*Montaigne*," by Lamandé, illustrate the two methods applied to the same subject. "*Henri IV*," by Pierre de Lanux, and "*Cyrano de Bergerac*," by R. L. Lefèvre, are quite satisfactory, as far as they go. The pearl of that Gallinard Collection is, I think, Paul Hazard's "*Stendhal*." Stendhal deserved a good biography and has found an excellent biographer. So excellent that Paul Hazard's book, though written for a larger public, bids fair to become a school classic.

It would be unfair not to mention here M. Magne's works on Madame de Lafayette, La Rochefoucauld, Tallement des Réaux (Emile-Paul), and other less known but not less interesting people of the seventeenth century. His biographies are strictly historical, severely unromanced. In every one of them he breaks fresh ground and unearths new facts. He reconciles me with the Art of Biography.

Thomas Hardy has been buried in Westminster Abbey, the first poet to be buried there since Tennyson. It is said that Mrs. Hardy has consented with reluctance to the honor since it was the expressed wish of her husband that he lie in Dorset, and since burial in the Abbey necessitates cremation, of which he did not approve. His heart, however, is to be buried in his native place.



SELF PORTRAIT

[JUST PUBLISHED]

AUBREY BEARDSLEY

THE CLOWN, THE PIERROT
THE HARLEQUIN OF HIS AGE
A BIOGRAPHY

by HALDANE MACFALL

THERE are many legends about Beardsley: his sudden and prodigious success in London in the 90's, his erratic nocturnal habits of work, his decadent tastes in eroticism, his share in Oscar Wilde's downfall.

Some of these legends MacFall dissipates, some he authenticates. MacFall knew Beardsley well. Furthermore, he is the foremost art critic of England. Also he is author of *WOINGS OF JEZEBEL PETTYFER* and *THE THREE STUDENTS*.

The book, designed by Robert S. Josephy, is printed on a dead white paper, in Bodoni type, is bound in black buckram, and contains 54 full page Beardsley illustrations.

PRICE \$6.00

There is also available an edition of 300 copies, printed on larger paper, and signed by Haldane MacFall. Copies of this edition are \$12.00.

SIMON AND SCHUSTER, INC.
37 West 57th Street New York



By Elise Pumpelly Cabot

Author of "Arizona, and other Poems"

BALLOON MOON

Illustrated
with pictures
by
DOROTHY
LATHROP



Delightful verse,
whimsical and fanciful
for children.
\$2.00 at bookstores

HENRY HOLT & CO.
NEW YORK



JULIE DE LESPINASSE

By Marquis de Ségur

Biographies of French women who had salons in the eighteenth century are always fascinating and full of lure. Julie de Lespinasse had much charm and a tantalizing attraction for men. This is the story of her love affairs, reckless, generous and indiscreet.

\$5.00

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York

QUEEN OF CLUBS

Hulbert Footner's rapid-fire drama of New York's night life—mystery, romance, action!

Doubleday, Doran
\$2.00

