ample, that a patient had "a purple place nearly as large as her hand . . . about eight inches above her knee on the inside of her right limb."

The Compound made the family fortunes but it did so too late to benefit greatly the original producers. Two of Mrs. Pinkham's sons had literally worked themselves to death in its behalf, Dan dying at thirty-three, and Will at twenty-eight. Mrs. Pinkham herself lived for only three years after her success. Her heirs made a genuine effort to acknowledge her decease and, tactfully, to substitute her daughter as a second saviour of the sex. But the world of women would have none of this. They insisted upon having their own Lydia. So the firm revived the old lady and mounted upon her posthumous wings to greater glory. Every attack upon the Compound merely increased its sales. Edward Bok's denunciation in the *Ladies' Home Journal* sent them soaring. Though the Food and Drug Act has shorn the plumage from the advertising until today the Compound is recommended, with unquestionable truth, merely "as a vegetable tonic in conditions for which this preparation is adapted," nevertheless the immortal physiognomy of Lydia Pinkham still goes marching on.

Mr. Washburn rightly emphasizes the significance of his heroine as one of the founders of modern personal advertising and as a contributor to the present reign of feminism. But he is too overawed by the magnificence of her achievement to do full justice to the essential comedy of her story. He wastes much space in apologia—which is much as if one should apologize for Falstaff or Bottom the weaver. There is a good deal of padding in the book. Thus a whole chapter—and a very unilluminating one—is devoted to Mrs. Eddy, simply on the grounds that she too disbelieved in doctors, was a self-advertiser and a feminist, and lived in the same town with Mrs. Pinkham. The endeavor to trail a whole period from Lydia's skirts is unsuccessful. To take her quite so seriously is to wrong the dear woman.

Personality Plus

NOGUCHI. By GUSTAV ECKSTEIN. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1931. $3.75.

Reviewed by FREDERICK P. GAY, M.D.
College of Physicians and Surgeons

THIS is no official biography of one whose scientific attainments well merit this and other memorializations. It is rather an attempted transcription of a vivid, ambitious, flame-like personality who passed through some fifty years packed full of work of unbelievable intensity, short intervals of wasteful dissipation, and who attained accomplishment of a very high order. Although Oriental in birth, feeling, and continued loyalty, Hideyo Noguchi was a member of a very restricted group of the world's most eminent. His virtues, eagerness, assiduity, kindling enthusiasm, and fundamental kindliness, were evident to all who came in contact with him of whatever nationality; his frailties, not unknown among Occidentals, are understandable as due to the safety valve of an engine under unusual pressure. An engine indeed he was, "a twenty-four hour man," as a friend describes him, who knew no distinction of night from day once the fever of work was on. And work was nearly all his life. When once I chided him in the laboratory, at what was to me a late hour for work, and urged him to go home he replied. "Home? What's that? This my home."

Noguchi appeared unexpectedly one morning in a Philadelphia laboratory ready for work, on the basis of a verbal invitation, so slight as to have indicated mere politeness, with no visible means of support, and, worst of all, at that time possessed of none of the obvious scientific assets. He was crippled, apparently clumsy, disorderly, and essentially untrained in bacteriological method.

It was fortunate for him and for science that this untrained, impulsive, and erratic boy fell into the hands of a rigorous and able critic who not only gave him successively greater opportunities for work but exercised a guidance throughout the rest of his life whether he liked it or not. The patience and endless labor that made Noguchi the master technician, came, of course, essentially from within, but the biographer does too little credit to the watchful training of Simon Flexner. Far more important than Noguchi's gradually acquired technical skill was his originality of thought which, in conjunction with an indefinable charm, led Oriental and Occidental alike to believe in him, to admire him, and to grow fond of him. Much of this originality and charm Eckstein has brought before us. His great sensitiveness, his kindliness, his temperamental eagerness were well known to his colleagues. His early and naive conceit, in part a defense reaction in explaining himself to his oriental sponsors, would not have been known to his American friends, had it not been for the extensive source materials that his biographer has gleaned.

Eckstein of necessity recounts the essential steps in the advance in each scientific problem that Noguchi made, with great clarity and correctness. To one who is not a scientist it is necessary to explain that a physiologist would rarely know in so complete detail the facts or even the precise significance of the problems of another science however neighboring it may be. It is only one evidence of the scholarship and work that has gone into the making of this biography. Of far greater human interest is the exhaustive detail with which Noguchi's letters have been sought for and obtained. Of these the most revealing are those written to Noguchi's Japanese friends and masters, in particular those to the village doctor Kobashi, the first to recognize his talents, and to Chiwaki, not only an early mentor but the man whose financial backing really launched the Odyssey of this remarkable man; a backing truly courageous and far sighted in view of the frequent total irresponsibility of his protegé.

It was perhaps an advantage that Eckstein never knew Noguchi personally. He has approached the problem of a personality in an unprejudiced fashion

CONFUCIUS
Illustration from "Adventures in Genius"

and apart from the invaluable Noguchi letters to Kobayashi, Chiwaki, Madsen, and many other unlabelled recipients, he has diligently sought personal interviews and the varying impressions of all and sundry who knew his hero. Out of these he has woven a composite portrait more complete than any one of Noguchi's friends or acquaintances could possibly have arrived at. To one of Noguchi's earlier associates it seems amazingly authentic and satisfying; in no place does there appear to be any serious misinterpretation.

This book is not a mere replica of the current psychographic method of biography; it is not the forcing of an individual and often alien interpretation of supposed dominant motives, fitted to a purposely dramatized series of accepted historical events. Noguchi's quoted letters are dramatic enough both in recording his scientific successes and failures, and in his tenderer moments of sympathy.

It is difficult enough to interpret any striking individual of our own race and time. But here we are dealing with an Oriental and he seems somehow not only sympathetic but understandable. The biographer has obviously saturated himself with the East. This is exemplified not simply by the offhand use of unaccustomed words and phrases, and by reference to detailed surroundings and customs, but also by the adopting of a form of expression that is appealingly reminiscent. The staccato style that Eckstein employs, although at first incoherent and rhetorically annoying, becomes gradually persuasive in creating an atmosphere at once Oriental and peculiarly fitted as a setting for his dynamic, childlike, and fascinating protagonist.

A Baedeker to Genius

ADVENTURES IN GENIUS. By WILL DURANT. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1931. $4.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

MR. DURANT is one of the most successful of our modern popularizers. The word is repellent to my esthetic ear, but there seems to be no other. The thing itself is repellent to many scholarly minds that are hampered by scholasticism. Mr. Wells popularizes science, Mr. Van Loon history, Mr. Durant philosophy. The public and educational values of bringing vast masses of people into touch with both old and up-to-date knowledge (not in the shape of dead information tabulated, but in vigorous, vivacious narrative, earnest if not emotional), these public and educational values are no small matter. If we are prepared to deny that they are values, that is another story, an unfinished one whose plot is conjectural. At any rate we can say that the extent of the success is a phenomenon, and how it is achieved of no small interest.

"Adventures in Genius" is not a planned book, but a collection of papers, not all of which come under the title. Part I is a rapid commentary on ten "greatest" thinkers and ten "greatest" poets, and a list of one hundred best books for an education. The author advises the experienced student to pass by Part I as merely popular and pedagogical. But I am thinking of all Mr. Durant's writings as popular and pedagogical in their values, and would advise the experienced student of the great social phenomenon called publicity to take particular note of these swift summings up and commentaries. Any such student could draw up a good enough list of one hundred good books. There are probably a hundred such lists in print. But not everyone could fly over wide fields of knowledge and give to his aerial observations an interest, a substantial body, and a flowing sequence. It is a special gift.

Part II consists of three adventures in contemporary philosophy, on Spengler, Keyserling, and Bertrand Russell; and three adventures in literature, on Flaubert, Anatole France, and John Cowper Powys. Recovering from the surprise at finding Mr. Powys at ease in this ultra-distinguished society of indubitable genius, the experienced student aforesaid may note a second explanation of Mr. Durant's success, namely his enthusiasm, his gusto. Like that of Professor William Lyon Phelps, it may be naive, but it is winning. The gusto parts of his Spengler and Keyserling are perhaps too wordy and windy for the discriminating to enjoy, and it is not until Mr. Durant begins to state his critical doubts that the critical doubts of the critical reader find relief.

Especially in the essay on Bertrand Russell's "Marriage and Morals" it appears that Mr. Durant can be well balanced, compact, and more or less penetrative. "Mr. Russell," he remarks, "understates the positions which he refutes." That is one of those familiar features of controversy so familiar as to be taken for granted. But when note is taken of it, quietly and compactly, it is an effective counter, even if it sounds commonplace. Understating the other side may be good tactics or bad, but at any rate it gives a perilous advantage to an alert opponent. "I feel, in the midst of his disarming courtesy," Mr. Durant continues, "not only that a much stronger case can be made for the Victorian attitude, but that a moderate case can be made against any precipitate following of our reasoning at all in the field of sexual and social experiment." The case for the Victorian attitude is then well and reasonably made. It is not overstated, or in a controversial manner. It leaves that impression of something level headed and fair, which Mr. Russell had neglected to provide.

On this insecurity of reason as a guide in such matters, Mr. Durant goes on: "Logic has a way of being simpler than life. Our sexual institutions, like our muscular coördinations, are the product of subtle instincts and long racial experience." It is odd to be banking lavishly on the infallibility of thought at the very time when Freud has exposed the menial subservience of thought to sexual desire—"Every individual who takes morality and society apart to remake them nearer to his dreams is like an amateur mechanic overhauling the motor of an expensive car." We are in for experiment. There are changes at hand, some inevitable, some no doubt for the better. But "under these feasible terms of marriage and divorce I see no reason for legitimizing adultery. Fidelity is unnatural, but so is courtesy"; such courtesy,

for instance as Mr. Russell's. "Civilization would be impossible if behavior were natural—For my part, I would surrender all the delights of change, all the varieties and follies and scandals and beauties of Broadway, for an old-fashioned loyalty and an old-fashioned home. But I would not wish to elevate my tastes into morals, or to enact my prejudices into laws."

Now, if the experienced student, the critical or sophisticated reader, finds all this an ancient tale too often repeated to be interesting, he can criticize his own objections by asking whether it is not accurately addressed to a class so much more numerous than his own as to be probably in the long run more important. Of ten men in middle life and with a certain inclination to be thoughtful, would not nine of them think Mr. Durant in the right? Is it not, then, admirable tactics against an abler man, more brilliant, more profound, than himself, to confront him squarely with average common sense and customary feeling—those ancient "battlements that on their restless front bear stars?" The light artillery of an individual patters against them and looks foolish. For the moment at least, the more brilliant the more futile.

From the standpoint of literature and an experienced intellectual life, Mr. Durant's sins are many and evident. Through most of the essays on Spengler and Keyserling they stare one somewhat exasperatingly in the face. One grows impatient of the loose exuberance, of violent and tottering assertion. But when he opens the separate compartment in which he keeps his doubts, he seems to become, if not profound, at least for the most part, reasonable. One begins to see why multitudes have taken pleasure in reading him, and to suspect that they have taken benefit. These multitudes are of such as do not expect to think very deeply, but would like to think reasonably, and to think that they think with candor. Mr. Durant carries them as far as they can comfortably go. You cannot travel the real frontiers without dust and toil. There are no charabancs there, and American Express Company checks are no good. But for regions that are settled and ordered there are Baedekers provided, and it is also good to travel with a companion who is naturally enthusiastic, and, on due occasions, cool headed and reasonable.

An Inspired Dilettante

SCHLIEMANN. The Story of a Gold-Seeker. By EMIL LUDWIG. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by ALFRED R. BELLINGER
Yale University

IN these days when archaeology keeps breaking into the headlines, it is most appropriate to have a biography of the greatest headliner of them all. Heinrich Schliemann was a man so remarkable that there is no one with whom to compare him. His inexhaustible energy; his restless ambition; his excesses of sentiment and anger and caution following one another with bewildering swiftness; his magnificent faith in himself; his financial genius; his fifteen or twenty languages—one knows not where to look for his like. Being the most methodical of men he left behind him a mass of documents which might well stagger the most patient and laborious of biographers and which has supplied almost all of the present book. Mr. Ludwig has made no attempt to exhaust the material but has drawn from it sufficient specimens to give a brilliant picture of the man's extraordinary career. Some later scholar may perhaps work over the papers again, possibly publishing all the letters or those journals in which the much travelled man made such careful and thorough records of the commerce and society of the countries through which he passed. One would like to see his account of the Far East in the days when tourists were still a rarity or to read the entire correspondence between him and Gladstone.

But such things can wait. For the present it is sufficient to have this story of the poor parson's son who made himself a man of wealth and then spent his wealth in the chivalrous attempt to prove that Homer was a great historian. Probably a great many people who remember that Schliemann was the first to excavate Troy are quite unfamiliar with the astonishing mercantile career which preceded his excavations. Life in Germany offering him very little, he took ship for America. Wrecked on the Dutch coast, he began immediately to win a place for himself in that nation of merchants until, attracted by the great possibilities of the Russian trade, he learned Russian in an incredibly short space of time and proceeded to establish himself in that country and there accumulated a fortune, with lesser episodes such as trips to America and all about the continent of Europe.

It was a mixture of sentiment and ambition that made him the most conspicuous excavator of his time. Against the opinion of most of the experts he insisted that Troy was at Hissarlik and, digging there, he found not only the walls and streets of a succession of cities that had stood on that spot, but the famous treasure of gold which he instantly assumed to have been Priam's. The experts were affronted. Here was a man with no scientific training who had the audacity to find things which ought not to have been there. There was a great storm of controversy and theories flew like hail. Still, the gold was an undeniable fact and, when he repeated his performance, and found gold at Mycenæ too the experts were in an inferior position and knew it. He made mistakes —important mistakes. The gold of Troy, as we now know, had nothing to do with Priam nor was it the corpse of Agamemnon that he found at Mycenæ (he himself became convinced of this and, with a slightly pathetic humor, came to speak of the dethroned cadaver as "Schulze"). But he had the great virtues of faith and preserverance, and his mistakes were more creditable to him than was the erroneous caution of some of his critics to them. It is a good story for archæologists to read, for the profession owes an immense debt to the reckless enthusiasm of this preposterous dilletante. Much was contributed by Virchow and, later, by Dorpfeld; much more by Sophia Schliemann, the Greek girl whom he married at the beginning of his archæological career; but the great contribution was that of Schliemann himself.

It cannot be said that Mr. Ludwig has added much to the account. His comments and reflections are likely to be trivial and are certainly not essential. It is a question how much he knows about Homer and, even allowing for extreme typographical errors, it is hard to believe that he knows anything at all about the house of Atreus. It matters very little. The letters and journals tell their own story and the very haste which is apparent throughout the book is appropriate enough to the temperament of the hero. Later scholars may make a more judicious use of the gold, but the present volume shows us that the gold is there.

Tiverton Square

THE SQUARE CIRCLE. By DENIS MACKAIL. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

THERE is a heaped up, extra, thrown in for good measure quality about this book by Denis Mackail. He seems never to tell even half of what he might about his people and his houses. In a day when so many novels are stripped down to their very modern gears, it seems tremendously good luck for readers who actually enjoy reading a book, rather than just finishing it, to come across so browsable a volume. And there is more to it than just the author's knowing a great deal about his people that he does not tell; anyone who meets them is bound to go on, too, beyond the covers of the book and speculate on what life brought them, or took from them, after page 378.

The scene of "The Square Circle" is a small one: Tiverton Square in London, a diminutive, sooty, green park surrounded by respectable houses; but before one has done with the book, that scene has become a much peopled world revolving slowly before a pleasantly unprejudiced eye. A lack of prejudice, however, does not mean a lack of affection. Mr. Mackail likes his characters just as Trollope liked his, and although the contemporary author does not express his sympathy for the misfortunes of his creations in the forthright manner of the chronicler of Barsetshire, it is quite apparent that it is a matter of style and not feeling that prevents. That is the sort of people they are, the inhabitants of Tiverton Square, not problems, not protagonists, just people young and old, muddling along according to their dim lights, and inescapably likable.

As the Square bounds the place of the story, so one year, from summer vacation to summer vacation, bounds the time. During the middle of September the houses around the Square begin to wake up after the lethargy of their summer emptiness. Shutters come down, blinds go up, there are great cleanings within and arrivals without. The Bristows drive up in Iphigenia loaded down with suitcases. Mrs. Bristow and little George are not going to be so important, but Mr. Bristow and Angus, his Scottie, are in for a difficult and melancholy time connected with the young Miss Carpenter across the Square and romantic middle age. The story of these three might stand, very complete, very restrained, quite by itself as an Indian summer futility, nostalgic and inevitable.

In a few days that queer couple, the Davidsons, return to their queer house on Tiverton Mews. Telephone calls and parties make up all the visible life of these night club habitués. Do they go on living when they are not visible, or do they, possibly, just cease to exist when not illumined by festivity? At any rate, it is at a shrill Davidson cocktail gathering that Veronica Norton from the Square meets the young man with whom her happy love must run its unhappy course.

For the very first time in all fiction perhaps the whole horrid truth about a children's party is told. Mr. Mackail admits frankly that any slight lack in refreshment or entertainment will not be passed over lightly by the calculating little ogre-guests who "know what's what and are troubled by neither mercy nor weakness." The Ashtons of the Square give a children's party in January, and no single miserable contretemps is evaded by the recorder. The grimness of this gayety defies a kindly smile; only laughter or tears can do it justice. Beware children, beware adults in a party mood!

Then there is the somewhat mysterious house at No. Seven where Mrs. Gillingham lives, where Sir Hubert Liveright, Captain Brian Wheeler, and Mr. Aaronson call in immediate and dubious succession. Sir Hubert is really rather out of it all, and Mrs. Gillingham and Captain Wheeler are birds of a feather, but for Mr. Aaronson, a conventional, past middle-aged solicitor, No. Seven and its connotations stand for something most disturbingly important—"But for this," he thinks, "I believe I could be perfectly happy." And then, "Without this," he thinks, "I doubt if I'd go on living."

These few personal mentions merely scratch the surface of "The Square Circle." It is really an omnibus book of lives caught from the angle of a certain year.

Letter Home

YOURS shall not be the leather,
The lace, the tortoise shell,
Which any Avenue merchant
Can offer you as well.
The box that I shall bring you
Is tiny, pudgy, round,
Carved out of fragrant lemon peel,
And on its lid is found
A plump heart, coffee-colored,
Pierced by an arrow through
And squatting on a griddle.
A scalloped ring of blue
Frames saffron sky behind it
And bright green grass below
Cut into tipsy triangles.
By such signs you may know
That the casual possession
Of eight centesimi
Permits me to present you
With Sicily.

RUTH LAMBERT JONES.

The Saturday Review
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