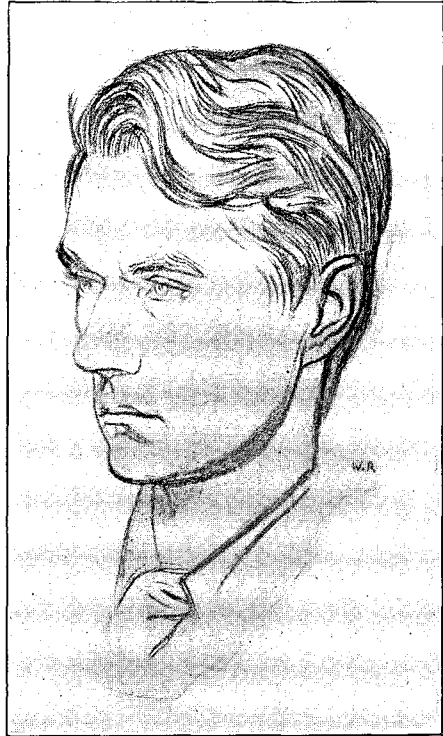


There remains to be written some day the plain, ungarnished tale of the Tired Business

Charles  
Brooks,  
T.B.M.

Man. A legend hovers about his indifference to Art, Lit-

erature, Music and the Drama, especially when the last gives scant latitude to the Frills and Frolics, the Airts and Graces of Broadway. The college bred T.B.M., however, is yet another thing again. He occasionally takes us shyly into his confidence over his hobbies indoors and out, his starved tastes and enthusiasms. For is not this a commercial as well as a Freudian age? Projected into business on leaving Yale over a ripe decade ago, Charles Brooks combined success in business with a turn for phrase, an interest in Elizabethan drama that he had rashly caught at Yale. His prosaic Cleveland evenings were devoted to the business of Literature. When his first volume of essays, *Journeys to*



JOHN DRINKWATER. FROM A DRAWING BY WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN. HIS "POEMS 1908-1914" IS DISCUSSED IN MISS RITTENHOUSE'S ARTICLE IN THIS ISSUE



E. F. BROOKS, AUTHOR OF "THERE'S PIPPINS AND CHEESE TO COME"

*Bagdad*, appeared, his business associates were sure it revealed a nefarious pursuit on a par with watered stocks or paper assets. Another volume from the Yale Press, *There's Pippins and Cheese to Come*, placed him outside the ancient and honourable order of the T.B.M. and suspicion burgeoned into distrust. The critics began to call him a disciple of Elia, and the Cleveland T.B.M. little wot that even Lamb was a slave of desk and ledger. When they find this out they will get together and found a Lamb Club to rival the Rowfant for literary suppers. Meanwhile, having proved a successful and precocious T.B.M., the renegade Mr. Brooks retired to New York's Green-



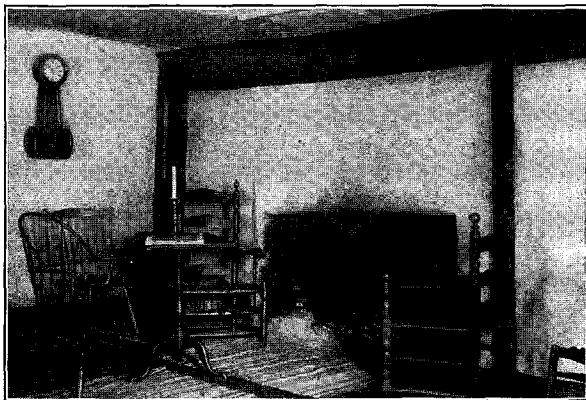
"AND THEY LIVED HAPPY. . . ." MRS. MARY L. B. BRANCH  
READING ONE OF HER OWN STORIES TO SOME LITTLE  
GIRLS AT NORTHOVER CAMP. MRS. BRANCH'S "GULD, THE  
CAVERN KING," IS REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE BY MISS ZONA  
GALE

wich Village to write more essays. At Christmas both his books sold well in Cleveland. The Cleveland T.B.M. read them to see if there were any trade secrets given away, any sly portraits of their ancient order. When the war came to New York and Cleveland, Charles Brooks, Business Man, went to the Shipping Bureau at Washington. But the Yale Press is getting ready to issue an-

other volume by Charles Brooks, Essayist.

. . .

Mrs. Mary L. B. Branch (whose *Guld, the Cavern King* is reviewed in this issue by Miss A Picturesque Trio Zona Gale) is the mother of the poet, Anna Hempstead Branch. They live in an old house in New London, Connecticut, a house



A CORNER OF THE "KEEPING ROOM" AT HEMPSTEAD HOUSE,  
THE HOME IN NEW LONDON OF MRS. MARY L. B.  
BRANCH AND HER DAUGHTER, ANNA HEMPSTEAD  
BRANCH, THE POET