

turned to San Francisco, went back once more to the diggings as a trader, and thereafter busied himself about the Bay with surveying and clerical service until his return to New York.

Professor Teggert, who has edited the journal with scholarly painstaking, has reduced the original bulk of the manuscript about one-half by the omission of unimportant matter, and supplied names in place of Lyman's abbreviations. The work was well worth doing, for the diary, in addition to being entertaining reading, is an historical source of real value.

## A Gladiator of Our Time

JOHN L. SULLIVAN. By R. F. DIBBLE. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1925.

Reviewed by JIM TULLY

THE greatest test of a book dealing with a certain phase of life is whether or not sophisticated livers of that phase can call it the real thing.

I remember writing to H. L. Mencken after a chapter of this book had appeared in his magazine "It has everything but life," and after reading the entire book I have nothing to retract.

No man save Borrow has written sympathetically or knowingly about bruisers. And Borrow was liable at any time to pause in the middle of an interesting description to jabber about his pet ruin of the world called popery.

It seems that I have read somewhere that Mr. Dibble is a college professor. As such I hope he is a success. He is to be congratulated for his interest in an interesting phase of life as is evidenced by his writing of John L. Sullivan. That he did not scratch the veneer on this granite figure can be laid to his academic training. In a world that is hungry for reality, when whole patches of life forever pass into oblivion for the lack of recorders, one should not be too harsh with one who really attempted to catch a glimmer of pugilism.

The fault with this book is its lack of human interest. Mr. Dibble tells anecdotes about the obvious. We know that John L. was more or less illiterate. But he did know his stuff . . . and would that all editors and professors knew as much. Nowhere in this book could I meet the great mad blustering Falstaffian bruiser who had liquor stains on his badly fitting dress suit and who used to say to me, "Jimmy, the damned things are made for waiters to wear."

I first met John L. when I was fifteen. I was a hero worshipper then, but I had a strange gathering of heroes on my pedestals. John L. was next to Percy Shelley.

It is true that Sullivan was much of a moron. But then . . . there are delightful morons. I read books by them every day, and many of them have reviewed those that I have written. For instance, one reviewer in a western town, quarreled with me because I wrote about men who robbed potato patches and so forth.

Nowhere in the book does Mr. Dibble catch the mighty pot-bellied ex-gladiator that I knew. The moron who could knock a mule down and who lived through mud-bespattered and blood-soaked epics is certainly worthy of a Borrow—to say the least. In the first chapter we are told many sayings of John's and Mr. Dibble uses, after describing his parents, some words by Dr. D. A. Sargent.

All men, though the product of two beings are born of women, but that a woman, usually considered the weaker vessel physically should be able to impress her progeny with the strong points of her own physique, and as to enable him to meet all comers in tests of strength, skill and endurance for a term of a dozen years is, to my mind, the most valuable lesson of this man's life. If the women of the land can learn from this man's physical development how potent the influence of the mother is in fashioning and transmitting not only the refined and delicate parts of her organism but also the brawn and sinew that conquers both opponents and environments and sustains the race, John L. Sullivan will have served to illustrate a very important fact.

When I cross over the great river I'll take Dr. Sargent's words to John L. Sullivan's mother, to see if she can make anything out of them. We are also told that John could "walk at ten months and talk at fourteen." According to this logic, Aristotle must have talked when he was an hour old.

Only last week I talked over James J. Corbett's "The Roar of the Crowd" with one of the three greatest pugilists in this milk-and-water world. The great bruiser said to me: "That stuff's all right, Jim, for a Sunday-school magazine, but Corbett don't tell anything." I have used hundreds of

words and have said no more about Corbett's work than this great pugilist said.

Later on in the book Mr. Sullivan meets Cardinal Gibbons, lately of Baltimore, who says to him: "What broad shoulders you have!" "John then asked His Reverence what he thought about the art of prize fighting, and was highly pleased to receive the welcome information that 'the art of self-defense is a very manly and healthful exercise.' On parting, both men exchanged mutual compliments."

I longed in reading this book to come across one mighty tussle of great Sullivan's with Jake Kilrain of Baltimore, who had a streak of yellow that only the redoubtable Sullivan could bring out. I longed to read about Paddy Ryan and ever so many others, and their tussles with this giant. A bad poet in a poetaster age may be considered a great poet if there is no one else to compare him with. The present Jack Dempsey would have battered John L. Sullivan to the canvas any time they ever started. But yet, Sullivan is going down in history as a bruiser possibly greater than Dempsey.

I wish Mr. Dibble would have told us more about the colored Peter Jackson, one of the very greatest pugilists who ever crashed black knuckles against white mugs.

John L. Sullivan, with all his bluster, had the diplomatic gift born of the blarneyed Irish. He boastfully drew "the color line" and got away with it. Peter Jackson fought Jim Corbett a draw that lasted over sixty rounds. Jackson was a pugilist as far down the ladder then, as John L. Sullivan when Corbett beat him in twenty-one rounds. And, long having talked with old-timers who witnessed both fights, they have all told me that had Peter Jackson fought Corbett in a country ruled by black men, he would have whipped him.

Sullivan's business was fighting. A character study is only interesting according to its complexity. Mr. Sullivan was about as complex as a mule in a meadow—and Mr. Dibble wastes thousands of words in telling the perfectly obvious.

Sullivan's battle with Kilrain in the backwoods of Mississippi described in two thousand words by a writer who saw clearly and wrote vividly, would have been worth the whole book. Mr. Dibble lacked the psychology of his subject—and lacking that, he lacked all.

But the book is worth reading. It catches a faint glimmer of a phase.

James J. Corbett could have done much better in "The Roar of the Crowd." . . . he was either too cowardly or too financially shrewd to do it. He does know the psychology of his subject. Mr. Dibble did the best he could with the knowledge at hand. Some day I hope to induce Jack Dempsey to write the history of Harvard University. It will be no harder for Jack, than it was for Mr. Dibble to write of Mr. Sullivan.

Several friends of Russell Loines have thought that an appropriate way to preserve his memory would be to establish a fund, the income from which should be given from time to time to an American or English poet. The National Institute of Arts and Letters has agreed to assume charge of both the fund and the awards. All subscriptions, whether large or small, will be welcome. The plan will become effective as soon as \$5,000 has been received. A fund of \$10,000 would make possible an award of \$1,000 every two years, the committee thinking this should be the minimum award, and that the interest on the fund should be accumulated until such an award can be made. Subscriptions may be sent to The Russell Loines Memorial Fund, Jocelyn H. De G. Evans, Treasurer, care of Johnson & Higgins, 3 South William Street, New York.

The Oxford University Press announces for early publication, uniform with "Sandition" recently published, an edition of "Lady Susan," from the original manuscript. This short sketch, in the form of letters, seems to have been written by Jane Austen at about the same time as "The Watsons," the paper having the water-mark of 1805. It was first published in 1871 in the second edition of the "Memoir" by J. E. Austen Leigh. The text of 1871 contains a good many errors and omissions, and was to some extent modernized. The true text as Miss Austen wrote it is now to be for the first time published by courtesy of the owner of the manuscript, Lord Rosebery.



## The Green Hat

### CHAPTER ONE: CRYSTAL PALACE

IT was late, after midnight, when this tale begins. I had been to a party. Oh! a most salubrious party. Now hardly had my boots touched the pillow, when there was a tapping at the window. It seemed impossible to go to the window for the walls and the ceiling were full of windows, thousands of windows. That shabby little room had become a Crystal Palace.

And then of a sudden I knew there was only one window. But it went around and around most fast. That was a rapid window. I could never hope to catch it. That was a speed-window.

Then I saw it, that green hat. And there were small red elephants dancing a small red formal dance upon the brim of that hat. But, also, I saw the face under it. That was a small face, no larger than a small size in ladies' faces. And her eyes were black, blazing black, like two platefuls of that black-bean soup in the early afternoon of the second Tuesday after Quinquagesima.

She smiled at me faintly, as she rested her chin on the window-sill. For that was a most tall lady, not too tall, but just tall enough to rest her chin on the sill of that second-story window of that grubby little house in that mean lane in that place called Shepherd's Market, by the grace of God.

### CHAPTER TWO: POUR LE SPORT

"Irish," she said. "That's my name. Vaguely." "Yes, of course, vaguely," I said. "Most vaguely."

She looked at me thoughtfully. "I want a word in six letters," she whispered "Next to last letter is e, meaning futile."

"Machen," I suggested.

"Yes." Her cool sensible eyes narrowed. "Or Huxley. Why not? These writers! Just because they have the technic of the pen, they are the sooth-sayers, the truth-tellers! What nonsense! Suppose one paints divinely or sings like an angel? Do we expect from him a philosophy of life? But give a writer style, let him have a faultless how and we acclaim a priceless what."

She closed her eyes. Her slightly husky voice came dimly. "But it is mostly piffle, mostly beautiful piffle. These writers." Her voice trailed to a lovely murmur.

Suddenly she stared round-eyed over my shoulder. "There is Hergesheimer" she said in a strong clear voice, a most surprising voice. I jumped backwards. "Where?" said I, for my nerves were bad, but could see no intruder. "Where is it?" I asked trembling. "What is it?"

"Nowhere. Nothing" she said dimly, closing her eyes. "But haven't you noticed that when people discuss authors someone always says, 'There is Hergesheimer. That's all they say. Just, There is Hergesheimer. I don't know why they say it, nor what it means. No one follows it up. It seems to be the last word.'"

She roused herself. "Come with me," she said gravely. For that was a most grave lady.

"Whaff—what for?" said I with some effort.

"Pour le sport," said she. "We go into the country."

"All ri-i-te, lady" said I most meticulously.

There stood a long low grey car, gallant and suave, in the lowly silence of the Shepherd's Market night, by the grace of God. That was a brave seeming car, with a great grey bonnet with a silver stork upon it.

Maybe we hit a policeman, tossing him hundreds of miles, and the stork screamed, towns away, before he fell. Maybe a cow stared at us thoughtfully and then there was no cow, but only mince-meat. Maybe not. I cannot say.

"Can do hundred and five. Must hurry. Off to Rio Janeiro tomorrow, Napier Harpoon and I."

I thought of dark handsome shy Napier Harpoon and Venice, his wife; that Venice. On her lion's-cub head a tumult of short dusty-gold hair; on her lion's-cub face a tumultitude of broad dusty-gold freckles. Salute to Venice!



"So?" said I, "You and Napier going to Rio Jareen—Jareen—*Janeiro*. Well, well! You are most fast lady. Remind me of old friend in America, Mrs. Forrester. She was most loose lady. You're fast and loose lady. But what's hurry? Be in Rio Ja—*Janeiro* in few minutes with me instead of Napier and that'll never do. *I'm* not married."

"That's not why I choose Napier. I choose him because he'll go. You wouldn't. That determining my choice. Only that."

"But where we going, you and I?"

"To Napier's father's house to get him."

We turned. The stork flew up the curving avenue of tall trees. The stork flew up the curving avenue of Sutton Marle. The stork flew up the curving avenue of Napier's father's house. The stork flew—oh, shut up!

### CHAPTER THREE: ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND!

They were all in the drawing-room; Sir Maurice Harpoon, Hilarious Townshend, Sir Guy de Travesty, Napier and Venice. They knew our errand, but Sir Maurice received us graciously.

"Good of you to come," he said. "I say! My word! Don't you know?"

Ah, that was England! England was in the room. That was the den of the lion of England. England was fighting for its own.

Then Guy de Travesty, that slender giant with the cold, oh! so cold, eyes, the long, oh! so long, legs, and Hilarious Townshend, that old Hilarious, last of his line, oh! thank God,—those Townshends, the very essence of England, said Guy, "Oh really, you know. You can't, you know, you and Napier. Oh no, it jolly well isn't done quite like this. Channel boat, Dover to Calais, Riviera, Monte Carlo, yes, quite so. Quite all right, you know. But Rio Janeiro, oh no! Deuced bad form, un-English, what?" And Hilarious, "Hm," he said. "Hm," said that Hilarious.

She was faced by these warriors of combat. England, her England, this England, that England, the other England turned against her. But the face of Irish was very stern. That was a most stern Irish.

"Maurice," she said "And you, Guy and Hilarious. I despise England. I despise you. You're a stupid lot. You stay home in this dull England, with your own dull wives, when there are other women like me and all the beautiful world to wander in. To me, that is an absurdity. There is a better thing, a nobler thing, a more beautiful thing than marriage, than fidelity, than honour. And that is freedom, freedom from all restraints, all principles, all fidelities. And so we go, Napier and I and may God forgive you for our sins, for we never can."

"Played, madam, played indeed!" they cried. You've won! Britannia waives the rules. Take him. We're proud of you. God save the King! Beaver!!"

Ah, that was England. England was that.

And Venice, boy Venice, wife of that Napier, Venice was in high looks that night, Venice was all of a glitter. "Darling, darling, *darling*," said Venice. "Take him! I'm through. Your turn now, old bean. I'm glad, so glad, so glad. Darling, darling, *darling*." That was a most graceful Venice.

Irish took him by the hand and led him forth. We stared out into the garden at the rear red light of the car. Then it swerved, turned, its great headlights glared upon us, and upon the giant trunk of an ancient oak, straight in its path. The stork screamed. There was a tearing crash.

And now I do sincerely thank my stars that this is a novel I have set my hand to and no faithful chronicle of events for queer things may happen in a novel, which are desperately alien from the possibilities of life. For now I tell you that, as the car struck the tree, there flew from it a body of a man and it was that Napier. Unhurt, he winged his way in a vast parabola, through the open window to the feet of Venice. But he was rumpled, oh! so rumpled.

And Irish, that Irish—"You never can tell when a woman drives," said Guy de Travesty, hoarsely. "Righto!" whispered Maurice and Hilarious said "Hm." "Hm," said Hilarious.

But Venice, that Venice, screamed, "I lent her a perfectly good husband. She had him three minutes. And now look at the darned thing!"

CHRISTOPHER WARD.

## The BOWLING GREEN

### In the Mail

**A** *HEBDOMADAL* columnist should be allowed, at least one-seventh as often as his ephemeral colleague, to fill up with letters. From recent miracles of the mail we choose a few extracts, the uncensored voice of cheerful or despairing clients.

Dublin, N. H.

I have just read the Bowling Green of March 21 in which you wonder about the origin of the word *pagan*. You are quite right about the meaning, for my maiden name was Paine and my grandfather compiled a rather dreadful book called the Paine Family Register in which he claimed that our first known ancestor was Hugo de Payen (or *Pagan* in English) who lived *outside* the walls in the time of William the Conqueror, who would have nothing to do with him. I imagine all the outsiders were called Pagans and were small pickings.

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Vorden, California.

The 706 unsold copies of "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers" were not exactly shipped back to Mr. H. D. Thoreau. He went after them with a wheelbarrow, and made this entry in his journal: "I now have a library of nearly nine hundred volumes over seven hundred of which I wrote myself."

WILLIAM W. ELLSWORTH.

✻ ✻ ✻

Long Beach, California.

The students of the Long Beach Polytechnic High School have this year dedicated their annual to the Spirit of Americanism. To make this emphasis more living and vital, will you send us your own brief, personal definition of Americanism? We shall be most happy to have this inscribed in our annual.

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Philadelphia.

Won't you write a Bowling Green about Arthur Machen? Nothing really has been said about him yet. Adjectives are ridiculous. Symbolism, mysticism, a parable, must be the praise suitable to his genius. Assuming, of course, you also worship lonely ecstasy.

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Boston, Mass.

I am desolated to have to reply to your letter that "The Trotty Book" died of inanition several years ago. Apparently all demand for it had ceased, and the plates were, I believe, subsequently melted.

[It would interest us to know whether our clients do not believe that "The Trotty Book," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, should be revived?]

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New York.

Have spoken to Jack Conway of the story you would like from him. He will write it but probably write you first to get exactly what you want. It strikes me that if you will tell Jack to make the story characteristic and in the vernacular it may prove something of a novelty to that high hat bunch which seems to be reading the *Saturday Review*.

SIME SILVERMAN.

(Editor of *Variety*)

[We print this to remind Jack that we haven't heard from him, and we greatly desire his piece. Vernacular as possible. The h. h. bunch needs it badly.]

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Philadelphia.

I am still here at Independence Hall but we have lost two of our number since the 3 Hrs for Lunch Club was here from N. Y. Samuel Knox a guard who was here for 24 years died, you knew him as he sat in the little office near the Liberty Bell he kept a diary and we often went to him to find out what had past during the year, and prominent people that came to see the Bell, Mrs Stanley was one of our old employe she was here for 17 years as a sweeper and cleaner and Blind Al who had the paper stand on the corner of 5th and Chestnut died during the summer we miss the sound of his cane

on the front pavement as he went for his papers, he told me he sold more papers when our President Garfield was killed than any newsey in Phila.

FRED ECKERSBERG.

Engineer, Independence Hall

Italy.

This is a purely Italian hotel and the racket in the sala after dinner is terrific. In all other respects this is an admirable joint and we are in luck. We have three big corner rooms and a magnificent bathroom (a boon in Italy) and our total bill including washing and everything else is around 2000 lire a week, or \$85 at the present exchange. There are seven of us.

I spent four or five days tramping over the mountains and by the sea. The weather has been simply Heavenly. The children are now old enough to take all day walks with me, and it's enchanting to see them skipping over the mountain paths. To carry our lunch with us and spread it out on a table under an arbor outside a little osteria in the hills, and with wine and water to drink—their little cups of happiness slop right over. Old contadini come out of their houses perched precariously on the mountain sides and give them oranges. Crocuses, primroses, violets, scabious and heather, all blooming together in the hollows. And the sea from those heights! The horizon disappears and the fishing boats with lateen sails coming in wing and wing are like butterflies suspended in mid-space.

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Boston, Mass.

Yesterday we splashed through the rain to hear Heifetz. You know Symphony Hall I suppose? If you don't . . . inside is a tall angular room with steep carved grey walls and thick crusts of gold here and there like a hat-shop. High, high above those ranks of respectfully listening chairs burst star-shells of lights; Fourth o' July rockets that are associated with indistinct far-away hot nights when one was allowed to stay up. Then there are Kleig lights over a bare lonely stage and a great black Steinway. Then that little rough-voiced school bell, or no, it is like a Fifth Avenue Tower Signal and the conversational traffic is halted. Out of a tall doorway comes the little stuffed dummy one had remembered as a lean smoulder-eyed boy. He has become a miniature Balieff without the smile. The man at the piano plays "I'm coming" from "Old Black Joe." Quick is little Jascha's hesitant thread of echo. And then, he gathers up. We are like so many balloons each spinning on its own string, bobbing and dipping separately on the current of sound; all tethered together to that bow. Ecstasy, surprise, dismay . . . exquisite unhappiness . . . little chipped icicles . . . the sudden drop through space to silence. Jascha bending grave obeisance to his fiddlestick. Applause, a cavalcade of smart trotting over a bridge. Jascha stomping out stiff-necked. The audience is not dismayed. The program is over but they know he will come back. Only one hat settles itself over the neat brown corrugated box of hair and goes out. The little dusty-haired mannikin again. Her eyes are enigmatic. "Very well. You have had your little chill niceties. You want more. Then, you will take what I give you. Wait." A defiant lift of head and the small scornful shadow of smile vanishes. A slow wheeling, the rush of cold wind, a hot burst of shattered dimensions and a singing, singing, singing. A clatter of hands and feet, a sudden ruffle of uncomfortable comment and we are hurried panicky into the wet.

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Tacoma, Wash.

"Write one of the editors about the *Saturday Review*. Tell him what you don't like."

The piffling, pedantic, patronizing patter of "The Bowling Green."

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West Hoboken, N. J.

I have written you twice in the past two months and not having received any reply, I am writing again.

I have tried to tear from your bosom, the hiding place of Calverley's "Ode to Tobacco," which you refer to in one of your essays.

Trusting that I will meet with success this time.

[I haven't answered this letter, believing that eventually our friend might be penetrated by the revolutionary idea of going to a library and finding it in Calverley for himself.]

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.