

not help being an agent of enlightenment, a warrior for righteousness. That is all to the good, as is also the fact that, though he preached perfection, he did not stand aloof. All the years that he preached he stood in the smoke of battle; he was intellectually the most admired and repudiated, the most vigorous and most fanciful, figure of his time. He was very much in earnest; and earnestness is easily ridiculed. But Arnold also had *presence*, a quality that for many years made him a match for those who sought to belittle him. Evangelical in tone Arnold may often have been, but he is always worldly in spirit: he was socially poised, he knew the ropes, he realized the prestige of the Arnold name, he lived in the drawing-room and the marketplace rather than the cloister. He had as much toughness as he had sensibility, and infinitely more arrogance than he had humility. He stands closest, among English critics, to Macaulay, in the ease with which he adjusted himself to affairs and the certainty with which he made use of his position; and though he was not so smug as Macaulay, nor so coarse, he was every inch as pontifical and upper-class. He had, to be accurate, almost no humility in him. For culture he had a profound respect, and he brings to such first-rate minds and first-rate literature as he truly understood, a fine responsiveness; but of his own place in the world he had not a single doubt. He felt unmistakably *called* to it; and his imperious manner brooks no disputing. In "On Translating Homer," for example, he fried Dr. Newman—who had ventured a translation—in oil; and when Newman replied to him, often pedantically but sometimes cogently and even irrefutably, Arnold rode roughshod over him in a second edict, saying sharply that knowing Greek was one thing and knowing poetry another. He was doubtless correct; the point is that it never occurred to him he might be wrong.

But for all the harm it did, for all the

his cause might not seem to deserve the

hammered on. He was not a victim of self-pity or vague yearnings. His vigor never abated; his causes were never left without a defender. But unfortunately he did not demand enough of his generation to survive with reputation unimpaired; he did not even demand the most important things. From that standpoint, his vision strikes us now as obviously limited; and many times, furthermore, as in his discussion of religious and social problems, he was equally limited in knowledge, in practical foresight, and in the ability to think independently of his age. He was chiefly a popularizer, and a popularizer is most valuable for the light he casts at a particular moment. What really enhanced—and still, to a small degree, enhances—Arnold's prestige and success, was his personal vigor, his power of communication. To choose an example or two: he tried, as every one knows, to smoke out the devil of philistinism; he tried, as every one knows, to teach people to enrich and purify their inner lives. In each case he failed; but so valiant was the attempt that the world will not forget that he tried. But it will not forget, either, that he said "I do not wish to see men of culture entrusted with power"—and how hopelessly old-fashioned, how puristic and short-sighted is such a statement, which leaves a man the richer for renouncing temptation, and leaves the world forever in the hands of the incompetent and the unscrupulous. Nor will the world forget that he framed the words "Let me direct your attention to a reform in the law of bequest and entail" and then added: "One can hardly speak of such a thing [i.e., the reform] without laughing." It is in such remarks as these that one grasps the smallness of Arnold's social vision, the academicism of his cultural ideal.

Nor did he himself do so much for culture as one might suppose. The reason, I suspect, is that he did not go to literature to find life in it: he went to find the peculiar beauty and truth in which the isolated spirit can bathe. He went to find how life should be lived, not how it is; and

such idealism, even when earnestly pursued, soon becomes a form of escapism. In poetry Arnold sought the most sublimity, not the most meaning; a victim of the workaday world, he turned away from it with relief, and found a haven in literature, but not a signpost. He could appreciate literary qualities intensely and minutely, but not human qualities. He loved artistry and appreciated ideas; he cared little for realities, and even less for his fellow-man. As a result, whenever the question of form or style or wit or pure ethics enters into literature, he is enlightening; but the downright conflicts and actualities of life elude him. Those transcendent flashes of truth we catch in Coleridge's criticism, the special and fleeting insight of Lamb, the digestive, relevant grasp of Hazlitt, are all absent from Arnold. He was a fastidious man of letters: he was not a participating seer into life.

Yet in odd ways Arnold has left his signature upon our critical traditions. His memorable slogans, some of them worn so threadbare as to be worth only the sneers of an Edith Sitwell or a Lytton Strachey, bob up in other men's thinking and serve other men—for better or worse—as a *point d'appui*. He defined, for example, the

grand style in poetry; and his definition survives. His "to see life steadily and see it whole" is still the aim of the cultivated eclectic, the modern-day humanist. He established, almost single-handed, a critical attitude toward Wordsworth which remains the prevailing one. As for his lifelong

outmoded, the fight against the thing goes on: it is unthinkable that without Arnold, Mencken would have skirmished in just the way he did against babbler. And compared with Mencken's exuberant having-on of the booboisie, the net result of which was that anybody who read Mencken felt entitled to join in the laughter and felt immune from the indictment—compared with so snobbish and so frivolous a crusade, steeped in denunciation but innocent of purpose, Arnold's humorless but realistic fight against the children of darkness seems, even now, significant. For Arnold, at heart a snob, resisted the impulse to be snobbish in the desire to be helpful. He openly preached, where Mencken jested; but he saw, below the surface of narrow Victorian living, the social bigotry, the vulgar mercenary outlook, the middle-class callousness, the ruling-class ideology; and he knew, though not perhaps for the right reasons, how dangerous and insidious they were. Arnold had no political insight and, worse, he had no economic awareness: but in a world of principles (which did not exist, though Arnold thought it did) his campaigning would have made more sense than he realized. Mencken's policy of isolation would have seemed, to Arnold, immoral.

Most of us first read Arnold at the behest of English professors who, if any one is, are the true Arnoldians. He shares their academic spirit; and he is congenial to them through his program of vague but lofty aims, of invoking the pursuit of culture, of having a literary feeling for literature. Arnold is no old fogey, but even less is he a radical; his teaching is safe, salutary, highminded, and, in a tottering world, beside the point: but though in a

tottering world it may be beside the point, it is also very agreeable, when you wish to remain aloof, to be exhorted to imbibe the ripe wisdom of the classics. But I started to say that most of us first read Arnold at the behest of English professors, which cannot help having left us with a second-hand, scholastic impression of him. Those of us who have reread him since, and who have reread him perhaps more than once, will not have found him stodgy. He remains excellent reading, if only because he writes so well, displays so much vigor, possesses so much cultivation. For any one with an appetite for belles lettres *qua* belles lettres Arnold still exerts great charm. We do not much mind that he misunderstood Shelley or overpraised Gray or that his Jouberts and George Sands are far smaller fry than he supposed: much finer literary critics, like Sainte-Beuve, much oftener went much wider of the mark. No: it will always be pleasant and, as Eliot put it, refreshing to read Arnold's strictly literary criticism. But if he turns out to be less the schoolmaster and moralist than our college memories would make us believe, and he still invites rereading, it remains true that, by and large, he is inadequate to our real needs for nourishment. He can

satisfy hardly at all our selfish needs of growth and development: we have long since adopted or rejected all his ideas, all his premises and hypotheses and points of departure; we have long since grasped his point of view, his principles, his "humanism." And he

can satisfy even

problems that confront our world. We cannot learn from him which way to look in the present siege of turmoil, which stance to take with regard to a society we cannot, we dare not, ignore or hold at

a distance. We fear he would advise us to take counsel of the classics, with their permanent, disinterested facettings of truth. It may not be advice to sneer at, but it is advice we cannot possibly accept. We fear he would tell us to reconcile harsh, dissonant factions through the medium of culture, of sweetness and light—an injunction as futile as prayer. The democracy he conceived of is impotent now and probably impotent forever; the aristocracy he believed in is irresponsible, selfish, and untrue to its name. Arnold was never a leader. Arnold was never a leader if only because he never understood the men he wished to lead: never visualized them, let alone had any feeling for their needs and aims. His ideal was patrician, isolate, individualist; it could only exist by turning its back on a corrupt society. Arnold, to do him justice, wanted society to participate in that ideal, and society's spokesmen to foster it. But even for Victorian England that was the wildest sort of vagary; today we might as sensibly seek the restoration of King Arthur and his knights. Arnold, it is plain, really looked back, not forward.

As time goes on the residuum in Arnold's pile will grow smaller and smaller. The social and religious elements, already dwindled to almost nothing, will go first, and go in their entirety; then much of the literary criticism will follow. What will remain in the end is Arnold's manner. That will last for a long time, to charm and enfold us; for purely as a writer Arnold had substantial talent.



MATTHEW ARNOLD  
From Vanity Fair (London, 1871)

## Hindu India

INDIAN PATCHWORK. By Edward and Mary Charles. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1934. \$2.

Reviewed by KATHARINE MAYO

THIS book is an honest record of the observations and experience of two intelligent people, made while resident in India, under conditions of exceptional advantage. As such, and, be it marked, within its clearly declared limits, it is a contribution to the study of modern Hindu mentality as discovered through working issues in everyday life by the eyes and the impacts of a man temperamentally unsuited to his job.

It starts off with an incident so lurid, so grimly humorous, yet so true to life both in detail and in spirit, that it is bound to stir the memories of readers who know their Hindu India from its practical side. Thenceforward it unwinds a skein whose vitality never flags, from cover to cover.

The two young people who write the book, man and wife, had lived and worked in the Far East before they came to India, he to serve as principal of a large mixed Hindu-Muslim College. Their Indian stay was not long, but their experience was intensive, and they brought to it eager and realistic minds. This, and the great number of Indians, drawn from a wide geographic area and from a variety of conditions, who, whether as students, staff, or Indian directorate, passed under the principal's eyes, entitle his testimony to a careful hearing, whatever further comment may be made.

Edward Charles is essentially a man of integrity and loyalty. Having contracted, for so much per annum, to do certain work, he must give his employer the best that is in him or lose his own self-respect. When the choice is thrust upon him, he elects to save his self-respect, though by so doing he forfeits his livelihood. Had he been a Civil Servant of the Government of India, these same qualities of integrity and loyalty would have been recognized and rewarded.

same frustration and heartbreaking discouragement. This because of the tradition built up by a long succession of predecessors who, faced by obstacles eternally the same, had faithfully disciplined their impatience, their natural anger at cruelty and indecency, their contempt of fraud and pretense, to meet the stern de-

## Warning in November

By RICHARD WARREN HATCH

NOW let the homing wild duck take  
His flight in strictest fear  
Of welcoming pool and lonely lake:

This is the time of year

When ponds are fringed with patient death;

The reed is bent to use  
More subtle than its growing hath  
Foreseen. And let the goose

Hold high the course of his wild wedge  
Above the groundling's fate:  
A shadow lurks behind the sedge  
Which breeds a deeper hate

Than in the swift hawk's hungriest stoop.  
Futility has won  
Its reckoning; and man must kill  
The beauty not his own.

The uncreative soul must feed  
On life; the empty heart  
Turns from itself, its desperate need  
Transformed, its secret art

Corrupt: these cannot longer bear  
In silence their disease,  
Nor face the autumn everywhere—  
With cold hills and stark trees. . . .

Beware, O wild things flying south!  
Beware! I watch your flight!  
Defeat is bitter in my mouth . . .  
I fear the winter night. . . .

Oh, I have seen your wild hearts stilled,  
And I have known your pain.  
I have been empty . . . I have killed . . .  
And I shall kill again. . . .

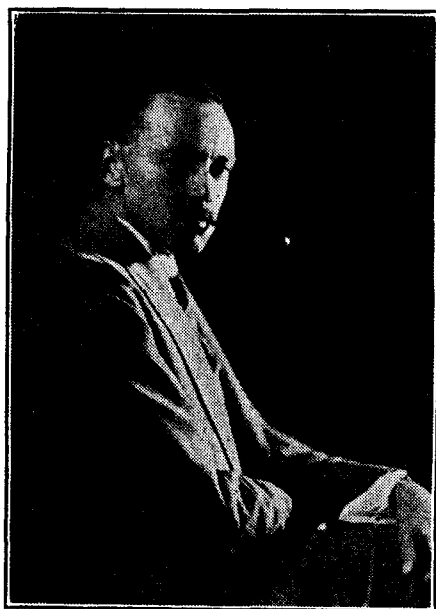


mands and farther purpose of the Service whose name they bore.

But Charles had not the moral challenge of a great tradition to support him—the challenge of a long line of good men gone before, whose work and name he must not let down. Charles was a free lance—an employee, largely, of private Indian capital. And before this book opens he has already found that in no direction evident to him can he fulfil his contract and honestly try to “deliver the goods” without arousing the opposition, even the enmity, of the party of the second part. Real work is not wanted of him, so much as collusion in setting up a false façade to cover purposes wholly unrelated to the task that he, in his inexperience, had believed himself engaged to perform. Outraged in every moral sense, disgusted, his nerves all on edge, he has reached, as the book begins, the mood to discard courtesy, to rip off restraint, and, whether dealing with the Hindu in person or with the diary page, to call each spade a spade indeed, and in capital letters. Yet he produces nothing that is not representative of Hindu trait, practice, or fact.

It should be carefully remembered, in reading this book, that it deals mainly with the Hindu, rarely with the Muslim. It occasionally implies, however, the bitterness of situations often arising from Britain's fixed policy of the impartial hand—the policy that Government must show no special friendships, must avoid the remotest appearance of “Dividing to Rule,” of which, nevertheless, it is forever accused. The staunch Muslim ally, therefore, must rarely or never be encouraged with reward, lest the hostile Hindu politico take offense thereby and race antagonism be aroused. America in the Philippines once pursued a similar course. It wounds, disheartens, and loses friends, but never does it win over a single foe.

It should also be remembered in reading the book that while the writers' observations of the Hindu covered a considerable field, their observations of British officials were limited to one small local group. As such, those observations, though probably truthful portraits, are portraits of individuals, rather than of a class. The average British field administrator of the Government of India, especially in the upper ranks, has measured higher than the types here portrayed. And if his relation to the Indian were not maintained on a plane of dignity, self-mastery, and determination to serve, strongly in contrast with the plane on which Charles stood, the existence of the British field administrator would not have been the bul-



EDWARD CHARLES

wark that it is to the peace and welfare of the country. The two Hindu types with which Charles had mainly to deal—the excitable, lightly-balanced, mentally and physically frail student-in-search-of-degree, and the full-fledged professional politician—are probably the most difficult of all Indian types for any foreigner to handle. Yet, even there, in the British Civil Servant, long practice has evolved a code of patience, precluding wrath as both unintelligent and beneath his position; just as long devotion to the effort to serve has evolved a human understanding that men who have given less liberally of themselves can rarely possess.

## The Mystery Man of the Arms Business

ZAHAROFF: HIGH PRIEST OF WAR.  
By Guiles Davenport. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. 1934. \$3.

Reviewed by FRANK C. HANIGHEN

SIR BASIL ZAHAROFF has no slogan. But if this mysterious and reticent figure had ever chosen one, it would doubtless have been that of Albert Ballin: “The world is my field.” For the most famous arms salesman of all times, was an example *par excellence* of the international character of his profession. He did, indeed, regardless of patriotic and national considerations, sell to all the world.

His initial exploit in his craft was emblematic of his career. As the newly appointed salesman of the firm of Nordenfelt he sold one submarine to his native (or adopted) country, Greece, and used this purchase as sales talk to market two more to Greece's enemy, Turkey. He thus en-

successful pose of his sitter; he has a much too active brush. Also, he has introduced too much hearsay, too many conflicting and unauthoritative bits of evidence regarding the early phases of Zaharoff's career. The result is confusion.

The scholar will not get much satisfaction from the fruits of the author's research. Mr. Davenport has waved aside, rather summarily, the accepted version of Zaharoff's Greek nationality. The best monograph on Zaharoff is Roger Menneville's “*Sir Basil Zaharoff: L'Homme Mystérieux de l'Europe*,” Paris, 1928. Therein M. Menneville introduced testimony backed by a transcript of a birth certificate which seemed to prove that Zaharoff was born of Greek parents in Asia Minor. Mr. Davenport has apparently not taken into account this documentation. Zaharoff must remain, at least provisionally for a mystified world, a Greek.

And as a Greek, Mr. Davenport treats him in the chapter on Zaharoff in the Greco-Turkish war of 1920-22. Most writers interpret this ill-starred venture of the



Keystone

THE OPENING OF THE SENATE MUNITIONS INVESTIGATION, SEPT. 4  
The Senate committee hears evidence from officers of the Electric Boat Company, shown at the right of the table: vice presidents Sutphen and Spear, president Carse.

acted two of the roles which characterize the modern international arms salesman. He sold to two belligerent countries, ready to fly at each other's throats, and he made the sales, without respect for national or personal considerations.

His later career was but an extension of this sale. Under his management, the English firm of Vickers sold the Boers machine guns which mowed down British soldiers in their war to capture South Africa. He placed in the hands of the Turks guns and mines which killed British soldiers and sank British ships in the Dardanelles. His name appeared like a trademark of the bloody traffic on directorates and share-holding lists of English, French, German, and Austrian companies. Of him—even more than any other man—it might well be said that, no matter which country lost in a World War, Zaharoff was sure to win.

During the darkest days of the World War, when allied statesmen in Paris were discussing the possibility of a negotiated peace, Lord Bertie, the British Ambassador to France, indicates that the peace-makers consulted this man who, above all others, had a vested interest in continuing the war. His response was typical, as quoted by Lord Bertie, “Zaharoff is all for continuing the war ‘jusqu'au bout.’”

This, in its general outlines, is the character which Mr. Guiles Davenport, with much zeal and varying degrees of literary skill, has essayed to describe. He has worked at his task with only partial success.

He states truthfully and adequately the problem which the life of Zaharoff raises. He appreciates all its implications and paints the dread lesson of the international, the anti-national sale of arms. As a personal figure, Sir Basil emerges, in certain chapters, with unusual vividness. Mr. Davenport has undoubtedly silhouetted Zaharoff more clearly than did Richard Lewinsohn in his book, “*Sir Basil Zaharoff, The Mystery Man of Europe*.”

But with an excess of rhetorical zeal, the author has tried to paint over each

arms salesman as his only excursion from his strictly international role. Belated patriotism, they say, brought him defeat, when the Greeks whom he financially backed retreated before the Turks. This view ignores Zaharoff's connections with the great English oil interests who had a stake in Turkey's repulse. This offers a much more plausible version of the whole adventure.

Mr. Davenport insists that Zaharoff was the first man to bring to the profession of arms-selling its truly international character. But, in point of fact, Krupp forged the way, the unpatriotic path, some fifteen years before. Krupp, of course, was not as striking a figure as Zaharoff. He was the technician and industrialist who simply followed his principles through to their logical conclusion.

Zaharoff, on the other hand, was the virtuoso of the craft, exemplifying its most sinister and occult aspects—a figure still very shadowy, so far as the evidence goes. Until some writer, more adroit and painstaking than Mr. Davenport addresses himself to the task of studying his career, Zaharoff will remain, for scholar and average reader alike, the “mystery man” of the arms business.

Frank C. Hanighen was co-author, with H. C. Engelbrecht, of “*Merchants of Death*,” a study of the armament industry published last spring. A new book by him on the international traffic in oil is announced for early publication.

“I mean seriously,” says G. K. Chesterton, writing in *John O'London's Weekly*, “that the first things that counted with Bernard Shaw were negative and anarchic things; where for most men the first things at least are positive. We may lose those positive beliefs or affections, especially for a time, but we have had them; and I do not believe that George Bernard Shaw ever had them. And the proof of it is that, being one of the most genial and generous men in the world, he still cannot understand them.”

## A Year in the Arctic

ESKIMO YEAR. By George Miksch Sutton. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1934. \$3.

Reviewed by MARIE AHNIGHTO PEARY

THIS is a splendid book. Perhaps it seems particularly so to me because it agrees with all my pet theories about the Arctic and expresses them much better than I could hope to do myself. Even to those, however, who have no special interest in the Far North, Mr. Sutton's volume will offer much that is interesting and refreshing. For some years, the literature of adventure has seemed to divide itself automatically into two schools, one the so-called “debunking” school which minimizes every difficulty and pooh-poohs every danger, and the other which makes of each trivial mishap and accident a thrilling battle with death. It is a delight to come upon a work like “*Eskimo Year*” with its sincere, straightforward, and quietly humorous style.

Its very straightforwardness may, to be sure, at a superficial reading lead to misconception. For its manner of writing is so familiar and informal as to create an impression of superficiality. But the author knows what he is about, and half the charm of his book lies in the vivacity of his expressions and the vivid, sensitive descriptions such as this one of the “sheenah” or edge of the floe ice.

The “sheenah” has a frigid beauty all its own. Here there is the same thin brilliance of sun and pallor of sky that are the winter tundra's; here the same jade and azure that are the moon-steeped, shadow-struck whiteness of snow. But here rose-colored spires and pillars and minarets of ice move slowly in and out with the tides. Here purple mist-clouds haunt the shifting channels. Here water, forty fathoms deep, glistens black as fluid obsidian at your feet.

After reading such clear-cut imagery as the above, one realizes that the author is an artist, even before no numerous illustrations are the same clever person.

A distinguished Arctic explorer told me that after having carefully read the important books of exploration in the north, he could think of nothing which distinguished one from another, except the accounts of the various ways in which each expedition had celebrated Christmas! Even measured by so unimportant a standard, Dr. Sutton's book stands the test. Certainly nowhere have I read such a heart-warming account of Christmas in the Arctic. There is no touch of melancholy, no yearning over “loved ones at home,” no orgy of self-pity. There is a glow, a merriment, and an unselfish delight in the naive pleasure of the natives.

Dr. Sutton's avowed purpose in spending a year among the Eskimos of Shugliak in Hudson's Bay was to make a study of the bird life of the region and to become as thoroughly familiar as possible with the lives and customs of the people. To attain the latter object, he threw himself heart and soul into all their occupations and tried to do exactly as they did. Some of his experiments verge on the heroic, though he does not enlarge upon that phase. His account of his recapturing and bringing home the runaway dog team should be read to be enjoyed. It takes more than a rudimentary sense of humor and a thin veneer of sportsmanship to appreciate a joke which is so entirely and painfully on oneself.

Altogether, this is a book which every lover of the Arctic should read and which should be in every Arctic library with any pretence to importance. One cannot read “*Eskimo Year*” without wishing keenly to know for oneself these lovable, childlike people of the frozen North, and that was undoubtedly one of Dr. Sutton's objects in writing as he has done. One is also seized with a desire to know a man of such sympathy and understanding as the author, and this was probably furthest from Dr. Sutton's thoughts.

Marie Ahnighito Peary, who has a hereditary interest in the Arctic and the unique distinction for a white woman of having been born there, has had recent experience of the frozen North in a visit made to Greenland a year or two ago to unveil a monument to the memory of her father.