

Gusto vs Art

AMERICAN BEAUTY. By EDNA FERBER. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. \$2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THE Poles came in. They tore up the brush-grown fields of old Connecticut and forced new yield from them. They settled in those loveliest of American landscapes and, utterly oblivious of their dim beauty, saw them only as land, unused land, cheap land. They brought a peasantry on a soil that had never known a peasantry before, clucked heartily to hearty women and beat them when they needed it, gawked at the faded New Englanders who first hired and then sold to them, grasped drunkenly at the new vulgarisms of the towns, and in the second generation ran hungrily to the mills and the movies, the peasant starch in them turning sour at the first touch of industrialism. They had energy instead of a code; they were hot for undiscriminated experience, and rushed on change.

Their New England hosts, who lived in the clapboarded, green-shuttered houses, with moulding about the eave's line, remembering what they had been, looked at the present with sardonic resignation. Poverty, disorder, and drink were powerless to touch their inmost being, which was still that of a chosen people. The ill kept highway of their lives followed a row of ruined elms down through wrecked pastures until it ended in a swamp, yet never lost its essential dignity.

The Poles were not like that, nor did they resemble the Colonial ancestors of these warped New Englanders, who, though land hungry, full-blooded, and energetic also, brought with them an idea of an ample, decorous, and ordered dwelling-place, the outward and visible sign of an inward and, if not spiritual, certainly intellectual, grace:—Litchfield, Southbury, Ridgefield, the white, elm-shaded farmsteads, the great brick houses of Connecticut.

The Pole wanted to be American but he could not understand American beauty. It was unreal to him and his gusto was for reality; and indeed American beauty had become unreal. It was a shadow of a shade of the past in the great houses, like the house of the Orrange Oakes in Edna Ferber's novel, it was shrunk into ugliness in the old maid, Jude, and bloated into eccentricity in Big Bella. These women kept the strength the men of the family had lost, but it was sterile strength. Their mates, if they had any, were mated to their vices and decays, their souls were strong, but so caged by circumstances that they could not get back into what should have been their world. Men and women of their sort had gone up in the world, or down and out.

The Pole was the reality New England seemed to need. He looked it, he felt it, the old soil renewed for him, and his children raced over the acres. But though he saved the farms and propped up the decaying houses, he could not restore them to dignity and independence. And when he married with the old stock his children inherited both the tenacity of the peasant and the pessimism of the run-out race. They were, perhaps, the makings of a new people, but you could not tell. Reality, which had been so vivid in their Polish fathers, so vigorous in their English great-great grandmothers, lay only on the surface of these half breeds. What was beneath the novelist does not tell us. Her power ceased when she stopped writing of the thwarted eccentrics and the full-blooded, tangible Poles.

It is the very interesting novel of Edna Ferber called "American Beauty" I am describing, and I am trying by indirection to get at a true criticism of a writer whose vigor and sense of tangible reality are unequalled, and yet who here and elsewhere seems curiously to fail to attain her objective, no matter how brilliantly she mops up the trenches as she goes. In a sense, she is like her own Poles, full-blooded, virile, with an imagination that wrests the essential circumstances from a scene, and builds scenes which, in her novels and afterwards in the movies, captivate the American mind. And yet she has too much gusto to pause to capture the spiritual realities of her American scene. Her New England past (of which much is made in this novel of generations) has a conventional heartiness like the stories told to a child. She sees it as the Poles saw the great brick houses, as the medievals looked at the Roman ruins. Something is lost, something that was New England. No one can question the reality of her genre pictures, no woman

has written more vivid and vigorous scenes than Big Bella's in this book. They shine with vigor (like her Poles), they sweat reality, but those more elusive realities with which a great novelist must equally struggle are dim or undiscovered. You get the American beauty rose, but not the aster, the gentian, not even the goldenrod.

This is a definition of what Miss Ferber has done, not an assertion that her art is necessarily limited by her gusto for the high visibility of certain kinds of living. But circumstances have not favored her art. She has been too popular. Audiences wait for her, knowing what to expect. She cannot disappoint. For them, the last Oakes descendant marries the millionaire's daughter and saves the old home—and that is the outline plot of "American Beauty" into which Miss Ferber has stuffed such vivid scenes and such compelling contacts of alien and native. For them, the ancestors are made rich and nobly mannered, for them romantic aristocracy broods over degenerate moderns. For them she is a showman for her novel, playing up romance and sentiment, writing by climaxes, twisting and inverting the order of her narrative so that her

A Collection of Studies

THESE THIRTEEN. By WILLIAM FAULKNER. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1931. \$2.50.

Reviewed by EDWARD CUSHING

SITTING down to a review of William Faulkner's "These Thirteen," suppose that we—the writer and the reader equally—take for granted certain facts concerning the author and his book. Suppose we agree that Mr. Faulkner knows how to write and that he has something to write about. Suppose we agree, too (each making his own reservations), that his writing is significant (of what, of why, and how far, each of us, again, may decide for himself). For the truth is that while the discovery of Mr. Faulkner may be, in your case and in mine, a recent one, others made it quite a few years ago and are probably impatient with us for our tardy recognition in "Sanctuary" of attributes of mind and qualities of workmanship ignored, though quite as strikingly shown forth, in "Sartoris" and "Soldier's Pay" and "The Sound and the Fury." (Parenthetically: "Sanctuary" was by no means the best of Mr. Faulk-



The Gay Faulkner Landscape. Drawn for the Saturday Review by Guy Pene du Bois.

goods may be displayed to the careless millions who have to be tricked into reading. Her art is naturally primitive and objective, slap-dashed in broad strokes, with little thought of a third dimension in her composing. But her craftsmanship has become too sophisticated and tricky. She dangles stock characters and stock situations before the door of the museum in which she has collected so much that is novel and vivid and well-observed in American life.

Powerful, popular writers like Edna Ferber must make the choice between the easiest and the hardest way in writing. External reality, when once you learn to capture it, is a bait for any public; but it requires eminent self-control not to play with it, not to use this power to make trite characters and stock situations sure-fire for the public taste. Books which, though not subtle, might be consistent and harmonious in composition and vigorous throughout, become patchworks of bright scenes in a stale pattern. This is Edna Ferber's danger. Her gifts can be too easily vulgarized. She should go into a retreat. She should hide away from the editors of *The Ladies Home Journal* and *The Delineator*. She should practice austerity like Willa Cather, or set herself to harmonize her rich imaginings like a Persian rug. No one wants her to be a New Englander, but she should stop playing the Pole. She should lift her reality into that higher and finer stage in which it becomes a creative element in the true but unreal world of the finest fiction.

"One cannot think of Degas without visualizing full skirts and pointed toes," says the *London Observer*. "He was, above all, the painter of the ballet. And he loved Paris so profoundly that he hardly left it. Living, Degas shunned the crowd, though he was not unknown to it by his sharp tongue. Dead, he has bequeathed a portrait of himself in his letters. 'Lettres de Degas' (Grasset), to which there are sixteen illustrations, shows him in all his subtlety, cruelty, and inflexible determination to master his craft. He was by no means an easy or equable friend."

ner's novels up the time of its publication, though it was certainly the most sensational as regarded the nature and treatment of its subject matter. But those who find this an ironic commentary on the mentality and methods of the reading public and the reviewers might reflect that Mr. Faulkner's is not the first case of an author whose canonization as an artist was the reward of a frank experiment in pornography.)

Mr. Faulkner, then, can write and has things to write about. We may dispense with further insistence on the point and turn to the more important questions of his method and his intention. In any consideration of Mr. Faulkner's work the question of method takes precedence over that of intention, for it is quite apparent that he himself is first of all concerned with it. If his novels have failed to make this clear to readers whose impressions of one have disintegrated before they have taken up the next, or whose acquaintance with Mr. Faulkner as a novelist has been limited to a reading of "Sanctuary," his short stories, brought together in a volume of some three hundred odd pages, demonstrate it beyond disproof. "These Thirteen" might be likened to a collection of musical études which, while perhaps possessing other and higher values, nevertheless were intended primarily, and must first of all be approached, as exercises in technique. The materials of Mr. Faulkner's tales, the ideas that have gone into them, are often commonplace, often trivial, but in their presentation their author has displayed considerable ingenuity, exploring along many lines the possibilities of narrative technique, employing to this end a wide variety of methods.

Some of these are familiar and conventional; others are novel and experimental. When he chooses to do so, Mr. Faulkner can adapt his material to the form of straight narrative, but it is obvious that this is not the method he finds most congenial, however well he handles it. As if aware that it is not his by natural right, he avoids it except when telling a story frankly for the sake of its plot. "A Rose for Emily," which is

a good shocker, and "Divorce in Naples," which is amusing (though in neither has the author or the reader any interest apart from following the development of plot toward a surprise dénouement), are examples of this. They are stories that did not need Mr. Faulkner to write them, though possibly only Mr. Faulkner would have been interested to treat of the sexual aberrations which supply their themes. The real Faulkner—the important Faulkner, at any rate—is the Faulkner of the group of war stories that introduces the volume and the group of stories with whose setting and dramatic personae readers of "The Sound and the Fury" have already been acquainted.

These are the stories in which Mr. Faulkner makes plain his preoccupation with method; here it is obvious that he is searching for a means of reproducing reality—the reality of characters and events, which, as he knows, is many-sided and cannot be presented in the two dimensions allowed by conventional realistic or naturalistic narrative technique. Mr. Faulkner desires to project something which shall be more than a photograph or a moving picture of the people and events to whom and to which he calls our attention. He would project these people and events, so to speak, in the round, as they appear at the same instant from different points in space and time and consciousness. And to this end he constantly varies his method, never sure that he has found the right one, tirelessly experimenting.

His experiments are almost invariably experiments in form (there is only a single negligible exception to this rule among his short stories), they are almost never experiments in syntax. His sentence structure is simple enough, and except for an occasional impressionistic choice of adjective and adverbs, he is content, it seems, that words should retain their conventional meanings and be ordered in conventional relationship. If anything, the writing in which he clothes the skeletons of his experimental forms is careless. Perhaps he takes his mastery of language, of the proper conjunction, the natural rhythms and cadences of written words, for granted. No one, though, will dispute his right to do so, and very probably he will continue in this way until he has solved to his own satisfaction the problem of form. This, let us hope, will be soon—for until Mr. Faulkner exhausts or overcomes his interest in method, in technique, his work must continue to be a promise rather than a realization of our desire for the appearance of a genuine and really important creative talent in the field of American literature.

A Gay Book

TWO PEOPLE. By A. A. MILNE. Dutton. 1931. \$2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS is described as Mr. Milne's first serious attempt at the novel; the phrase is evidently designed to exclude "The Red House Mystery," that really excellent detective story, for "Two People" is not itself conspicuously serious. In atmosphere, the present book is reminiscent of the sketches Mr. Milne used to write every week for *Punch* (collected as "Those Were the Days") in the halcyon days just before the war, when *Punch* was devoted to depicting an Eden in which nobody ever worked and nobody ever had any violent passions. The hero, Reginald Wellard, is a man of forty, with "what is called money of his own, by which is meant money which is left to you when the owner has no further use for it, not money which you have earned your own self," who has a small place in the country. The figure he presents of a man who has all the pleasures of country life and no responsibilities is in itself enough to take the reader back to Archy and Dahlia and the rest, in the happy *Punches* of 1911; but besides this, just before the novel begins, Reginald one day had an idea for a book, and sat down and wrote the book, and in the course of "Two People" it is brilliantly successful, which puts us definitely in the Land of Dreams Come True.

But there is a difference. This is not to be a humorous book, consequently there is not much of the badinage that Mr. Milne can do so well, and there is a problem. Reginald and his beautiful wife go to London, and there it looks for a while as if they were each going to fall in love with somebody else; but they

don't. Eventually they return happily to the wholesome country.

And yet it is easy to do less than justice to the book. In spite of its frothiness, it is extremely enjoyable. It is true that some readers may be irritated by a successful author who shows none of the qualifications for authorship, and a woman loved by everybody who does not appear especially lovable, but that is the only objection that can be made to it on the score of readability. It is a pleasant, happy book; if it avoids (probably of set purpose) the gaiety and wit of Mr. Milne's plays, still it has an atmosphere of sustained happiness and cheerfulness that no one can help liking. And since everybody believes that he could write if he tried, "Two People" should, like "Young Man of Manhattan," allow many people to enjoy vicariously the hero's achievement. It is safe to say that this will give more pleasure to more readers than many a book that is better by technical standards.

Yale Criticism

CLASSIC AMERICANS. By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1931. \$3.

Reviewed by CARL VAN DOREN

EACH of the universities has a special pride in some peculiar quality to be found, it is supposed, more often among its members than elsewhere. An outsider may not understand just why this or that learned corporation has assumed these or those bright feathers. They do not always fit the persons who wear them, any more than the colors of a university always go well with individual complexions. A given member of a given university, accused, will deny that he himself claims the peculiar quality and will point to others of his brand who do not possess it. It is, he will perhaps explain, a vulgar legend, begun by accident and carried on in ignorance. But even he, say he is a Princeton man, after he has argued that Princeton men do not have a special pride in anything, except, of course, their breeding, may admit that Harvard men do seem to take for granted the superiority of the Harvard head, and Yale men the superiority of the Yale heart.

If these are legends, they are at least very strong among all who, knowing no better, have to judge by what they think they see. There, for example, is the famed Yale spirit, which Yale men acknowledge with no symptoms of humility, but with pride, rather, in what they hold to be a generous attitude towards the world in general. They possibly do not realize that a short distance from New Haven the Yale spirit looks also like a not too critical habit of minds which, leaning neither to partiality on the one hand nor to impartiality on the other, manage at once to be several things to several men. Yet the Yale spirit, no less than blue, is the Yale color.

Credit must be given to the children of Yale who have, in matters where it does not serve, lost all, most, some, or even any of that benevolent spirit. Consider Henry Seidel Canby. As a young man of letters he tended the blue flower in fields which William Dwight Whitney had once ploughed and which William Lyon Phelps was already roaming on enthusiastic feet. If Mr. Canby did not go with the one in austere precision, he did not take after the other, crooning over new-born masterpieces. Instead, he found gold in the middle of the road. That golden middle has been his diggings.

To it he has kept, resisting all appeals from either side, with a firmness which must be a passion. With equilibrium for his instinct, he has made equilibrium his triumph. But unlike the academic top, spinning in one place to stay upright, he has moved forward like the journalistic bicycle, balanced and yet on its way. He has run over some puffy reputations and hurt them. He has, as he whizzed by, cheered deserving beginners who were still pedestrians. He has added to the Yale cup of kindness a salty taste if not a bitter relish. He has almost learned that cruelty is one of the elements of criticism.

In his latest book, which is his best, Mr. Canby has now and then cut hard, as in his comments on Poe and journalism.

"His tricks of puffery, his constant plagiarism from his own writing, his insistent bluffing, his powers of lucid exposition, his indefatigable invention (only a journalist could have invented the detective story), his complete freedom from intellectual conscience, his meticulous craftsmanship, are all the attributes of the journalist, particularly the free lance

journalist. He had the short breath of the journalist, always ending this side of possible weariness. He had the wide and not too discriminating interests of the editorial type of mind."

Mr. Canby has now and then ridden hard, as in his stress on the Quakers, who crop up in the argument with a frequency no other historian has allowed them. "With less obvious psychological effects, the Quaker heritage has been more durable as a spiritual influence than the Puritan, and upon our philosophers of living has been only less powerful than Calvinism." "We shall see its passion for man, freed from fear of the senses, in Whitman, its mystic communion with a God that said aye or nay to the heart, in the struggles of Melville with Moby Dick." "To call Cooper the Quaker romanticist is to put too much in a term, but without his Quakerism he would have been much nearer to a merely American Scott. Without this imprint of a peculiar culture he would never have made Natty Bumppo or Long Tom Coffin, never, in short, have been Cooper."

Hard cutting and hard riding, however, appear only now and then in "Classic Americans." On the whole, the vehicle sticks to the middle course. Mr. Canby utilizes two designs and sees the advantage of expediency.

"This book [he prefaces] which is the fruit of reading and study extended over ten years, was originally planned as a history of American literature studied in the light of its social and intellectual backgrounds. A busy editorial life has made such an ambitious project impracticable, but necessity has its compensations, for the substitution of criticism for history has left me free to take up the congenial task of interpreting to the best of my ability the abundant material now at hand for the study of American literature, free, too, to concentrate upon the great writers who are the essences of their times."

In blunter words, Mr. Canby has read as a scholar and written as a journalist. His work has all the merits of those different workmen which can be combined. He is more thorough than most journalists, more lively than most scholars. Here is the gist of many monographs, brought together with energy and judgment, and tinged with enough idiosyncrasy to give it savor.

Though the chief idiosyncrasy is equilibrium, there are other special qualities in Mr. Canby. He is least satisfactory when he is forced by his subject to be what literary critics call philosophical. His account of Emerson is spacious but confusing, not so much because Emerson was unsystematic as because Mr. Canby is unmetaphysical. He is better with Thoreau, who, though eccentric, was downright and positively businesslike in his speculations. Penetrating about Poe the journalist, Mr. Canby is cautious about Poe the neurotic, able to make sharp guesses but shying from conclusions. With Irving and Fenimore Cooper, men of few mysteries, Mr. Canby has had few difficulties. Melville he has tucked into the Hawthorne chapter for the reasons, apparently, that Hawthorne's problem has been worked out so well and Melville's so badly—or for the reason that reinterpreting is easier than disinterring. Whitman has seldom been treated with more all-round justice than by Mr. Canby, who nevertheless can say that "many not priggish were and are shocked by Whitman."

What does Mr. Canby mean? No one who is not priggish is ever shocked by Whitman any more. Those who complain either are not shocked or else are priggish. There is no third possibility. Mr. Canby is not shocked. He is only splitting the difference. The middle of this stretch of critical road is slippery. On the one side are those who think Whitman no better than obnoxious; on the other, those who think him no worse than obstreperous. It calls for delicate footing to get through, without offense. Mr. Canby treads skillfully. "It was possible," he says, "to question the soundness of the morality of this book, but not to call it immoral. It was possible to question Whitman's definition of decency, but not to call his book indecent for the sake of sensation."

Nor is Mr. Canby content with facing both ways, even when he does it so agilely as in his implication that unsound morality is not immorality. He wants to bring the two parties to the debate into a compromise agreement. He does it by a change of venue. "Others dispute his taste, and they, so it seems to me, are on better ground." Whitman's love poems "are disturbing, not as indecency or immorality, but because of the unpleasant nature of the images they often suggest." Perhaps this is as good a compromise as any. While

it will not comfort those who honestly admit some shock or some priggishness, not both, it will soothe those who, actually moralistic but afraid of being called so, prefer to talk of taste, in which they imagine their prejudices will be less challengeable.

Mr. Canby is so just in his inclusions and his estimates that any objections raised have to be technicalities. Technicalities, however, are the mathematics of criticism, as of any other more or less rigorous procedure. The spirit may be large and loose, but the means must sometimes be small and exact. A critic, no matter how judicious, brings himself before the seat of judgment when, out of tolerance, he embraces contradictions.

This critic says that Longfellow "ran errands" for the culture of his America (which is not to disparage him). This is disparagement. On one page Fenimore Cooper is explicitly called a Federalist, but elsewhere he stands among the Jeffersonians, with no sharp distinction anywhere between the two sympathies in him. If there is indecision in the history of the book, so is there in its prophecy. Speaking of the future for Thoreau, Mr. Canby says: "We might conceivably, even yet, become radical his way." Fifty pages later the same prophet says: "When we begin to seek spiritual values interpreted in terms of character, we shall hurry back along the path where Hawthorne broods over souls tossed in moral conflict." Not a flat contradiction, but a diplomatic bargain between opposites.

Mr. Canby has a good mind, and he can make it up on a point or on a policy. His troubles come when he is called upon for a thoroughgoing choice among rival values. He sees so clearly that much is to be said on all sides that he says it himself, and leaves the issue undecided. He will aim between two targets, seemingly unaware that this is not the best way to hit either of them. Because he has read and thought a great deal, and is quick and spirited in his perceptions, his criticism has an alluring catholicity which makes precision seem almost bad manners. Mr. Canby's good manners lead him not so much to spare his Irvings and Coopers and Poes, his Emersons and Hawthornes and Melvilles and Thoreaus and Whitmans, as to save his living and reading audience from the pain of dissent. When he has said that Longfellow "ran errands" for the culture of his America, Mr. Canby knows that he has spoken the truth and that the truth, with which some of his readers will be pleased, puts Longfellow, as a poet, below men who, as men, may have been less worthy and useful. At the same time, Mr. Canby knows there will be among his readers some others who think it was so important for these errands to be run that the runner of them must not be disparaged. With a deft parenthesis, "(which is not to disparage him)," Mr. Canby reassures them.

It is perilous to be as kind as this. Either party to the cause is likely to think that whatever the other gets in the decision is too much, and neither can be suited with a drawn verdict. Kindness or not, such consideration for both sides is not quite criticism. Or perhaps it is Yale criticism, in which the Yale spirit reveals its generous attitude. Mr. Canby has lost some, and on occasions most, of the disposition to be several things to several men. He has not lost all of it.

Carl Van Doren, Editor of the Literary Guild, was the literary editor of the New York Nation from 1919-1922, and associate professor of English at Columbia University from 1914-16. He was literary editor of the Century Magazine from 1922-25, and is the author of a number of books, among which are "The American Novel" and "Contemporary American Novelists."

* An otherwise appreciative author, who as Editor cannot very well address himself in the correspondence columns of this Review, may be permitted to say here that it was Whitman, not he, who remarked that Howells and others "ran errands" for American culture. Whitman undoubtedly intended to disparage writers whom he rightly recognized as not his equal in literary eminence and of whom he may have been jealous as men who had succeeded in being read by the masses. But in quoting him, I did not intend to subscribe to his sneer, and said so. A poet does not have to be great in order to be useful. Running errands for American culture was, and is, a full-time job, in which Longfellow was eminently successful. As for Cooper, he was born and bred in a Federalist environment. How he became a different kind of republican, neither Federalist nor Jeffersonian democrat, I have attempted to explain in "Classic Americans."

New Plays on Old Plots

(Continued from page 199)

the ladies, cherishing his lecherous past. It is a movie plot, though moving by fits and starts rather than with the rhythmic staccato of the screen, yet never a movie story, for, like Chekov in "The Cherry Orchard," which this play resembles, the author is concerned with something much more dramatic than saving the old plantation. He is concerned with the intensification of human traits in the together-drawing strands of a crisis. As it totters to its fall the House of Connelly becomes for a moment dramatic, its personalities emerge, sharpen, fade, and it makes very little difference how expected is the denouement, or how familiar the types in the story, for the old roles are being played by new actors each recreating his past.

Green will catch his audience by the stock excitements of a Southern story, but he does not hold them by stock reactions. His boy hero is muddled in his mind, his Southern gentleman and scholar is an old satyr, his poor-white daughter is as aggressive as a pioneer, the sisters really care more for the beautiful house of Connelly than for love or happiness. The two astonishing negroes from the kitchen, squawking and giggling their prophecies, are no more felt as local color than the witches in "Macbeth." When the new wife drives them back to the kitchen with a swing of one of the sacred family candlesticks, something sinister breaks into the scene which mocks at the happy ending of the story.

When characters reveal themselves in a significant action it makes little difference whether their types are old and the plot familiar. An ingenious plot passes the evening but is forgotten by morning. Paul Green is not ingenious. He takes his plot as he finds it, then gives his characters something to do, and to be, that is not so easily forgot.

And indeed this play is an escape from the mood of satiric revolt which captured the American writers of the 'twenties, making them destructive, intolerant, bitter, and partial in their attacks on familiar environment. In "The House of Connelly" the old South is in pangs of dissolution, and the new South in the labor of an ugly birth, but neither is the "menace," neither really wins; one dies and the other lives, and the author is willing that you should make your own choice as to which is preferable. The play, and not the ending, is the thing.

Grosset & Dunlap has recently added the Bible to its list of special books selling at one dollar which already include Shakespeare and Webster's Dictionary.

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

THEY THAT TAKE THE SWORD. By ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD. Morrow.

An account of "the military mind as it is weighed in the balance and found wanting."

AMERICAN BEAUTY. By EDNA FERBER. Doubleday, Doran. A story of old and new Connecticut.

FREE WHEELING. By OGDEN NASH. Simon & Schuster.

A new volume of very free verse by the author of "Hard Lines."

The Saturday Review of Literature

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....Editor

AMY LOVEMAN..Managing Editor

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

Contributing Editor

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Contributing Editor

NOBLE A. CATHCART....Publisher

Published weekly by the Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry Seidel Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice-President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates per year, postpaid, in the U. S. and Mexico, \$3.50; in Canada, \$5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, \$4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879, Vol. 8 No. 13. The Saturday Review is indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature."

Copyright, 1931, by the Saturday Review Co., Inc.