



the fold. Which he did—admirably. So admirably, in fact, that \$200,000,000 of securities were floated on \$56,000,000 of tangible assets. At Morgan's insistence he gave up his legal practice—worth, as he said at the time, \$75,000 a year—and became president of the new company, and so a full-fledged captain of industry. Reluctantly he left Wheaton—"no more church suppers, no more Sunday school picnics"—and moved his headquarters to New York.

His connection with Morgan had now become very close. The Illinois Steel Company flourished, but it lacked complete integration. Meanwhile a very rash of steel combinations broke out—in tinplate, in wire, in tubing, in sheet steel, in bridge shapes; but they were all "horizontal" combinations, lacking Gary's grasp of fundamentals in going back to the ore. But the iron master of Pittsburgh was growing restless. The time was ripe for something big, something very big indeed, and Morgan and Gary were not the men to avoid grasping time by the forelock. There was a vast scurrying of magnates from Pittsburgh, from Chicago, from Boston, to New York, and back again—Miss Tarbell tells the story well—and in the end came the United States Steel Corporation, the first billion-dollar corporation under the sun. Gary had learned his lesson well. For the physical properties acquired \$300,000,000 of bonds were issued; the \$1,100,000,000 of common stock was almost entirely water. But it measured the capitalized value of what Morgan and Gary bet the new monopoly could earn. That bet has been more than justified. Mr. Gary has remained chairman of the board and the financial brain of the Steel Corporation—a task sufficiently big for one lifetime.

At this juncture Miss Tarbell's narrative of a man's career ceases and we get instead the history of the new corporation, or, more properly, an historical defense of the corporation. Through it all Judge Gary moves as the guiding spirit, but we lose all sense of his personal life or of his psychological growth. He becomes just a fairy godfather telling the naughty boys what is the right thing to do. The shrewd, hustling, hard-working Yankee lawyer, with his eye frankly and entertainingly on the main chance, flattens out into a bloodless symbol of virtue, leading prayers at stockholders' meetings; pointing the way to selfish magnates; yearning over labor. The drama of his life collapses in the unctious of Miss Tarbell's defense of his policies, his corporation and Big Business generally.

While all careful studies covering the origins of the combination, such as the Tennessee Coal and Iron case, the Stanley prosecution, "Pittsburgh plus," the "Gary dinners" and the great steel strike of 1919, bring out a great many facts which Miss Tarbell has either

neglected altogether or happily explained away, nevertheless I think we do get the essence of Gary's significance from her story. And the essence is this: Gary was wise enough to foretell the growth of American industry away from the chaos and petty frauds of *laissez faire* into the more seemly mansions of monopoly. He saw the inevitable drift toward diffusion of stock ownership, with corporate control maintained in the hands of a compact minority; he saw the drift toward vertical trusts, dominating a product from natural resource to consumer; he saw the necessity of "good-will" advertising and of gaining the public's confidence, while his confreres were still howling "the public be damned"; he saw the necessity of friendly relations with the government and proceeded to cultivate the prince of trust busters, the hero of San Juan Hill. Above all, he recognized the value of capitalizing earning power as the basis for corporate security issues, rather than the time-honored basis of tangible and physical assets. He may even have had some hazy ideas of allowing the public to share—to a degree—in the economies of combination. And there is not the faintest shadow of doubt but that his personal ethics, and to a certain extent his business policies, were much higher than those of the gang of rebaters, short-changers, and highwaymen with whom he had to deal in the building up of the steel industry.

Judge Gary, above all other men, has had the vision and the courage to make the country safe for Big Business. Before such industrial statesmanship we can only, with Miss Tarbell and all the butter and egg men, do homage. The chains that he has forged are as strong as his own steel, and while we honor them now, we shall never know their temper until the day we try to break them.

A Golden Fable

THUNDER ON THE LEFT.
By Christopher Morley.
Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company. \$2.

Reviewed by
BABETTE DEUTSCH

YOU may have difficulty in finishing this new novel of Christopher Morley's. You may, as I did, postpone nibbling at each successive chapter, lest you too quickly make an end. Its construction is so abounding in fine surprises, its fantasy is so graceful, its writing is so felicitous, that the reader begs only to be allowed to sip it slowly, as befits a cordial of rich bouquet and benign "authority." And having finished the book, one remembers it gratefully, alert to discover which of its several morals the author desired one to choose. Neither the title nor the four epigraphs help one very much here. The thunder that tumbles about these horizons does not lose a lightning sharp enough to reveal just "what omen Jove"—or Mr. Morley—"intended." Is it the 2,000-year-old commonplace that except we be as little children we shall not enter the kingdom of heaven? Is it that love is not love until it alteration finds? Is it that the artist is superbly capable of eating his cake and keeping it too? Jove does not speak; he merely thunders.

The fable—but should one give away so excellent a secret?—well, the fable is one of those golden hoops that Sir James Barrie captures when he rides the Pegasus of the merry-go-round. At the same time the setting and the characters are indubitably American,

as Barrie's could never be, and the manner is utterly without the quaint sentimentalities and whimsical pathos of the Scotchman. This firm and limpid language, rolling along as smoothly as a croquet ball and suddenly changing—Alice-in-Wonderland fashion—into a live hedgehog, bristling with prickly implications—is not to be confused with the style of any contemporary writing in English. And the divagations from the story proper are very far beyond the mildly philosophical reflections with which the surface of "Where the Blue Begins" was lacquered.

Indeed, one of the virtues of the book is the way in which Mr. Morley has made the sensoria of his characters the very rails along which his plot, all bravely and beautifully, progresses. The novelist has obviously learned from Joyce, and learned from Proust, and, as a healthy artist will, has adapted his findings to his own particular problem, not forgetful of the special demands it makes, in and of itself. He is neither trying to present everything that happens to a man, physically and metaphysically, in a single day, nor yet trying to reconstruct, without a chipped fragment, the stained glass window of a time entombed. He is trying to give, as honestly as he may, a picture of the human nature he knows in the not quite humane American middle class world in which he finds it. And he takes from these greater masters what is to his purpose and within his province. His discipline is to be honored.

What "Thunder on the Left" presents, with singular freshness and vigor, is the question of the relation between crabbed age—the thirties and forties—and youth: the lesser teens. It also sets up, as fiction writers did long before Euclid taught them what to call it, the immemorial triangle, and gives it a new dimension. Take, for example, such an illuminating passage as this—the thoughts that pass through the head of the man as he gives his first illicit kiss to the girl he loves who is not his wife—whom incidentally he also truly loves: "Her mind that he had loved was tangled up with a body. Chastity was probably a much overrated virtue. For her sake, if she desired it, he was willing to make the heroic effort which is necessary to yield to temptation." That last sentence begins a new chapter in the history of the triangle. And the book is full of these psychological plums.

The girl in the case is perhaps too sketchily drawn, made unnecessarily delicate. The wife shows streaks of prudishness curious in a person of her generation and conjugal choice. The children are wonderfully unsophisticated. But the chief person in the book, George Granville, is so immensely and vividly present as to appear a self-portrait—or, even more truly, a portrait of the reader's self, the funny tragic essence of our humanity, fumbling from brave immaturity toward the cruelties of spiritual adulthood. He alone would make this a fine book. And he is not alone.

Uncle Tom's Mansion

THE NEW NEGRO.
Edited by Alain Locke.
New York: Albert and Charles Boni. \$5.
MELLOWS, NEGRO WORK SONGS, STREET CRIES AND SFIRITUALS.
By R. Emmet Kennedy.
New York: Albert and Charles Boni. \$5.

Reviewed by
CARL VAN VECHTEN

NEW YORK is celebrated for its transitory crazes. For whole seasons its mood is dominated by one popular figure or another, or by a racial influence. We have had Jeritza winters, Chaliapin winters, jazz winters, Russian winters, Spanish winters. During the current season, indubitably, the Negro is in the ascendancy. Harlem cabarets are more popular than ever. Everybody is trying to dance the Charleston or to sing spirituals, and volumes of arrangements of these folksongs drop from the press faster than one can keep count of them. At least four important white fiction writers have published novels dealing with the Negro this fall, while several novels and books of poems by colored writers are announced. Florence Mills, Bill Robinson, Taylor Gordon, Paul Robeson, Roland Hayes and Ethel Waters are all successful on the stage or concert platform. "The New Negro" should serve as the most practical guidebook to those who are interested in this popular movement.

This is, indeed, a remarkable book. I am not certain but, so far as its effect on the general reader is concerned, it will prove to be the most remarkable book that has yet appeared on the Negro. Alain Locke, the editor, has done a superb job. Basing his material on the Negro number of the "Survey Graphic," he has expanded here, cut down there, substituted in the third instance. He has put not merely the best foot of the new Negro forward; he has put all his feet forward. Herein is included, in fact, work by every young American Negro who has achieved distinction or fame in the literary world—Rudolph Fisher, Walter White, Jessie Fauset, Eric Walrond, Claude McKay, Countée Cullen, Langston Hughes, Jean Toomer and many others are represented. There are also contributions from the pens of a few of the older men, James Weldon Johnson, W. E. B. Du Bois and William Stanley Braithwaite. Several excellent reasons might be adduced to justify the inclusion of James Weldon Johnson's poem, "The Creation." Not only is it a fine poem, but also it was the poem that broke the chains of dialect which bound Paul Lawrence Dunbar and freed the younger generation from this dangerous restraint.

I think the fiction and poetry in this volume will amaze those who are



Decorations by Simmons Persons from "Mellows"

cognizant only in a vague sort of way of what Negro youth is doing. Rudolph Fisher's "The City of Refuge," which appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly" for February, 1925, is, I am convinced, the finest short story yet written by a man of Negro blood, except Pushkin, and Pushkin, save in one instance, did not write stories dealing with Negroes. It is, moreover, an ironical story, a fact perhaps worthy of note, considering that Dr. Fisher is the only American Negro story teller I know who has employed this device save Charles W. Chesnutt, a writer only too little known, especially among Negroes, who has not published a book for twenty years. "The Wife of His Youth" is an extraordinary collection of short stories. I gape with astonishment when I recall that it was published in 1899. It is no wonder that it fell flat, especially among Negroes, for Negroes are no lovers of irony. They do not, for the most part, even comprehend it and are likely to read literalness where it is not intended.

Negro sensitiveness and fear of ridicule, justifiable enough, God knows, in the circumstances, have driven many a Negro writer into literary subterfuge. Mr. Locke's reference in his preface to "the gradual recovery from hypersensitiveness and 'touchy' nerves" is both a little optimistic and a little premature. Dr. Fisher, however, has had the courage to treat his subject with the same objectivity that he might if he were dealing with Australians or Hindus. It is not likely that his work, for some time to come, at least, will be widely popular among members of his own race. I hope that any internal pressure brought to bear upon him will not cause him to deviate from his present splendid artistic purpose. It is a pity that Mr. Locke saw fit to include Dr. Fisher's "Vestiges." Inferior work, this, and an anticlimax after "The City of Refuge."

Eric Walrond is an uneven writer. A good deal of his work is actually bad; some of it is passable and a little of it brilliant. "The Palm Porch," in this collection, is by far the best story of his that I have read. It appeared originally in the "New Age" and it is worthy of appearance anywhere. It is perhaps more of a picture than a short story, but it is a picture vividly observed and set down in a coruscant and exotic style. I do not think it will be readily forgotten by any one who reads it.

Of Jean Toomer's work it is unnecessary to speak at length. The character studies included in this anthology were selected from "Cane," and they are well chosen. Mr. Braithwaite, justifiably, describes "Cane" as "a book of gold and bronze, of dusk and flame, of ecstasy and pain." Zora Neale Hurston is more or less of a newcomer. She has published comparatively little. The story in this volume, "Spunk," won the second prize in the 1925 short story contest instituted by "Opportunity Magazine." Miss Hurston may be highly commended for her intimate knowledge of dialect and for her expert use of free and natural dialogue, but her work is still somewhat diffuse in form. I think, however, that "Spunk" is far superior to Mr. Mathews's "The Fog," which won the first prize in the same contest.

Countée Cullen and Langston Hughes are the youngest and the best of the contemporary Negro poets. Both have sprung into prominence within the last year. Both are already famous. Harper's recently issued Mr. Cullen's book, "Color," and Alfred A. Knopf will presently publish Mr. Hughes's "The Weary Blues." I do not think either of these young poets is here represented by his best work, but the level is suffi-



Charles S. Johnson, editor of "Opportunity." From a portrait sketch by Winold Reiss

ciently high, in both instances, to offer a taste of their fine talents.

If I were to attempt to discuss adequately the points raised in the various articles in "The New Negro" I could fill an entire number of "Books." The opportunities for controversy are endless. I must perforce content myself with reference to a few of the more prominent papers. "The Negro in American Literature," by William Stanley Braithwaite, presents in a few pages an able survey of the range of American Negro literature from the time of Phillis Wheatley to the contemporary hour. I agree with Mr. Braithwaite's judgments in almost every respect; I would say that he lays exactly the proper emphasis where it belongs. I am especially pleased that he deals so justly with the work of Charles W. Chesnutt, a writer, I repeat, who, in spite of his faults, cannot much longer be neglected, especially by those Negroes who pretend to an interest in the striking literary figures of the race. He came, as Mr. Braithwaite explains, at the wrong time, when the world, white or black, was quite unwilling to accept a realistic representation of the Negro, more especially an ironic realism. There was a demand for the conventional comic or sentimental darkey. It was the day of Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

On one point, however, I would take decided issue with Mr. Braithwaite. He repeats the old cliché that Negro novels must be written by Negroes. Now I have said repeatedly that the Negro writer should deal with Negro subjects. In the first place, generally speaking, he knows more about them. In the second place, the Negro world, in spite of a popular misconception to the contrary, is largely unexplored, and if the Negro writers don't utilize the wealth of material at their finger tips, white writers, naturally, will be only-too eager to exploit it.

And there is no reason why the white writer should not be successful in this experiment. The difference between the races, as a matter of fact, is largely a matter of an emotional psychology, created on either side by the social barrier. Nearly all the idiosyncratic re-

actions of the Negro are caused by an extreme sensitiveness, nearly all the reactions of the white man by an excessive self-consciousness, an almost pathetic attempt to do what is decent, so often construed by the alien race as condescension or patronage. Negroes among themselves, I am inclined to believe, behave and react very much as white people, of the same class, behave and react among themselves. In this connection it is well to remember that colored owners of human property in slavery days were among the most cruel masters.

If a white writer is cognizant of these facts I see no reason why he should not undertake to write a Negro novel. Charles W. Chesnutt wrote his novels from the white point of view, and if they are not wholly successful that is not the reason. He understood the point of view well enough. No one has informed the world that Lafcadio Hearn was impertinent when he wrote about the Japanese or Marmaduke Pickthall when he wrote about the Arabs.

I confess I was somewhat startled to discover that Mr. Locke had chosen Miss Jessie Fauset to write an article about the Negro theater. If I had been the editor of "The New Negro" I am certain that she would have been about the last person I should have considered for the job. Not that Miss Fauset is lacking in literary talent; rather because I have never thought of her in connection with the theater. My pleasure, perhaps, was doubled in reading her article by the realization that Mr. Locke had been wise in selecting her to write it. It is an extremely stimulating article; ideas spring out of every line. What she has to say is originally expressed and delightfully phrased. On the whole, I think it is the best discussion of the Negro in the theater with which I am familiar.

With Miss Fauset, too, however, I must interpose a couple of objections. She states that Bert Williams became melancholy because he was constrained by the nature of his race to remain a clown. Here she overlooks a very general condition. All comedians are sad in private life. Is Miss Fauset famil-

iar, I wonder, with the well known anecdote concerning Grimaldi? Does she know anything about the personality of Charles Spencer Chaplin? It was not because of his color that Bert Williams was constrained to be funny; no such obstacle has beset the way of that fine actor Paul Robeson. The fact is that so few authentic clowns are born into the world that when one comes along no manager will consent to his appearance in other than farcical situations.

Miss Fauset states truly "There is an unwritten law in America that though white may imitate black, black, even when superlatively capable, must never imitate white," and suggestively, referring to the wide range of colors among Negroes, she pleads for a brown Othello, a yellow Butterfly, a near white Hamlet. There is certainly no cogent excuse to offer for the state of a theater which makes this sort of thing difficult of accomplishment. On one or two occasions it has actually happened. I remember Evelyn Preer's Salome very vividly to this day. The Negro writer, however, has as yet been very feebly represented in the drama; most of the successful colored plays have been written by white men. I should hate to see Negro acting talent turned in this conventional direction therefore, until the play-writing and histrionic talents of the race have been more fully exploited in actual racial fields. There will never be a true Negro theater until it is founded on racial heritage. When we have that, by all means let Negroes play anything they please; before we have that I regard it as a mistaken aim to experiment with "The School for Scandal."

Mr. Locke's paper on the Spirituals is rhapsodic and critical rather than historical. I think he is a little too condescending in his attitude toward the folk-poetry of these songs. In this respect, indubitably, they are not on an equal plane with the Blues, themselves far inferior as music. Nevertheless, it would be hard to find folk-poetry with deeper feeling or more imaginative imagery than that which exists in some of the Spirituals. He pleads for choral arrangements of the Spirituals after the manner of the arrangements Russian musicians have made of the Russian folksongs, forgetting that the Russian folksong is sung as melody, while the Spirituals, although probably created as melody, soon fell into harmonic form that they are scarcely ever sung in any other fashion in that quarter of the country where they were born. I applaud his desire to hear these elaborate choral arrangements, but there will be time enough for that after a few of them are taken down in the authentic manner in which they are at present performed in the South. So far as I know, only quartet versions—and those usually after the singing of college men—have been set down. It is well to remember that a large Negro chorus sings in many more than four parts.

There is an unaccountable omission of the name of J. Rosamond Johnson. I suppose that "The Book of American Negro Spirituals" was not yet off the press when Mr. Locke wrote this article (it is listed in the bibliography), but this is not the first work that Mr. Johnson had accomplished in connection with the Spirituals. As for "The Book of American Negro Spirituals," I should say that it has already done more to popularize these songs, not only with the great public, but also with musicians and critics, than the work of any other ten men. It is not technical books like H. E. Krehbiel's "Afro-American Folksongs" (a very faulty work, moreover, hastily thrown together from casual newspaper articles) or Ballanta-Taylor's pedantic "Saint Helena Island Spirituals" that interest the musician—unless he be

actively engaged in arranging versions of the Spirituals—it is the real thing in practical form, just as the true musician is much more interested in the scores of Mozart's operas than he is in thematic guides to them. I have seen more copies of Mr. Johnson's book on the piano racks of my musical friends during the last two weeks than I have seen of Mr. Krehbiel's book in libraries since the day in 1914 when it first appeared.

Mr. Locke supplies three other interesting and provocative contributions. In his preface he paints a brilliant picture of the general intellectual attitude of the new literary figures, contradictory at that, for the New Negro does very little group thinking. "If it ever was warrantable," Mr. Locke very sensibly says, "to regard and treat the Negro *en masse*, it is becoming with every day less possible, more unjust and more ridiculous." In another paper Mr. Locke discusses at length the subject of African primitive sculpture.

But little space remains to devote to the many other excellent papers in this volume. I should like, however, to touch on a few. James Weldon Johnson offers a picture of the growth of the new Harlem, with its economic and cultural achievements and possibilities. Dr. Du Bois is represented by a scholarly account of the American Negro's point of view in regard to the French, German, Belgian and English colonies in Africa. He points out bitterly that, while the slave trade has ended, these governments find it equally advantageous to exploit their natives in their own land. The condition remains. Elsie Johnson McDougald tells what it means to be a colored woman in the modern business and professional worlds. Walter White describes the psychology arising from race prejudice. He also goes beneath the surface and drags out the fact that this prejudice creates certain internal disagreements among the Negroes themselves. Charles S. Johnson explains why Negroes leave the South. "Enoch Scott was living in Hollywood, Miss., when the white physician and one of the Negro leaders disputed a small account. The Negro was shot three times in the back and his head battered—all this in front of the high sheriff's office. Enoch says he left because the doctor might some time take a dislike to him." He fills several pages with such incidents.

J. A. Rogers's article about jazz is disappointing and occasionally inaccurate. He has comparatively little to say about the Harlem cabarets—surely among the most interesting features of the Negro's new Mecca—and there should be a great deal more to write about W. C. Handy, the "father of the Blues," Clarence Williams and other popular composers, but I don't suppose it would be possible to do justice to all sides of the new Negro in one volume.

The bibliography, by no means complete, but certainly the most complete bibliography of the subject available, was compiled by Arthur B. Schomburg, Arthur H. Fauset and Alain Locke. The volume is bountifully illustrated with reproductions of paintings, many in color, by Winold Reiss, Miguel Covarrubias and Aaron Douglas, the last a Negro.

The latest addition to the rapidly growing literature dealing with spirituals is "Mellows," a large, handsome volume, bound in bandanas and embellished with numerous drawings in black and white by Simmons Persons. The book is the work of R. Emmet Kennedy, a white man from Louisiana. Many songs are given with piano arrangements. Most of these will be found to be perversions—nearly all of the spirituals are sung differently in

different localities—of melodies familiar in other forms. A few of them—I especially recommend "If you can't come, send one angel down"—are new and deserving of more familiarity. The novel interest in the book consists in the ingenious forewords Mr. Kennedy has supplied to each song, telling where and when and how and from whom it was recorded. This is not one of the more important books about the spirituals, but it is one of the most pleasant.

In Forgotten Corners of the World

THE BOOK OF GALLANT VAGABONDS.

By Henry Beston.
New York: George H. Doran Company. \$3.

Reviewed by
HARRISON SMITH

FOR some years the American reading public has been turning its attention to biography. The publication of "The Education of Henry Adams" in America and of Mr. Strachey's "Queen Victoria" in England has had something to do with it; perhaps our failure to develop popular novelists with something of the driving force of a Dickens or a Thackeray has had even more. At any rate, many writers who not long ago were having but slight success with fiction have abandoned it and have found in biography a fascinating and less arduous art. The vogue has gone so far that of late successful American biographers digging into the gold mine of the past find that the reserves have been depleted. Almost every one worth while, or, at least, almost every one whose name would sell a few thousand copies, has either been exploited or a claim to him has been staked off.

Henry Beston in his latest book, "Gallant Vagabonds," has pointed out a way in which the biographer may still

keep the wolf from the door without descending to literary prostitution. He has collected a group of unfamiliar ghosts whose lives were driven by winds of restlessness and has written about them so entertainingly that the reader forgets he has hardly heard of them before.

Here you will find (says Mr. Beston) gathered in their own vagabond company, John Ledyard, the runaway college sophomore who thought of walking around the world; Belzoni, the monk who became an acrobat and then an archaeologist; Edward John Trelawny, the deserter, pirate and country gentleman who came so mysteriously into the life of Shelley; Thomas Morton, the jovial Elizabethan who scandalized the New England Puritans with a May-day revel; Arthur Rimbaud, the poet, who became an African trader, and James Bruce, the sturdy Scot, who rose to be a great lord in Abyssinia.

With the exception of the French poet, all of these men whom Mr. Beston has collected have been in their graves for a hundred years. I confess to finding John Ledyard the most attractive of the lot. He came from the part of Connecticut with which I am most familiar, and I can well understand why he ran away from it. In those days before the dawn of the nineteenth century an atlas must have had an enchantment which it does not possess to-day. There were so many great spaces on the maps of which mankind knew nothing. It was this New England boy's good fortune, after he had run away from Dartmouth College, to be one of the first Western men to see that empty space that was the Pacific Coast of the great Northwest. Furthermore, he understood its significance immediately. Some day this great realm of which he saw the western boundary must belong to his own country. He spent years in trying to persuade Englishmen and Frenchmen with capital and frugal Yankee traders to send an expedition to this new territory. He ended, apparently in desperation, in an attempt to walk around the world.

A good novel could be written about any of these people. The story of James Bruce's adventures in Abyssinia is not unlike Rider Haggard in his wildest moments. Thomas Morton resembles an early Colonial Mencken, and I should be surprised if he did not have something of the same cast of countenance. Belzoni, too, would be a fascinating subject for the novelist, for he was of immense and commanding physique, a true adventurer and at the same time a great deal of a mountebank. Of the whole company Trelawny is the least interesting, and it strikes me that Mr. Beston looks upon him with too genial an eye. There seems to be very little evidence to support his romantic piratical claims and a good deal in favor of his being simply a braggart. As to his friendship with Shelley and Byron, other men have attached themselves to the great folk of the world and have been called parasites. However, to stay-at-homes of this generation all of these men who were drawn a century ago toward the blank spots on the world's atlas must appear to be heroes of romance, and Mr. Beston has been right in treating them in this vein. But there is an undercurrent in his work that makes one suspect that he could have written of them in a different manner, could have shown that from their early youth they were driven to exile and to death in the forgotten corners of the world by a complete failure to adjust themselves to their surroundings and by an unhappy desire to escape their own natures, which made them, on the one hand, failures, and, on the other, heroes. But whether these vagabonds were gallant or miserable, or both, Mr. Beston has told their tales most entertainingly.

Dear Friend

LAFAYETTE LETTERS.
Edited by Edward Everett Dale.
Oklahoma City: Harlow Publishing Company.

MOST persons will agree with Professor Dale that the discovery of Lafayette manuscripts in an Oklahoma farmhouse is an event out of the ordinary, and with eight years or so of Revolutionary anniversaries before us the papers were doubtless worth printing, even though their historical importance is slight. The papers, of which there are about a dozen, consist mainly of letters written to Captain Francis Allyn, master of the vessel which brought Lafayette to America in 1824. Only two of the letters are by the Marquis de Lafayette himself, most of the others being from his son, George Washington Lafayette, who had been sent to America for safety when a boy and had passed a year in Washington's family. With the letters appears also Lafayette's power of attorney to George Grahame, empowering him to lay out and sell the township of land in Florida which Congress had granted in partial recognition of Lafayette's services. The main interest of the letters is the light which they throw on one of Lafayette's minor friendships and the confidence with which he intrusted to his friends various matters of business or personal obligation.

December Night

By LORETTA ROCHE

Burning of icy stars,
Sweep of a zestful wind,
Hearten my strength for combat,
Steel my mind—
Whether for swift defeat
Or for a slow decay,
I know that the next sun brings me
A shorter day.



Alain Locke, Editor of "The New Negro."
From a portrait sketch by Winold Reiss