

of Chekhov's writing, there is no need to repeat that it is perfect. He says himself:

Any story will be a work of art only on the following conditions: (1) Absence of long word eruptions of a politico-socio-economic character; (2) thorough objectivity; (3) truthfulness in descriptions of characters and objects; (4) a twofold conciseness; (5) courage and originality (avoid *clichés*); (6) sincerity. In my opinion descriptions of Nature should be very brief. Commonplaces like: "The setting sun, bathing in the waves of the darkening sea, flooded with purple and gold," etc. . . . "The swallows, flying over the surface of the water, chirped merrily"—such commonplaces should be done away with. In descriptions of Nature one has to snatch at small details, grouping them in such a manner that after reading them one can obtain the picture on closing one's eyes. For instance, you will get a moonlight night if you write that on the dam of the mill a fragment of broken bottle flashed like a small bright star, and there rolled by, like a ball, the black shadow of dog, or a wolf, and so on. The same, too, in the sphere of psychology. God defend you from generalizations! Best of all, avoid describing the psychological state of the characters: one should contrive that this is clear from their actions. . . . Continuous day and night labor is needed, constant reading, study, will. Don't give your hands liberty when your brain is lazy. Write a story, shorten it, polish it. Work should be work. Don't invent sufferings you have not experienced, and don't paint pictures you have not seen—for a lie in a story is much more boring than a lie in conversation. Respect your talent.

The same behavioristic objectivity of Chekhov explains why his stories are free from any sermonizing and moralizing. "You scold me for my objectivity, calling it indifference to good and evil, lack of ideals and ideas, and so on," he writes to Souvorin. "When I describe horse-thieves, you would have me say: 'stealing horses is evil.' But that has been known long since. Let the jury judge them; my business is simply to show what they are like. . . . An artist must not be the judge of his characters or of what they say, but only an impartial witness. He must be as objective as a chemist."

This, however, does not mean that a short story must be a court or police protocol which minutely describes an event or incident, in all its realistic details. The difference between such a protocol and an artistic masterpiece consists in that the masterpiece is a piece of *a concentrated reality* in which all the irrelevant details are omitted while those which are mentioned give a concentrated picture of the life itself. This explains Chekhov's insistence that a story must be "compact," that not a single word in it is to be mentioned without an inner necessity. "Everything that has no direct relation to the story must be ruthlessly thrown away. If in the first chapter you say that a gun hung on the wall, in the second or third chapter it must without fail be discharged." The same is well stressed by Chekhov in his answer to the question what he would do, if he became rich: "I would write the tiniest possible stories." Such was this answer.

Hence the character of Chekhov's technique of writing and of his stories. Each of them is a compact drama or tragedy or comedy depicted on some four or five pages. Tolstoy rightly said: "He is a strange writer; he throws words about as though at random, and yet everything in his writings is alive. And what great understanding! He never has any superfluous details, every one of them is essential or beautiful."

"The Life and Letters of Anton Tchekhov" contains three hundred letters selected out of 1,822 Chekhov letters published in the six-volume Russian edition. The selection is somewhat subjective, but all in all is satisfactory. "The Letters of Anton Tchekhov to Olga Knipper" contains his letters to his wife. Valuable for an investigator of Chekhov's personality, they give much less to a general reader than "The Life and Letters of A. Tchekhov." The third volume contains a very good selection of the essays on, and reminiscences of Chekhov by his best literary and theatrical friends, like Leo Tolstoy, I. Bunin, Kuprin, Andreyev, Gorky, Stanislasky, Nemirovich-Danchenko, and others. The statement of the publisher that it contains "fascinating material hitherto unpublished" is true only insofar as English publication is concerned. In Russian the whole material has, of course, been published.

The Goethe Prize of 10,000 marks founded by the Common Council of the poet's native city, was presented for the first time recently in the presence of a number of invited guests to a Berlin poet, Stepan George.

The BOWLING GREEN

In Mr. Morley's absence, general contributions will be run in his column.

MR. AND MRS. GOODBEARE
(*Elegy for Mr. Goodbeare*)

Do you remember Mr. Goodbeare, the carpenter,
Godfearing and bearded Mr. Goodbeare,
Who worked all day
At his carpenter's tray,
Do you remember Mr. Goodbeare?
Mr. Goodbeare, that Golconda of gleaming fable,
Lived, thin ground between orchard and stable,
Pressed thus close against Alfred, his rival,
—Mr. Goodbeare, who had never been away.

Do you remember Mr. Goodbeare,
Mr. Goodbeare who never touched a cup?
Do you remember Mr. Goodbeare
Who remembered a lot?

Mr. Goodbeare could remember
When things were properly kept up:
Mr. Goodbeare could remember
The christening and the coming-of-age:
Mr. Goodbeare could remember
The entire and roasted ox:
Mr. Goodbeare could remember
When the horses filled the stable,
And port-wine colored gentry rode after the
tawny fox:
Mr. Goodbeare could remember
The old lady in her eagle-rage,
Which knew no bounds:
Mr. Goodbeare could remember
When the escaped and hungering tiger
Burnt bright in Foxton Wood
When old Sir Nigel took his red-tongued clamoring
hounds,
And hunted it then and there,
As a Gentleman should.

Do you remember Mr. Goodbeare,
Mr. Goodbeare who never forgot:
Do you remember Mr. Goodbeare,
That wrinkled and golden apricot,
Dear, bearded, godfearing Mr. Goodbeare
Who remembered remembering such a lot?
Oh, do you remember, do you remember,
As I remember and deplore,
That day in far away December
When dear, godfearing, bearded Mr. Goodbeare
Could remember
No more?

A Talk with Mr. Goodbeare

Mr. Goodbeare
Was constantly being put in mind of things;
Anything would suggest anything to him,
In the manner of modern poetry.

Mr. Goodbeare was attached
To every kind of saw,
Verbal or material,
Was fond of all proverbs and the Bible.

Far be it for me
As the Book has it
Mr. Goodbeare would say
To cast the First Stone,
But those who live in Glass 'Ouses
—'Ot 'Ouses, I might say—
Should not throw stones.

(Chorus)
(Break no bones.
Makes no bones.

While if the Oak comes out before the Ash
There's going to be a Splash).
In the old days,
good old days,
real old days,
When everyone knew exactly what he had to do,
When a man knew his business,
And the place was kept-up,
When everyone knew his own job,
And No-One
Presumed,
Then, I may say
The Gardener
Was only too pleased to look-in
And have a talk:
But now,

What with Goings-on-in-the 'Ot-'Ouses,
I had better *not* say
What I know.

Mr. and Mrs. Goodbeare

Mr. Goodbeare's cottage was a paradise
Of polished wood and joinery,
A Heaven of varnish,
There were brackets, shelves, shields
And cupboards, with ferns traced on them
By his artistry,
And even wooden vases, turned
So beautifully, and full of dried, dull grasses
Tied with dusty ribbons,
Fantastic flights of Mr. Goodbeare's imagination,
Cricket-bats combined with dragons
And improbable bows and loops
Framed-in the almost legendary
Topiary of beard and whisker
—Tied in True-lover's Knots
In which Mr. Goodbeare's friends
Had at one time extravagantly
—If elegantly indulged.

Mrs. Goodbeare herself appeared no mean feat of
turnery,
As she creaked into the room
In her black-silk best dress.
The lines on her face,
Of hairy yellow wood just cut,
Had been incised, perhaps,
By Mr. Goodbeare's verbal saw,
Just as his actual ones
Had roughly shaped her figure.
Carved from one tree-trunk,
She appeared,
Save for one golden-gleaming tooth,
A weird, wild tooth
That flashed in sympathy or anger.

Mrs. Goodbeare was a diplomat
And played off Mrs. Hague 'gainst Mrs. Nutch
—Yet sometimes I feared that Mrs. Goodbeare
Thought bearded, godfearing Mr. Goodbeare
Remembered remembering
Too much.

Mr. Goodbeare at Work

Under the shade
Of the elder-bushes,
In the speckled glade,
Where the thrush-colored toads crouch
About to spring,
Where the toad-colored thrushes
Learn to sing,
To shake their notes
As do Prima-Donnas
From white, fat throats;
When the tulips flaunt
Their proud bandannas,
And the cuckoos haunt
Us with mocking hosannahs,
Then, if you pass
Betwixt orchard and stable,
You can hear the saw shriek
From the Carpenter's table.
With saw and with plane,
The color of rain,
He turns the old trees into shelves; or, again,
Into hives for bees
That seek golden ease
In the cups of the flowers
Battered-down by the showers,
Blue-cold as the claw
Of the plane or the saw
That make for cattle a pen,
Or fashion coffins for men.

But if Mr. Goodbeare
Planes the planks, and prepares
Caskets for men's skeletons,
Alfred for this atones
And takes him unawares
By planting flowers
For Mr. Goodbeare's dry and tired bones.

OSBERT SITWELL.

Eugène Montfort's latest novel, "Cesar Casteldor" (Paris: Calmann-Levy), is a vigorous tale, compounded of love, adventure, and mystery, that somehow takes on deeper meaning by its author's infusion into it of the spirit of the life of southern France. Its scene is laid in Marseilles, and it vividly portrays the exuberance of the busy sun-flooded port.

Books of Special Interest

Social Studies

THE EVOLUTION OF VALUES: Studies in Sociology with Special Applications to Teaching. By C. BOUGLÉ. Translated by HELEN STALKER SELLARS. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1926.

Reviewed by T. V. SMITH

IN seeking a science of society, the sociologist seems obligated to award differential honors to the various sciences, arts, and disciplines that go to make up our civilized complex. Professor Bouglé accepts this obligation and in a somewhat discursive, though highly stimulating, book discharges his debt. Because in the end he is determined to free other values from the essentially religious *motif*, he is all the more careful to do full justice to the universality of religious value in primitive life. Following Lévy-Bruhl and at a greater distance Durkheim, he is forced to see that all values for early man operated under religious forms and received the strength of religious sanctions. The "evolution of values," however, is precisely the story of the differentiation into various fields of these originally homogeneous human interests.

To be urbane means now among other things to have compartmentized one's self sufficiently to keep separate such interests as science, art, morality, religion. And yet differentiation is but one of the principles operative in the story of values; the other is its opposite, integration. But around what substitute for the primitive core is modern life to be organized into a unity? The first answer is that no substitute is needed. The seriousness with which our author feels he must deal, for instance, with the question as to whether morality can exist apart from religion illustrates the dominance in France of what must be called perverse prejudice. Bouglé himself is clear that science affords the one modern hope for wholeness. As a basis for robust personality, there is no substitute for intelligence. Values are "permanent possibilities" of human satisfaction; and there are no persisting and expanding possibilities of satisfaction apart from critical insight. It is intellect that sits at the center of the web of modern life and coordinates into one the various objectifications of human desire that pass as esthetic, ethical, religious, economic, scientific, political.



This does not mean, however, that education as the chief means of cultural continuity can be mere instruction. The transfer of pure intelligence upon the basis of brute facts is not enough. Indeed, such procedure is not possible. "The transmission of values is indispensable; it is certainly inevitable." What attitude toward this or that is superinduced in teaching anything is after all the thing of primary importance in education as in life. The fact that all sciences, physics and chemistry as well as economics and ethics, arise out of a welter of evaluations, live and develop as a part of a cultural complex, and serve, willy-nilly, to thwart or further human aspiration, may well give pause to all who see in scientific education nothing but the acquisition by the young of brute facts relinquished by the old in a moment of intellectual parturition. In the act the old slough off their very skins. Moreover, the subjective character of all human preferences when they remain divorced from objective institutions and from the sciences as means for their permanent maintenance may well lessen the bellicosity of those who apologize for normative sciences or the fine arts.

No; education cannot be mere training; for that degrades the cultivation and transmission of values to the hazards of sub-consciousness; nor can it be mere instruction; for that makes a hoped-for by-product out of what should be an assured achievement—the perpetuity of values. No; education must be *initiation*, no less so in our civilized era than in primitive times. But the emphasis upon a scientific attitude is our surest means of initiating the young into all the values of modern life. Religious education conserves the old, but closes the eyes to new types of value. "By a special favor," says Gomperz, "the Greek people had predecessors who possessed bodies of priests but, itself, has always lacked them." Only a secular and flexible emphasis will sufficiently guarantee the conditions of freedom in which all values, even the religious ones, may live and prosper. Knowledge alone is virtue; and it, to be kept so, needs to be interpreted as wisdom and thus be currently humanized.

This elaborate French apology for laïcism over against religious education startles one who is habituated to think of France as the land of intellectual freedom. While France is spared fundamentalism in the American sense, there goes on there a determined struggle between those who espouse the religious way of life and those who defend the democratic way of life, for possession of the educational system. That gained, all is gained for the one; all is lost for the other. The opinion may be hazarded that no textbook in ethics could command respect in any important American university today that even seriously asked whether morality must not rest upon religion in order to be effective. The violence of our strife over formal fundamentalism seems to have its compensation in the relative freedom which has been accorded ethics as the theory of the good life. But now and then, here and there, already the ubiquitous right of the public school to secularize the outlook of the growing generation is being called in question. "With each similar challenge, such an apology as this book contains becomes more relevant to the American scene. This issue aside, the discussion has much to offer of immediate and unquestioned relevancy. Its psychological conception of value: its sociological description of the way naturally subjective value grows objective and imperative; its instructive account of the correlation between science and democracy; its stimulating treatment of the way common means may be used for diverse ends, making thus possible ethical variety upon the basis of functional unity; and finally its splendid portrayal of the social conditions of scientific progress,—all these furnish the English reader grounds for gratefulness to Helen Stalker Sellars for her spirited translation. The introductory note by Roy Wood Sellars leaves something to be desired as an orientation in modern value-theory and much to be desired in the way of imagination and style.

A Neglected Collection

ITALIAN PRIMITIVES AT YALE UNIVERSITY, Comments and Revisions. By RICHARD OFFNER. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1927. \$12 net.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

THIS very handsome quarto is issued under the auspices of the Yale Association in Fine Arts, and is a very elaborate appreciation and commentary on the primitive Italian pictures in the Jarves collection. This famous collection was more or less ignored by its owner for a full generation after its acquisition. Towards the end of this period the more necessary revisions of Jarves's obsolete attributions were made by William Rankin and the Berensons. In 1916 in a belated and still too hasty act of contrition Yale employed Dr. Osvald Sirén to make a formidable catalogue *de luxe*. In it the noted Swedish scholar showed his familiar formula of interblent hurry, insight, and recklessness, introducing perhaps as much confusion as he corrected. Now a far more cautious scholar goes over his track.

On the side of attribution Dr. Offner's chief and necessary service is in setting up danger signals alongside the flimsier ascriptions of Sirén. On the positive side he transfers to Nardo di Cione a stately pair of apostles generally given to the great Orcagna. Here we believe judicious opinion will bear Dr. Offner out. Much less convincing is the suggestion of Paolo di Stefano as the painter of the delightful Masaccian cassone front, the Garden of Love. However the reconstruction of Paolo is in itself interesting. In discussing the numerous cassone panels Dr. Offner rightly rejects in favor of a shop Schubring's overingenious attempt to subdivide the shop product among several personalities. A group of saints ascribed to Starnina Dr. Offner prudently relegates to the bottega of Agnolo Gaddi.

To the specialist Dr. Offner is most interesting when he uses the thirteenth century pictures at Yale, an extraordinary group, as point of departure for stylistic collocations. Thus we have a really important new group for the so-called Magdalen Master. The illustrations offer many novelties to the student and the details of good scale supply welcome new resources for further research. In this field we think the last word has not been said concerning the interesting passion series, Figure 34, ascribed on Mr. Berenson's authority, to the School of Romagna about 1350. As narrative painting the work is of unique vivacity; its apparent relations to the school of Rimini may be fortuitous.

The appearance of a youthful St. John the Baptist twice in one altarpiece would be very odd outside of Florence. The eagerness of the types forecasts the Cecelia Master. There is nothing that necessarily dates the piece later than 1300. There are suggestive analogies with the mosaics of the Florentine Baptistery of about that date. In short the piece might provisionally be regarded as an exceptional work of a Florentine miniaturist who stands at the head of a tradition developed by the Cecelia Master and Pacino.

Excellent critical appreciations of schools and masters will make this book, chiefly written for the specialist, also useful to the laity as a gallery guide. Here we are glad to note that Dr. Offner seems to be emerging from the cryptic and tortured style of his beginnings. Such a style is a peculiar hardship to his readers, for Dr. Offner's matter is always important, and one has to read him despite the rhetorical obstacles he sees fit to erect.

Bibliography

A REGISTER OF BIBLIOGRAPHIES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE. By CLARK SUTHERLAND NORTHUP. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1926.

Reviewed by ANNE S. PRATT

PROFESSOR NORTHUP, in compiling this bibliography of bibliographies of the English language and literature, takes a decisive step toward filling a need in a field where such a compilation has long been a desideratum. He states that the book is not a complete list of bibliographies for the subject, as thousands of references which might have been included were rejected, but that it is, rather, a guide indicating important bibliographical undertakings. The compilation undoubtedly represents the thoughtful labor of years, a labor stupendous indeed for an individual and worthy of the efforts of a score of specialists. Professor Northup acknowledges assistance given him by scholars and bibliographers, especially that contributed by Professor Adams in the section of the book devoted to drama.

In this volume of about five hundred pages thousands of bibliographical references are included, not only those published separately but those contained in such sources as periodicals, transactions of societies, and histories, and collections of English literature. General bibliographies on English literature are listed first, followed by an alphabetical arrangement under topics and the names of writers of all periods. The wide scope of the field covered is indicated in such headings as Folklore, Travel, Methodist Literature, and Science. One is surprised to find nothing under the heading of Art or of Philosophy and the lack of bibliographies on subjects relating to the English language leads one to think that the book will not meet the need in this field as completely as in the field of literature. There are a few annotations to the titles listed, these consisting, for the most part, in references to published critical reviews.

The wealth of material included is overwhelming, but the book has serious technical defects which will interfere with its full use as a reference tool. It is unfortunate that many valuable references in the wealth of titles will be lost to readers on account of a lack of such technical aids to the use of the book as a table of abbreviations and a note of explanation as to the scope of the index. Such a useful addition as a list of the headings, not proper names, under which titles are grouped would, possibly, remedy the need caused by the present failure to make sufficient cross references from headings not used to those adopted. Under subjects where numerous titles are collected, with a conspicuous exception under the heading Drama, there is no clear indication of the arrangement adopted, while under the subject Printing and Publishing inconsistencies in plan are obvious. In the formal details of the compilation, however, the infinite care to give accurate descriptions of the titles listed is a valuable feature, and the few misleading forms adopted, such as that followed in citing a later and more important edition in fine print as a note to an earlier edition in more conspicuous type, can be overlooked.

In spite of technical defects, it is a book rich in suggestions to the student, scholar, and librarian. It will undoubtedly form a convenient starting point for anyone searching for typical information in English literature.

The Story of Asia

ASIA, A SHORT HISTORY FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT DAY. By HERBERT H. GOWEN. Boston: Little, Brown. 1926. \$3.50.

Reviewed by F. W. WILLIAMS
Yale University

PROFESSOR GOWEN'S experience as a missionary and teacher among Orientals and with students on the Pacific Coast has impressed him with the need of a general introduction to the story of the peoples of Asia. To open the eyes of our countrymen to the whole continent at once is a stupendous task; to enter it one finds a region where angels fear to tread. From the standpoint of the scholar—not necessarily of the specialist—the attempt must be called magnificent, but it is not exactly history. No more is the automobile road-book geography, yet the tourist who uses one intelligently learns something more than the passive passenger who never inquires where he rides.

On this principle it might be possible to attain an end quite worth while by using this volume as an *Einleitung* to that part of the world which for centuries has been altogether ignored by history teachers here and in Europe. Even as an introduction it is almost useless without a great deal of supplementary instruction; no one by merely reading these four hundred pages could comprehend a small fraction of the events described, or remember one of any dozen of the names sparingly mentioned. But to one who considers world-history as a whole a superficial summary like this reveals a few things of immense significance: it shows the relatively minor part which Europe has played in the development of the world's culture until quite recent times; the rôle of Asia in the fundamental inventions; the conceptions of the spiritual life of man as distinct from his material well-being; the importance of obedience and self-restraint in evolving a political system that secures the greatest happiness to the greatest number; the place of art in a highly refined society. These are suggestive reflections which the children of tomorrow must be brought up to understand if they are to improve upon the misadventures following their fathers' contented ignorance of the East.



On the whole Professor Gowen is to be congratulated upon the discernment shown in carrying out his great adventure. He shows a fair sense of proportion in selecting the few facts for which he has room, he writes simply and he passes no judgments. Obviously no two authors would do this thing in the same way, but he seems open to criticism in attempting in so small a compass two aims which are entirely different. One of these, a summary of five thousand years of the history of half the habitable globe, occupies less than half of his space, the other, a discussion of present-day problems, full of polemical material, appears as a very long tail to a kite which is so far away as to become a disconnected item. A more philosophic writer might have enlarged upon topics such as the invisible barrier which has always separated Western from Eastern Asia, the contrast between transcendental India and materialistic China, why the Chinese never went to sea, and scores of others. There is plenty of material which if employed might have developed a lively and inspiring work; it would be an overstatement to call this either. A few errors may be noted, not for reproof, for mistakes are inevitable in so comprehensive an abridgment, but for correction against a new edition.

It is the Chinese of the north, not of the south, who call themselves "Sons of Han." A less ambiguous statement as to early writing might have been employed to convey the author's meaning to Western readers who have only one definition of hair-brush; he refers to the writing-brush made of fine hairs. Ismail I lost the great battle of 1514, one of the important battles of history because it separated Shiah and Sunni in Islam forever. The seizure of Parkes and Loch is incorrectly told; they were not on their way to ratify the Treaty of Tientsin. The American share of the Shimonoseki indemnity was not refused; after costs and losses in the action were paid the surplus was refunded to Japan unconditionally, not "for purposes of education." The great landing pier in Okohama was built with the money. These are very small slips but they might have been avoided by submitting the copy to a friendly critic before it went to the printer.