

Books of Special Interest

Old Worlds Revealed

MAGIC SPADES, THE ROMANCE OF ARCHAEOLOGY. By R. V. D. MAGOFFIN and EMILY C. DAVIS. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1929. \$5.

Reviewed by MARY HAMILTON SWINDLER
Bryn Mawr College

SCIENTIFIC excavation is only fifty years old. This is an almost incredible fact when we consider the new worlds that have come to light within this time and the history that has been written and rewritten as a result of archaeological discovery.

The lure of buried treasure forms one of the greatest appeals of archaeology, and it is this romantic side of archaeology which "Magic Spades" wishes to emphasize. This is much more palatable for the general public than the long story of thirty years' digging in the desert sands of Egypt to find the Tomb of Tutankhamen or the opening of nine hundred graves at Ur before the discovery of Queen Shubad's treasure. Archaeology is not all romance, but the writers of this book have had the acumen to see that romance is one of the things which the archaeologist may share with the public.

"Magic Spades" belongs to the ever-increasing class of books which seek to popularize scientific subjects for the layman. The finest thing about the volume is the vast panorama of discoveries which it spreads out before us—in Egypt, the Orient, Greece, Italy, and America. No one reading it can fail to be impressed with the colossal undertakings and achievement of modern archaeology.

The first half of the volume is written by Ralph Van Deman Magoffin, President of the Archaeological Institute of America and Professor of Archaeology in New York University. The field which he treats covers Egypt, the Ancient East, Greece, and Italy. The second half, which is the work of Miss Emily Davis, Archaeological Staff Writer of *Science Service*, deals with the civilization of the Incas, the Mayas, and the American Indian, with added chapters on Britain and Scandinavia. The book is thoroughly popular in style; in fact, it appears to suffer at times from an attempt to make it lively,

but it is vivid and carries the reader along swiftly and sometimes breathlessly.

It opens with a chapter filled with anecdotes about archaeological discoveries ranging from the finding of dice at Præneste to that of crocodiles stuffed with papyrus in Egypt. It continues with a second chapter which narrates stories concerning hoards of gold and silver coins buried in jars in Egypt, Sidon, Tangiers, and other sites—"pots full of money and of history." The treasures unearthed in ancient shipwrecks are discussed and the importance of excavations in Crete. These early chapters are apparently intended to whet the appetite of the reader for the more important discussions which follow.

In the chapter on Egypt the author takes up the wonder of the pyramids, the discovery of the Royal Tombs, and the poor technique of Belzoni in digging. He tells of ancient tomb robbers about 1100 B.C., and gives a confession of one of them. The account closes with the latest discoveries in Egypt, such as those of Reisner, the French Institute in Cairo, and Firth's excavations at Sakkara.

The section dealing with the Near East is concerned largely with the "Deluge Tablets" and the evidence for the Flood which was discovered by Wolley at Ur. The confirmation of Biblical history by archaeology is emphasized. The author further discusses the Hittites and their language, and the reader has a feeling that he may possibly excavate one of those eight hundred sites still to be uncovered in Asia Minor. The discoveries at Ur and the Indus civilization are treated at length.

With Greece and Italy, each of which claims a chapter in the book, various sites are handled, e. g., Mycenæ, Olynthus, Corinth, Cyrene, Lepcis Magna, Pompeii, and the Lake of Nemi. All of these are touched upon lightly but with insistence upon the importance of new discoveries.

The most vulnerable point in this part of the book lies in the puns and captions. The extent of the popularization may be gathered from statements such as: "Helen went to Troy because she wanted to be the first woman . . . to get her gowns from Paris."

The golden wig of Mes-Kalam-dug is termed "A King's Permanent Wave"; the golden bull's head with the lapis lazuli beard which adorned the front of a Royal Harp at Ur is called "a bang-up Bluebeard."

The second half of the book by Miss Davis which deals especially with discoveries in our own Southwest and in Yucatan, Peru, and Mexico is very interestingly handled. It is time for American archaeology to take its place in the story of archaeology. Its importance is recognized in some of our colleges where courses are now offered in this field. The Tombs of the Vikings, the Burial Ship of a Viking woman, and treasures from Northern lands are also reviewed by Miss Davis. Her final chapter, in which she speculates upon what would have happened if Columbus had never found America, is full of clever ideas.

The book will doubtless have the wide reading public for which it is intended. It has much to tell of the tremendous territory in which archaeologists are busily delving, and it will doubtless attract many to prepare themselves for the fifty-year excavation which the uncovering of the Market Place in Athens entails.

Louis XI in Fiction

THE DEVIL. By ALFRED NEUMANN. Translated by HUNTLEY PATERSON. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. \$3.

THE REBELS. By ALFRED NEUMANN. Translated by HUNTLEY PATERSON. The same. 1929. \$2.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES
THE melodramatic tendency of post-war German literature is nowhere more in evidence than in the work of Alfred Neumann. His historical novels, even while pedantically weighted down with factual details until the narrative staggers like an overloaded pack-horse, move on a plane which is neither that of history nor yet romance. In "The Devil" Herr Neumann is not really interested in the France of Louis XI, and in "The Rebels" he does not care twopence about the Italy of the Carbonari; we do not understand either period any the better after reading his novels. Nor is he, like the writer of romance, such as Dumas or Stevenson, really interested in action. His attention is narrowly centered upon the psychological no-man's land of poisoned emotions supposed to accompany dark intrigue and abnormal relations. These are thrown into the historical past merely to surround them with an atmosphere wherein unpossibilities of character and speech may riot freely without the detection which they would instantly suffer in the clear light of the realistic present. Grant Herr Neumann his presupposition of a race of human beings acting always under the stress of deep and fateful passions—grant him this, and all is well. Then, the portentous airs which they assume on the slightest provocation and the oracular manner of speech which they adopt without any provocation will seem not unsuitable to such strange creatures. Once try to relate them to any reality outside of the story, however, and it is all over with them.

Of the two novels, "The Devil" is by far the better. Herr Neumann, of course, had a subject made to his hand in the person of Louis XI of France. By stressing the morbid and demoniac elements in the king's character, a vivid, if unhistorical, portrait is presented. The story of the subtle affinity between Louis and his chief adviser, Oliver Necker, barber of Ghent, and of how this affinity triumphs over the hatred engendered by the king's taking Oliver's wife to be his mistress, is told fervently and compellingly. But in "The Rebels," dealing with the Carbonari movement of 1830, the author received no such initial aid from history. Unpresented with a protagonist, he seems, for about half the story, unable to find one. The beginning, a long and tedious account of an incestuous relationship, has little to do with anything that follows. Even after the author approaches his main situation, he goes lurching from one set of characters to another. When finally the spotlight falls on Gasto Guerra, leader of the Florentine Carbonari, and his dubious sister, Magdalena, they are slow in acting up to their important rôles. The reader has hardly, at last, become vitally interested in them when the story abruptly closes with both in prison. Presumably in Herr Neumann's work, "Guerra," announced as in preparation, he will proceed with their careers. It is to be hoped, and expected, that, having a running start, he will produce a far more interesting book.

The reader of Herr Neumann's "The Devil" would do well to read in conjunction with it D. B. Wyndham-Lewis's "King Spider" of which a review appears on an earlier page of this issue of the *Saturday Review*.

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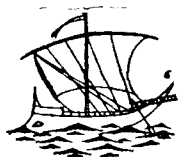
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Plenty of Margin. II

By AMY LOVEMAN

HOW adamant are the demands of the printed page! There we were a week ago in the very middle of our suggestions for Christmas books for your friend whose interests lie in the field of international affairs, when suddenly we were confronted by the fact that we had reached the bottom of our column. No single line or paragraph more could we squeeze in, so we stood not on the order of our going, but ceased without ado—or adieu. Now, just as abruptly we resume. Here are further books to be had for your friend of international propensities.

There's H. Hessel Tiltman's "James Ramsay Macdonald" (Stokes), and J. Hugh Edwards's "David Lloyd George" (Sears), and the second volume of Raymond Poincaré's "Memories" (Doubleday, Doran). If conditions viewed impersonally, rather than events seen under the alembic of personality, engage his attention, you might find that Gilbert Murray's "The Ordeal of This Generation" (Harpers), would prove a welcome gift to him. The League has no more ardent a supporter as it has no more persuasive and eloquent an exponent than Mr. Murray, whose fine fervor and skilful pen adorn any comment he makes upon it. Emil Ludwig, too, has produced a book which in its lively and adroit dialogue-discussion of the causes of the war should prove interesting reading to those who vividly recall the flood of recrimination loosed by its onset. To the generation too young to remember clearly the outbreak of the conflict, "July '14" (Putnam) should prove illuminating and fascinating.

Again we forget that your friend of the international mind may, like the rest of us, occasionally enjoy fiction. Well, you have a way of indulging his liking at the same time that you neatly prove your awareness of his interest in foreign affairs by sending him Ernst Glaeser's "Class of 1902" (Viking), a remarkable portrayal both of adolescence and of the havoc caused in the morale of the German people by the fact of war, or Mariano Azuela's "The Under-Dogs" (Brentanos), a forceful and effective chronicle of revolution in Mexico, or "Pidgin Cargo" (Century) by Alice Tisdale Hobart, a picture of revolutionary China which those competent to speak on the subject have pronounced faithful both to the facts and the spirit of the country.

Heavens! Here we are reaching the end of our paragraphs suggesting books for the "chief," and we've almost forgotten to mention Governor Smith's autobiography, "Up to Now" (Viking). That's a book that is interesting even though it is necessarily so cautious that little of inside events and politics appears in it.

But what have we done? We have gone on and on and forgotten that you may be wondering what would specially appeal to your minister or friend whose concern with religious problems is profound. Perhaps J. Middleton Murry's "God" (Harpers), an intensely personal record chronicling the evolution of Mr. Murry's faith, written with ardor, emotion, and eloquence, might please him, or T. F. Powys's "Interpretation of Genesis" (Viking), or, if it is published by the time you make your purchases, "Cradle of Gold," by Llewellyn Powys (Harcourt, Brace). Then, if you wish to furnish him with reading matter that may stir him to argument, you might send him Harry Elmer Barnes's "The Twilight of Christianity" (Vanguard), or if you think fiction would be more to his liking, Dorothy Glaser's "Brother Anselmo" (Payson & Clarke). And if he is interested in poetry (and why should he not be?), add to it Robinson Jeffers's "Dear Judas" and Lola Ridge's "Firehead" (Payson & Clarke), a lofty narrative poem depicting the day of the crucifixion. Perchance there is one among your acquaintance who is interested rather in the development of religions than in specific religious problems. If so, bestow upon him Salomon Reinach's "Orpheus" (Liveright), a history of religions, or Padraic Colum's "Orpheus" (Macmillan), a résumé of the myths of the world. You would do well, too, to send with either of these volumes the "Bhagavad-Gita" (Chicago), which Arthur Ryder has admirably translated.

And so now your friend of the cloth is provided for, and we must on to another. You remember Gilbert's verse?

*You have a daughter, Captain Reese,
Ten female cousins and a niece,
A ma, if what I'm told is true,
Six sisters and an aunt or two.*

Surely, like Captain Reese, you have an aunt or two, a beloved, venerable lady who

not only enters into your interests but wins your delighted attention with her accounts of events that have past. She is the person who, remembering the days when Disraeli was news of the breakfast table, would rejoice to receive the stout volume of his correspondence to Lady Bradford and Lady Chesterfield (Appleton), letters in which Lord Beaconsfield lived an elderly romance, or would enjoy reading Susan Ertz's "The Galaxy" (Appleton), a novel which winds its leisurely way from mid-Victorian times to the present, or would find to her liking Lizette Woodworth Reese's "A Victorian Village" (Farrar & Rinehart), the chronicle of a small town just outside of Baltimore. Or you might send her Viola Meynell's life of her mother, Alice Meynell (Scribners), or "Life's Ebb and Flow" (Morrow), by the Countess of Warwick. Helen Keller, whose early education and remarkable conquest of tragic handicaps she must have followed with interest as it progressed, has recently published the second volume of her memoirs, entitled "Midstream" (Doubleday, Doran), and Anne Parrish has a new book that should make appeal in "The Methodist Faun" (Harpers). Then, since age is usually tender to the passion of youth, you might send her Barbara Gooldeen's "The Waking Bird" (Day), a delicate portrayal of young love, or, since the changing codes of morality which have succeeded one another in her day could not but engage her attention, you could fitly bestow upon her Ellen Glasgow's witty, skilful, and beautifully artistic novel, "They Stooped to Folly" (Doubleday, Doran).

Now that we have supplied you with books for your aunt, surely you would not say to us in Shakespeare's words, "Uncle me no uncle." For him we've prepared a list on the supposition that history past and present, both in the form of sober chronicle and invested with the glamour of fiction, would appeal to him. It includes Bernard Fay's "Benjamin Franklin: Apostle of His Times" (Little, Brown), which our reviewer last week called incomparably the best biography of Franklin that has appeared, Brand Whitlock's lively and careful life of Lafayette (Appleton), and that second biography of an early American by a Frenchman, Gilbert Chinard's "Thomas Jefferson, the Apostle of Americanism" (Little, Brown). Then, too, it embraces "John Brown" (Payson & Clarke), by Robert Penn Warren (and when you're sending that don't forget if your uncle hasn't read it yet to include with it Stephen Vincent Benét's "John Brown's Body" [Doubleday, Doran]); Captain B. H. Liddell Hart's "Sherman: Soldier, Realist, American" (Dodd, Mead); Col. J. F. C. Fuller's "The Generalship of Ulysses S. Grant" (Dodd, Mead), and Claude G. Bowers's "The Tragic Era" (Houghton Mifflin), a chronicle of the revolution after Lincoln. Coming down through the years to a period which your uncle will remember in the making, we find for him Paxton Hibben's "The Peerless Leader" (Farrar & Rinehart), a biography of William Jennings Bryan, and Thomas Beer's "Hanna" (Knopf), the life of another political leader who was a much-discussed figure in his day. Your uncle, if he is the man we take him to be, would like, too, American history of another sort as represented in Garnett Laidlaw Eskew's "The Pageant of the Packets" (Holt) and Lyle Saxon's "Old Louisiana" (Century), and if he has a taste for fiction, Durward Grinstead's horrific novel of witchcraft in which Cotton Mather figures in shadowy fashion, "Elva" (Covici-Friede). But what reason have we to suppose that your relative cares nothing at all for the history of nations other than his own? None whatsoever beyond the necessities of a list which we arbitrarily prepared, and into which we now fling by way of defiance to all categories two historical novels playing in the past of Europe, the late Donn Byrne's "Field of Honor" (Century), a tale of Napoleonic days, and Carola Oman's story of Anne of Warwick and Richard III entitled "Crouch-back" (Holt).

Now your uncle's off our list. Well, there's your friend of the classical enthusiasms (we mean enthusiasm for classical times, not the traditional enthusiasms, and we rather think we've made ourselves no clearer than before we began to explain). How about sending him G. P. Baker's "Hannibal" (Dodd, Mead), Norman Douglas's "Birds and Beasts of the Greek Anthology" (Cape-Smith), or Robert William Rogers's "A History of Ancient Persia" (Scribners)? But how inadequate we seem with these few

books to offer you. "On the sudden," though, "a Roman thought hath struck" us. "This grief is crowned with consolation." Now that our quotation is writ (and what is writ is writ), we realize that our thought is only Roman because we are thinking in terms of Antony, not of Cleopatra. And it was E. Barrington's "The Laughing Queen" (Dodd, Mead), a romance woven about the Queen of Egypt, that we were going to suggest that you send to your friend who is the lover of the ancient past. And now, when it's too late to make the proper transition, we discover that it really was a Roman thought that sudden struck us, for we meant to recommend to you the tale of that other Queen which Gertrude Atherton has entitled "Dido, Queen of Hearts" (Liveright). A Roman thought, we hear you mutter, when she was Carthage's Queen? We know, but wasn't it Rome that made us think of Virgil, and Virgil of the "Æneid," and the "Æneid" of Dido? And doesn't that sentence now make us think of "this is the house that Jack built?" Before we know it we'll be prescribing fairy stories for your classical-minded friend. Perhaps we're not so far from them when we suggest that you send him Naomi Mitchison's "Barbarian Stories" (Harcourt, Brace), which recreates different periods of history.

We've certainly fallen sudden not only on a thought but into an associative frame of mind. For that mention of the "Æneid" has reminded us of its opening line—*Arma virumque cano, Troie qui primus ab oris*—, and the "Troie" has reminded us, oddly enough, not of Homer, but of Tennyson and his "ringing plains of windy Troy," and that again has put us in mind of the Poet Laureate's

*Ah, when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams across the sea,
Thro' all the circle of the golden year?*

No, that hasn't reminded us of the President's thirty thousand word message to Congress. No, no, we shouldn't dream of suggesting that you send that as a Christmas present to your friend, though it would be an act of pious citizenship to read it. No, Tennyson's lines only reminded us that there is a large crop of war books of rather notable sort this season, and that perhaps your friend the ex-soldier or the ex-canteen worker would be delighted to receive one of them.

There has, of course, been a succession of novels which have followed along the path blazed by "All Quiet on the Western Front" in depicting war in its most unmitigated aspects and reflecting its effect upon the morale of individuals and nations as well as describing its incidents. Perhaps after all we are wrong in picking out your ex-soldier or ex-canteen friend as the proper recipient of these books, since they of all others do not have to have rehearsed for them the facts of war. However, removed from the struggle as they have been by the years, they may be interested in comparing their reactions with those of others who experienced and suffered as they did. At any rate, here is our list of books that are outstanding if you wish to make a gift of a volume of the sort: Ludwig Renn's "War" (Dodd, Mead) and the anonymous "Schlump" (Harcourt, Brace), which, like "All Quiet on the Western Front," portray the conflict from the German point of view; "Siberian Garrison," by Rodion Markovits (Liveright), in which passages of stark horror describing life in a prison camp follow upon an entertaining narrative chronicling the entrance of a Hungarian into the army; "It's a Great War" (Houghton Mifflin), by Mary Lee, and "Stretchers" (Yale University Press), by Frederick M. Pottle, the first of which is a portrayal, with all the gloss off, of the life behind the lines of the nurses and canteen assistants who bent their arduous efforts on keeping the fighting man at the front, and the second the record of an evacuation hospital, and "All Else Is Folly" (Coward-McCann), by Peregrine Acland, an account of the war from the Canadian angle. Then there's a book of a different sort which we think your friend who was in France would undoubtedly rejoice to own, "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me" (Macaulay), compiled by Lieutenant John J. Niles, with music by Lieutenant Douglas S. Moore. So there you are, supplied with war books for those who want them.

We must haste us, for limitations of space threaten our loquacity again. And all this while we've made no specific suggestions for your friends of the younger generation. To be sure, any of the books which we have suggested for their elders might interest them quite as much as those we are about to name. Still we've compiled a list for them which

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