

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE DOOMED FAUNA OF SOUTH AFRICA

Big game in South Africa is doomed to early extinction unless protection is made more adequate, the Government is warned in a pamphlet issued by Dr. William T. Hornaday of the New York Zoölogical Garden and Dr. Alwin Haagner, Director of the National Zoölogical Gardens of South Africa. The animals especially menaced are the white rhinoceros, not more than twenty-five specimens of which remain in all South Africa, though it was once numerous; the nyala antelope; the bontebok, only about two hundred of which survive, living in a semi-wild state on farms; the mountain zebra, with about four hundred specimens surviving; the black wildebeest, which now persists only on a few fenced farms in the Orange Free State; the southern eland, the Vaal rheebok, the grysbok, and the southern oribi, which are all on the verge of extinction.

Two years ago the settlers in the Ntambanana district secured the consent of the Natal Government to a wholesale massacre of game. A thousand zebras, six white rhinoceroses, and two thousand other animals were killed, and certainly many more must have escaped, wounded, to die miserably. The marauders even invaded the game reserve between the Black and White Umfolosi rivers. When, early in 1918, the Ubombo district was thrown open for unrestricted shooting, the results are said to have been even more terrible to the game, and to-day the veldt lies covered with bleaching skeletons.

The task of the Administration in protecting the animals is very difficult. Plausible excuses are often advanced to cover expeditions, the real motive of which is to secure ivory or hides. At

one time medical men, in perfectly good faith, advocated the extermination of all big game on the ground that in this way the trypanosomes of sleeping-sickness would lack a host. Happily wiser counsels prevailed and it was shown that these irreplaceable losses would have afforded no corresponding benefit, for the smaller animals were also found to be hosts. Total extermination of all wild life in South Africa was too much for the doctors to advocate or attempt. Poaching is also responsible for much destruction. The game wardens have large territories to cover and are unable to do their work completely.



KNUT HAMSUN AND HIS NAME

THERE is excitement in Norwegian literary circles over the fact that Knut Hamsun, the noted Scandinavian author, is about to proceed in the courts against his own brother and the latter's family for using the name of Hamsun. Hamsun's real name is Knut Petersen Hamsund, which, for purposes of his own, he changed into the one that is now so famous. His earliest story had the original name as signature.

Peder Hamsun, the brother of the novelist, against whom he is about to proceed, is a customs inspector at Narvik. *Dagbladet* of Christiania has the following version of the controversy:—

As nearly as we can learn, Knut Hamsun will himself conduct the case when it gets into court. The matter at issue affects Hamsun's own brother, T. Pedersen Hamsun, who has two children, a son and a daughter. It is the young man who is the cause of this family quarrel now coming before the public. And the fact that Knut Hamsun's *Growth of the Soil* is now seen on the screen has something still further to do with the difficulty.

It seems that the producer of this film, Gunnar Sommerfeldt, as a good publicity expert announced that Peder Hamsun's son, Almar, would play one of the main parts. Almar Hamsun later joined *Nationen*, and subsequently went abroad for a firm of motor-cycle manufacturers with the view of advertising this brand with the name of Hamsun as an additional inducement.

Dagbladet managed to interview Mrs. Marie Hamsun, and is able to give the Hamsun viewpoint as coming from the novelist's wife: 'My husband's name in reality is his literary cognomen, which he alone has the right to use. At the very most his brother can call himself Hamsund, but not Hamsun. The *d* in the name is all that they can claim.'

In other quarters *Dagbladet* has obtained further information bearing on the controversy. It appears that Knud Petersen Hamsund first called himself Knut Hamsun when in America. Nobody appears to have ever heard of the name Hamsun until the author made it famous. The impression prevails that other members of the family, seeing how fame had attached itself to the name of Hamsun, tried to get within its charmed circle. It is especially the twenty-two-year-old Almar Hamsun who is aiming to get glory and fortune out of the Hamsun name, but of course, it is the father who stands responsible in the first place. Whatever the real merit of the case, Norwegian readers of Hamsun books are watching events with interest. Knut Hamsun, as his books show, knows how to fight, and a lively legal tilt is anticipated.

LÉON DAUDET AND SULLA

'I HAVE written the romantic and determined life of Sulla, the greatest political leader of antiquity, in order to show orderly men of standing the way of escape from the difficulties that overwhelm us,' writes Léon Daudet frankly in *L'Action Française*. As will

be recalled, when extracts from the novel where printed in the *Living Age* of November 4, it was pointed out that the political implications and the immediate application to the problems of our own day were obvious. Merely to imply, however, is no longer enough for this ardent Royalist, who is the most convinced reactionary in France, and he points out in a long article in this newspaper — of which he is one of the political directors — precisely what his novel meant.

It must at least be conceded M. Daudet that he does not mince words. He proclaims his intention of 'opening ways to action,' and goes on to a ringing declaration: 'In order to act, you must not be afraid to declare yourself a reactionary, nor, once you are in power, must you hesitate to do what you said you would do.' — Alas for politicians, which one of them all ever kept that vow completely?

M. Daudet draws unflattering parallels between the leaders of antiquity and those of to-day. In 85 B.C., it would appear, there were socialists — 'disciples of a certain Carolus Marxus, for that absurd kind of pontiff is eternal.' Lucius Cornelius Sulla, observing 'the essential evil of democracy,' exerted himself to save the state from disaster. M. Daudet's detailed parallel is interesting: —

The political situation in Rome and Italy, at the moment when Sulla came to power, was similar, detail for detail, with our present position, even in the most minute particulars. They were emerging from a Germanic invasion. The Cimbri and the Teutons had been beaten off, but at what a price! Mithridates — a kind of Lenin, modeled after Wilhelm II — threatened the Empire with his red arms, in which 'discipline by free consent' was flourishing. There was no fleet. Dull grumbings of treason in the chief cities of Italy. Finances exhausted by inflation, which had driven up the cost of living.

M. Daudet concludes his article thus:—

The subject is far from being exhausted, and I shall return to it. It is of vital importance that the Republic should fall as speedily as possible. This little book of mine may help the process on. That is what I wrote it for.



‘CARTHAGO DELEND A EST’ ONCE
AGAIN

TWICE destroyed, once by the Romans and once by the Arabs, Carthage is again in danger from the ravages of modern Vandals, greedy for building stone, and from the careless spades of untrained excavators. In the columns of the *Écho de Paris*, Dr. L. Carton, correspondent of the Institute, enters a plea for French archaeological supervision of the site of the ancient city and careful study by competent students. France, he points out, is sending her scholars to Rome, to Athens, and to Egypt to study the civilizations of ancient times, and yet she permits the great city of Carthage to lie buried within her own colonial frontiers, without careful study.

Razed by the Romans after the Third Punic War, rebuilt by Augustus, destroyed again by the Arabs in 647, Carthage has suffered grievous losses. Moslem invaders carried off pillars and capitals for use in the great mosque at Kairouan; mediæval Christians robbed the pagan temples to enrich the churches of Pisa and Genoa; and now, in our own days, the coming of modern European civilization to the shores of Northern Africa has renewed the process. The Arab shepherds who until recently wandered in undisputed possession over the ancient city built no houses and consequently did not disturb the ruins. But modern contractors in their quest for material do not distinguish between quarried stone and

loose stone of antique workmanship; and heavy carts go creaking out of the old capital, laden with plunder for the construction of modern villas.

No less than five independent excavating parties are now at work. Their uncoördinated studies show that many a treasure still lurks beneath the soil; but unless there is central direction of some kind, the excavations may destroy almost as much as they add to knowledge. M. L. Saint, the French Resident, coöperating with a *Comité des Dames Amies de Carthage*, is endeavoring to improve matters.



ANIMAL ACTORS IN A NEW FILM

Bêtes — comme les hommes is the title — does it veil a satiric meaning? — of a new film soon to be shown in France, in which every actor is an animal. This extraordinary tour de force, which is due to the painstaking work of M. Alfred Machin, famous for his photographs and moving pictures of wild animals, and M. Henri Wulchleger, has occupied the authors for a period of two years and required — one always mentions material details when writing about moving pictures — the construction of special scenery, motor cars, railroad trains, and other properties on a scale with the diminutive actors.

Bêtes — comme les hommes tells the love story of Jim Bull, a bulldog, and Elaine, a little terrier, and with characteristic French wit, the authors have not failed to indulge in a wealth of sly travesty of the ordinary cinematographic ‘stunts.’ The love affair is progressing smoothly toward matrimony when the villain enters, one Willy Fox, who is described succinctly as a ‘*snob accompli*,’ and who is also a fox terrier.

He teaches Elaine ‘*l’art de fox-trotter*,’ and Elaine abandons her faithful Jim

Bull and marries the too, too charming Willy. The wedding scenes are triumphs of animal training. Rabbits as coachmen manœuvre the conveyances with easy nonchalance. Chickens, rabbits, and dogs are guests at a wedding luncheon of thirty covers, and there is even a speech at which the guests yawn dismally.

But Jim Bull is not inclined to yield gracefully. He bursts in upon the newly married couple, drives Willy ignominiously away, while Elaine flees to the railway station and goes in search of him. The engine-driver is a dog. Jim Bull conceals himself on the train and turns a switch, which sends the train into the wilderness of Toggar where Titinéa, Queen of the Monkeys, reigns. (The choice of name can hardly make Shakespeare's ghost very happy.)

The inhabitants of Toggar are cannibals. The train is wrecked. A luckless chicken, which happens to be a passenger, is seized, slain, and roasted on the spot. Elaine is cast into a dungeon. A serpent is loosed upon her, but she escapes into the jungle. The implacable Jim Bull pursues her and when she seeks refuge in a tree trunk, casts tree and all to the bottom of a ravine where—fetched by the long arm of coincidence in true moving-picture fashion—Willy Fox is passing, in quest of his bride.

Jim Bull springs upon the reunited couple and again drives off the recreant husband. Elaine abandons the timid Willy and espouses the faithful if somewhat turbulent Jim.

An anonymous critic in *L'Illustration* remarks that in the film, probably because of careful eliminations, the effect of laboriousness, which trained animals usually give, is not apparent. 'You feel neither slavishness nor effort. Thanks to the adaptability of the cinema, the producers have taken thousands of delightful views of their little actors, freely moving about, and then have eliminated all those that did not give an effect of complete spontaneity.'

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BEETHOVEN'S PIANO

A REPORT from Vienna states that the special piano constructed for Beethoven after his increasing deafness made it impossible for him to compose upon an ordinary instrument, has been discovered. The piano was so constructed that its tones were much louder than those of any other, and the master was for a time able to work upon it. No details of the discovery are given. The piano will probably be bought for the Beethoven Museum, which is housed in the Royal Library in Berlin.

BOOKS ABROAD

Reminiscences, by Lady Battersea. London: Macmillan, 1922. 21s.

[Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler in the *Observer*]

THE book falls in admirably with our present mood, which is as yet attuned to politics; yet it deals with bygone politics out of which all the bitterness has passed, and only the charm and the interest remain; it leads us from the too-exciting discussion of the respective principles and policies of current Prime Ministers to the study of those bygone Prime Ministers whose principles and policies are already wrapped up with lavender and put away upon the shelf.

But Lady Battersea touches upon many more things than politics. She gives us a series of pictures — pictures so full of life that one might rather call them 'cinema films' — of the best English society during the last half-century. She is fortunate in having been brought into contact with the cream of all the worlds — social, political, literary, and artistic; and she is still more fortunate in having been endowed with the understanding heart which is able to appreciate the best whenever and wherever it meets it.

Some writers have the gift of artistically describing natural scenery; others have that of vividly portraying human character; but the author of these Reminiscences is rare in her combination of these divers literary gifts. She personally conducts her readers to the vales of Buckinghamshire and the cliffs of Norfolk; to a Passion Play at Oberammergau, a Wagner Festival at Bayreuth, and a bullfight in Spain; and she also takes them kindly by the hand and introduces them to many of the great and gifted and notorious ones of the earth, from Queen Victoria down to Mrs. Maybrick.

She has, moreover, the gift — so delightful in private letter-writers — of telling us just the things that we want to know — a gift very closely allied to the power of instinctively grasping a salient point. A marked instance of this power is shown in the description of Queen Victoria's funeral procession. 'When I drew up the blinds of my bedroom at an early hour of the morning I noted with astonishment the appearance of Oxford-street and the Park, where lines of black-clothed women had already taken up their places. Not a color to be seen.' I think that anyone who was present at the great pageant of a nation's sorrow, was struck first of all by the completeness of a nation's mourning; not a scrap of color anywhere except in the uniforms. The same absence of color was equally noticeable — and more remarkable because more sudden — the very day after the Queen's death.

Mr. Lloyd George. A Biography, by E. T. Raymond. London: W. Collins, Sons, and Co., 1922. 15s.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

THIS latest biography of Mr. Lloyd George is neither laudatory nor depreciatory, and will, if the reviewer is not greatly mistaken, be long regarded as a real contribution to the understanding of the extraordinarily complex and baffling personality of the late Prime Minister.

Publishers' advertisements of their wares are usually suspect, but we have no quarrel with the following sentence on the wrapper of this book: 'Witty, epigrammatic, impartial, it gives a fascinating picture of a fascinating man.' All the adjectives are justified, the third most of all. The chief merit of the biography, apart from its painstaking and well-ordered arrangement of facts, lies, indeed, in its fairness. We have had rather too much of wit and epigram in recent character sketches of our great men, and we are grateful to Mr. Raymond for not overdoing them here. Impartiality and a neutral statement of the evidence are less fashionable; but they are likely to be of greater value in the long run, and it is for this reason that one is tempted to predict for Mr. Raymond's book not only an immediate success but an enduring one.

The Letters of Lord and Lady Wolseley, 1870-1911, edited by Sir George Arthur. London: Heinemann, 1922. 25s.

[Edmund Gosse in the *Sunday Times*]

THE classic instance of the publication of letters exchanged between husband and wife is the correspondence of Robert and Elizabeth Browning, authorized by their son a quarter of a century ago. The letters of Lord and Lady Wolseley, now given to the public, resemble those of the Brownings in their mutual confidence and warm unbroken cordiality, but the circumstances which they represent are very different. The letters of Robert and Elizabeth were all written within a comparatively short time and in a consistent mood.

The letters of the Wolseleys have not this uniformity of time or mood. They are a series of groups or fragments, called forth by the professional absences of the husband or the rare excursions of the wife. In consequence, they offer no outline of the careers of the couple, and are in part only made intelligible by the brief introductions of Sir George Arthur. It is plain that the editor has been anxious not to put himself prominently forward, and it may be held that in

some respects he has carried modesty too far. He opens the book with a strange abruptness. Neither the year of the birth nor of the death of either protagonist, nor the date of their marriage is given, and I think the volume may be searched from cover to cover without any revelation of Lady Walseley's Christian name or maiden surname. A prefatory page (or a paragraph) of skeleton biography would have been a great aid to the reader, who cannot be expected to carry in his head the data which he needs for appreciation of the sequence of events.

Punch Pictures, by Frank Reynolds. London: Cassell, 10s. 6d.

[W. E. Garrett Fisher in the *Saturday Review*]

AN interesting and welcome addition to any shelf high enough to hold the volumes of Gavarni and Caran d'Ache, Leech and Du Maurier, is made by Mr. Frank Reynolds, who now collects the best of the humorous drawings which he has published during the last sixteen years, under the title of *Punch Pictures*. The most famous, though perhaps not the best of these is, of course, the drawing of 'a Prussian household having its morning hate,' which appeared in February, 1915. Mr. Reynolds succeeded in producing a type of German which was quite in accordance with our natural prepossessions at that time. I personally like him better, however, in his more genial studies of suburban life and the humbler kinds of sport.

The Golden River, by J. W. Hills, M. P., and Ianthe Dunbar. London: Philip Allan, 1922. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co., March, 1923.

[*Spectator*]

THE best pages in this agreeable and brief account of a fishing trip up the Paraná River are those which describe the falls of Iguazú and Guayra. Few Englishmen have seen these marvels of river scenery, to visit which ordinarily involves a journey of many days in particularly noisome steamers. But those who have seen them rank them as one of the wonders of the world, and incline to place them above Niagara or Victoria.

The authors of this book were entranced by the delicate beauty of falling water at Iguazú,

and stunned by its savage strength at Guayra. Some excellent photographs bear out the description of Iguazú, but it seems to have been impossible to secure a picture of Guayra, even to get a sight of which is something of an adventure.

Round About the Upper Thames, by Alfred Williams. London: Duckworth, 1922. 12s. 6d.

[*Daily Telegraph*]

VILLAGE life in England, as elsewhere, has often been dealt with mercilessly enough, and it is pleasant to turn to Mr. Alfred Williams, who knows and loves the English villager, his customs, his superstitions, his unlearned wisdom, his craft with bird and fish and beast. Mr. Williams can take one into a hayfield to listen to the tale of the Inglesham ghost or the tale of old Bet Hyde, and the next minute he can whisk you away to prehistoric times and to the settlement of the Belgæ, centuries before the landing of Cæsar.

Naturally, his pages teem with reminiscences of 'the good old days,' and some of his stories turn on the introduction of railways. Here is one of a rustic in smock frock and top hat who wanted to travel to Shrivensham after the line had been laid to Hay Lane:—

When the train came in he saw it was crowded with 'fine folks,' and came to the conclusion it was not for him; he could not think he had to ride with such grand people. After the train had left he quickly asked the porter when the next would be in.

'To-morrow morning. Why did n't you get in this one?' answered he.

'I did n't like to get in wi' the fine gentlefolks; but s'pose you'll let me walk,' returned the rustic.

Then there is the Irish navy who observed, when he had missed the Saturday night train to Bath, in allusion to the railway line: 'Well, I thramped it before he was born, and I'll thramp it again.'

Feasts and fêtes of all sorts figure in these pages, in which many a village Hampden obtains his due.

BOOKS MENTIONED

Oxford Poetry, 1922. Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1922. 3s. 6d.

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THIS WEEK

ITALY still presents the most dramatic and puzzling spectacle of any European nation. People who seek a clearer understanding of recent events in that turbulent land will welcome Filippo Burzio's article in this issue of the *Living Age*. The author brings to his task, not only intimate knowledge of the subject, but sound judgment, as well.

* * *

TherecentexcavationsinEgypt have already been brought to our attention by the daily press. But the two articles on 'Egypt's Greatest Revelation' give a fascinating picture of the great tomb of King Tutankhamon, together with enough historical data to make the description comprehensible.

* * *

It is quite futile to expect to form an intelligent opinion of Russia by stuffing the ears with cotton-wool and tightly closing the eyes. If you want to hear something about Russia's foreign policy, turn to the speech of the Soviet Envoy in Peking. And if you wish to see the present state of Russia, read the two descrip-

tions of Petrograd and Moscow, that show to what condition these two great capitals have come.

* * *

Alice Meynell has long held a prominent place in English literature, and her death has been a genuine loss to the world of letters. Many of our readers have enjoyed her work in the pages of this magazine. The editor of the *London Observer* writes an obituary article of unusual power that all admirers of her poetry will surely read.

* * *

Rabindranath Tagore occupies so important a place in modern philosophical literature that his 'Letters from Abroad' are certain to be read with widespread enthusiasm. They reveal some of his personality and contain, at the same time, much of that gentle wisdom that is so salutary in these depressing days.

* * *

An amusing and original story, 'The Prophetic Camera,' should also dispel some of that pervasive gloom that seems to have settled over European art and life.



THE LIVING AGE

for NEXT WEEK

WILL CONTAIN AMONG OTHER THINGS

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|--|--|
| MOBILIZATION MORNINGS
<i>Recollections of a Chief of Staff</i> | <i>General Von Moltke</i> |
| AN APOLOGY FOR THE UNAVOIDABLE
<i>An Official Profession of Reform</i> | <i>N. Ulianov-Lenin</i> |
| VICTOR HUGO AND ITALIAN LIBERTY
<i>Unpublished Letters from Garibaldi and Mazzini</i> | <i>Gustave Simon</i> |
| ETHICS AND TECHNICS
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<i>Germany's Latest Literary Find</i> | <i>Professor Christopher Waas</i> |
| BETRAYERS BY CONVICTION | <i>O. Kolbasina</i> |
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<i>Stories from Anamite Folklore</i> | <i>François de Tesson</i> |
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<i>Dramatic Creed of the Moscow Art Theatre</i> | <i>P. Yartsev</i> |
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| COLERIDGE AND THE MORNING POST | |

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