

## Points of View

### An Open Letter

Dear Canby:

I've noted, though not with concern, That the publishing worm is beginning to turn.

It's quite a performance. The worm is immense.

(That word's in the old Scandinavian sense.) It's hissing and writhing and making a mess In machine-made porters of the Suburbane Press,

And as I'm the butt of its jury sublime, I suppose I had better acknowledge my crime, Viz: Some weeks since I did not entirely "enthuse,"

As the blurbs say, on Morley's last child by the Muse,

Which seemed to me then, and which seems to me still,

Though sweetly conceived and delivered with skill,

Its delicate promise not quite to fulfil.

I've said it before, and I'll say it again That Morley has elegance, feeling, and brain.

He's uncommonly nice and uncommonly sane.

But concerning his publisher, it is too plain That these are positions we cannot maintain.

Now that critics are often and notably wrong

I have frequently stated in prose and in song. But the fact is they've singled me out for attack,

For I was not in tune with the clack of the claque,

And Hence I have Doublenight Leaf on my back.

They will hang, draw, and quarter, skin, dry, and impale,

They will twist off my tail, they will land me in jail,

They will serve me on toast like a portion of quail,

They will weigh me, and certainly joggle the scale,

To kill my opinion, which they'll do without fail,

If it takes their last dollar to drive the last nail,

Because—— I perhaps put a crimp in the sale.

Hence they start a symposium, where I am not quoted,

But am simply to special distinction devoted, Held up as the mark and the target-in-chief,

For—— not fully agreeing with Doublenight, Leaf.

Hereafter if any one says of a book That he doesn't quite fancy its lore or its look,

With the best haste he may, let the guy get away,

For Doublenight, Leaf have the goods—and they'll pay.

And furthermore this is the step that they've planned,

As an integral part of the law of the land, That whenever they publish a work wet

or dry, The public by statute are ordered to buy, So that rich man and poor man and beggar and thief

Will swell the exchequer of Doublenight, Leaf.

So much for a method which I must condemn.

If they go for me, by God I'll go for them. If they have the money, God give me the wit.

And they're quite big enough for a palpable hit.

I'll trust to my brains, let 'em trust to their beef.

There's Roland for Oliver, Doublenight, Leaf.

And pray say to Morley: "I make these amends

You're the finest of fellows the finest of friends.

There's nothing I'd hate more than injuring you,

Save stating in print what I didn't think true.

But Doublenight, Leaf shall not write my review,

In which I am sure you'll agree with me too.

You've the gift and the humor, the verve and the stuff

To care more for frankness than puff or than bluff."

So, dear Canby, I wind up this rhyming epistle.

As for Doublenight, Leaf and their kind, let 'em whistle.

My position's unshaken, however mistaken, I am, with the kindest regards,

LEONARD BACON

(This Open Letter, which Mr. Bacon desires us to publish, has reference to the controversy over his review of Christopher Morley's "Thunder in the Left," published in *The Saturday Review* for December 5th. —The Editors.)

### Women

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*: Sir:—

After publishing that seemingly disingenuous review by Stark Young of Mr. Tarkington's "Women," with its evidently disingenuous headline, "Women Made Simple" don't you think you owe it to your feminine readers to get some one who understands women and also Mr. Tarkington's subtlety and humor, to review the book again? Some women perhaps, like Alice Duer Miller? Or even another man, like Julian Street? I have not the pleasure of knowing either Mrs. Miller or Mr. Street, excepting as I know Mr. Young—through printed articles, but I am confident they will get more from the book about women than Mr. Young's confessed findings that they can be "generous, petty, pretty, illogical, sudden, sweet," etc.—judging, he says, from "traits" set forth by Mr. Tarkington,

which Mr. Young calls "wholly safe insights."

No one could adequately or interestingly review this book who regards it in the light of "placid fragments" of stories "variously fair," or whose sense of humor suggests such similes for the "human life" (the quotation mark in every case Mr. Young's own insights) in the book as "the best plumbing in suburban homes," and Mr. Tarkington's "working knowledge" as a "waterworks" or "lighting system" which Mr. Young knows "pleasantly and without much wonder." If this is all he knows and all he wonders about the book, can I be blamed for questioning the quality of his "humor" and even for questioning the ingenuousness of his praise—stories "prettily ended," "a book now and again prettily written?"—what sort of enlightened criticism is this for *The Saturday Review* to be printing?

As we women say, "Imagine any man presuming to write a review of "Women" who selects the story—delightful to be sure—as "the best by far in the book"—the story of a sixteen-year-old school-girl and a professor. And imagine passing "Sallie Ealing" by without a word! And "Amelia Battle" and "Julietta Voss!" and all this, too, after he had complained of Mr. Tarkington's "scattering detail and social rambling."

Come, Mr. Editor! we women and Mr. Tarkington deserve better at your hands than a review which is full of flippancies and innuendoes which we don't consider worthy either of us or the book!

Sincerely yours,

ELZIABETH STANLEY TROTTER  
Chestnut Hill, Pa.

### Trade Winds

JOCUNDA had gone out to visit a near-by garage in search of some essence for her Dunhill cigarette-lighter. She had finally discovered that it did not work by magic but merely by gasoline, which caused young Amherst to accuse her of having a Mediæval and Unscientific Mind; the most damaging accusation that can be made against a young woman of her temperament. While she was gone I noticed Master Amherst furtively studying George Chappell's sprightly little book "The Restaurants of New York." I believe he was looking for some new place to take Jocunda to dinner. I don't insist on their working in the evenings, but I find they often come back to the shop about 9 o'clock to submit for arbitration some topic on which they have quarreled; such as whether the halitosis ads or Fannie Hurst's story in *Liberty* is the more deplorable. To hear them at it, in the full stream of controversy, you would think they were about to part forever; and I should never dare, in Dr. Canby's magazine, quote some of their angry young candors about authors and bob-lishers (as they call them; there is some secret joke in this that I have not been admitted to). But I notice that after a good set-to they depart quite cheerfully for one more caper at the Cave of the Fallen Angels or some such queer place.

But this time Jocunda was in a pensive mood; perhaps something in Young Amherst's comments had pricked the very sensitive pulse that tingles inside these apparently insulted youngsters. Amherst had compared her mind, I think, to the foam on a glass of near-beer; not even worth the trouble of blowing away, he said. And when she came back she looked over my shoulder and saw the inscription that a friend of mine had written in a book he gave me for Christmas. It said:—

CARISSIMO SUO  
P. E. G. QUERCO  
HOC  
AMICITIAE PIGNUS  
NEC NON  
CONTRA OPTIMISMUM  
MUNIMENTUM  
A. G.  
DONUM DEDIT

She looked at this with all her curiosities aroused.

"What's the book, P. E. G.?" she inquired.

I showed her the title, "Speculum Mentis," by R. G. Collingwood, Oxford University Press; and a devilish interesting book it is too, though I haven't seen any of the journals review it. Neither the inscription nor the title seemed to mean much to her.

"I wish I'd had a good Danish education," she said, "so I could read that right off."

"It's not Danish, old thing," said Amherst. "It's Latin."

She held herself in well, I'll say that for her.

"Carissimo suo, I can make that," she said, "and it's just what you are, you old sportsman; but what's this *pignus*; and the *necon*; that's a double negative, I suppose.

Why didn't I get the hang of these things at Vassar?"

"To his well-loved Quercus," I translated, "this token of friendship, specially as a safeguard against optimism, A. G. gave as a gift"

She calmly took the volume from me and began turning over the pages.

"Say!" she cried. "This is good! Listen to this: *But there remains a difference between our age and earlier ages, a special maladie du siècle which is endemic among us and which we can detect if we compare our own society with that of former times. If, for instance . . . And golly, get this bit: There is no truer and more abiding happiness than the knowledge that one is free to go on doing, day by day, the best work one can do and that this work is absorbed by a steady market and thus supports one's own life. The man who is rich enough to work unnoticed and unrewarded is by comparison a savage; the man who can only do his own work by stealth when he has won his daily bread elsewhere is a slave.*"

She paused.

"That's rather different from what I thought it was going—but it's true!" she exclaimed in excited confirmation. Her quick eye ran farther down the page and discovered something about "the mediæval mind." She read it, half aloud; decided she did not quite understand it, and shut the book with a resolute snap, holding it tightly to her shallow little bosom.

"You'll have to lend it to me," she said. "Just for tonight, P. E. G. I want to find out about this Mediæval mind business. Isn't there something else you could read for one night? I'll lend you my Woolworth copy of "In His Steps," and you know you ought to go over that list of remainders from the Syndicate Trading Co. This is going to do me a lot of good. Philosophy is really exciting, and it'll maybe restore my illusions."

"She's been crazy all afternoon," said Young Amherst. "A fellow was in here telling her about an author she specially admires, how he had sciatica lately and crawled about the floor groaning in a union suit with an electric pad on his back, plugged in to the electric light chandelier; like a dog on a chain. She says it destroyed her ideal of her favorite novelists, she will always have to think of him in that lamentable posture. But if her ideals about literature are going to be shattered as easily as that, think what'll happen if she reads some of Ernest Boyd's "Portraits."

"Or this, from the *Publishers' Weekly*," I said, getting out a paragraph I had marked. *A bookseller in a small industrial city finds the social pages of the local newspapers very helpful. He follows up the marriage announcements and finds out whether the newlyweds are to keep home. If so, they receive a call or a personal letter, or both, urging them to maintain high standards of culture in their home, and reminding them of the value of good books.* "How'd you like to start a follow-up system like that for me? If we hustled a bit we might do some real business."

"Call up the Rhinelanders," she said, "and sell 'em a copy of The White Blackbird. Oh, I think you're beastly, both of you."

"How about the Russian fun for dinner?" said Amherst. "Chappell says lots of literary people go there and we can watch their table manners."

"Dinner? Nix!" she said. "I'll snatch a sandwich and go home and read. A safeguard against optimism!"

She patted my shoulder lightly, as if to express her apology for taking a liberty; but I could see that something in her ardent and troubled spirit wanted that particular book. She took it and went, and I turned back to my memoranda of some things that interest me. For instance, that The Chaucer Head bookshop, 32 West 47, calls the Nonesuch Press Shop "the most important book of 1925," and offers for \$7.50 Floyd Dell's copy of "The Green Hat." That Messrs. Dauber and Pine have opened a charming new shop at 66 Fifth Avenue, "manned with courteous bibliophiles and connoisseurs." That E. D. North, of 587 Fifth Avenue, celebrates the 200th anniversary of "Gulliver's Travels" (1726) by offering a First Edition for \$250. That Meredith Janvier in Baltimore has the almost equally rare First of Doughty's "Arabia Deserta" (1888.) That Newman F. McGirr, 107 South 22, Philadelphia, is one of the few booksellers who can write good verse. And that the delightful Edgar Wells of 41 East 47 hires a charming assistant chiefly to have him smoke rich pipe tobaccos in the shop, which is good, savory and preservative for the old leather bindings.

P. E. G. QUERCUS

American Political Leaders Unite in Praise of

# JEFFERSON & HAMILTON by CLAUDE G. BOWERS

**Senator Borah:**

"More fascinating than fiction and more instructive than the most profound treatise on government."

**Hon. John W. Davis:**

"No lover of America and no student of American politics can afford to overlook it."

**Franklin D. Roosevelt:**

"It would be a supreme contribution to current thought if the simple historic facts of this book could be learned in the newspaper editorial rooms as well as in the homes and schools of America."

**Illus. FOUR PRINTINGS IN FOUR WEEKS! \$5.00**

**HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY**

**Hon. Wm. G. McAdoo:**

"Bowers has the art of making dead people live and move as flesh and blood again. . . . He reveals a more comprehensive knowledge of the importance of practical politics . . . than any writer of his time."

**Former Sen. Beveridge:**

"The best story of the origin of Jeffersonian democracy that has been published. Mr. Bower's narrative is like that of an absorbing novel. . . . Here is a book that combines the art of Stevenson, the touch of Strachey, the learning of Channing."



# The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

## Belles Lettres

ENGLISH SATIRE AND SATIRISTS. By HUGH WALKER. 1925. \$3.

Although satire has played a less important role in English literature than in some others—notably Latin and French—it manifestly deserves more thorough critical treatment than it has yet received. The present volume by Dr. Hugh Walker of Cambridge will do much to fill the gap. The reader will find in it a conscientious and accurate account of the relevant facts in the history of English satire from its beginnings to the close of the nineteenth century, together with a careful notation of the institutions and customs at which this satire has been mainly directed. Dr. Walker, however, sometimes writes as if he were the first person who had ever ventured into literary criticism. The book is of a type which, when produced in America, receives the patronizing comment of English reviewers to the effect that its exposition of the obvious is due to the low state of American culture. One wonders what, in an English writer, is the explanation of many such passages as these. (Of Pope) "As a poet, it is his special praise that he carried his own particular style to perfection. Of his numerous imitators none ever equalled him." (Of Byron) "Don Juan, though a work of high genius, is also the work of a vicious man." (Of Samuel Butler) "Yet surely human history proves that the establishment of the family on the basis of monogamy is the greatest step forward ever taken by man. But perhaps Butler did not mean what he said."

THE COMIC AND THE REALISTIC IN ENGLISH DRAMA. By John B. Moore. University of Chicago Press. \$2.

## Biography

PORTRAITS OF A HALF CENTURY. By SAMUEL L. POWERS. Little, Brown. 1925. \$3.

Here is a striking vindication of "the dynamic force of New England's Brahmin blood." Mr. Powers is of the aristocrats of democracy. Generous, cultivated, and perceiving, he turns his thoughtful eyes back over the scene of seventy years to give us introduction to a distinguished company. He is a gentleman writing of his peers; perhaps for that reason his kindly portraits are unblurred by any of that conscious or unconscious hope for reflected glory which often mars reminiscences. Nor has he any affectionate weakness for his own less significant memories. The reader is presented, as by a gracious common acquaintance, to a choice circle that includes lawyers, orators, and business men, four governors of Massachusetts, and three presidents of the United States. His revered friend Henry Ward Beecher is studied with penetration. Perhaps most interesting of all is the appreciative estimate of Evarts, that figure which so long dominated the American bar. Here is the ready and humorous wit, culled in anecdote, the almost paternal kindness which welcomed young Powers to his profession, and in the defense of Beecher, the amazing intellectual and emotional reach of the great orator. It is, all in all, a portrait not soon to be forgotten.

Yet the book is more than a group of likenesses of "brave men and strong, earnest in action, loyal and devoted to country and mankind." Behind all these fine figures of American leadership, drawing them together into a deeper significance, one discerns the moving force of that high tradition out of which our American democracy sprang. Mr. Powers has, perhaps unwittingly, written an illuminating commentary on the part of New England in that tradition, and its influence on the development of the nation.

TWENTY YEARS OF MY LIFE. By LOUISE JOPLING. Dodd, Mead. 1925. \$5.

Mrs. Jopling has compiled, with obvious zest, as piquant a book of artistic and literary recollections as one could ask for, to beguile a leisure evening. The manner is subjective, feminine, full of charm, spiced with personalities. An artist of recognized standing herself, she counted among her intimate friends "Jimmy" Whistler and John Millais, Tadmara and Lord Leighton, as well as Oscar Wilde, Irving, and Ellen Terry, Tosti, W. S. Gilbert, and the Lindseys. Her clever pen catches the subtle tone of an occasion, the glamour of a "varnishing," or the individual twist of a character, so that even when her observations are un-

important they are never dull. Hers is a book full of good company, observed with a writer's eye and enlivened by her own gay spirit.

FROM PRESIDENT TO PRISON. By FERDINAND OSSENDOWSKI. Dutton. 1925. \$5.

This book is the story of the writer's adventures in Manchuria at the time of the Russo-Japanese war of 1904. It is written in the same manner as the previous books of Ossendowski. As fiction it is entertaining, somewhat romantic, and amusing. However, what was a novelty in "Beasts, Men and Gods," through repetition of the method of writing, has become here less interesting and somewhat tiresome. Dr. Ossendowski seems to forget that anything that is repeated many times is doomed to lose its attraction and enchantment. For this reason the book is neither as thrilling nor as colorful as his previous books. It is a pale shadow of "Beasts, Men and Gods" and "Man and Mystery in Asia." As a factual chronicle, the book, like the preceding works of the author, has little if any value. No one of Ossendowski. As fiction it is entertaining, accurate description of what has really happened. The element of imagination is much greater than the element of reality in all his writings. If we were to believe the author we should have to grant that he was a dominating figure in the Russo-Japanese war and in the Russian Revolution of 1905. There is no need to say that such was not the case.

CHARLES BUDENBACH. By Charles A. Place. Houghton Mifflin. \$15.  
ISRAEL ELIYAHU AND CADWALLADER WASHBURN. Compiled by Gaillard Hunt. Macmillan. \$3.50.  
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF RICHARD DAXTER. By J. M. Lloyd Thomas. Dutton. \$3.  
THE TRUE STEVENSON. By George S. Hellman. Little, Brown. \$3.50 net.  
MR. SECRETARY WALSINGHAM AND THE POLICY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH. By Conyers Read. Harvard University Press. 3 Vols.  
THE HOLLANDERS IN AMERICA. CATALOGUE 518. By Martinus Nijhoff. The Hague. Nijhoff.  
REYSBROECK, THE ADMIRAL. By A. Wauther L'Aygalliers. Translated by Fred Rothwell. Dutton. \$5.  
WHAT THEN MUST WE DO? By Leo Tolstoy. Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

## Drama

THE STORY OF THE SAVOY OPERA IN GILBERT AND SULLIVAN DAYS. By S. J. ADAIR FITZ-GERALD. Appleton. 1925. \$3.50.

The Right Honorable Tay Pay O'Connor, M. P., has written an introduction (a brief one of two pages) for this book, commending Mr. Fitz-Gerald as thoroughly fitted to write it. He rehearses his own acquaintance with the plays and personalities of the famous Gilbert and Sullivan. Mr. Fitz-Gerald, who follows, gives us a thorough account of the operas' origins and full details of their production. He also gives us all the original casts of the first-night of each opera. His is a valuable reference book to all who wish to make a thorough study of the Savoy opera. It is sprinkled with many amusing anecdotes. It is the work of an experienced singer, comedian, and journalist who has long established himself as an authority on theatrical matters and particularly upon all the works and ways of Sir W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Will light opera ever again see such lyrics or hear such wonderfully appropriate music? From that famous March evening in '75 at the "Royalty," when "Trial by Jury" took the audience by storm, two new and brilliant literary and musical stars swam in the ascendant. Mr. Fitz-Gerald points out how Gilbert began to "plagiarize from himself" in the sense that "Pinafore" grew out of Captain Reece of the "Bab Ballads," and "The Baby's Vengeance" was utilized for "The Gondoliers." And he has many other original and interesting comments to make. The book is thoroughly documented.

THE DISCOVERY. A Comedy in Five Acts. By MRS. FRANCES SHERIDAN. Adapted for the Modern Stage by Aldous Huxley. Doran. 1925. \$2.

There is a great deal of freshness and charm about "The Discovery" in its original form. The comic relief provided by the bickering Lord and Lady Flutter who become the warmest of lovers, and the affected but not vicious oddity of Sir Anthony Branville projected the play into immediate success. Even the rather slight plot of the original play gave opportunities for excellent acting. The characterization—as it

should be in a good play—is better than the story. Lord Medway, despite his long-enduring and charming wife, fosters the breach between the young Flutters in order to draw the wife to his arms. A long course of fashionable debauchery has so reduced his moneys that he induces his soldier son to propose for the wealthy widow Knightly's hand, and orders his daughter to accept the pompous but wealthy Sir Anthony. Not the least delightful thing in the old play is the interest aroused in the real loves of the son and daughter, for the Colonel loves the younger sister of the outspoken captivating Knightly, and the daughter loves the absent nephew of Sir Anthony. It is easy to point out now the chief weakness of the comedy—the daughter's suitor does not appear, so the audience was deprived the pleasure of seeing her melt, or more likely, rush into his arms.

This lack, Mr. Huxley remedied immediately. Thus the disagreeable stain in the early play is eradicated. At the same time the acting possibilities are heightened, as they are further by the introduction of a creditor of Lord Medway's, who humorously abates his claim to have his debtor stand as godfather to his latest.

Without reference to the original, it is impossible to determine exactly where the adaptations and additions of Mr. Huxley begin and end. The final curtain of the early play shows Lord Medway proclaiming himself a reformed man. This conclusion is, of course, too sentimental for today; therefore Mr. Huxley (so much more careful are we of words than of things) announces his reformation in indirect phrases several speeches before the conclusion of the last act. Having done that, he was put to it for a good last bit. The dance—evidently a country dance, since the Creditor insists upon one—seems a noisy and agitated ending to this comedy of refined manners.

To us, part of the charm of the eighteenth century is its artificiality. We all know that plays then had their prologues and epilogues.

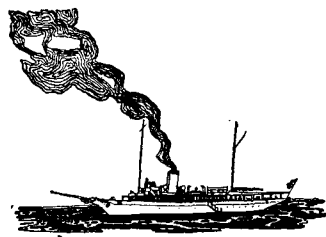
## Fiction

PORTRAIT OF A MAN WITH RED HAIR. Doran. 1925. \$2.

Hugh Walpole claims only "readability" for his latest novel, "Portrait of a Man with Red Hair." In a recent tilt with

(Continued on the next page)

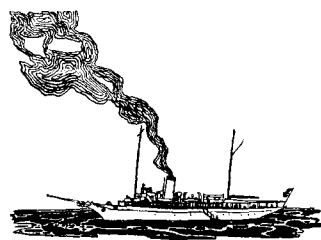
## Why this book is a London best seller



## THE CLIO

A Novel by  
L. H. MYERS  
Author of "The Orissers"

Charles Scribner's Sons announce that the novel which has scored so marked a success in London is now on sale in all American bookstores.



\$2.00  
AT ALL BOOKSTORES

EDWIN MUIR in the NATION AND ATHENÆUM  
"The Clio" is a brilliant, enticing, witty and profound work. His thought is so fascinating and profound, and has such resource behind it, that it is a continuous delight."

THE OBSERVER

"Mr. Myers's new book will not disappoint those who expected great things from the author of 'The Orissers'. Mr. Myers has a humour and a deep humanity which are his own. His book has great richness; it is strange and haunting, while there are passages which suggest to one that Mr. Joseph Conrad has left a successor."

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

"The work of a penetrating writer who shows that he can happily blend acuteness with gaiety and humour with truth. . . . What Mr. Myers has contrived to do, without any solemnity or aping of Conrad, is to convey the effect which a tedious proximity to virgin forest has upon these brilliant beings."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

"Mr. Myers stepped at once into the first rank of contemporary novelists a year or two ago with 'The Orissers'. A fine intelligence has here expressed itself in scores of reflective passages and swift generalizations. Mr. Myers is a thinker and a wit."

H. C. HARWOOD in THE OUTLOOK

"So extraordinary are his imaginative force and intellectual acumen that he from time to time awes the reader. The actual writing is direct, with the peculiar Myresque quality of striking to the heart before the senses are aware."

THE SKETCH

"Mr. Myers has the infallible air of the consultant without his professional discretion. It would be a bad business to skip through 'The Clio'. Words are measured, weighed and meticulously dovetailed into their place. It is an audacious affair; a trip (in more than one sense) back to the jungle."