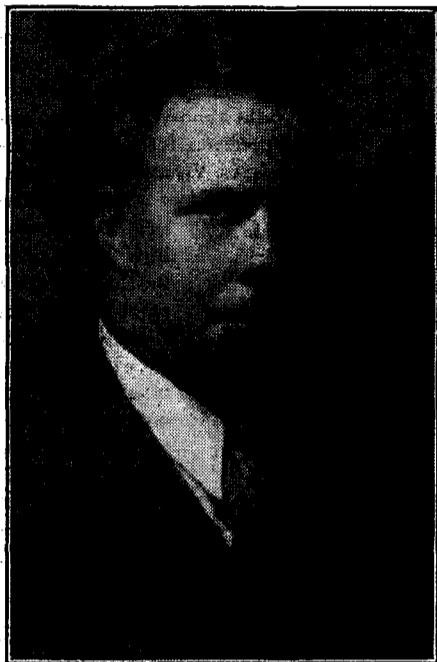


## Before Machado Fell

(Continued from first page)

despotism, tyranny, and oppression, officially supported by Washington in the interests of certain powerful American financial, sugar, public utility, and mining groups. Ground down into economic vassalage by native overseers really speaking for American capitalists, the Cubans gradually deteriorated into a race of serfs. They looked to the United States for everything, feared to revolt against the slave-drivers lest the "Colossus to the North" disapprove, and developed an inferiority complex which undermined their nationhood.

Some passages in Mr. Beals's book might indicate that he had given way to a



CARLETON BEALS

feeling of despair over this situation, and had come to believe that the Cubans had become so weakened under what he regards as our paternalistic quasi-protectorate, that they could never drive Machado out by their own efforts. If this was so, it must have been only a temporary reaction; for the whole story which he tells of the determined resistance of the Cuban students and the A. B. C. secret society throughout all the years of the Machado reign of terror, points the other way. Cuban youth lost every battle except the last one; but the more they were defeated, the more their comrades and classmates, brothers and friends, were persecuted, hunted down, imprisoned without trial, held incommunicado, tortured, deported, exiled, murdered by the infamous *ley de fuga* of the secret police and La Porra, the more resolute they became to remove Machado. There was no room for defeatism among youth who had endured so many sacrifices, and had shown themselves ready for all sacrifices, for the sake of liberty and freedom.

Finally, when they were allowed to take matters into their own hands without interference from Washington, they showed a capacity for action which must be taken into consideration in the future. They fully justified Mr. Beals's faith, expressed or implied in his more hopeful passages, in their potential ability to solve their own problems in their own way if released from the fetters of non-revolution imposed upon them by this government in the past. If the Cubans had an inferiority complex, they discarded it on August 12, 1933, the day of the fall of Machado.

No American writer is better informed than Mr. Beals on all the causes, political, economic, and social, of Cuba's internal troubles, and of the problems of Cuban-American relations. In his book the reader will find the whole story, all the facts, fully documented, of the Cuban situation, including the links between economic imperialism here and political despotism there.

But the burning indignation of his propagandist zeal for social justice, and perhaps a subconscious disposition to the belief that pessimism is necessarily more realistic than optimism, has led Mr. Beals astray in some of his conclusions. For example, he seriously misinterprets the attitude of the Roosevelt administration toward Machado. Citing the connections of Secretary of the Treasury Woodin, Secre-

tary of Commerce Roper, Owen D. Young, and Norman H. Davis with our economic stakes in Cuba, through complicated interlocking directorates, loans, and investments, he builds up a beautifully logical case that President Roosevelt and Ambassador Welles were really trying to keep Machado in power by economic aids to the sugar industry, in order to further the aims of American economic imperialism.

The trouble with this theory is simply that it ignores the fact that Roosevelt sent Welles to get Machado out, not to "butress him in power." The real logic of the situation was this: peace and order in Cuba were essential to American interests, both moral and material; and there could be no peace and order while Machado remained in power. The Roosevelt administration understood this, as shown by all the acts and statements of the President and Mr. Welles in connection with the mediation, especially by Washington's refusal to grant economic aid until political peace was assured, and by Ambassador Welles's demand for Machado's withdrawal when the crisis came. No doubt it would have taken at least six months longer to remove Machado by mediation, and even then armed intervention might have been necessary; but no fair-minded person hereafter should impute a pro-Machado taint to the Roosevelt administration.

Russell B. Porter, a member of the staff of The New York Times, went to Cuba and made an exhaustive study for his paper of the situation there last January.

## Light, More Light

THE UNIVERSE OF LIGHT. By Sir William Bragg. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933. \$3.50.

Reviewed by HAROLD WARD

AMONG physicists there is an epigram to the effect that light is the darkest thing in the universe. Dark because of our still vast ignorance of its nature and since, because of the radiation phenomena which it typifies, we actually see so minute a range. On the familiar analogy of a keyboard the "waves" of electromagnetic energy thus far known begin on a "treble" represented by the cosmic rays, so "hard" that they can penetrate sixteen feet of solid lead or nearly two hundred feet of water before being absorbed. Next come about nine octaves of X- and gamma-rays, followed in order by five octaves of ultra-violet light, one of visible light, nine of the heat radiation known as "infra-red" light, seventeen of Hertzian waves, and eleven octaves of the very long wave-lengths used in wireless and radio transmission.

Out of fifty-three, possibly more, octaves of radiation the human eye is sensitive to only one somewhere about the middle of the gigantic keyboard from which, it would appear, nature draws her own authentic music of the spheres. To read about light is, therefore, to get at the very heart of nature's well-kept secrets, and few guides are so competent and so lucid as Sir William Bragg.

The present volume carries one of the highest recommendations possible in any scientific work offered for the layman: the substance of it was given as the 1931 Christman Lectures before the Royal Institution of Great Britain. To say that this series of lectures was inaugurated by Michael Faraday and that the standards he set have been exacted from three generations of the finest scientific talent in England is a guarantee of excellence not only with regard to the material presented but in clarity and charm of treatment. Those who remember Sir William's book, "Concerning the Nature of Things" (also given originally as the Royal Institution Lectures in 1923) will need no further incentive to read the handsomely illustrated volume now before us.

The ground is cleared for leisurely exploration by an initial chapter on the Nature of Light, in which we are introduced to the peculiar behavior of waves in general, the illustrations being taken from the analogy with water waves first popularized by Silvanus P. Thompson. Mirror-phenomena are largely drawn upon, and we learn a little about Images, Reflection, Lustre, and Binocular Vision. This leads

to a chapter on the Eye and Vision, in the course of which physiology and physics are shown playing many tricks upon our "knowledge" of the external world. Next in order comes Color, and here we need all our attention, for it is difficult to realize that, in themselves, wave-lengths are absolutely colorless, deriving this "secondary character" entirely from the response of the human eye to the physical facts of absorption and emission. The spectroscope is here in evidence, aided by two plates in color and numerous diagrams to show the effect upon radiation of crystal formations, atmospheric disturbances, temperature, and other variables. Films and various kinds of surfaces are discussed, illustrating how, from minute causes, prominent effects may come. Such questions as "Why is the sky blue?" are answered; and an entire chapter on the polarization of light will assist the attentive reader to overcome his fear of hard words: although it must be admitted that a capacity for geometrical reasoning is assumed throughout.

Stellar problems are summarized in a brief chapter which tells us how our instruments steal not only fire but light from the furthest depths of the cosmos. Of more immediate interest are the final chapters, in which are discussed Röntgen and X-rays, crystal-analysis, the photo-electric effect, and the theoretical contradictions imposed by the wave-corpuscle dualism in radiation phenomena. At this point, where so many philosophers have gone astray, Sir William remains quite calm: the discrepancy, for him as for all properly trained scientists, is less the result of anything hopelessly irrational in the universe than a product of human limitations, further complicated by technical barriers imposed by our instruments and by the fact that all radiation beyond the wave-lengths of visible light is obviously not susceptible to direct examination.

## Middletown with Trimmings

(Continued from first page)

chester; deviousness is always a sorrow to Nina, and when finally it results in a murder of extreme sordidness, Nina gives up.



PAUL HORGAN

"The Fault of Angels" is well plotted, well written, well characterized—particularly in the case of Nina; it is emphatically a book to be recommended and read. Indeed, it is so good that one wishes it were altogether first rate, for there are some things in it which do not quite come off. Nina is portrayed with so rich a sympathy that there is very little of it left over for the other characters, and while many of them come to life, a few, like Mr. Ganson, Mrs. Kane, and the unsuccessful hanger-on, George Lane Doore, remain in two dimensions. Mr. Horgan does much more justice to the characters he likes than to those he does not, and his partisanship weakens his satire. This partisanship is embodied in the character of John O'Shaughnessy, from whose point of view the story is told, and with whom the author seems to identify himself; and John's unrequited love for Nina is irrelevant and overemphasized. Other incidents are ir-

relevant to the main structure, but mostly they have the virtue of adding richness to the story.

The extent to which "The Fault of Angels" is a *roman à clef* is a question which will inevitably be raised and discussed by those who are interested in it. Dorchester and the musical philanthropies of Mr. Ganson can hardly escape comparison with Rochester and the benefactions of Mr. Eastman. This reviewer, who has no inside information, gets the impression that the similarity is principally one of situation; that few if any of the chief characters are drawn from life; that certain of the minor characters—the unconvincing ones—probably are; and that in any case it is a side issue, because Mr. Horgan has added enough in imagination and craftsmanship to produce a comedy which applies to American social life generally. The millionaire who runs his musical enterprises on the same business-like basis as his factories; the *nouvelle riche* with the skeleton in her closet; the landlady with a past; the plutocratic social structure which nevertheless includes people of intelligence and charm; all of these, and the whole flavor of the life, are American. So American, in fact, that it raises the question why the scene which has attracted Mr. Horgan has been, in comparison with the farm and the proletariat, for instance, so neglected. For "The Fault of Angels" is one novel which the reader does not feel that he has read before. The Harper prize is a distinguished award, and it has a distinguished recipient.

Edward Corneliuss is a book reviewer who has lived in musical circles both in America and abroad. He has been a contributor to various reviews since 1922.

## Living History

HAVEN'S END. By John P. Marquand. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1933. \$2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

PERHAPS because he makes money by writing for George Horace Lorimer, Mr. Marquand has not been taken so seriously by critics as he deserves. This is an admirable and entertaining history of three centuries of a New England town, done with great skill even though it is made up of a dozen short stories which had their magazine publication over a space of three or four years. If Hergesheimer, for instance, had done it, more dully and with an infinite cluttering of detail, it would perhaps be treated with some approach to the proper respect; and the mere fact that its author has not yet won the distinction that Hergesheimer earned by his early work should not deprive him of due recognition.

The bright thread in the woven history of the town of Haven's End was furnished by the Swales, descended from Colonel Richard Swale, Esq., Gent., Armiger, and so on, first magistrate of the original plantation. Through three hundred years the Swales, till at last the male line died out, remained of a piece—stubborn, often stupid, but with instincts and a manner that no one not a Swale could synthesize. Continually tangled with their history is that of the descendants of the rude Goodman Scarlet, whom the first Swale sent to the whipping post for a perfectly correct comment on a Swale blunder; and the Scarlets, human, practical, kindly, never could resemble the Swales, even though they eventually could appreciate them.

Whether the actual history of the rise and fall of families would support a general thesis that gentlemen are likely to remain gentlemen through three centuries of ups and downs, and that yokels cannot get rid of their yokelery through three centuries of gradually rising prosperity, may be doubted. But Mr. Marquand is writing fiction, not statistical sociology; he convinces you that his thesis is true for his Swales and his Scarlets, which is all that matters. "Living history" is a term worn threadbare by overuse, but that is precisely what this book is; sound history, with the ebb and flow of social, economic, and intellectual forces dramatized in generation after generation by the histories of authentic, salient, and spirited men and women.

# The BOWLING GREEN

## The Folder

### UNASKED ADVICE

O H, he who loves a mermaid  
Must learn to hold his breath;  
In case she should refuse him  
He'll long at first for death.  
But as on shore so in the main  
A man may want to try again.

Then let him woo a dryad  
For though their looks be wild  
He'll find she feeds pet squirrels  
And is at heart a child.  
It's true enough no dryad sings  
But then they're wise in quiet things.

Never forget that merfolk  
Are changeable and fey—  
I know a fellow wed one—  
It seems like yesterday.  
He gave her such a happy home—  
One morning she was only foam.

Good dryads seldom act so.  
Each trips a fickle foot  
But some are known to tarry;  
From time to time they root.  
Unless she's suffered some relapse,  
The one I love loves me—perhaps.

HUGH WESTERN.

Mitchell Kennerley, going through old files, has found some charming verses by Bliss Carman. He allows me to print this, which Carman wrote in M. K.'s copy of *More Songs from Vagabondia*. The book itself is in the library at Vassar.

### Crossing the Bar

Sunset and good cigar,  
And a great thirst on me;  
And may my friends be loafing at the bar,  
When I go in to see.

Not such a crowd as laughing seems to weep,  
Too full to move or roam;  
But fellows who will put me soft to sleep,  
When I go home.

Midnight and potent smell,  
And after that some doubt;  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I go out;

For though within this bright seductive place,  
My dollars go not far,  
I never more shall see them face to face,  
When they have crossed the bar!

BLISS CARMAN.

### A Letter of Directions to the Grave and Hut-site of Henry Thoreau

SIR: As a citizen of no mean State, that is, New England, we regret that Christopher Morley, during a recent visit to Concord, and on an empty stomach, could find neither the final resting place of Thoreau nor his potato hole at Walden Pond. We advise C. M. on his next visit to come by way of Chapel Hill and bring Prof. Raymond Adams, of the University of North Carolina, along. We propose Prof. Adams as guide and informer because he is the most learned Thorovian extant, so we think. At Concord C. M. will be taken to Sleepy Hollow cemetery on the Bedford Road, through the ONE WAY entrance, to the north side of the cemetery and on to the Ridge Path and shown a pink boulder, Emerson's, and a red boulder, Thoreau's, and nearby, Louisa Alcott's and Hawthorne's graves.

At Walden C. M. must hitch his car to a tree and toot the horn twice; first for "How dry I am," then transpose the notes and toot again, this time "Sweet Adaline." The tooting is to placate the shades of Indians whose path must be traversed to reach the hut-site. While in the neighbor-

hood of pop stands and bathing pier at the north end of the Pond dark glasses should be worn to shut out disturbing influences and help one maintain a calm indifference to sordid externals. We feel sure C. M. took none of these precautions on his first visit. Prof. Adams will show the way down the old Indian path along the west shore of the Pond. Shades of Indians still tread the path and it is best to step aside when an Indian is met lest one pass through the Indian. At times the path is high above the Pond surface and if from the high places C. M. thinks he sees wiggling snakes deep down in the clear water we can assure him it is only white birch limbs and a ripply water surface. In a little opening among the pines and forest undergrowth at the south end of the Pond is a cairn and, alongside, a great boulder, not native to its present location. On the boulder is a large bronze tablet telling why the boulder is there. Close to the cairn, at the base of a tall pine, we once dug from the sod a second-hand brick-bat. Henry's fireplace and chimney were built of second-hand bricks, and so—But the cairn and boulder and tablet and brick-bat do not mark the Hut-site. The Professor will conduct C. M. into the underbrush nearby and show him where the hut really was built and the cellar hole where Henry kept his winter supply of potatoes.

During the summer of 1931 Prof. Adams and Mr. Raymond Emerson, grandson of Ralph Waldo, placed four granite posts marking the corners of the hut, up the hill and to the left of the cairn. The cellar hole still exists and it is the hope of Prof. Adams that soon the forest growth will fill the hole and cover the site and conceal it from the pop stand patrons, bathers and Sunday picnic sleepers, and so avert the candy- and sandwich wrapper catastrophe that has overtaken the British soldiers' graves at the North Bridge.

NB: For elucidation of obscure passages in the above see *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Aug. 5, 1933, pp 30 and 36

J. A. H. SR.

### We'll Inquire

I remember that five years ago you gave the ranking of the first 10 States in their number of *Saturday Review* subscriptions. It stood then: N. Y., Calif., Penna., Mass., Ill., Ohio, N. J., Conn., Michigan, Texas.

Won't you ask your Bus. Mgr. to tell us how they rank now? Some of us here in Michigan have been hoping to improve our standing in the league.

J. A. R.

Owosso, Mich.

### No Trespassing

Three weeks ago I was prowling about the sand dunes of North Truro, looking for Corn Hill (which specializes in fine sunsets) and came across a square old brown church, not only closed but labeled "NO TRESPASSING. Per order of Neighborhood Club." (I haven't quoted the sign correctly.) It was one of four that I could see from the hill. Right away I could imagine the neat and clever essay that might suggest. I shall have to leave it to you to understand why I write this down.

Am a great admirer of the S. R. L. but I must admit the part I read first is the column of nonesuch ads. I spend hours trying to visualize the sort of person who could possibly write them. There was one a few months back that had me frantic—all about somebody meeting someone under the stairs of the Grand Central. I was tempted to hop a train and be present just in case. . . .

JUNE WASSON.

Holyoke, Mass.

### From a Bookbuyer

It seems to me there is a most curious psychology relative to the metamorphosis of a book-lover. He—or she—reads indiscriminately, chooses a favorite or two, buys a set of their works, handsomely bound of course, drifts into limited editions bound in stylish format, from that point turns to first editions and signed copies and ends up back with his old friends, discovering that Roger Mifflin—for example—propounds his theories just as wittily and enthusiastically in boards as in hand-tooled, full calf quartos.

W. A. COLESCOTT, JR.

Germantown, Pa.

### Permanence

I know your interest in sociology, don't you think the Green should preserve for Postremity (by the way, is the S. R. L. printed on time-defying paper?) this picture of a Young Woman of MCMXXXIII? I don't know where it came from, but I



MEDUSA, 1933

like it. At any rate the paper the S. R. L. uses will last longer than this Permanent.

W. S. H.

### From a Bookseller

The English bookseller with a traditional body of buyers and collectors may thrive on the circulation of catalogues of titles with physical descriptions and prices. In this country where a similar body is only in the formative stage, to approach potential clients with a catalogue of English pattern is to make the most interesting merchandise in the world appear so dull that the dealer mainly succeeds in adding to the bulk of waste-paper. Where so many persons buy what they do not ask for (chocolate for a bracer, yeast for a bowel regulator, high-proof whiskey for a tonic, and so on) I believe that books must be sold for Entertainment if book-selling is to thrive or even survive. My initial effort in this form, apparently the first of its kind, has found wide favor and I hope that in better times the idea will be adopted by booksellers in general. The national clientele may thus be greatly increased beyond the present one-half of one per cent of our population.

RAYMOND L. THOMSON.

1659 Troy Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

### Bryn Mawr Club

Rooting through some old papers, I was amused to find some derelict chapters of a jocose novel (about Dove Dulcet, the literary agent) which Mr. Robert Cortes Holliday and I were writing in the year 1916.

One episode was laid in the Bryn Mawr Club, which certainly neither Mr. Holliday nor myself had ever seen. The imaginary description of it gave me rather a grin. As I'm taking this week off, I'll reprint it:—

Promptly at one o'clock that day Miss Cynthia Grant ascended the smooth swept steps of the Bryn Mawr Club on Madison Avenue to meet Miss Hilda Philpot. They generally lunched together one or two days a week, and Miss Philpot often spent her Sundays in the Grant home on Park

Avenue where she was welcomed as one of the family.

Miss Grant, not less than Mr. Dulcet's secretary, was fair to see. Gowned in a sports suit of Palm Beach cloth, écru, under a lattice work hat such as was the mode at that time, she carried herself with instinctive grace and modesty. She had served as the raw material for some dozen or so of her father's novels, ever since she was fifteen; but in spite of this she was charmingly naive and unspoiled. Her manners were so delicious, her whole bearing so girlish and so dainty, that as someone maliciously said, she might just as well never have been to college. Her small brown shoes encased in sandy spats carried her trippingly up the steps, and she entered the club.

The Bryn Mawr Club, whose interior no man has ever profaned since its opening, deserves a few words of unimpeded description. The main lounge, where Cynthia sat down to wait for her friend, was decorated in a pale, pale blue, with some very desirable etchings by Fichu and Jabot. I have understood too (from the architect of the building, who is a friend of mine) that the chimneypiece is an authentic Batiste, but that seems hardly likely. The owl of Minerva, the emblem of chaste wisdom, is introduced into the scheme here and there, as a leit-motif. The grand staircase which ascends from the lounge to the assembly room, is charmingly decorated with panels of embroidery and rose colored voile. The taproom, where Miss Grant could see several of her friends talking over nut sundaes, is a pleasing symphony in corded piqué, with insertions of cambric and velour. Probably the most interesting feature of the club to a musician, however, is the organdie loft where there is an original portrait of the Duchess of Nainsook, painted during her freshman year.

### A Debt

You and I are strangers, total strangers, but I feel that you owe me \$4.50 Cash. I am a great reader of all your books, and in *The Haunted Bookshop*, that's where you got into my debt. On page 74 of that book you extol a book by Hardy, *The Dynasts*. Your praise is so strong that I ordered a copy, imagine my chagrin when I got the bill, 4.50 and my bitter disappointment in the character of the book, why it's a war play and certainly would be irksome reading for me. Oh well it's a member of my Library now, but not worth its shelf space to me. I could have bought several Zane Grays and a Marie Corelli for its price. Live and Learn, the older I get, the more firmly convinced I become that Barnum was right.

L. E. D.

Shawnee, Kansas.

Lewis Chase, Box 354, Hendersonville, N. C., writes that he and S. Foster Damon are preparing a *Life and Works of Thomas Holley Chivers*, to be published by Brown University. He asks me when and how I first heard of Chivers. I was familiar with his name as an associate of Poe, but I believe it was Huneker's brief note (in *The Pathos of Distance*) which first impressed on me that Chivers was also a poet of extraordinary though erratic gifts.

Mr. Chase adds that he will be greatly interested to hear from Chivers addicts. There can't be many, but I'll warrant that they are unusual. Like everyone who ever heard of Chivers I have occasionally—in the intervals of much more pressing agitations—wondered what on earth are *Eonchs of Ruby* (the title of one of his books.)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

According to John o' London's *Weekly*, Ruskin's retreat from the world which he fought and taught, though not in vain, Brantwood, with its grounds stepping down to the margin of Lake Coniston, and close to mountains to which Ruskin always turned when his passionate pleading with the world seemed to fail, has been bought on behalf of the Education Trust by Mr. J. Howard Whitehouse, president of the Ruskin Society, to be kept as a permanent memorial to a man whose greatness has yet to be properly assessed.