

## SEARS SOLILOQUIES

MR. KEATS, a young man with long hair and a musical mind, wrote a piece once about an urn from Greece. One line in it will perhaps last forever. Speaking of love and other things, he refers to them as "forever warm and still to be enjoyed." Mr. Bain, a professional gentleman, with a clear mind wrote a book concerning the Emotions and Will, in which he said that the emotion of pursuit was the greatest thing in all life. Mr. Stevenson, of Scotland, an invalid with a singing heart, wrote a piece in which he said, "It is better to travel hopefully than to arrive."

All of these mean the same thing.

Barring morons, we are all trying to accomplish something; and when that thing is accomplished we become unhappy unless we can repeat it or go after something else—a meal, a show, a girl, a business, a game, a book. This is the open season for birds and for books. They, too, are what Messrs. Keats, Bain and Stevenson referred to. If they are what is called good books, they are forever warm and still to be enjoyed. They invariably contain from beginning to end a pursuit, and no one will deny that it is better to be reading them than to have finished them.

Hence the following:

*Pennagan Place* is a novel by Eleanor Chase which you will regretfully finish. That terrible old man, Giles Pennagan, at 75, is younger than all his children and grand-children; and no one will deny that he has a 100% emotion of pursuit. *A Maid and a Million Men* by James G. Dunton is all pursuit; and the girl is full of the spirit of youth. By chance she finds herself in the Army impersonating her twin brother as a doughboy. All through this delightfully naughty book, she has the most amusing experiences. You are a little regretful when the book has to end, in spite of the fact that she pulls through safely. You enjoy traveling with her and her million men. *The Hell-Roarin' Forty-Niners* is a series of graphic pictures, drawn by Robert Welles Ritchie, of that amazing emotion of pursuit which led men, adventurous and otherwise, and women, scarlet and otherwise, not to mention the world generally, to rush to California in the search of gold. What a picturesque human thing it was! There will be nothing like it again in our day.

*The Cobra Candlestick* by Elsa Barker is the pursuit of a detective for criminals—so typical of Mr. Bain's theories that once started you cannot leave it. It is the November selection of the Detective Story Book of the Month Club, chosen from all current detective tales. *Tracking Down the Enemies of Man* is typical of the writing of these three men referred to. Dr. Arthur Torrance, the author, a tropical disease research explorer, having finished all these adventures in Africa, India, Siam, Cambodia and hastily read his proofs is off again in search for more deadly flies, mosquitoes and buzzing enemies of man in his splendid pursuit of the great plagues that infest the earth.

*The Romance of an Art Career!* What a pursuit forever warm and still to be enjoyed. *Joseph Cummings Chase*, the author and well known portrait painter and lecturer on art almost repeats Stevenson in showing how much more interesting the actual painting is than the completed result. You no sooner finish than you begin again, hoping always to improve. And he shows how it can be done. *Samson* is a novel by Robert Collyer Washburn, again of pursuit. *Samson*, trying to reform the world and chasing Rachel, Delilah and the others. Change the names and date it today and you have our own pursuits and travels mirrored with humor and satire. There are many others; but these have been carefully selected. *Move Over* by E. Pettit and *Ladies in Hades* by Frederic Arnold Kummer are still the causes of pursuit on the part of the public—more editions, more readers. It is better to print more editions than to arrive at the last one. *Man's Grim Justice* is the autobiographical story of a strange life. In this case the pursuit was that of the criminal for pocket picking and safe cracking. But prison life was not good enough for Jack Callahan, the author, and he started running straight on another and better journey upon which he is still travelling.

We in this day and country are rushing along on a amazing journey fascinated with the end in view, getting all we can out of it day by day—idealism and progress—hearts in heaven and feet on the earth. That is the essence of these books and all others that are as well considered and as well done.

J. H. SEARS & COMPANY, Inc.  
Publishers

114 East 32nd Street, New York

## Points of View

## Editions of "Typee"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:  
SIR:

May I use your columns to add a minor item to the bibliography of Herman Melville? I am not, heaven knows, a bibliographer, nor even a close student of Melville, but I have recently had occasion to examine various editions of "Typee" and so am able to supply one of the corrections for which Mr. Meade Minnegerode, the official bibliographer, asks in his "Some Personal Letters of Herman Melville; and a Bibliography." My examination was made in response to the request of Mr. Robert S. Forsythe that I look at the various Melville firsts in Harvard College Library. Mr. Forsythe, who is Professor of English at the University of North Dakota, is an authority on Melville and is at present editing a new edition of "Typee." He agrees with the conclusions I asked permission to publish here.

According to Mr. Minnegerode, "Typee" was published simultaneously, in 1846, by John Murray in London and Wiley and Putnam in New York. Mr. Minnegerode asserts that the first English and the first American editions were identical. According to Mr. Minnegerode, also, the "Sequel, containing 'The Story of Toby,' was written in July 1846, and incorporated in the Revised Edition published in the same year. Extracts from the Sequel were also published prior to appearance in book form." According to Mr. Minnegerode, furthermore, the abridgments made in the text, consisting of the suppression of Chapter III and of several passages reflecting on Christian missionaries in the Marquesas, and the modification of several passages of a mildly sexual tinge, were not made at all until the appearance of the Revised Edition, late in 1846.

Now, the scarcity of Melville first editions which makes Mr. Minnegerode uncertain, also makes it very difficult to check him. The Harvard College Library has no copy of the English first edition, but it has two copies of the American first edition which differ from Mr. Minnegerode's collation of that edition and also from each other. If Mr. Minnegerode's description is based upon the actual examination of a copy of the first American edition, then that edition must have appeared in at least three different issues. I suspect, however, that Mr. Minnegerode merely examined the title pages of the English and American first editions, assumed that they were identical throughout, and thoroughly collated the English edition, being satisfied that the collation would apply equally to the American edition. That notion, however, is speculative only, and, since I have no access to a copy of the first English edition, must await word from Mr. Minnegerode.

One copy of the first American edition in Harvard College Library, the earlier copy, agrees with Mr. Minnegerode's collation of the preliminary matter, title-page, and [Table of] Contents. An examination of the text, however, reveals the fact that

in three places passages listed by Minnegerode as present in the first edition but deleted in the Revised Edition do not appear; that in three places, passages not listed as being deleted in the Revised Edition are present in this issue of the American first edition and deleted from the Revised Edition; and that in one place there is a passage nearly five pages long, omitted from the Revised Edition, and described by Mr. Minnegerode as ending in the first edition nearly five pages before, in this issue, it does end.

I do not offer here a detailed collation of this edition. If any student of Melville is interested, however, and will write to me, I will be glad to send him a carbon copy of my complete collation.

The other issue of the first American edition is much more interesting. I have found no mention of it in any literature relating to Melville. A collation reveals that its preliminary matter is identical with that of the first issue (as just described), except that the preliminary half-title with a list of Wiley and Putnam books on the reverse is missing. The [Table of] Contents and the chapter headings check throughout with those of the first issue. Textually, there are several minor differences between it and both the English first edition (if Mr. Minnegerode's collation is of that edition) and the first American issue. Briefly, these differences are a bowdlerization that put it about halfway between the original edition and the Revised Edition. It retains Chapter III, however, and so must unquestionably be called a first edition. But it omits the "Appendix," an omission hitherto supposed to have been made only with the Revised Edition, and, what is still more important it publishes the Sequel, "The Story of Toby," hitherto supposed not to have appeared in book form until the Revised Edition. I have found no one at the Harvard library who is familiar with this issue, but someone must have been at some time, for the general card-catalogue lists it, correctly as "a variant of the first edition." I shall be glad to supply any interested student of Melville with a complete collation of this book.

The "variant," I believe, represents an issue composed of sheets not already bound up in the first issue, changed hurriedly to dilute the passages that had provoked criticism, and issued with the Sequel in place of the highly objectionable Appendix. If that is true, then the "variant" was an attempt by Wiley and Putnam to protect their original investment while hastening the preparation of the Revised Edition. In this opinion, Professor Forsythe concurs.

Except for bibliographical purposes, the interest of this minor correction is extremely minute. I think, however, that in the hands of a competent student of Melville it might be made to reveal rather interesting material. Did Melville supply Wiley and Putnam with a fair-copy manuscript differing in some respects from that accepted by Murray, or was the American edition of "Typee," imported from England in sheets? In the latter case, were these changes made

arbitrarily by Wiley and Putnam, or did Melville himself make them? In any event, what does the progressive bowdlerization of the book suggest about differences between American and English standards of frankness? Does the "variant of the first edition," together with the modifications in its American predecessor explain why the outcry against Melville's treatment of the missionaries was louder in England than in America?

I am not competent to express any opinion in these matters. I refer students of Melville to Professor Forsythe, at Grand Forks, North Dakota. I will, however, answer any questions relating to the collation of the two books I have described. But inasmuch as my time is adequately occupied with the preparation of my own books, I must refuse to answer merely idle or frivolous questions.

BERNARD DE VOTO

64 Oxford Street, Cambridge, Mass.

## A Protest

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:  
SIR:

As a lover of modern verse who has long depended on your *Review*, among others, for notices of what is being published in that line, I wish to offer a protest against a review of Elizabeth Hollister Frost's volume of poems, "The Lost Lyrists," appearing in your issue of October 6th. I regret that it was called to my attention so late.

Irrelevantly enough, a third of this brief notice is taken up with objections to the matter printed by the publisher on the paper jacket, and with the following comment on Mrs. Frost's having prefaced her volume by a poem of Robert Frost's: "Unfortunately for the author, the best poem in this rather pretentious volume is 'Nothing Gold Can Stay'—and this is quoted intact from Robert Frost, to whom Mrs. Elizabeth Hollister Frost is neither a blood nor a literary relation." Since there is nothing unusual in a poet, with due permission, prefacing his volume with the verse of a fellow-poet, this is not literary criticism at all, but gratuitous insult.

And is it fair to call a volume "pretentious" solely on the score of claims made by its publishers in advertisement? For one looks in vain for any sign of pretentiousness in the book itself. I had thought that every experienced reader passed rather lightly over paper jacket claims, in favor of reading what the author has to say for himself.

Whether this exquisite lyric gift is so derivative as your reviewer thinks, may be left to the feeling of individual readers, who may possibly disagree, but there can hardly be two opinions as to the poignant sincerity of these poems, a sincerity which makes the comment, "her heart-strings are tuned not so much to agony as to agonizing," seem utterly undiscerning and unfair.

In view of the prompt recognition which certain of these poems have met with in England as well as in this country, it seems unfortunate for *The Saturday Review of Literature* to go on record with a review in just this tone.

L. G. WEEKS.

West Medford, Mass.



From a painting by N. C. Wyeth. © Charles Scribner's Sons.

## "EVEN UNTO BETHLEHEM"

by

HENRY VAN DYKE

With frontispiece in color by N. C. Wyeth

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# "We Are Peers of Highest Station"...

WE are unquenchable addicts of Britain's noblest union of words and music: . . . Even if we ourselves have said it, our object all sublime, which we'll achieve in time,\* is to find *The True Story of Gilbert and Sullivan*. . . For every boy and every gal that's born into this world alive is either a little Savoyard or else a little unfortunate. . . For peers of highest station nothing will do but *The Complete Savoyard*, and that chronicle is ours by right. . . We demand all the facts and fancies of the Topsy-Turvy Twins. . . How young Gilbert was kidnapped by Neapolitan brigands, and ransomed for £25, the most glorious bargain the British Empire ever made. . . Was Sullivan Irish, Italian, English or Jewish? . . . How the youth of fourteen won the Mendelssohn Scholarship and lost a chord. . . When did William Schwenk Gilbert and Arthur Seymour Sullivan first meet, and why? . . . What was the question that Gilbert asked Sullivan on that occasion, the one that took thirty years to answer? . . . Why it didn't become the team of Gilbert and Clay, or Burnand and Sullivan, previous collaborations? . . . Why Gilbert and Sullivan never became intimate friends, why the partnership hovered time and again on the brink of disruption. . . How the music of *Pinafore* was wrested bar by bar from paroxysms of agony. . . We want to peer behind the scenes on the second night to learn why the receipts were only £14, and the tight little, bright little, neat little craft was almost doomed before it left the dock. . . We shall explore the premises at No. 45 East Twentieth Street, New York, where *The Pirates of Penzance* was completed. . .



When the foeman bares his steel  
Tarantara! Tarantara!  
We uncomfortable feel,  
Tarantara!  
And we find the wisest thing,  
Tarantara! Tarantara!  
Is to slap our chests and sing,  
Tarantara!

We insist on knowing why Gilbert felt the lash of Mrs. Grundy's tongue, why Sullivan was branded as vulgar and blasphemous. . . How low buffoonery soared to majestic heights through the magic interlude of the Bab Ballads. . . How the era of crinolines and bustles—when gushing tears constituted sex appeal—accepted the mad impetuosities and courtly parodies of Gilbert and Sullivan. . . Just how far they went in chiding the Army and Navy. . . Why the dandies of the Early Eighties, especially Oscar Wilde, provoked the theme of *Patience*. . . How Sullivan in the deepest despair of mourning wrote the incomparably luscious score of *Iolanthe*, receiving news of financial disaster just as he was raising

the baton for the opening night. . . How Oscar Wilde was avenged when *The Mikado* was produced. . . The inspiration of *Ruddigore* and *Princess Ida* must be disclosed to us. . . Why Gilbert and Sullivan themselves regarded *The Yeomen of the Guard* as their favorite work. . . How the twins were re-united for *The Gondoliers*, their swan song. . . How a dispute over a threadbare carpet imperiled the union, which was finally split asunder by a deeper strife. . . Why the true story of Gilbert's gallantries and Sullivan's Dark Lady of the Sonnets was never told before . . . and the relation of both to their timeless masterpieces. . .



I am the very pattern of a modern major-general.  
I've information vegetable, animal and mineral;  
I know the kings of England, and I quote the fights historical  
From Marathon to Waterloo, in order categorical;  
I'm very well acquainted too with matters mathematical;  
I understand equations, both the simple and quadratical,  
About binomial theorem I'm teeming with a lot of news—  
(BOTHERED FOR NEXT RHYME) Lot o' news—lot o' news—  
(STRUCK WITH AN IDEA)  
With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypothenuse.

FOUR OF OUR PEERS OF HIGHEST STATION, PERHAPS THE FOUR MOST ILLUSTRIOUS SAVOYARDS OF OUR TIME, WINTHROP AMES,\*\* DE WOLF HOPPER,\*\*\* BENJAMIN DE CASSERES\*\*\*\* and GEORGE JEAN NATHAN,\*\*\*\*\* inform us that the most satisfactory, most rollicking, most irresistibly enjoyable answer to all these questions, beyond any possible shadow of doubt, beyond any possible doubt whatever, is given in the new book just published by those incurable pirates and gondoliers, Messrs. Simon and Schuster [at all book-stores, lavishly illustrated, \$6.00] under the title of

## THE STORY OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN or *The Complete Savoyard*, by ISAAC GOLDBERG

\*\*"It seems to me that in 'The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan' Mr. Goldberg has told all that one cares to know about this interesting pair of geniuses, and told it most entertainingly."—WINTHROP AMES


\*\*\*"I have read 'The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan' by Mr. Isaac Goldberg and think it splendid, from every angle. It is beautifully and intelligently written, and should prove of immense interest to the thousands of lovers of Gilbert and Sullivan. I cordially recommend this work to them."—DE WOLF HOPPER

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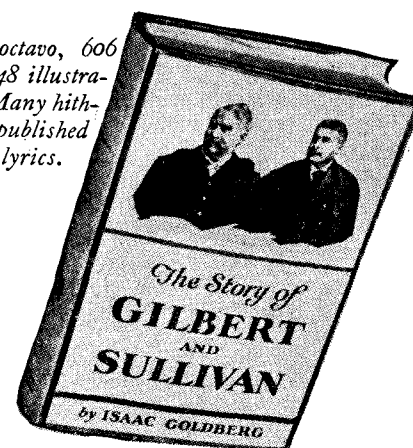
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Large octavo, 606 pages, 48 illustrations. Many hitherto unpublished Gilbert lyrics.



## 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.

### Art

MODERN FRENCH PAINTERS. By Maurice Raynal. Brentanos. \$7.50.  
OLD SEA PAINTINGS. By E. Koble Chatterton. Dodd, Mead. \$15.

### Belles Lettres

FICTION FANTASY OF GERMAN ROMANCE. Edited by Frederick E. Pierce and Carl F. Schreiber. Oxford University Press.  
THE TECHNIQUE OF THE LOVE AFFAIR. By a gentlewoman. Simon & Schuster. \$2.50.  
PARIS SALONS, CAFES, STUDIOS. By Sisley Huddleston. Lippincott. \$5.  
A TREASURY OF ENGLISH APHORISMS. By Logan Pearsall Smith. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.  
ARTICLES DE PARIS. By Sisley Huddleston. Macmillan. \$2.  
A STUDY OF THE MODERN NOVEL. By Annie Russell Marble. Appleton. \$3.50.  
THE PHILOSOPHY OF FICTION. By Grant Overton. Appleton. \$3.

OFF THE DEEP END. By Christopher Morley. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.  
DEMOCRACY ON TRIAL. By F. A. W. Gisborne. Longmans, Green. \$4.20.  
A CATHOLIC LOOKS AT LIFE. By James J. Walsh. Stratford. \$2.50.  
COLLECTED ESSAYS OF ROBERT BRIDGES. Oxford University Press. \$1.  
MEMORANDUM ON RESIGNATION. By John Viscount Morley. Macmillan.  
A PREFACE TO SHAKESPEARE. By George H. Conling. Dutton. \$2.  
ENGLISH AS EXPERIENCE. By Henry C. Tracy. Dutton. \$2.50.  
THE GLORY THAT WAS GRUB STREET. By St. John Adcock. Stokes. \$2.50.  
THE REINTERPRETATION OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. Edited by Norman Foerster. Harcourt, Brace.  
THE BOOK OF RABELAIS. By Jake Falstaff. Doubleday, Doran.  
QUEER BOOKS. By Edmund Pearson. Doubleday, Doran. \$3.

### Biography

ROVING YEARS. By SIDNEY WALTER POWELL. Day. 1928. \$2.50.

The sub-title of this entertaining book is "The Adventures of a Wanderer," and certainly the author has wandered and adventured beyond the common. Whether in Africa, New Zealand, or Tahiti his life has always been full of excitement and zest, and he tells his strange story with a great deal of enjoyment. He is the born rolling stone, the man who invariably falls on his feet, and who invariably moves on to see new sights and taste new sensations.

Mr. Powell is, indeed, an interesting example of an interesting type. The "Legion that never was 'listed'" would gladly welcome him and he belongs to that inconsequent, but courageous, band of pioneers upon whose shoulders the work of opening up the world has so largely rested. And he writes well, with modesty and humor. "Roving Years" is, in truth, a book to read: it is, as one might say, a sprightly autobiography of successful failure.

### Fiction

HERITAGE. By ROSE C. FELD. Knopf. 1928. \$2.50.

Here is a stout novel that drives home with vigor the dreariness of life on a farm where poverty and hardness of soul dominate a family through generation after generation. Miss Feld chose New England for her background, but "Heritage" might have been set against any countryside where sordid, driving labor kills the amenities and the fundamental joys of life. In the course of the novel, two characters struggle towards the dimly perceived light of freedom; the relentless succession of demanding tasks combined with the agony of warped human relationship soon beat them back, however, into dull submission. The novel is deeply tragic, inevitably depressing. But there is no impression of exaggeration or false emphasis. Miss Feld tells her story with artistic integrity; her characters plod with purposeless, soulless steps to their hard deaths, and as they go we pity profoundly. This is a first novel of grim power.

(Continued on page 410)

# "SHIP ME somewhere East of SUEZ..."




**W**HAT exhilaration can match the infinitely thrilling unpredictability of DEPARTURE?.... In the mists of Marseilles I board a liner for Cochin-China.... The lure of the Orient fills the decks like an overtone: here is a floating universe all its own. Cliques form, parents parade eligible daughters, gentleman buccaneers whisper sinister secrets, intrigues and love affairs begin.... Only in DEPARTURE is there freedom.... the freedom of languorous dream, strange people and exotic climes.... Names alone evoke mirages: Port Said, Djibouti, Colombo, Penang, Singapore, Saigon.... From the second cabin come the handsome tenor and exquisite soprano of an operatic troupe headed for Shanghai.

**A** THREAD of terror and mystery darts through the ship as gossip becomes conspiracy, and rumor drama.... The wireless crackles with threats and mutterings.... Blood heat and seductive calm.... The lightning wit of the ship's doc-

tor illuminates the truth against a background of eastern illusion.... What excitement can touch these high moments of DEPARTURE?.... Creole nights, incredible nights, nights that never die.... Weeks on board and days on shore.... The harems of all the world, Odalisques, Sultanas, Fatimas, incomparable Arabian debauchees arrayed in demoniac visions.... Mosques and tambourines....

**S**UEZ appears at last, a thin stiletto strip of land thrust between scarlet sea and deceitful sky.... Coral cliffs and lilac mountain-tops.... Abyssinian Amazons trampling in ritualistic frenzy.... not naked women but animals unadorned, exulting to music from *L'Africaine*.... Sunsets of emerald, carnival splendor on shipboard, as the skeins of counter-plot close in on Manon and Werther, lover and beloved.... Black sails near Ceylon, earthly Paradise, a city emerging from purple shadows like a sapphire-laden ballet.... The relentless tread of doom.... Climax.... Escape.... Journey's End, but always, inevitably, the ecstasy of a new DEPARTURE. ~ ~ ~

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DEPARTURE is a novel by ROLAND DORGELES, just published by SIMON and SCHUSTER. The author is a noted romancer, soldier and adventurer, especially East of Suez... a PRIX FEMINA winner... this, his latest novel, has not only won wide, critical acclaim, but has enjoyed in France alone the phenomenal sale of 250,000 copies to date.

