

the worst of it she had sent a particularly cautious and competent man. Mrs. James was of another generation, a generation too old to learn new tricks. The war was an incredible and hellish inferno where a medley of platoons, patrols, brigades and battalion were hurled to death and mutilation at places the names of which she could neither remember nor pronounce; and into the worst of it she had sent her little son.

Douglas Toye came through the war safely and returned to find the family business still dominated by the elder generation and rapidly running to seed. A high-pressure salesman, "not quite" a gentleman, named Robert Marston, was hired to push things along. He did remarkably well and he proved to be the man whom Sheila should have married. He and Sheila have a mild flirtation, but when the time comes to choose between staying in the London suburbs and eloping to America, she chooses the suburbs. She discovers that she can't have it both ways and that her sister Dorian was right when she said, "Life is a dinner. One can't have both thick and clear soup, both white wine and red."

The novel is couched in a piquant prose, which threads its clever way between the humorous and the apt. The characterization is brilliantly indirect. Of Mrs. Toye, it is said that "like many intensely religious people she did not appear to feel the least satisfaction in drawing nearer to her God." Of another lady, it is neatly put that, on a certain occasion, "instinctively she spoke in the voice which she used when she addressed foreigners, artists, hawkers, or the aged poor." The whole effect of such a novel is refreshing and delightful. Too candid to sentimentalize a tedious marriage, it is yet too true to life entirely to dismiss marriage for romance. Done with competence, grace, and humor, "Sheila Both-Ways" is one of the most promising first novels which has appeared from the pen of an English-woman since Rose Macaulay's "Told by an Idiot" bore witness to the emergence of a new school of English literature, that post-war group of English-women who are doing the best work of their generation in the field of letters and of which Miss Cannon is now a member in her own right.

Brilliant Writing

WHEN WILLIAM CAME: A Story of London under the Hohenzollerns. By "SAKI" (H. H. MUNRO). New York: Viking Press. 1929. \$1.75.

THE SQUARE EGG: With Other Sketches, and Three Plays. The same.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

POSTHUMOUS deification is a dangerous thing for an author. The small but enthusiastic sect which cherishes the memory of the late H. H. Munro has lately promoted the republication of the bulk of his writing, including a good deal that might have been left to oblivion in the files of the *Morning Post* and the *Bystander*. But "When William Came," and the longest of the items in the volume called "The Square Egg," are sufficient proof of "Saki's" quality.

Before the war it was a favorite sport of literate Englishmen to write books forecasting their country's defeat, or narrow escape from defeat, at the hands of the Germans. Munro varied the formula by taking the defeat for granted and giving a sketch (it is not a story) of an England already conquered and annexed as a new Reichsland. Here his contempt for London society and his love for the English countryside had all the room they needed. There are plenty of the famous "Saki" epigrams, but they are means, not ends; it is not the boulevardier but the expert political reporter who writes this book, and you cannot help feeling that granted his premise, most of his conclusions are inevitable. Some readers may be annoyed by his stiff Toryism, but if that philosophy has grave faults, it has considerable merits too. Munro never wrote a better line than his comment on a radical paper's suggestion, at the beginning of August, 1914, that by remaining neutral England could capture all the trade of the belligerents: "There seems to be some confusion of mind in these circles of political thought between a nation of shopkeepers and a nation of shoplifters."

The second of these volumes is gravely mistitled. "The Square Egg" is one of a number of mildly amusing sketches which might as well have been left *in situ*. The long biographical memoir by Munro's sister is chiefly of domestic interest, though it incorporates an unfinished fragment of a Garden-of-Eden story, written twenty years before American authors began to view man's first disobedience with a twen-

tieth-century eye, which suggests that if Saki had ever finished that story, it could have held its own even with Philip Littell's "This Way Out."

But nearly half this volume is taken up by a play called "The Watched Pot," which apparently was never produced. Why? It is slight in plot and incident, but no more so than plays that were being produced twenty years ago, when it was written, and are being produced now; and "The Watched Pot" is the most coruscant exhibition of epigram that was ever written for the English stage. Neither Wilde nor Shaw ever packed so many good lines into three acts; and they are lines that not only go off, but that have durability. After twenty years, not half a dozen of them would have to be stricken out as anachronisms. Surely Mr. Morley, who is a Sakiolater, and Mr. Gribble, whose mood is so like that of "The Watched Pot," might devote some of the profits of their antiquarian excavations to the production of this most brilliant of modern British fireworks displays.

English Love Letters

THE LETTERS OF DOROTHY OSBORNE TO WILLIAM TEMPLE. Edited by G. C. MOORE SMITH. New York: Oxford University Press. 1928. \$7.

Reviewed by HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE

IT is now forty years since Judge Parry's first publications of Dorothy Osborne's letters, and the letters have been slowly gaining something of the popularity which they deserve. At least seven editions before Mr. Moore Smith's have appeared, and the inclusion of the book in the Everyman and Wayfarer's libraries has made it generally available in an inexpensive form. For more than one reason, the letters are of exceptional interest. Written in the middle of the seventeenth century, they are the earliest considerable series of English love letters which has come down to us. They tell in great detail a true story of a pair of star-crossed lovers whose constancy triumphed over many obstacles—hostility between their families, parental opposition, long separation, misunderstanding, and malicious gossip. Temple and Dorothy saw each other seldom, and were in constant dread of being spied upon. "The fears and surprises, the crosses and disorders of that day, 'twas confused enough to be a dream, and I am apt to think sometimes it was no more. But no, I saw you; when I shall do it again, God only knows," writes Dorothy after one of these troubled visits. The lovers dared not even correspond openly; they wrote to each other under cover of trusted friends; sometimes they disguised the writing of the address. They constantly feared (and with good reason) that their letters might be intercepted or stolen. Apart from the interest of the story, the letters are memorable as a picture of an English girl of good family in the time of the Commonwealth. We become acquainted with the routine of her daily life; with her occupation, recreations, visits, reading, gossip; with her thoughts, feelings, and tastes. The greatest charm of the letters, however, lies not in their typical but in their individual quality; they give us a portrait, better and more living than Sir Peter Lely's, of Dorothy Osborne herself, one of the most admirable and delightful girls to be found within the covers of a book.

The history of the letters themselves is unusual. Temple fully recognized their value; he carefully preserved them (though he destroyed his own), and transmitted them to his descendants. They first became known in 1836, when Courtenay printed liberal extracts from them in an appendix to his life of Temple. Macaulay, whose essay on Temple reviewed Courtenay's book, praised them heartily if a trifle condescendingly, and enrolled himself with something of a flourish among Dorothy's "servants." Macaulay's comments led Judge Edward Abbott Parry to seek acquaintance with the letters and publish them.

The justification of Mr. Moore Smith's volume is that no previous edition has been at once complete and scholarly. The text of Parry's first edition (reprinted in 1889 and 1901) was incomplete, seven entire letters and important parts of others being omitted; it was also based on a very inaccurate transcript. In 1903 Professor Gollancz published (in *The King's Classics* series) an edition based on a new and much more careful copy of the manuscript, and printed the complete text of several letters from which paragraphs had been omitted in

Parry's version. This edition, however, was suppressed as infringing upon Parry's copyright. In the same year Parry brought out a new edition including the previously omitted passages and the seven letters which had previously been unpublished. He corrected most of the more serious errors in his earlier text (though a number of minor ones escaped him), and improved the order of the letters. This 1903 edition of Parry's has been reprinted in the Everyman and Wayfarer's Library series. All of these editions were intended for popular reading, and all of them therefore modernize Dorothy's spelling and punctuation; Judge Parry indeed refers to his text as a "translation" of the letters.

For scholars, at least, Mr. Moore Smith's edition definitely supersedes all its predecessors. It gives an accurate text, preserving Dorothy's spelling and punctuation, except that the editor has sometimes introduced a period or substituted one for a comma. It supplies an elaborate commentary, with textual notes, explanation of allusions, and a rather formidable apparatus of appendices. Many references to persons not hitherto identified are cleared up. But the most important service of the new editor, next to his supplying a correct text, concerns the order of the letters. Since the majority are undated, it is necessary to depend on internal evidence. Mr. Moore Smith has considerably improved Judge Parry's order, making more than thirty changes, and has thus greatly clarified the story. There is still room for doubt as to the dates of some letters, in particular a group written by Dorothy to Temple some time after their marriage, and not included in any previous edition; but in general Mr. Moore Smith's order commends itself at once through the striking gain in narrative values. It is to be hoped that the publishers will be able to issue a popular-priced edition of his text, with some abridgment of his notes and the omission of most of the eleven appendices.

The reviewer would urge the inclusion of two letters which Mr. Moore Smith omits and which have been included in previous editions, one written by Dorothy to her husband in 1670, and the other a charming note written to him by their little daughter Diana. Dorothy's spelling needs no "translation"; but in a popular edition editorial severity might be relaxed to the extent of modifying her capitalization. In spite of modernist poetry, the general reader is bothered by sentences which begin with a small letter. Dorothy seems to have been impartial in this matter, sometimes beginning a sentence with a capital and sometimes not, so that regularizing her practice would do her no injustice. One or two errors in the notes may be worth mentioning. In Letter 13, "Is it possible she can be indifferent to anybody?" means "can she be an object of indifference to anybody?" In the notes on Letter 70, Mr. Moore Smith repeats a mistake made by both Parry and Gollancz, to the effect that the part played by Dorothy in Sir William Berkeley's "The Lost Lady" was that of Hermione. Dorothy says that she is the "lost lady"; a reading of the play makes it clear that this is not Hermione, but Milesia Acanthe. In general, however, Mr. Moore Smith's notes are excellent. It is perhaps no more than a pleasant coincidence that this admirable edition of the letters was issued in the tercentenary year of Temple's birth.

"'Book-Day,'" says the *London Observer*, "is an innovation in Germany which will be celebrated this year for the first time on Goethe's birthday, March 22. It is to be an annual event."

"The underlying idea is to make people read more books, even if they do not buy more books—that is to say, the cultural institutes are throwing themselves as heartily into it as the publishers. Germans, particularly of the younger generation, do not read as much as they did."

"Schools, the broadcasting stations, the churches of all denominations, the cinemas, and clubs of all descriptions are agreed that 'books are a nation's most sacred possession.' Reading, it is considered, must be popularized again, and the best way to do so is this form of public propaganda, conducted under the auspices of the Minister of the Interior."

Bernard Shaw's new play, "The Apple Cart," which is to be produced in England next August, is said to be a story laid in England at some time in the future. The king is supposed to abdicate in favor of his son, and then, as a private citizen, takes up a political career.

The BOWLING GREEN

The Folder

TWO-THIRDS PORTRAIT

(of a member of the publishing fraternity
not to be confused with the author)

HE did not ask to come into the world, but having been given a free ticket has decided to stay and see the show. His physiognomy bears a closer resemblance to that of Abraham Lincoln than to that of Machiavelli. He is careless in the use of a razor, particularly on Monday morning. He prefers Bach to Beethoven and believes that Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent. He spends his days in the company of those who make and unmake books, but did not stunt the growth of his mind by going to college. He seldom talks about his family and eats neither spinach nor watermelon. His eyes are luminous orbs which stray this way and that as if the earth were a patch of clover on which he was forbidden to graze. He dresses only in blue.

He is a cross between an early Christian martyr and a voluptuary of the Cinquecento. His strongest expletive is "Go fly a kite!" If he knew pain in his youth he has long since dispensed with the services of this handmaiden. His favorite authors are Conrad Aiken and Dostoevsky. He misquotes T. S. Eliot before dinner and after breakfast. No gentleman, he says, can be an artist. He smokes his own cigarettes only when no one else has any. During June, July, and August he uses Odorono. He has never read the whole of a manuscript, circular, or blurb on which he sets the stamp of his approval. Declaring himself an extrovert, he is the complete introvert. He believes all crime to be pathological and regrets the passing of Lola Montez. Extolling the virtues of free love, he is a frequent and invariably legal, father.

When walking, he throws his awkward six feet forward with an air compounded of studied abstraction and amused indifference. He admires the chunky solids of Peter Brughel but gets no spinal chill from Wagner. His handwriting is illegible and therefore characteristic. He has four hundred and seventy-nine moods and can turn off thought as easily as if it were a hot-water faucet. He looks like a gipsy and has met Havelock Ellis. When saying "Hello" over the telephone he accents the first syllable. He is always careful to build list ads. around a focal point. Aiming to deceive others he frequently deceives himself. He refuses to introduce one person to another. Children he calls infants. He does not throw away his collars as soon as they are worn out. He is a riddle to himself, but the architecture of "Ulysses" is as clear to him as an advanced case of mumps to the family doctor.

He detects a rhythmic affinity between Sir Thomas Browne's "Urn Burial" and the beat of surf upon the coast of Maine. Gentle and sympathetic by nature, he prefers his eggs hard-boiled. He is not skilled in the art of flattery, but takes an interest in the courtship of elephants and tortoises. Surreptitiously, he sucks Life-savers. One of the too-late born, he has not allowed his anachronism to become a handicap. He avoids formal dinners but scrapes his plate when circumstances force him to attend. Even the Pyramids he considers sentimental. He has never seen a hole he couldn't get out of, and goes to the dentist's when he has no other luncheon engagement. A week-end Sabine Horace, he weeds asparagus in summer and chops wood in winter. The Aristotelian definition of tragedy meets with his unqualified approval. He always takes home *The Bookman*, *The New Yorker*, *The Arts*, and *The New Masses*, and forgets to return them to the office files. Whenever he lights his pipe he closes his right eye.

He can hear the splash of fountains in the music of Debussy and has a goldfish named Paul. When embarrassed or bored he clears his throat audibly. Advertising men like him. An avowed hedonist, he does not seek pleasure but waits for it to be thrust upon him. There are two questions which he invariably addresses to young girls: the second is "Have you read Proust?" He is called at 7 a.m. but lies in bed regularly until 7:10. He side-steps booksellers' conventions, but frequently breakfasts with Irita Van Doren. In winter he puts on storm

windows and heavy drawers. He even wears his crown of thorns with a difference.

He allows his mind to dwell upon neither human injustice nor cruelty to animals. He believes that Casanova and Sir Galahad are brothers under their skin. In the watches of the night he does not weigh the mysteries of existence. He sleeps soundly. Of his greatest gifts he is unconscious. He avoids driving an automobile, joining a club, and buying his own liquor. Decrepit male authors haven't a prayer of lunching with him. He hopes that the good will be rewarded but never plays poker. Waitresses, Kummer, and the poetry of Li T'ai-Po excite him noticeably. He does not believe in free will. He likes hard guys, cuckoo magazines, Hiroshige, Ernest Hemingway, answering questions, saving space, washing his hands, anything really lyric, wise-cracks and Virginia Woolf.

When he begins to grow old he will do it gracefully. He will just pick up his hat and walk out when the show is over. Still on the upward grade, he has written his own epitaph: "Here Lies One Who Conquered Thought."

DALE WARREN.

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An interesting news item is that W. E. Scull, an 1883 alumnus of Haverford College, has given that college \$2000, the income from which is to be used annually for a prize "to that upper-classman who, in the judgment of the faculty, shall have shown the greatest improvement in voice and in the articulation of the English language during his college course."

I can imagine some humors and some difficulties in making the award, but the idea is excellent. I was interested to hear a candidate for the N. Y. *Evening Journal's* Typical American Girl competition speaking on the air a few evenings ago. She always said "Between you and I," which I felt should almost ensure her victory.

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Goodspeed's Book Shop (Boston) issues a charming catalogue of early American Maps. One of the most interesting of those listed is Lewis Evans's map of "Pensylvania, New-Jersey, New-York," published 1749, and autographed by "Mr. B. Franklin." What pleases one most in the small facsimile of the map shown in the catalogue is the romantic phrase written across the whole center of Pennsylvania—THE ENDLESS MOUNTAINS. In a smaller note on the face of the map Evans writes, "no Distance could be taken but by actual Mensuration (the Woods being yet so thick.)"—There is something in that phrase that gives one a bright glimpse back into the eighteenth century—The Endless Mountains.

If I were the Pennsylvania Railroad I'd buy that map from Goodspeed. The price, I observe, is \$3,500.

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Even the hardest editor gets chilblains now and then and has to deny himself the pleasure of printing something that amuses him enormously because it is sure to cause anguish among the sensitive. Grievance was mine when I received from Newell Green of Hartford, Conn., a very charming little burlesque of *Variety's* manner in reporting vaudeville shows. It was called "*Variety Goes to Church*" and purported to be a comment on a Sunday morning service "caught" by a theatre scout. I sent it on to Sime Silverman, the editor of *Variety*, who was much tickled and printed it at once. This is to let Newell Green know that I enjoyed it.

Among other enjoyable oddities not in the rigorous curriculum one finds *The London Aphrodite*, a bi-monthly magazine which (with a wisdom unusual among literary frolickers) announced itself last year as existing for six issues only. It was published "not for profit but merely in a mood of exuberance." The exuberance of young Satanists is much the same everywhere, whether in Greenwich Village or Bloomsbury. The editor of *Aphrodite* draws the veil of the sanctum after the appearance of the first issue:—

Upon the appearance of *Aphrodite* No. 1, a titled lady canceled her subscription, one reviewer said he had thrown his copy into a garbage tin out of consideration for his waste-paper basket, another dully said he was not amused, another said he could not understand Jack Lindsay's article, the *Nation* said "No artistic value," several women tried with no success to cut Liam O'Flaherty dead; however, several minor reviewers welcomed the rash venture, kind friends did not hesitate to back-slap, and, for instance, Charley Lars sold sixty copies in his sentry-box bookshop in Red Lion Street. Whereupon the Editors and Liam and

Charley Lars got drunk in a cellar kept by Louis XVII, other guests being Rhys Davies, who couldn't find the cellar at all; Tommy Earp, who tried to sing "Rule Britannia" at 3 A. M. on a beer barrel (empty), but overbalanced and broke Louis's collarbone; a calm German scholar who had to go early; an Oxford Don who passed out; an ex-member of the I.W.W. with good intentions but a too-small stomach; a bald and cheerful Australian cartoonist; two roaring Irish boys covered in tap-room sawdust; two great policemen; and other Bloomsbury intellectuals. At dawn Charley Lars and the Editors took Liam home, where he irrationally began swallowing raw eggs. Then Charley vanished in a mist, and the Editors sat down in the gutter, together with a pint of (salvaged) whisky to reflect upon the Universe.

To these confidences was added "As only six numbers are to be issued, the early submission of manuscripts is supplicated, space being tight." So also the editors, apparently.

I still believe that it is possible, even advisable, for an editor to get well boiled occasionally without informing all the subscribers; a real Nietzschean should be able to take a little drunkenness in his stride. In spite of which the *London Aphrodite* has printed some fine things.

In quite a different realm, but equally enjoyable to my taste, is the genial jargon of the sports writers. To my great pleasure it appears that this year we are to have another Bunion Derby. The sporting scribes are always at their best in dealing with the humors of Mr. C. C. ("Cash and Carry") Pyle, sports promoter and angel of broken arches. More than much of the hokum of literary critics do I enjoy such flashes of style as Mr. Joe Williams in the *New York Telegram*:—

Gavuzzi is entered again, and it is unlikely he will make the same mistake that forced him from the race last year. He paused to have his flowing whiskers mowed, and so deeply were the hirsute tendrils imbedded in the Gavuzzi pan that the local tonsorial maestro was forced to resort to a mild process of blasting.

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If any member of the congregation should go to Albania this summer I wish he would stop at Scutari and let me know about the beer situation. Although not a random investor, I am greatly tempted by a circular issued by the Albanian National Brewery, Ltd., offered 800,000 shares at 5 shillings each. Everything in this circular appeals to me greatly. The company's bankers are Lloyds Bank Ltd. of 39, Threadneedle Street, London, and I should enjoy the thought of some of my funds circulating in that historic passage. The company has "the sole right to erect a brewery for the brewing of beer in the Kingdom of Albania." The chairman of the directors is the late British Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to Albania, which puts the affair on an agreeable social standing.

The Albanians are evidently intelligent and congenial people. "Beer," says the circular, "is preferred by the inhabitants of Albania to any other drink which they can obtain." Until now, however, they have had to buy imported beer, subject to a heavy tax. Even so, at a cost of 7d a pint, they've been drinking 9,146,800 pints per annum. (I wonder what is the population of Albania?) The new company, brewing its beer on the premises, and under government protection, will be able to vend at 5d a pint. "There should be a profit from the internal sales in Albania of Not Less Than £94,520 per annum." In addition to which "the geographical situation of the Brewery will place the company in a most favorable position for meeting the considerable demand for lager beer in Egypt, Greece, Palestine, and the Northern African Coast."

The Brewery is already partly constructed, on a site of 3 acres at Scutari "adjacent to a spring of pure water which is chemically similar to that used in Munich for the manufacture of light and dark lagers." The brewing will begin in August, 1929, and the Manager will be Mr. Tush Kakarriqi, an experienced brewmaster with experience in Munich and Pilsen.

I have rarely heard of an investment that appealed to me more agreeably; and therefore I appeal to any Albanian travelers to stop in at Scutari, have a look at the brewing site, and report to me on the general look of the beer situation in those regions. Dr. Samuel Johnson, you will remember, was a shareholder in a brewery; and to help manufacture and distribute pure mild beer, particularly in the thirsty regions of the Mediterranean and the Holy Land, moves all my best sentiments.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

G. A. Borghese, an eminent Italian man of letters, has just published under the title, "Autunno in Constantinopoli" an interesting volume of Turkish impressions.