



BOOKS

REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS WITH NEWS AND VIEWS OF AUTHORS



Romeo and Juliet Reversed

'Both Their Houses' Go On Fighting Until the Lovers Alone Are Left

TO THE LAST MAN. By Zane Grey. Harper & Brothers.

THE popularity of Zane Grey has long been a puzzle to many critics. His romances are frankly tales of blood. He always furnishes his growing clientele with a grand holocaust. Yet despite his sanguinary themes he has many readers who hold the usual run of Western thrillers in deep scorn. His hold on them is not hard to understand, for he gives them good straight stories, free from the shallow sentimentality and lurid phraseology that sometimes mar this kind of fiction.

In a preface to his latest story, Zane Grey tries to let us into his secret. He describes his methods. He holds a brief for romance. "Romance," he asserts, "is only another name for idealism, and I contend that life without ideals is not worth living. Never in the history of the world were ideals needed so terribly as now. It was Stevenson particularly who wielded a bludgeon against the realists. People live for the dream in their hearts. And I have yet to know any one who has not some secret dream, some hope, however dim, some pointed wall to look at in the dusk, some painted window leading to the soul."

Further on in the preface he says: "My inspiration to write has always come from nature. Character and action are subordinated to setting. In all that I have done I have tried to make people see how the world is too much with them. Getting and spending they lay waste their powers with never a breath of the free and wonderful life of the open!"

Zane Grey then tells how he came to write the story of a feud. He heard rumors of a terrible struggle in the Pleasant Valley in the Tonto Basin of Arizona. He decided to go there in quest of material. To his surprise he found that the natives were very reticent about the episode, and it took several successive visits to gain their confidence. In 1920 he says: "Without my asking it several different natives of the Tonto came to tell me about the Pleasant Valley war. No two of them agreed on anything concerning it, except that only one of the active participants survived the fighting. Whence comes my title 'To the Last Man'? Thus I was swamped by a mass of material out of which I could only founder to my own conclusion. Some of the stories told me are singularly tempting to a novelist. But though I believe them myself, I cannot risk their improbability to those who have no idea of the wildness of wild men at a wild time. There really was a terrible and bloody feud, perhaps the most deadly and least known in all the annals of the West. I saw the ground, the cabins, the graves all so darkly suggestive of what must have happened.

"I never learned the truth of the cause of the Pleasant Valley war, or if I did hear it had no means of recognizing it. All the given causes were plausible and convincing. Strange to state there is still secrecy and reticence all over the Tonto Basin as to the facts of this feud. Many descendants of those killed are living there now."

Mr. Grey has seen and absorbed and yet his conception of what happened seems to be peculiarly his own. We suspect that he feels all the true novelist-creator's affection for Jean Isabel and Ellen Jorth, the children of the leaders in the feud. Jean Isabel was summoned from Oregon to aid his father and his half brothers in the war which they saw approaching between themselves and the encroaching sheep herders. Jean has Indian blood in his veins, and this helps him in ambushing the family's desperate enemies. There are two sieges in the story, the first an attempt of the Jorth faction to wipe out all the Isabels by surprise, and the second the retaliation by the Isabels. In the final chapter only Jean and Ellen survive and Jean is able to say: "You're a Jorth and I'm an Isabel. We've blood on our hands—both of us—I for you and you for me!"

Mr. Grey gives those readers who like blood their money's worth. There is an imported Texas gunman who figures in the story. Nearly every one shoots to kill. The people of the story are little more than animated targets. Zane Grey treats his subjects as King Buno of Swaziland did when he secured a rifle. But Grey's real enthusiasm is for his setting. He is a fiction scene painter of no mean order, as the reader's first sight of Tonto Basin proves.

"He felt a sheer force, a downward drawing of an immense abyss beneath him. . . . It seemed to be a stupendous gulf surrounded on three sides by bold undulating lines of peaks, and on his side by a wall so high that he felt lifted aloft on the rim of the sky.

"For leagues and leagues a colossal red and yellow wall, a rampart, a

mountain faced cliff seemed to zigzag westward. Grand and bold were the promontories reaching out over the void. They ran toward the westering sun. Sweeping and impressive were the long lines slanting away from them, sloping darkly spotted down to merge into the black timber. . . . The craggy broken cliffs merged into



Zane Grey drinking at a desert spring.

red sided cedar greened slopes running down and down into gorges choked with forests, from which soared up a roar of rushing waters. Slope after slope, ridge beyond ridge, canyon merging into canyon—so the tremendous bowl sunk away to its black deceiving depths, a wilderness across which travel seemed impossible.

"But when there's any shooting to do those mountains never get in the way. What's a little thing like a mountain between enemies?"

On a British Battle Cruiser

WITH BEATTY IN THE NORTH SEA. By Filson Young. Little, Brown & Co.

THE modern naval battle is different from everything else in the world in this: That nowhere else do men, banded together in such numbers and wielding such power, contend with one another at so extreme a peril to themselves. It is more ringed with terror than any other human experience. Each man commits himself, with a thousand others, to a vulnerable shell, and launches it into an arena sheeted and

blotted with flame and concussion. He can do nothing for his own safety, but only for the common purpose. . . . This is warfare at the point to which Christian civilization has so far succeeded in bringing it; and no pagan ingenuity has invented anything more hellish than this—that man's floating home and citadel can in a second be turned into a weapon to destroy him by the thousand. . . . "One has some right to say this who for the whole of a gray January morning knelt in the Lion's port while the storm of that concentrated bombardment gradually enveloped her, and had nothing else to do but consider it and

Superman Philosopher Bought Toys for Wagner's Child

SELECTED LETTERS OF FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE. Doubleday, Page & Co. THE NIETZSCHE-WAGNER CORRESPONDENCE. Edited by Elizabeth Foerster-Nietzsche. Boni & Liveright.

Reviewed by BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

NIETZSCHE! A word to madden and conjure with—a word that is a blasphemy, a sword, a bomb, a scarecrow, a boo-boo! in the ears of the illiterate and the sentimentalists. In the early years of the last century children used to be taught how to behave by saying to them: "Tom Paine'll get you!" In certain books of the time one of the saviors of the Colonial army and the great enemy of cant and camouflage was represented with horns and tail. Then, again, a little further back there was a certain Benedict de Spinoza, a quiet, ascetic thinker of Amsterdam, who was excommunicated from the Jewish church in that city with the most formidable and heartless anathema that has ever been pronounced anywhere. This God-intoxicated man was called "An atheist and a menace." This man, who lived in a little furnished room, ground lenses for a living and ate a bowl of oatmeal with some bread and eggs three times a day, was put down in the Who's Who of the time as a "swinish sensualist."

One can, of course, write a book on the venom that pursues the transvaluers of current values and disassociations of ideas—back to Prometheus. It is an old story—and merely proves that all new visions are born with the evil eye. In 1853 Nietzsche wrote to his sister, Mme. Foerster-Nietzsche, from Sils-Maria: "It is absolutely necessary that I should be misunderstood; nay, I would even go further and say that I must succeed in being understood in the worst possible way and despised."

has been called "monster," "the author of the world war," a "preacher of brute force"—and what else?

Personally, I have made it a point to challenge every one for the last twenty years whom I have heard revile the name of this the most portentous figure of modern times and one of the greatest psychologists and poets of all time. In every case without exception I have found that these abusive critics had never read a single line of Nietzsche! They were merely parrots. In "Thus Spake Zarathustra" Nietzsche says: "Such things are not said for long ears. Every word, also, is not suited for every mouth. These are fine, far away things; at them sheep's hoofs shall not grasp!" Long ears and sheep's hoofs—it is just those who believe that Nietzsche was a nihilist, when as a matter of fact he was an optimist, a world creator, the great trumpeter of individualism against Prussianism, paternalism and state and ecclesiastical slavery of every kind.

These letters of Nietzsche are a treasure of incalculable worth. They begin in his youth and end in 1888, when that mighty brain went into darkness—with a letter addressed to another man whose mind was going into its penumbra—Strindberg. Nietzsche's last letter to the great Swede is signed "The Crucified." There is another signed "Nietzsche Caesar." Strindberg has a letter to Nietzsche signed "The Best, the Highest God." Which merely proves that great men have the same privilege of going insane as stock brokers, Sunday school teachers, Congressmen and shoe clerks. Before any one begins the study of Nietzsche I advise him to read these two volumes. They reveal the soul—the strong, sweet, marvelously human soul—of this reviled man. They project the most significant figure in all human thought on the earthplane. They portray the author of "Thus Spake Zarathustra"—the greatest prose-poem written since the Bible—as a spiritual entity in flesh of the very highest order. His whole life was a mental, physical and financial martyrdom. He was ascetic. He was

give himself to its sensational embrace. I remember that the increasing uproar and concussion came gradually to have a stupefying rather than an exciting effect; the mind became numb to mere terror, while it remained actively interested in what was going on. Many mere details are registered on my mind and memory: The smell and taste of cordite smoke, as the wind drove it back upon us from the muzzles of our guns; the great sounds about us, which I admit to be among the noblest sounds I have ever heard, so enormous were they, so deep and trembling. . . . I remember also the silences; lulls that came in the very heat of battle, when sometimes for five or ten seconds there would be no sound but the soft brushing of the wind and its harplike harmonies in the rigging, until a salvo from our guns would split the heavens again and, like its echo, the hollow growl of the enemy's guns would fill the gap between it and the next.

"On the pictorial side the chief impression of the action was its remoteness. The Lion being our leading ship there was nothing before me but the horizon and the four black smudges on the port bow that only through binoculars were identifiable as big ships. If one looked ahead, however, the whole pattern of the chase could at times be observed, and a curious effect of the great outspread chase to the southeast was that it seemed motionless, like a problem spread out on a chess board. The far line of the enemy battle cruisers, the farther line of our light cruisers on their quarter, our destroyers astern and in the middle, and at the apex and the head of the whole the smoke from the German destroyers and light cruisers—these for half an hour at a time would not change in relation to one another, and so, being the only things visible on the circle of the sea, appeared to be motionless."

This civilian's description of the Dogger Bank action in the North Sea on January 25, 1915, is the high water mark of Filson Young's "With Beatty in the North Sea." Beside this picture all formal despatches fail in emotional effect and the terror of German officers' descriptions of conditions aboard their ships leave the reader cold. No one ever painted so moving and true a picture of a modern naval battle so poignantly as this, for no one appears to have had the power of detachment that came to this writer who as a civilian aid to Admiral Beatty served on the Lion for six months with this as his crowning experience.

Primarily Filson Young's text is concerned with what to him are more important things. These include a daily account of life aboard a battle cruiser in war time, attacks on the British Admiralty, an exposition of the British navy's unreadiness for war and a defence of the vessel that floats over the ship that flies and the one that submerges. But readers of war books have had their fill to overflowing of such matters. And what they will find for satisfaction in these pages is such stirring and memorable passages as the excerpts we have quoted above. They are what make this book stand out for admiration and gratitude.

sickly almost every day of his life—always on the verge of collapse. He was threatened with blindness for many years. He wandered from place to place in Europe in pursuit of health and quiet.

A Freudian paradox—this prophet



Friedrich Nietzsche. Drawn by Stuart Davis.

of the Superman. Gentle, urbane, correct to the point of the most ultra-philistinism, a stickler for the conventions and the proprieties, he breathed a sigh of relief when Wagner legitimized his child by marrying Cosima and felt shocked when he heard the great Richard take the name of Christ (blasphemously), he preached the most revolutionary and exhilarating doctrine that humanity has ever listened to—unless we except Max Stirner. His whole philosophy is an attempt to conceive himself and humanity as they are not. He gave man a new vision, a new illusion, and unveiled—or at least formulated—a new truth, the Will-to-Power. It is ultimate. Whatever lives desires power. Humility, self-abnegation and

Young China Sees Herself Honestly

THE FOREIGN RELATIONS OF CHINA: A HISTORY AND A SURVEY. By Mingchien Joshua Bau. Fleming H. Revell Company.

THE march of events in China, and the developments of the Washington conference, lend an additional interest to Dr. Bau's book, which, in any case, would stand out as a study of primary importance in the discussion of world politics. Dr. Bau has performed a colossal task with tireless energy and careful research, and he has done it with a judicial poise, a clearness of insight and a fairness and breadth of view that give his work high rank both as a contribution to history and as a philosophical statement of political theory, with concrete application to the case in hand.

Dr. Bau's qualifications are themselves remarkable. He is a graduate not only of the Tsing Hua College, and of Columbia, but also of Yale and Johns Hopkins. He has held the Carnegie Endowment International Law Fellowship, and has also studied at the Union Theological Seminary and the Yale Divinity School. His command of English is complete; his style is altogether admirable—fluent, simple, vigorous, dignified, and always accurately adjusted to the matter of his discourse. And, above all, one feels, deeply, that he is actuated throughout by devotion to the highest ideals, both of loyalty to his native land and of a broader world-citizenship. But he nowhere wanders into a vague idealism. He is practical, soundly rooted to the solid ground of fact. Any estimate of the book naturally runs to enthusiasm.

Moreover, it fills a place hitherto vacant. There is nothing in English covering the same field adequately. M. Henri Cordier's special study—*Histoire des Relations de la Chine avec les Puissances Occidentales*—comes down only to 1900, and although his monumental *Histoire de la Chine* reaches the present and is full in detail it is a less comprehensive view than that of Dr. Bau, and, if anything, the advantage of impartiality lies with the Chinese writer.

But even more interesting to the American reader is Dr. Bau's outlook toward the future, his outline of what should be China's attitude toward the rest of the world. It may be called idealistic, but it is no impossible counsel of perfection, and that it could be evolved by a Chinese mind is of no small significance. It is a striking contrast that M. Cordier ends his great history with a forecast of a militant China, a rejuvenated giant, taking part in future world wars—"China," says he, "has played a great role in the Far East; she will play an equally great role in world wide affairs. . . . War will endure as long as our world lasts"—whereas Dr. Bau sees the China of the future as a civilizing agent, practicing the Golden Rule in world relations. He was confronted by no small diffi-

Twenty-seven-Year-Old Native Author Points Out Path of Peaceful Service

culties in laying the foundations of his study. There is no regular official record of Chinese foreign relations and he was obliged to go to archives of many foreign offices for his data. It is a monument of original research, made for the most part from primary sources such as treaties, diplomatic documents, etc.

The first part of the book sketches the diplomatic history of China from 1689 to the present, covering the opening up of the country to trade and diplomatic intercourse, the gradual loss of her dependencies, the inter-

terrorism and brutality, though somewhat astonishingly Dr. Bau appears to credit the German 'bout face toward friendship just before the war as sincere. British policy on the whole he finds fair and marked by a desire for just dealings. He has only praise for the American position, which he sees to be unselfish and truly friendly. He also relies upon its continuance.

As to Japan, while he clearly sees the menacing elements in her actions, he remains hopeful, even optimistic, as to the future, greatly desiring friendship and cooperation rather than conflict. He traces five separate steps in the Japanese policy; beginning with her own need for self-protection against Russia and the rest of the world, and dividing into periods of economic exploitation, of territorial aggression, of "influence" and political interference, leading to a fourth phase where open political control was the aim, and finally the evolution of an "Asiatic Monroe Doctrine."

As to this last ideal, while he admits the uses of such a doctrine if properly understood, he is skeptical of the value of the Japanese conception of it. There is too much of a desire of the tail to wag the dog about it. China, and not Japan, is ultimately the potential arbiter of Asiatic destinies. The Japanese idea of a "Monroe Doctrine" is too militant; it lacks the corollary of non-interference with the nations outside of Asia. Dr. Bau's analysis of this is keen, but he manages to remain hopeful of a revised Japanese attitude that would bring about genuine cooperation.

The fifth section of the book deals with problems that have arisen since the war; in particular with the new consortium—wherein he sees the best hopes for China, although fully awake to its possible dangers. He is polite but unenthusiastic toward the League of Nations. The section closes with a full discussion of the Shantung question, which is a fair but emphatic statement of China's inalienable right position in her demand for restitution.

He gives an especially valuable account of the steps in the making of the new consortium. His conclusion is that if China makes the right use of it, the way to economic and thereafter to political salvation is open, but that if she defaults or misuses the help offered it will mean renewed foreign domination and probably war.

The final section of the book is given to a truly remarkable outline of what he conceives should be China's future policy; an ideal that, with some obvious adjustments, might well fit the aspirations of any civilized nation. The whole book leads directly up to this. "Ever since the opening of the country," says he, "the history of China has been dominated by foreign contacts. Hence a proper understanding of the foreign relations of China and a formulation of an appropriate foreign policy are indispensable to her preservation and well being."

Obviously the first step is rehabilitation. This he divides into two heads—a policy of preservation and a policy of recovery. For the first China must become strong—"that is she should have a strong army and navy and a strong, united Government. Sovereignty presupposes competency." For the second she must gradually recover the rights of sovereignty of which she has gradually been shorn, and must show herself capable of protecting them. All that hardly needs demonstration. But his next step is to suggest the adoption of a "policy of the Golden Rule," and as a consequence, a "policy of world welfare." In elucidation of the "Golden Rule" ideal he gives a cogent, often eloquent demonstration of its practical possibilities and of its value, with the necessary warning that it must be reciprocal, as other nations, Japan in particular, must also learn it. Lastly, he outlines an attitude toward Japan which should be based upon self-respect, resisting aggression, but also conciliatory and friendly. He would give Japan preferences, as China's closest friend, but would not allow her unwarranted liberties.

The whole scheme culminates in a lofty vision of devotion to world welfare. China must not attempt domination, nor imitate the German mistake, but must "take the lowly path of service." He sees an awakened nation taking its place as an apostle of civilization, preserving its ancient ideals but also making full use of Western science and acting in a spirit of altruism. His final work compels quotation. Says he—

"For the day will come when it is not the nation that dominates others that shall be great, but the nation that can render to mankind the greatest service." H. L. PANGBORN.

Max Eastman declares that when he told Bernard Shaw that he was writing a book on humor Shaw advised him to go to a sanitarium. "There is no more dangerous literary symptom," he said, "than the temptation to write about wit and humor." It indicates the total loss of both. But Eastman persisted in his undertaking, and his book, "The Sense of Humor" (Scribner's) is among the recent publications.



Mingchien J. Bau.

national struggle for concessions and the present phase of international aid and control, culminating in the new consortium of bankers. The second part deals minutely with the policies of the great Powers toward China—Russia, France, Germany, Great Britain and the United States, and the third part of the book is given wholly to the policy of Japan in China. The fourth section treats of the progressive impairment of China's sovereignty by extraterritoriality, concessions, leases, spheres of influence and tariff restrictions. It is a sorry tale.

Dr. Bau is at his best in his interpretation of the attitude of the nations toward China. Russia he pronounces aggressive, unscrupulous, tricky, sometimes violent. The attitude of France has varied, depending largely upon her own relations to her allies, especially Great Britain—opportunist, but not wholly unfriendly. Germany from a mild beginning developed to a position of out and out

Great bouts of life are hurled at our heads. Litaniés that end in screams and sobs. Catafalques of bronze burst and give forth doves and butterflies—so hard, so tender is the soul of this wonderful man.

His "superman"? Simply, "Be hard [on yourself] and live dangerously." The existence of man justifies man. The existence of pain justifies pain. The existence of death justifies death. Whatever is is a bridge to a beyond. Perpetually create new vistas, new values, new heights. Fuse will and dream. Put wings on your views. Let your purpose be a sword. Exalt your pains. Make golden butterflies of your griefs. Be playwright to yourself. Let your brain play Shakespeare to your fatalities."

If this be not Faith—then what does the word mean?

The great moment in Nietzsche's life after reading Schopenhauer was his meeting with Richard Wagner. And there is a very humorous letter from Nietzsche to Robbe which tells of how the tailor delivered to him his evening clothes only a half hour before he was due at Tribschen, demanded his money, and when Nietzsche told him he could not pay him, the tailor stripped him, raced away in the rain with the suit, leaving the future prophet of the Superman in his shirt and underdrawers.

The correspondence between Nietzsche and Wagner is a rich mine. One could quote from almost every letter. There is a foreword by H. L. Mencken, the Jack Dempsey of American criticism. He believes that Wagner failed to apprehend the full greatness of Nietzsche. As a matter of fact, Nietzsche outgrew Wagner. Nietzsche was a sun that burst at high noon. Wagner was a sun that grew senescent. Compare "Parasol" with "Zarathustra." However, it is a good thing that Nietzsche did not live to the age of Wagner—he, too, might have done his "Parasol."