

the palmy days of the Daly Theatre will always think of Drew as a bright particular star in that gracious and friendly company that included Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, Ada Rehan, James Lewis, and others. A long series of light dramas, widely diversified in character and including a few revivals of the older dramas, delighted audiences who came to look upon Daly's as a regular part of their lives. Those whose memory reaches not quite so far back will probably think with greatest pleasure of Drew's long run in 1896 with Maude Adams in "Rosemary," in which romance tinged with gentle sadness gave the two stars an equal share in pleasing and moving audiences. Others will remember



Underwood & Underwood

John Drew
1853-1927

most memorable of all of them was John Drew, the courteous, witty gentleman, off and on the stage.

of Lamb

E F. ABBOTT

of The Outlook

est was only superficial, after all, and that my real absorption was in the life of the mind, not the life of the body.

temporarily, my mind could be easily slipped into a coat pocket. Moreover, I sought something with a useful, literary flavor that would ease my conscience after I had enjoyed to the full the "sports" pages of the morning paper. I wished to convince that sensitive New England organ that my real taste was for the intellectual life, and that my interest in the supremacy of the "Yankees" on the diamond, in Babe Ruth's or "Columbia Lou" Gehrig's home runs, in Jack Dempsey's efforts to achieve a "come-back," in Bobby Jones's heroic pilgrimage to St. Andrews, in the defeat of the Harvard-Yale track team by their Oxford-Cambridge rivals, in the contests of Helen Wills and William Tilden at Wimbledon, in the excellent record of the Kent School crew on the placid waters of the Thames—that this inter-

Luckily for me—since the car was waiting at the door to take me to the station and there was little time for reflection or selection—I spied at once a pocket-sized little volume bound in blue and gold, one of those *bibelots* that are chosen for wedding gifts or birthday presents because of their looks and not because they possess any inherent value. In this case, however, the donor had chosen this *petit objet de luxe qui se place sur un cheminée, une étagère, etc., objet futile et de peu de valeur*, as Larousse somewhat contemptuously defines the term, more wisely than he or she knew—probably, I think, a she, if one may judge from the gilded cover and the red-lined title-page. For this dainty boudoir booklet contained twenty-seven selected "Essays of Elia." What Charles Lamb would say if he could see his "dream children" thus decked out in furbelows is not hard to imagine, for he

was the least pernickety of English writers and abhorred—no, abhorred is not the right word—rather, he habitually and quizzically laughed at affectation and artificiality.

But—to paraphrase Robert Burns—whatever may be its dress a book's a book for a' that. So I thrust the little etui-like collection of essays into my coat pocket.

Now I confess that I did this not with spontaneous enthusiasm, but under some degree of compulsion. The little book answered to the momentary requirements of space and time. With more leisure and more room, I suppose I should have chosen some other essayist than Lamb, notwithstanding the fact that E. V. Lucas, the greatest of Elia's living apostles, says that he is "perhaps the sweetest, sanest, and most human of English prose writers." I should doubtless have preferred, if they had been at hand, Augustine Birrell's "Obiter Dicta" or "Res Judicatae;" for Birrell, to my taste, is one of the pleasantest of contemporary English essayists. Birrell's portrait of George Borrow is at least comparable to Lamb's portraits of Mrs. Battle and Fanny Kelly, and—since I am indulging in the dangerous pastime of comparisons—let me add, at the risk of lese-majesty, that neither surpasses the character sketch of John Cavanagh, the handball player, by Lamb's friend Hazlitt. I have sometimes felt not quite educated up to Lamb. While in this respect I would not claim admission to William Lyon Phelps's admirable order of "Ignoble Prize Winners," I think I ought to receive a certificate of honorable mention for the confession.

On the train, when I had scanned the newspaper and finished the daily crossword puzzle—perhaps with that admission my readers will discern why my mind is not up to the highest refinements of English prose—I took out of my pocket my blue-and-gold essays with a feeling of literary self-righteousness. "Thank God," I thought to myself, "I am not as other men are who spend their railway journeys in reading the popular magazines!"

My first pleasurable surprise was to find that reading Lamb gave me some excuse for my commonplace tastes instead of making me ashamed of them. Cross-word puzzles, for example. I found two new words, both wholly unfamiliar to me, which I gladly pass on to the cross-word fraternity without definition, leaving them to look up the meanings in the dictionary, as I was compelled to do—not on the train, of course, but later. One is the verb

"endenized," which appears in the essay on "Books and Reading;" the other is the noun "neoteric," which Lamb uses in writing on "Imagination in Modern Art." If it be an educational process to learn daily something new about the novelties and flexibilities of our noble English tongue, then crossword puzzles have their place, and in this function Lamb would certainly have approved them.

My prickings of mediocrity were also soothed by finding that Lamb, "the sanest and most human of English prose writers," liked "The Winter's Tale." "Winter evenings—the world shut out—with less of ceremony," says Elia in commending books to read, "the gentle Shakespeare enters. At such a season, the 'Tempest,' or his own 'Winter's Tale.'" Now for many years "The Winter's Tale" has been one of my favorites, but I have concealed the fact because the critics have frowned upon it as a hasty and ill-constructed piece of work. Richard Grant White, one of the wisest, most accomplished, and most readable of Shakespearean scholars and critics, has this to say about the charming story of Hermione and Perdita:

He [Shakespeare] was as indifferent in regard to anachronism as he was in regard to the unities of time and place. . . . That disregard . . . culminates in "The Winter's Tale," one of his very latest plays, in which the very semblance of them is so disregarded that it affects to a certain degree even a reader's enjoyment of it.

Well, it does not affect my enjoyment of it, nor, apparently did it affect Charles Lamb's. When he was enjoying a fairy tale, he did not allow reason or logic to interfere. Indeed, he says in his chat on "Some of the Old Actors:"

"When an actor comes, and instead of the delightful phantom—the creature dear to half-belief— . . . displays before our eyes a downright concretion . . . when, instead of investing it with a delicious confusedness of the head, he gives to it a downright daylight understanding, we feel the discord of the thing. . . . We want [him] turned out. We feel that his true place is not behind the curtain, but in the first or second gallery." No, Lamb was last of all a realist. To him the imagination was not an orderly, systematic faculty. He knew how little it cares for "the unities of time and place." Otherwise he could not have tolerated the grave-digger in "Hamlet" or Autolycus, the English village clown, in a semi-classical romance. The great fact about Lamb is that his philosophy of life was that of Autolycus, who puts into a quatrain a comprehensive truth which some philosophers have failed to get into four volumes:

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

I like to think that it was Autolycus who led Lamb on stormy wintry evenings to open "The Winter's Tale" in front of "a clear fire and a clean hearth." If not a merry man, Lamb was certainly a happy one, and was buoyed by an unfailing sense of humor. When William Hazlitt made his unhappy marriage, Lamb's sister Mary was the bridesmaid and Lamb was one of the three or four guests present. He realized the misfit, which finally resulted in separation, and later he said to his friend Southey, the poet, that he was almost sent out of the room during the ceremony, for "anything awful makes me

laugh." Lamb was like Dr. Johnson and John Holmes, the younger brother of Oliver Wendell Holmes, in this respect—his devoted friends were drawn to him by a liking for his personality rather than by any conscious admiration of his literary genius. It is their humanity rather than their artistry, finished as that may be, which has drawn to the "Essays of Elia" perennially thousands of gently satisfied readers. I have already quoted E. V. Lucas; in his intimate and loyal "Life of Charles Lamb" he calls the author of the "Essays of Elia" "the most lovable figure in English literature." A high tribute! But an incident he relates goes far to justify the assertion:

Henry Ford's Apology to the Jews

HENRY FORD controls the Dearborn "Independent." By means of his organization for the distribution of his automobiles, he has a ready access to the public. His weekly journal has therefore a wide circulation and wherever it goes carries the prestige of his name. Because he has built up his enormous business upon his confidence in the common people he has established in the common people an extraordinary confidence in him. Therefore whatever appears in the Dearborn "Independent" is accepted by hosts of readers on the strength of Henry Ford's supposed indorsement. For several years the Dearborn "Independent" has carried

on a journalistic campaign against Jews. Although this campaign has been directed in particular to Jews active and powerful in what is called "international finance," it has been accepted widely as a systematic warning against the influence of Jews in general. Among those whom the Dearborn "Independent" has mentioned by name is Aaron Sapiro, who has been active in promoting farm co-operatives. Mr. Sapiro brought against Henry Ford a suit for libel. There was a mistrial. The significant facts in this case have already been reported in The Outlook. Mr. Sapiro's suit against Mr. Ford was not abandoned.

Suddenly—at least without any preliminary statements that prepared the public for it—there appeared in the newspapers on July 8 a statement signed by Mr. Ford repudiating the Dearborn "Independent's" anti-Jewish campaign and apologizing to the Jews generally for it. In that statement he says that trusted friends have assured him that the character of the charges and insinuations made against the Jews in many of the articles in the Dearborn "Independent" "justifies the righteous indignation entertained by Jews everywhere toward me." He expresses his deep mortification that the Dearborn "Independent" "has been made the medium