

full and happy life, lost her sight. She passed from a reverie in color images and visual memories through months in a hospital and in a deathlike coma. Gradually courage came to her. This is the autobiography of a woman without self-pity, who can insist in her quiet fable of fortitude that she "did not have one single virtue that was not the result of education and of environment." But, if the story of this physician's wife lacks pathos, it lights up with human feeling and demonstrates clearly once more the value of not taking one-self too seriously under even the most tragic of circumstances.

Mr. Rhoades, the author of a number of widely read FORUM articles, served successive terms as journalist, academic head, and pastor, till he underwent the fire of a prolonged physical breakdown and incapacitation. His faith knew Joblike tests, labored, and brought forth a pyramid of spiritual comfort. Just as Mrs. Bretz has carried solace to hundreds through the story of her personal experience, so Mr. Rhoades, a lifetime student of psychology and psychiatry, conducts individual conferences and classes in thought control in the Boston Dispensary today. He holds that, "if the thought of God is nothing more than a mental opiate, you do not want the thought of God."

E. V. A.

**THESE WERE THE BRONTËS**, by DOROTHY H. CORNISH (Macmillan, \$2.50).

A fictionalized biography of the Brontë family, with Charlotte centered but Emily, Anne, and the others not neglected. Much is made of the paternal influence on Charlotte's development and also of the friendship with Monsieur Heger at Brussels. An interesting account of this extraordinarily gifted family, evincing a thorough study of sources.

D. de K.

**ON A DARKLING PLAIN**, by WALLACE STEGNER (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.00).

Mr. Stegner belongs, loosely, to the young crop of imaginative writers, newly sprouted, like Prokosch, Dan Wickenden, Millen Brand, Saroyan, etc.

Young Vickers, in 1918, fresh from war and a gassing, hikes west to the dry dust plains beyond Saskatchewan, to try to find himself far from the seeming lunacy of a lost world left behind him. How he becomes a reintegrated personality and rediscovers the need for human fellowship is the theme — the ancient one of the return of the soldier — treated not unoriginally and affording also a brief love idyll. There is much promise and some pleasant poeticizing here — and, in the story's starkness, a kind of beauty often found in etchings of winter scapes.

E. V. A.

### **The Reviewers**

GEORGE DANGERFIELD — *lecturer, critic, and writer — is the author of The Rise and Fall of Liberal England.*

ELEANOR VAN ALLEN, *an associate editor of THE FORUM, has contributed book reviews to a number of magazines and newspapers. She is a former Literary Editor of the North American Review.*

G. K. NOBLE *is Curator of Herpetology at the American Museum of Natural History.*

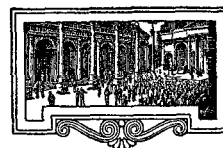
RUTH PICKERING *is a former Managing Editor of the North American Review.*

DRAKE DE KAY, *onetime editor at Brentano's, is a writer of articles and short stories.*

MARY D. EDMONDS *is a member of the teaching and advisory staff at the Ethical Culture School. She has written a juvenile, whose scene is in Newfoundland, to be published soon.*

JOHN J. SLOCUM *is a former staff member of and contributor to the North American Review.*

MARY L. ELTING, *a writer of FORUM book reviews for some time, was previously with the literary agency of Paul R. Reynolds & Son.*



## *The* **FORUM LECTURE BUREAU**

*A new service conducted under  
the auspices of*

**THE FORUM MAGAZINE**  
*offers*

**DISTINGUISHED LECTURERS**

Current Books — Foreign Affairs — Music Appreciation — Travel and Adventure — Personalities in the News — Practical Psychology — Gardening — Parole and Penal Problems — Labor and Capital — Political Profiles — Debates on Political and Social Questions.

WRITE FOR A LIST OF THE BUREAU'S SPEAKERS  
AND SUGGESTIONS

**The Forum Lecture Bureau**  
570 Lexington Avenue, New York

# Our Rostrum

*These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in THE FORUM. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.*

## TWIG VS. VERNER

To the Editor:

Though many persons in Charleston will write you that my article ["Charleston: The Great Myth," January FORUM] is false I am confident that not one will be able to say wherein it is false. I have seen the Charleston papers and though I find myself attacked because I have torn the veil from the temple not one ardent bush-beater has dealt with the article or any of its contents.

A visiting Englishman (two days in Charleston) had a great deal to say about various matters not discussed in the article and I sincerely hope that he gets at least two dinner invitations for his pains.

There have been the usual politician's answers; one lovely vista made to cover the entire city, and the mere existence of certain gentry are deemed sufficient to offset dirty politics and the rest of it.

The fact that Charleston had the first railroad terminus is the ready answer to the indisputable fact that the town is but a poor relic of what it was. "An empty cage" as James put it so many years ago.

It may interest you to know that a certain professor, retired, with all the good will in the world is going to write the "answer" to my article. This "answer" will appear no doubt in the town paper, and it does not take psychic powers on my part to predict that it will deal with every known subject of a Charlestonian nature except those put forth in the Myth article. For it is one of Charleston's undying traditions to make what charm it has cover a multitude of sins, and evasion is as good as sticking to the point.

Taken paragraph by paragraph the article defies any but the most adept evader.

I conceded Charleston's past glory and what she has left of it. Her climate is magnificent, and the surrounding country enough to repay any tourist a thousand times over. The "back road" to Summer-ville has one of the most beautiful spots in America, along the way to Magnolia Gardens, which are more ethereal than any man has yet been able to express. These things are all true, but they do not alter the fact that Charleston is not what the fabulists say she is.

With no trouble and much pleasure I could write thousands of words about Charleston and the Low Country which would please the most fervent Charlestonian or would-be Charlestonian. But none of it would refute the facts of my Myth article and neither will all the glowing, near-hysterical paeans of the myth-worshippers which my article will set to boiling fiercer than ever.

There are countless people in Charleston who are in absolute agreement with the article but who can not afford to say so publicly. Nobody knows as well as the Charlestonians themselves how true are the things that I said.

Mrs. Verner's etchings are of carefully chosen spots in a very small section of the city. Her sentimental studies would turn into social propaganda if she ever went "above the drain," and above Calhoun Street (where there is the largest section of the city) she would have to search for her material, though there are forgotten old ruins up there which would serve wonderfully for proof of what time and history has done to Charleston; stark reminders of what great old houses come to if not kept up or restored by damyankees.

Mrs. Verner should realize that no etchings of the unsung but too real Charleston exist. If they did THE FORUM would not have had to illustrate the article with one of the myth-loving school. Etchings of the real Charleston call for more vital talent. . . .

I was as surprised and as appalled as she was to see her etching within the pages of my article. I would not have consented to its presence. I collect etchings, but not hers.

EDWARD TWIG

To the Editor:

Mr. Twig's article . . . was too lengthy and monotonous to read, but I gather from the title that Mr. Twig does not like Charleston. I do. Therefore I resent having an etching of mine accompanying his text.

It is easy to understand Kennedy & Co.'s position in lending my etching. . . . I . . . feel sure it was with kindly intent. . . . Up to this time all accounts of Charleston have been uniformly pleasant, and it was naturally taken for granted that there could be no other point of view. . . .

My recently published book, *Prints and Impressions*, expresses my sentiments in regard to Charleston. Nevertheless, I would like to state publicly that the etching illustrating your article was used without my knowledge or permission.

ELIZABETH O'NEILL VERNER

Charleston, S. C.

*The Editors regret that space is unavailable this month for further discussion of the Charleston crisis. If possible, the battle will be joined once more in the April issue.*

Our Rostrum