

The BOWLING GREEN

Off the Deep End, IV.

SOMEWHERE in those waters, perhaps still faintly perfumed by the Commodore's pipe, there is an invisible longitude, a Shadow Line, where the Bay of Fundy becomes the Gulf of Maine. For when the Commodore roused his starboard watch at 4.15—having given them an hour and a quarter as lagniappe—there was that good feeling of having turned a corner unawares, some unseen facet of space and time. There was quite a new theology in the air. Which was natural enough: it was Sunday morning. The first thought that circulated in the chronicler's system was, "Spring's coming." For in the WNW breeze was a nostril-some savor of pines and balsam. It smelt like graduating from Bowdoin College. This dim sea, rubricated by a full red setting moon, could not be identified by any instrument more accurate than the nose, for we had had no reasonable observations since Cape Sable. But the chronicler's nose perceived the State of Maine and vouched for it. About sun-up, still reckoning by the nostril and the matchbox log, we felt that we had more than enough northing; we tacked and made a course SW by S.

Now, with gales and chilblains left astern, was time to resume the famous mainsail. At 6.15 we took down the trysail and were ready to raise our full page spread. I particularize the episode because it is a parable of the uses of indolence. The chronicler, always evasive of toil, was wont to give an apparent demonstration of zeal, to justify himself in the Commodore's eye. When great weights of canvas were to be handled or hoisted he could cry *hoick* (or however you prefer to spell that rhythmical groan) with the loudest, but it was mostly subterfuge. And now, while Captain Barr and Charley and the P. R. were lustily tailing onto halliards and windlass, the chronicler was standing by (keeping that big mast between him and the Commodore) and sojering. He was pretending to be doing something, I don't know just what, but in reality he was surveying all that intricate gear with his usual questioning amazement. So it was he who observed that the bronze gooseneck, which holds the boom to the mast, was cracked almost through. The metal had gone a sort of roquefort cheese color and was radiated with fissures. Obviously the thing was unsafe. In that pleasant breeze and with so gross a canvas the thing would most likely snap, there would be a big boom thrashing loose and all sorts of devilment.

With reluctant hearts the company abandoned the proud mainsail for good and all. The boom was unshipped and lashed on deck. Up again went old stand-by, the trysail. And the mainsail was stowed in the Commodore's cabin where it filled all the space and where that uncomplaining commander crept in and out of his bunk like a chipmunk in a tangle of underbrush.

This was a two-hour job. Now, in the first clear sunshine and fair breeze of the voyage, we must go soberly along under storm gear. C. G. 24, a smart destroyerish lady in naval gray, passed near us and evidently took note of our cautious demeanor. We had, to sea eyes, much the look of a man who attended a smart wedding in cutaway garb and a golf cap. But there is one great etiquette among ships: you know there is a valid reason for everything, and don't ask rude questions. Our progress was lenient, but these royalties of sunshine were making up arrears of comfort and we were well cheered. Some half-cooked porridge was discovered, abandoned by the steward days before in the crisis of his malady. This was warmed up by Y. G. and we felt reintroduced to civilization and food.

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That sunny forenoon was notable first for a series of sextant observations. The Commodore and P. R., after calculations enduring nearly two hours, announced preliminary theories. By one of these we were somewhere SE of Portland. By another, we were on a latitude with the Isles of Shoals. This reminded Y. G. and the chronicler of Mr. Edmund Pearson's excellent murder story, "Murder at Smuttynose" (Smuttynose is one of

those islets) and in the sunny calm that fell towards noon our favorite crime yarns were discussed. From this, in the Commodore's legal mind, it was a logical transition to the theme of shaving. We did so, and there was a general renovation. Wet clothes and blankets were brought up to air. The emaciated steward was excavated from his berth in the focsle and propped up in the cockpit to air. At high noon, after a final flurry of sun-shooting, the two navigators gave out statements to the Press-box. (The Press was represented by Y. G. and the chronicler, both concerned with journalism. Y. G., incidentally, confided to me that he is writing a book about Eccentrics; we agreed that this voyage should be fertile in material.) Our position was authoritatively stated as 42° 54' N., 69° 47' W. You can look it up on the map and see how near it tallied with nasal prognostics.

This reckoning was entered in the log as our position at Wedding Time. For it so happened that this date was the marriage anniversary of one of the company. C. G. 24 was no longer in sight, and anyhow we were not yet in territorial waters. The sound of splitting wood was heard from the main cabin, where we had been barking our shins on those cases for four days. The other three, hearing the Commodore hatcheting down below, looked at each other with a sweet surmise. The shy trafficker, as Matthew Arnold says, undid his corded bales. An empty box came flying up through the companionway and fell with an agreeable thump onto the calm ripple that slid softly by. Honorable men know how to solemnize a date of sentiment. Need I insist what was the stencil on those floating jetsams? Mumm's the word.

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I mark the crossing of 43 Latitude and 70 Longitude, and adjacent undulations, with the triple stars of Baedeker and other magi. By matchbox log we were making some 3½ knots. The scenery was level; the barometer reapproaching 30; the steward himself again. What a meal; and afterward to loaf about the deck, fed and warm. *Iris*, we told the Commodore, looked like Cleopatra's barge that afternoon. The trysail indeed had a Levantine look, and Nile itself could not have been calmer than the sunny drowse into which that day had blossomed. Cushions of cramoisie were strewn about—the sodden mattresses of our cabin settees. A sensual scene with so abandoned an array of socks, slippers, sweaters, oilskins, mittens, blankets, trousers. The Commodore's windbreaker jacket, yellow wool turned outward, hung spread-eagled on a line forward of the mast, like the golden fleece. Now there was time for these Argonauts, these grave Tyrian traders, "freighted with amber grapes and Chian wine," to look at one another and praise the discomforts they had known. Was Matthew Arnold ever a yachtsman? There are so many delightful lines of his that suggest a sea passion. I don't know why it is, but I always think of The Scholar Gipsy when becalmed in a boat. A volume of Arnold should be in every sea library against such afternoons. We had "day and night held on indignantly," and now, as that soft weather lapsed around us to golden shimmer we lived like comas in a perfect poem. It pleases me to remember that at one time that afternoon we spoke affectionately of C. E. Montague—probably reminded by Arnold, of whom Montague had lately written in the *Saturday Review*. We spoke of his exquisitely witty writing, of the great gusto of his lifelong campaign for all liberal and generous causes, of his "Disenchantment," surely one of the noblest and fieriest books of our time. Several times during this voyage C. E. M. had come into our thoughts and conversations. The first news I learned on getting home was of his death, the very day we had arrived in Halifax.

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I have spoken of the *Robin*, the smallest of our little fleet that assembled at Central Wharf. Anxiety as to her welfare was pretty frequent in our thoughts. I should like here to write into the log a copy of a letter to Starling Burgess (our designer) from the undaunted Captain Shadrin, her Russian skipper. This fine sailorly document deserves applause:

I arrived at Gloucester on the 19th day of June at 11 A. M. from Halifax. I was going to leave Halifax on Sunday, the third day of June, with three other boats. While they were going away from the wharf Yacht *Whippet* broke my lower spreader, so I had to remain at the wharf until that was fixed. The 4th day of June was the King's birthday and a local holiday, so I had to wait until Thursday and at 3 o'clock that day I left Halifax. Made Sambro Light

at 5:30; at sunset I was becalmed until the 6th day of June at 6:30, made about 10½ miles to Pearl Island. Barometer dropping, wind southeast, breezing up, following a heavy rain. The *Robin* was making good passage about 9½ knots per hour. Began to dip stern and took heavy sea, almost filling up cockpit. At 1 A. M., the 7th day of June, I arrived at Liverpool and anchored; blowing a gale; staying at anchor for 30 hours, and left on June 8th at 8 A. M. proceeding westward. With fair breeze and fair weather, but towards sunset under heavy northwest squalls arrived at Shelbourne at 9 P. M. Yacht *Whippet* going out of the harbor under power and I spoke her. Almost calm with heavy southwest swell running outside. That is the last I saw of the *Whippet*.

On the 9th day of June at 6 P. M. left anchorage and reached Cape Roseway and returned back to anchorage. That night gale was blowing southwesterly with heavy rainsqualls all night until morning; many vessels arrived at Shelbourne for shelter. By the way I was sorry for my friends in yachts who happened to be out that night. Monday, June 11th, left at 5 P. M. under heavy head swell, choppy sea, and strong tide, making poor headway; anchored at Cape Negro Island on the cove for the night at 8 P. M.

Tuesday, June 12th, left Cape Negro at 7 P. M., wind northerly; made Cape Sable at noon; shifting wind, westerly, increasing sea and heavy tide rips, decided to go into Pubnico; arriving at anchor at 5 P. M. that day, weather threatening, barometer dropping, no show to proceed until the 16th day of June. Captain Red Peter was at Pubnico until the 12th day of June on the yacht *Isolde*, and left there that morning. Then I heard that he went to Tuskett Island, from the Customs officer, and stayed there until the 15th of June. All well. I can't say if this report is correct.

I left Pubnico on the 16th day of June, Saturday, at 6 A. M. Fair and clear, barometer 30.15, wind north. Decided to head across the bay. Under various adverse westerly winds I was beating across the Bay of Fundy for three days and nights without any sleep, and with much discomfort. Made Cape Elizabeth Light on the 19th of June at 1.30 A. M. and arrived at Gloucester. All well and secure. Reported and went to rest.

Throughout the entire passage I never had a chance to get on a fair slant and most of time by the wind. Made seven tacks across the Bay. Quality of *Robin* is excellent and she is very reliable and at times I fell in love with her, and can stand up in very rough weather on beam seas almost as good as any schooner; the only objection I have that she is dipping stern in rough following sea. Slight alterations on the cockpit would overcome this weakness.

I am very sorry that I did not report to you beforehand from the ports of anchorage and beg your pardon for anxiety in my behalf. I have enough experience to handle my end to the best advantage under any conditions to a satisfactory end to all concerned.

NICHOLAS L. SHADRIN.

"At times I fell in love with her." There speaks the true seaman.

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We drifted W by N into a warm sunset. Still perhaps unduly doubtful of our reckonings, we drew lots as to what part of the coast we would pick up. At 6.56 p. m. we sighted Cape Ann on the port bow. But we were quite helpless in that delicious calm. We swam idly with the tide. In the dusk we sighted a small power schooner lying enigmatically offshore. With foghorn and flashlight we halloed her, thinking perhaps she would give us a tow to Rockport; but she paid no heed to our signals. When we drifted almost alongside she replied to our hail with inhospitable monosyllables. Captain Barr at last—perhaps unguardedly—remarked, "What you fellows doin', fishin'?" After that there was complete silence. Probably she was indeed one of Matthew Arnold's shy traffickers. It would have been fun to pop a cork at her in the dark.

We had tiptoed almost into Rockport harbor by midnight, when the tide turned and carried us out again. The Commodore was pleased, as it had always been his intention to make Marblehead anyhow. I have given you no picture of the Commodore at all unless you see him as one who likes to accomplish what he sets out for.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

(To be continued)

Writing of the "Misadventures of Manuscripts," a contributor to *John O' London's Weekly* says: "A little over twenty years ago a firm of London publishers received the manuscript of a historical novel, without a title and without an author's name. It was published under the title of 'The MS. in a Red Box,' so called from the fact that it had been forwarded in a box of that color, and it proved very successful; but who the author was was never made public. Defoe's 'Robinson Crusoe' was only taken up by Taylor—who purchased the manuscript, and netted one thousand pounds by the publication—after every bookseller in town had refused it. In a similar manner, one bookseller refused to give twenty-five pounds for the MS. of 'Tom Jones'; while another who bought it cleared no less than eighteen thousand pounds for the venture during his lifetime."

Books of Special Interest

Fine Poems

THE SEVENTH HILL. By ROBERT HILLYER. New York: The Viking Press. 1928. \$1.50.

Reviewed by EDWARD DAVISON

THIS is Mr. Hillyer's seventh volume of verse. To insist that it is also immeasurably his best is no small compliment to the author of "The Hills Give Promise" and "The Halt in the Garden." His work has passed quietly on from strength to strength. In "The Seventh Hill" he collects fifty poems in which the variety of substance, form, and mood is exceptional. The book is divided into four sections, Meditations, Sonnets, Pastorals, and The Prothalamion, a poem sustaining the lyrical moods of all the three preceding sections at once in some thirty stanzas whose poetic level seldom falls from

*And thou art she whom I have seen
Always, but never understood,
In broken shrines festooned with green,
In twilight chapels of the wood;
Or on the hills a shepherdess
Walked with the sun full on her face,
And though her body and her dress
Apparelled her in meek disguise,
I dropped my eyes,
For still I knew the goddess by her pace.*

It is the kind of poem which must be read entire or not at all; but even this unfairly isolated fragment is enough to witness the quality of the whole. The formal perfection of this prothalamion is never achieved by a sacrifice of the poet's mood, for that flows spontaneously through the involved music of the delicately constructed stanza, a stanza, by the way, new to me. In a word, this poem is something more than a mere variation on the substance and tune of some previous Prothalamion. It could take an honorable place in the standard anthology of such marriage songs which was published by the Oxford Press (I think) before the war.

The same classical note can be heard in most of the shorter and less ambitious pieces, notably in the sonnets of which six out of nine would not easily be matched in recent American poetry.

*. . . at your roots thought like a busy worm
Ticked inward slowly, till you stood apart
When youth had run but half its lovely
term,
And heard the spring with autumn in your
heart.*

But perhaps the best poems in a book from which it is not easy to make selections are to be found in the first and third sections. Here, as in "The Prothalamion," Mr. Hillyer is definitely competing with his dead elders and betters, not like so many of the younger living poets by an attempt to be different, but in the infinitely more difficult and dangerous way of being the same. This is not to suggest that he is playing the sedulous ape. Here, for instance, is a poem that has been written in substance a thousand times previously. But Mr. Hillyer makes the theme his own.

*In solemn pause the forest waits
The signal to return;
Within our rotting garden gates
The weeds of autumn burn.*

*Father to son we held our field
Against the siege of tares,
Knowing our weaker sons would yield
The land no longer theirs.*

*Knowing how wind and sun and rain
Would fling their green stampedes
Where we who harvested the grain
Lie buried under weeds.*

Mr. Hillyer never snatches and never gropes. His voice is his own save in one or two poems where he appears to have failed to grasp the substantive idea with which his conception began and in a few loosely descriptive pieces. But he can translate Wordsworth's "Let the swan on still St. Mary's lake float double swan and shadow" into such a picture as—

*Now on the idle pond
Slowly the fallen leaf
Drifts with its double. . .*

without offending a reasonable critic. His direct debts to his predecessors are seldom more serious than this. It might even be

said that some of his more general debts are repaid with flesh interest in some of the pastorals. The reader of "The Seventh Hill" will wonder why Mr. Hillyer's name appears so seldom in the anthologies of American verse which, doubtless, load his shelves. I, too, have been wondering.

Gauging Intelligence

THE ABILITIES OF MAN: THEIR NATURE AND MEASUREMENT. By C. SPEARMAN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1927.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

PROFESSOR SPEARMAN is one of the few, if not the first scientist, to devote himself to the measurement of intelligence as a specialist in that field. One recalls the story told by the Autocrat at the Breakfast Table, of the professor who did not aspire to be an entomologist, far less a zoölogist, and was content to become a competent coleopterist. Professor Spearman is confident that the road to the understanding of the "abilities of man" must be cut through the tangles of mathematical statistics; his specialty is a narrow trail to a broad highway. For here are four hundred thorny pages, with a mathematical justification so formidable that it must be confined in an appendix, hardly fifty pages of which would have been comprehensible to a psychologist when this century opened.

Out of that simple idea of Alfred Binet, designed by means of a few tests to separate the sheep from the goats in the intellectual flock, there has grown a literature, the bibliography of which alone is a sizable volume, and a new profession of intelligence testers. The Spearman approach is a different one, more fundamental, more ambitious, more foundational. Any mere technicality of application must flounder a bit in the empirical sea of tables without adequate soundings of the realm in which flourish the abilities of *homo intelligens*. Most of the workers are bent upon standardization and near-to-surface findings, seeking the proof of their selection in the working thereof.

Dr. Spearman holds that collaterally, if not primarily, we must reach an analytic interpretation of intelligence, must determine what it is we are measuring and the nature of the scale. More than this: he projects the light from the statistical relations of the measured data back upon the nature of intelligence. He makes this relation an instrument of research in a class of its own.

Quite at the other end of the laboratory would be found the clinical study of intelligence in intimate touch with the subject in diagnosis, introspective report, even to the intrusion of a symptom-complex of behavior. Dr. Spearman's procedure is to keep on testing and recording, following the clue of analysis, all manner of manifestations of the unknown X-intelligence not in its individual presence and relations, but in its statistical distribution; and by the further mathematical analysis of the array, determine which of the abilities of men are related to which. Correlation becomes at once the microscope and the search-light of this domain of psychology,—a diagnostic instrument as constantly in the hands of the specialist in intelligence as is the stethoscope in the hands of the internist. What things go together is then the centre of the problem; how do mental abilities flock?

Thus reviewed from the goal backward, there appear divergent concepts of the nature of intelligence. The first is the "monarchic" doctrine that intelligence is one, and you have much or less of it; but as in marital life, the contest arises as to which is the one. One symposium and another was held to settle it, and though eminent psychologists congregated amicably in the flesh, they parted somewhat divided in mind; the camps grew in number. They were all testing something that each regarded as intelligence, but often with the meticulous irrelevance of Tweedledum and Tweedledee, with the ever ready rejoinder of "contrariwise." Yet tests and tables kept marching on.

There is the "oligarchic" doctrine. Not one but a few ruling powers determine intelligence. There was obviously no temptation to return to the discredited "faculties," but rather a matter of types of intelligence confined to a few orders, but again with the difficulty of determining what they were. Consistency in terms of correlation was the chosen arbiter.

There were some adherents of the "an-

archic" doctrine, proceeding upon a "general level" or "average" or "sample." In this view all abilities are independent, and there is no general intelligence, only a mosaic of special bits of knacks or aptitudes with something of a pattern; and if you secure a fair sample, you won't go far wrong. There is, for instance, no athletic ability in general, only your place in running, jumping, putting the shot, tennis, rowing, riding, or flying. We are specialists all, however much in the duffer class.

Then came the salvation of the "eclectic" doctrine and the discovery of the two factors by Spearman: the general ability or intelligence now baptized the "g," and the special abilities or aptitudes, known as the "s." Those proficiencies in which a high rating in one goes with a high rating in another, show a general intellectual factor (or athletic ability), combined with the low-correlating special abilities merged in the specific performance that is tested; and this mode of analysis is as applicable to proficiency in drawing logical analogies as in jumping high hurdles.

Now that is where the book begins and the reviewer's function of pointing out the nature of the enterprise stops. From the accumulation of detailed studies on which Professor Spearman with a corps of associates have been at work for twenty years, there develops a complete system of interpretation which only the fellow-specialists can follow. And even here the practitioners will have trouble and only the small band of those who have delved behind the returns, like Thorndike, Thurstone, Peterson in this country, will find themselves at home.

But the reach of the Spearman approach goes beyond this. By the same instrument one may investigate the detailed operation of the mind, for instance that of fatigue. Throughout Dr. Spearman considers the general factor as an "energy" and the special as the several "engines" through which it manifests. There is general fatigue and special fatigues; change of occupation rests because of the "g" factor, but not indefinitely because of the "g" factor. At the end of the evening, when I can no longer take in a chapter of Spearman, I can still enjoy the *Saturday Review*; but if I have read too many chapters, I must repair to an energy filling-station and go to bed. Still further: ability alone is not the only general factor in total result. Much depends upon how much I care, how much I try. This takes us out of the cognitive into what is called the connotive or emotional-willing factor, which likewise has a general and a special phase in the same terms of available energy, and how we tap the reservoirs. Correlation will decide. Again, some maintain that there are those who have ability enough if you give them time enough; this proves a hopeless consolation. The slow-witted are the dull-witted; and correlation shows it. If, when we cannot measure we are content to resort to estimates, the field of application broadens. The influences of age, of sex, of heredity are all studiable by the correlation method, and in Dr. Spearman's hands lead to engaging reflection and conclusion.

Correlation is not a magical device; but it does work wonders in suggesting if not establishing, and in refuting as well as disputing. It matters little what you take, you get some kind of an answer. If a sense of humor were related to height, then there would be a strong positive correlation between the order of "humor ability" among a group of men and their order in tallness; the fact that there is no such correlation indicates the absence of any such bond. What might be found if we took weight or girth, is not so clear. Falstaff and Hamlet are of different physique. But less conjecturally, intelligence does correlate (within limits) with a sense of humor; wit is intellectual. Is it also soluble into a "g" and an "s"? The prospect of statistical exploration among the qualities of men is an inviting one. It humanizes even the dry bones of statistics.

How far the Spearman approach has found acceptance cannot be readily indicated. Psychologists are critical rather than contentious. Dr. Spearman is soon coming to this country to expound his theses. He richly merits and will receive a welcome and a hearing.

Ethnic Homogeneity

AMERICA: NATION OF CONFUSION. By EDWARD R. LEWIS. New York: Harper & Bros. 1928. \$3.

Reviewed by HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD
New York University

MR. LEWIS is a lawyer. This may, or may not, have something to do with his gift of clear thinking. At any rate, he thinks clearly, reads widely, and speaks fearlessly.

This is a very refreshing book. One reason is that the author has tapped a rather novel vein of sources, or several veins. His references and quotations somehow or other create an impression quite distinct from that of the familiar type of immigration treatise, bearing the earmarks on every page of the professional approach. Not but what Mr. Lewis reads the Congressional Record and quotes from it liberally. But he also reads all sorts of reports, speeches, magazine articles, etc., and displays a *flair* for culling from every quarter observations that have a bearing on the subject in which he is so much interested.

The book is particularly refreshing for the vigorous manner in which it shows up the futility of most of the sentimental twaddle that is talked about immigrants and immigration. It might have been entitled, "De-Bunking the 'Liberal' Immigration Policy." Thus on page forty-five we find a curt disposal of the allegation that Americans of the old stock will not do hard manual work because they regard it as intrinsically demeaning. On page 104 the author shows the inconsistency of those foreigners who accuse native Americans of selfishness because they want to keep the United States for themselves, while these same foreigners are doing their best to get possession of it. One of the author's best pieces of work is to show up the amazing effrontery of the Inter-Racial Council which, in 1920-21, was broadcasting over the country the assertion that our industry was suffering from a labor shortage of 5,000,000 men while at the very time there were 2,500,000 workers (mar temporary estimates put the total at that figure) unemployed.

The main thesis of the book is well indicated by the title. Mr. Lewis believes, and adduces abundant evidence in support of his belief, that no nation can prosper internally, or take any significant part in world affairs, that is not knit together into a coherent and sympathetic unit by various ties of ethnic homogeneity. After diversity passes a certain limit it ceases to be a nation. The United States was heading straight for national dissolution until the quota law put a stop to unlimited immigration. Even now, we have a tremendous problem on our hands to cement up the rifts in national unity that are evident on every side.

It must have seemed to many Americans that when the quota law was finally made permanent, the immigration question was virtually settled for good and all. But those who knew how persistent, determined, almost desperate are the forces that work for free admission realized that a long struggle and constant vigilance would be required to hold the ground already won, to say nothing of extending the principle of restriction to its logical limit. All sorts of modifications and substitutes for the existing law are being, and will be, urged. One of the most specious of these is "selective immigration," and Mr. Lewis has done a good service in exposing its inherent fallacy.

We shall need to think clearly and stand firmly in immigration matters for many years to come, and books like the present, full of information and sound counsel, will continue to be needed and should receive a cordial welcome.

Miss Isabel Hapgood, for many years a reviewer, foreign correspondent, and at one time an editorial writer, died recently in her seventy-eighth year. She was an authority on the Russian classics and had made several creditable translations of Tolstoy, Gogol, Gorky, and Turgeniev. She also prepared "The Service Book for the Greco-Russian Church" and translated a number of the French literary masterpieces. After a long affiliation with the *New York Evening Post*, she contributed reviews and editorials to the *New York Sunday Sun* for two years. Her letters and articles on the various aspects of Soviet Russia have appeared frequently in the *New York Times*.