

critics. For them to review it is an undeserved misfortune; not for the author—he can weather it—but for the potential reader, who is thereby cheated of important news. Leaving the prevailing path of judicious praise, censure, and commination, I shall quote clues. Phraseological clues to content seem to me the surest and most confidential informers as to the real nature of a book. They will not prove to be empty rumors. There is something in these pages worth exploring, as the reader may see.

Here they are:

Mr. Sullivan writes of "specific ability" as compared with "intellectual passion." The first is rare, the second common. He compares a "poetry of the emotions" with that of idea. Both are valid, the second is ascendant. But it is the man of science, not the poet, who is "a dweller in dream-land." He writes of differences between men and women—not moot but "absolute." He discusses the "deepest human craving," surprisingly and convincingly, on a notable page. It is the craving for growth. He has a "gospel for the student"; thoughts on the inaccessibility of great literature; on "the process of suggestion called education"; on "music and materialism"; on "slovenly critics"; on "philosophy as vision"; on "sex as casual" and on "sex as mystery"; on "love as heart-ache"; on "one's personal ranking"; on men "predestined to futility"; on "tricks of fate, monstrous and incredible."

But enough. The book is packed with such clues. But the effect of the book as a whole is not that of a pot-pourri. All that is said deploys from an unfolding experience that is personal, consecutive, and engrossing.

One has to admit that toward the end there is an effect of truncation and of thwarting. That is disappointing, but it is life. Post-war life, especially in England, cuts across the thread of continuity and purpose in all but a very few of those who rank as intellectuals. This, too, has to be faced. Every man who is highly individualized, as Sullivan says, finds less and less in the world for him to do. This is his dilemma so long as he refuses to conform to current tendencies, carry banners, and fall into line. But whether a man conforms or not, such taking stock of himself and such detached appraisal of his own experience is the most important thing a man in middle life can do. When he can do it with as much impersonality and in language as effective as in the example before us, his work wins the interest of men and women who have similar problem-patterns of their own to solve.

## Sanctions Against War

BOYCOTTS AND PEACE. A Report by the Committee on Economic Sanctions. Nicholas Murray Butler, Chairman. Edited by EVANS CLARK. New York: Harper & Bros. 1932. \$4.

Reviewed by GEORGE SOULE

IF anyone wants to know why the members of the League of Nations did not apply a general economic boycott against Japan last winter, and probably never will apply such a boycott as a substitute for war against any reasonably important nation, he has but to read the research sections of this report. In spite of the injury which such a weapon would inflict on the offender—indeed, one may say, because of this injury—the damage to many of those who seized the economic sword would be equally great.

Here again we are faced with the axiom that trade is a mutual activity. If we punished Japan by depriving her of cotton and refusing to buy her raw silk we should at the same time punish ourselves through our cotton-growing and silk-manufacturing industries. The sacrifice arising from such a policy would be so great that no people would be likely to endure it unless they were angry enough to resort to complete war. The line between a general economic boycott and war is shadowy in every respect. The boycott would be difficult to enforce without military weapons. It would incite the victim to military reprisals. It is itself one of the main arms of modern war, an arm beside which mere guns and tanks are

theatrical but insubstantial apparatus like swords and shakos.

There are, as the economists point out, numerous other difficulties connected with this proposal. Those within a nation who would chiefly suffer from its execution would demand indemnity, and thus its cost would embarrass national budgets. No nation could be expected to apply a boycott alone in support of international justice; joint action would be essential. But all nations coöperating would not bear equal burdens. Some, indeed, might be more injured than the outlaw country itself. Could the cost be shared, and if so, on what principle; and how would the payments be made?

All these considerations led the committee of prominent men who considered the subject at the invitation of the Twentieth Century Fund to propose a substitute for Article XVI of the League Covenant. This article is, in the first place, inadequate because the League does not include the United States and Russia—two nations whose coöperation in economic sanctions would be essential. In addition, it is impractical because it is too drastic, requiring the severance of all commercial relations with the offender. That means that it is not likely to be invoked, and therefore that it can have little restraining influence. Besides all this, the article makes almost no distinction between economic boycotts and war itself. Before the boycott is applied, the member nation must admit that the aggressor has committed an act of war against them. Then the League Council recommends military sanctions to be applied by the several members, in addition to the economic sanctions, which are compulsory, once the article is invoked.

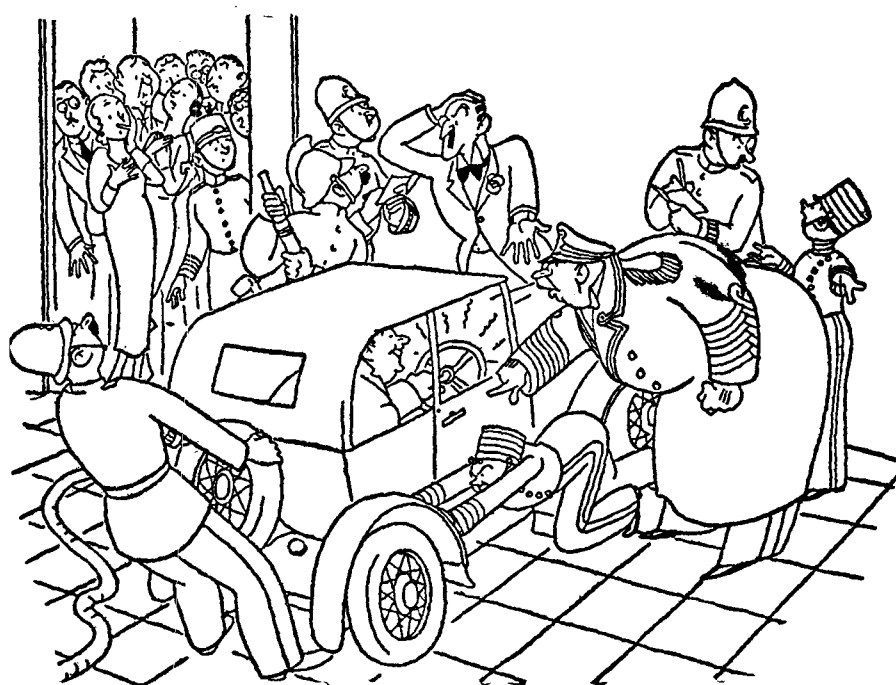
The Committee therefore suggests a new international agreement. It would be based, not on the League Covenant, but on the Kellogg-Briand pact, and would thus include the United States and the Soviet Union. In case of hostilities, actual or threatened, this treaty would make compulsory only consultation to decide what should be done. The agreement would not itself specify what section was to be taken in any case, but the Committee suggests cutting off the supply of arms or munitions and other absolute contraband, and "such further economic sanctions and concerted measures, short of the use of armed force, as may be determined to be appropriate and practical under the circumstances."

This is certainly an improvement over Article XVI. It is, however, by no means perfect as a safeguard against war. Some countries are much better supplied with arms and contraband of their own than others. No one of the great industrial nations need greatly fear a boycott of this kind. Furthermore, there would be, under this agreement, no real certainty that the boycott would be used. It would still be a vague threat, and might be considered by a nation in a belligerent mood as a bluff to be called. Indeed, Professors John B. Whitton and Mirosław Gonsiorowski, arguing for a policy of sanctions in their research report, admit this when they write, "The real importance of such measures consists not in their actual application in a particular case, but rather in the potentiality of an application. . . (It lies) far more in the prevention of aggression than in the punishment of the aggressor."

All this suggests that if we must rely solely on sanctions to prevent war, we are relying on a weak defense indeed. Furthermore, as Dr. F. G. Tryon points out, over-emphasis on sanctions has its own dangers—it may stimulate the building of munitions industries and lead to conquests and alliances to secure control of essential raw materials.

People obey the law more through habit than through fear of punishment, and the world is as much in need of more economic bands as of more sanctions. . . The growing interdependence of the nations does suggest the power of economic sanctions, but its chief significance lies in the thickening crust of the habit of world intercourse.

George Soule is an editor of the New Republic and was at one time on the editorial staff of the New York Evening Post. He has been a special investigator and advisor in industrial affairs. His recently published "A Planned Society" was reviewed in these columns a few weeks ago.



DRAWING BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS FOR "BIG BUSINESS."

## Open-Faced Comedy

BIG BUSINESS. By A. S. M. HUTCHINSON. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1932. \$2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

EVER since "If Winter Comes" appeared, the name and initials of Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson have been associated with serious inquiry into modern life. One may have felt, as so many did, that Mr. Hutchinson probed deeply into these problems or, as many others did, that he merely scratched the recognized surfaces of our discontent. But no one doubted the seriousness of his purpose. And no one will doubt the complete and charming abandonment of such purpose in "Big Business." This latest novel is an open-faced comedy that will produce as many outright chuckles as thoughtful smiles. Its riotous plot only gains in amusing effectiveness through the quiet and conservative manner of its recording.

Every thing hinges upon a fantastic and delightful will. Two brothers, most intriguing scoundrels, are left very nicely situated for life by the death of one of those aunts whose only attractions are their wills. The one drawback is that this pleasant living will be forthcoming just so long as certain seven pug dogs, or progeny of any two of them, are comfortably and happily housed by the brothers. At such times as this loathsome line shall become extinguished the money will revert to the "Pug Weal and Woe Society." After that, for no reason whatever, at the death of either brother, the money returns to the survivor. The frantic effort to keep alive the venomously fat and lethargic, but fearfully perishable, pugs takes up only a few pages of the book because the pugs are gathered to their fathers at a most tremendous rate of speed.

But two such brothers as Saxon and Norman Springe are not to be done out of their birthright by the demise of a mere half dozen asthmatic old canines. One brother must obviously appear to die, so that both may enjoy their unearned increment. Just what degree of death will satisfy the lawyers and the "Pug Weal and Woe Society" is a fine point. Once this is nicely adjusted and plans well under way, that ole debbil Fate steps in and snatches one brother to what appears actual but unprovable death, and Saxon Springe is left without kith or kin, which depresses him not at all, and without fortune, which infuriates him beyond measure.

Which brings Mr. Pringle into the story. Saxon Springe runs across him just at the zero hour. He has left the Hotel Plantagenet without a cent and without his baggage because with only thirty pounds to his name he had spent a few days and had the time of his life at this hostelry that "begins where the Ritz leaves off," and had achieved a reputation for wit among the personnel because in his ignorance at being asked "dry?" when he ordered a Martini he had answered "wet," and, seeing how easy the thing was, he had said "sour" when the clerk

inquired if he would have a suite. Mr. Pringle is a character. He embodies all the impossible qualities that are usually dealt out singly to the unfortunate human race. He is of surpassing honesty but so ineffectual against vice, especially after a few club cocktails, that he falls into the most dubious situations of which he makes complete havoc. How much trouble one well intentioned, honest accomplice can make for however accomplished a rascal!

Nothing is so hard as to prove that a book is amusing. There are no arguments to be advanced as in the case of demonstrating a novel's realism, or sentimentality, or even its vice. Quotations cannot be lifted from "Big Business" because the fun comes in the warp and woof of the story, inherent in situation and character. Some of the phraseology might well be recorded, but where to begin? If, however, you remember the very amusing light passages in Mr. Hutchinson's other work, especially those dealing with children and eccentrics, you can guess what a book of almost continuous exuberance of this sort would be. And add to that that it is illustrated, even to the pugs, by Gluyas Williams.

## A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

A GOOD MAN'S LOVE. By E. M. DELAFIELD. Harpers.

A story of Victorian girlhood that is ironic, penetrating, and artistic.

BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD. By J. W. N. SULLIVAN. Knopf.

The autobiography of a man who looks at life with wise and disarming eyes.

NIGHT FLIGHT. By ANTOINE DE SAINT-EXUPÉRY. Century.

A dramatic and stirring chronicle of pilots who fly the night air mails in South America.

## The Saturday Review of Literature

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## The "Good" Old Days

A GOOD MAN'S LOVE. By E. M. DELAFIELD. New York: Harper & Bros. 1932. \$2.50. (Book League of America selection.)

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

WE can imagine no better panacea for the regrets of those elders who still shake mournful heads over the latitude assumed by the younger generation than this novel of Miss Delafield's. If they still incline to consider the manners and customs of the Victorian age better than those of the present, let them read this book and forever after hold their peace. For here, raptured through by a delicate irony, in this story of Monica Ingram from the day of her introduction into society to the moment of her grateful surcease from anxiety as she turned a bride from the altar, is the epitome of Victorian maidenhood.

Poor Monica! Fortunate Monica, her



E. M. DELAFIELD.

friends would have said, who, endowed with a fair amount of beauty, was ushered into a world well cushioned with affluence and social position, and for whom from babyhood on the stage had been set to give her every advantage in the marriage mart. Hapless Monica, around whom the webs of convention were spun from the day of her birth, whose one intoxicating taste of love and fluttering attempt at freedom was slain by the tabus of society and the insincerities of a philanderer, and who, after several seasons had left her unengaged, honestly thought that marriage with a dull, elderly man meant happiness since it meant escape from the stigma of spinsterhood. Around the person of Monica Miss Delafield recreates a period and a philosophy of society with a skill that gives her story the very accent of life.

Hers is a lovely book, penetrating, incisive, and keen. Its art is admirable, and in nothing more than that out of the slight incidents of a conventional life and out of the commonplaces of intercourse and dialogue Miss Delafield has caught the poignance of a situation that could so easily have been made to appear merely quaint or abhorrent. Monica, gentle and docile, accepting the rightness of the system which constrained her to bend every act and indeed every intention toward the great goal of marriage, her mother, with a "little horde of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart," her friends, brought up like herself to look upon every man who crossed their paths as "of use" only if he were an eligible *parti*, the men themselves with their amiable politeness and their fear of the unpopular girl, these are people who live and breathe, invoke our pity, raise our ire, and always hold our interest. The past springs to life again from the page as an age only a few decades from our own knew it, but in a perspective which shows its trammels, its absurdities, its cruelties indeed, as it itself could never have seen them. It is given to few of our modern novelists to write at once so caustically and so gently as Miss Delafield, to produce an art that so successfully conceals its art as to leave behind only a flavor of reality.

We wholeheartedly recommend this book. Persons who look to a novel to furnish entertainment through lavish and dramatic incident, or rapid-fire conversation, will not like it. Persons who want

their fiction to carry a high emotional charge or to move on the plane of the sensational in sex relations will not like it. Readers who want to be diverted by persiflage and edified by comic byplay will find it dull. But all those others who turn to their fiction for a reflection of and commentary on the commonplace, pathetic, exciting business that is living, and who exult in the artistry that can make the normal as enthralling as the unusual, will delight in it. And if they don't, they should.

## French Gold

SAINT SATURNIN. By JEAN SCHLUMBERGER. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1932. \$2.50.

NIGHT FLIGHT. By ANTOINE DE SAINT-EXUPÉRY. New York: The Century Co. 1932. \$1.75.

Reviewed by ANDRÉ MAUROIS

SUCCESS is a delightful thing when it crowns actual deserving, a great talent, or arduous labor. When "Saint Saturnin" appeared in France it received practically universal acclaim from the critics, and the authors rejoiced over it. For, though the public in general ignored Jean Schlumberger almost completely, the writing fraternity had long been following his work and had some time ago made their estimate of it.

Schlumberger is not a young man; he is over fifty. He comes of an old and numerous Protestant family, a family of Alsatian manufacturers, cultured and substantial. On the maternal side he is descended from Guizot, the French minister and historian, and the estate which is described in "Saint Saturnin" is that of the Guizot family. With André Gide and Gaston Gallimard, Schlumberger founded before the war *La Nouvelle Revue Française* which was to become for thirty years the center and asylum of all the new literature. Not Gide alone, but Claudel and Valéry as well found in it a field for their writing. It was there that Schlumberger himself published his first novels: "Un Homme Heureux," "Le Lion Devenu Vieux," "Les Vieux de Dix-Huit Ans."

"Un Homme Heureux" is a chronicle which has for background a great family industry and which is the story of a man who in material things is successful, who is rich, powerful, and apparently happy, but who spiritually is suffocated and dreams of fleeing from his good fortune. "Le Lion Devenu Vieux" recounts the last days of Cardinal de Retz; it, like the later "Saint Saturnin," is a portrayal of the tragedy of old age. These books will repel a certain type of reader by the soberness of their manner and the unyielding daring of their thinking. On the whole, however, such readers are few.

"Saint Saturnin," on the other hand, from the moment that it began to appear serially, was pronounced a great French novel. Its plot is simple. On the estate of Saint Saturnin lives a family by the name of Colombe, an upper middle-class Protestant family; its head, William Colombe, has been a model of force, intelligence, and virtue. Now he is old; one of his sons, Louis, has succeeded to the management of his business; the other, Nicholas, is the administrator of the farm. The novel opens with an admirable scene—the death of the mother, Mme. William Colombe.

During her lifetime she had appeared a commonplace woman, a mere shadow of her husband. Since her death she has grown in the recollection of her children to what she had actually been, the motive power and the balance wheel of the family. Already as she lay at the point of death, the weakness of her husband, when no longer sustained by her, began to reveal itself. He had been austere and strong, to be sure, but this very austerity had stored up in him a secret and dangerous caution. On the very day of his wife's burial he began an intrigue with a cousin of doubtful reputation. He felt as though he had reconquered his liberty. His children, respectful at first and unable to believe in his decline, became dismayed as they saw him drift gradually into a sort of senile dementia. The vanity of the weak made him an easy prey of flatterers. An impotent sensuality led him to pay court to every woman he met. Before long he was at the mercy of the heirs of the estate.

Saint Saturnin itself, the beloved farm, finally was in danger. Despite themselves, the sons of the great William Colombe came to treat him as one demented. Louis, the eldest son, who resembled him, fearing that old age might reduce him to the same state as his father, drew up for use in his own case a set of instructions against the time when he should be sixty, and begged his brother Nicholas to warn him if some day he too lost command of himself. Saint Saturnin, in the end, is saved, and the old man, cared for by his children, lives on there at the point of death.

It can be seen that here is a drama somewhat similar to that depicted by Balzac when he painted the decline of Baron Hulot in "Cousine Bette." That, however, is the only point of resemblance in the books. Schlumberger is a less romantic painter than Balzac. Rather, his portrayal of family life recalls the unaffected grandeur of Tolstoy. He is profoundly penetrated by a sense of the poetry of insignificant things: a conversation between two children about death, a village burial, the footsteps of a dead man discernible, still fresh, on the damp earth of the park.

What is original in the technique of "Saint Saturnin" is that it is almost as much an epic poem as it is a novel. Like a poem, it is divided into four cantos: Fall, Winter, Spring, Summer. Beautiful descriptive passages lend lustre to the narrative. The meditations of the charac-



JEAN SCHLUMBERGER.

ters (like lyric monologues) break into it and illuminate it. We are far removed from the objective and continuous recital of a Flaubert. Indeed, the loveliness of the pictures now and then brings Proust to mind. But Schlumberger's method is not that of Proust. The one which he has devised has resulted in the creation of an epic romance which is new in French literature and which, I think, will last.

The Book-of-the-Month Club has made "Saint Saturnin" one of its two selections for this month, the other being also a French book, "Vol-de-Nuit," by Saint-Exupéry, translated into English as "Night Flight." That, too, is a happy choice. It is the narrative of a youth who is a mechanic. The author, a young man of force and reticence, is an air pilot who for a long time flew on the air routes in Morocco and Dakar and later in South America. It is these last which he describes in "Night Flight." The book, for which Gide has written an introduction, stands out by reason of the quality of its style, the beauty of the passages in which flight is described better than it ever has been before, but more especially because of the emotions of the men of heroic mold who are portrayed without magniloquence, but superb in the modern courage—that is sprung of self-control. For the courage of the man of today is not that of the martyr, supported by his faith, nor is it the courage of the soldier, sustained by his love of country. It is the courage of the contemptuous and almost desperate man of action, whose work must be done. If in doing it he must die, well, so much the worse for him. There are points in common between Saint Exupéry's aviators and Hemingway's toreadors.

## Portrait of Men as Flyers

NIGHT FLIGHT. By ANTOINE DE SAINT-EXUPÉRY. Translated by STUART GILBERT. New York: The Century Co. 1932. \$1.75. Reviewed by FRANK ERNEST HILL

"NIGHT FLIGHT" is more an interpretative transcription than a novel. The author, himself a seasoned flyer, has set forth a few revealing hours of experience. Airplanes winging through the night, ground stations in dark colloquy with them, the central depot with its clerks and mechanics and indomitable director—these are the stuff of the story. It comprises flying not as a romance or an arm of battle, but as a working service. As such it penetrates human life. The new, exhilarating, and at times terrible relationship which results is what M. De Saint-Exupéry tries to reveal in this brief book.

André Gide, in his preface to this winner of the *Prix Femina*, justly fixes upon Rivière the director as the motivating character of the book. Rivière is in fact the hero, though we see him mostly sitting in his office or walking about the station. From the chief airport at Buenos Aires he is controlling a flying service covering southern South America and reaching out to Europe. Night flying is in his opinion necessary to the success of this service, but it is a new thing and there is opposition to it. Rivière's task is not to risk his life, but to discipline his mechanics and clerks and inspectors, and the flyers themselves.

He knows that pity is a warm and lovely emotion. He would like at times to practise it. He yields instead only reservations, kindly jeers, caustic humor, reprimand, incitement. "My power sometimes amazes me!" he exclaims of his severity. He has been severe with himself. Always he has put off the pleasures he hoped to experience—"some day." Now the pangs of disease warn him that the end may be in sight at fifty. No matter. He drives on—carrying the others as he carries himself. Around his uncompromising and unobtrusive bravery the "real" heroes seem to wing in severe and exciting circles.

Rivière is a core of soul and action for what is undoubtedly the most brilliant and searching interpretation of man's life in the air which has yet come to us. I say "man's life in the air" advisedly. For M. De Saint-Exupéry has recognized what has been too little perceived—that we shall get no great writing about flying, but only about human beings as we knew them in this activity. His little volume is packed with color and imagination—the quick changes from boudoir to cockpit, the moonwashed clouds, the sheer physical struggle of a pilot with storm and darkness, the human yearning set in contrast. Nor do I know of more masterly handling of beauty and danger in contrast than occurs at times. For example, Fabien's plane, coming from Paraguay, rises for a moment out of the clouds into the moonlight, pilot and radio operator knowing their almost hopeless peril but drinking in the jewelled beauty of the high night, only to share this dialogue:

"Storm covers all interior area. How much gasoline left?"

"For thirty minutes."

The limitations of "Night Flight" (for one might almost say that in its excellent translation by Mr. Gilbert it has no imperfections) lie in its size. It is finely wrought, but a sketch, or a brief piano solo where perhaps a tremendous symphony might have been achieved. Its peculiar atmosphere of heroism is none the less impressive. M. Gide in his sensitive preface contrasts the more than physical quality of this with the heroism of mere action, and justly. It has, I think, even a greater implication. The intense drive of the theme and the color of picture and episode suggest places to which we may go for nobility and beauty in a world of machines. Here modern life is carved with a kind of sublimity. It seems a new challenge to man, relating him in strange ways to primal things from which he has asserted that science has sundered him: earth, sea, stars, storms, amid which in this volume he plunges audacious, menaced, indomitable, with only a guiding board of lighted dials before him, and frail levers in his hands of flesh.