

blowing outside. . . . There is a sentimental sonnet of my own hanging on the wall in that Club, near one of Jefferson's bad pictures, but I have written better ones. . . . I sit here and drivel, and do nothing. . . . I must get away from ghosts and dreams . . . leave the bottle, and I'll put the brandy in myself . . . this is the history of my life, as it appears to me this morning. . . .

Bogumil Dawison! Damn Bogumil Dawison! Maybe he was a bad actor, who mooned around and drank himself to death, because the wind was cold and wet . . . a ridiculous person, undoubtedly, and I don't want to know his ghost. I am getting to be one of the Club ghosts myself. . . . I am going to leave this wallow of sentimentality, and go out into the rain and get some of it cold on my face. . . .

The Art of Healing

MEDICINE. *A Voyage of Discovery.* By Josef Löbel, M.D. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. \$3.

Reviewed by EDWARD C. STREETER

THE difficulties and complexities of modern medicine grow more difficult and complex as medical men arrive at the point of view of Terence and state, in honest sincerity, that nothing that touches man can remain a matter of indifference to them. The art of healing is based on the science of man as a whole and not on special dealing with misrelated parts or deranged functions. How broad is the purview of present-day healers of sick bodies and sick souls is shown in the opening and closing chapters of Dr. Löbel's "Voyage of Discovery." This book deals with the interrelation of the medical sciences, incidentally illustrating that age-long process by which that mutually sustained system of disciplines rotated discoveries and mutually reacted to new findings. This sounds dull, systematic boredom. As a matter of fact this misimagined dullness never for one moment crops up, in 320 pages of text.

In his preface Löbel modestly refers to his main aim as one of "classification" of the medical sciences: in this aim he performs better than he promises. Each branch of medicine is broached in its own entirety, scope, method, epochal achievements, and then, after having succinctly laid down the course of the evolutionary curve of its peculiar development, Dr. Löbel adroitly integrates and relates that branch to the rest of medicine and notes what realignments take place under the stimuli of viable new processes and ideas. These inter-branch loans and exchanges of ideas total to a high figure—so high that medical men of the past century have been bewildered by them, aghast at their own progress, dismayed by plenitude. And then, quite apart from the illumination cast by novel theories, there has come a strange new light on medicine from the reappropriation of old theories—lusty old cripples like Paracelsus or Hahnemann come hobbling in again; a revamping of humoral pathology carries us back to Galen and his predecessors.

If style denotes character, then we can say of this author that he has a broad, fine, searching nature and a beautifully ordered mind with a flair for conciseness and form that is more Gallic than Nordic. There is a dash of Gallic salt in him—or such is our surmise. He is deft—never ponderous—never makes heavy going, but parts the whelming mass with ease. A layman may read this book with no more difficulty than he had in reading Axel Munthe. Specialists in medicine can never hope to be absolved if they fail to read every chapter of it, to their immeasurable benefit—and to the benefit of the laity.

A Chinese Friend of Soviet Russia

(Continued from first page)

ing. Here is a narrative that must stand upon its own bottom, because there is nothing else upon which to stand—no previous accomplishments by any one concerned (excepting, naturally, the good name of the publisher).

"A Chinese Testament" is an extraordinary blending of three elements: the story of the private life of a young man told with more delicious details about family and sex relationships than you have read in a blue moon; a biased review of an important twenty-year period in the political life of China, 1905-1925; and a plea for Sino-Russian entente, made with consummate subtlety and with eloquent silence upon disagreeable subjects such as the expulsion of Red Russian consular officials from China, and the border war of 1929.

At fifteen, Shih-hua fell in love with his playmate, Tsai-ai, and wanted to marry her. She was a lively, humorous, and gentle girl. "She played the flute and sang softly—old, exquisite songs." But Shih-hua's father disliked the father of Tsai-ai and forbade the marriage. That the children were heartbroken didn't matter.

Then a go-between, "sweet as honey," appeared and arranged a marriage between Shih-hua and Yuan.

But Shih-hua kept to his side of the bed for months, not even speaking to her. However, "the laws of psychology are stronger than hate, more binding than spite. The common bed did its part. But there was no tenderness."

Having done his duty, Shih-hua left home and went to Peiping to school. While there, the child was born—a girl. He returned home and upon a very flimsy pretext divorced his wife and kept the daughter, but with no love for her. Yuan was as much of a victim of China's ancient marriage customs as was Shih-hua.

Chinese readers will object that the political pattern presented in the book is too one-sided. True, there were flux and revolution and social upheaval. A rotting dynasty was overthrown, and a republic formed. Political factions rose and fell in faraway Szechuan, in all parts of China.

The Kuomintang split its face. Presidents and premiers came and went in Peiping. But this is only a part of what happened. China regained control of her postal service and her customs. Unequal treaties were abolished. Many other gains were made. For different but equally selfish reasons, the Russians and the Japanese seek to perpetuate the notion that China is a land of hopeless and endless turmoil. Russia wants China to feel sick so that she will be willing to buy the medicine of Bolshevism. Japan needs a weak and confused China to justify her aggressions and to consolidate her in the position of leadership in the Far East. Certain American and British writers, for reasons that are difficult to explain, follow the Russians and

the Japanese in keeping alive the myth of the incompetency, impotency, and destined collapse of China.

It is a wise reader now who can recognize propaganda. In the Preface to the Russian Edition is this sentence: "He was not a communist." Is this an effort to disarm the gentle reader? I think so.

Scattered discreetly through the absorbing story of how Tan Shih-hua meets the various crises of life are chapters on these themes: "The Fourth of May," "The Russian Section," "The First Russian," "Russian Literature," "Te-Ti-Ko," and "A Letter from Russia." The last sentence of the attached telegram from Moscow to the Chinese people contains the theme of the book: "The new Russian government

proposes to sign a treaty with China—a treaty between equals. It recognizes that the Czarist policy was dishonest and based on violence. The two peoples, like two comrades, must extend their hands to each other." (The italics are mine.)

This is a reference to the Sino-Russian treaty of 1924, signed by the Chinese with high hopes. The narrative ends before bitter disillusionment came, before Borodin and his associates were expelled, and before Chinese and Russian comrades attacked each other along the Manchurian-Siberian frontier. Tan Shih-hua disappeared none too soon.

Verne Dyson has been dean of Williams College, Shanghai, literary editor of The China Courier, and editor of Orient Magazine.

Scandinavian Life in Two New Novels

OUR DAILY BREAD. By Gosta Larsson. New York: Vanguard Press. 1934. \$2.50.

Reviewed by ALVAH C. BESSIE

WRITING in a language not his own, Mr. Larsson has acquitted himself most creditably in this first volume of what is eventually to be a trilogy of working-class Swedish life. Not yet entirely sensitive to the rhythms of the English tongue, his indubitable talents and his eagerness to express what he has felt still have, in a measure, triumphed over the almost insuperable handicap placed upon him by his relative unfamiliarity with his medium. If this first novel occasionally reads like a translation, it is more than safe to say that an author who has set himself so difficult a task, carries with him as well the determination and the ability to completely transcend his limitations.

This chronicle of the life of the Hammar family, the head of which was in his time an expert lace-maker, sets forth with an almost unbearable objectivity the annals of the poor, their patience under the most intolerable humiliations and setbacks incident to the social system under which the majority of the world still lives. It foreshadows as well a time to come when this system will be more or less modified to meet the necessities of that class which has always produced the world's wealth. Misfortune after misfortune dogs the path of Peter Hammar's little group—the mother's pregnancy, the father's illness, their son's inability to finish his education, their struggle to keep their home intact despite mounting impoverishment, a general strike. The novel ends on a note of militant protest, a note that is being heard in our time with increasing clarity and ominous insistence, but so thoroughly sound is Mr. Larsson's artistic conscience that this protest does not, as it does in many other working-class novels of our time, warp the artistic integrity of the novel. It is part and parcel of his subject-matter, not an excrescence sprouting from his work.

DUEL. By Ronald Fangen. New York: The Viking Press. 1934. \$2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

NONE of Ronald Fangen's books has previously been translated into English, although this Norwegian has won a solid and respectable if not particularly distinguished place in his own country, both as critic and as writer of fiction and drama. "Duel," his third novel, appeared in Norway in 1932, and is considered his best work by such authorities as Bojer and Sigrid Undset.

The author's background and reputation aside, however, "Duel" presents itself in English as a tense, closely knit study of the psychological conflict, lifelong in duration, between two men, friends and rivals since childhood. One becomes a famous and successful authority on international law; the other, equally ambitious but unable to control his impulses, never manages to rise above some unfortunate experiences of his early years, and after an unhappy career as a country doctor, kills himself. The relationship, conscious and unconscious, of the protagonists, so different in their outward lives and yet so



RONALD FANGEN

closely linked by mysterious bonds of hatred on the part of the doctor and of fear on that of the professor, provides the essential stuff for a book presenting considerable interest to any reader with a philosophical or analytical turn of mind. It is not always entertaining to read of these serious Northerners, and the story is inclined to monotony as it proceeds,—a monotony already familiar from many other Scandinavian novels, and due more to the similarity of the characters, their identical reactions to certain situations, and finally to a certain lack of any great resources of humor, than to any specific deficiency on the part of the author.

The secondary figures associated with this Oslo tragedy—the wives and children of the two rivals, and a few friends—are all drawn with care and a skill obviously above average. The doctor's long-suffering and devoted wife is a particularly appealing portrait of a type universal in fiction, and the home life of the professor's family is remarkably full of charm and the spirit of intelligent affection. Although it is not as intensely moving or grandiose as the more important novels of Mr. Fangen's countrymen, "Duel" is an efficient piece of work throughout, and demonstrates by its presentation of the character of the professor (a difficult and idealistic one) that the author possesses unusual gifts. It may be hoped that a favorable reception of this book will be followed by the publication in English of more of the author's work.

Gipsies and Circuses

SATAN'S CIRCUS. By Lady Eleanor Smith. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1934. \$2.50.

Reviewed by CURRIE CABOT

SOME of these short stories are chromos, with horror splashed on in thick, lurid colors, but others again are delicately drawn, and carefully told. Lady Eleanor Smith is steeped in the ways of gipsies, and knows, apparently, all there is to know about circuses and circus people. When she handles her fantastic, glittering material with restraint she produces interesting and unusual stories, for she has a flair for narrative that is reminiscent of a past day. "Tamar," for instance, perhaps the best of the tales, reads like one of those stories of the supernatural that make old, dusty files of *Blackwood's* such entertaining reading. For Tamar outwits the devil,—and how long it has been since anyone has paid any attention to that always fascinating character!

The exuberance of her imagination is at once the author's strength and her weakness. In the wilder moments of excitement her style sometimes suffers and becomes rather commonplace, but at other times, when the strangeness of her fancy is sustained by an inner intensity, her writing is vigorous and sure and arresting. In a few of her stories there is a curious fusing of old and new methods of approach, some of her characters are half legendary villains, half "pathological" types, and the result is just what would happen if someone who had read modern psychology retold the story of "Bluebeard."

The BOWLING GREEN

The Folder

☞ The Old Mandarin, scudding about town on a freakishly busy day, was just saying to himself, *Gently now, take things gently*, when he found himself sprinting briskly in front of a taxicab. ☞ Mr. Pinkerton Goes to Scotland Yard, a detective story by David Frome, has an unusually large proportion of the English phrases that give us secret amusement: e. g., a boater (a straw hat), *silverside* (of beef), *scullery*, *mustard and cress*, a *geyser*, a *dust bin*, and any number of *kerbs*. We have never met an Englishman who was not startled to learn that their lingo amuses us just as much as ours does them.

☞ Among Commencement addresses we have found few remarks as candid as Dr. Butler's at Columbia: "The American people have frequently made it unmistakably plain that they are either averse to thinking or that they are unable to think. . . . They would choose to follow Rousseau rather than Voltaire." ☞ Or Maxie Baer rather than either of them. ☞ But is that not mercifully so of all large populations? ☞ I was pleased by a little poem sent me by L. C. Higgins, New Bedford, Mass., two stanzas of which were:

*I am a fugitive verse
I have my hour and flee
Yet Time sends no guard
To capture me.*

*No siren shrieks on prison wall,
No price is on my head,
Yet fain would I recall
My moment sped.*

A QUESTION

SIR:—I would like to ask you one question. Does conversation with thoughtful people, and association with bookmen, satisfy that indescribable need in the heart of him who loves words, and particularly the words which are the transmuters of beauty? This has been in my mind for a long time. I go to the grocery store, and hear women discussing carrots; I ride on the street car and hear gum-chewing girls discussing clothes; I go to the art museum and see over-dressed women lowering lorgnettes and saying, "I felt I ought to see this, I'm glad it's done." Until I want to cry out to the whole city, and see if I can't collect a handful of people to come and have conversation. I'm so tired of discussing recipes, and kitchen curtains. Books have been my most comfortable friends, but sometimes my throat aches with arguing with them. Whatever else you may say of books, they are smug, and will not yield a point once they have said something. . . .

Then I decided the only other outlet was companionship in the things I loved. I have not been able to find it. In your *John Mistletoe*, you quote George Santayana, "Art, so long as it needs to be a dream, will never cease to prove a disappointment. Its facile cruelty, its narcotic abstraction, can never sweeten the evils we return to." That thought made me come to you with this question. . . . Can anyone alive sense the need I feel and cater to it? Would I not go about in my aloneness among bookish people, even as I do among the nitwits of my acquaintance? I feel myself unfold when I read, expanding and expanding until I feel I shall burst; then come "the evils we return to" in the shape of mundane things, and mundane people, only duller and more horrible for that far journey of returning.

E. P.

Detroit, Mich.

☞ In an advertisement uttered by the excellent Oxford publisher Basil Blackwell I find a neat little slice of lemon-peel. It is said that in the very detailed map of London found in a shot-down Zeppelin the War Office was carefully not shown.

Did the Germans (asks Mr. Blackwell) believe it greatly to their own interest to leave that headquarters intact? ☞ Residents on Riverside Drive, while the Fleet was in, could not help feeling a tasteful irony in the fact that the mellow bells of the battleships, tolling the half hours, sounded so like the voice of peaceful country churches. ☞ In the washroom of a beer-garden on the Palisades I noted (on the cabinet of the Noxall Towel Service) that in Hackensack there is a telephone exchange called GALS WORTHY. ☞ A lover of Chaucer had great pleasure in observing the topsail schooner *Cressida* anchored in the Hudson. ☞ A committee from the Three Hours for Lunch Club revisited the good old square-rigger *Tusitala* which has been lying up at 155th Street all winter. It seems a long time since she flew the famous old house-flag of the Club. The letter of homage and advice written to her by Joseph Conrad is still framed in her cabin. ☞ Bob Disraeli allows me to print this week his snapshot of Captain Armitage McCann (the famous ship-model designer) and Count Jean



ALUMNI OF THE "TORRENS"
(Photograph by Robert Disraeli)

Louis D'Esque (author of *A Count in the Focle*), both of whom served in Conrad's ship *Torrens*. The photo was taken at the recent dedication of the Conrad Memorial Library in the Seamen's Institute.

☞ Cleaning the desk for summer truancy and the Goofy Season, the Green finds many interesting items. ☞ In the supposedly peace-loving State of Pennsylvania, two men fell dead of excitement while listening to broadcasts of the Baer-Carnera fight. ☞ Will anyone succumb to heart disease on hearing that the first volume of Pareto's long-awaited *General Sociology* has now been sent to press? Yet this vast work, which has loomed like a thunder-head on our horizon all winter, is probably more agitating than any prize-fight. ☞ The news that Gertrude Stein is coming to lecture here next fall leaves us fairly cool. ☞ The Gotham Book Mart has started its series of Dog Star Evenings, 9 p.m. on Wednesdays in the back garden. (Admission 25 cents.) June 20 was Expatriates' Evening, to bicker about Malcolm Cowley; on June 27 Clifton Fadiman will talk on *What's Wrong with Reviewing?* He promises "things that everybody knows but nobody says." ☞ A gentleman writes offering us an *Incum-Dicator*, "a mechanical device which makes it possible to correctly ascertain for any month or year the actual minimum cash requirements for yourself or your family." ☞ Does it split income as well as infinitives? ☞ Wish Peter Greig, the wine merchant, would quit tormenting us with his suggestive memos: he says, "with Brook Trout or cold Restigouche Salmon serve

a Graves, a Chablis, or a light Moselle . . . as a preliminary before lunch on a fine summer's day, a glass of well-cooled Champagne served with a dish of crisp, red radishes, fresh picked from the garden." ☞ We've been walking up and down Madison Avenue with a pocketful of baby radishes hoping we might meet Mr. Greig.

☞ Final tally of the office questionnaire of Most Enjoyed Books held by Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn: 1st Place (6 votes each), *Three Musketeers*, *Forsyte Saga*, *Of Human Bondage*. 2nd Place (5 each), *Treasure Island*, *Cyrano de Bergerac*. 3rd Place (4 each), *Sherlock Holmes*, *The Way of All Flesh*, *Les Misérables*, *Alice in Wonderland*. 4th Place (3 each), O. Henry, "Saki," *South Wind*, *Candide*, *Lord Jim*, *Huckleberry Finn*. ☞ That was a fine note, in the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, about Professor John Livingston Lowes and his recently published lectures on Chaucer. The Harvard Alumnus said:

One student of English 72, a now famous course on the British romantic poets, remembers the *ferne halwes* and horizons that opened before him a dozen years ago when a small man with a great stentorian voice boomed out the last enchantments of Victorian middle age. The subject ran back to Pope, to Gray and Collins; his talk of Keats had all the magic of the letters; Coleridge the magnificent was just stepping into the sun far down the unmapped road to Xanadu; and the hours were filled with "the perpetual telescoping of the famil-

An Ambassador in the Near East

A YEAR'S EMBASSY TO MUSTAFA KEMAL. By Charles H. Sherrill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. \$3.

Reviewed by EDWARD MEAD EARLE

GENERAL SHERRILL was the American Ambassador to Turkey from 1932 to 1933. He became an enthusiastic admirer of Turkey and the Turks. His embassy was beset by no problems of great import, and as counsellor of Embassy he was fortunate to have Mr. G. Howland Shaw, probably the American best-informed on Near Eastern affairs.

Concerning knowledge acquired at first hand—such as Turkish ratification of the international narcotic conventions, interviews with Mustafa Kemal, and descriptions of Ankara and Istanbul—General Sherrill writes well and with verve. Unfortunately, however, he has rambled so far afield that his volume might more appropriately be called "The Life and Times of Mustafa Kemal." For such a task General Sherrill has no perceptible qualifications; he is credulous, careless with facts, and occasionally quite ignorant. It would be difficult, for example, to find anywhere, in any language, a more garbled and inaccurate account of the King-Crane and Harbord missions. His attitude toward Mustafa Kemal is hagiographical. Throughout the volume the Gazi is referred to as "our hero" and is indiscriminately compared for alleged historical reasons with Washington, Moses, Mussolini, Luther, Henry VIII, and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Now let there be no misunderstanding. In the reviewer's opinion the Great War produced no figure (except possibly Colonel Lawrence) who exerted greater influence than Mustafa Kemal upon the ultimate outcome in the Near East. He was a gallant and resourceful soldier and a statesman of courage and vision. Furthermore Turkey—sorest of all international sore thumbs before 1914—has become today one of the genuinely important factors in world peace. Mustafa Kemal is rightly called Gazi, the Conqueror.

But General Sherrill lays it on with a trowel. He says that Mustafa Kemal is "the most astute politician ever produced by a race whose history throughout the ages has been marked by a long series of such leaders"—surely a large order. Later on we learn that Turkey zealously determines that all legislation be developed within the limits of the Constitution; perhaps so, but Fascist Italy, in a measure, observes the Italian constitution without altering the fact that Mussolini rules with an iron hand. General Sherrill also asserts that the "spirit of modern Turkey" is "completely democratic in character"—even Mustafa Kemal must have laughed at this. No one would ever discover from this volume that Turkey, nominally a constitutional republic, is as much a dictatorship as Italy or Germany. Nor would one learn that distinguished Turks (like Djavid Bey) have been unceremoniously hanged for purely political reasons and that others (like Dr. Adnan, Halidé Edib, and Rauf Bey) are perforce in exile and that the press is shackled.

On the other hand, General Sherrill rightly emphasizes the significance of the treaties of Lausanne (1923), the only post-war treaties not dictated by victor to vanquished and hence the only ones likely to survive. He also stresses the improved relations of Turkey with her Balkan neighbors, especially Greece. Even more important, but omitted, is the fact that racial and religious minorities are safer and happier in Turkey today than for generations and that to his eternal credit Mustafa Kemal has welcomed exiled German professors to the revived University of Istanbul. The Turks today under Mustafa Kemal may lay claim to greatness and distinguished leadership; in this, surely, General Sherrill is correct.

Edward Mead Earle is associate professor of history at Columbia University and a specialist in Near Eastern affairs.

Millions of dictionaries, according to *John O'London's Weekly*, are being introduced into peasants' homes in Russia as a part of the state educational policy.

iar and the strange." But the voice boomed on, and for some (as not to be forgotten) it shook the very century and carried first the sound and the rhythm of "Love in the Valley," "The Garden of Proserpine," and "The Blessed Damsel." We hope that he still reads them—at least those three.

KAFKA

The first booksellers to answer our inquiry about Kafka's *The Castle* (it was published in 1930 by Knopf) were the Stamford Bookstore (15 Atlantic Street, Stamford, Conn.), the Hill Bookstall, Syracuse, N. Y., the Holliday Bookshop, 49 East 49, and V. I. Schwab, 5 West 63. Also the Reader's Adviser of the Providence Public Library. Terence Holliday writes:

Paul Rosenfeld is the only regular patron of our complete two-volume Kafka shelf: *The Castle* (Knopf, \$1) and *The Great Wall of China* (Martin Secker, \$3). Mr. Rosenfeld once rebuked me gently but firmly for being out of stock of *The Castle* for one day only.

Jerome Unger writes of *The Castle*: "I have read this strange story twice in the last six months, each time enthralled by the sweep of its style and its timeless symbolism."

Walter McKee, of Mr. Knopf's travelling staff, says, "we hope some time to reprint this title as there seems to be an increasing interest in Kafka's work."—Abbie Bigelow, of the Hill Bookstall, Syracuse, confesses that her shop has a copy: "Twice I sold it to unsuspecting prospects, but when they looked it over it came home to roost each time."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.