

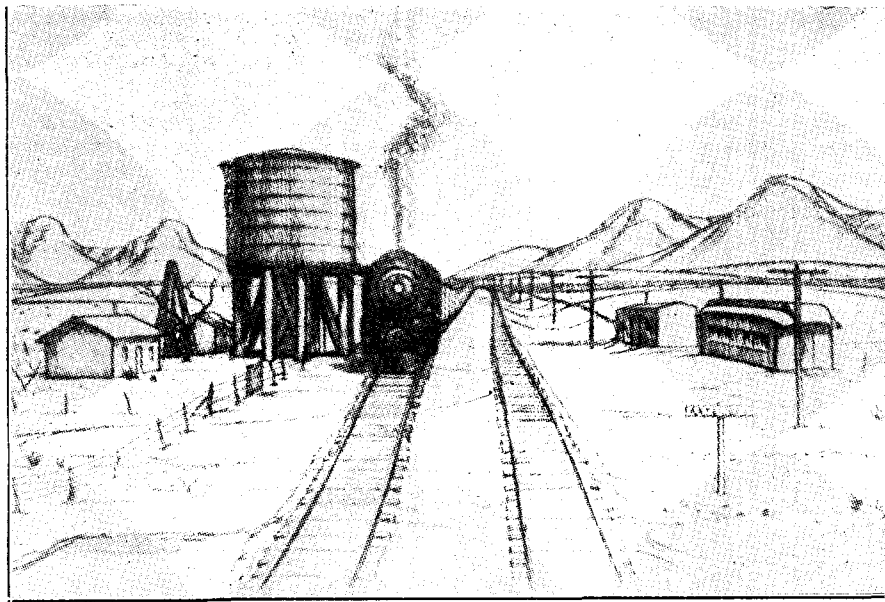
tween Kant and Hume is not nearly so great as the Kantians have imagined. As a matter of fact, so far as the Kantian position is a logic of the presuppositions of experience, there is here no real difference between Kant and Hume, for in this respect Kant's accomplishment was *nil*. As is now recognized by competent logicians, events, impressions, or whatever else, experienced in a given order, presuppose nothing beyond their occurrence in that order.

Greig's book is primarily a biography rather than a study of Hume's philosophy. After a brief fiasco in commerce at Bristol, Hume visited Paris; and then, in a year spent at Reims and about two years at La Fleche—a period of astonishing intellectual activity on which Greig is able to throw little light—Hume returned to England with the manuscript of his greatest work, "The Treatise of Human Nature." There followed four years of writing in Scotland—the "Philosophical Essays," the "Essays Moral and Political," the "Enquiry concerning Morals," and the first draft of the posthumously printed "Dialogues concerning Natural Religion"—the books which brought Hume the recognition he desired. It was through this period that Hume's interests moved definitely from epistemological problems to those political and economic questions which soon led him to the writing of history. In his histories, the great modern nominalist, who had (in the "Treatise" and in one of its Appendixes) adumbrated the contemporary notion that universals are not identities but ranges of differentials, exhibited his worst deficiency as an empiricist. "He lacked an eye for individuals. He was happy only when he could reduce the individuals to types." It is this blindness to individuality, and to process as a factor in the data of experience, that must be cured if Hume's position is to be rendered adequate as a philosophy.

Hume's last seven years were spent rather lazily in Edinburgh, first in his old house in James's Court, finally in the new house he built in what was to be called St. David's Street. He projected further historical writing, but more than half-heartedly. He revised his "History of England" so as to eliminate "the plaguy prejudices of Whiggism," his "Essays," so as to stress the evils rather than the advantages of a free press. But at the same time that he grew more and more the Tory, he became more and more an enthusiast for "total and final" revolt in the American Colonies and the East Indies. But, on the whole, he felt "he had done his work, and could now take his ease. The science to which he determined to devote his remaining years was cookery. He had collected many recipes in France." He dined his friends in fine style. Boswell "records an elegant supper at Mr. Hume's with 'three sorts of ice creams.'" Loyal to his old servant, Peggy Irvine, who declined to "fash her heid" with all the new foreign dishes, Hume himself taught her a few of his favorites. "A pleasant vision—the illustrious, but rather fat, Mr. Hume, standing in a hot kitchen, recipe in hand, while the faithful, but a little surly Mistress Peggy learned a new and better method of producing sheep's head broth."

Professor Greig's writing is fresh and direct and well-seasoned with expressive Scotticisms. He has packed nearly every page with observations of the special wit and brilliance which are the peculiar charm of eighteenth century letters and memoirs. If the book has a fault as a literary work, it is that that great number of persons, introduced because of some slight commerce with Hume, but not developed as individuals, sometimes distract attention from the chief figures. But those who read the book out of interest in Hume rather than in literary biography, will not be willing to spare a single one of these incidental encounters.

The 1932 James Tait Black Memorial Book Prizes have been won by Helen Simpson's "Boomerang" and Stephen Gwynn's "The Life of Mary Kingsley." These prizes are awarded for the best novel and the best biography of the year in the opinion of the Professor of English Literature at Glasgow University.



THE SIDING. BY ANDREW R. BUTLER.
From "Contemporary American Prints" (American Art Dealers Association).

Colossus of Roads

E. H. HARRIMAN, THE LITTLE GIANT OF WALL STREET. By H. J. ECKENRODE and P. W. EDMUNDS. New York: Greenberg. 1933. \$2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

THE sort of biography which H. J. Eckenrode and P. W. Edmunds have written of E. H. Harriman is a trifle touching these days when *The New Yorker* features drawings announcing baseball games at Sing Sing: "Trusties versus Wall Street." No doubt a little of the scarcely unrestrained eulogy of the style is justified. For Harriman was no Jay Gould, bent solely on validating the Marxian dictum that, under capitalism, "surplus value" becomes the one aim of mankind. Panics, Black Fridays, depressions, were good growing weather for the little, restless, unkempt man who represented "Myself," but he was a builder as well as a manipulator of the market.

If Harriman had lived in the 'twenties, and had turned his energies to whatever industrial developments there remained for the individualist to exploit (say, the electric power industry), he would most certainly have occupied a niche beside that reserved for Henry Ford in the spiritual Red Square of the Communists, who occasionally look like Capitalists turned inside out. A Five Year Plan would have attracted Harriman. He would have leaped at the chance to put the Turksib rail system on its feet—or, rather, its wheels. In fact, he was reaching out for the South Manchurian Railway, in grandiose hopes of belting the globe by way of Siberia, years before the name of Stalin was known to the Western world. He made the Union Pacific, long the "bedraggled slut" of thimbliggers, a smooth-running road. He built the Lucin cut-off across the Salt Lake. He "rationalized" the Southern Pacific. He tamed the Colorado River when it threatened to inundate the Imperial Valley. He reached out to seize the domain of James J. Hill in the Northwest, only to be mulcted of his hold by the Northern Securities Supreme Court decision which forcibly exchanged some of his Northern Pacific stock for Great Northern shares which he did not want, but which eventually sold for a vast profit.

In short, Harriman was less of an "undesirable citizen" than some capitalists who enjoyed the ear, the favor, and the praise of Theodore Roosevelt. He had an organizing passion which would have demanded outlet in any world, that of Adam Smith, Stuart Chase, or Nicolai Lenin. But it is difficult to see just why Messrs. Eckenrode and Edmunds have written their book in the vein of the late Clarence W. Barron's notes. The public, suffering under the harrow of depression, will scarcely flock to the bookstalls to buy uncritical stuff about "little giants of Wall Street." In 1922, George Kennan published a two-volume biography of Harriman which contains the facts of the Eckenrode-Edmunds book. The tone of the two biographies is similar. For those who like their Alger stories readable, flashy, and unburdened with too much detail of stock manipulation and road grading, there is Gareth Garrett's curious novel, "The Driver," which presents a slightly distorted

picture of Harriman's career. Messrs. Eckenrode and Edmunds do not write fiction, but their foreshortening of the Kennan book lifts Harriman out of his social context. He is made to appear unique, the "last individualist." Samuel Insull and Henry Ford might object to this characterization. In any event, the time for the sort of book produced by Eckenrode and Edmunds has passed. What we need now is a book showing why the Harrimans grew in their time and place, and why the time for them is gone by. An E. H. Harriman and an Interstate Commerce Commission are mutually exclusive. And will any reader of LaFollette's "Autobiography" say that an Interstate Commerce Commission was not inevitable?

Economics and Art

(Continued from first page)

because they are aristocratic.* What they and what our Western critics, do not understand is that these economic novelists—and one might include here a range of writers entirely outside the communist influence, such novelists as Sinclair Lewis, Pearl Buck, H. G. Wells, the Austrian Werfel, John Galsworthy, and a host whose interest is drawn to the effects of economic environment—what they do not understand is that these novelists are not really interested in theories at all, but only swept away by our present concern with economics.

The literary imagination is particularly susceptible to currents of emotional thinking. It was swept into whirlpools by Jacobinism; it is swept into eddies by our almost religious obsession with economics. Look at the young American writers who have so whole-heartedly gone communist. Is it communism they are interested in? The Communist party does not seem to think so, nor do they seem interested in adapting their theories to the realism of American conditions. The truth is that they have been unsettled, as critics and artists, by the powerful currents of thinking setting toward economic problems, and have swung toward communism as to an island of positive, logical dogma in a sea of confusion. (Some of their contemporaries are taking to Catholicism for the same reason.) They are not phenomena of communism. They are examples of what happens to the detached literary mind when its world suddenly drops its every day eating, loving, working, and becomes absorbed in ideas.

Turn over the pages of any newspaper, or of what used to be called the literary magazines, or look at the book lists of the publishers. You will see the results of our economic earthquake everywhere. It is a good time for speculation in facts and ideas, a bad time for literature. Belles lettres of high quality that is not propaganda, not protest or investigation, has been scarce for two years now. The public is not much interested in literature as such—neither it might be said are the writers. They are flustered, and their books are flustered. If we had a Tennyson, a Fielding, a Jane Austen, a Thackeray, a Hawthorne, or an Emerson, they would have to wait till the storm is past.

* But see a letter upon Soviet literature by Lydia Nadejda, to be published in the Review probably next week.

BOOKS IN THE NEWS

THE Nazis have evidently been taking lessons from the late Hamilton Wright Mabie, whose famous "white list" of proper books was long the pet object of H. L. Mencken's derision in this country. Not content with preparing a list of "questionable" books for the public bonfire—a list that includes most of Thomas Mann's works, Remarque's "All Quiet," books by Barbusse, Schnitzler, Feuchtwanger, Arnold Zweig's "The Case of Sergeant Grischa"—a literary housecleaning board is busy drawing up a "white list" headed by Adolf Hitler's own best-seller, "My Struggle." This "white list" comes under the heading of "errors of commission."

Under "errors of omission," pardonable in the circumstances, comes H. R. Knickerbocker's evident decision to refrain from publishing his recent *New York Evening Post* articles on German Fascist tactics in book form. Farrar & Rinehart had set the articles in type, and were about to issue them under the title of "The Jews in Germany," when publication was suddenly stopped. Evidently Mr. Knickerbocker, about whose personal bravery there can be no question, found himself in a tragic dilemma: to publish and possibly to lose his value as a source of news for his newspaper, or to desist and retain his contacts.

The German P. E. N. club reports that stories of atrocities visited upon Jews by the Nazis have been greatly exaggerated. But the protestation is not convincing. German P. E. N. stationery has an ominous look: the names of Alfred Kerr, Herwarth Walden, Hans Martin Elster, and Theodor Daubler have suddenly been crossed off the letter-head. The German group has been "harmonized" by the election of an all-Nazi board of directors. On May 25, the world P. E. N. (poets, editors, and novelists) meets at Dubrovnik in Yugoslavia. In the light of the principles of the English and American P. E. N. groups—that "literature, though national in origin, knows no frontiers, national or political"—the Germans will be watched with interest.

The *Saturday Review* has made two important additions to its staff, Mr. George Stevens and Mr. John Chamberlain. Mr. Chamberlain, who comes in as assistant editor, has held for some years a like position on the staff of the *New York Times Book Review*. He is the author of "Farewell to Reform," which was widely reviewed upon its publication last year, and has been mentioned for the Pulitzer Prize. He is a graduate of Yale in the class of 1925 where he was an editor of *The Yale Literary Magazine*, and has been writing regularly for *The Nation*, *The New Republic*, and other magazines, specializing particularly in economics and politics but reviewing also fiction. Mr. Stevens, who joins the business organization of the Review, has been vice-president and director of W. W. Norton & Company, and has been also associated with Doubleday, Doran and with Alfred Knopf. His experience in editorial work, in advertising, and publicity has been extensive. He is a graduate of Harvard 1923.

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The BOWLING GREEN

Notes With a Yellow Pen

II.

IN Chicago, that last week-end in February (24th to 27th) there was a queer feeling of suspended animation. People were waiting—they scarcely knew for what. Waiting for spring after a bad winter; waiting for the new Administration only a week away; waiting for Beer; for the World's Fair; for news of the banking situation in Michigan; waiting to see if Mayor Cermak could possibly win his long fight for life. NEW BLOOD FOR CERMAK said one of the many newspaper extras. One had a subconscious feeling that Long Distance telephone calls were ringing everywhere. The basement coffee-shop at the Palmer House, where Colatine and I had breakfast after a night on the Nickel Plate, was busy with coffee and toast and cheerful waitresses, but men's faces were solemn over the morning papers.

What a grim town it is when one gets away from the bravado front of Michigan Avenue. Those dark alleys toward the downtown railway stations are very sinister. The financial caverns of La Salle Street, always dour, looked even more sombre than usual. Maryland had followed Michigan with a fiscal freeze-up, and there were unhandsome rumors from the Senate committee investigating banking ethics. The story current in Chicago that week-end was that things were so promiscuous a white woman had married a banker. But not even the shadowy abyss of La Salle Street gave such an impression of gloom as Mr. Insull's empty opera house. Even the movies seemed to have abandoned it. The Blackstone Hotel was closed. The school teachers were still unpaid. But behind these perplexities Chicago's mercurial spirit was moving. Lyon and Healy's music window was full of "William H. Woodin's latest waltz hit, *Spring Is in My Heart Again*," and his F. D. Roosevelt March. Marshall Field and Company were taking advantage of the lull to redecorate the store against the Century of Progress exposition. The first touch of Western alacrity that always pleases my ear is the voice of Room Service at the hotel. When you say—perhaps ordering coffee, or White Rock, "Will you send that up right away?" the Western answer is always, "You bet I will."

A Chicago lady of means who had lost everything except her Rolls Royce found herself an office job. Her chauffeur, who could not find any other work, was staying with her just for board and lodging. He drives her to her office every morning. The car was halted by chance alongside an Unemployed rally. Some roughnecks began shouting indignation at her handsome car. She saw the back of Charles's neck redden with anger. She opened the window and retorted to the crowd. "Shut up, you damn fools," she cried, "this car keeps the driver working and it's cheaper to ride in than a taxi."

All circulation of money seemed to be mysteriously clogged. I stopped in one big store to buy some undershirts; my twenty-eight cents change got stuck in the pneumatic tube. The apparatus gave a deep, wistful, gasping sigh (like the husbands of Charge Accounts) and expired. I had to wait for a Floor Manager and all sorts of autographed vouchers before the surplus could be reciprocated. In that same store, I heard, all employees were to go on commission, instead of salary, from March 1st. That was what happened to Pinneberg in *Little Man What Now?* that fine German novel of which you will be hearing more very soon. But the Chicago elevator girls seemed to me even more beautiful than ever. Or was it just that the department-store elevators were empty enough so that one could see them better?

In gray times Chicago turns eagerly toward midnight amusement. Miss Texas

Guinan, who is a shrewder forecaster of public morale than many financiers, had just opened a new cabaret in expectation of the World's Fair traffic. A carload of those little wooden hammers had arrived for her customers to pound enthusiasm on the tables. They were doing so. The dance floor was crowded. That Saturday evening Colatine and I had been to a demonstration of the Lie Detector (Northwestern University's famous machine for measuring veracity), so we were presumably sensitive to any kind of deception. We watched and listened to various manifestations of huzza without noting any insincerity. Those people were having fun and they didn't care who knew it. The dancing was so thick that collision was inevitable. One couple, bumped strongly in postern at an unstable moment, rolled deliciously on the floor. Their eyes looked upward with most humorous surprise and appeal, but no anger. They were like government bonds, begging not to be walked on. It was a good-humored mellay, and Miss Guinan presided with hoarse and genial bonhomie. But I could see that she regarded me as an old Hoboken showman rather than as a literary person, and I began to fear she might call on me for a speech. Making what we regarded as a legitimate professional deduction from the check, Colatine and I slipped away. After the uproar of the cabaret Colatine had a notion that the Dunes would be a pleasant peace. But it was late, a drizzling winter and the dunes were far. We did not go, but I was sorry. I've seen those famous sand hills only from the train, but I had a queer dream about them years ago. I dreamed—without any known reason for it—that Mr. Don Marquis and I were riding desperately in a taxi-cab, somewhere in the Loop and under the Chicago L. We were fleeing from some vast calamity, an earthquake or fire, and peering anxiously above to see if the L would collapse on us. Don kept saying, "If we can get out to the dunes it'll be all right."

I gave Tex Guinan's little wooden mallet to a travelling sociologist who was on his way to speak a series of lectures in Des Moines. He promised to use it as a gavel in case his meetings became unruly. "Ideas have a chance in Des Moines" was the slogan that vigorous city had adopted for its parliament of civics. I hoped there might be some pleasant symbolism in the idea of Miss Guinan's little mallet of merriment going to so serious a meeting. There should be more human hilarity in our learned conferences.

The Lie Detector, which our old friend Burt Massee was kind enough to have demonstrated for us, was very interesting. It takes a combined graph of the subject's respiration and blood pressure while he is being asked questions. The simplest form of demonstration is for the supposed felon to choose one of ten cards. The operator of the machine of course does not know which one has been chosen. Each card in turn is then held up before the chooser; he must deny them all. They may be exhibited to him in serial order, so that the subject knows when the guilty card is coming; or in random order so that it comes unexpectedly. The test is whether the operator can deduce, from the behavior of pulse and breath, which was the chosen card.

It is easy, of course, for the subject to control his respiration, but less possible (perhaps impossible?) to alter one's blood pressure at will. Among a group of people who were deliberately trying to fool the machine, its findings, in the hands of an experienced operator, seemed to me remarkably successful. I myself was elated to beat the machine on the first test, but it showed me up on the second. Where the subject gives himself away is usually the unconscious relaxation of blood pressure after he supposes the crucial question is past. Whether the record of the machine

could ever be accepted as legal evidence I cannot surmise, but I have no doubt that intelligently used it might well help to verify a moot presumption. I was amused, about a year ago, by a newspaper story from Chicago about a young couple who were married with the Lie Detector recording their palpitations while the judge read the ceremony. According to the A. P. story at that time:

The bride's heart—but not the bridegroom's—nearly stopped when the judge asked the bridegroom, "Do you take this woman?" and also, when he said, "I pronounce you man and wife."

The bridegroom's blood pressure rapidly and steadily decreased during the ceremony, while the bride's steadily rose.

Except in the rental library departments, the book business was in that now familiar condition described as "very quiet." But friends in the trade were not taking it lying down. All seemed hopeful that spring, and Roosevelt, and beer, might mean improvement. Marshall Field's enormous book department has been enlarged yet again. At Carson Pirie's the book department is printing a lively little house-organ of its own, named (for the store's Scottish ancestry) *The Thistle Leaf*, to apprise its customers of the latest book news. The renting of jig-saw puzzles has been a useful help in all book departments—indeed that painful pastime has



CHICAGO RIVER.

From "All about Chicago" (Houghton Mifflin).

been so accurate a symbol of the whole economic world lately that historians may look back on 1932-33 as the Jig-Saw Age. —Ben Abramson of the Argus Bookshop had been amusing himself to print an enormous cut-rate circular in the size and style of a newspaper, celebrating his tenth anniversary. Mr. Kroch, the famous bookseller on Michigan Avenue, whose literary enthusiasm extends over many countries and languages, was alert with plans for his International Book Store at the World's Fair. For this he intends a catalogue whose first printing will be 100,000 copies. From a high terrace of the Tavern Club, where Mr. Krock took Colatine and me to lunch, we were surprised to see Admiral Byrd's polar ship lying moored under huge buildings in the green backwater of the Chicago River. Small and old-fashioned, waiting for the spring (to be towed down to the Fair Grounds), she also seemed an emblem of Trade.

Thanks to Ben Abramson I had a chance to meet Chicago's two literary cops—detectives John Howe and Bill Drury of the gangster squad. They took me riding in a police car on their afternoon round, hunting for trouble. I had expected at least a vehicle with armored panels and bullet-proof glass; but no, just an ordinary stock sedan, quite indistinguishable from any other, with radio concealed in the roof. It was a clear Saturday afternoon—"a swell day for a getaway," remarked Bill Drury, explaining that this was a likely time for pay-roll bandits. "I thought you didn't have pay-rolls in Chicago any more," said the visitor uneasily. As Bill and John are well known to most Chicago torpedoes, there was an uncomfortable expectation of something coming through the window at any moment. Bill and John, sitting in the front seat, had two revolvers apiece

and another—a very big one—lay close to hand on the floor of the car. Ben, sitting with me in the rear, regaled me with anecdotes of a recent occasion when one of this intrepid pair took several gunmen into camp single-handed. They are not assigned to any definite beat but cruise ad lib with hearts of controversy. Fortunately the general business syncope seemed to apply to crime also. The radio above us, which droned out messages now and then, did not report anything near enough or important enough for Bill and John to consider. "Car 173, Car 173," the voice would say, calling the particular police-car nearest the emergency, "1618 West 18th Street, 1618 West 18th Street, a man impersonating himself as a police officer." Or, "Car 152, Car 152, 5528 West Harrison Street, 5528 West Harrison Street, a reckless driver." I think Bill and John were just a little ashamed that so promising an afternoon turned up nothing sanguinary for the tenderfoot. When a call came through "Man in a restaurant leaves without paying his lunch" they feared I would think Chicago was going soft. We went out along the lake shore, and then diligently pursued all Chicago's more dangerous regions, but everywhere was complete calm. They showed me the old Desplaines Street police station, where (if I understood right) the friendly veteran in charge is a brother of Mick Collins, the Irish patriot. That forbidding old place, with its medieval-looking cells in the basement, was almost empty save for some pathetic old wastrels to whom the good-natured cops give charitable shelter. They have a warm room behind the cell-tier where harmless bums can wash their clothes and have bread and coffee.

Bill and John pointed out the garage where the Valentine's Day massacre took place a few years ago (there's a bookstore next door to it). One gang of racketeers stood a rival gang against the wall and mowed them down with machine guns. They showed the police monument in Union Park, site of the Haymarket riots, and many historic spots where either gangster or cop had taken it, but the bang of an unexpected blow-out (on another car) was the only nerve-shock. "You needn't jump," they said; "if one hits you, you probably won't hear it." These men, who have a record of unshaken coolness and valor, are great readers, especially of poetry; one of their good memories is of having taken John Drinkwater on the same tour. Among the many paradoxes of Chicago I know none more complete than to ride round the town looking for bullets while John and Bill, with eyes constantly watchful, talk about Robinson Jeffers and Edna Millay and John Masefield.

As John Howe was hanging up his smart brown overcoat at lunch, before we went riding, I noticed a hole in it, and thought he must have torn it on a nail. It wasn't a nail, but a bullet-hole, where he had fired from his pocket.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS:—Curious musky and perfumed smell of the elevators in the old Congress Hotel, traditional stopping place of book salesmen in Chicago. . . . The tunnel from the Congress to the Auditorium Hotel; it runs under the street and is much used by bookmen, the meals at the other end being cheaper. . . . The romantic Balloon Room of the Congress is now the Joseph Urban Room. . . . Philip Guedalla, lecturing in the Middle West, looks the part better than most of us; with fur coat and cane. . . . Ben Abramson eases the pressure on a bookseller's feet with elastic-sided shoes. . . . The names of cars on the Colorado Limited: *Island Charm*, *Prairie Lawn*, *Lambeth*, *Marcus Daly*. . . . Howard Vincent O'Brien's little kennel in the Chicago *Daily News* office made me almost homesick for old newspaper days.

(To be continued)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

According to *John o'London's Weekly* a forest composed of trees presented by living authors is being built up on the estate of M. Lugné-Poë, the French actor-dramatist, near Avignon. Bernard Shaw has sent an oak tree, M. Maeterlinck two yew trees, and Gerhardt Hauptmann two pine trees.