

scholar—he affirms it in so many words. "Faust" is the one poetical monument of the age. Pages are devoted to dull and obscure German poetasters; Keats is not mentioned; Shelley gets three lines. One gathers that what the author really means by the collapse of the modern world is the collapse of Junker Germany. Displayed with such effrontery, the arrogant tribalism, blustering militarism, essential barbarism, and incurable mysticism—really a survival of the irrationalism of the savage—which mark the traditional German mind constitute a dangerously persuasive apology for the war to save Europe from the domination of German "Kultur." Herr Friedell is deeply interested in astrology.

Doubtless many who are dazzled by discursive erudition, or are eager for short cuts to second-hand "culture" will take this pretentious "Cultural History" seriously. There could be no clearer measure of the mental collapse into imbecility and barbarism which Herr Friedell professes to describe.

ROBERT BRIFFAULT.

JOSEPHUS, BY LEON FEUCHTWANGER.
Viking. \$2.50.

Joseph Ben Matthias, Flavius Josephus, priest of the first rank in the temple at Jerusalem, graciously granted by Vespasian the golden ring of the second Roman nobility, student, soldier, patriot, traitor, "Citizen of the World"—this is his book. As an historical novel it is superior to every other book about the period: as the portrait of a man it is among the most complete realizations of human character in contemporary literature. Compared to the author's other works it is far better than "The Ugly Duchess" and though it lacks the continuous brilliancy of "Power" it rises to heights of emotion and description that surpass anything in the famous history of Jew Süss.

Josephus, one feels, is to Feuchtwanger, the Eternal Jew. Clever, tricky, an opportunist, a flatterer, willing to abase himself to the depths that he may gain some material and accepting the customs and practices of the Gentile—that he may later "spoil the Egyptians," encrusting himself with whatever alien civilization in which he may live—but always, underneath, the proud, insulated Jew, biding his time and working through all things for the ultimate triumph of Israel—serving Jehovah with both all the good and evil in his being.

The book is a superb portrait gallery of historical characters. The golden-haired Poppæa, consort of Nero; Justus, the learned Jewish doctor from Tiberias who with prophetic fire "saw through" Josephus almost at their first meeting; Vespasian, the bluff Sabine peasant, three times a complete failure and hovering on the edge of his fourth debacle when the tide changed and carried him to the purple; Titus, Vespasian's son, a wilful boy who won what he wanted by force and ruthlessly broke whatever promises he had made to gain his ends; the Princess Berenice; her brother King Agrippa; the Jewish actor Demetrius Libanus—these are a few of the scores of people whose lives flash out of the pages in momentary glory.

The re-creation of life in Rome, Judea, and Alexandria is vividly perfect. The grandeur of the Imperial city, the beauty of the Temple in Jerusalem, the loveliness of the wide avenues and splendid palaces of Alexandria are made as real as if they still existed—that reality enhanced by the swarm of real people who fill the scene. In the closing chapters of the book, those in which Feuchtwanger describes the burning of the Temple and the final slaughter of the Jews, the narrative touches its highest point. Except for some mighty passages in Flaubert's "Salammbô" this reviewer can recall nothing to equal it in modern fiction.

But, after all, the real greatness of the book lies in its complete picture of the *man* Josephus—a picture that has its modern implications—many, many of them. Indeed, in some spots it might be written of New York—the bit for instance that tells of the indignation of the older and more patriotic Jews at the younger families in Rome "Changing their sacred Hebrew names to Latin or Greek equivalents, Chayin to Caius . . ." an echo from the second century of that lovely half-forgotten ballad "And Goldberg Isn't Goldberg Any More."

"Josephus," then, is totally worth reading. It stands with the really great historical novels. The translation is by Willa and Edwin

Muir, and the book is the November choice of the Literary Guild.

R. B. D.

THE NATION AT WAR, BY GENERAL PEYTON C. MARCH. *Doubleday, Doran*. \$3.

For frankness which is brutal and beautiful, commend me to the military. General Pershing had things to say about the General Staff and the General Staff, in the person of General March, its head, replies. Reply is not quite the word; he answers with howitzers. General March, as he remarks himself, is no "yes-yes" man. When President Wilson approved the abortive expeditions to Archangel and Vladivostok and, in the midst of murmurs of assent

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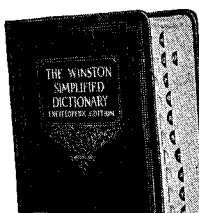
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from his cabinet, saw the vigorous head-shakes of General March, he commented on the fact with some asperity. "Ah, General, you disapprove!" The General disapproved. He must have been a cantankerous individual to have around, but the troops flowed across the ocean in a steady stream and the most gigantic over-seas expedition of all time proved, finally, to be a success. Organization did it and General March and his superior, Newton D. Baker, were in charge of the organization.

The book makes no pretense of being a complete picture of this triumph. It does, however, present a graphic study of what faced the American forces and gives even more a notion of the complexity of the human element which enters into warfare. His praise of the Schlieffen Plan, which was the basis of the German general attack, is whole-hearted. The failure of the Germans to pulverize the Bel-

gian forts at the outset by big guns may have been caused by the incompetence of Von Moltke, but it seems suspiciously like the lapse in the efficiency of the general plan. The more one reads of generals and wars, the less there is to believe of their omnipotence. The French war plan was entirely wrong; General French, of the British, walked for years over the terrain of Belgium before the war, anticipating what eventually came, but there was little to show for it when he blundered about the same territory at the head of his Expeditionary Force. Plain military dumbness ruined the Germans in the first dash.

But General March's book will be remembered best for the body blows he hands about with such prodigality. His strictures on General Pershing are severe. Since Pershing had the first shot in their personal conflict, he may now make a rebuttal. If he should reply to General

March and General March should reply to him, ad infinitum, it would be very delightful. It would reveal the military mind, which is always something to be admired, and it would ease the tedium of a bad winter, which, some are cruel enough to suggest, may have been the result of that very war they are quarrelling over so interestedly.

K. S. C.

GUARDIAN ANGEL AND OTHER STORIES, BY MARGERY LATIMER. *Smith and Haas*. \$2.

Margery Latimer was one from whom important things were expected. Her death is a tragedy of unfulfilment, leaving in doubt whether she would have found what she was seeking. This book, coming so close upon her death, tempts the reviewer into considering her as a person and as a writer, for in her case especially the two seem so nearly one. Even the manner of her death has an ironic quality and her questing nature shines forth in all she wrote.

The title story of this book is in reality a short novel and as such it appeared in *SCRIBNER'S*. There are eight shorter stories, all showing extraordinary talent and intense emotion. Indeed, the intensity at times reaches the verge of hysteria, and there is a lack of integration which shows the work to be that of a seeker rather than a master.

"Guardian Angel" concerns the interweaving of emotions in the relationship of an older woman and a young girl. "Married" is a similar relationship between a young woman and her ex-husband. In both the emotional dependence, despite struggles to break away and establish independent and reasoned positions for themselves, of the younger person is the dominant theme.

"Death of Mrs. Vanderwood" is less well done than some of the others but it is important in understanding the significance of Margery Latimer. The old woman reminiscing on her death bed tells the girl who attends her: "I was unhappy that Sunday. . . . Anyway, I suddenly realized that I was in pieces. Just as if I'd been knocked apart and never got together again. Oh, when I knew, when I knew that why didn't I do something, why didn't I try to get all fitted close together again?"

Margery Latimer's writing seems to be the effort of one trying "to get all fitted together again," and in the process she has revealed much about human character.

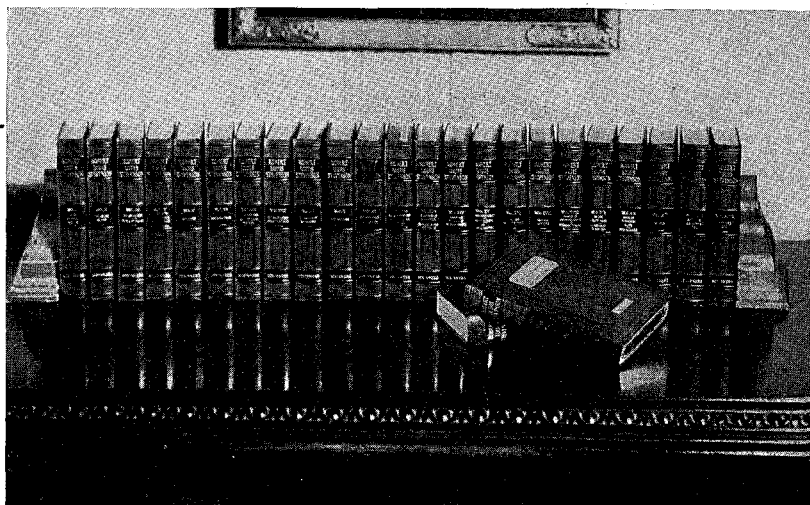
A. S. D.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BY JOHN BUCHAN. *Coward-McCann*. \$3.75.

THE LAIRD OF ABBOTSFORD, BY DAME UNA POPE-HENNESSY. *Putnam*. \$3.50.

The Scott centenary is greeted by two books which do credit to him. There is quite general agreement that he was not of the furthest reaches of literary eminence but that no one, in any comparable period, had greater influence on his age. His success, financially at least, was overwhelming. I make the point because it brings up what must have been one of the most delightful features of life in that day: the universal and resounding excitement which greeted a new Scott romance. We have lost that ability to be aroused by literature and it is a sad thought. If one single feature of Scott's life has come down to us as a legend, it is his integrity in paying off his creditors following the crash of his publishing venture. The general impression is that he did this under the direct stress of despair and failing health, as was done by General Grant later in writing his memoirs, but Dame Una Pope-Hennessy shows that Scott worried very little over his misfortune. His private income was still secure and he set to work to pay off his debts. In twenty-three months he could reduce his liability by \$200,000. It was an amazing feat.

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