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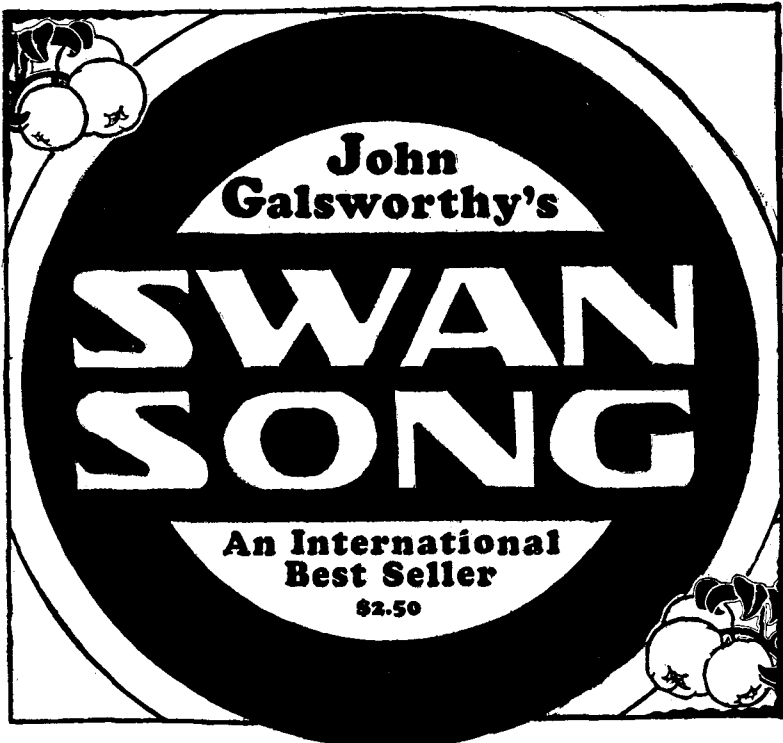
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# CULLUM

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## Points of View

### Haynes vs. the S. R.

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

In your recent critique under the editorial caption of "The Subject of Poetry" I feel you have instrumentalized my own ideas and fought me with them.

Were it my temper to ask guaranties of life, I might bemoan your assertion that I made "heartfelt lament" over one of its incidents. But since Jeremiah is by no means a friend of mine, you have fallen into the quandary not only of misinterpreting my essay, but of attacking my philosophy of life.

For instance, you lecture me to the effect that "to ask that poetry be timely in the sense that it record the incidents of human achievement rather than the fact of human endeavor, the accomplishments of mankind rather than its yearnings, its pains, and its joys, is to ask that poetry stultify itself by becoming description instead of expression."

But I did not ask that of poetry. I plainly said, "A poet's theme is, of course, the human soul and all its emotions."

I also plainly said that "no one has yet come to conjure us to delight more in a strong man flying across the Pole than in a young girl grieving over an invalid boy who will never be able to walk."

Moreover, I wrote, "If man's knowledge has entered a new and colossal environment where infinitude obliterates all horizon, why should not his soul also enter and express itself?"

What is the matter with these ideas? Is it, as you put it, that "they record the accomplishments of mankind rather than its yearnings"? Your assumption is much less fair than if I said to you: Man has no accomplishments. Only yearnings. Every airplane is but a yearning to fly farther and swifter. Every railroad a yearning toward greater highways. Every road a dream-road.

Is not this in accord with your opinion that "Poetry, after all, is a matter not of subject, but of treatment"? Why am I wrong, then, to suggest some wonderful machine wherein are grained the hopes and fears and, probably, the tears of inventors—their dreams at night and their work by day, their pains, hungers, and despairs? Is this machine not the urge of man, the desire to express himself, in fact, the expression itself as a burden-bearer, a further reach from the "sweat of thy face" and a lifted prayer toward health and heaven?

No. You should not have accused me of standing for the locomotive or skyscraper apart from emotion. To the true artist everything in the world is beautiful. You may not agree. Anyway, I like to think it true, and to think that ugliness is only an invention of those who are blind, narrow, intolerant, ignorant.

This terrible "Machine" which we hear so much of, is it not the urge of us? Is it not peculiarly an American urge revealing to us that power is an element of the soul as much as is tenderness; height and reach as much as is pity? Is not this urge teaching us that a thing can be artistically big as truly and as emotionally as it can be artistically small; as artistically powerful as it is artistically helpless or tender? For when a thing awes us, is that not emotion? When it serves, is there not gratitude?

Poetry must widen its horizon to include all that is rooted in the soul of man; and if America's present activities, its industries, its movement, its sparkling cities, its bigness, power, light, speed,—if these are not rooted in America's soul, pray, what is?

And all the powers of ultra-conservatism, fetishes, the past, bunches of faded violets, and beauty-only-in-Greece can never uproot them. Mr. Gandhi may berate us that we fly in the air and think we have found God, but the power and beauty and sweetness of pain along the dream-road leading to a driving-rod that turns thousands of wheels catches a much more beautiful reflection from "the burning bush" than any traditional theme of nature.

So interrelated is America finding all the world, so near is worship to wave-lengths, so near the color of a star to the minerals composing it, that we should hesitate no longer to separate that which God from all eternity joined together. The useful we find as much a spiritual emotion as sound or form or color; for whete is the art which is not useful in leading us to God? Where is the useful which came into existence unaided by emotion? Machines!

Is it not the soul of man that has moved him to make them?

THORNWELL HAYNES.

Central, S. C.

### Biography

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

In your issue of August 18, 1928, Mr. Arthur Colton assigns Harold Nicolson's "The Development of English Biography" a pioneer's place in its field. He writes, "His [Nicolson's] rapid survey of the history of English biography is, so far as I know, the only book on the subject, which it covers in a masterly fashion."

It is unfortunate that Mr. Colton has ignored Waldo H. Dunn's "English Biography," published in 1916 by J. M. Dent & Sons (London) and by E. P. Dutton & Co. (New York). Here, if anywhere, is the true basic work upon the genesis and evolution of biography in England. Indeed, it is probably the first study of its kind in any language.

Professor Dunn, beginning with an account of the early biographical impulse (690-1066 A.D.), offers a scholarly and really literary history that has the merit, not only of priority, but also of adequate scope and excellent insight. His book has apprehended the central positions and even much of the phraseology of all the more recent treatments of the same theme. Mr. Colton's leaving out of account this fundamental work was, I am sure, not intentional.

HOWARD F. LOWRY.

New Haven, Connecticut.

### Morleyana

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

Your correspondent, Mr. Louis N. Feipel, has missed his guess in suggesting that "Newara Eliya" may form a clue to the pen name employed by Lamb.

It is spelled as quoted above and not, as your correspondent suggests, "Elia." It is improbable that Lamb ever heard of the existence of such a place, as Ceylon did not come within the orbit of the British Empire until the nineteenth century during the Napoleonic Wars, and, at best, the township is only visited to-day as a health resort, being famous for its golf links and its altitude. It is safe to assume, even if it was known to geographers at all a century ago, that the East India House would have no commercial association with it. My impression is that it is of entirely recent erection.

W. NICHOLLS,  
Editor, *Bookseller and*  
*Print Dealers' Weekly.*

P.S. The front page of this morning's New York *Times* announces the arrest of a Mr. Albert ELIA of Niagara Falls. Niagara is nearer than Ceylon. Perhaps Mr. Feipel will follow up the home trail? W. N.

### More About "Thou"

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

Surely M. G. Van Rensselaer a little overstates it when he writes of the use of thou, thee, and thy by the members of the Society of Friends that "no member of this sect says, or ever did say, thou." They do not now, but apparently once they did. If he will give himself the pleasure of recalling S. Weir Mitchell's book, "Hugh Wynne: Free Quaker," he will remember that the author has some of his characters using thee and some thou. One of these latter even draws attention to the new vulgarization of "the plain language" whereby thee is substituted for thou. Thus we may place the distinctively Quaker oddity of the use of thee as beginning during the American Revolution. Again, he will recall in the quietly eloquent writings of the Quaker William Penn the frequent use of thou.

CARROLL FREY.

Philadelphia.

### Erratum

By a regrettable error in the issue of *The Saturday Review* for September 22, "Told Again" was listed as written by Walter de la Mare. It is actually the work of Walter Brooks. The book is published by Alfred A. Knopf.

## 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

WORDS AND POETRY. By GEORGE H. W. RYLANDS. Payson & Clarke. 1928. \$3.

Mr. Rylands's intimacy with Elizabethan drama is such as to make difficulties for those whose intimacy is less. We ourselves can recognize almost any character in Shakespeare by name, but the names of even the heroines of plays by Heywood or Massinger seldom call up any associations. Mr. Rylands's knowledge of both highways and byways of English poetry is extraordinary for a man of his few years. His youth shows not in any juvenility of judgment or inaccuracy of scholarship, but in a certain sensitive freshness of feeling. The feeling of most men for poetry is keenest and most delicate when they are young. The aged Emerson once advised a young man to lose no time before reading Shakespeare's Sonnets: "Read them," he said, "while your heart is young."

The first part of the volume is a Fellowship dissertation and is somewhat miscellaneous. It ranges from Chaucer to Housman for illustrations. Part II is all on Shakespeare, and is more sequential and mature. The main subject of it is the three periods of Shakespearean style, and an explanation of the curious fact that in the early plays there is little prose, in the middle plays a great deal of it, in the last plays almost none. Mr. Rylands plausibly argues, and effectively illustrates his thesis, that the final Shakespeare dropped prose, partly at least, because he had at last achieved a blank verse style equally flexible and free, free enough for the needs of drama and character. In the early plays prose is the realistic medium for low comedy characters. Then the higher comedy characters obtained it (Hotspur, Mercutio, Shylock, Rosalind, Beatrice). Shakespeare found himself dramatically in prose. The early Elizabethans were drunk with language. The verse was undramatic, stiff with embroidery, and dominated character and situation. Shakespeare grew away from it gradually, from the bombast and word tossing and word sipping, and began to burlesque and ridicule it. In the middle plays anybody, even Hamlet, might drop into prose, for reasons more subtle than reason.

It is well to remember that the Shakespearean scholar who devotes himself to Stratford, or whether the poet's knowledge of law was something or not, or to any such matters, is concerned about side issues and unimportant things, mostly uncertain, whereas the man who writes of Shakespeare's rhythm, diction, style, and esthetic development, is concerned with a main issue. The plays and poetry are the real things. The style lies close to the secret and heart of the man. His outward life was perhaps relatively uneventful and its events matter relatively little. The difference between the Shakespeare who wrote the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" and the one who wrote "The Tempest" is important, but how many children he had, or if his father was a glover and went bankrupt, is not important at all.

### Drama

THE QUEEN'S HUSBAND. By Robert E. Sherwood. Scribners. \$2.  
MR. SCROOGE. By Ashley Miller. Dodd, Mead. \$1.50.  
PALM SUNDAY. By Romain Rolland. Holt. \$2.  
THE PROBLEM PLAY. By Ramsden Balfour. Holt. \$1.  
THE LOVE CONTEST. By John J. Carniol. Harrison.  
BONNET AND SHAWL. By Philip Guedalla. Putnam. \$3.50.

### Education

EDUCATION FOR WORLD-CITIZENSHIP. By William G. Carr. Stanford University Press. \$2.50.  
ENGLISH EXERCISES. By Thomas R. Cook. Scribners. 60 cents.  
FRENCH COMPOSITION AND CONVERSATION. By Joseph Brown and Dwight Ingersoll Chapman. Century. \$1.50.  
PUBLIC DISCUSSION AND DEBATE. By A. Craig Baird. Ginn. \$1.92.  
EXTRA CLASSROOM ACTIVITIES. By Riverda H. Jordan. Crowell. \$2.50 net.  
A NOTE-BOOK OF EUROPEAN HISTORY. By S. H. McGrady. Crowell. \$1.50 net.  
HOW TO TALK. By John Maille Clapp and Edwin A. Kane. Ronald Press. \$5.  
THE PATRIOT. By A. E. and H. C. Walter. Dutton. \$2.

### Fiction

TAMMANY BOY. By DERMOT CAVANAGH. Sears. 1928. \$2.

The central figure in this readable tale of New York's political machine is Thomas Jefferson Gentry, a self-confident young man fresh from law school, who finds in his chosen profession a mistress more fickle than exacting. He loses his first eleven cases for the firm which has hired him, whereupon he also loses his job.

More by accident than anything else he becomes a member of the Tammany club in his district. Once in the magic and beneficent circle of the Wigwam the road before him becomes as smooth as that well-

oiled machine can make it, and before he is thirty Tom Gentry finds himself in Congress, placed there by Tammany Hall to guard the interests of the people.

"Remember Jimmy Clahan made you Congressman, won't you?" his political boss says to him after the election. "They'll feed you tea and hot air in Washington Tom, and tell you a whole lot about Tammany that they read in their home-town papers, but you pay no attention and go right ahead and be a crackjack good Congressman. Only, when you get the word, come through!"

Tom gets the word, and he doesn't "come through." Whereupon the ancient precept of the Tiger that "one hand washes the other" is most forcefully brought home to him. Before it is too late he learns the lesson.

The jacket of the book carries the information that the author is a New York lawyer and a former member of Tammany's general committee, writing under an as-

sumed name. The book tells nothing new about Tammany, but the picture is a lively, colorful one, painted without visible bias. The characterization of Gentry, without being profound, is plausible. There is a love theme thrown in for good measure.

It is not an important novel, but it is not one that the reader will find boring.

HEAD IN THE WIND. By LESLIE STORM. Harpers. 1928. \$2.

This is the story of an English family living at Hay Fields, a pleasant country house. Richard Lucas, a retired surgeon and a widower, sent his son to school, but his two daughters, Stephanie and Laura, he kept at home, himself supervising their desultory education. Life flowed smoothly for them until Richard married his housekeeper, Anna Bishop. Then the three children flared up in rebellion. Not only were they resentful towards their step-mother, but they had an antagonistic feeling for

(Continued on next page)

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