

That birds that from the valley beds
 Up to the turrets fly,
 Climbing towards the sun, can feel
 The clouds go tumbling by—

has an insinuating charm, as have the stanzas that follow it. But on the whole the poem is a mere decoration, or, at best, the exaltation of a somewhat exceptional human contentment. It scarcely appears to be the image of a state felt to be supernormal and authoritative. For this reason, it is perhaps all the more acceptable; but it does not strike one as mystical. Though it possesses the glamour of words and the glamour of sunshine, there is a glamour which it lacks. It is noteworthy that Mr. Drinkwater's dream-country is much nearer the earth than Rossetti's. It is well within that half of the atmosphere in which storms are said to occur, being, in fact, just above the clouds. What the poet eliminates by his change of level is simply the water vapor—the tears and the obscurity. But he breathes air, not æther.

The second point one wishes to emphasize, in no fault-finding spirit, is that Mr. Drinkwater's poetry is not, of course, particularly moral. Religious it is, if you please, but simply not moral, not even philosophical, at all. In the poem on David and Jonathan it is found, to be sure, that each of these heroes has two selves, which may be readily mistaken for the higher and the lower selves of Plato. But the dualism is not authentic. The whole point is that the two selves complete each other through love and then struggle ceases.

Is it desirable for men to have some beliefs that are neither moral nor religious but simply poetic? Beliefs which are more or less inapplicable to ordinary life and which one does not expect to act upon? Into some such non-moral, non-pragmatic view, one is lured by the magic of Mr. Drinkwater's verse. Perhaps the very function of one kind of poetry is to provide us with just such beliefs—such resting places; for every belief is in one sense merely a resting place, though in another sense it is a practical tool. Nor does one suppose that the only function of such poetry is to provide an outlet for suppressed desires. No, in Heaven's name, let us be as little Freudian as we can!

Mr. Drinkwater's verses are unmistakable poetry, strong, frank, and fine in expression; sun-warmed and warmed by a human passion that is neither crude nor over-censored. The poet seems to catch the true rhythm and pulse of life as distinct from its essentially unrhythmic moods, its hysterias and syncopations.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY. By Philip Marshall Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company.

On this precise theme a really definitive book suited to the general reader has long been needed. So much has been written upon the general subject, from so many points of view and with so many varieties of emphasis, that the

time for a genuinely clarifying book has certainly arrived. We cannot afford to give way to pessimism or to a short-sighted evolutionary determinism in international affairs, nor must we yield to the lure of rosy optimism. Ideals—reasonable ideals—are not everything, but they are by no means functionless and vain. That courageous “meliorism” which obtains too little credit in this world as distinct from extremes both optimistic and pessimistic is what Dr. Brown expresses. Duly taking into account the historic facts and the “imponderables” as well, the author within a short space presents a really philosophic view of his subject.

The real object is to find the path of reason in international affairs—which is not quite the same thing as a reasonable programme. Reason has a certain function; but it cannot legislate to suit itself. The course it must follow, the rate at which it can move, must be discerned.

“The voice of pure reason can seldom be heard,” writes Dr. Brown, “in human affairs. The political evolution of international society has had but slight relation to the evolution of thought. Political theorists, it is true, have at times stimulated men to action, but it still remains true that reason has but little influence on the actual conduct of human relations.”

What is needed is some means by which men can become more and more conscious of their real desires; and reason helps, not through the creation of sweeping programmes or the complete dominance of the human mind, but slowly and gropingly through a multitude of agencies all imperfect and tentative. It is heartening to observe the number of such agencies now in operation—the World Court being only one among many.

Thus there appears to be a path for intelligence to follow through the maze of conflicting interests and passions that make up international politics. Avoiding mere determinism and leaving at one side the romantic fallacy that men only need to see right and reason in order to put it into practice, it performs its true function as a moderator and interpreter, the best minds leading, with due regard for the legitimate instincts and relatively “right” demands of the multitude. Back of this is the faith that mankind is spontaneously evolving toward the realization of an ideal of brotherhood; that the general religious consciousness is becoming more and more effective as misunderstandings and economic obstacles are gradually—very gradually—removed. The reader of Dr. Brown’s book will find this track of reason clearly and firmly traced amid the many conflicting facts which are in turn set forth with scholarly conciseness and matter-of-fact-ness.

A sort of final test of Dr. Brown’s book is that it really does appear to get at the center of that controversy concerning the League of Nations and the Permanent Court of Justice which bids fair to be a great fog-producer for years to come. The reader will find himself able on these subjects to take an impartial and moderate position which is logically almost unassailable, which is flexible enough to permit of adjustment to events, but which involves no weak compromise, nor any arbitrary choice of a middle course.

AN OUTLAW'S DIARY. By Cécile Tormay. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

The chief value of Cécile Tormay's diary of her life during the revolution in Hungary is psychological. Her book is a human document revealing the workings of intense nationalism in a sensitive soul. All the imponderables—all the elements of this complex emotion of nationality—including racial feeling, are here represented. Aside from this, it must be said that despite its intimacy and vividness, the narrative is somewhat fatiguing and not always so luminous as striking—a defect that the uniformly emotional expression of thought in prose scarcely ever escapes.

A wild conjecture flashes through the author's mind and she dutifully sets it down. Nevertheless, it does not seem probable that Count Michael Károlyi was greatly influenced in his revolutionary courses by Dostoevsky's novel, *The Possessed*, though proof is given that he had read the book and "loved" it. Strong emotion makes one indifferent to incongruity. Thinking of the woes of Hungary, Cécile Tormay hears a dog whining in an adjacent garden. "Despair overcame me. It was not only a dog that whined its lament: it was the night that wept over Hungary!"

Occasionally in the midst of all this effusion of feeling and this overwrought impressionism, there is a bit of significant anecdote or a genuine piece of portraiture. The thumbnail sketch of Count Tisza seems true: "Poor Tisza! In his good qualities and in his shortcomings he was typical of his race. He was faithful and God-fearing, honest, credulous, and obstinate, proud, brave, calumniated, and lonely, just like old Hungary." But the account of Károlyi, Tisza's chief opponent, is so full of hatred and bitterness that one finds a little difficulty in believing in this monstrous personality. The author does not know how to convince by presenting facts impersonally and tolerantly, nor does she possess the ability of a Carlyle or a Victor Hugo to build a great stage and fill it with tremendous figures, noble or grotesque. So far as imagination and feeling make the narrative dramatic, there is generally something a little Punch-and-Judy-like about the *dramatis personæ*. Vehemence and power are not the same!

According to Cécile Tormay, the French Government allowed Károlyi to return to Hungary in order that he might engineer a revolution and bring about a speedy peace. At first many of the Hungarians were deceived, joining enthusiastically in a movement which was but a miserable "parody of 1848". More and more, the new government—Károlyi's National Council—gave way to radicalism and fell under the dominance of such men as Joseph Pogány and Béla Kuhn. In the hope of avoiding ultimate disaster the King was advised to abdicate. He stamped his foot and wept, as Kings will do on such occasions, but he finally signed the decree. Meanwhile he went shooting—not because he was a light-minded monarch, but because he had to provide the royal family with food! It is all strange enough.

It would seem that in 1918 and 1919 Hungary had to choose—as far as