

# Levy versus Smith

IT is many years since I heard a sermon. But since all that I ever heard began with a text, I am glad to avail myself, too, of that agreeable method which gives one so natural a starting point. I choose my text, then, from a very ancient book, from that famous Talmudic tractate known as the Sayings or Sentences of the Fathers which has quite generally been embodied in the liturgy of the synagogue. And in this book I select the whole of the brief eighteenth section of the first chapter. It reads as follows: "Rabban Shimon ben Gamaliel was wont to say, It is upon three things that the world stands firm—upon justice, upon truth, and upon peace." This saying of our teacher Simeon, the son of that patriarch Gamaliel who was the instructor of the young Saul of Tarsus, may not, at first sight, seem either very astonishing or very original. But to translate is notoriously to traduce; there are no synonyms; the names of concepts in one language do not coincide with the apparently same names in another. For concepts are freighted with the peculiar character and experience of the particular people who sum up in them their unique vision of the multiform world. Hence, like a preacher in those far days when people were not ashamed of knowledge, I may be permitted to say that the original words for "upon justice and truth and upon peace" are *Al-hadin v'al-haemeth v'al-hashalom*. In brief, the Hebrew words translated as justice, truth, and peace are *din*, *emeth*, and *shalom*, and it is these words that may be fruitfully examined for a moment.

*Din* is no "Justice with her scales in bronze," no blindfold Roman effigy, no symbol of a power that stands unmoved above humanity and measures it by some cold and abstract norm. The verbal stem from which the noun derives means to create right, balance, equity among men, to use mercy, and to abstain from the judging that destroys justice. It is the word used by Isaiah when he declares that Javeh will enter into judgment with the elders and princes of the folk because the spoil of the poor is in their houses; it is the word used by Jeremiah concerning the king Josiah: "He judged the cause of the poor and needy; then it was well. Was not this to know me, saith Javeh?" . . . This justice on which the world is founded leans always to the side of the defeated, the disinherited; it is exercised in creating a moral balance of which the natural world does not know.

Precisely as *din* is no pagan justice that wrecks itself upon life in the name of some arrogant law, so *emeth* (truth) is not the name of a metaphysical concept. This truth is that which shall endure, all that has steadfastness and faithfulness—the ultimate values upon which all men can rely in their souls' last need. It is, according to the prophets, inseparable from peace; it is, according to the Psalmist, inseparable from love! *Chesed v'emeth*, loving-kindness and truth. It is the name of God—*El emeth*, his stamp and seal. It is the cognizance whereby love can actively create peace. And this peace—*shalom*—of which justice and truth, equity and steadfastness, are the conditions, is also spiritual health, the welfare of the total man, salvation. Peace is salvation in the view of my text, not redemption—*p'duth*—ransoming, buying off. For according to the author of my text there exists neither original taint nor unforgivable sin. Mercy and truth will bring about the salvation whose name is peace.

It will be said that, despite the special interpretation, these are commonplaces and that I have quite correctly compared myself to an old-fashioned preacher. But there are, in fact, no new ethics under the sun; there is no new road to human salvation, and I observe that the most extreme of modern moral nihilists, like Mr. Aldous Huxley, for example, pay their implicit and half shamefaced tribute to that Jewish wisdom which failed as Christianity through its contamination with pagan mysticism and emotion and through its gradual implication with the power of Rome.

There is no new wisdom of the humanistic sort, of the sort that teaches men how to live. There was a moment in the nineteenth century when it was hoped that science would provide a new ethic. That hope is dead. Science is doing untold good in sanitating the lives of the already intelligent and merciful.

One thinks, for instance, of the safer practice of contraception, of the early but already amazing triumphs of endocrinology. But science cannot make men merciful. On the contrary, it puts into the hands of the pagan—the ruthless industrialist, the mad nationalist, the professional militarist—engines of power that would have made Rome shudder. New poison gases can subdue striking workers and wipe out civilian populations. The military despotisms of the world are more secure than ever; the dictator buys the man in the laboratory; those two enter into a desperate league. Science triumphs; death and not life is king; the heart has not been touched; salvation is farther off than ever.

The heart has not been touched. Or to speak with an at least apparently greater precision: there has not been, so far as one can see, the slightest emotional adjustment to the ethic which Christendom feigns to accept. Whenever European pagans have seemed to make such an adjustment they have robbed their example of all saving power by their monkish perversity, their repudiation of man and nature and



LUDWIG LEWISOHN

human life, their repulsive morbidness. Neither Saint Francis kissing the sores of lepers nor the aged and satiated Tolstoy thundering against art and love can help us. Our duty toward lepers is to eliminate their disease; by art and love we live. The pagan, in other words, alternates between truculence and groveling, between excess and emasculation, drunkenness and the Volstead Act, exposing sickly babies on mountain ledges or letting them be born indiscriminately. He never touches the center. He never touches justice, truth, and peace.

It is for this reason that, through my text, I appealed to Jewish ethics, that is to say, to Christian ethics untainted by pagan psychology, by its excesses, by its lust for superiority and power. The author of my text, Simeon, the son of the patriarch Gamaliel, and his predecessors to Amos, the earliest of the prophets, and his successors to any intelligent, unfashionable rabbi in Lemberg or Kansas City, represents an entirely different, a strictly non-pagan attitude to human life. Profoundly, sincerely, instinctively, not only as a matter of so-called religious conviction but of rock-founded common sense and unalterable experience these men have believed and believe that the senses are legitimate, that human life is manageable, that force is absolutely and undeviatingly evil, and that salvation arises naturally, without the interposition of mythical intermediary or metaphysical balderdash, by that tireless and loving cooperation among the children of Adam whose end and aim and fruit are peace. When huge Oriental monarchies threatened the national existence of their people, these counseled defeat and exile rather than resistance; when Hadrian forbade by ruthless edicts all the immemorial practices of the Jewish cult, there was found but one man in the assembly of sages to countenance the armed resistance under Bar Kochba. The others practiced a non-resistant

disobedience. They were aware then, in the first quarter of the second century of our era, that to meet force with force and paganism with paganism was only to put off all hope of the reign of justice, truth, and peace.

What, in brief, I am trying to point out is that there exists and has long existed in our Western World and not only among quietistic Hindus on the path to Nirvana, the psychology, the emotional attitude that alone—alone—can save the civilization we have built up. I shall not say with Spengler that according to a law inherent in the morphology of all civilizations we are doomed to a Babylonian fate whatever we attempt or do. But that intolerable and bloody Cæsarian age which he predicts may in truth come upon us unless we can eliminate not only arms and guns and navies and the recurrent call to military servitude, but the primitive pagan emotions that render all these inevitable. Disarmament conferences, multilateral peace-treaties—all these will be vain and empty unless the emotional attitude of John Smith can be so changed that he will say, when war looms, what Moses Levy finds burning on his lips but does not dare to say: Fighting is dirty, sinful, and unworthy of man. Above all it is immeasurably stupid; it settles nothing; it is suicidal for all concerned. It is absolute evil as well as absolute stupidity. That is why Moses Levy, even when he follows the drum in fear of being lynched, has an essential contempt both for those who beat the drum and for those who follow it gladly.

What shall we do to change the inner man of John Smith? How shall we make him want justice, truth, peace? How shall we persuade him not to follow the call to murder and destroy whether that call is issued by a capitalist or a proletarian dictatorship? How? By lifting from him the burden of his littleness, of his fear. For he is cruel because he is afraid of being hurt and he plunges into mass emotion and mass obedience and mass murder because that plunge gives him a sense of power, the power of the mass to which he belongs and which he briefly feels to be his own. Especially in our modern urban and industrialist civilization where he has been so hopelessly reduced to a cipher. Feebly he brags and boasts out of his insignificance and his fears. Put a uniform on him and make him part of the wheeling evolutions of a military mass. He feels upheld, sustained, proud in obedience and uniformity, powerful with the power of at last being and not only tending a part of a machine.

Doubtless in sodden trenches under gunfire this false sense of power abandons him and he would like to whimper and to flee. But now the solidarity of common danger keeps him somewhat erect; he does not know how uselessly and stupidly it has incurred, and also the old pagan superstition—useful perhaps in primitive ages but now no more—that it is shameful for a man to fear physical hurt. And Christianity with its silly contempt for the body has left him utterly pagan in this respect. The regimentation of the industrialized master-state, aided by church and school and the excesses of moralistic feminism, reduce poor John Smith's virile expressiveness in work, in play, in love below a tolerable minimum. He roars for the flag and feels elated; he sees battleships maneuver and feels their gray strength added to his pitiful weakness. The oligarchs know how to take him and how to turn him into cannon-fodder. Then when pain and danger come the poor fellow is helpless. In his childhood he was fed on stories of Indians bearing torture without a complaint and was taught that this poor quality of the Stone Age savage was worthy of imitation, was in fact the very mark and sign of manhood. And in his instruction in school and Sunday school the Jew Jesus is transformed for him as far as possible into a Nordic knight, not a gentle man but a gentleman, or, in America—*vide* Bruce Barton—into a go-getting man of business like the boss of his concern. Belligerency is bred into the very bone and marrow of poor John Smith, but never a belligerency for his minimum rights to freedom, love, play, sunlight, but belligerency for a flag, a figment, a vision of fancied danger and unnecessary solidarity behind which crouch his masters, who send him to prison if he criticizes the mad system by which he is enslaved and ordered into trenches to protect the sources of their power.



# by Ludwig Lewisohn



Perhaps it will be possible some day to drive from John Smith's heart the servile pagan ideal with which it has been corrupted for so many ages. Perhaps from a henchman he can be turned into a man. The cults of the Far East are useless to us, for we need more insistence on the dignity and preciousness of personality, not less; more respect for healthy and beautiful bodies, and not less. Historical Christianity will not help us in any of its forms, for all these forms are inextricably entangled with the world's pomp and power, with patriotism and force. And even a quite pure faith like that of the Quakers is contaminated by the morbid asceticism of Paul. This is a central point and this the central tragedy of Christianity, that it has never been able to strive for the salvation of peace without demanding at the same time a disgusting monkishness of conduct. Its peace has always been peace for the sake of death, never peace for the sake of a more abundant life. Cannot we persuade John Smith that not to judge, that to prefer truth to propaganda, and to seek peace, may be a manly and an honorable way of life?

He will not take kindly to regarding for his own benefit the operations of the mind and heart of Moses Levy. Ages of prejudice and slander forbid that. But those who know that on John Smith's putting on a new man depends the salvation of the world—it is they who may be brought to regard Moses Levy with an at least objective and scientific interest. Now Moses Levy has had an historic experience so recurrent and profound that it has turned into an instinct of his blood the truth that an appeal to force settles nothing at all. He despises all values except moral and intellectual values. If he sees two men fighting his contempt for the victor and the defeated is precisely the same. His contempt is softened by a single consideration: the defeated was probably, or at least possibly, in the right. So that injustice, which he finds of all things hardest to bear, has been added to dirt and brutality. He has himself become a pretty poor creature as far as action is concerned. John Smith has bawled "coward" at him so long that instead of saying, "In your precise sense I am, thank God, a coward," he has mimicked the courage of John Smith as a self-protective gesture and has furnished examples of gallantry in every modern war. But it has always been against the grain of his nature; it has always been a horrible and costly gesture. Levy believes in peace and does not think it a fine thing to be hurt or maimed or to incur the danger of it, and always has the shrewdest of suspicions that the quarrels he is asked to enter are not his quarrels or those of any of his ordinary fellow men at all. Furthermore, in Levy's consciousness—here is his great advantage—peace has never been entangled with a repudiation of nature; it has, on the contrary, been implicated with a resistless love of life. He is no monkish or Tolstoyan lover of peace and barrenness. He is passionate son and husband and father. If his wife's or his child's or his own finger aches he runs to his physician. He loathes the thought of hurt, of death, of war, of confusion. He loves life and peace, food and drink, music and sunshine, study and reflection. The dead or the embattled have none of these. In a thousand pogroms he has shown that he can bear the inevitable with dignity. But he gets no "kick" out of contention and danger. That pagan possibility has completely died out of his nature. He wants literally and passionately to be left in peace in order to pursue the goods which seem to him the true goods of human life: love, children, knowledge, charity, good health, old age.

He often seems contemptible to John Smith. The mimic battles of Smith's games, Smith's pseudo-knightly ideals and gestures, are not for him. He is serious; he reckons with reality. He has been up against reality a long, long time. He sometimes, in the light of Smith's apparently gay, brave world, feels a trifle contemptuous of himself. Smith runs amok or kills himself; Levy sighs and goes to a psychoanalyst. Smith has all the fine gestures; Levy manages to conquer life. For Levy never experienced the knightly tradition or the Christian Middle Ages. Abstract sociological loyalties play no part in his life. He is not thrilled by the flutter of any flag nor taken in by any symbol. Life is too serious

and too dangerous for that. He does not want his sons to be killed, however handsome the name of the cause. He wants them to live and be healthy and learned and to beget sons in their turn even more healthy and learned, and in this thought is his final affirmation of humanity as well as his share of immortality. He is eager to practice charity, for pain and want hurt, and he does not think that being hurt is either a fine thing or a discipline; he has an infinite respect for the best truth he can find, being rarely taken in by quackery of any sort, but relying on science; he wants peace above all things, peace without which none of the ends of the good life can be served.

Paganism must be curbed, the knightly and the loyal must be put to useful work, the serious and the cowards must prevail in the councils of mankind. The danger is great and imminent. Civilization is on a knife's edge. Does no one want to save it? A little humble anti-Fascist fled from Italy, an unpolitical person, a man who quietly wanted to withdraw from the degradations of a tyrant. He came to France, home of exiles and last refuge of the oppressed, and month in and month out begged and besought the Italian consul in Paris to permit his wife and child to join him. In vain. In vain. The little man lost his head and fired on the consul. A French jury, deeply cognizant of the man's wrongs and sufferings, let him off with a sentence of two years. Now armed guards are needed by the French consulates in Italy and Mussolini talks of national insult and provocation to war. Here are all the makings of a second Sarajevo. For Italy is allied with the bloody despotisms of Poland, Hungary, and Rumania. And it will do us no good, if war comes, to feel a passionate sympathy for France. For war destroys and brutalizes all. There are not in the moral and hardly in the physical sense either conquerors or conquered. All go down to disaster, disgrace, destruction, despair. All. Force, honor, prestige, even fatherland—these are murderous concepts and murderous things, pagan, horrible, tragic. If John Smith does not learn from the despised Moses Levy civilization is doomed.



For we must never forget that in John Smith is our only hope. I must not say that none among his rulers in any country has the will to good and to peace. But that will can never or hardly ever be liberated from its entanglement with power, gear, friendship, ultimate class solidarity. It is hard for a Senator's son to become a conscientious objector to military slavery and official murder. He who has least to lose is the free man. But he must be made to realize his freedom; he must refuse to be dazzled by symbols, scared by false cries of danger, confused by the figment of a concept of honor that lost all meaning centuries ago. His conversion is not an easy task. For John Smith has through the ages been tribesman, feudal vassal, loyal subject, one-hundred-per-cent citizen—everything, in fact, except a human being. He has always been the object of the processes of history. Is there any hope of converting him at this late date into a man?

I think there is; I hope there is. For I do not believe that in his innermost soul he is so very different from Moses Levy. Only his historic experience has been an unhappier one. He has been fooled into thinking himself a conqueror. He has warped memories. If he is a Frenchman he thinks, let us say, in terms of the splendor of Napoleon, not in terms of his great-great grandfather, who probably drowned miserably in the icy waters of the Beresina or froze to death on the wintry Russian plains. Moses Levy has the felicity of realistically thinking in terms of his grandfather, of his great-grandfather; he is not fooled by a splendid memory and a name still graven above a palace door. He knows what the world is really like. Now at bottom John Smith, quite like Moses Levy, probably wants love, children, knowledge, peace. Being an Aryan and a natural pagan and young in the discipline of history, he probably, unlike Moses Levy in this respect, still has a hankering for what he calls victory—some primitive desire, stripped of any moral motive or aim, to prevail, to create a superiority he does not feel by, at least symbolically, getting his knee upon some rival tribesman's chest. Can we not teach him that

no victory is his or ever has been, and that, closely regarded, such a thing as victory is no longer possible in a crowded and complicated world? Even the shadow of victory works by contraries. It is the Italian master who is becoming corrupted, brutalized, degraded in the South Tyrol; it is the Tyrolean who will some day arise from their sufferings erect, spiritually purged, lovers of justice and of peace.

Nothing will save us except peace. Economic and social justice, humanitarian endeavor, scientific discoveries—all are vain if destruction and utter degradation are always just around the corner. We must go out into the world; we must go to John Smith and drive the pagan from his heart—the foolish, short-sighted, self-destructive pagan. We must be tireless in this aim until a day comes when, if the masters call to war, no one answers the call, but men, quietly disregarding flag and drum and the paid lies of the press, go about their business of peace. And we can still go to John Smith, not only in the name of his essential manhood and his posterity, but in the name of Jesus. Not of Christ. Christ is a knight and a gentleman and a pagan myth. But in the name of Jesus and the teachers of Jesus and the descendants of those teachers who are still many among the kinsmen of the Nazarene. For nearly two thousand years these men have known that peace alone is salvation. Upon justice and truth and peace our world rests. The pagan has raged against these pillars of the world for ages. They are near to toppling. We must save them and so ourselves and our world from crumbling back into chaos.

*The foregoing article is to be included in a book shortly to be issued by Harper & Brothers entitled "If I Could Preach Just Once." Its author is well known as an editor, critic, and writer of autobiographical chronicle and novels. He was at one time a teacher of German in a Middle Western university, and was later dramatic critic and associate editor of the Nation, to which journal he is still a contributing editor. His published works include "The Drama and the Stage" (Harcourt, Brace); "Upstream," "Don Juan," and "The Creative Life," all issued by Liveright; "Roman Summer," and "The Island Within," both published by Harpers.*

## Somewhat Metaphysical

(Continued from page 745)

formulas that are always logical, but never convincing when they are torn out of the context of the moment in which they functioned. For literature is never really timeless in the literal sense, though it may be enduring. If it is timeless, it is only because, like Shakespeare or the Greek tragedies, it has once been timely. It carries with it the electrical fields of thought and motion as well as the consciousness that lived in and from and for them.

Perhaps this is only an analogy, but if so, the two parallel lines each lead toward truth, and perhaps in some Einsteinian world meet short of infinity. And whether the comparison is accurate or not, we can draw from it nourishment for the literary mind. Much of the rather unsatisfactory ("unspiritual" some would call it) realism of the last decades suffers from a preoccupation, like the scientists, with "fields" alone, regardless of their significance for the consciousness. Such work may be good experimentation, but unless the field of experience means something in relation to the consciousness, the ego, that lives and changes within it, then the sterility which inheres in all meaningless phenomena may make these experiments barren. We know so much, for example, of the fields of American consciousness from, let us say, Dreiser, so little of an ego worth breaking one's heart over! If experience is unitary and has significance behind it, then the old question of quality must again arise, even while we are democratizing every emotion. A difference between wisdom and knowledge must once again be established. Let us know by all means, but, in literature certainly, let us be critical of the worth of knowledge. "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; . . . and the King of Glory shall come in. . . . Who is this King of Glory?" That, if the symbolism of the Psalmist be read in our sense, is the question to be asked in literature.



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## Books of Special Interest

### Little Blue Books

THE FIRST HUNDRED MILLION. By E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1928. \$3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

HOW Mr. Haldeman-Julius sold a hundred million of his little five-cent Blue Books has several points of interest to several kinds of people. To publishers and advertisers it has a business interest. It brings out characteristics of the mass public, and it goes into methods with figures and detail.

Books are bought mainly because the buyers wish to read them, and of course those who wish to read them to the extent of five cents each are many times more numerous than those whose desire amounts to twenty-five cents, or fifty cents, or a dollar. But one does not spend even five cents without a purpose; ninety-nine percent of the buyers of the Blue Books, says Mr. Haldeman-Julius, buy because they themselves wish to read them, and "from 1260 titles almost anyone could select twenty or more that he would like to read," at least with a degree of liking sufficient to cover a price that by mass production it has been possible to reduce to an approximation of the nominal. This seems to be the foundation of the faith.

But it is the method and detail of marketing these books that are most interesting. These are given generously. Mr. Haldeman-Julius presents classified and comparative lists of hundreds of books, with the numbers sold, and shrewd interpretations of the figures. In the chapters on advertising, statistics are listed, and the results obtained from the chief periodicals used as advertising mediums are compared. There is a chapter on mass production, and another on the writers who worked for the series.

In the two chapters called *The Hospital* and *The Morgue*, Mr. Haldeman-Julius describes the policy he has adopted in regard to books of which the sales are small. Books that fall below a sale of 10,000 a year are usually sent to the Hospital, where the general treatment is either to reclassify them,—that is to shift them to another list, or to change their titles, or to do both. Changing "The Life of Barnum" to "P. T. Barnum and His Circus" doubled the sales of the volume. "Poems of Evolution" sold two thousand under the title "Poetry," in 1925, seven thousand in 1926 as "When You Were a Tadpole and I Was a Fish," and twenty thousand in 1927 when listed under *Humor*.

The series is varied, containing classics of literature, collections of all kinds, and informational books especially written for it. Mr. Haldeman-Julius is something of a propagandist as well as very much of a publisher and is quite candid in admitting it. The proportion of books in his series which objectors would call anti-religious is rather formidable, and the list of "sex appeal" books is still more striking. Many of the titles would usually be called sensational. Mr. Haldeman-Julius frankly says that these volumes represent his social philosophy and rises to their defense; so far as defense rests on the grounds of personal belief it is, of course, quite sound. But one cannot help noticing that in general the books with sex appeal have the largest sales; the largest annual figures for any one book seems to be 129,200 for "Prostitution in the Modern World," and the next largest 112,000 for "What Married Women Should Know." It seems that ladies still suffer from embarrassments, and that more young ladies will buy "What Every Young Woman Should Know" than "Sex Facts for Girls."

There is no way of determining any man's motives or mixture of motives. It is a perfectly arguable social theory that it is on the whole better, tends on the whole to a healthier and safer society, to have all knowledge always open to all people, of both sexes, and young or old; that, since the protection of the young does not protect on the whole, early knowledge of sex, as complete as possible, will do more good and less harm than any maximum or minimum of concealment. There are, of course, two sides to the issue, which is one of those that are never settled, in theory or practice.

At any rate the little Blue Book series is a social phenomenon of some importance. Mr. Haldeman-Julius has written a book about it of extraordinary candor and interest.

### Scientific Societies

THE RÔLE OF SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

By MARTHA ORNSTEIN. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1928. \$3.

Reviewed by F. V. MORLEY

FIFTEEN years ago this was presented as a dissertation for the Ph.D. degree. Two years after that, in 1915, the author died. After this lapse of time it may seem remarkable for the dissertation to be reprinted *in extenso*; but it would have been culpable not to reprint it. Indeed, the surprising thing is that we should not have heard more about it. There is no doubt that Martha Ornstein was a rare student and a rare teacher; one need not base that on conjecture—the evidence is in this text with the forbidding title. And from the text, the first discovery is something unusual in historians of science: excellent judgment and excellent taste.

She could stand aside and see things in perspective; she was predominantly cool, and did not let the fact that what she said was novel fluster her into false ornamentation and excitement. Her prose is admirably suited to her exposition; neat, concise and pithy, adequate to stir the imagination, but never in the way. Her judgment is shown by the treatment of her material, which is at once embarrassing by its mass and depressing by its gaps; by the questions she asks to make her thesis clear; and by the thesis itself, which is that, with the exception of the medical faculties, universities contributed little to the advancement of science in the century which, more than any other, contained the landslide towards experimental methods. It was the scientific societies which contributed largely toward the new temper. "These societies were the *Kulturträger* of the second half of the seventeenth century," she contends in the peroration, where, having done the work, she can afford to speak out freely.

They were the concentrated expression of the new spirit which was to gain the supremacy in the realm of thought and life. They typify this age drunk with the fulness of new knowledge, busy with the uprooting of superannuated superstitions, breaking loose from traditions of the past, embracing most extravagant hopes for the future. In their midst the spirit of minute scientific inquiry is developed; here the charlatany and curiosity of the alchemist and magician are transformed into methodical investigation; here the critical faculty is developed so that the disclosure of an error is as important as the discovery of a new truth; here the minute fact is put as high—nay, higher—than generalization; here the individual scientist learned to be contented and proud to have added an infinitesimal part to the sum of knowledge; here, in short, the modern scientist was evolved.

There are many things which make the seventeenth century seem closer to our own day than the centuries which come in between. The universities are not now separated from the activity of scientists; the parallel is not there. It is however, possible that there is a gap between the institutions and the men outside them who are concerned with the humanities; and it is possible that the present century may show a movement opposite to that described in this book—a movement to find again a dignity in the humanities. They are often looked on, in the rough and tumble of controversy, as enemies of experimental science; but it is among the top-dog scientists that one finds important indications of discontent with the limitations of the scientific outlook. If this reversal develops we may be in for such excitements as we have not had since the period discussed by Martha Ornstein. She would have found a stimulus in the ideas afloat nowadays; and she was one designed, by her knowledge and sensibility, to stimulate the arguments.

A technical discussion of her chapters would be out of place, were it within the reviewer's power. There are inevitably sources one would have liked to see mentioned, which, no doubt properly, are untapped. Pepys's account of experiments at the Royal Society, for instance, might have been drawn on; though off-hand I do not remember whether Wheatley's Pepys was available before 1913. But more important than to discuss minutiae, is to draw attention to the interest of Martha Ornstein's work. Those who look into it will be surprised at the amount of local liveliness and quiet humor.

Harvey J. O'Higgins, novelist, short-story writer, and playwright, died last week of pneumonia. A few days before his death he prepared a short statement for a forthcoming issue of the *Outlook* summarizing his religious beliefs.

### The Novelist of Vermont

By JOHN E. FLITCROFT

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