

while at the same time directing the emotion" to other and merely social ends. Dr. Smith does not say that this is *his* position. It is the position of a colleague of his, Professor Ames. The point is that Dr. Smith, too, seems to think this sort of thing is cricket.

At a time when men like Professor Whitehead of Harvard and Professor Streeter of Oxford and a host of others are making more and more plain that the science of the moment is vitally in need, for its own advancement if for no other reason, of philosophical interpretation, it seems unfortunate that many well-meaning theologians (if one may call those "theo-logians" who doubt whether God is a possible concept and are of the opinion that logic is a hindrance to learning) should be, to put it none too elegantly, licking scientific boots. There are plenty of them who do it; often charming men of considerable erudition, like Dr. Smith.

Sumerian Discoveries

UR EXCAVATIONS Volume I, AL-'UBAID.

By H. R. HALL and C. LEONARD WOOLLEY, with Chapters by C. J. GADD and SIR ARTHUR KEITH. New York: Oxford University Press. 1927. \$15.

Reviewed by ASHTON SANBORN

THIS volume, admirable in form and content, is the beginning of a series issued by the British Museum and the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania which will record the archaeological results of their joint expedition to Mesopotamia. The fortunes of war, which in ancient days razed the famous cities of the Tigris-Euphrates valley, have rather ironically in modern time been the indirect cause of resurrecting some of them from the dust. Abraham's home town, Ur of the Chaldees as it is familiarly known from Old Testament history, is the principal site on which the joint expedition of the two museums has worked since 1919, resuming there investigations first made possible by the circumstances of the Crimean War and undertaken on behalf of the British Museum by J. E. Taylor in 1853. At Ur the recent discovery of royal burials, rich with much of their original funerary equipment still intact, has yielded a treasure of great intrinsic and artistic value, some parts of which have been published in *The Illustrated London News*, but which will ultimately appear in the series initiated by the present volume.

Tell al-'Ubaid (Mound of the Little Slave) is a subsidiary site in the desert about four miles west of Ur. On this inconspicuous knoll, a small natural "island" of river silt rising above the plain not far from the Euphrates as it ran in those days, surrounded by low-lying land, partly cultivated, partly swamp, fishermen and primitive husbandmen in the neolithic or possibly in the chalcolithic state of cultural development built their humble village of mud-plastered reeds and timber in the fourth millennium B. C., and here buried their dead with trust in a continued conscious existence of the individual after death evidenced by the presence in the graves of the household pots, the weapons, implements, and ornaments of daily life. The pottery is fortunately abundant (for pottery is one of the archaeologist's reliable guides in establishing sequence in a group of graves), and Mr. Woolley presents a *corpus* of material which will undoubtedly remain of permanent value as a basis for the chronology of pre-Sumerian and early Sumerian vase forms. Furthermore, the pottery painted with geometric designs, here for the first time definitely assignable to the early Sumerian age, is significant because its similarity to the painted wares of other early civilizations, indicates that the Sumerians were included in that general community of culture which extended from Thessaly by way of Asia Minor through Turkestan and Eastern Persia even to China.

But who were the ancient Sumerians, and of what stock? Judging from the racial features of this people as shown both by their skeletal remains, —which Sir Arthur Keith of the Royal College of Surgeons has carefully studied,—and by their living descendants, the modern Mesopotamians, they combined the Iranian and Semitic strains, representing a transition between these two types but retaining rather more of the Iranian, as seen in the prevailing type of Persia today, than of the Semitic stock.

The most important historical document recov-

ered from the site is a small stone foundation-tablet from the ruins of the mud-brick temple bearing an inscription stating that A-anni-padda, son of Mes-anni-padda, both Kings of Ur, built the temple for the goddess Nin-khursag, who was here the patroness of farm and dairy, worshipped by herdsmen in a shrine set far away from the city in the fields among the cows. This inscription reveals the First Dynasty of Ur as an historical reality and restores to the list of Sumerian rulers known hitherto the long lost name of A-anni-padda. The date of his reign, however, still remains a matter of conjecture, and must depend on the view taken of Babylonian chronology as a whole; Messrs. Woolley and Hall cannot accept Langdon's date of about 4000 B. C. for this king and conservatively suggest 3100 B. C. as the earliest date possible.

Of extraordinary interest are the decorations from the façade of the original temple. They include copper-sheathed and mosaic-covered columns from the portico; a large relief of copper, probably from above the entrance doorway, representing the lion-headed eagle, Imgig, grasping two stags by their tails; a series of copper bulls modelled in the round; the heads and foreparts of four large lions, of thin copper over a core of bitumen, which stood, perhaps, as guardians at the portal; copper reliefs of bulls from a frieze; and the remains of an inlay frieze of men and animals, the figures sometimes in limestone, sometimes in shell, representing pastoral scenes of priests milking the sacred cows of the goddess and storing the milk, of cattle advancing in file, and other scenes with mythological animals. These remarkable objects of art, unrivalled by anything of similar nature from any early Babylonian site, have been shared by the Museums in Baghdad, London, and Philadelphia.

Essays, Literary and Social

JOHN THE COMMON WEAL. By HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press.

SOUTHERN LITERARY STUDIES. By C. ALPHONSO SMITH. The same.

Reviewed by ARTHUR W. COLTON

THE volume by President MacCracken contains his three Weil Lectures on American Citizenship. John the Common Weal is this citizen, this everybody or ordinary man, his interests, habits, and opinions. He is the foundation and everything comes home to him. But in the lecture called "A Complaint Against the Times" it is pointed out that he is neither satisfactory nor very satisfied, in respect to the practice of his social order or his political democracy. He has a rather poor opinion of his elected or appointed officials, and is none too aware of, or interested in, the fact that he is largely to blame for it.

The social situation in America is peculiar and the processes going on extraordinary enough, but I do not find President MacCracken's analysis especially profound, and doubt whether his judgments and his attitude very much represent the actual John. Public opinion means either the greatest common denominator of a hundred million opinions, or a majority of them, or the general impression you and I may gain from those opinions which are of a kind to make an impression on our own particular consciousness. By "public opinion" or "What John Thinks" we intend to mean the first and really mean the last.

Two tendencies more satisfactory, however, President MacCracken finds in contemporary American life: the one dealt with in the lectures called Leisure and Loyalties is trusteeship; the other, in the lecture called Neighborhood, is the citizen's relation to the smaller community in which he lives.

Trusteeship is properly an unsalaried service outside of one's daily work and personal occupation. President MacCracken prefers as a trustee an active rather than a retired business man, for the latter is apt to take the trust too busily. The best situation is where initiative lies with the executive, and the trustees are a body of authority and review. There are few places in this country without examples of trusteeship. Organizations of all kinds, associations of all sorts are in the hands of trustees, whatever name may be given them. There is perhaps more public service given by voluntary than by political bodies, and the character of the service is higher. in limestone, sometimes in shell, representing pas-

to do as the good Samaritan did, namely to step in where you see you are needed. The essential is direct service in the things at hand. In his "Complaint against the Times" President MacCracken says that Vassar is opposed to the granting of honorary degrees. But, instead of regarding this position as high-minded refusal to use that convenient method of attracting donations, it might be regarded as an unneighborlike refusal to perform a service at hand. Most honorary degrees from the better universities have no interested purpose or effect. For the most part they are honorable honors, more distinctly such perhaps than any others in this country. To walk uprightly among temptations is a better example than to shy off from them. The honorary degree can be, and I suspect generally is, a social service. Our universities are serving the public—the better universities, if you like, and the better public—in more ways than by recitations and lectures.

For instance, the growing phenomenon of the University Presses, might have been listed among Dr. MacCracken's more cheering signs of the times. The Oxford is the great leader and example, but several American presses are issuing catalogues of immediate interest and increasing bulk—among them now the press of the University of North Carolina.

Professor Smith died in 1924, a known man in academic circles both here and abroad, an inspiring teacher to a generation at the Universities of North Carolina, and Virginia, and at Annapolis. This volume is a small collection of addresses and fugitive essays, nearly all of them on southern literature or southern men.

Academic circles are conservative, no doubt, and the South still more so. Professor Smith's is altogether the point of view of a generation gone. A book that starts off with two stanzas from Browning as a motto—from Browning at his most blatant in optimism—is "dated." "Greet the unseen with a cheer" is a Rotarian sentiment not appetizing to the critical nowadays. But indeed inspiring teachers of a generation ago were not at all of the *sursum corda* kind. I sat under one who was a grim pessimist, whose method of "debunking bunk" was as devastating as that of any disgusted contemporary one can think of. Youth catches power from power. Fire is fire whether it burns rubbish or warms the hands. You can light your own candle at either, and go your way to your own ends.

For Professor Smith as a critic one has to make allowances, but having made them, it is discoverable that his criticism is not all the popular commonplace of a vanished age. His classification of Poe's stories as A and B stories, is ingenious and seems to be true. In the A type ("Fall of the House of Usher," etc.) the lines of interest converge and culminate at the apex, whereas the B type of story has two equal sections or semicircles, that is, the mystery is developed in the first half and solved in the second. Poe was a very conscious technician. In fact he said so himself, very plainly, but we are only beginning to realize it. We have been mainly aware of his temperament, while he was mainly aware of his technique.

According to a despatch to the *New York Times*, after extended deliberations and much opposition which was led by Premier Poincaré, himself a member of the French Academy, the French Government has increased the pay of Academicians for the first time since 1795. Under the new decree the Academicians will receive annual salaries of 5,000 francs (about \$200) each, and the life secretary will get 18,000 francs (about \$720) annually in addition to his apartment.

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Psychological Theory

PSYCHOLOGIES OF 1925. POWELL LECTURES IN PSYCHOLOGICAL THEORY. Edited by CARL MURCHISON. Worcester, Mass.: Clark University.

Reviewed by RALPH BARTON PERRY
Harvard University

IN the 1890's William James cried for a Galileo or a Lavoisier to lift psychology from its "flat descriptive level." Thirty-five years have passed, and the Messiah has not yet appeared, or at any rate none has appeared whose credentials are generally accepted. Perhaps the best proof that a branch of investigation has become a "science" is afforded by its ceasing to trouble itself about the matter. The doubtful sciences, such as history, economics, sociology and ethics, are those which are most insistent on being "scientific." Psychology evidently still belongs to this list. Its repeated declarations of independence, and its irreverent repudiations of that parental philosophy from which it sprang, argue that the weaning process is not yet completed.

The predicament of psychology does not consist merely in theoretical doubts. There is no science that is not afflicted with such doubts. Physics has no clear conception of the ultimate constitution of matter, or of the meaning of the attribute "physical"; biologists are divided as to the nature of life and the possibility of explaining it in physico-chemical terms. The predicament which distinguishes psychology from its sister-sciences is a divided and conflicting program of research. The work of a science does not begin to become fruitful and cumulative, until there is an established technique and a body of generally accepted laws. The title of the present volume means that psychologists are not even agreed on their problems, or on the kind of explanation which is to be regarded for the purpose of psychology as authentic and definitive. The Editor of the present volume expresses the belief that in psychology "experimental methods are largely instances of the more or less systematic theories of the experimenter." So long as that is the case it can scarcely be expected that the result arrived at by different investigators will be commensurable and systematic. Meanwhile, however, the demand for a second edition of this book, and the plans, already matured, for another volume of the same type in 1930, afford evidence both of the popular interest in psychology, and of the interest of psychologists in one another. If the much-needed Galileo or Lavoisier fails to appear, it will not be for lack of encouragement.

The "psychologies of 1925" are divided into "Behaviorism," represented by John B. Watson and Walter S. Hunter; "Dynamic" Psychology, represented by Robert S. Woodworth; "Gestalt," represented by Kurt Koffka and Wolfgang Köhler; "Purposive," represented by Morton Prince and William McDougall; "Reaction," represented by Knight Dunlap; and "Structural," represented, or, rather, expounded, by Madison Bentley.

For Dr. Watson, Behaviorism is a reduction of human nature to inherited or unconditioned reflexes (to be observed in the infant), and conditioned reflexes or habits. The Watsonian Behaviorist, furthermore, "recognizes no such thing as mental traits, dispositions, or tendencies," and consigns "to the waste-basket the work of his predecessors." Professor Hunter is less uncompromising in his statements, and calls the study of behavior "anthropology," in order to leave room for a "psychology" that shall study human nature "indirectly," through its "environment" (that is, its field of experience). Neither author meets the common objections against Watsonism: such, for example, as its failure to provide for inherited traits that mature after infancy, its failure to explain the higher types of learning to which the older principles of habit-formation do not appear to apply, and its "waste-basket" method of getting rid of traditional difficulties. Professor Woodworth's "Dynamic" Psychology and Professor Dunlap's "Reaction" Psychology do not seem to be essentially different. They both conceive mind (at least for psychology) in terms of "stimulus" and "response," and thus ally themselves with behaviorism; they both construe response to include the experience privately observed and reported by the psychological subject, and so make terms with the introspectionist; they both emphasize complex unities of function and pat-

tern, to appease the "Gestalt" School; they even have a kind word to say for "Purpose": their views, in other words, are eclectic and conciliatory. Professors Köhler and Koffka restate their well-known view that both overt behavior and introspectively observable experience are to be explained not as aggregations of elements, but as wholes ("configurations," "Gestalten") which so act as to complete themselves or maintain themselves in equilibrium. Dr. Prince and Professor McDougall both attack Watsonian Behaviorism, the former because it leaves out consciousness, the latter because it leaves out purpose. Professor Bentley, in the name of "Structuralism," pays a pious tribute to the refined introspective analysis which not long ago constituted the greater part of the work of psychology.

It is the passing of this static introspectionism, in which the mind is conceived as a manifold of subjective states, to be analyzed into elements and described in terms of attributes, that is the one clear fact that emerges from the present book. Even Professor Bentley believes that "Structuralism" "represents a closed chapter in psychological history." However much the authors of this book differ



A DRAMA IN SIX ACTS IN VERSE

BY EDMOND ROSTAND

TRANSLATED BY BASIL DAVENPORT



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One of the Fifty Best Books of the Year Selected by the American Institute of Graphic Arts.

among themselves, there is an unmistakable likeness—at least, of vocabulary. "Behavior," "function," "process," "activity," "response,"—these are now the terms to conjure by. Otherwise, while the book is unquestionably interesting, it can scarcely be said to be illuminating. One reason for this is suggested by a chance remark of Professor Dunlap's. There are certain questions, he says, which "we can wisely leave to the philosophers, although among the philosophers we may include ourselves in our leisure moments." The writers of this book have not had enough leisure. The fact is that most of the questions on which they are divided are philosophical questions, and questions on which philosophers have for some years been spending their working hours. What is the difference between a psychical and a physical fact? What is purpose? Is the field of perception subjective and private, or objective and public? What is the relation of a physical object to perception? What is the relation of a mind to the organism in which it is "seated"? Although these and like questions are repeatedly raised in the present volume, there is surprisingly little evidence that its authors are familiar with the contemporary philosophical literature that has grown up around them. The result is that much of the theorizing of these psychologists is crude and amateurish, while none of it is comparable with the work that has been done on these underlying problems by James, Mach, Bergson, Dewey, Stout, Alexander, Husserl, Whitehead, Russell, Montague, Lovejoy, Nunn, and a dozen others that might be mentioned. While philosophers read psychology, it has become unfashionable for psychologists to read philosophy, even though, as in the present volume, they devote their leisure to the same questions.

The BOWLING GREEN

(In the absence of Mr. Morley, Mr. Bacon's sonnets have been substituted for the usual Bowling Green.)

The Dyspeptic Muse

AN AMERICAN STATESMAN
(R. M. S. Emetic)

HE was the heir of all the Vander Donks,
Also a senator. Such bliss is mine
I deemed him from his shirt-front's ample
shine
A steward, and said blithely: "Bring a Bronx."
In human shell-games I don't know my conchs.
He proved quite human and I bought the wine
Men call illegal and the Gods divine,
"And drank the same with reminiscent honks."
And he was reading Lawrence, who, he said,
Made to his mind a definite appeal.
He seemed to like the tale of blood and steel
And the launching of the Arab thunder bolt.
"Revolt in the Desert" touched his heart and head—
In what a desert might that man revolt?

OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS

Keep us, O Lord, from poaching in strange ponds,
And preaching priceless fundamental rot
To Chinamen, who wish that we would not.
Far rather let us stick to stocks and bonds,
Mammon that only with the swag absconds.
I see no virtue in merely being shot
By the bloody Cantonese, in some strange plot
Hatched at the backs of Soviet beyonds.
Oh let us mind our business. We have kept
Our brother much too long, and he is tired
Of our attentions which are not desired,
Profitless to him. Our prying eyes have motes
Which render restless hands a bit inept
Save at their natural task of cutting throats.

THERE BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD—

I'm an old soldier now. Twenty campaigns
On all the more excitable frontiers
Have taught me things much older than my years—
Not that I reckon them among my gains.
I do not count so much on brawn or brains.
Either or both may fail you, it appears.
I have been beaten, and have heard the jeers
Of my inferiors—something which explains
The definite scorn which I begin to feel
For victory. I have won too, and I know
How Fate delivers or puts by a blow,
Reasonless, rhymeless. That I suppose is why
When the crowd hisses, or the trumpets peal,
I think in either case it might be I.

A DANGEROUS COAST

These later nights I have seen lights I like not
On that forlorn shore that I do not know.
The leadsmen heave, but the armed plummets strike
not.
Though they have let a hundred fathom go.
Yet in the dark far off I hear surf pounding
On reefs whose nature I dare not surmise.
And I gaze landward toward the hollow-sounding
Roar, for there is no comfort in the skies.
I am weary. What if there are empires yonder?
The sheer fatigue and labor of the deep,
Where like a spent bird with the wind I wander,
Have robbed me of what hopes were mine to keep.
Yet once I had the manhood to ensue them.
These coasts are savage. Why did I come to them?

A CENTRAL AMERICAN POLITICIAN

You then were what the English call a "clark,"
And we, less elegantly, style a clerk.
I fancy that you did but little work
In that old Bluefields warehouse dim and dark.
You gave no sign of any vivid spark
Of spirit that your homely tasks might irk.
Nor had you any faintest ray or quirk
Of humor for a Northerner to mark.
And fifteen years have led you through what scenes,
Landings of troops, and battles in the streets,
Assassinations, onsets, and retreats,
Financial dickers, constitutions mended
Under the eyes of dubious marines,
Whose meaning you have never comprehended.
LEONARD BACON.