

Points of View

Letters are welcomed, but those discussing reviews will be favored for publication if limited to 200 words.

De Voto and Pareto

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

Sir: There is something winsome in Lewis Mumford's treasuring all these months a blurb from the jacket of "Mark Twain's America" for the sake of making a wisecrack about me. His innocence is disarming but I should like to point out to readers of his review who may not have read my book just what it is that Mr. Mumford is trying to express. In the book I set down objections to Mr. Van Wyck Brooks's description of the American frontier, a description from which Mr. Mumford's notions about the frontier are derived. The principal objection was this: that Mr. Brooks's description was too simple. In an effort to correct it I presented evidence indicating the complexity of frontier society, and it is this complexity that Mr. Mumford finds both incredible and abhorrent. He is seemingly incapable of understanding—and obviously reluctant to believe—that a given society may have both idyllic and violent aspects. Most readers seem not to have experienced his difficulty, which shows again in his declaration that negroes cannot be both happy and sad. We are all monists when we are young and Mr. Mumford is hanging on to his adolescence with singular success, but if he will do the reading in American history which I have several times recommended for him he will gradually find himself becoming capable of dealing with complex ideas. When he is, he will probably also understand that the six chapters I devote to tracing the development of Mark Twain's characteristic frontier humor in more adult forms of art cannot be honestly represented by one sentence of quotation.

The rest of Mr. Mumford's review is eloquent but his emotions probably quieted a little between writing and publication, and some of its wilder assertions probably make him feel rather sheepish now. At any rate, he can observe the dialectical weakness of his failure to take up any of the specific errors I attributed to him and Mr. Brooks. He goes on to explain that he doesn't believe in the tedious job of checking literary ideas against fact.

If Mr. Mumford desires an attack on my position, I suggest that he had better move on from the frontier, about which I know considerably more than he has shown any willingness to learn, and look into my article on Pareto. May I further trespass on your space to anticipate some of the objections to it that are probably pouring into your office? When I saw the article in print I was appalled to discover that a mention of Professor Rogers's work at Yale had disappeared from it, that the number twenty-three had mysteriously become twenty-seven, and that a clumsy sentence failed to make clear that my brief bibliographical list was meant to be limited to discussions of the *Traité de Sociologie Générale* in the liberal press, excluding discussions of Pareto's other sociological work. Even so, the bibliography was very faulty and even fell short of my knowledge. Well, Mr. Mumford is an amateur in the frontier and I am an amateur in Pareto, and we must both suffer embarrassments of ignorance.

BERNARD DE VOTO.

Lincoln, Mass.

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

Sir: Was it wise, and was it kind, for you to publish Mr. De Voto's account of a book a million words long, which half the intellectuals will be unable to read and the other half to understand? News of this achievement will make a thousand "pure" poets and half a thousand stream-of-consciousness novelists cut their throats in hopeless envy.

ELMER DAVIS.

New York.

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

Sir: Mr. De Voto's Pareto article has sincere enthusiasm, for which all connected with the Pareto cult will be grateful. But he will surely not take it amiss if one remarks that his article, for an article of that size, contains a powerful number of misstatements of theory, history and fact. I am sure that on reflection he would be inclined to remodel some six paragraphs; no harm would be done if one or two were deleted. He describes Professor Henderson's article (*Independent*, December 1927) as "the first mention of

Pareto in America," next after a footnote in Robinson's "Mind in the Making," and in a diatribe on American "intellectuals," inspired by a Paretan residue, he avers that Pareto "has never been quoted in the *Nation*." To kill a flock of birds with one stone, I reviewed Pareto's *Causes Sociologiques de la Guerre* in the *Nation* (December 3, 1915); and some little comment on Pareto's influence in America I published also in the *Nation*, May, 1926. I must have mentioned Pareto in reviewing Odon Por on Mussolini in the *Nation* in 1923. It is no business of mine to defend the *Nation*; but I would break a lance on the thesis that in the sense of hospitality to ideas, and especially to ideas not in accord with its policies, the *Nation* is one of our most Paretan organs.

I cannot imagine that my own articles can have been the first on Pareto in America, although I devoted some paragraphs to him in the *International Year Book* of 1916, and have written of him since. As early as 1902 Professor Henry Ludwell Moore was lecturing on Pareto's mathematical economics at Columbia. Quite an impetus to interest in Pareto among economists, sociologists, and statisticians resulted from the visits of Maffeo Pantaleoni to this country which I place, as a wild guess, around 1907-10. A later current of Paretan influence reached the environment of the *New Republic* through the late Graham Wallas. Harvey Rogers was studying with Pareto personally around 1913. I was using the literary implications of the *Systèmes* at Cornell and Columbia as early as 1910, and the literary implications of the theory of residues in 1917 at Columbia, and assiduously there since 1924.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON.

New York City.

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

Sir: After "five and a half years of close textual study," Bernard De Voto, in the *Saturday Review* of April 22, has introduced V. Pareto's *Traité de Sociologie Générale* as a "Primer for Intellectuals." As one of the "mostly bewildered and always angry" "professional sociologists" who attend the Harvard seminar on Pareto to whom Mr. De Voto refers in his article, I should like to point out several of Mr. De Voto's unhappy delusions.

In support of his contention that Pareto is practically unknown to American sociologists though his work represents "the first attempt ever made to bring the scientific method to bear" on the "basic structure of society" as well as "the only attempt to describe society," Mr. De Voto, after mentioning five references to the Italian sociologist, continues: "And that, so far as I have been able to discover, is the complete list to date of references to Pareto's sociology, as distinguished from his economics, in America." This assertion is rather startling in view of the fact that Professor P. A. Sorokin, chairman of the Harvard department of sociology (which offers the seminar that Mr. De Voto so assiduously attends) has referred to Pareto in six different books published in this country within the last eight years. Moreover, in one work ("Contemporary Sociological Theories," Harpers, 1928) Professor Sorokin published a complete analysis of Pareto's sociological system!

ROBERT K. MERTON.

Cambridge, Mass.

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

Sir: The article of April 22 in which Bernard De Voto, as though casting pearl to swine, offers Pareto's *Traité de Sociologie Générale* as a primer for intellectuals, is characterized by presumptuousness, misrepresentation, and inaccuracy.

Mr. De Voto's preconceptions in regard to sociologists are more amusing than accurate. He apparently thinks of them as a group of social reformers. This is all too true of many of them. It happens, however, that most sociologists of the present generation represent a reaction from this tendency. Perhaps Mr. De Voto would do better to practice Pareto than to preach him.

KINGSLEY DAVIS.

Cambridge, Mass.

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

Sir: In re Mr. De Voto's article on Pareto, may I point out a reference to Pareto on page 358 of "Reason and Nature" by Morris R. Cohen (Harcourt, Brace, 1931).

WILLIAM A. HOFFBERG.

New York City.

The New Books

Biography

JAMES BOSWELL. By C. E. VULLIAMY. Scribners. 1933. \$2.75.

This book attempts to prove that the life story of James Boswell, with its amazing complex of sordid indulgence, self-exploitation, professional failure, and brilliant success as the biographer of Johnson, is to be explained by an inherited mental taint, augmented by self-indulgence, which amounted to virtual insanity. There is much truth and some subtlety in the early chapters, and it begins with a Stracheian briskness which promises good reading. But the author's obsessing thesis soon appears. The picture of Boswell sliding down the path of moral decay, social ostracism, and mental derangement, is repeated so often that the iteration palls, and the book proves tiresome reading at last.

For the sake of proving Boswell's insanity, the author distorts and suppresses evidence. He culls a few rambling passages from the "Hypochondriack" and labels them babbling nonsense. He denies that Boswell ever said a witty thing. He decides that Boswell lost his early veneration for Johnson after 1778 and merely exploited his friendship for him in writing the "Life," as a means of bolstering up his collapsing self-respect. The miracle of the "Life" itself can be explained only by adopting and exaggerating Geoffrey Scott's statement of Malone's important share in its creation. Mr. Vulliamy states that Malone gave to the work all its "form, order, and coherence." Against any such exaggerated view Mr. Scott himself gave wise warning in the Conclusion to volume six of the "Boswell Papers." Naturally, from such an interpreter, one must not expect a rounded view of Boswell's character, or an adequate analysis of his genius, or of the habits of mind which made his great achievement possible.

For the informed reader this one-sidedness is especially regrettable, for, since the recovery of the "Boswell Papers," now in process of publication, there exist more explicit and complete data for the biography of Boswell than for any other personality of history. It is not conceivable that any biographer aiming primarily at truth would have written before all of these materials had been made available. Of the materials of the first twelve volumes, which were available, the author makes only hurried and partial use.

The crowning futility of the book is its supererogatory attack on Macaulay's classic misrepresentation of Boswell. The author does not seem to know that Macaulay's Boswell was long since laid to rest by Professor Tinker.

Fiction

SHE LOVES ME NOT. By EDWARD HOPE. Bobbs-Merrill. 1933. \$2.

Mr. Hope, who endeared himself to many thousand readers as the "columnist" of the New York *Tribune*, has been called "the American Wodehouse." There is a family resemblance, as each belongs in the very small and highly valued class of writers who provide high entertainment for intelligent readers, but Mr. Hope needs no aid from any such comparison. He is not an imitator; his work has a flavor of its own. He is perhaps closer to Don Marquis than to any other of his predecessors.

This book is a satisfying, delectable tale, nowhere overdone. It is staged chiefly in a Princeton dormitory, and, incidentally, its college atmosphere is the real thing—which is, in itself, a noteworthy rarity in current fiction. A fugitive night-club dancer, who is wanted as a witness of a gang murder in Philadelphia, takes refuge in the rooms of a chivalrous senior, who decides to protect her from police "third degree" treatment. He calls the other boys in the entry to aid, and they attempt to conceal the girl in the dormitory. The ensuing intrusions of gangsters, bootleggers, a movie press agent, the suspicious fiancée of the hero, and finally of the Dean in search for the girl, make the plot. It has amusing complications, is skillfully constructed, and is carried through with a steady hand.

GREAT WINDS. By ERNEST POOLE. Macmillan. 1933. \$2.

This is largely a tract for the times; a profoundly understanding study of the painful transition era through which the world has been—and still is—passing. It

is, of course, also a competently handled novel, well up to the level of Mr. Poole's earlier work, but he has a message, a prophecy, and he is more concerned with its delivery than with the story. That message is one of hope and confidence in the emergence of a better world when the turmoil of today passes: a belief in the coming of a generation of men of "free and fair and open minds . . . unafraid of change, neither blindly clinging to old ideas nor swallowing whole the creed and plans of the fanatics for tomorrow . . . but ready to cooperate . . . to find the roads to better days."

There is nothing superficial or hasty in Mr. Poole's vision; he has no ready-made Utopia to offer. It is rather an affirmation of man's ability, as, himself, a "biological legislator," to make a better job of the future than he has of the past. In common with many other thinkers he sees the road to this opening out of the schools, in the education of a generation capable of solving problems the answers to which have not yet been found.

As a novel, the story turns upon the trials of a middle aged architect, a man who has been highly successful but who is caught in the financial entanglements of the years of depression. He is also torn between the demands of his second wife, who wishes him to continue an extravagant standard of living, and those of his daughter who wants help for her unsuccessful husband. In each case the driving demon is "Property," the pursuit of wealth to the exclusion of all other values;—"soulless bodies sweeping on into a hard and soulless world." The daughter wins, his wife leaves him for a richer man, and his life is wrecked—a victim of Property. His philosophic brother leads him into a curative calm and a refuge in artistic work. But the real contrast is in the vision of the future as personified in his grandson for whom a better life is seen to be in store.

THE CAGE BIRD. By FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG. Harpers. 1933. \$2.50.

The thirteen stories in Mr. Brett Young's new collection are remarkably varied in their choice of backgrounds and subjects, and only slightly less so in manner. There is, in fact, an experimental quality about several of them which seems curious in the case of an author of such long experience. The best writing is undoubtedly to be found, moreover, in the stories most like his previous work, such as "Shellis's Reef" and "The Perfect Day," though nothing in the book is worthy to rank with his longer and better fiction. Mr. Brett Young must, indeed, have written some of the feebler pieces in "The Cage Bird" with very little in mind save immediate publication in popular magazines, and judged by the standards of such work they are sufficiently well made. But the spark of life is missing from most of them, and in spite of a few brilliant bits of description in the South African stories, and a few accurately drawn characters in the British ones, the whole lot presents little that can be of interest even to the most determined admirer of this distinguished author. His attempts at sentiment are particularly unfortunate and, most surprising of all, the author of "My Brother Jonathan" never manages to make any character seem truly moving or poignant, however carefully calculated their appeal to the emotions may be.

OUTSIDE EDEN. By J. C. SQUIRE. Knopf. 1933.

This is a story which Mr. Squire contributed to "Mr. Fothergill's Plot," a book which will be remembered as a collection of short stories by various authors, all treating the same plot, which was given to them in outline. "Outside Eden" here appears in company with ten other stories. One of these ventures into the field of murder, but most of them are both light and slight, and a number of them, it must be confessed, are almost automatic. Several of the plots are so old that halfway through the experienced readers wonders, in pleasant anticipation, with what unfamiliar turn the author will rescue their conclusions—only to discover that there is no such unfamiliar turn, and the story is allowed to creep on to the all too well foreseen surprise at the close.

Not to accuse without summoning witnesses, one may cite "The Man Who Knew" (Continued on next page)

"Rich stuff"—

says Soskin in the *N. Y. Post* about the memoirs of the author of *South Wind*. And all reviewers agree that it is the unusual book of the season with its hundreds of remembered people, its delightful stories about the great, its revelation of the author himself who is, among many other things "incorrigible . . . vastly entertaining."—*Harry Hansen*.

Norman Douglas' **LOOKING BACK**

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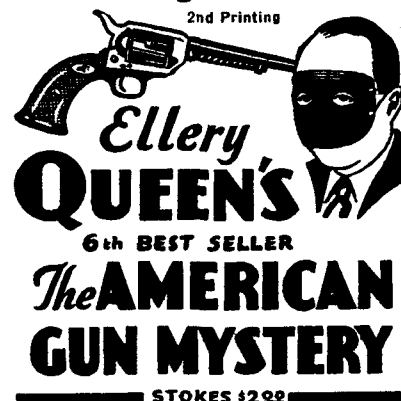
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notes by Thurman L. Hood

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The New Books Fiction

(Continued from preceding page)

Better," in which a man assures a stranger in a railway carriage that a certain author plagiarizes from Dickens, in spite of the incredulity of the stranger, who turns out, of all things, to be the author in question! Or again, "This Bloody Turf," in which a theatre manager produces a poetic play, chosen from a public competition, and called "A Stain on the Shield" ("Surely to goodness," one says in reading it, "this is not going to turn out to be 'A Blot i' the Scutcheon!'); it is enormously successful, and it does turn out to be "A Blot i' the Scutcheon"! Much the best of these stories is that which gives the book its title, and which has already been mentioned as a treatment of a problem to a number of authors by a certain Mr. Fothergill; and here one must say to Mr. Squire's credit that he found a solution which was both satisfying and different from that of the majority of the writers who attempted it. In nearly all these stories, however, the manner is superior to the matter; and even here, though the telling is urbane and pleasant, it is apt to be a good deal too leisurely for the short patience of this side of the Atlantic.

Brief Mention

An unusually interesting book in the field of scientific popularization is *Our Stone-Pelted Planet*, by H. H. Nininger (Houghton Mifflin, \$3). It is a full discussion of the origin and nature of meteorites, a description of many of the great falls, and has for appendix a world survey of the important meteors and where they have been found. The accounts of falls are especially interesting and often dramatic in the extreme. This is a very satisfactory book for a library where information of this kind is constantly called for. *** Another exciting book is Barrett Wiloughby's *Alaskans All* (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50). The best part of this book consists of an account of Father Hubbard's extraordinary adventures and exploration in Alaska where he entered the great crater of Aniakhak and describes its impressive lunar scenery. There are also chapters on Alaskan men and Alaskan experiences of only slightly less interest. This is a popular journalistic book.

Latest Books Received

BIOGRAPHY

Lincoln and the Doctors. M. H. Shutes, M.D. *Congo Jake*. A. C. Colodan. Kendall. \$3. *Gibson*. G. M. Young. Appl. \$1.50. *The Story of the Borgias*. L. Colliston-Morley. Dnt. \$3.95. *Wesley*. J. Laver. Appl. \$1.50. *Cecil Rhodes*. W. Plomer. Appl. \$1.50. *The Francis Preston Blair Family*. W. E. Smith. Macmill. 2 vols.

\$7.50. *The Saga of Hrolf Kraki*. S. M. Mills. Oxford: Blackwell.

EDUCATION

Essentials of English Grammar. O. Jespersen. Holt. \$2. *Grammar for Composition*. C. H. Ward. Scott, Foresman. *Psychological Principles of Education*. F. F. Powers and W. L. Uhl. Cent. \$2.50. *The Education of Visually Handicapped Children*. R. V. Merry. Harv. Univ. Pr. \$2.50.

FICTION

Witch's Cauldron. E. Phillpotts. Macmill. \$2. *Hanging Waters*. W. West. Put. \$2. *The Judas Tree*. N. H. Swanson. Put. \$2.50. *In One Ear*. F. Sullivan. Vik. \$1.75. *Nurse Adriane*. N. C. James. Covi.-Friede. \$2.50. *Old Dominion Edition of the Works of Ellen Glasgow*: The Miller of Old Church, The Voice of the People, Barren Ground, The Romantic Canadians. Double., Dor. 4 vols. \$2.50 each. *Call Out the Flying Squad*. H. Holt. Crime Club. \$2. *The Saint and Mr. Teal*. L. Charteris. Crime Club. \$2. *Great Winds*. E. Poole. Macmill. \$2. *The Silver Bar Mystery*. W. C. Tuttle. Hought. Mif. \$2. *Zest*. C. G. Norris. Doub. Dor. \$2. *Behind These Walls*. J. R. Winning. Macmill. \$2. *Pity Is Not Enough*. J. Herbst. Harc. Br. \$2.50. *The Fluter of An Eyelid*. M. Bring. Far. & Rin. I Can Wait. By the Author of "Miss Tiverton Goes Out." Bobbs-Mer. \$2.50. *The Loose Rib*. A. Allen. Kinsey. \$2. *Walk into My Parlour*. P. Frankau. Morrow. \$2. *Death on the Limited*. R. Denbie. Morrow. \$2. *Colonel Weatherford and His Friends*. G. Grand. Derrydale. \$7.50. *Six-Gun Melody*. W. C. Macdonald. Covi.-Friede. \$2.

HISTORY

History of Germany. H. Pinnow. Macmill. \$2.75. *The River War*. W. S. Churchill. Scrib. \$2.75. *American Constitutional History*. E. McKinley Erikson and D. N. Rowe. Nort. \$4.75.

INTERNATIONAL

Recovery through Revolution. Ed. S. D. Schmalhausen. Covi.-Friede. \$3.75. *Swastika*. J. W. Wise. Smith & Haas. \$1.

MISCELLANEOUS

How Plants Get Their Names. L. H. Bailey. Macmill. \$2.25. *Cut Your Score*. G. E. Lardner. Vik. \$1. *The New International Year Book*. Ed. F. H. Vizetely. Funk & Wag. *Ores and Industry in the Far East*. H. F. Bain. Council on Foreign Relations. \$3. *Basel, Berne, and Zurich*. M. D. Hottinger. Dnt. \$1.75. *Revolution or Jobs*. T. E. Dabney. Dial. \$1.50. *The Primer of Inflation*. E. Sparling. Day. \$1.50. *Ghosts of London*. E. O'Donnell. Dnt. *Chicago's Great Century*. H. J. Smith. Chicago: Consolidated Publishers. *The Wreck of Reparations*. J. W. Wheeler-Bennett. Morrow. \$3. *The Federal Reserve Act*. J. L. Laughlin. Macmill. \$3.50. *"Cohen Comes First"*. S. Buchler. Vang. \$2. *The Development of Economics*. W. A. Scott. Cent. \$4. *Famous First Facts*. J. N. Kane. Wils. \$3.50.

PAMPHLETS

Toward Planetism. R. R. Hawkins. Peiping, China: San Yu Pr.

POETRY

The Fleeting and Other Poems. W. de la Mare. Knopf. \$2.50. *Complete Works of Geoffrey Chaucer*. Ed. F. N. Robinson. Hought. Mif. \$4.

RELIGION

The Plain Man Seeks for God. H. P. Van Dusen. Scrib. \$2. *India-Burma*. Vol. IV. Part II. Ed. O. A. Petty. Harp. \$1.50. *The Social Gospel and the Christian Cultus*. C. C. Morrison. Harp. \$2. *From Faith to Faith*. W. E. Orchard. Harp. \$2. *The World of Jesus*. H. K. Booth. Scrib. \$2.

SCIENCE

The New Background of Science. Sir J. Jeans. Macmill. \$2.50. *The Science of Human Reproduction*. H. M. Parshley. Nort. \$3.50.

TRAVEL

The Adventurers of Bermuda. H. Wilkinson. Oxford Univ. Pr. \$4.75.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
AFTER THE DEACON WAS MURDERED <i>Cornelia Penfield</i> (Putnams: \$2.)	Stern New England patriarch found dead by vacationing "furriner" who gets into, and, with help of State police, out of a peck of trouble.	Famed work of devil in small towns extends to blackmail and gang-war in rich compound of genealogy, gats and good gumshoeing.	Extra-Good
THE SAINT AND MR. TEAL <i>Leslie Charteris</i> (Crime Club: \$2.)	Saint Simon Templar does justice to three outlandish crooks; Inspector Teal gets the leavings.	Alchemists and Egyptian dope kings lend tone to these three long stories disguised as a novel.	Not at all bad
THE MYSTERY PUZZLE BOOK <i>Lassiter Wren and Randle McKay</i> (Crowell: \$1.50)	The reader is the sleuth. 28 puzzles, from who forged the will to where did the murderer hide.	A change from jigsaws; amateur hand-writing experts will have the most fun with it.	Good clean fun
THE FLYING SQUAD <i>Henry Holt</i> (Crime Club: \$2.)	Colonel Stewart disappears from his country house, followed by murder of X. Yard called in.	British gangsters, an American who takes snuff, occasional illiteracies mar interesting story, rapidly told.	Quite good
THE BROWNSVILLE MURDERS <i>B. S. Keirstead and D. F. Campbell</i> (Macmillan: \$2.)	Three corpses: two shot; one strangled; on Canadian highway. Come the "Mounties," buckety-buckety!	Interesting new locale, well covered trails, rapid action, logical sleuthing by R. C. M. P. sergeant and amusing amateur helpers.	Excellent
THE LOOSE RIB <i>Austen Allen</i> (Kinsey: \$2.)	Fan letter to Miss Gibson, an author, uncovers large crime ring. Blackmail, theft, abduction, murder. Miss Gibson helps Inspector Ord of Scotland Yard.	Very ingenious plot, excellent characters, original humor. Well written. The "loose rib" a complete surprise.	A 1



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