

for instance as Mr. Russell's. "Civilization would be impossible if behavior were natural—For my part, I would surrender all the delights of change, all the varieties and follies and scandals and beauties of Broadway, for an old-fashioned loyalty and an old-fashioned home. But I would not wish to elevate my tastes into morals, or to enact my prejudices into laws."

Now, if the experienced student, the critical or sophisticated reader, finds all this an ancient tale too often repeated to be interesting, he can criticize his own objections by asking whether it is not accurately addressed to a class so much more numerous than his own as to be probably in the long run more important. Of ten men in middle life and with a certain inclination to be thoughtful, would not nine of them think Mr. Durant in the right? Is it not, then, admirable tactics against an abler man, more brilliant, more profound, than himself, to confront him squarely with average common sense and customary feeling—those ancient "battlements that on their restless front bear stars?" The light artillery of an individual patters against them and looks foolish. For the moment at least, the more brilliant the more futile.

From the standpoint of literature and an experienced intellectual life, Mr. Durant's sins are many and evident. Through most of the essays on Spengler and Keyserling they stare one somewhat exasperatingly in the face. One grows impatient of the loose exuberance, of violent and tottering assertion. But when he opens the separate compartment in which he keeps his doubts, he seems to become, if not profound, at least for the most part, reasonable. One begins to see why multitudes have taken pleasure in reading him, and to suspect that they have taken benefit. These multitudes are of such as do not expect to think very deeply, but would like to think reasonably, and to think that they think with candor. Mr. Durant carries them as far as they can comfortably go. You cannot travel the real frontiers without dust and toil. There are no charabancs there, and American Express Company checks are no good. But for regions that are settled and ordered there are Baedekers provided, and it is also good to travel with a companion who is naturally enthusiastic, and, on due occasions, cool headed and reasonable.

An Inspired Dilettante

SCHLIEMANN. The Story of a Gold-Seeker.
By EMIL LUDWIG. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
1931. \$3.50.

Reviewed by ALFRED R. BELLINGER
Yale University

IN these days when archaeology keeps breaking into the headlines, it is most appropriate to have a biography of the greatest headliner of them all. Heinrich Schliemann was a man so remarkable that there is no one with whom to compare him. His inexhaustible energy; his restless ambition; his excesses of sentiment and anger and caution following one another with bewildering swiftness; his magnificent faith in himself; his financial genius; his fifteen or twenty languages—one knows not where to look for his like. Being the most methodical of men he left behind him a mass of documents which might well stagger the most patient and laborious of biographers and which has supplied almost all of the present book. Mr. Ludwig has made no attempt to exhaust the material but has drawn from it sufficient specimens to give a brilliant picture of the man's extraordinary career. Some later scholar may perhaps work over the papers again, possibly publishing all the letters or those journals in which the much travelled man made such careful and thorough records of the commerce and society of the countries through which he passed. One would like to see his account of the Far East in the days when tourists were still a rarity or to read the entire correspondence between him and Gladstone.

But such things can wait. For the present it is sufficient to have this story of the poor parson's son who made himself a man of wealth and then spent his wealth in the chivalrous attempt to prove that Homer was a great historian. Probably a great many people who remember that Schliemann was the first to excavate Troy are quite unfamiliar with the astonishing mercantile career which preceded his excavations. Life in Germany offering him very little, he took ship for America. Wrecked on the Dutch coast, he began immediately to win a place for himself in that nation of merchants until, attracted by the great possibilities of the Russian trade, he learned

Russian in an incredibly short space of time and proceeded to establish himself in that country and there accumulated a fortune, with lesser episodes such as trips to America and all about the continent of Europe.

It was a mixture of sentiment and ambition that made him the most conspicuous excavator of his time. Against the opinion of most of the experts he insisted that Troy was at Hissarlik and, digging there, he found not only the walls and streets of a succession of cities that had stood on that spot, but the famous treasure of gold which he instantly assumed to have been Priam's. The experts were affronted. Here was a man with no scientific training who had the audacity to find things which ought not to have been there. There was a great storm of controversy and theories flew like hail. Still, the gold was an undeniable fact and, when he repeated his performance, and found gold at Mycenæ too the experts were in an inferior position and knew it. He made mistakes—important mistakes. The gold of Troy, as we now know, had nothing to do with Priam nor was it the corpse of Agamemnon that he found at Mycenæ (he himself became convinced of this and, with a slightly pathetic humor, came to speak of the dethroned cadaver as "Schulze"). But he had the great virtues of faith and perseverance, and his mistakes were more creditable to him than was the erroneous caution of some of his critics to them. It is a good story for archaeologists to read, for the profession owes an immense debt to the reckless enthusiasm of this preposterous dilettante. Much was contributed by Virchow and, later, by Dorpfeld; much more by Sophia Schliemann, the Greek girl whom he married at the beginning of his archaeological career; but the great contribution was that of Schliemann himself.

It cannot be said that Mr. Ludwig has added much to the account. His comments and reflections are likely to be trivial and are certainly not essential. It is a question how much he knows about Homer and, even allowing for extreme typographical errors, it is hard to believe that he knows anything at all about the house of Atreus. It matters very little. The letters and journals tell their own story and the very haste which is apparent throughout the book is appropriate enough to the temperament of the hero. Later scholars may make a more judicious use of the gold, but the present volume shows us that the gold is there.

Tiverton Square

THE SQUARE CIRCLE. By DENIS MACKAIL.
Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1931. \$2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

THERE is a heaped up, extra, thrown in for good measure quality about this book by Denis Mackail. He seems never to tell even half of what he might about his people and his houses. In a day when so many novels are stripped down to their very modern gears, it seems tremendously good luck for readers who actually enjoy reading a book, rather than just finishing it, to come across so browsable a volume. And there is more to it than just the author's knowing a great deal about his people that he does not tell; anyone who meets them is bound to go on, too, beyond the covers of the book and speculate on what life brought them, or took from them, after page 378.

The scene of "The Square Circle" is a small one: Tiverton Square in London, a diminutive, sooty, green park surrounded by respectable houses; but before one has done with the book, that scene has become a much peopled world revolving slowly before a pleasantly unprejudiced eye. A lack of prejudice, however, does not mean a lack of affection. Mr. Mackail likes his characters just as Trollope liked his, and although the contemporary author does not express his sympathy for the misfortunes of his creations in the forthright manner of the chronicler of Barsestshire, it is quite apparent that it is a matter of style and not feeling that prevents. That is the sort of people they are, the inhabitants of Tiverton Square, not problems, not protagonists, just people young and old, muddling along according to their dim lights, and inescapably likable.

As the Square bounds the place of the story, so one year, from summer vacation to summer vacation, bounds the time. During the middle of September the houses around the Square begin to wake up after the lethargy of their summer emptiness. Shutters come down, blinds go up, there are great cleanings within and arrivals without. The Bristows drive up

in Iphigenia loaded down with suitcases. Mrs. Bristow and little George are not going to be so important, but Mr. Bristow and Angus, his Scottie, are in for a difficult and melancholy time connected with the young Miss Carpenter across the Square and romantic middle age. The story of these three might stand, very complete, very restrained, quite by itself as an Indian summer futility, nostalgic and inevitable.

In a few days that queer couple, the Davidsons, return to their queer house on Tiverton Mews. Telephone calls and parties make up all the visible life of these night club habitués. Do they go on living when they are not visible, or do they, possibly, just cease to exist when not illumined by festivity? At any rate, it is at a shrill Davidson cocktail gathering that Veronica Norton from the Square meets the young man with whom her happy love must run its unhappy course.

For the very first time in all fiction perhaps the whole horrid truth about a children's party is told. Mr. Mackail admits frankly that any slight lack in refreshment or entertainment will not be passed over lightly by the calculating little ogre-guests who "know what's what and are troubled by neither mercy nor weakness." The Ashtons of the Square give a children's party in January, and no single miserable contretemps is evaded by the recorder. The grimness of this gayety defies a kindly smile; only laughter or tears can do it justice. Beware children, beware adults in a party mood!

Then there is the somewhat mysterious house at No. Seven where Mrs. Gillingham lives, where Sir Hubert Liveright, Captain Brian Wheeler, and Mr. Aaronson call in immediate and dubious succession. Sir Hubert is really rather out of it all, and Mrs. Gillingham and Captain Wheeler are birds of a feather, but for Mr. Aaronson, a conventional, past middle-aged solicitor, No. Seven and its connotations stand for something most disturbingly important—"But for this," he thinks, "I believe I could be perfectly happy." And then, "Without this," he thinks, "I doubt if I'd go on living."

These few personal mentions merely scratch the surface of "The Square Circle." It is really an omnibus book of lives caught from the angle of a certain year.



Letter Home

YOURS shall not be the leather,
The lace, the tortoise shell,
Which any Avenue merchant
Can offer you as well.
The box that I shall bring you
Is tiny, pudgy, round,
Carved out of fragrant lemon peel,
And on its lid is found
A plump heart, coffee-colored,
Pierced by an arrow through
And squatting on a griddle.
A scalloped ring of blue
Frames saffron sky behind it
And bright green grass below
Cut into tipsy triangles.
By such signs you may know
That the casual possession
Of eight centesimi
Permits me to present you
With Sicily.

RUTH LAMBERT JONES.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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The BOWLING GREEN

Trade Winds

IN my self-imposed function of acting as Eckermann for Old Quercus as Goethe, I went round to inquire how he had survived the rigors of the Booksellers' Convention in Philadelphia. I found him reposing himself with an advance copy of *Albert Grope* by F. O. Mann, a novel of an old-fashioned second-hand bookseller in South London, which is to be published here presently by Harcourt. "Sound, leisurely, agreeable reading," he remarked. "Admirably sedative and as rich as a tawny old port-wine. I take it 40 or 50 pages at a time as a febrifuge, as I used to take *De Morgan*."

"I'm afraid I didn't really see very much of the Convention," he said in answer to my question. "As a matter of fact I was there on a different errand; to attend a meeting of the Philobiblon Club, that eminent gathering of learned collectors and amateurs presided over by Dr. Rosenbach and Mr. John Ashhurst the distinguished Philadelphia librarian. That, and calling on a few colleagues in the trade, and the verification of some obscure points of collation, occupied my time. But as I was staying in the same hotel with a number of the visiting booksellers and publishers I obtained some lively impressions of the caucus. One of their sessions was an Authors' Night at the grand old Academy of Music. In front of a stage-setting made of a jolly old back-drop and wings from *Madame Sans-Gene* and *The Daughter of the Regiment* (plays you are too young to remember) they had placed a Harmonica Band. It is a large orchestra of young men who play mouth-organs with surprising virtuosity and persistence. I mention it because, to my great pleasure, the Booksellers' Convention was more of a Harmonica Band than I had expected. In spite of various matters of doubt and controversy, that were in the air, I gathered that the sessions were harmonious and hopeful. There was a general feeling of pulling together. The publishers exerted themselves nobly to entertain their bookseller clients. Indeed I know of one Western publisher who works so hard at the job of keeping the booksellers happy on these occasions that he has to sleep on the tiled floor of the hotel bathroom, the only way he can cool off his feverish agitation."

"It is very little realized," I agreed, "what the publishers go through during this annual convulsion."

"At any trade convention, everyone goes through a great deal," said Quercus. "But it is well worth while. Everyone is shaken out of his complacency. The retailers get a taste of the manufacturer's blood, but when they are about to spring upon him they find he has escaped, leaving them with a little bag of gift-souvenirs. Both factions go home with jocund memories, like each other better and work harder than ever. The only people whose sufferings are really acute are the authors who are haled in to speak at gala meetings. I wish you could have seen them lurking anxiously in the wings of the Academy of Music, their bright embittered eyes gazing at the chairman and wondering what he was going to say next. And so, evidently, was he. I went backstage at the Academy, to renew my memories of that historic old playhouse, and I thought with some sympathy of that chairman as I saw him hemmed in between the audience, the speakers, and the Harmonica Band."

I have been familiar with such situations, and I begged Quercus not to describe it in detail.

"There are two things I always do as soon as I get to Philly," continued Mr. Quercus. "First, I call for a Cinnamon Bun, the only kind of agglutinated paste which excels my native Danish sweetmeats. But my publisher companion, whom I always allow to do the ordering and sign the checks, is not himself of Philadelphia lineage, and he misunderstood. He thought I meant Cinnamon Toast. When the Room Service waiter seemed doubtful, my resourceful associate insisted. Just take a can of cinnamon and sprinkle it on some buttered toast, he said. But it was a double misunderstanding. While I was protesting that that was not what I meant, the waiter—a Philadelphia Armenian—believed it was *salmon* that was being ordered. Consequently

instead of a cinnamon bun what I drew was canned salmon on toast. We gave it to some hungry book reviewers who happened in at that moment.—The second step in Philadelphia is always to call up Tom Daly, Philadelphia's poet laureate; the Titus Oates of the Quaker Oats city as he was once described. Tom Daly (of the *Bulletin*) and his old friend Jimmy Craven (of the *Record*) breakfasted with us the next morning, and we then had cinnamon buns that were worthy of the old tradition. Another thing which, they tell me, was done in Philadelphia's best vein was Miss Agnes Repplier's witty and beautifully austere speech at the annual banquet.

"Every convention, I suppose, passes through the same phases. The executive or steering committee or whatever they call it goes through its preliminary and strictly private agitations in planning how many of the controversial topics are to be admitted to the agenda. The first two days are full of business meetings and probably something more than was intended gets into public print. Then comes a pleasant lull. In comfortable rooms along hotel corridors little groups gather, there is a constant succession of waiters carrying trays of ice and ginger ale and mineral waters, there is a thick haze of cigarette smoke and plenty of trade gossip. Publishers, booksellers, and an occasional reviewer or author sit comfortably in their shirt-sleeves and chew the rag. Much of the palaver turns upon the personal foibles of the brethren, but also some important trade ideas are born in those casual moments. It is all very well to say (as cynics frequently do) that conventions are wasted time, but I don't agree. They give everyone a chance to blow off a few bubbles, and they certainly help the hotel business which is probably in a much more parlous state than the book trade. Even if the little group concludes with some innocent sport like tossing cards into a paper-basket from six feet distance, or singing songs at Reuben's delicatessen, it is good human pastime. I wonder what the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia would have thought if it had been prophesied to her twenty years ago that she would some day be in a hotel in Philadelphia playing parlor-games with American booksellers. That sort of thing teaches us not to be dogmatic about living. Incidentally, Philadelphia publishers seem to be better singers than the New York crew. I was told that Mr. Jack Fraser of the Winston Company and Mr. Macrae of the Macrae-Smith Company were voted the best chanteurs of the assembly.

I took it for granted that Old Quercus had paid his respects at Leary's famous second-hand bookstore, but he confessed that he got there too late; the store had just closed for the day. "The most amusing thing I saw," he said, "was a friend of ours who was speaking impromptu at the Philobiblon Club. Casting around in his mind for ideas, he unconsciously took his pipe out of his pocket and began smelling it, a bad habit of his; but in his anxiety he sniffed too deep, and inhaled a strong dusty nose-full of tobacco ashes, which made speech of any kind quite impossible for a moment. My most thrilling adventure was seeing, at Dr. Rosenbach's, some of those heartbreaking letters of Keats to Fanny Brawne. With them Dr. Rosenbach keeps the original MS of Oscar Wilde's sonnet about them—'These are the letters that Endymion wrote.' And I also saw the original script of *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, of Joyce's *Ulysses*, and Hawthorne's one copy of *Moby Dick*. That is why the book business can never be standardized, and all our bickerings about the details of trading can never be more than part of the story. For we deal in a merchandise that cannot be reckoned in merely uniform units. Every now and then some Keats or Conrad or Joyce or Melville will come along and create values and prices beyond regulation. Generally speaking I find that a bookshop that has in it a few people who are really enthusiastic about books and take the trouble to read them and let people know about them, can always do some business. So in my own shop I don't waste too much time in tweaking publishers' tails, but I try to hire clerks who really get steamed up about what they read. Too many of our bookstores specialize in selling just the books that are easy to sell, the current titles of popular approval. Take one example. When a customer buys from me a book by H. M. Tomlinson, I always try to sell him Thoreau too, for Thoreau was the man who created Tomlinson. Attempts to put the book business on a sound merchandizing basis are often helpful, but underneath all that will always remain the personal and sentimental factor.

"And now you must excuse me," he concluded. "I'm going out to buy myself a ticket for the Players' Club revival of Congreve's *The Way of the World*. Don't miss it."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Law and the Humanities

LAW AND LITERATURE AND OTHER ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES. By BENJAMIN N. CARDOZO. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1931.

Reviewed by HENRY WALCOTT BOYNTON

JUDGE CARDOZO is of a type oftener found in England than in America, a man of law who is also a man of letters, and who carries into or derives from his work as jurist a mellow sense of the importance of the humanities. Nor has he that slight air of apology for legal ethic and practice which we so often note in lawyers. The dignity of his profession is for him without challenge; he appears as celebrant rather than apologist. But in substance the seven addresses here reprinted are a remarkable exhibit for the affirmative. If the law can breed such a man as this, we waste time bemoaning its failure and shortcomings.

In his opening essay he challenges the assumption that "a judicial decision has no business to be literature." Style, he believes, is a constituent of the highest legal expression: "The strength that is born of form and the feebleness that is born of lack of form are in truth qualities of the substance." Clearness, luminosity, he says, is the great thing, and this depends on excellence of style. He is speaking of the public utterances of judge and counsel. We should have liked to have his opinion of the complex and antiquated jargon still employed in legal documents. Is there no hope ever of clearing away this rubbish? The second paper, "A Ministry of Justice," is a plea for the establishment of a tribunal to help reconcile law and justice, and especially to unify the efforts of courts and legislature. Now they work apart and often on conflict, the judiciary doing its best with an outworn and fallible code, the legislature ignorantly or hurriedly patching the fabric, and often doing more harm than good. His discussion of this difficult theme is a high test of Judge Cardozo's magnanimity and amenity.

Another chapter deals with the relations and analogies between law and medicine: "The law, like medicine, has its record of blunders and blindness and superstitions and even cruelties. Like medicine, however, it has never lacked the impulse of a great hope, the vision of a great ideal. Sometimes secreted in ancient forms and ceremonies one finds the inner life and meaning of an institution revealed in all its essence." The other papers are reprinted addresses given before members of his own profession on various occasions. "The Game of the Law" was spoken to the members of a Law School graduating class. Its main idea is that his hearers must realize they are not finishing something, but beginning something:

If you bear in mind the truth that this is only the commencement, that troubles are only beginning, and if you act upon that faith, behold, by some subtle necromancy, the pain that you foresee shall be transmuted into joy. The troubles will emerge as triumphs; the travail and the doubt will yield an unexpected peace; the great truth will have been learned that the quest is greater than what is sought, the effort finer than the prize, or, rather, that the effort *is* the prize—the victory cheap and hollow were it not for the rigor of the game.

Groping for an analogy, I find myself thinking of this as a sort of "book of devotion" for servants of the law, by which their faith may be refreshed and their sense of vocation more firmly established.

Prométhée, Quarterly Western Review, is to appear shortly in French at Lausanne, Switzerland. The aim of the new international review is to gather under one cover the outstanding literary production of Western culture. The review will have absolutely no political or religious color, as the neutral location chosen for the French edition shows. The review is to be published also in the United States in an English edition, exactly like the French. Both editions will include also reproductions of Western paintings and sculptures. The patrons of the new review include, among others, Dr. Curtius and Thomas Mann, for Germany; Stefan Zweig in Austria; Aldous Huxley and Maurice Baring for England; Gide, Suarès, and Valéry for France; in the United States, Henry S. Canby, Sinclair Lewis, and Walter Lippmann.