

gatherings,—that the day of pondered phrase and writing as an individual art shall be no more,—that the 'People' are more important than literature,—as if good writing had ever been anything but the distinguished expression of individuals, leading, teaching, refining the masses. But no! Our age will not stop even for a single evening to contemplate what is to me so important a thing as the melodiously artful presentation of ageless aptness by a poet of the past—"

"Getting alliterative, aren't you! He being one of your giants in the cloud, I suppose," mocked my modern self. "Why, old Campion was distinctly minor anyway. Why waste your time—"

"And why in the name of Demogorgon," my elder self shouted at him, by this time losing his temper completely, "take any interest in any particular flower in a garden or in any particular sunset at any hour or in any particular—"

"Woman," supplied my modern self. "Old Campion did that, I admit; seems to me, in a good many. That's all right; but he doesn't talk in terms—"

"In terms of what," my elder self vociferated, "in terms of Ford cars, of best-sellers, of strikes and lockouts, of jazz and modern Russia, of 'Big Bill' Thompson and ticker-tape, of comic-strips and boot-legging, of real-estate developments and the Marines in Nicaragua? Do you never get tired of the topical,—do you never weary of the bloated importance of the present,—do you never—"

"I think you're an introvert. Yep. That's what you are," pronounced my modern self, shrugging himself into his overcoat, "Me, I'm an extrovert. I'm off to The Wow Club. Boy, that band! So long!"

My elder self, once more alone, sighed deeply, relapsed into an easy chair, softly to himself began to read

Turn all thy thoughts to eyes,
Turn all thy hairs to ears,
Change all thy friends to spies,
And all thy joys to fears:
True love will yet be free,
In spite of jealousy.

"And I certainly hope the place is pinched," he thought in venomous parenthesis.

(To be continued in a fortnight)

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

Unmarried Mothers

VENTURE'S END. By KARIN MICHAELIS. Translated by GRACE ISABEL COLBRON. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1927. \$2.

IT IS BETTER TO TELL. By KATHLEEN COYLE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1927. \$2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

TWO books of a feather have flocked together to America this winter. One from Denmark, one from England, they reach us the same season with plots almost identical. There are plenty of plots only too familiar around which ten novels might be written without causing comment, but the plot of "Venture's End" and of "It Is Better to Tell" does not come under this head. Both stories have as heroines women who have preferred other benefits to those of clergy; women of courage, intelligence, and charm, who have been eminently successful in their maternity, and who are now, at middle-age, faced by a clear-eyed second generation questioning its origin. Where Floyd Dell's latest hero became a father accidentally and remained one unwillingly, the heroines of Karin Michaelis and Kathleen Coyle become unmarried mothers purposely and remain so by preference. These two women are as far from resembling the wild women of current fiction as they are from resembling the ruined ladies of an earlier day; sex dominates neither of them. The passion which destroys Meta Trapp knows nothing of men, and the final respectability thrust upon Lydia Scarfa offers no love.

Karin Michaelis should be remembered as the Danish author who wrote "The Dangerous Age." The form of her present novel, "Venture's End," is ingenious in its handling of the time element. The heroine is introduced quietly enough in an unusually happy home with three attractive daughters; gradually the reader becomes aware that one of the daughters was born out of wedlock, then that all three were, and finally that they are daughters of three different fathers. By the time this knowledge is gained one is already conscious that the mother, Meta Trapp, is not of the promiscuous type, that casual love affairs could never have at-

tracted her. Very cleverly, at the full realization of the apparent discrepancy, the story swings back to Meta's childhood and the emotional environment out of which sprang the psychological necessity for her attitude towards life and love. The light charm of the opening chapters is surcharged with a sense of coming change, the author never lets a clue slip until she is quite ready, with the result that there is something of the tautness of a mystery story throughout the book. Incidents in the plot may be unconvincing in themselves, the story undoubtedly wavers toward the end, but Meta Trapp, demanding unswervingly of life every right she considers her due, even that last bitter right of punishment, and her three daughters, unconsciously but inevitably swerving from the mother axis, are people to be remembered. "Venture's End" is likely to send us back to read or reread "The Dangerous Age."

Kathleen Coyle in "It Is Better to Tell" has very probably more nearly achieved her purpose than has Karin Michaelis, but it is a much less subtle purpose, concerned for the most part with the surface of life and events rather than with subterranean psychic currents. Her heroine, Lydia Scarfa, living in Antwerp, is the mother of a grown son and daughter who are members of the youthful Belgian intelligentsia and have been active in arranging for lectures by visiting artists. The story opens with the coming of a dramatist whom they particularly admire. The fact that he travels with a colored mistress closes the usual Antwerpian doors upon him during his stay. Lydia, knowing that he is the father of her two children, permits them to invite him to her home. The ensuing complications and temperamental differences hurry the story along a colorful path to a rather drab though highly probable conclusion. Without betraying the pattern of her story Kathleen Coyle succeeds in creating a carnival-like atmosphere in which the characters move in a succession of brilliant high-lights whatever the seriousness of the occasion.

Man and His Environment

(Continued from page 545)

Homo sapiens embattled against the powers of the air, the earth, and the sea, that conflict which brought about the rise of man from barbarism to order, which gave him his culture, science, and art, and which in reaction brought about new races, a greater epic than the description of the slaughter-fest of Troy?

Huntington is not Homer, nevertheless he writes a fascinating book on how each group of mankind is chained like Prometheus to a definite set of rocks and how these fetters limit his activities. We come to realize why the inhabitants of the earth, from the icy wastes of the Arctic to the hot sands of the Desert, have taken on the habits and customs which they exhibit. Their conduct is directed along definite lines by the climate and soil characteristic of their specific habitat, by the minerals, the animals, and the plants which they have at hand, and by the intelligence they display in dealing with their problems. Moreover, the changes which man has made to ease his chains are hardly greater than the changes which the struggle reflects on man himself. "The process of selection," says the author, "is the key to a large part of the science of geography."

Of course we know without being told that the various subdivisions of our race adapted themselves to the conditions with which they came in contact. If they had not, we, their descendants, would not be here. What we need to hear is what the adaptations are and why they are necessary. Huntington takes us on a personally conducted tour and explains these points.

In the Kalihari Desert of Africa, we see how the Bushmen have responded to the full forces of the desert's might, how the Ba-Kalahari have adjusted their customs to the desert borderlands with a combination of primitive agriculture and husbandry, and how the Hottentots—with a little more intelligence, under slightly better conditions—have solved their problems in a somewhat different manner. In North America, we see what the indigenous inhabitants had to contend with in their struggle. We see why the leadership of the world lies with Europe and North America, and why there is no great prospect of change in this respect. We see why civilization flows slowly in the Arctic, with the sluggishness, though not the grandeur, of one of its own glaciers. We see the whole history of China and Japan interpreted as the saga of the rice

field. We even get a new insight into the history of our own country.

The exposition of these matters is simple and direct, with a wealth of anecdote to make the subject clear. One marvels at the erudition which Dr. Huntington displays. He seems equally at home in geology, anthropology, meteorology, agriculture, economics, and biology. Few writers can cover so much ground with so little stumbling. For these reasons, it is difficult to say what part of the book makes the best showing. Perhaps the chapters on the tropics are the most stimulating. Certainly the tropics are visualized less accurately than any other part of the world by the average American.

Even writers who ought to know better, develop a wholly unjustifiable enthusiasm over the potentialities of equatorial lands. Casting uncritical eyes over the recent developments in Java, they forthwith picture Central Africa and Brazil as store-houses of wealth to be opened by a simple conjuration like "Open Sesame." But Java has special advantages—a good soil, well watered and well drained, an intelligent set of inhabitants adapted to tropical conditions, a reasonably decent climate in spite of its heat. And Java supports its thirty millions because they live on vegetables and get along without woolen clothes, protective houses, automobiles, radios, and other necessities and luxuries of civilization.

When the imperative needs of animal existence are satisfied, the Javanese feels that the satisfaction of other desires does not justify the extra work which they demand. "When such a spirit becomes common, as happens almost universally in regions that are hot and damp, the march of progress is bound to be slow."

Where the standards of living thus become petrified at a low level, the density of population is bound to be great if a large supply of food is easily obtainable. It is simply a case of mathematics. So much land is available, so much food can be raised per acre, and so much is needed per person. The population is bound to increase until these three conditions balance each other. In a rice region, each family, let us say, needs only half as much food as in a certain more active region; each acre supplies six times as much food as in the active region; and each family is content with no more goods than can be bought if it raises one-fifth more food than it consumes. The man in the active region can raise only one-sixth as much per acre, the average member of his family consumes twice as much food, and the other needs which he considers imperative demand that he raise surplus crops amounting to twice as much as he and his family eat. In the one case the land will support thirty times as many people as in the other, and the contrast will be like that between Java and Iowa.

Incentives to progress are about the same in Central Africa and Brazil. The difficulties of effecting progressive changes are enormously greater. The soil is generally impoverished and water-logged. Natural vegetation grows so rank that hacking it away is as hopeless a job as decapitating the Hydra; cultivated crops grow less vigorously. Diseases stalk about. It is the happy home of bacteria. Storage is almost impossible. Transportation is costly. Labor is inefficient.

When one reads Huntington, he begins to think that those who take the contract of conquering the continental tropics will wish to exchange places with Hercules for a period of rest and relaxation. Moreover, it is a question whether the game is worth the candle. Says the author:

We hear so much about tropical products and tropical trade that we often greatly exaggerate their importance. How many truly tropical products are really important and how great is our trade in them? To begin with the genuine food products, sugar is far and away the leader—the most important of all tropical products whether foods or raw materials. The United States imports close to four hundred million dollars' worth of it—the largest of all our imports. Coconuts in various forms, including copra, palm oil, and the shredded meat, come next among tropical foods, but are worth only forty or fifty million; then come bananas, worth scarcely half as much. All the other tropical foods such as pineapples, Brazil nuts, tapioca, rice, and chicle for chewing gum are only worth about half as much as the bananas.

But the temptation to quote is too strong. I must desist. One should read the book. It will repay study. There are facts galore. There are hypotheses. There are speculations. There are even mysteries. For example, the Mayas developed a high civilization in a poor climate; the Indians developed no civilization in a good climate. Why? Again, "in some far future," says the author, "irrigation may enable the twelve million or more square miles where the climate is too dry for agriculture to support enough people to double the world's population." I am sure that Dr. Elwood Mead, our most distinguished irrigation engineer, will appreciate this little mystery. The problem is: find the water.

The BOWLING GREEN

Seventeenth Century Lyrics

THERE ought to be a happy flutter among seventeenth-century kinsprits when they come upon Norman Ault's fine anthology, "Seventeenth Century Lyrics," published by Longmans, Green and Co. (\$3.50). If I were the publisher's publicity man I should flit eagerly into the offices of the daily gazettes with tidings about this book, for to the world that cares for poetry it is News indeed. It is a shining example of the fun that can be had in the travail of scholarship.

One might have thought that the field of English verse in that singing century had been fairly well culled. Yet mark you: here is a volume of some 500 pages of which nearly one-third consists of poems never reprinted since the seventeenth century; and which contains 33 poems *never printed before anywhere*—including the discovery of at least one poet of high quality (Thomas Beaumont) hitherto quite unknown. Mr. Ault prints five love-songs, also unknown before, by the Duke of Newcastle, and has done notable work in restoring to their true authors some well-known pieces that have been wrongly assigned. We have to take away from our old friend Sir John Suckling, for example, the famous "When, dearest, I but think on thee." It was written by Felltham. It is pleasing to learn that Bishop Morley (the one Pepys described as such a dull preacher) now is awarded the authorship of the very pretty Epitaph on Mistress Mary Prideaux:

. . . . and how'er
Her long sleep may alter her,
Her soul will know her body straight,
'Twas made so fit for't, no deceit
Can suit another to it, none
Clothe it so neatly as its own.

If I were to tell you plainly what fun the zealot of lyrics can have in this palace of pleasures, you would think I exaggerate. For even to the amateur of such matters there is much here that is entirely new. The seventeenth century was a time when men wrote like this:

So have I seen a silver swan,
As in a watery looking-glass,
Viewing her whiter form, and then
Courtling herself with lovely grace:
As now she doth herself admire,
Being at once the fuel and the fire—

and we do not even know the name of the author of so adorable a trifle. Think then of finding in clear print some thirty delicious songs that have lain these three hundred years in yellowing paper. The woman's reply to man's madrigals—the Answering Voice as some felicitous anthologist called it—comes too rarely to our ears from that old time. Here is one, written before 1649 but never printed, which Mr. Ault gives us:

ON A ROSEBUD SENT TO HER LOVER

The tender bud within herself doth close
With secret sweetness till it prove a rose;
And then as fit for profit as for pleasure
Yields sweet content to him that gains the treasure:
So she that sent this, yet a bud unblown,
In time may prove a rose, and be your own.

There is a curious charm in these nameless voices that come to us from the vaults of the British Museum or the sweet musty air of Bodleian. Who will write us the poem—which ought to be written on these unknown poets of the Seventeenth Century now coming into print for the first time? Here is one of their pretty grievances—

Long annoys and short contentings,
Short rewards for long tormentings,
Vain desires and hopes deceiving,
Death that lives yet life bereaving,
Feigned smiles and tears unfeigned—
So lives he that's with love pained.

Count the flowers the meadows staining,
Count the bubbles in the raining,
Number all the stars adorning
Night, and dew-drops of the morning—
More by thousands are the cumber
Nightly breaks poor lovers' slumber.

Of the Thomas Beaumont whom Mr. Ault has discovered we know nothing but that he was writing about 1640-50. You can savor his quality from his graceful inscription for a gift-book:

TO HIS MISTRESS, SENDING HER THE ARCADIA

Go, happy book, and let my Candia see
In thee the emblem of herself and me.
When she surveys thy story (thou shalt stand
Charmed in the whiter circle of her hand,
Rocked on the ivory cradle of her knee,
Her bright love-ruling stars bent over thee)
A Delphic fury in thy leaves shall swell
And all thy fictions turn to oracle.
For where thy quainter language draws each line
Of Beauty's map, and by a skill divine
Upon it does each native grace confer,
They will appear descriptions of her.
And where thy amorous passions best discover
The rocky firmness of a constant lover,
They lively show those purer flames that rest
Still burning on the altar in my breast.
So thou'rt her glass where she herself may see,
And in true lovers' parts remember me.

Candia, one feels sure, could not resist the appeal in another of Tom Beaumont's canzoni—

. . . oh let not then within
Your beauty's white inn lodged be
So black a guest as cruelty.

The "cruelty" of seventeenth century ladies is a familiar indignation of their versifiers; it is agreeable then to find Henry Bold (1627-83) exclaiming, in "Phyllis, forbear a while."

I love a coming lady, faith! I do;
But now and then I'd have her scornful too.
O'ercloud those eyes of thine, bo-peep thy features;
Warm with an April shine, scorch not thy creatures:
Still to display thy ware, still to be fooling,
Argues how rude you are in Cupid's schooling. . . .
Be kind and coy by turns, be calm and rough,
And buckle now and then, and that's enough.

Which reminds me, quite inapropos, that I'll warrant you've forgotten who it was who first put the phrase the Girl-Friend, in its modern connotation, into current literature. It was Joseph Conrad, fifteen years ago. See chapter two of "Chance."

Perhaps, in some of these seventeenth century verses about the Girl-Friend, there were prudent reasons for anonymity. But how this delightful one must have prospered from lip to lip—

Sabina has a thousand charms
To captivate my heart;
Her lovely eyes are Cupid's arms,
And every look a dart:
But when the beauteous idiot speaks,
She cures me of my pain;
Her tongue the servile fetter breaks
And frees her slave again.

Not till you hold in your hand Mr. Ault's compact, beautifully printed, and well arranged book can you possibly gauge the rich delight he has gathered for us. Scholars will pay tribute to the contribution his appended notes make to the difficult bibliography of the seventeenth century. One comment is particularly important. In his task of working through MSS and song-books (comprising probably 20,000 poems in all) he checked up the number of times any given poem occurred in the various collections of the century. As he says, he held in his hands "the key to a historical study of poetic appreciation in the period." So he is able to tell us what were the most popular poems of that era, between the death of Shakespeare and the emergence of Pope. Judging by the number of times they were quoted and reprinted he ranks them thus: (1) Herrick's "Gather Ye Rose-Buds," (2) Suckling's "Ballad Upon a Wedding," (3) Strode's "On Chloris Walking in the Snow." It is excellent to hear that Shirley's tremendous "The glories of our blood and state" holds a tie-place, with other less-known pieces, for fourth position. Such reckonings, while not to be taken too severely, are of great interest.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

THE FOLDER

The cheerful Editor having offered the Bowling Green some extra space, we propose to employ it henceforward for various items of oddity and occasion that accumulate in the Folder.

Allusion to Mary Tighe, and her influence on Keats, has brought in a surprising number of remarks, coming even from as far off as Honolulu. Harry Kemp very kindly sent me a copy of his excellent anthology "The Bronze Treasury," and writes:

Your note on the influence the poetry of Mrs. Tighe had on the work of Keats interested me. I knew slightly of it, but, like you, had never guessed its extent. Of course both Mrs. Tighe and Keats were influenced by Shakerley Marmion and Chamberlayne! . . . but do you know that I've made a further discovery just as important?

I have traced the source of Keats's Ode to a Nightingale to an ode to a nightingale by Francis Hoyland . . . who lived years before Keats (circa 1735) and similarly died of consumption at an early age. When I made this discovery, a finer blood ran through my veins, and I was thrilled for days like an explorer who has got into a new country. I've sent you a copy of my Bronze Treasury, so you can see for yourself.

Keats owed much to obscure poets—to Shakerley Marmion, William Chamberlayne . . . in one instance, to George Stephney, in another, to Lovibond . . . but never, in my most unrestrained, most jocund moments of literary sleuthing, would I accuse Keats of straight theft. Like Shakespeare, whatever of silver he touched—or baser metal—he left golden!

But that old moral prater, Wordsworth (for all his greatness) pilfered three lines directly from Skelton. I was sore at Wordsworth doubly, on this discovery—because he continually preaches honesty, and moral honor. I could have bawled him out personally, if I could have gotten at him!

Byron appropriated almost as directly from George Gascoigne, and from Dodsley. I think I could write a book as rousing as a good novel, on the history and evolution of literary theft and plagiarism, conscious and unconscious.

HARRY KEMP.

Mr. Francis Berry, the well known wine merchant of St. James's Street, London (perhaps you remember Muirhead Bone's drawing of his shop, in James Bone's "London Perambulator") was in New York lately. Believing that this department has specialized on Burgundies, and knows too little about the Bordeaux, Mr. Berry gave us a copy of H. Warner Allen's charming little book on Claret (London: Fisher Unwin). About the same time arrives from a Cotswold connoisseur, whom we do not identify, but whose style may give him away to some readers, these meditations:

I wish I could say you a few wise words about clarets. But you're right in taking Burgundy to your heart, and other relevant organs, first. It really is, *me judice*, the winiest of wines, the nearest to a G.C.M. and universal basis of all the kindly wines of the earth, the one to vote for if all wines but one were to be massacred by some thrice-to-be-blasted Herod, the one of which Nature might most complacently stand up and say to all the world, This was a wine.

En voila de l'eloquence—at least the willingness to salute the beautiful and good in one of its divinest forms.

I am reading Younghusband's ardent book about Life in the Stars, which, like all books about Stars, makes one feel how little one has ever conceived the enormity of their number, distance apart, heat in the innards and so on. And then it suddenly flashed on me that I had been just as far from conceiving what a terrific, unthinkable, impious Ajax-like emprise your country had essayed in trying to drown all Burgundies, all clarets, all Moselles, in endless night. "Just imagine," I said to myself, "growing up and only hearing of Falernian!" Oh, I have ta'en too little thought for this, I reflected, and felt a great compassion for all American boys who read classics.

"The Winged Horse," that admirable book about poets and poetry by Joseph Auslander and Frank Ernest Hill, contains what is, I think, a quite new anecdote. After speaking of the Civil War:

Years later, a New York reporter was talking with a labourer named Rafferty, working in a field by the road. Rafferty told the reporter how he had been in the hospital during the war. He had been wounded badly in the leg, and the doctors told him they must take off the leg to save his life. He protested, but no one would listen to him. Then he told his trouble to a tall rough-looking man "with the face of an angel" whom he had seen going about helping the other soldiers. This man, after inquiring carefully about the leg, said: "May your mind rest easy, my boy; they shan't take it off." Rafferty went on to tell the reporter how he was cheered by this promise, but his eyes filled with tears and his voice choked as he thought of it. Finally, he slapped his leg with his hand and cried: "This is the leg that man saved for me." He couldn't remember the name of his benefactor. He thought it might be Whitcomb. When the reporter suggested Walt Whitman, Rafferty seized his hand and cried: "That's the man, that's the man; do you know him?"

From my favorite weekly, *Variety*, I learn the schedule of rules and fines in a Minstrel Show back in the lively days of 1905. If you, as an 'artist,' signed up with the Minstrels, here's what you had to look out for:

- 1.—Drunkenness. Immediate discharge. No fine.
- 2.—Late at Rehearsal, \$1.00.
- 3.—Late at Parade, \$1.00.
- 4.—Missing Parade, \$2.00.
- 5.—Stage wait, \$1.00.
- 6.—Playing of Musical Instruments in Hotels, \$2.00. Theatre at your disposal.
- 7.—Loud Arguments or Swearing in Hotels or Theatre, \$1.00.
- 8.—Muddy Shoes in Parade, \$1.00.
- 9.—Dirty Shirt Fronts, Collars and Cuffs, on First Part, \$1.00.
- 10.—And most important, Mashing within 2 blocks of Hotel or Theatre, \$5.00.