

interpretation. It is, rather, a sterling narrative of an active, eager, enthusiastic life crowded with adventure and romance, not wanting in frailties and streaked with indecision at crises, thrust repeatedly upon the mountain and relegated as often to the plain, but imbedded, almost from its beginning, in the everlasting remembrance of two nations each of which it served with passionate devotion in anxious times.

Mr. Delteil sees things differently. A penetrating look at the record, and there emerges from his canvas a romantic personality wrestling with events as a poet or an artist might wrestle, mixing sentiment with practicality, more or less obsessed by words and formulas about liberty and the people, governed by his heart as often as by his head, but an alluring personality notwithstanding. Bacon's famous phrase does not hold here, for Mr. Delteil's Lafayette was born great, achieved greatness, and had greatness thrust upon him. There goes Monsieur de Lafayette, galloping down the centuries," somebody shouted on July 14, 1790, in the Champ de Mars, and Mr. Delteil follows with admiration the figure on the white horse.

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The blot on the scutcheon, as Mr. Delteil looks it over, is a curious lack of virility; and upon Lafayette's sexual shortcomings he dwells with a zest which the scrupulous in such matters may perhaps think would better have been bridled. A youthful affair with Marie Antoinette, devoid of the climax which the turbulent emotions of the Queen expected, earned him her undying hatred. "I could not have believed," said Napoleon to Lafayette years afterwards, "that human hatred could go so far." "Lafayette never knew love: not, at all events, Franco-Judaic love, hairy, chesty love. I see him," continues Mr. Delteil,

As a sentimental lover, a pure one, a great one: that and nothing else. He has no senses. That sharp and sloping brow never knits, never tightens. Those large level eyes are flat. He has no nose, and the rune runs: *No nose, no sex!* (sex, the stronger sex!) All that is carnal, lionish, incarnadine, wheezing and a bit barbarous in your true male, Lafayette lacks. The spread of the chest, the furnace of the veins, the vast odor of Nature; he has none of it. . . . A man in two dimensions: he lacks the beautiful third. No hair, in Samson's sense. He drinks water, and water breeds hydrogen. Women play no part in his life, a blank, zero. I could swear he never betrayed his wife. For all the good his senses did him, he was virgin to his death. . . . Dammit, the man has no entrails; he is all heart! Sterile? I think not. But I feel complete deviation of the senses: a kind of terrible deflection of his narrow, all sensual energy turned to ideology. . . . His heart he gave his wife; but his sex to liberty. Liberty for mistress. That makes his case a tantalizing one, mysterious and attractive. . . . For his fellows he has a twofold appeal: one for the collector of curios, one for the lover of logic.

How much of all this is solid fact, and how much a decorative background for the display of literary artifice, the reader may be left to judge for himself. Fortunately, it does not prevent Mr. Delteil from writing passages which are substantial as well as scintillating, or driving deep the likable human impression which he obviously wishes to convey. His description of Lafayette's childhood life in Auvergne, of his extraordinary experience with Marie Antoinette, of his days at La Grange, and of his death are striking examples of the French impressionistic manner. Mr. Sedgwick, too, although more straightforward and less self-conscious, describes effectively the chief episodes, keeps Lafayette always in the proper position on the stage, and quietly enforces the conclusion that the man, in spite of what was spectacular about him, was taken seriously then and is to be taken so now. Hydrogenic Americans, one may suspect, will prefer his book to Mr. Delteil's because, among other things, it brings Lafayette within the field of their national experience and comprehension, but they will miss some of the qualities that made Lafayette a hero to the French if they do not read Mr. Delteil's lively pages also.

A notable collection of the works of Horace Greeley has just been acquired by the Library of Congress from the Rev. F. M. Clendenen of Chappaqua, N. Y.

It includes books, pamphlets and articles by and about Greeley. In the list are volumes of journals edited by him, bound files of Greeley's *New Yorker* and *The Jeffersonian*, a set of scrapbooks containing a miscellany of newspaper clippings, lectures and letters, and notes in Greeley's own peculiar handwriting.

## Eugenics

HEREDITY AND HUMAN AFFAIRS. By EDWARD M. EAST. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1927. \$3.50.

Reviewed by ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

IF there were any question as to public interest in the great problem of eugenics, all doubt would be dispelled by the writings of 1927. During that year Mr. A. E. Wiggam published his third book on the subject, "The Next Age of Man"; Professor E. A. Ross, under the striking title of "Standing Room Only?" issued a volume warning us of the dangers of overpopulation and assuring us that the only road to safety lies in eugenics; Mr. L. F. Whitney and the reviewer (in "The Builders of America") attempted to show that natural processes are already beginning to protect us against these same dangers; while many others treated the subject from all sorts of angles.

One of those others is Professor Edward M. East of Harvard. Although his "Heredity and Human Affairs" contains material that is also included in each of the other books mentioned above, it has a distinct character of its own. One way to judge of its character is to see how its ideas as to a sound eugenic policy compare with those of the other books. All the authors agree that such a policy must include the forcible prevention of reproduction among the obviously unfit by segregation or sterilization. All likewise agree that another step is the spread of birth-control among the lower classes, the main appeal being to the self-interest which makes people desire to lessen their burdens. Here our various authors begin to part company, or at least to display different degrees of optimism. Professor East is the least optimistic, perhaps because he is a biologist. He does indeed point out the highly hopeful fact that among the Jukes family, who are famous for their badness, the birth rate has fallen almost as fast as among the Edwards family who are famous for their goodness, even though Clarence Darrow has much to say to the contrary. But what bothers Professor East is not the million of the Jukes type, who can be sterilized, or even the million of the Edwards type, who self-control themselves into extinction. His worry is over the twenty million "defectives" who will be the active agents in a great proportion of the anti-social acts committed. If their activities are to be restricted in any way, other than eugenic means must also be sought. . . . Social inadequacy can never be eliminated by any combination of eugenics and euthenics. The poor of body and the poor of mind will be with us always, as long as the world lasts."

It is not quite clear why Professor East is so hopeless. The other authors, to be sure, paint an equally dark picture of the economic and political consequences which will overtake us unless we adopt a national eugenic policy. But Ross, who thinks that such events are almost on our heels, does not deny that they may sift mankind so that the new race is better than the old. Wiggam, with the ardor of a crusader, cannot help believing that the future will be far better than the past. Huntington and Whitney put the matter in still another light, for they say that nature, without any conscious act on the part of man, is already beginning to accomplish what all these eugenic writers so eagerly desire.

Professor East's tendency to see the difficulties becomes still more clear when he discusses the problem of raising the birth rate among the more competent portions of society. Like all eugenists he is persuaded that this is most desirable, but "preaching large families among the more intelligent people is hardly a solution. The wise will never compete with the foolish in the matter of reproduction." Professor Ross is only a little more hopeful; Mr. Wiggam sees vague signs that the upper classes are not wholly oblivious to the desirability of having more children; Messrs. Huntington and Whitney give figures which show that in the United States the people at the very top in character and achievement have distinctly larger families than do the rest of the upper classes; while Dr. Karl Edin, a Swede, has recently told us that in Stockholm the condition which all our eugenic writers sigh for has actually begun to exist—the birth rate among the more competent and intelligent classes is higher than among the less competent and less intelligent.

In the face of such diversity of opinion concerning so important a question, no intelligent person can afford to be ignorant of all sides of the problem. Professor East's sound, interesting, and carefully

considered book is just the sort of source from which to get a clear idea of the basic facts as to inheritance. The reader will be well rewarded by an excellent discussion of the mechanics of heredity, as well as by hearing why women are presumably as intelligent as men, how alcohol and inbreeding influence heredity, and what proof there is as to the innate ability of the negroes. He will be interested to hear of the effect of modern democracy in lessening rather than raising the percentage of leaders derived from the lower classes. If he is philosophically-minded he will greatly appreciate the careful discussion of the way in which racial mixture and especially the sexual as opposed to the asexual method of reproduction hastens evolution by increasing the number of varieties among which environment is able to select those best qualified for preservation. The whole broad theme of the relation of heredity to environment is very ably handled and forms the culmination of the book in both interest and value. Professor East is fairly positive in his opinions, but he backs them up by facts.

## Undergraduate Life

THE CAMPUS: A Study of Contemporary Undergraduate Life in the American University. By ROBERT COOLEY ANGELL. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1928. \$2.50.

Reviewed by FREDERICK P. KEPPEL  
Carnegie Corporation

WHEN we use the word "campus" we think of the life of a college or a university from the point of view of the student rather than from that of the professor or of the world without. Not a few writers have attempted recently to set forth this point of view, usually in the form of fiction and not particularly good fiction at that.

Professor Angell's book on the subject, which he calls "The Campus," discusses the whole question in a dispassionate, common-sense way. He has been trained in the appraisal of social problems and he is fortunately young enough to understand young people. The book has one defect which the author himself recognizes, namely, that so far as direct experience goes it is based on a single institution, the University of Michigan. The result is that while the picture is admirably typical of the coeducational state university, it is less so of the separate coeducational college, Swarthmore or Oberlin for example, and it differs in important respects both from the city universities and from the men's and women's colleges. It is true that the author has supplemented his direct experience by a study of recent available publications, but the book misses the influence of things that are in the air at these other places. As a result he fails to give full credit to the leadership of the women's colleges in stimulating the intellectual interest of students, and the quite remarkable recent growth of these interests in the student body at Dartmouth, Princeton, Yale, and Harvard. Just now the newspapers are making fun of the recent competitive general examination between the two last-named institutions, but that the competition has been held is an interesting and serious matter. Professor Angell would have derived comfort from the present feeling of experienced alumni secretaries that the athletic bonds tying the alumnus to his alma mater are wearing thin and that some way may be found to supplement them by intellectual ties as well.

Other points upon which further information would be useful include the effect on the Campus of the interest in the Arts, and in the Drama particularly, which is spreading like a wave over the country. A comparison with European conditions would be a help, and particularly with those of the English universities, where the unwritten objectives are closest to our own, but where student life has developed the art of conversation, an art in which our own young people are signally lacking. Canadian college life has also its lessons for us.

It is to be hoped that Professor Angell's excellent, if somewhat limited, treatment of this subject will inspire other contributions to it. The Campus and all that it implies affects a very large portion of our population. If we include the generations of young people either preparing for college, now there, or recently graduated, and if we add their parents, the total runs well into the millions. Higher education is also one of the most expensive investments. The value of college property and the endowment back of it are estimated to exceed a billion dollars each, and society in one form or another pays three hundred million dollars annually to support the Campus.



## An American Family

MAY ALCOTT: A Memoir. By CAROLINE TICKNOR. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1928.

Reviewed by HONORÉ WILLIS MORROW  
Author of "Father of Little Women"

MAY ALCOTT was the Amy of "Little Women," the youngest of the children of Bronson and Abba May Alcott. She was petted and protected by the older girls and her parents and so knew less of the hard grind of poverty than they and was robbed of some of her spiritual birthright thereby. Miss Ticknor has allowed May to draw her own portrait, by giving us the long correspondence between May and her mother, when May went abroad, and Louise adds a good many subtle touches in her diary, where there are numerous references to her struggle to give May the pretty clothing, the educational and social opportunities which the younger sister craved.

One gets a vivid picture of a tall blonde girl, not pretty but with dash and style and a spontaneity of wit that is decidedly attractive. Selfish, yes, and too willing to accept sacrifices on the part of Anna (Meg) and Louisa. But, like a good many selfish people, so appreciative and so grateful—after the sacrifice has been made—so free in denunciation of her own grasping, that one forgives and loves her the more.

Miss Ticknor presents May's story practically without embellishment and with no attempt to interpret. The book is the more effective for that. Through the childish diaries we watch the growth of the very human little girl into the talented woman. We follow her to Europe with Louisa, wishing somehow that "Marmee" might have had the tour before May took her turn. And then with unqualified sympathy and interest we read May's fine letters to her mother describing her work, her growing successes, and, finally, Ernst whom she is to love and marry, despite the fact that he is so much her junior. Her death after the birth of her baby daughter and the coming of the baby to America to be Louisa's child is told with exquisite poignancy by quotations from Louisa's diary.

One finishes Miss Ticknor's book with the feeling that she has made a solid contribution to our conception of one of our few really important American families: important because they expressed the best of the early American type. For you can't barge about for several years among the letters and diaries of the New Englanders of the two generations represented by the Alcotts without realizing that they do portray the type of thought and endeavor that gave us whatever intellectual or spiritual distinction we had or have among nations. And that like those other "big chiefs," the Indian and the buffalo, they have slipped over the horizon forever.

It seems to me that it is as one of a family that we ought to think of Louisa May Alcott. For as the precious records so long cherished in the old Thoreau house in Concord are placed within the editor's reach, we realize that the father, the mother, and the other sisters were of as rare and fine a flavor as Louisa. More than that, while most of the other mental giants of that day, as Emerson, Webster, and the Adamses, also had families, the Alcott family alone survives for us as an entity. This is partly because Bronson handed on his genius to his children, which is more than was done by Webster or Emerson, and partly because he taught his children how to record themselves on paper, then cherished these records and left them for the future to recognize and value.

And so we are getting the rounded picture to which Miss Ticknor has added another figure.

They were not at all a democratic family. They believed in an aristocracy; the aristocracy of brains. You could be a lady and wear mended gloves or no gloves. But you couldn't be a lady and speak bad English. An adequate education was more important than sufficient food or clothing: not merely the three R's, but something that smacked of true scholarship. Poverty was uncomfortable in the degree to which it distracted one's attention from things of the mind and spirit. People who sought money for money's sake belonged to the outer pale.

Next in importance to intellectuality ranked simple goodness expressed not so much in concrete religion as in a frank everyday struggle to be something more than decent: kindness, sweet temper,

charitableness, industry, cheerfulness. Without these homely virtues, one's intellect was warped. Nor did one struggle to acquire them secretly. One talked and wrote about them as a matter of intense and common interest.

The third ideal peculiar to this early American group was its sense of responsibility for the political standards of the country. This had little to do with factions, but everything to do with the varied interpretations of the Constitution which was still so new that people were perpetually conscious of it as a way of life. The Websters, the Emersons, the Adamses, the Alcotts, and all their kind were determined that the self-seeking, loud-mouthed politicians should not be permitted to make interpretations that would be crystallized into the customs of the country. And so they thought and talked and wrote a great deal about the philosophy of government. Mrs. Alcott's unpublished letters to her brother who was a Unitarian clergyman are full of intelligent comment, often biting, always constructive, on many of the organic laws as the Congress turned them out. She saw to it that her children understood them, too, and argued about them with her neighbors.

So it is that these families whose intellectuality had freed them from the narrowness of Puritanism without losing one iota of its chastity of thought or motive were extraordinarily important to America's beginnings. What their significance was in detail, how much we owe them, what we are losing that they gave, it is the job of a different kind of biography to show.

It has been the accepted practice for the biographer to choose the distinguished member of such a



Oliver Herford's view of Hearst as an office seeker. "The Yellow Peril," from *Life*, August 17, 1922.  
From "Hearst," by John K. Winkler (Simon & Schuster).

family and write his public story. Usually, alas, he has been restricted for lack of material from pursuing any other method. But with the Alcotts a new attack is possible. After all, in the last analysis, a nation is only a vast collection of families and its truest history would be told in terms of family. And if we want to discover why we are not English or German or French let someone write a rounded account of all the Alcotts. It will contain the very finest essence of Americanism.

## Lincoln's Wife

MARY TODD LINCOLN: AN APPRECIATION. By HONORÉ WILLIS MORROW. New York: William Morrow. 1928. \$2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

MRS. MORROW'S interesting book unites with the recent publication of Dr. William E. Barton, "The Women Whom Lincoln Loved," to fill a gap which has existed for an astonishing period. Research upon Lincoln has attained the proportions of a vast flood. No episode in his life is too minute to receive exhaustive attention. Yet until now his wife, the mother of his four sons, has been totally neglected. When Mrs. Morrow began her inquiries, she found almost nothing authentic in print concerning Mary Todd Lincoln. Nicolay and Hay had barely mentioned her; diaries, autobiographies, and histories dealing with the period passed her over almost in silence. Only one magazine article had been printed concerning her. The outstanding exception to the rule of neglect was furnished by the inaccurate and malicious biography of Lincoln by his law partner Herndon, or rather that written from Herndon's materials by Jesse Weik; and this treated Mrs. Lincoln with gross unfairness. Gossip, based partly on the Weik-Herndon strictures and partly on prejudiced tales set afloat during the Civil War, had long represented her as a shrew, loud-tongued, narrow-minded,

jealous, and subject to "tantrums" of anger in which she literally rolled on the White House carpet.

Pursuing her researches, gathering a line here and a page there, Mrs. Morrow arrived at the conclusion that Mary Todd Lincoln was "one of the most lied-about women in the world"; and that, far from being an unmanageable vixen, she was a long-suffering, noble, and likable woman. She has written this volume to present her view. Let it be said at once that she by no means elevates Mrs. Lincoln to saintliness. Her book shows that she was vain, flirtatious, and capricious; that she made a peppery and captious wife, whose temper at one time actually did prevent Lincoln from spending his evenings at home; that her extravagance in dress, while she was in the White House, piled up a perfect nightmare of debt; and that her weakness after Lincoln's death, when she consented to a public auction of some of her effects, brought her terrible and not wholly undeserved humiliation. Yet Mrs. Morrow does succeed in proving that she was a remarkable and in many ways an admirable person, and that she played a great rôle in Lincoln's career.

She was remarkable, to begin with, in that she was an exceptionally cultivated daughter of the frontier. Reared at Lexington, Ky., near Clay's home, in a community of well-to-do and well-bred people of Virginia blood, she was privately tutored in languages and attended an academy which attracted even Northern pupils. She spoke and read French with facility—which was one reason why when mistress of the White House she was a favorite of the diplomatic corps. She appreciated good books, and became known in Springfield for her literary taste. She was remarkable, again, in her ambition. It was a more steadfast and intense ambition than Lincoln's, it aimed at higher goals—her refusal to let him accept the governorship of Washington Territory is well known—and it stimulated her husband to keep up the struggle for recognition when he might have sunk into a comfortable law practice. "Until 1858," Henry B. Rankin, who studied in Lincoln's office, has testified, "he needed influences outside himself to push him to the political front and hold him there. She gave him this unstintingly." Unquestionably she was a little impatient and nagging when he seemed indolent or fell into one of his deep spells of silent melancholy; but whatever her methods, she did thrust him forward. She was remarkable, too, in her intense likes and dislikes. With her cutting tongue she could and did make enemies; Herndon was one, Secretary Chase was another. She thought McClellan "a humbug" because "he talks so much and does so little;" she told Lincoln that Grant was a "butcher," and she bitterly opposed the appointment of Andrew Johnson as military governor of Tennessee, telling Lincoln that he would "rue the day." Plainly she was a woman of perception. Plainly, too, she had qualities that were a useful complement to the great gifts of her immortal husband.

Mrs. Morrow's book contains much that is appealing, much that is informative, and one bit of narrative that is genuinely tragic. This is the essay which traces Mrs. Lincoln's sad and shabby career from the assassination in 1865 to her death in 1882. It were better if she too had died at Booth's hand. She had piled up an incredible debt for finery, chiefly at A. T. Stewart's New York store—a total of \$27,000. The President had saved little. Congress granted her \$23,000, the remainder sum of Lincoln's salary for the year 1865. After paying part of her debts, and placing Robert in a law office in Chicago, she found that she had, as she complained to a friend, "not the means to meet the expenses of even a first-class boarding-house." In confusion rather than desperation, she made the ghastly error of giving a New York auctioneer some jewelry, dresses, shawls, and other possessions to sell publicly, at the same time issuing an ill-tempered letter in which she denounced Seward, Thurlow Weed, Henry J. Raymond, and others for frowning upon a plan to raise money for her by voluntary subscription. The result was a chorus of gibes and sneers from the Radical Republican and Democratic newspapers. The *Cleveland Herald* accused her of plundering the White House of \$100,000 worth of furnishings; Thurlow Weed publicly asserted that she had sold eleven of Lincoln's new linen shirts before his dead body had left Washington for Springfield. Senator Charles Sumner, always a staunch friend to Lincoln and to her, came to her rescue, and introduced a bill in Congress for a Federal