



Marquis depicts modern Falstaff

THE OLD SOAK AND HAIL AND FAREWELL. By Don Marquis. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Reviewed by DAN CAREY.

THE OLD SOAK is the same old soak that existed in every barroom of every city of the country. He is the old fellow who calls the bartender by his first name, who relates all his family troubles and his family joys, who is continually quoting and misquoting from the Bible, which, as Mr. Marquis indicates, he always refers to as "the Good Book," and whose state of health always requires that he "take a little something" whenever the subject is mentioned, but who is never ill enough to stay at home. Every one has known that the old fellow existed, but it remained for Mr. Marquis to realize that he presented an opportunity for humor, or pathos if you prefer, and to hold him, his foibles, his childlike simplicity, his deadened brain, his perennial good humor, his unwise wisdom and his simple faith up to the public gaze for inspection and dissection. The book is written around the character with which Mr. Marquis made us all familiar in the Sun Dial column of THE SUN.

The strangest thing about the book is that while there is a hearty laugh on nearly every page and a quiet chuckle on all the others there is a feeling which comes stealing insidiously over one after reading it through that perhaps it isn't so humorous after all. One has a distinct sense of having been guilty of laughing at the pitiful weakness of a poor miserable creature who has allowed his appetite to dull his mental faculties, take away his will power and destroy the happiness of his home. "The Old Soak" has the same idea about himself and declares that he never found true happiness until he forgot all about such things, stopped struggling and gave up his life to drink.

The author is so incomprehensible at times, not only in "The Old Soak," but also in his other books, and his satire is of so keen a quality that he is very apt to have us laughing at the wrong time or serious while he is chuckling at our misunderstanding of him.

One thing is certain about "The Old Soak," and that is it will be acclaimed with shouts of joy and laughter by those of us who frequented the barrooms during the days of their existence, and it will be received with seriousness and as a commendation of the work of those of us who joined in the movement to abolish the standing bar.

A splendid example of the humor which Mr. Marquis has injected into the book is to be found in the first chapter. To quote: "Our friend, the 'Old Soak,' came in from his home in Flatbush to see us not long ago in anything but a jovial mood.

"I see that some persons think there is still hope for a liberal interpretation of the law so that beer and light wines may be sold," said we.

"Hope," said he, moodily, "is a fine thing, but it don't gurgle none when you pour it out of a bottle. Hope is all right, and so is Faith, but what I would like to see is a little Charity.

"As far as hope is concerned, I'd rather have Despair combined with a case of Bourbon liquor than all the Hope in the world by itself.

"Hope is what these here fellows has got that is tryin' to make their own with a tea kettle and a piece of hose. That's awful stuff, that is. There's a friend of mine made some of that stuff and he was scared of it and he thinks before he drinks any he will try some of it into a dumb beast.

"But there ain't no dumb beast anywhere handy, so he feeds some of it to his wife's parrot. That there parrot was the only parrot I ever knowed of that wasn't named Polly. It was named Peter, and was supposed to be a gentleman parrot for the last eight or ten years. But whether it was or not, after it drank some of that there home made hooch Peter went and laid an egg."

Another thing that Mr. Marquis has done with his new book is to present an absolutely faithful picture of the barrooms. It is a picture that will be appreciated thoroughly by those familiar with the places that have passed out of existence. He has reproduced faithfully the sudden atmosphere of the places, with the songs, the jests, the whispered confidences, the easily made acquaintances and the delightful camaraderie.

The latter part of the volume, which Mr. Marquis calls "Hail and Farewell," is devoted to some intensely humorous verses. They are all about drinks and drinkers, the old days that are gone, the clubs that once were, the singers, the jesters, the brass railings, the elusive keyholes, the dreams, the highballs, of the oaths we took to drink no more, of the cocktails that we imbibed and of the object lessons that we saw.

The author has dedicated each of these poems to one of his friends. We read the names of George McDaniel, Paul Thompson, Ned Leamy, Winfield Moody, Bob Dean, Grant Rice, Loren Palmer, Charley Bayne, Harold Gould, Ned Ranck, George Van Slyke, Ben De Casseres, Charley Still, Frank Stanton, Bob Lillard, Kit Morley, Jimmy Farnsworth, Sam McCoy, Jimmy Fisher, Harry Dixey, Charles Edson, Gilbert Gabriel, Foster Follett, Clive Weed, Hal Steed, Oliver Herford, Bobby Rogers, Charley Stansbury and others.

Dedication of poems about drinking to these men is another bit of delicious humor from Mr. Marquis, since they are all men who are either known for their abstemiousness or are outright total abstainers. At least two of those mentioned were on the lecture platform for the prohibition movement.

Mr. Marquis did not need "The Old Soak" and "Hail and Farewell" to establish himself as the leading satirist of the day, but with it he has distinctly added to his laurels as an author of the most exquisite humor.

Bernard Shaw---he lost his G. in the war---crowds past, present and future into a three-ringed greatest play on earth with profound scientific preface, showing how man helped in his own creation and has some creating yet to do

BACK TO METHUSELAH. A Metablogical Pentateuch. By Bernard Shaw. Brentano's.

Reviewed by ROBERT J. COLE

SO much depends on the giraffe. Reading the preface to Bernard Shaw's play (he has lost the prefacial G. from his name), I remembered a boyish dream in which I was running down a long lane with no turning and high stone walls on either side. Behind me was a giraffe, before me the closed end of the lane. I looked over my shoulder to see if there were any hope in that apocryphal animal.

He laughed. This dream-zoology differed from Shaw's in that his giraffes are perfectly serious. (Shaw would never let anybody else do his laughing for him.) There are two of them, with equally long necks. And thereby hangs the answer to the riddle of man's origin and destiny, which is the subject of Shaw's play and preface.

Darwin's giraffe had a long neck because only the members of that family tall enough to pluck their food from the palm trees could survive. But Lamarck's giraffe helped out "natural selection" by exerting himself. And Shaw is for Lamarck. This is how he puts it in the preface:

"As compared to the open-eyed, intelligent waiting and trying of Lamarck, the Darwinian process may be described as a chapter of accidents. As such, it seems simple, because you do not at first realize all that it involves. But when its whole significance dawns on you, your heart sinks into a heap of sand within you. There is a hideous fatalism about it, a ghastly and damnable reduction of beauty and intelligence, of strength and purpose, of honor and aspirations, to such casually picturesque changes as an avalanche may make in landscape, or a railway accident in a human figure. To call this natural selection is a blasphemy, possible to many for whom nature is nothing but a casual aggregation of inert and dead matter. But eternally impossible to the spirits and souls of the righteous. If it be no blasphemy, but a truth of science, then the stars of heaven, the showers and dew, the winter and summer, the fire and heat, the mountains and hills, may no longer be called to exalt the Lord with us by praise; their work is to modify all things by blindly starving and murdering everything that is not lucky enough to survive in the universal struggle for hogwash."

Before going any farther it is only fair to say that this book is not limited to scientific discussion. It is not limited in any way. Shaw has emptied himself into it. He need never have written any other book, he need never write any other. Here he is, the Bernard Shaw Company, Inc., Unlim. The serious artist in words and dramatic structure, the mountebank, the preacher, the Irishman, the world-man, the philosopher, psychologist, dreamer, Bottom, Quince, Flute, Starveling—a perfect realization of the passage in "Midsummer Night's Dream."

"Q: Is all our company here?" "Bottom: You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the script.

"Here is the scroll of every man's name which is thought fit, throughout all Athens, to play in our interlude before the Duke and Duchess on his wedding day at night.

"Bottom: We will meet; and there we may rehearse most obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu."

CECIL RHODES. By Basil Williams. E. P. Dutton & Co.

MANY books have been written about Cecil Rhodes. His extraordinary genius informed a personality so radiant of purposeful force that sober judgment was not held of him while he lived. But now, after nearly two decades, when the intense passions he aroused have calmed into cooler estimation of his work, he is seen to stand in the front rank of the great builders of the British Empire. The author of this fascinating and well balanced biography remarks that "to-day, except in his own Rhodesia, the glamour of his great name is somewhat dulled.

"Perhaps by very reason of this partial eclipse it is opportune to attempt another judgment on Rhodes. Hitherto most of the lives or sketches of him have been written under the attractive magnetism of his living personality. To-day it is possible to take a more dispassionate view. . . . This book is not intended to be an unrelieved panegyric of Rhodes or a tract for the imperialist he preached and worked for. But it frankly sets forth with the belief that he was, with all his grievous faults, a great man, and that the root of his imperialism were qualities that have done good service to mankind. His character was cast in a large mould, with enormous defects corresponding with his eminent virtues. . . . As to his creed . . . a worthy spirit will be engendered if we look not to the blatant and exaggerated manifestations of national arrogance it contained, but to its deep sense of public duty, the tenacity of purpose it implied, and above all to the underlying sympathy and desire for cooperation even with opponents, without which it was meaningless."

Cecil John Rhodes, born July 5, 1853, was one of ten or a dozen children. His father held the vicarage of Bishop Stortford for twenty-seven years and brought up his fam-

ily according to strict rules of living. He wanted his sons to go into the Church, but only Cecil ever thought of doing so. The oldest son, Herbert, had early broken away to the colonies, and in 1870, when Cecil's health threatened to break down, the father shipped him away to join Herbert, then a planter in Natal. So he first set foot on African soil as "a tall, lanky, anemic, fair haired boy, shy and reserved in bearing." Cecil still cherished a hope of taking orders and was determined to go to college, as a necessary preliminary. The two brothers tried cotton planting in one of the hot, steamy valleys; the life was hard and simple, but not without its attractions. They had their share of failures and successes, and though cotton planting in the valley finally proved a losing adventure, the place was good training ground for the young Rhodes, who learned some of the tricks of African farming and gained experience with the natives. But the opening of the diamond fields soon drew the attention of the young men to the mines. Valuable stones had been found as early as 1867, but in 1870 the river diggings were thrown into the shade by the discovery of diamonds on the open veld. On half a dozen farms, which "could have been contained within a ring fence of fifteen miles," such discoveries were soon made as transformed the destiny of South Africa. In this new life the young cotton planter played a principal part.

Rhodes's notable trait at this time was "his faculty of silent concentration on his own thoughts. . . . But with all his absentmindedness he had a shrewd idea of what was going on about him, a precocious power of observation and that uncanny capacity for business which stands out so clearly as the main element of his success in after life. . . . Nobody could take advantage of him. As Lord Rosebery said of him, he was that most formidable of all men of action, the practical visionary."

In 1872 Cecil and Frank (another brother who had left the army to try his luck in the diamond fields; went back together to

supersede them until they have forded this last stream that lies between flesh and spirit, and disentangled their life from the matter that has always mocked it. I can wait; waiting and patience mean nothing to the eternal. I gave the woman the greatest of gifts—curiosity."

In the middle section, the period immediately following our own is dealt with. Shaw seems to argue that hitherto man's failure to make progress is partly the result of too early death. The individual must live longer in order to help the race to profit by what he learns. And the individual can live longer when he wills it. As one of the characters explains: "Do not mistake mere idle fancies for the tremendous miracle-working force of Will nerved to creation by a conviction of



Bernard Shaw.

First there is the preface, which explains everything; then there are three plays in one, which reveal in action the past, present and future. The first play is about Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, the Serpent and above all, Lilith, in whom Shaw seems to personify the spirit of unfolding Life. She reappears at the very end of the prophetic section, to review creative evolution, thus: "I had patience with them for many ages;

day when I Sundered myself in twain and launched Man and Woman on the earth still urges them: after passing a million souls they press on to the goal of redemption from the flesh, to the vortex freed from matter, to the whirlpool in pure intelligence that, when the world began, was a whirlpool in pure force. And though all that they have done seems but the first hour of the infinite work of creation, yet I will not

Necessity. I tell you men capable of such willing, and realizing its necessity, will do it reluctantly, under compulsion, as all great efforts are made. They will hide what they are doing from themselves; they will take care not to know what they are doing. They will live three hundred years, not because they would like to but because the soul deep down in them will know that they must if the world is to be saved."

And when they know more they will drop race prejudice and other impediments. England, for example, puts educated Chinese officials in the important offices because, being strangers, they can administer justice. "People don't seem to be able to govern themselves. Justice is impartially. Only strangers are impartial." As for the Irish question, only an Irishman could have written so exquisite a piece of fooling as this about the future of his own people: "Consider this island on which we stand, the last foothold of man on this side of the Atlantic; this Ireland, described by the earliest bards as an emerald gem set in a silver sea! Can I, a scion of the illustrious British race, ever forget that when the Empire transferred its seat to the East, and said to the turbulent Irish race which it had oppressed but never conquered, 'At last we leave you to yourselves; and much good may it do you,' the Irish as one man uttered the historic shout: 'No, we'll be damned if you do,' and emigrated to the countries where there was still a nationalist question, to India, Persia and Corea, to Morocco, Tunis and Tripoli. In these countries they were ever foremost in the struggle for national independence; and the world rang continually with the story of their sufferings and wrongs. And what poem can do justice to the end, when it came at last? Hardly two hundred years had elapsed when the claims of nationality were so universally conceded that there was no longer a single country on the face of the earth with a national grievance or a national movement. Think of the position of the Irish, who had lost all their political faculties by disuse except that of nationalist agitation, and who owed their position as the most interesting race on earth solely to their sufferings! The very countries they had helped to set free boycotted them as intolerable heroes."

Shaw has fun with everybody—with the poets, whose most "original" lines he puts in the mouths of primitive man or the serpent; with his fellow authors of whom it is chiefly remembered that they once lent somebody 15; with his own august genius: "As to myself, I was finding that the surest way to produce an effect of daring innovation and originality was to revive the ancient attraction of long rhetorical speeches; to stick closely to the methods of Moliere; and to lift characters bodily out of the pages of Charles Dickens."

"I now find myself inspired to make a second legend of Creative Evolution, without distractions and embellishments. My sands are running out; the exuberance of 1901 has aged into the garrulosity of 1920; and the war has been a stern intimation that the matter is not one to be trifled with. I abandon the legend of Don Juan with its erotic associations, and go back to the legend of the Garden of Eden. I exploit the eternal interest of the philosopher's stone which enables men to live forever. I am not, I hope, under more illusion than is humanly inevitable as to the crudity of this my beginning of a Bible for Creative Evolution. I am doing the best I can at my age. My powers are waning; but so much the better for those who found me unbearably brilliant when I was in my prime."

A new life of Cecil Rhodes traces his inspiration back to Oxford

England, Frank took up his commission in the cavalry and Cecil tried to matriculate at Oxford in University College, but when he failed to qualify in Latin prose he went to Oriel as a "passman." But in his second term he caught a chill on the river; the dampness of Oxford was too much for him, and the doctor gave him six months to live, even if he went back to South Africa. Two years in the climate of Kimberly restored him so fully that he was back at Oxford for the Easter term of 1876. "For two years he kept every term," says Mr. Williams, "but he did not keep his last term or take his degree till 1881, when he was 28, had earned a large fortune for himself and was a rising member of the Cape Parliament."

Though he was different from most of his companions in college, "the Oxford spirit, so hard to define, yet so easy to recognize, sank into his nature. Aristotle's Ethics, with its virile appeal to young men to exercise their best faculties to the full, in order to attain a life of happiness and virtue, became to him a lasting inspiration." From Gibbon he drew the basis of his political creed, that "Rome's burden of governing the world had now fallen on England's shoulders." And during his years at Oxford John Ruskin was preaching his new gospel of beauty and public service: "There is a destiny now possible to us, the highest ever set before a nation to be accepted or refused. We are still undegenerate in race—a race mingled of the best Northern blood. . . . Will you youths of England make your country a royal throne of kings, a sceptred isle, for all the world a source of light, a centre of peace? . . . This is what England must do or she must perish." How great was Ruskin's influence upon the young Rhodes is clear; the dreams for South Africa, already inchoate in his brain, took form and direction from that prophetic voice.

At the end, says his biographer, "he could think of no better gift to the Empire he loved than to bring its young men to

Oxford to draw from her the inspiration which had helped him so powerfully in his own career."

However orthodox his early training may have been, Rhodes appears to have found that his boyish beliefs rested on no sure foundation, and he found in a book called "The Martyrdom of Man," by a studious traveller named Winwood Reade, the basis of suggestion upon which he studied out, through the solitary stretches of time at Natal and Kimberly, the queer, rather clumsy and quite arbitrary fabric of faith by which he ordered his life. Having finally decided on a 50 per cent. chance that there was a God, he forthwith, with characteristic directness, set out to follow the course which God would probably approve, for he said to himself that the proper business of man is to forward the end proposed by God. As he perceived the divine purpose, it was "to produce a type of humanity most fitted to bring peace, liberty and justice to the world, and to make that type predominant." And since his own Anglo-Saxon race was the only one which approached that type, God's purpose was, evidently, to make the Anglo-Saxon race predominant. This idea was, throughout his life, the direct spur to action. About this time—when his greatness was still far in the future—he began to make that series of wills in which we can trace the persistence of his idea and his successive attempts to safeguard his wishes and so dispose of his possessions as to carry out his plans—always for the British Empire and the Anglo-Saxon race. He made six or eight wills in succeeding years, changing his trustees as occasionally some difference of opinion developed; for Rhodes's will had to be law. Always he was planning expansion and development for the South African States, and always with the *arrière pensée* that the safest form of government would be a federation of these States under the British flag, however full autonomy they might retain, and without "meddling" by the home Government. His policy toward the Dutch was rather an expression of his

natural feeling that a political detail; he saw how the British had blundered in considering the Dutch a conquered race; they stood aloof in sullen obstinacy, and Rhodes was one of the few Englishmen with the sense to respect the Boers and recognize that they were to be reckoned with. He cultivated their friendship continually and tirelessly; in after years they came to change their view of him as of one with horns and hoofs; they finally saw him, as Jan Hofmeyr—"Orize Jan"—said: "A true Englishman, but at the same time a man who could make allowances for true nationalism existing in other people." Thus Rhodes often used to say: "Never mind the details, now; we are out for the big thing." And so, when he took his seat in the House of Assembly in April, 1881, he had accomplished a good grounding for his career, and he soon made himself known to the political world of the Cape. It was about this time that Gordon came to the Cape, sent for from his sanitation work at Mauritius to pacify the turbulent Basutos. While Rhodes was in Basutoland he and Gordon met and talked for long together; but the records are very scanty. "Such meetings are tantalizing to the historian," remarks Mr. Williams, "when two outstanding men of a generation come face to face and then pass on." Gordon tried hard to get Rhodes to go with him, but the Cape was his home.

From the first step northward into Bechuanaland the progress of Rhodes was continuous, if deliberate and measured. The "scramble for Africa" had just begun when Rhodes went into Bechuanaland, and territorial and other claims began to come fast and furious by England, Belgium, France, Portugal, Italy and Germany. In 1882 Bismarck himself yielded to the general pressure for a colonial foothold in Africa; Rhodes found himself in the thick of all the fights, and then, as always, strove for his principle—in his own words: "I have ever held one view, I. e., the government of South Africa by the people of South Africa, with the imperial flag for defence."

Mr. Williams goes elaborately into the details of the war between the De Beers company's mines and the Kimberley Central of Barney Barnato, that grandson of a rabbi and son of a little shopkeeper in Whitechapel named Barnett Isaacs who came out to Africa when he was eighteen with a capital of sixty boxes of cigars, bought with the savings of years. His first business venture—after selling the cigars at an enormous profit—was to hire a shanty for an office at a guinea a day—"worth it," he explained, "if you can make thirty shillings a day." He took the more noticeable name of Barney Barnato, and in seven years he had founded the firm of Barnato Brothers, dealers in diamonds and brokers in mining property. He and Rhodes had a thousand contests, but the latter finally gained control of Kimberley Central to add to his "nice little mine"—the old De Beers. And so on, until Rhodes had complete control of the consolidated corporation, of all South African diamonds, 90 per cent. of the whole world's production. The stockholders profited greatly by the consolidation; in 1890 the value of the De Beers properties was estimated at £14,500,000, but the capital was kept down to £2,500,000; the rest was paid for by debentures. With Rhodes's conservative management these bonds were rapidly paid off and a large reserve built up. And while he was reaping such a harvest from the diamond mines his gold mines in Witwatersrand were almost as profitable. How rich he was even he hardly knew himself. But with all the defects which its rapid aggrandizement in these years involved, he thought of his wealth as means to the power to accomplish his projects; and on them he then set to work.

In his chapter headed "The Raid" Mr. Williams writes of his hero with dogged belief in his essential honesty of purpose, however indefensible the single performance which broke down the public's faith in the integrity of the master of South Africa. The Transvaal and President Kruger stood in the way of Rhodes's cherished and dominating idea of South African union. His railroad ideas all ran toward that terminal; his fights against Kruger's tariffs were all part of the details which he patiently faced, one by one, and broke through toward his goal. The vexations of tariffs and problems of railroads did not disturb him, but when Kruger set up communication with Germany Rhodes felt that nothing more was to be gained by open diplomacy. And so early in 1895 "Rhodes decided to organize the rising in Johannesburg and insure its success. . . . In taking this decision judgment and the sense of honor had alike deserted Rhodes; for as Prime Minister of the Cape and managing director of the chartered company he had no business to interfere in the internal affairs of a friendly State. . . . From the outset he placed himself in a false position." And Dr. Jameson's patience could not stand the strain of the repeated delays in striking the blow. "You may say what you like," he cried as he rose from reading Macaulay's essay, "but Clive would have done it!" So, in spite of Rhodes's direct orders, he prepared to "do the best he could." When Rhodes got the news of the raid he was "utterly dejected and different." When Schreiner went to him: "Yes," he said, "it's true. Old Jameson has upset my apple cart. . . . Poor old Jameson! Twenty years we have been friends, and now he goes in and ruins me. I cannot blinder him. I cannot go in and destroy him." Of course Rhodes's Ministry was doomed. And by this abortive short cut to success Rhodes had undone his work of years to unite English and Dutch and promote the Union of South Africa. And all South Africa felt that they had lost their leader; that their trust had been betrayed.

A faulty hero was Rhodes, Mr. Williams admits, but what hero is not? "But he had great aims and the priceless faculty of inspiring others with the same aspirations." And Earl Grey said of him: "He was in truth the most strenuous lover of his country, the most single minded and stout-hearted man I ever met."